



Olympia surprised by Theophilus at the Tomb of
Euphrasia.

Page 70.

TALES of the CASTLE

BY MAD^{ME} GENLIS.

VOL. II.



Entrée at the Altar of Love Fig. 25r

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1816.

TALES
OF
THE CASTLE
OR,
STORIES
OF
INSTRUCTION & DELIGHT.

BY MAD. DE GENIIS,
Author of the
Theatre of Education, Adela and Theodore, &c.

TRANSLATED BY
THOMAS HOLCROFT.

VOL. II.

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1817

THE
TALES OF THE ~~CAN~~
OR,
STORIES
OF
INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

Remarkable Children.

“**H**ITHERTO,” said the abbe, (in reply to Madame de Clémire) “we have spoken only of *remarkable* children. I will now mention some who may be called *miraculous*.”—Christiell le Berech, of Exter, died in his tenth year, in 1706: he was the son of a physician, and his posthumous works were published in the German language, among which are found passages remarkable for their piety, simplicity, and good sense.

Giacomo Marini, a Venetian, seven years old, sustained theses, in public, in the year 1647, on theology, jurisprudence, physic, and several other sciences.

The son of M. Baratier, named John Philip, spoke Latin perfectly at four years old; understood Greek at five, then learnt Hebrew; and at six knew four languages, history, and geography.

We may place Baron de Helffeld, a Swede, who died in 1764, in the same rank. At seventeen he was received a member of the Royal Society of London; and at twenty spoke ten languages, was an excellent mathematician, and a great lawyer.

Christian Henry Heineikin was born at Lubeck, and began to speak at ten months old; had a superficial, though general knowledge of geography and ancient and modern history when he was two years of age; and in his fifth year spoke three languages fluently.

And lastly, Adrian Baillet, to whom we are indebted for a very interesting treatise on celebrated children, a multitude of whose names he hath cited, might justly have placed himself among these young sages. He was born, in 1649, at the village of Neuville, near Beauvais; his father was a peasant, and young Baillet learnt to read and write in a convent of Cordeliers, where he regularly went to be taught his lessons; and, though his father did not require him so to do, walked every day several leagues to gain instruction. Shortly after an intelligent and benevolent ecclesiastic took this child under his protection, and instructed one so worthy to learn. Baillet became a learned man, and died in 1705. He is not the only one who has collected anecdotes of children celebrated for their literary acquirements; many others, among the learned, have occupied themselves on the same subject.*

* Among others, Geozius, Kleffeker, Wolf, Selen, &c. See *Dictionnaire des Merveilles de la Nature*, under the head *Enfans Précoces*. We may likewise place Edward VI. of England, in the rank of celebrated children: he mounted the throne at nine years of age, and at that time knew the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian. Mary, Queen of Scotland, also, when she was thirteen, publicly recited, at the Louvre, in the presence of Henry II. Catherine de Medici, and the whole court, a Latin discourse of her own composition, in which she sustained, in contradiction to the prejudice of those times, says M. Gaillard, that women ought to be learned. She also wrote poetry in French, excellent for that age; and danced, sung, and played on several instruments.

The history of the famous Picius Mirandula is generally known; and all the world has heard that Pascal was a famous mathematician at twelve years old.

“It is certainly through complaisance to your auditors, M. Frémont,” said Madame de Clémire, “that you have been pleased to call the children of whom you have spoken, miraculous. It is true that these children are superior to ours; however I only see one single prodigy among them, and that is he who could talk at ten months old; the others appear to me only children of extreme industry.”

“It is true,” replied the abbé, “that their chief merit was that of incessant application, added to great docility. I have attentively read the various circumstances of many of their lives, and I find that they all had an unbounded respect, and an unalterable affection, toward their teachers; consequently, a sweetness of temper, and an entire obedience.”

“But,” said Cæsar, “their prodigious memories—”

“Were the effects neither of wit nor genius, but of qualities I have just described. A child always remembers those things which he listens to with attention; a proof of which is, there never was an industrious child known whose memory was not remarkable. Make, therefore, a calculation, if you can, how much time is lost by impatience, ill humour, pettishness, and ill-timed arguing to a mutinous and disobedient child. If he be made to begin again, instead of doubling his attention, and listening with submission, he is employed in making idle and vexatious excuses; he is bid to be silent, perhaps, and, if he obeys, he pouts and murmurs inwardly, is absent and hears nothing that is said to him, because he is in his airs: thus is there a lesson entirely lost.”

“But I hope, M. Frémont, you have not found me a mutinous and disobedient boy?”

“No, certainly; for you see I am still your instructor. Generally speaking, you are good tempered, submissive, and industrious; but you do not possess these qualities to an eminent degree; that is to say, you might be much superior to what you are.”

“I assure you, M. Frémont, I never felt so strong a degree of emulation as at present, from having heard how many celebrated children have been found in all

ages: and, since nothing more is necessary to become
me, than docility, application, and a good heart, I
am determined to be industrious, and am convinced
you will, hereafter, be satisfied with the progress I
shall make."

Caroline and Pulcheria made the like promises to
their mamma, and they went to bed exceedingly well
satisfied with an evening productive of such good re-
solutions.

The arrival of company, who came to pass some
day at Champceery, interrupted, for a while, their
evening recreation; but the very day they went, the
baroness related the following story.--

THE SLAVES;

OR,

THE BENEFIT REPAID.



SNELLGRAVE was the captain of an English vessel in the African slave-trade, commendable for his humanity. Custom alone can authorize this commerce, offensive to nature, and not to be carried on but at the utmost peril, since injustice and tyranny generally produce rebellion and despair. For this reason the Europeans are obliged to put the unhappy negroes they buy in chains, during the night, and most part of the day; notwithstanding which precaution, they often find means to unite, and conspire the destruction of their masters.

Snellgrave bought many negroes on the banks of the river Collabar, among whom he observed a young woman, seemingly overwhelmed with grief; affected by her tears, he desired his interpreter to question her, and learnt she wept for an only child she had lost the evening before.

She was taken on board the vessel, and the very same day Snellgrave received an invitation to visit the king of the district. Snellgrave accepted the invitation; but, knowing the ferocity of that people, he ordered ten of his sailors and the gunner to accompany him, well armed. He was conducted to some distance from the shore, and found the king placed on an elevated seat, under the shade of some trees.

The assembly was numerous; a crowd of negro lords surrounded their king, and his guard, composed of about fifty men, armed with bows and arrows, the sabre at their side, and the zagaye in their hand, stood at some distance; the English, with muskets on their shoulders, remained opposite his black majesty.

Snellgrave presented to the king some European trifles. As he was ending his harangue, he heard groans at some little distance that made him shudder, and, turning round, perceived a little negro tied by the Jég to a stake stuck in the ground. Two other negroes, of a hideous aspect, that stood by the side of a hole dug in the earth, armed with hatchets, and clothed in an uncouth manner, seemed to guard the child; who looked at them weeping, with his little hands raised in a supplicating posture.

The king, observing the emotion which this strange spectacle evidently caused in Snellgrave, thought to encourage him, by assuring him he had nothing to fear from the two negroes whom he looked at with so much surprise. "It is only," said he, with great gravity, "a child, whom we are going to sacrifice to the god Egbo, for the prosperity of the kingdom."

This intelligence made Snellgrave tremble with horror; the English were only twelve men in all; the court and guard of the African Prince were altogether above a hundred; but compassion and humanity would not suffer Snellgrave to consider all he had to fear from the number and ferocity of the barbarians; "Let us save this wretched child, my lads," said he, turning towards his crew, "come, follow me. So saying, he ran to the little negro, and the English, all animated by the same feelings, as hastily followed. The negroes, at seeing this, yelled dismally, and fell tumultuously upon the English; Snellgrave presented his pistol, and, seeing the king draw back, demanded to be heard.

The king, with a single word, calmed the fury of the negroes, who stopped, and remained inactive, while Snellgrave, by means of his interpreter, explained the motives of his conduct, and ended, by entreat

ing the king to sell him the victim. The proposition was accepted, and Snellgrave was determined not to dispute about price. Happily, however, for him, the negro king wanted neither gold nor silver, was ignorant of pearls and diamonds, and, thinking he would be sure to ask enough, demanded a necklace of blue glass beads, which was instantly given.

Snellgrave then immediately flew to the innocent little creature he had snatched from death, and drew his cutlass to divide the cord by which its legs were tied. The frightened child thought Snellgrave was going to kill him, and gave a shriek; but Snellgrave took him in his arms with transport, and pressed him to his bosom. As soon as the child's fears were removed, he smiled and caressed his deliverer; who, full of delicious sensations, and penetrated with tenderness, took leave of the king, and returned to his ship.

When he came on board, he saw the young negress whom he had bought in the morning; she was ill; and sat weeping beside the surgeon, who, not able to persuade her to eat, obliged her to remain in the open air, for fear she should faint again. The moment Snellgrave and his people passed by her, she turned her head, and perceiving the little negro in the arms of a sailor, shrieked, rose, and ran to the child, who knew its mother, called to her, and held out its arms.

She clasped her infant to her bosom—every fatal resolution she had formed, her loss of liberty, the dreadful ills she had suffered, her projects of despair, all were forgotten—she was a mother, and had found her lost child.

She learnt, however, from the interpreter, every circumstance of Snellgrave's behaviour; then, still holding her infant in her arms, she ran and threw herself at her benefactor's feet. "Now it is," said she, "that I am truly your slave; this night was to have delivered me from bondage! I held you a tyrant, but you have given me more than life, you have given me back my son; you are become my father; henceforth be assured of my obedience; this infant is a dear and certain pledge."

While the woman spoke with all the warmth and energy of the most impassioned gratitude, the interpreter explained her discourse to Snellgrave who could not receive a sweeter reward for his humanity; which, nevertheless, was productive of other good effects.

He had more than three hundred slaves on board, to whom the young negress related her adventure; this having heard, after expressing their admiration by redoubled plaudits, they promised unbounded submission; and, in effect, Snellgrave, during the rest of the voyage, found in them all the respect and obedience a father could receive from his children.*

Such is the power of gratitude and virtue over the most ferocious savages. What, then, among us, should be the irresistible force of this means, so sweet, and so sure to subjugate all hearts?

"This short story, my children, may likewise serve to confirm a truth which cannot too often be repeated; and that is, that virtuous actions are always conducive to personal interest."

"Of what species, Cæsar," said Madame de Clémire, "is the action of Snellgrave? Is it heroic?"

"Heroic!—I think not. But I will examine it according to the rules you gave."

"Well, let us see if you remember those rules; repeat them."

"An heroic action must be useful, exposing the performer of it to great danger; or it must be a sacrifice of fame and interest, and liable to incur contempt."

"Exactly so; let us return to Snellgrave, he was exposed to great danger."

"Less great than may be thought; it is true the English were but twelve, and the negroes were a hundred, but the most ferocious savages are always the most cowardly. The English, too, all had muskets; and there is no doubt, had the combat once begun, the barbarians would soon have taken to flight."

* *Abrégé de l'Histoire Générale des Voyages, tom. iii. page 39.*

"The danger, therefore, was not very great, you think."

"It seems to me that Snellgrave would have been contemptible had he suffered them to murder the child, having the power to hinder them; consequently, though it was a good, it was not an heroic action."

"Very well reasoned; but do you not bring his first generous emotions into the account, which, independent of all reflections made him fly to succour the child? They were so impetuous that, I am well persuaded, they would have made Snellgrave brave the most dreadful dangers. In fact, however, the act was not heroic, it was prescribed by humanity, but the first emotions that inspired it were sublime.

"The story you have told us, grandmamma," said Caroline, "is charming, but it is too short."

"Well, my children," replied the baroness, "I will tell you another then. Cæsar has proved the action of Snellgrave was not heroic: let us hear what he will think of the following?"

The virtuous Duke of Bourbon served as an hostage to King John, and languished eight years in captivity. His absence gave rise to many disorders; his barons pillaged his domains, and Chauveau, his procurator-general, was forced, by the duties of his office, to inform against them. The duke having regained his liberty, winked at past offences, and studied only how to gain the hearts of his vassals; he instituted the order of *Esperance*, (*Hope*) and, in the midst of this solemn ceremony, the severe Chauveau appeared, holding in his hand a file of informations.

Chauveau knelt, and presented his papers. "Your highness," said he, "is surrounded by the guilty; many here deserve death, others confiscation; behold a register of their crimes."

The offenders, who were most of them present, trembled.

"Chauveau," said the prince, "have you kept a register also of their services?"

So saying, he took the papers and threw them into the fire, without reading a syllable. These divine

words, this generous action, brought tears of joy and affection into all eyes; there was not a man there, guilty or innocent, who did not vow to sacrifice life and fortune in the service of so magnanimous a prince.*

“ Ah!” cried Cæsar, “ that was certainly an heroic action.”

“ You see, my children,” replied the baroness, “ what grandeur of soul bounty alone may display; if men knew how sweet, how engaging, how useful it is to pardon, such examples would not be so rare.”

As the baroness was speaking, a noise was heard in the house; the children ran towards the door, and Madame de Clémire hastily followed; just at that instant redoubled shouts began, and several voices cried aloud,—“ Peace! peace! peace is concluded!”

Madame de Clémire flew down stairs, and met the courier, who had just come from Paris, and confirmed the happy news of peace. “ And have we peace once more?” cried Madame de Clémire: “ blessed be Heaven and the king, to whom we owe it!”

She could say no more; the delicious tears of joy impeded speech; she read the letter which the courier had given her twenty times over, still repeating, every moment, “ Yes, peace is made, and a glorious peace! You will see your father, my children, in less than two months at the latest.”

“ Dear mamma,” said Pulcheria, “ do not send us to bed; permit us to sit up and talk of our happiness.”

This request was granted, and Madame de Clémire, having learnt from the courier that he, in passing through the village, had proclaimed aloud peace had been made, was desirous of knowing if the peasants had any of them risen; she sent, therefore, into the village, but, as the messenger was going, he found already a crowd assembled round the castle gates; Madame de Clémire immediately appeared: they eagerly came round her, and she read them the letter she had just received.

* *Histoire de la Querelle, &c.* by M. Gaillard. tom. II.

When she had ended, "*Vive le Roi!*" (Long live the king!) was echoed from every mouth, and with all that effusion of heart which belongs only to the French. "These transports," said Madame de Clémire, "are just tributes of gratitude; but, what nation ever more than our's deserved a good king?"

Madame de Clémire then sent for the village minstrels. Wine was given to the peasants; illuminations were hastily made, as well as time would permit, in the court and gardens; the cook prepared a midnight banquet, and, in the mean time, they sung, they danced, and played; and Cæsar and his sisters, for the first time in their lives, did not go to bed till day break.

The neighbours of Madame de Clémire all came in turns, to felicitate her on an event so generally interesting, and so particularly so to herself. It was necessary to return their visits, and she began with Madame de Luzanne, who kept her a whole day.

Caroline and Pulcheria, who had taken a great liking to Sidonia, especially ever since the adventure of the telescope, went a walking with her, and ate in her chamber. Here they found a great number of blue bottles, the use of which they asked Sidonia, and were answered they were to make blue-bottle water.

"What," said Pulcheria, "can you make it?"

"Nothing is easier," replied Sidonia.

"And mademoiselle," added her governante, "makes rose water, and from the petals of the same flowers extracts charming colours, with which she paints those nosegays that you see so prettily arranged."

"But to paint the foliage—"

"She makes a green colour with the leaves."

"Oh dear, that is delightful!"

"Mademoiselle knows many other things; the syrup of orgeat, that you thought so good, is of her making, and so was the currant jelly."

"Dear! I wish I could do so too!"

"I will teach you, and willingly," replied Sidonia; "I will give you all my receipts; you will want nei-

ther alembic, nor any thing else that will incommode you."

"And shall we make rose water, and colours?"

"Yes; to-morrow, if you please."

The obliging Sidonia here was kissed several times by each of the sisters; and the governante, who, however, did not approve very much that Sidonia should give away her receipts, opened a bureau, and desired Caroline and Pulcheria to draw near. "Look here, young ladies," said she, "and you will find things which are not so very easily learnt: look at these netted pin-cushions, these silk purses, these cane-strings, these embroidered work-bags; all that you see here is the work of mademoiselle Sidonia."

"Dear," said Sidonia, "any body may do as much. I have no extraordinary talents, and I only endeavour to vary my occupations. My mamma has given me the habit and the example of never being a moment idle."

Pulcheria, who had examined every thing in the chamber attentively, perceived a large box under the bed, and asked what was in it? Sidonia blushed, and replied, nothing of any signification. The governante began to laugh: "I should be unpolite to contradict mademoiselle," said she, "and yet—"

"Nay, pray now," cried Sidonia.

"Certainly," continued the governante, "the blushes of young ladies are very deceitful, and hard to be interpreted. Who would not suppose that mademoiselle Sidonia had very good reason to be thus embarrassed? Nevertheless—"

"Nay, my dear governess—"

"Well, well, I can be silent; I shall only just observe, the box likewise contains the work of this young lady; and that her mamma has scolded her for rising at five o'clock this morning to finish it; but which, however, the arrival of the Marchioness de Clémire has not permitted her entirely to accomplish."

This dialogue strongly incited the curiosity of Caroline and Pulcheria; the latter, especially, could not contain herself, but, hanging round Sidonia's neck,

tenderly reproached her want of confidence, and intreated her to show the contents of the box. Sidonia kissed Pulcheria, blushed, smiled, and made no reply: The governante, who was dying to have the box opened, thus went on:—

“It is true, mademoiselle ought to be silent; ought not to disclose such things; for which reason she worked in private, and without the assistance of any one. This, I own, was the more praise-worthy, but, at last, the thing was discovered; as for my part, it is not above four or five days that I have been in the secret, and then not with her good will. But come, my dear child,” said she, addressing herself to Sidonia, “satisfy the curiosity of these two amiable young ladies; I am sure they will be discreet.”

“Oh, that we will,” said Pulcheria.

“I can refuse them nothing,” replied Sidonia, with downcast eyes; “but, I assure them it is not worth their trouble.”

“Let us profit by this permission,” said the governante, drawing the box into the middle of the room.

Caroline and Pulcheria instantly kneeled down, that they might see the better: and, at last, the mysterious trunk was opened:—but what was the surprise of Caroline and her sister, when they beheld nothing but coarse clothing for a countrywoman!

“Here,” said the governante, “are six shifts; the cloth is not fine, but look at the work—are they not well made? Here are two flannel petticoats, two pair of quilted jumps, night-caps, day-caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, and knit stockings—a complete change of every thing; besides all which, look, here is another prett little box—open it.”

“Dear! I declare, here is a string of beads, a small knife, a pair of scissors, a thimble, and some needles!”

“Well, young ladies,” continued the governante, “you seem astonished. What do you think of all this?”

The sisters easily guessed this work of Sidonia was destined for the use of some poor woman; and, though

children, they knew how to estimate the resistance which Sidonia had shown to gratify their curiosity; equally affected by the action and virtuous modesty which were still apparent in this charming young lady's behaviour, they flung themselves in her arms, while the gentle Sidonia a thousand times kissed them, with every expression of the tenderest friendship. The governante beheld this tender and interesting picture in silence: but, at last, related, that the trunk was destined for a poor old woman, of whom Sidonia had taken charge for a month past; and Pulcheria, by putting a few questions, soon learnt it was the same poor woman she had seen through the telescope.

Company, at last, came to interrupt this agreeable conversation. Madame de Clémire, having returned from her walk, sent to seek her daughters, and, taking them by the arm, conducted them into the hall.

In the evening, as they returned to Champcercy, Caroline and her sister related every thing that had happened, to their mamma. "Oh, my children!" said Madame de Clémire, "neglect not to profit by so affecting an example. Remember, that the coldest hearts, nay, the hardest, cannot forbear admiring such virtue; but that, while they stopped at this involuntary and barren homage, the feeling mind burns with emulation."

"We will certainly imitate Sidonia, mamma; do not doubt it; and, like her also, we will never be a moment idle; in play-time we will make such things as ourselves or others may want, and we certainly will not forget the poor."

"Sidonia has not told you that she studies botany, and that she is perfectly acquainted with every plant in the field, and their uses."

"No, mamma, she is so bashful:—but, how did she learn all that?"

"By often walking with M. de la Palinière, who, you know, is a great botanist. Sidonia loses no occasion of gaining instruction; and, when M. de la Palinière visits her mother, she walks with him, and gathers every plant she can find."

“If we had but had that thought, we, too, might have learnt a good deal by this time, for we have often walked out with M. de la Palinière. If we were not so eager to walk, and if we knew better how to profit by the knowledge of those with whom we are acquainted, men would instruct us infinitely better than books, and nobody would appear tiresome.”

“M. d’Ormont, for example, is not a very amusing person.”

“Oh dear, mamma, quite the contrary, with his *artificial meadows*. I remember that phrase, because he constantly repeats it every time he comes to visit you.”

“The reason of which is, I always turn the conversation on agriculture, that being the only thing he perfectly knows; and thus, while I listen, I oblige him, and instruct myself.”

“I observed, mamma, when M. Milet passed a week with us, you generally spoke on anatomy.”

“Because M. Milet is a surgeon; and, thus there is scarcely any person from whom you may not gain knowledge.”

After these reflections, they spoke once more concerning Sidonia. Madame de Clémire did not forget to tell her daughters that their youth alone could excuse their indiscretion for having thus abused the gentleness of Sidonia, in pressing her to discover what she desired to hide; and made them feel, how dangerous is curiosity, since it might lead them into such-like errors. But, added she, “have you demanded her permission to confide this secret to me?”

“Yes, mamma; and she consented without hesitation.”

“Because she knew the duty of a daughter towards her mother; but, suppose she had been less polite and less intelligent—suppose she had insisted on your silence.”

“Must not we have told you, then, mamma?”

“Did you not give your promise, before she opened the trunk, that you would not mention it to any person?”

“Yes, mamma.”

“And on that condition you obtained your wish?”

“We did not think it necessary to add, *except mamma*, that being always understood.”

“In all agreements whatever, we are bound by our actions and our words; our meaning stands for nothing; for it is evident, if it did, there could be no certain agreement, no solid dependance; therefore, when you said you would not mention it to any person, you did not except me, nor, consequently, had you any right to tell me without Sidonia’s consent. Suppose she would not have granted it, what would you have done?”

“Dear, what a supposition!—But, in that case, mamma; we must have kept our word, and not have told you.”

“Well, then, suppose too I had questioned you, as I always do, and commanded you to relate every thing that had passed between you and Sidonia?”

“Dear, mamma, in what a situation does this supposition place us!”

“You would have had no means of keeping the secret but by deceit, and telling many falsehoods.”

“Oh no, mamma, we would never have deceived you.”

“You would have then betrayed your secret?”

“We would have confessed our fault, and have owned, that Sidonia had confided something to us that we were not permitted to tell.”

“I should then have supposed the secret was not at all to the advantage of Sidonia.”

“But we would have told you, her modesty made her desire it should be concealed.”

“In which case, I should have guessed something like the truth.”

“Yes, I now perceive, we must either have been guilty of equivocation, or have forfeited our word. This is frightful; we will never bring ourselves into such a situation again: never will we hear a secret, till we have first obtained permission to tell it you.”

“Which resolution you should the better keep, by

recollecting, that any person who should refuse to grant you that permission would certainly want both principle and politeness, and would consequently be an improper person for you to hear secrets from."

The evening stories were for a while suspended, on account of the many letters Madame de Clémire had to write. Cæsar, therefore, asked permission of his mamma to read the Iliad."

"You are not yet of an age," replied Madame de Clémire, "to taste the beauties of that work; but, as a knowledge of the incidents contained in it is absolutely necessary, in order to understand a multitude of paintings, I am willing you should read it, but not by way of recreation. I, perhaps, can make you comprehend its beauties, and likewise its defects."

"Madame Dacier has written remarks on it; and I assure you, mamma, I will not skip them."

"Yes; and it is those very remarks I should be sorry you were to read without me."

"Are they not just, mamma?"

"The Iliad is on that table, bring it me I, will read you a few passages: here, for example, is one—I must first tell you the preceding circumstances.—In one of the battles, Adrastus, a young Trojan, is seated in his chariot; his horses become restive, his chariot is dashed to pieces, and himself thrown to the ground. Menelaus flies to him, intending to destroy a fallen and defenceless enemy. Adrastus begs his life, and promises a ransom; the request is granted, and Menelaus is going to send him prisoner on board his ship, when Agamemon arrives, and, in wrathful mood, thus reproaches his pity:—

Oh, impotent of mind,
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilium shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.

A dreadful lesson of example fate,
 To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
 The monarch spoke, the words, with warmth address,
 To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast,
 Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
 The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.
 Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
 Forth from the slain he tugg'd the recking dart.

Pope's Homer.

"Well, my son," said Madame de Clémire, "what do you think of this action?"

"I think it horrible," replied César, "it is absolute assassination to kill the defenceless enemy."

"And, yet, such are the heroes of this poem. But let us see what are the remarks of Madame Dacier on this passage."

"Homer praises the cruelty of Agamemnon; for, as there is such a thing as pernicious pity, so is there a laudable cruelty; enemies so unjust, so perfidious as were the Trojans, deserve no mercy."*

"How, mamma! does Madame Dacier approve this action?"

"I never imagined, César, that cruelty would, to you, appear laudable; but, as the remarks of Madame Dacier are most of them of the same kind, I dreaded least the authority of a person so celebrated might not at least enfeeble that horror which humanity ought to inspire."

"What mamma, does Madame Dacier never disapprove of barbarous actions?"

* What language! and from the mouth of a woman too. What logic likewise! In what were the Trojans perfidious and unjust? Paris had carried off Helen; this was the crime of a Trojan prince, but not of the nation. But could even the injustice of an enemy authorise murder? Had the Trojans been generally despicable, is that any reason why they should be massacred without exception, and without pity? so as not even to spare the infant at its mother's breast?

“Never: nor even of cowardly ones. Dolon, a spy, is taken by Ulysses and Diomedes; Dolon begs his life, which Ulysses promises to grant, on condition that he shall tell all he knows. Thus assured, the cowardly Dolon relates every circumstance to the two warriors, who even more cowardly and perfidious than himself, forfeit their word, and take his life as soon as he is ended.* Look, here is the passage, and here the remark, in which you see Madame Dacier approves this base cruelty. Shall I give you another example? Ulysses, after having given Socus his death wound, insults him by telling him he shall be deprived the right of sepulture, and shall be devoured by birds of prey, which shall fight for his carcass. On which Madame Dacier has made no remark. Nay, on another like occasion she has thought proper to take advantage of the barbarous irony of Idomeneus to write a note. Idomeneus pierces Othvioneus through and through with a javelin, who, dying, falls, while Idomeneus thus speaks:—

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
 And thus (he cried) behold thy promise sped!
 Such is the help thy arms to Iliou bring,
 And such the contract of the Phrygian king;†
 Our offers now, illustrious prince, receive;
 For such an aid what will not Argos give?
 To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
 The count Atrides, fairest daughter thine.
 Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
 Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
 There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
 He spoke, and dragg'd the goary corse away.

Pope's Homer.

* What is more strange, Madame Dacier has made no remark upon this action, except by observing it is simply related by Homer, and that he does not in the least seem to disapprove it.

† He had promised Priam to repel the Greeks, and Cassandra was to be the reward of his services.

"How horrible," said Cæsar, "thus to insult a vanquished and dying enemy! Is it possible to imagine any thing more cruel or cowardly? Which way has Madame Dacier excused this barbarity?"

"Homer must have owned such jests were bitter; Madame Dacier, however, has found them heroic and diverting. Hear her remark."

"Homer has here mingled with much art raileries which are the natural offspring of an heroic courage, and such as are very capable of inciting the ardour of combatants supposed to hear or divert the person who, in tranquillity, should read them. Homer likewise by this means heightens the character of Idomeneus, by showing, that in the midst of the greatest danger he still preserved his usual gaiety, which is a certain sign of superior courage."

"Is it possible that Madame Dacier should judge in this manner?"

"Your astonishment, Cæsar, is exceedingly natural; not even a knowledge of Greek can authorise or excuse such reasoning. Let us finish our criticism by a passage here before me. Menelaus overthrows Peander; then, sitting his foot upon his breast, addresses a discourse to him equally long and insulting. 'Words of gall,' said Homer; but Madame Dacier, in speaking of this passage, says that it contains force, propriety, justice, and brevity."

"But Madame Dacier must certainly have had a very bad heart, mamma."

"The very reverse."

"Then she was absolutely devoid of understanding."

"Far from it; she certainly had very superior abilities."

"Which way, then, could she write things so inconsistent, so disgusting?"

"She was led astray by her enthusiasm; her pas-

* Many similar passages might be cited from the same work: the twenty-first book is, on this account, one of the most revolting.

sion. She understood Greek perfectly, and, of consequence, tasted the beauties of the Iliad better than other people; and her admiration of Homer had deprived her of her most estimable quality—without which a writer can neither persuade nor instruct.”

“This tends to prove, mamma, what you have beforetime told us, that we ought not to be passionately fond of any thing but virtue, since other-passions only lead us into error. But which is the best way, mamma, to preserve this perfect impartiality?”

“By carefully cherishing it on all occasions in our hearts; nor is it possible we should totally destroy it, since it is the very essence of justice and truth. We shall then think nobly, reason justly, see clearly, and judge wisely. We shall do justice to our enemies without an effort; shall be ready to acknowledge their merits, and even find pleasure in praising such good qualities as they possess.”

“This, mamma, is what I think the most difficult; I confess I should find no great pleasure in praising a person that hates me.”

“Would you then be insensible of the pleasure of exciting universal admiration, founded upon the opinion which you yourself shall give others of your heart and understanding?”

“How could I be thus insensible?”

“Let us then suppose you are no longer at the happy time of life in which you have no enemies; but that you have a foe whose enmity is well known. Imagine yourself in company with eight or ten persons, where the conversation shall turn on this your enemy, and where they indulge themselves in saying many illnatured and malignant things of him. You, of course, remain silent. Calumny and conjecture next succeed, absurd suppositions are construed into facts, and the circumstances of facts themselves are changed to blacken his character; your enemy is a man of understanding, yet they will not allow him common sense; you are then no longer silent, but, animated by the love of truth and justice, speak warmly in defence of your enemy. This will aston-

ish your auditors, who, at first, may entertain doubts of your sincerity. Be careful, give sufficient reasons, or you will pass for a hypocrite; but your generosity will be evident, if your arguments are just. Then will you see admiration and surprise in every face; will hear the gentle murmur of applause whisper round, and will attract all hearts by an irresistible charm. All this will be told your enemy on the morrow; and if he any longer hate you he is a monster. But with what front shall he dare any longer declaim against you? He cannot testify an aversion for you without rendering himself odious and contemptible."

"Oh that I were old enough to have an enemy, that I might speak of his merits, and undertake his defence!"

"Be not weary, therefore, of admiring the utility of virtue; behold its fruits, and the flattering success it gives. Oh! how many embarrassments, how many pangs would men be spared, were it constantly, inviolably, consulted!"

"Have you no enemies, mamma?"

"I flatter myself you are very certain I hate no one."

"Yes, that I am."

"Religion and humanity equally abhor such a sensation; whence you may well believe it has never sullied my heart; and yet I have been told I have enemies. I do not, however, think them very vehement; and I am well assured that, a few years hence, I shall not have any; for hatred naturally decreases, when not reciprocal."

"Since, then, mamma, you have enemies, it must be because they do not know your heart."

"I believe, if they did, they would cease to hate me."

"But they cannot possibly speak ill of you."

"They cannot at least accuse me of being a bad mother, an idle wife, or of pretending to a dignity of sentiment which my actions have belied. I am therefore easy on that head. But a-propos of persons who have an aversion for me: I cannot forbear telling

you I have cited one of these, some time since, in a story I told you."

"Certainly she was not the heroine of the tale."

"The most affecting incident, the most interesting trait, in my opinion, I have ever related to you is precisely the one her conduct supplied."

"And we, no doubt, have wept, mamma?"

"Yes, and so have I; I never can relate the anecdote but with enthusiasm."

"And at that moment we admired and loved a person who had an aversion to you. What a painful reflection! But are you certain she does not love you?"

"You shall judge; for seven or eight years she was in want of my assistance, came incessantly to consult me, tell me her secrets, and desire me to ask favours, which I certainly never should have done, had they been for myself; neither had we any other intercourse; her critical situation and my desire to serve her were the only ties between us; she never came to see me but to ask my aid; I never listened to her but to learn which way I might give it most effectually: I never mentioned her but to ask something for her. Success crowned my zeal; and during the space of those eight years, I obtained for her, by turns, every thing she desired me to ask. Some events intervened, so that we saw one another no more for a year; and, when I happened to meet her again, she scarcely seemed to know me. I soon after learnt, with surprise, that she was become my enemy."

"What ingratitude!"

"I do not however take the less pleasure in reciting the anecdote, so highly to her honour, which I just now mentioned; and this is that spirit of impartiality and justice which I so much wish you to possess. But let us return to our subject; I flatter myself you have now renounced your project of reading the Iliad by yourself."

"I have, mamma; I have beforetime been told that all boys of my age were permitted to read that book; and moreover that the notes were very instructive."

Last year I saw my cousin Frederic reading the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* during his leisure hours; I therefore asked permission to do the same; but, since there are so many bad principles to be found in that work, I shall prefer reading it with you, that I may the better understand their consequences."

"Generally speaking, there are very few works that are not dangerous to read at your age."

"I may read history, mamma, because you have taught me how to judge of actions."

"You have read the useful and estimable abridgments of the Abbé Millot, which are chiefly intended for youth. What history do you now wish to read?"

"The history of Malta."

The Abbé Vextot is an agreeable historian; but, his conclusions are not always just, not always conformable to sound morality."

"Do you yourself, mamma, then, choose the book that I should read."

"You promise me always to read slowly, thoughtfully, and to give me an account every evening of what you have read?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, then, I will give you an abridgment of the History of England, in two volumes, which I think a clear well written book."

Two days after this, Cæsar told his mamma he had met with a passage in the book she had lent him, at which he was a good deal shocked.

"Let me see it," said Madame de Clémire: "read it."

"The French were defeated at the battle of Agincourt by Henry V. in which he had taken so many prisoners that, in order more securely to face the enemy, who still seemed to menace him, he was obliged to put those to death the fortune of war had delivered into his hands."*

* Nouvelle Abrégé Chronol. de l'Hist. d'Angleterre; in two thick volumes. See vol. i. p. 75.

“Well, what is it that offends you in this passage?”

“What, mamma! Does not this historian resemble Homer? Does not he relate this act of cruelty as a simple and even indispensable thing? He has not one single reflection on the fact, consequently, approves its barbarity.”

Madame de Clémire, at hearing this, most affectionately kissed her son. “You have not read,” said she, “like a child; for while you have read you have reflected, have consulted your reason and your feelings, and thus only can reading become useful. Such a manner of relating an atrocious act is revolting to the heart. What then will you say to a work I am reading, and in which I find the following portrait of Fredegonda!—

“Fredegonda made amends for the defects of birth by so many eminent qualities, one is tempted to say of her that, though she was not, she deserved to be, nobly born; she is one of those heroines who need not blush at the faults of destiny: the greatness of her genius made her reign over Chilperic almost without a rival,* &c.

“Is it possible to speak thus of a woman so abominable? guilty of so many crimes? Would you believe this to be the picture of a monster, the disgrace of her sex, and the execration of posterity? The author has praised her address; ‘she knew,’ said he, ‘the art of triumphing over all her enemies. But by what means? By treason and murder. Her whole address consisted in poisoning and assassinating those she feared. But to-morrow, Caesar, I will read you her true character in the history of Charlemagne.† We will also read, in another work, by the same author, an account of the battle of Agincourt,‡ the manner of which, I hope, will give you pleasure.”

* Mémoires, Historiques, Critiques et Anecdotes de France, tom i. p. 70. This is an interesting work, full of curious anecdotes. † By M. Gaillard.

‡ Histoire de la Querelle de Philippe de Valois, &c. “I have seldom heard of an historian who could be

"You love that author's works, mamma."

"I do, because I find in them a true spirit of philosophy, perfect impartiality; new ideas, feeling, the purest morals, the most rational reflections, and all the striking consequences which history ought to teach. Lessons useful to men, and especially to kings."

"Do you know the author, mamma?"

"I never saw him four times in my life."

"Why will not you give me his works?"

"It is my wish we should read them together, that you may understand all his beauties. I shall therefore give you other books for your private reading, still begging you will read with the greatest attention, and carefully weigh the sentiments and reflections of the author. I insist upon this point so much, because it is of the utmost importance; for, by acquiring this habit, reading will truly form your heart and mind: so that in the end no book whatever will be dangerous to you. Instead of which, should you read carelessly, without thought, you would insensibly obtain a multitude of false ideas; and reading, far from instructing, might weaken your reason, and shake, and even corrupt, your principles."

The Abbé, who came to seek for Cæsar, interrupted this conversation. In the evening the Tales of the Castle were continued, and Madame de Clémire began the following history.—

said to possess feeling; this praise seems rather to belong to works of imagination; the author, however, above cited, will justify the assertion. It seems to me impossible to read him without often being melted even to tears. Read, among others, his account of La Pucelle d'Orléans, in *L'Histoire de la Querelle*, &c.; his fine portrait of St. Louis, in *L'Histoire de la Rivalité*, &c.; that of Henry IV.; and likewise his relation of the battle of Pavia, *Histoire de Francois I.*

PAMELA;

OR,

THE HAPPY ADOPTION.



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

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

A most respectable match offered, and Felicia had not the right to hesitate; although she did not the less sensibly feel how unfortunate it is to be obliged to marry a child at so tender an age: the unhappiness is still the greater, inasmuch as education is then but rudely sketched, and must for ever remain imperfect.

“But, mamma,” interrupted Caroline, “this young lady might still be obedient, as well after marriage

as before, consequently her mamma might complete what had been left imperfect."

"You must suppose her to possess great understanding and rationality, indeed, to preserve the same industry and respect for her masters as formerly; when she is every instant hearing herself called madam; not to mention that she must be obliged to quit, or at least interrupt her studies, every time her husband should enter."

"But if the husband should love to see his wife well informed."

"Women at fourteen have seldom sufficient information to become agreeable by that means; and you may imagine what a young woman's fears must be of appearing dull and tiresome to her husband; besides, the pleasure of conversing with him must impede the progress of instruction.—but let us return to our tale."

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

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

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

Felicia and her daughter had but one chamber. They had been in bed about two hours; Anna was in a sound sleep, and her mother began to doze, when an uncommon noise in the chamber of the sick English woman awakened her with a start. She listened attentively, and heard sobs and groans. Recollecting that there were only a maid and a nurse, Felicia imagined her assistance might, perhaps, be useful; she therefore rose, and, with her lamp in her hand, stole gently from her chamber, fearful of disturbing Anna; and, in passing through her maid's bed-chamber, ordered her not to quit her daughter, should she awake.

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

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

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

"Where is the child?" said Felicia.

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

Felicia shuddered. "Merciful Providence!" cried she; "let us move the child from this fatal place, at least."—So saying, she entered the chamber. In approaching the couch of the child, she necessarily passed beside the corpse. Her blood ran cold;—she stopped; and, for a moment, fixed her full eyes on the mournful and touching object; then, dropping on her knees, exclaimed—"Oh, unfortunate mother! what must have

been the horrors of your last moments!—what must have been your feelings, to leave a child thus, without succour, to the mercy of a busy and rapacious world!—Yes, I delight to think that from the bosom of eternity you can yet see and hear me.—Behold I take charge of your offspring; never shall she forget the parent that gave her birth; and, though the earthly part is forgotten, she still shall love the departed saint.”—

Felicia arose, and, with an emotion of benevolent tenderness, approached the couch. A curtain concealed the child, which Felicia, with a trembling hand, gently drew, and discovered the innocent little orphan. Felicia contemplated her beauty and the angelic sweetness of her countenance with delight. The child slept soundly! beside the death bed of her unfortunate mother; the serenity of her brow, the candour of her physiognomy, heightened by a smile, and the freshness and health of her complexion, formed a contrast as striking as it was pathetic.—

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

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

Anna was risen; restless and fearful, she was coming to seek her mother; who, meeting her at the door, said—“Come hither, Anna; I have brought thee a second sister; come, look at, and promise me to love her.” Anna flew to the bed, and kneeled down to look nearer at the child. Felicia told her in a few words, all that had happened. Anna wept, while she listened at the sorrowful recital; beheld the little Pamela with tenderness, called her dear sister, and

wished it was morning, that she might hear her speak, and give her a thousand kisses.

At last it was necessary to return to bed, though Felicia did not close her eyes during the rest of the night:—but who that is kept awake by the remembrance of a good action would wish to sleep? :

The family rose as usual at seven o'clock; the windows were opened, and the little Pamela awoke. Felicia ran to her couch; the child, at first, seemed surprised, but, after fixing her blue eyes on her for a moment, she smiled, and held out her little hand. Felicia caught her with transport to her bosom; she believed in the doctrine of sympathy (it is the superstition of feeling hearts); she persuaded herself she beheld its effects in the gentle caresses of the infant, who had already inspired her with an affection which this return of tenderness increased.

The poor Pamela, however, soon asked where was her mother? and the question touched Felicia to the heart. “Your mamma is gone,” said she; and Pamela immediately began to weep; Anna wished to comfort her; but Felicia thus continued—“Do not interrupt her tears; I myself have need to see them flow: think, my Anna, what her situation is, and you will have the same sensations.”—

As soon as Pamela was dressed, she kneeled down and began to say her prayers. Felicia’s blood ran cold when she heard her say—“Pray God make my dear mamma better.”

“You must not pray so any more,” said Felicia, “your mamma no longer suffers.”

“Does she not!” cried Pamela; “then I must thank God.”

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

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

As she said this, she perceived the tears flow down Felicia's cheeks; who caught her in her arms, while the affectionate and tender little creature clung weeping round her neck. As soon as the carriage could be got ready, Felicia, with Anna, and her adopted Pamela, departed for Bath, where she staid about a fortnight; and, when she returned, went to another lodging.

Felicia became every day more and more attached to Pamela; the angelic sweetness, the sensibility, the gratitude of the child, made her deliciously enjoy the fruit of her benevolence. After remaining three months at Bristol, Felicia left England, and returned to France; and all her family, as well as herself, adopted the little Pamela, whom it was impossible to see uninterested, or to know without loving.

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

Such was Pamela; her soul continually rose superior to her years; and when she spoke she had neither the sentiments nor the language of infancy.

A thousand charming traits, numerous delicate and refined replies, and a multitude of witty and affecting observations, which none but a heart and understanding of the first order could inspire, were unceasingly remembered and recited. Her lively feelings communicated an inexpressible grace to all her actions; a sweetness, a charm, which penetrates the soul, and gave her an angelic countenance. She must be seen a thousand times before any person could know if her features were regular, or whether she was beautiful or only pretty. Struck by her ingenuous and interesting physiognomy, nothing was remarked but the intelligent and celestial language of her face. She was neither to be praised nor examined like others. She had long marked eye lashes, and large blue eyes; though seldom was their colour observed, but their expression always.

With every desire to please and oblige, which a natural good temper could give, she was attentive, generous, complaisant, sincere, and candid; in short, she possessed all those good qualities and perfections which are so rarely seen united: she was witty, without ill-nature; gay, yet affectionate; lively yet gentle.

Pamela's only defects were the consequence of an extreme vivacity, which, however, never gave her the slightest degree of anger against any one, but a thoughtlessness that few children exceeded.—The following is an instance which will shew at once her mildness, her respect, and her tenderness to Felicia.

Pamela, rather from the effects of her liveliness and want of thought, than wilful negligence, frequently lost her things. If she went a walking, she would take off her hat, perhaps, to run the better, and, entering the house, still running, would forget she had left it upon the grass. When she had finished her work, her eagerness for play would not give her time to collect and put by her needles, thread-paper, thimble, or other things; but she would rise in an instant, her open work-bag falling to the ground, jump over it, and disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

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

Felicia took care, every morning, to demand an account of every thing she ought to have in her pockets and work-bag; and this daily examination greatly contributed to make Pamela more careful. One morning, when Felicia, according to custom, was visiting her pockets, she could not find her scissors: Pamela, scolded and questioned, replied that the scissors were not lost, at least, for she knew where they were. "And where are they?" replied Felicia.

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

"On the floor!—And how came they there?"

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

"What, without taking time to pick up your scissors?"

"Yes, mamma; that I might come the sooner."

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

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

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

"Leave the room," said she: "I am certain there is not a word of truth in what you have said: begone, without reply."

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

Felicia, at that time, was in the country, and going to mass, whither, instead of taking Pamela, as usual, she ordered a maid to conduct her, and left her abruptly. When Felicia came to the chapel, her attention was diverted, in spite of herself, and her head frequently turned towards the door. At last Pamela entered, and, with her eyes red and full of tears, hum-

bly fell on her knees, just at the entrance beside the stair-case. The maid desired she would not stay there among the servants, but come forward; but the sorrowful Pamela replied, in a low voice, this place is much too good for me.

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

After mass, the maid came to Felicia, and said Pamela had not told a lie.

"How! Not told a lie?"

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

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

"You had forbidden me to speak, my dear mamma"

"But didst thou not kneel to ask my forgiveness?"

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

"But I was unjust."

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

Who could help adoring a child capable of such attachment, of submission so affectionate, and mildness so enchanting?

Pamela suffered greatly with the tooth-ache, when she was seven years old, which brought on a weakness that continued above a year. Felicia, that she might take the more care of her, made her sleep in her own chamber; and Pamela, observing Felicia's uneasiness, always endeavoured to conceal how much she suffered: her continual want of sleep was excessive, and Felicia would often rise, take her in her arms, and give her something cooling to drink. Pa.

mela never received those proofs of affection without shedding tears of tenderness and gratitude; she would conjure Felicia to go to bed. "Sleep, my dear mamma," said she, "I am better if you are at rest; when I hear by your breathing that you are asleep I suffer a thousand times less."

Every sensation of virtue or feeling was familiar to the heart of Pamela; nor were even those strangers to it which seem to be the fruit only of education and reflection. She could hardly remember England; and she loved Felicia too dearly not to love France; yet she still remembered she was English, and preserved an attachment to her country, which was the more virtuous inasmuch as she had no hope of ever returning thither to live.

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

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

An emotion so singular at her age deeply affected Felicia. "Pure and virtuous soul," said she, "a pathetic and sublime instinct inspires thee, superior to all the efforts of reason: whilst thou fearest to commit a fault, thou art fulfilling a sacred duty. Preserve ever this proper partiality to the country of thy fa-

thers; love the French, for thou owest them thy love; but forget not that England is thy country."

The words of Felicia re-animated and made Pamela happy; and the very same evening she added the following sentence to her prayers:—

"Grant, O God, that the French and English may no longer hate or harm each other!"

With such sensibility of heart, it was impossible that Pamela should not be pious and sincere; certain that God saw and heard her, every instant of her life, she never committed a fault without asking pardon, without tears of true repentance; yet she always previously accused herself to Felicia: "For, how can God pardon me," said she, "if I conceal my faults from my mamma? Besides, a fault bears so heavily on my heart, when mamma is ignorant of it, and one is so happy after owning one's errors to one's friend.—Mamma will enjoin me some little penance, perhaps; but then she will talk and reason with me, will praise the sincerity of her Pamela, kiss me a thousand times, and at night, when going to bed, I ask her blessing, she will give it me, if possible, with more than usual tenderness."

After such like reflections, Pamela would fly to the arms of Felicia, and there find the reward of her candour and love. Unable to be away from her, preferring to every other pleasure that of being with her, even without speaking to her, while Felicia read, wrote, or played the harp, Pamela would amuse herself in silence, and without making the least noise, for fear of disturbing Felicia.

She would get up, however, from time to time, approach Felicia on tip toe, kiss her, and then return to her place! More than once has she abruptly left her play-things, and ran, weeping, to throw herself in Felicia's arms; instead of playing, she would say, I ought to think of you, mamma, and of your goodness to me."

Thus speaking, Pamela would fall at the feet of her benefactress, embrace her knees, water them with her tears, and, with every expression of passion, and all

the energy of feeling and gratitude, would repeat whatever Felicia had done for her.

A child so extraordinary, so attaching, must certainly, when a woman, surpass mediocrity. Pamela at seventeen justified every hope to which her infancy had given birth; she had acquired knowledge, agreeable talents, and all that gentleness of manners which so well becomes a woman. There was no kind of needle-work she had not learnt or could not do; she was excellent at embroidery, millinery, mantua-making, every thing: besides which, she drew correctly, and played charmingly upon the harp; which latter acquirement was the more precious to her, because she owed it solely to Felicia, who had been her only teacher.*

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

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

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

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

Anna, seven years older than Pamela, had, as well

* Supplement à l'Histoire de la Rivalité, &c. by M. Gaillard.

as her sister Camilla, been married some years, and made her mother happy by her filial affection and prudent conduct in the world; so that these three dear and amiable objects, Camilla, Anna, and Pamela, rendered Felicia the happiest woman on earth.

This sweet felicity was disturbed by an event which very justly and deeply afflicted Felicia. She had a young sister-in-law, named Alexandrina, whose virtues, talents, and charms, were the delight of her family. Having been six months attacked by a consumption, Alexandrina determined to go and pass a year in the south of France, and Felicia had the double grief of seeing her mother go with her.

This mother, as virtuous as she was tender, consented to leave her daughter, and support the fatigues of a melancholy journey, and the pains of a long absence, that she might go with her daughter-in-law, to whom her assistance was become necessary. It is true, she carried with her hopes that gave consolation; but she presently lost them without return. Traveling only augmented the diseases of Alexandrina; and at last those fatal symptoms appeared which destroyed all probability of recovery. Felicia, though informed by her mother of the truth, still endeavoured to hope, till at last she received the following letter:—

“ N——, *September*, —, 1782.

“ She is still alive—but, alas! before you receive this letter—perhaps—Oh! my child, what will your unhappy brother feel!—What do I feel myself!—I am two hundred leagues from you.

“ We knew but imperfectly the angelic creature we are about to lose; a life so tranquil and fortunate as her's gave few opportunities for the exertion of those sublime virtues she possessed. You have no idea of her fortitude, piety, patience, and perfect resignation. I told you she deceived herself concerning the true state of her disease, but I myself was deceived; she had no hope even when she left Paris, as she then secretly told her maid Julia, who told it me again this very morning; it was only to palliate the horror of

our situation that she endeavoured to persuade us she still preserved the illusion we had lost: but she yesterday betrayed herself.

"We were alone; she told me she desired to receive the sacrament, and conjured me to inform her husband, with every necessary precaution, that he might not be alarmed; she then fell into a deep reverie, and, in order to divert her thoughts, I told her I should write to you this morning. As soon as she heard this, she seemed desirous of saying something to me, concerning which, however, she evidently wavered in her mind.

"I clasped her hand between mine, and asked her if she had any commission to give me for you?—'Yes,' said she, 'there is a thing which troubles me exceedingly—it is this—you know that at thirteen I had the misfortune to lose my mother, I was then sent to a convent, where, a few days after my arrival, a poor woman came to ask for me; she was paralytic, and informed me that my mother had maintained her during the last two years of her life. I wept and kissed the unhappy woman, and have ever since taken care of her. Condescend, madam,' continued she, with great emotion, 'condescend to recommend this poor woman to my sister; tell her it is the last legacy of an expiring friend. Julia will give you her address, and let me beg you will send it to-morrow to my sister.'

"I could make no answer to this discourse, but with my tears; she saw them, and kissed my hand in a manner that deeply affected me. Just at this moment, the little bitch Selima, that you know she was so fond of, came running, and jumped upon her bed, and I took her on my lap. 'Poor Selima,' said she: 'you love dogs, mamma; I will give you Selima, but promise me never to part with her.'

"You, my child, know how to estimate such sensations! At the very moment all was lost to her, to think of all, to neglect nothing! Young, handsome, happy, with a spotless reputation, ready to be separated for ever from a beloved husband, a child that was the de-

light of her heart, and a dear aunt, who was at once a generous benefactress, and a sincere and amiable friend; yet so patient, so unconcerned on her own account; so careful for others, so anxious for the fate of a wretched old woman, and not even forgetting her dog. Who can forbear to admire benevolence so provident, and fortitude so heroic?

“Adieu, my daughter: I send you the sole consolation I have at this moment to give; it is the address of the poor old woman, whom to see and assist will be one great relief to your present feelings.”

As soon as Felicia had read this letter, she called for her carriage, and, accompanied by Pamela, went immediately to the street *du Faubourg Saint Jacques*. It was there that the poor woman, whose name was Madame Busca, lived; and who was known throughout that quarter of the town by the appellation of the Holy Woman.

The amazement of Felicia and Pamela, at seeing and hearing her, was equal to the pity and admiration she inspired. This unfortunate woman had totally lost the use of her limbs; her countenance had nothing hideous in it, but it was astonishingly meagre and pale. She had not the power to raise or turn her head, which dropped upon her breast; and, though she had been nearly in the same state for seventeen years, the faculties of her mind were still perfect.

Her chamber was large and neat, and a venerable clergyman was sitting on her bed-side. Felicia informed her she was the sister of Alexandrina; which, as soon as the poor woman heard, she raised her eyes to heaven, and the tears instantly ran down her cheeks.

“Oh, madam!” cried she, “what an angel you have for a sister; she is yet very young, notwithstanding which she has maintained me eleven years. If you knew what she has done for me, madam—her condescension—her—”

“Did she often come to see you?”

“Before her marriage she was not permitted to leave the convent, and I was carried thither three

times a week; she used to ask permission to come down to me, and always brought me my breakfast, which she herself had prepared. I had no use of my hands, and she used to feed me, and with such sweetness, such friendship, such compassion! Do you know, madam, what was the greatest punishment her governante could inflict? It was to tell her, 'You shall not feed Madame Busca to-morrow; I myself will do that charitable office.'

"She always did me the honour to call me her mother, and intricated me to call her my daughter; if by chance I saw that her governante was dissatisfied with her, I then used to say Mademoiselle, instead; and that dear child, with tears in her eyes, would instantly go and ask pardon of her governante.

"You weep, ladies; but, what would you do were I to tell you every thing she has done for me since her marriage! A young and charming lady, like her, to come every other day and shut herself up with a poor creature like me—to bring me linen, fruit, jellies, and often to read me a chapter in the holy Bible!

"You know, madam, how divinely she sings. One day, I begged her to sing me a song: 'I know none,' replied she, 'but vain opera songs, and such as will not please my good mother; but I will learn some;' and four or five days after, she came and sang me several of the most divine hymns I ever heard; I assure you, madam, I thought I saw and heard an angel singing.

"Another time she brought her harp, and played to me for above two hours.—And yet, all this is trifling; the Christian charity of this earthly cherub is such that there is no kind of service I have not been obliged to accept from her: thus, I cannot have my fingernails cut without undergoing great pain, if it is not done with peculiar tenderness and address, and this was an office she most humane'y and regularly performed. You must have observed, madam, her long and delicate fingers, but you are ignorant that those soft white hands every week washed the feet of a poor creature like me."

Madame Busca was obliged to stop, and the tears again bedewed her cheeks. Felicia and Pamela could neither of them speak, and there was a moment's silence.

A little while after, a young girl entered the room, and asked the poor old woman if she wanted any thing; she thanked her, and answered no; and the young girl again left the room. The clergyman, who still kept his seat, then addressed himself to Felicia, and said, "You will, no doubt, madam, be glad to hear, that the girl who just came to offer her services to Madame Busca is the daughter of one of her neighbours, who are all equally attentive and obliging. One of them comes to sit and work with her, another puts her chamber to rights, and the third undertakes the care of her fire, and brings her a light; in fact, madam, the benevolent spirit of your lovely sister seems to pervade and animate the whole neighbourhood. And it is certain, that the example of that young and virtuous lady has not a little contributed to charity so laudable."

"How profound, how instructive," said Felicia, "will be the admiration I shall carry hence!"

"What you have heard," replied the clergyman, "and what you now see, may well inspire such sentiments; but, if you knew the extent and sublimity of this good woman's piety and resignation, how cheerful, nay, how happy she is, amidst all her sufferings, which are far greater than you can suppose, your admiration would increase."

"Happy!—is it possible?"

"Oh yes, madam," replied the good woman: "I not only endure these trials with resignation but with joy. And, where is the wonder? Shall I not, for the sufferings of a moment, be made eternally happy? And, will not my happiness be increased in proportion to those sufferings? How grateful ought I to be to the Father of all good, for having placed me in a situation where I may have the merit of enduring without complaint; in which nothing can come to interrupt my meditations on heaven and eternity? Oh!

how much am I indebted to these bodily afflictions, which have expiated the errors of my youth, purified my heart, and weaned me of all worldly wishes! The earth exists not for me; its pleasures cannot seduce, cannot corrupt, cannot cast me into the dreadful depths of divine wrath; my soul is a stranger, a sojourner here, and is already united to its beloved Creator.—I see thee, oh my God! I hear thy paternal voice! It fortifies, it elevates my soul; it commands me to submit without murmuring, and promises an immortal crown of glory. Behold, I obey with transport; I adore thy decrees, I bless my destiny, and would not change it for all the universe could bestow!”

While speaking thus, she expressed herself with equal force and feeling; the sound of her voice no longer announced the feeble and exhausted state to which she was reduced; her eyes, naturally languishing and half extinguished, sparkled at this moment with celestial fire. Pamela and Felicia looked and listened with rapture.

“Well, madam,” said the clergyman, “could you suppose it possible to find a woman so afflicted, yet so happy? But, what would she be were it not for religion? What a horrid state were her’s did she not believe the eternal truths of the Gospel!—Oh barbarous and senseless atheist! who seekest to make proselytes—how couldst thou answer this woman, when she should tell thee, ‘You would tear from my heart the only possible consolation it can receive; you would plunge me in the most frightful despair: cruel man! behold what I suffer, and behold my resignation; behold the calm my soul enjoys; behold the happiness of which it has a foretaste, and shudder at your horrible design?’”

Felicia applauded the justice of this reflection, then rose and took her leave, and promised to repeat her visits to Madame Busca, as often as her other duties and occupations would permit.

Felicia and Pamela talked of nothing the whole day but Alexandrina and the holy woman. “How

can it happen," said Pamela, "that my aunt has never spoken of this woman?"

"That," replied Felicia, "is what makes her charity more admirable; it is the characteristic of real virtue. Have you ever seen a miser make a present—and have you not observed how much his pomp and emphasis have proved the action came not from his heart, but was the mere effect of vanity? and, in fact, it had cost him so much to perform it, that his ostentation was almost pardonable? Remark, on the contrary, with what noble simplicity a generous person gives. Thus it is, that common minds are vain of their good actions, and think them extremely meritorious because they find them so painful; while great souls have no such pride, being, by their own natural dignity, inclined to complaisant and virtuous actions."

"This observation," said Pamela, "should make every person modest; or, at least, persuade them to conceal their vanity, and never vaunt of what they think praise-worthy; since a contrary conduct serves only to discover the meanness of their minds, and the little inclination they have to virtue."

Felicia, a few days afterwards, received the sorrowful news of the death of a sister-in-law, whom she had always loved, and whom the circumstances related by the holy woman had rendered still more dear. Though she had been more than three months prepared for this event, her grief was yet severe; she went to Madame Eusea, and indulged the melancholy consolation of weeping with her, and hearing a funeral eulogium worthy of the subject.

Pamela determined to take the same charge of the holy woman which the virtuous Alexandrina had done; to perform the same offices, and go regularly at the same stated times. She had fulfilled these gentle duties above a year, when one morning being on her knees, and washing the good old woman's feet, the chamber door suddenly opened, and a man of about fifty, with a noble and commanding aspect, appeared, and, after a step or two immediately stopped, fixed with surprise at what he beheld.

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

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

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

The stranger ceased to speak, but kept looking with fixed attention on Pamela. He was so totally lost in thought, that he did not seem to perceive the astonishment and embarrassment his presence caused. At last, Pamela rose, bid adieu to Madame Busca, and, passing by the stranger, made him a low curtesy and left the room.

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

"Going, madam, to return to England, I cannot leave this country, without wishing to receive the commands of the generous lady who adopted an English orphan. The amiable Pamela does too much honour, madam, to her country, and the education she owes to you, not to inspire the most lively interest in the

bosom of an Englishman, who hopes he is not wholly unworthy a nearer prospect of her virtues. I am a man of fifty, madam, and have, therefore, some right to tell you, without disguise, that the action of which I was yesterday a witness has made a deep impression on my heart: the beautiful Pamela, on her knees, washing the feet of a poor helpless old woman, will never be erased from my memory. I have been told she has relations in England who refuse to own her: deign to confide the secret of her birth to me, and be assured of my most zealous endeavours in her cause.

“ I am, madam,

“ With every respect, &c.

“ CHARLES ARESBY.”

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

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

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

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

Pamela, on this condition, agreed to receive the intended visitor; and Mr. Aresby, accordingly came on the morrow. First compliments over, Mr. Aresby renewed his offers of service, and conjured Felicia to tell him the name of Pamela’s family. Felicia avowed, that Pamela herself was averse to its being told.

Mr. Aresby sighed: “ I lose, then,” said he, with chagrin, “ the hope of being useful to her.”

“ Doubt not, sir, of my gratitude,” replied Pamela: “ I cannot think, without dread, of the least change;

since I and, in the affection of my dear and generous benefactress, a felicity equal to the utmost desires of my heart: but I am not the less sensible, the less touched, by your goodness."

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

Felicia interrupted Mr. Aresby by promising to write to him, and begging his address.

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

At the name of Selwyn, Felicia seemed moved, and Pamela disturbed. Mr. Aresby looked at Felicia, saw her surprise, and asked if Madam Selwyn had the honour of being known to her?

"I know the name," replied Felicia.

"The name is mine," answered Mr. Aresby.

"Yours!"

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

"Have you a brother?" demanded Felicia, with extreme emotion.

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

"Aye, sir, where is he?"

"That unfortunate youth, madam, led astray by a fatal passion, and contemning paternal authority, was disinherited—repentance and chagrin cut short his days—our unhappy father soon followed him to the grave; I happened to be absent; a new chain of misfortunes obliged me to prolong my travels, and I did not return to England till four years afterwards. I then heard of the death of my poor brother's widow; she had left a daughter whom I had determined to adopt;

but, the woman who had taken charge of her was dead, and her husband informed me, that the little orphan had survived her mother only a few months: the man added, he had not seen his wife till six months after the death of my brother's widow, and that the child was then no more."

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

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

"Oh, Heaven!" cried Mr. Aresby, running to meet her.

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

Pamela could say no more; her head reclined upon the bosom of Felicia, her eyes were closed, and she fainted. Felicia, distracted at the sight, called loudly for help, while she bathed her face with her tears. Pamela, however, soon came to herself, and looked faintly round. Mr. Aresby took one of her hands; "Oh! Pamela," said he, "banish these unjust fears; they wound me to the heart. I have neither the right nor the barbarous wish to tear you from the arms of your benefactress, to whom you ought to consecrate every moment of your life. Oh! if it be true that you are the child of my unfortunate brother, whose loss I have so long deplored, be assured, you will only find me a friend, a tender father, incapable of asking the least painful sacrifice."

Pamela, at hearing this, embraced Felicia with tran-

sp^{er}t, and expressed her joy and gratitude to Mr. Aresby with all those graces, all that passionate sensibility, by which she was characterised. Felicia then went to seek the little box that contained the proofs of Pamela's birth. Mr. Aresby read the letters and different papers, which the maid of Pamela's mother had put into Felicia's hands. That woman having received several presents from Felicia, they easily divined that, in order to conceal them from her husband, she had told him Pamela was dead, being pretty well assured the child would never be seen again in England.

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

Madame de Clémire ceased to speak, and the baroness made the signal of retreat: however, as it was not late, they obtained a short respite.

The children made various reflections on the history of Pamela, whose character, and especially her tender sensibility, they greatly admired. They all agreed that gratitude was the most affecting of all virtues; neither did they forget the beneficent Alexandrina: they remarked, that she had inspired Pamela with that species of admiration which characterises great minds, and had incited a desire to emulate a conduct so sublime.

They were equally struck with the happy influence which the benevolence of Pamela for the poor paralytic woman had over her future destiny; as they likewise were at the power of religion, which can give to virtue so gentle, a fortitude so firm, and afford those consolations which alone could make human nature

support misery so supreme, eighteen years without a murmur."

After thus reasoning on the story they had heard, the baroness rose, and the children went to bed. Several days glided away without any new tale being told; the evenings, however, were agreeably spent; the clear light of the moon invited them to walk, and after supper, they passed their evenings, till ten o'clock, in the garden.

Madame de Clémire taught the children to admire the starry beauties of the heavens; and this soon incited a wish to understand astronomy: the study of the celestial globe, which till then had been greatly neglected, consequently became one of their favourite afternoon amusements. Caesar, especially, applied himself to it with ardour, and was not a little proud of the praises they bestowed upon his memory.

This was soon perceived by Madame de Clémire, who asked him if he had forgotten Pamela's reflections on modesty? "It is true," said she, "they relate to that kind of vanity which induces us to vaunt of our good *actions*; but, they may be equally applied to ostentation founded on superior *knowledge*. A truly learned person never makes a parade of what he knows; that merit which is not doubted, which cannot be disputed, incites no desire in its owner to boast. A person may believe himself very wise, and yet be very foolish; but, while he thus deceives himself, he feels it possible he may be mistaken; and this kind of doubt, however feeble, gives its possessor a degree of uneasiness respecting the opinions of others, and often produces false pretensions, and feeble endeavours, to appear wise or witty.

"Those, however, who are really learned, are very certain this advantage will not be denied them; and, an accusation which can easily be confuted gives but little pain. This is one good reason why there are so many more pretenders to wit than to learning; not

Madam Busca, who still lives (August, 1788), has been eighteen years in the state above described.

but that the would-be-learned persons, who have gained a little knowledge, are too often tormented with a desire of imposing themselves upon others for men of profound erudition. Hence you may easily comprehend that this ridiculous affectation is generally a sign of mediocrity; and, that the very self-love whence it originates, ought to preserve us from it.

“Such are the usual effects of vanity, and thus is every man interested to appear modest; notwithstanding which, we sometimes find people of real merit with the most disgusting degree of pride: but such examples are not common; and I even believe, they are never found among people of truly superior understandings. Pride is, of all vices, that which renders man most unsociable, since it deprives him of those attractions which charm so much in conversation.

“In what consist the usual civilities of society? In knowing how to forget one’s self; in being eager to oblige; in making others respectable and happy; in attention to the smallest trifles; in discovering gentleness and compliance on all occasions; and in persuading others we hold ourselves as nothing, since we must appear grateful at the most common-place compliments and marks of attention.

“We sign ourselves ‘Your most obedient humble servant,’ to our inferiors; all the usual phrases have the same remarkable kind of humility—‘Let me beseech you, sir,’ ‘I hope, sir, you will have the goodness,’ ‘May I presume, sir, to beg:’—When any person publicly praises us, we are obliged to listen with a smile, to reply with a joke, and, generally, to understand what is said as ironical; or, at least, appear convinced that the speaker’s good opinion is the effect of a friendly partiality.

“The same kind of humility may be remarked in our common actions; politeness requires we should cede the best place, let others pass first, and always appear grateful when we receive the same kind of respect. From all which it is very clear, the inventors of these different customs have thought that the most certain means of rendering society agreeable was, to

impose the general law on each individual of concealing his self-love, and affecting the utmost modesty. Hence you may easily conceive it is impossible for pride to be polite; nay, it is a vice which cannot be even concealed; the tone of the voice, the turn of the hand, the manner, the eye, all betray it. Nothing, therefore, should be neglected, to correct or preserve us from a vice so hateful, and so sure to be discovered."

"But if a person has understanding, mamma," said Cæsar, "he will at least so far repress his vanity as not to say any thing ridiculous."

"You are very much mistaken: our vanity is often so absurd as to deprive us of judgment, and make us forget every due respect: there is nothing, however foolish, but what it is capable of saying and doing; and to prove it, I will cite you a remarkable instance.

"Charles Dumoulin* was a famous lawyer, consulted by every court in the kingdom, and his opinion was usually followed; nay, it was even of greater authority than the *arrêts* themselves; but all this glory was tarnished by a pride, as ridiculous as it was stupid. He called himself *The Doctor* of France and Germany, and wrote at the head of every opinion he gave—*I who give place to no man, and whom no man can teach any thing.*"

"Imagine, then, if we ought not to conceive an aversion for a vice which can make a man of understanding guilty of absurdities so revolting."

Cæsar was sensibly affected by what he had heard, and sincerely determined to be more watchful of his

He was born at Paris in 1500, of a noble family, and related to Elizabeth, Queen of England, by Thomas Bullen, Viscount Rochford, maternal uncle of that princess. His book upon the Edict of Henry II. against Les Petites Dées, acquired him great reputation. He died 1566, and his tomb is to be seen in the cemetery of Saint André-des-Arcs—*Causes Célèbres*, Tom. v.

conduct in future, that he might not again be thought self-sufficient.

Madame de Clémire began to receive great pleasure from her children's conduct; it proved how deep an impression the tales they had heard, and the example of Sidonia, had made upon their hearts. Caroline and Pulchéria understood that a poor woman, of a neighbouring village, was ready to lie-in, and undertook to make her child-bed-linen; while Cæsar, with a little assistance, made the baskets which were to contain it: besides which, he, aided by the joiner, fell to work upon a large deal chest of drawers for the good woman.

These projects were approved by their mamma; all the old linen in the house was collected, and given to Caroline and Pulchéria, who immediately began their charitable task; while, on the other hand, Cæsar, Augustin, and Morel, under the direction of the joiner, laboured at the chest of drawers.

As soon as every thing was ready, our young workmen and workwomen asked leave to carry their presents, themselves, to the poor woman.

"I have no objection," replied Madame de Clémire; "but how can you contrive it? She lives above a mile off."

"I will take my chest of drawers in a cart, mamma, by your permission."

"Very well, so be it."

"And we, mamma, if you please, will hang our baskets across asses."

"Well contrived again, my children; and, as I shall carry nothing but a little money, which will not overload me, I will follow you on foot, and we will set off to-morrow morning after breakfast."

The procession, thus settled, gave the children infinite delight; and they felt the grateful double pleasure of doing a good action, and of merrily riding on ass-back, and in a cart.

Caroline, Pulchéria, Cæsar, and Augustin, passed the rest of the day in ardent longings and preparations: the peasant who was to furnish them with the asses

and the cart, had at lest twenty messages. **Caroline** and **Pulcheria** were wholly employed in arranging their work, which they divided into two parts, that each might claim her own. It may easily be imagined they did not forget to tie their little packets with as many bits of blue and rose coloured riband as there were different articles in the baskets.

The next morning they were all awakened before day-light; the hour of rising was impatiently expected; they were quickly dressed, and breakfast was as quickly over. At last, they all assembled in the court-yard, where they found their whole apparatus ready. **Caroline** and **Pulcheria** mounted between their baskets, each on an ass, and each with a country girl, as a conductress; **Cæsar**, in his cart drawn by four oxen, sat on his chest of drawers between **Augustin** and **Morel**; and never was conqueror, in car triumphant, better satisfied, or prouder of his deeds.

Madame de Clémire taking hold of the abbé's arm, placed herself so as she could be able to talk to her children; in which order they proceeded, and, notwithstanding their wish to arrive, the way did not appear long; and the freedom of their mirth made it as noisy as it was animated; they sung and squalled with so much the more liberty because that **Madame de Clémire** herself participated and joined in their hearty and innocent clamour. They were heard long before they were seen; loud laughs, songs in chorus, and shouts spoke their approach, and more than once attracted the notice of young girls who sat spinning under the elms, and of herdsmen who tended their cattle.

Their noise ceased as soon as they beheld the cottage of the poor woman, but their joy redoubled; its character also was changed; gaiety was succeeded by the sweetest emotions, and, when they came to the door, the children were as silent as they had before been riotous.

They alighted; two men unloaded the chest of drawers, and followed by **Cæsar**, **Morel**, and **Augustin**, first entered the cottage. **Caroline** and **Pulcheria** then took their baskets, and, with blushes and beating

Madame de Clémire gave her some money, and promised to come again and see her as soon as she should be brought-to-bed; while the poor woman's gratitude and joy greatly affected every person present.

As they returned, they spoke of nothing but her; and the conversation took the same turn all the rest of the day. "Remember," said Madame de Clémire to her children, "the pleasure you have this day tasted. Wherefore do men so easily yield to their passions? It is because they relieve them from that ennui—that weariness, which they find so painful to endure, and which idleness gives. They would rather do wrong, they would rather even incur their own destruction, than be unemployed; but passion gives uneasy sensations, only enjoyments which are poisoned by remorse; virtue alone can afford inexhausted sources of felicity.

"Recollect, my children, the satisfaction you received in forming the project of relieving this poor woman; remember the charm it has communicated to your conversation since, the pleasure you enjoyed while working for her, the activity which an occupation so interesting gave you, the agitation of yesterday, the preparation and departure of this morning, your cheerful journey, your emotion at first sight of the cottage, your feelings while you were making your presents; and, be well assured that, never did irregular desires procure delights equal to these.

"The pleasure which the indulgence of the passions can give are only dangerous illusions, which soon vanish, and often leave a dreadful void in the mind; painful recollection, shame, and bitter regret. Instead of which, how great must be the interior satisfaction you now feel, how sweet the remembrance, how real your praises and rewards."

This discourse made the children run to kiss their mamma, protesting they never should forget the justice and truth of her reasoning; and that they were certain they should ever find the greatest happiness in the love of their mother and virtue.

Cæsar then begged his mamma would be kind

enough to grant him a favour; which was, that one of his sisters might be godfather and godmother to the child when born.

"You are very young," said Madame de Clémire, "to be a godfather."

"I have seen many younger than I am, mamma.

"Very true: but I do not approve of that custom; for, to become a godfather is, in some degree, to adopt a child; which adoption is the more serious in that it is consecrated by religion."

"If, mamma, you will teach me what are the duties of a godfather, I assure you I will endeavour to fulfil them."

"You engage to protect the child, to endeavour to see him properly established in the world, to relieve him from misery, should misery be his lot, and, in fact, to afford him every assistance in your power, when you become a godfather."

"Why then, mamma, I am more desirous than ever of being a godfather, since it is an engagement to perform so many good actions."

"Well, then, you have my consent."

"And which of us is to be godmother?" cried Caroline and Pulcheria, both together.

"That honour appertains to the eldest; but I promise that you, Pulcheria, shall likewise enjoy it next summer."

They were now all happy; and, that nothing might be wanting to the satisfaction of this agreeable day, the baroness, in the evening, began to relate the following story:—

THEOPHILUS AND OLYMPIA;

OR, THE

ERRORS OF YOUTH AND AGE.



ON the banks of the Vezère, in the farther part of Limousin, is still to be seen an old mansion house, which is only remarkable for its antique air, and the beauty of its situation. Surrounded by meadows where cattle continually feed, and built upon the brow of a hill, at the foot of which the river runs; the town of Uzerche is seen from it as in perspective, and in a point of view agreeable and singular.*

In this solitude it was that the Baron de Soligny, who had been several years a widower, employed himself with the education of a dear and only son. The baron had passed his youth in cities: born with ambition, necessity, rather than inclination, had fixed him in this retreat. Having dissipated a part of his fortune, and lost the brilliant hopes by which he had long been seduced, he was, at length, determined to quit the world;

* The small town of Uzerche is built upon a steep rock, which is washed by the river Vezère; and it has been remarked that there is not an inhabitant of the town but what has a view of the river, either from his house or garden; and, that each distant house appears to be a small old castle, with its towers and slated roofs.—The town is 109 leagues from Paris. Limoges, on the Vienne, is 97 leagues from Paris, and the capital of Limousin.

but he still regretted it, though he spoke of it with contempt. He thought himself undeceived when he was only discouraged, and imagined disgust to be philosophy.

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

The baron had a neighbouring female friend, named Euphrasia; and Theophilus, being every day in company with this lady's niece, the young Olympia, conceived an affection for her which the baron beheld increase with pleasure. Olympia was an orphan without fortune; but Euphrasia had no nearer relations, and the baron was not ignorant she intended to leave her fortune to her niece.

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

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

The eve of the wished-for morrow, that was for ever to have united the expecting couple, at length arrived, when Euphrasia fell ill; and, five days after, the baron received a letter from Paris by which he learnt that a very distant relation, but of the same name, had died, and left him sole heir to a very considerable fortune; in consequence of which he was obliged to depart immediately for that city.

It was impossible to conclude the marriage before his departure. Euphrasia had been two days delirious; and Theophilus, obliged to follow his father, demou

strated a grief so real and affecting, that the baron, to give him some relief, conjured the sorrowful Olympia to write to Theophilus: "It is a father," added he, "who entreats, and it is a husband to whom your letters will be addressed." The modest and weeping Olympia promised to send an account of her aunt's state of health; and the baron, after engaging to remain but six weeks at Paris, departed the same day, with his son.

The baron arrived at this great city, and took possession of a magnificent hotel and a rich heritage. His house was presently full of intimate friends, by whom he had been fourteen years totally forgotten. The baron, at first said—"My riches, and a good supper, have drawn together this crowd of people by whom I was deserted." But self love, which makes more dupes than an open and ingenuous heart, soon persuaded him he was indebted to his personal merits only for these marks of individual esteem and attention he daily received.

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

Theophilus, at hearing this, conjured his father to terminate his affairs with all possible speed, and depart for Limousin; adding, that Olympia's misfortune would, were it possible, increase his affection for her:

A considerable town in the lower Limousin, built in part upon a mountain, at the confluence of the rivers Salant and Coreze, in a country full of rocks and precipices.—It is 114 leagues from Paris.

the baron, seemingly, approved those sentiments, and promised to hasten his departure.

Theophilus immediately wrote a most tender and moving letter to Olympia; and concluded with protesting that, before a month should pass, he would throw himself at her feet. He had not been surprised that Olympia, during the moments of her grief, had failed to write; but at length, having long waited, and having yet not heard from her, he became exceedingly unhappy; the baron gave him some consolation, and assured him that his business was almost ended.

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

"Heavens! is Olympia ill?"

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

"Not worthy! Olympia! impossible!"

"Listen to what a respectable man has written, whose austere probity is known."

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

"Since you so earnestly desire to hear the truth, it is my duty to tell it without disguise. I confess, then, that the conduct of this young lady in question has been very prejudicial to her reputation. Immediately after the death of her aunt, she very prudently retired to a convent, which she has as imprudently quitted, about a fortnight since, to go and live with a female friend whom she formerly knew at Uzerche, who has been married about two years, and lives at a small estate near Tulle. This lady is not above twenty years of age, and has unfortunately been the subject of various

scandalous stories which we country folks think very little to her credit: besides which, she has a brother, a presumptuous young man, whose society cannot be at all proper for a woman who loves her reputation. Not that any consequences are thence deduced to the dishonour of the virtuous Ephrasia's niece, who has, no doubt, received good and proper principles; the inconsiderate step she has taken is attributed even to her innocence, her want of experience, and the condemnable indifference of her guardian, who left her absolute mistress of her actions. Should you, however, dear sir, and friend, think proper to write on this subject, I am certain that the representations you have a right to make will be instantly attended to; the young lady will return to the convent, and every thing will be well; for I dare assure you that nothing has been hitherto discovered in her conduct, but a thoughtless imprudence, very pardonable in a person of her age."

This letter cut Theophilus to the heart; agitated, distracted by jealousy, he beheld a dangerous rival in the brother of Olympia's friend; he dissembled his pangs and suspicions, however, and pretended to be perfectly secure.

"This is not all," said his father, "the letter I have read to you comes from a very cautious man, who will not say all he thinks; here is another from my steward, who speaks with less circumspection, and openly declares you have a rival; that Olympia cannot be ignorant of a passion this rival does not attempt to conceal: that she even authorizes it, by continuing to live with his sister; and that the young man publicly vaunts how Olympia has sacrificed all your letters to him."

"He is an imposter," exclaimed Theophilus, "Olympia is incapable of perfidy so base."

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

"No," interrupted Theophilus, "I will not suffer

myself to be deceived by false appearances—Olympia is innocent—is calumniated, and it is my duty to justify, to avenge her. Permit me, my father, to depart; to stay is death; let me learn the truth from her own lips, and punish her audacious traducer, the monster who has dared to wound her honour.”

The unhappy Theophilus shed a torrent of tears while he spoke, and his excessive grief made his jealousy but too evident: his father, who easily read the emotions of his soul, seemed to pity and take part in his sufferings. “Let us send,” said he, “a courier to Tulle, who shall carry a letter from you, and wait her answer; should not this letter prove satisfactory, you shall then go yourself; only grant me this short delay.”

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

The baron approved this letter, and sent it immediately; and the courier, whose return Theophilus waited so impatiently, in whose hands his destiny was deposited, came back in eight days' time. Theophilus was going to bed; he heard the cracking of a whip; his heart beat, he trembled, and flew to his father's room; the courier entered—“Well,” cried Theophilus, “have you brought an answer?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Give it me instantly.”

“It is not for you, sir; it is directed to the baron.”

The courier accordingly gave the baron a casket and a letter, and left the chamber.

“What is the meaning of all this?” said the baron, with an air of astonishment, “what can this casket contain.”

Theophilus made no reply; he was motionless; his blood ran cold; he durst not ask to have the letter opened.

After a short silence, the baron broke the seal, unfolded the letter, and read it to himself. Theophilus fixed his eyes upon his father's countenance, and shuddered at the astonishment and indignation he saw painted there. "Heavens!" cried he, with a broken voice, what does it contain?"

"Oh! my son," replied the baron, "collect all your fortitude. Yet, wherefore? You cannot need it; you cannot regret so unworthy a woman."

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

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

Yours, &c.

OLYMPIA."

Theophilus dropped the letter, was silent for a moment; then, wildly turning towards his father, "I will be revenged!" said he—"Yes, I will be revenged!"

"And which way?"

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

"There is no doubt but you have a rival, or that he is beloved: but, what of that? Ought you not rather to forget a person so little worthy your affection?"

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

"Let me remind you once again, she has not de-

ceived you; she loves you not; and she tells you so without disguise."

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

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

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

The baron and the unfortunate Theophilus passed the remainder of the night together; the latter did not go to bed before day-break, and then could neither get sleep nor ease. In the evening he shut himself up in his chamber, because his father had company to supper. The next day he was alone with the baron, and, while he promised to forget Olympia, spoke only of her. Sometimes he painted her as a monster, fit only to be hated; at others, sought excuses for her conduct, and wished to preserve some remains of esteem.

"I do not find, mamma," interrupted Caroline, "that Olympia was so very wrong; if she never loved Theophilus, she could not be accused of inconstancy: besides, she was poor, he was rich; and yet she would not marry him, because she thought she could not make him happy; I think her behaviour noble."

"If we suppose that Olympia had never loved Theophilus, which does not seem hitherto well proved, why did she say that she did? Wherefore receive his plighted faith, or give her promise?"

"Very true, mamma; but her aunt obliged her, you know, in part, so to do."

"If, through obedience to her aunt, she had determined to marry Theophilus, she ought to have persisted in that resolution out of respect to her word; and, if she had taken an invincible aversion to Theophilus, she ought to have told her aunt. Why did she not ask time to consider? or why did she not refuse her

consent? Her refusal would have been something more excusable, because she was not under the immediate authority of her parents."

"Yes, I begin to perceive she was wrong."

"Remember, especially, that nothing can justify our not fulfilling engagements once contracted; the phrase, the engagement I entered into was not voluntary, is an excuse that conscience disavows, and that probity finds of no value: you know your word ought to be inviolable; that you cannot betray it without being dishonoured. Prefer then, should it be necessary, death to the infamy of breaking it. Should fear or threatening, therefore, ever force a promise from you, add not to that weakness the eternal shame which forsaking it would leave. But let us return to Theophilus."

The baron was industrious to remove his grief; he took him often to see the Viscountess de Lisboa, a fashionable house, where the best company met. This lady had a daughter of seventeen, whose figure and grace the baron vaunted with enthusiasm.

Mademoiselle de Lisboa was not handsome, though, by her manner of dressing, she seemed to pretend to beauty: she spoke much, laughed often, danced tolerably, and it was well known she had teachers of all kinds. This was enough to authorize the friends of the house to say, that Mademoiselle de Lisboa was witty, pretty, amiable, and well informed: but Theophilus could not allow her all this praise; he thought her affected, was weary of her forced laughs, and shocked at her coquetry; and she appeared the more insupportable to him when he recollected, in spite of himself, the understanding and charms of Olympia.

Towards the end of winter Theophilus got a commission in the regiment of Mademoiselle de Lisboa's brother, and soon followed his colonel into garrison. It was five months before he returned to Paris, and his father found him in the same deep melancholy disposition; he remarked, however, with pleasure, that he spoke no more of Olympia.

It was nearly a year since Theophilus had left L-

mously; he had been returned eight days from garrison, when one evening the baron took him into his chamber, and communicated a design he had of marrying him instantly: he added, he was desirous he should marry Mademoiselle de Lisba. Theophilus no sooner heard this than he immediately replied, his heart had an invincible dislike to marriage, and moreover, a peculiar aversion to Mademoiselle de Lisba.

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

Theophilus, equally surprised and affected, asked time to bring himself to think properly of an engagement so contrary to his inclination, but could obtain only a week's delay.

Retiring to his chamber, Theophilus passed a part of the night in reflecting on his situation. He recollected all the praises that the baron had so long and so often been giving to Mademoiselle de Lisba; reflected on his father's intimate connexions with the family, (connexions formed before the baron had received Olympia's letter) with many other circumstances that crowded to his memory, and persuaded him there had been some artifice in the baron's conduct, and that he had formed the project of making him marry Mademoiselle de Lisba, at the very time he had appeared willing to fulfil his engagements with Olympia.

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

He did not yield, without scruple, to suspicions so outrageously injurious to his father; yet every new reflection seemed to add to their weight. Unable to support incertitude like this, he took the resolution to

depart secretly, the following night, for Limousin, and obtain personal explanation with Olympia. He was utterly ignorant of her destiny for six months past; he had not dared to pronounce her name; he shuddered at thinking, perhaps, she was married; but this fear, though terrible, could not deter him.

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

He went directly to Tulle, where he arrived in the evening, alighted at an inn, and, with a beating heart, questioned the landlady concerning Olympia. He learnt with inexpressible joy she was not yet married; but this joy was damped by every thing else he heard. The hostess told him nobody doubted but Olympia had loved the brother of her friend; that she had lived eight months in the house of the latter; that the young man, to whom she had sacrificed a most advantageous match, refused to marry her. Olympia, in despair, had returned to her convent where being refused admittance, she had gone to Uzerche; here she had taken refuge with her guardian, who had a house on the outside of the town; that this last act had completed her ruin in the opinion of the public; her guardian not only being unmarried, but looked upon as a man of bad morals, who openly lived with a woman with whom Olympia had contracted a strict intimacy.

Notwithstanding this dreadful detail, Theophilus persisted in his resolution of seeing Olympia, and immediately went for Uzerche. Here he was shown the house of Olympia's guardian. He had wrapped himself up in a great coat, and put an old hat upon his head.

It is not possible to describe his feelings as he approached the house; he knocked at the door, and was told the master had been absent for six weeks, and that there was nobody at home but Madame Du Rocher (the woman of whom the hostess had spoken)

and Mademoiselle Olympia. It was eight o'clock in the evening. Theophilus crossed a dark court-yard, and met a maid servant, who brought him to Olympia's apartment: his emotion was so great he could scarcely stand upon his legs, and, eager as he was once more to see Olympia, he was happy she was not in her chamber, that he might have time to breathe a moment.

The servant, to whom he was careful not to tell his name, was gone to seek Olympia, and Theophilus remained alone. His heart melted as he looked at the objects round him; as seeing the harpsichord, the writing-desk, the toilet, and especially the starling, of Olympia, enclosed in its cage. He instantly recollected she had received the bird from him the very day before they saw each other last. "Poor little thing," cried Theophilus; "what wert thou present from me to Olympia, and can she still endure to look upon thee?"

"Theophilus felt a tenderness he could not vanquish at the sight; he opened the cage, took out the bird, and put it in his bosom, the starling fluttered against his palpitating heart, and pronounced distinctly these words, "I love Theophilus—"

Who can speak the impression this phrase made on Theophilus? Amazed, confounded, he scarce could believe he had well understood, when the bird again repeated—"I love Theophilus—I love Theophilus."

"I cannot doubt it," exclaimed Theophilus—"And were words so dear dictated by Olympia! How often must she have repeated, ere thou couldst learn them! And yet she thought, alas! that I should never hear them more—And art thou, Olympia, my dear, my charming Olympia! art thou faithful to thy first vows?—It cannot be but thou must believe me guilty, and dost thou love me notwithstanding? Dost thou keep thy bird? Dost thou deign to listen to it?"

Theophilus kissed the little starling with transport, and wept over it; while the bird, having learnt but one sole phrase, answered his passionate caresses by fluttering, and again and again repeating, "I love Theophilus."

Theophilus trembled; he heard some one approach, and could not mistake the light step of Olymia; he thought he recollected the very manner of the rustling of her gown—he flew to the door—it opened—Olymia appeared—Theophilus flung himself upon his knees.

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

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

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

“How can you justify your not having answered my letters?”

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

Olymia’s doubts were immediately dissipated; she had too much innocence and candour not to be easily persuaded. She could not contain her tears; but, raising her eyes to Heaven, “O Theophilus!” said she, since you are still the same, I will not complain of perfidy and treachery.”

These words made Theophilus the happiest of men; and, after he had expressed his gratitude and joy, he gave a circumstantial account of all that had happened. Olymia listened with affection and astonishment; and, as soon as he had ended, informed him, that having no guide, no one to consult, she was not aware that she should wound her reputation by giving way to the intercessions of her friend, and going to

live with her, to which she was exceedingly pressed: nor had she any doubt, at that time, but that the young lady's character was free from all suspicion: that when with her she was always shut up in her chamber with her starling, and saw no person whatever, but one of her relations, who, under the veil of friendship, and a desire to serve, concealed the blackest designs: that this relation was a man who had entirely gained her confidence: that she had related all her grief to him; and that this traitorous confidant had, at last, told her she was no longer beloved by Theophilus, who had conceived a passion for Mademoiselle de Lisba.

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

"Afflicted, despairing of happiness, and imagining I hated you, I took a dislike to this poor bird; nor could I hear, without anger, the words I had taken such pleasure and such pains to teach. Accordingly I, one evening, opened my window, and let it fly, which I afterwards, however, could not forbear to regret. Blushing at my weakness; and, endeavouring to persuade myself that I loved the bird for its own sake, I rose from a restless bed, in the middle of the night, and a thousand times called my bird. It was in vain; it returned not, and I passed the night in weeping.

"The next morning I walked into the park, sat me down and wept, and presently was surprised to hear a plaintive small voice softly pronouncing the name of Theophilus—Imagine what I felt!—Yes, Theophilus, it was the sole sensation of joy I ever knew since I last saw you.

"I found my poor little starling upon a rose-bush: there it sat trembling and terrified; the bush was covered with the feathers it had lost. I called it; it

came ; I put it in my bosom, and determined to keep it till I should hear you were actually married. I was resolved never to see you again ; but while I renounced all future connexion with you, I could not really and thoroughly persuade myself you would ever marry another. I said to myself, he will be struck with remorse ; he never can wed the woman he has preferred to me. I am determined to be inflexible ; nothing shall make me forgive him ; but I will preserve my starling ; he shall never know it ; I will hide it from all eyes, and I alone will listen to it. Such were the reasons my heart contrived to authorise me in still keeping my bird.

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

“ I now began to examine the conduct of this lady with a suspicious eye, and soon had reason to think it not very good : I therefore determined to return to Tube, to the convent I had so imprudently quitted. The nuns, being prejudiced against me, refused to receive me. Humbled, betrayed, abandoned, sustained by virtue alone, I came hither to ask advice of my guardian.

“ It was not my intention to beg an asylum, because decency forbade me to live in the house of an unmarried man ; but I was happier than I hoped. I found my guardian ready to depart on a two month's tour. He represented me to Madame du Rocher, one of his relations, who had met with many misfortunes, and who was come to stay at his house for a few months. This lady, who appears to be as amiable as she is virtuous, related her story to me, which is sufficiently interesting for a novel ; and here I intend to remain as long as she stays.”

Olympia ended, and Theophilus greatly affected,

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

"Think myself?"

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

"Heavens!"

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

"Oh! my aunt!" cried Olympia, while the tears streamed down her cheeks, "in losing you, I felt that sorrow which gratitude and affection only inspires; but I know not the extent of my misfortune; my inexperience felt not all the necessity of such a guide—And may one, with such rectitude of intention, so easily wound, so quickly destroy, reputation? Is it then impossible for the love of virtue to perform the duties of experience?"

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

"But does not your father wish to break them? has he not suppressed my letters, even before scandal had touched my reputation?"

"Doubt not but that, at first, he wished to discover our real sentiments for each other: that, afterwards, being deceived by false reports, justified by false appearances, he acted with good intentions. But when he shall hear what you have told me, when he shall know only the story of the starling, you will see—be certain of it—you will hear him conjuring you himself to fulfil an engagement equally dear to honour, love, and gratitude."

One readily believes what one wishes, especially at seventeen: Olympia did not doubt that the baron, the moment he knew his error, would be miserable

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

Theophilus obtained Olympia's leave to visit her the next day, and they did not separate that evening till they had first concerted such measures as they thought were necessary to take.

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

As the lackey finished his recital, Theophilus heard a noise; "they are coming to take me," said he, and instantly seized his two loaded pistols, with which he advanced towards the door. At the same moment he saw his father's steward, whom he had left at Paris.

"Do you come to seek me, M. Dumond," said Theophilus, "by my father's order?"

"Yes, sir," replied M. Dumond, a little disconcerted at the sight of the pistols.

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

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

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

* Surnamed the *Gaillarde* (cheerful) on account of its agreeable situation. It is 118 leagues from Paris.

“ Sir!—

“ No objections—they are useless.”

“ My order is to depart immediately.”

“ A sacred duty will detain me a few hours. I must return to yonder house; it is eleven o'clock, the doors are all fast, every body is in bed, and I would neither choose to frighten any person nor disturb the neighbourhood, consequently I shall pass the night in the attitude you behold. In the morning I shall go where I have informed you, where I shall stay three-quarters of an hour, and afterwards follow you to Paris.”

“ Your father will be very angry.”

“ He will condescend to hear and excuse me. I will take all the blame to myself. If you please, M. Dumond, you may watch me in the adjoining chamber. I do not wish, and I give you my word of honour not to attempt to escape.”

M. Dumond seeing Theophilus fully resolved not to go that night, nor quit his pistols, consented to wait, and stayed, as proposed, in the next chamber. Theophilus passed the rest of the night in walking about the room, and reflecting on what he should say to Olympia.

As soon as the day appeared, Theophilus called M. Dumond, and told him he might follow, if he pleased, to the house whither he was going. The latter made some objections, but Theophilus showed himself so determined that he was obliged to acquiesce; and, accompanied by two men, followed Theophilus at a little distance, who gave his word not to let his stay exceed an hour.

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

In spite of the murmurs of M. Dumond, Theophilus

went immediately in search of Olympia; and, as he entered the church, stopped at the door, when he beheld her alone, in the midst of the aisle, prostrate upon Euphrasia's tomb. The piety, the gratitude of Olympia, the sanctity of the place, the sight of an altar at which, had not Euphrasia died, he had received the hand of his beloved, and the recollection of past times, to which these circumstances gave birth, made a powerful impression upon the heart of Theophilus. He advanced towards Olympia; the sound of his feet drew her attention, and she turned her face, bathed in tears, to see who it was. Theophilus approached, and knelt beside her; the surprise of seeing him, and the alteration she remarked in his countenance, startled Olympia, and she looked at him with astonishment mixed with fear.

Theophilus took one of her hands, and pressed it strongly between his own, "Oh! most revered Euphrasia," said he, with a suffocated voice, "here it was that, had you lived, I had received this dear hand; it is here that a sacred vow had for ever united the destiny of Olympia to that of Theophilus.—This holy, this much wished-for vow, shall yet be pronounced beneath these vaulted roofs.—Yes, behold, I swear, Olympia, to be only yours; I call that Being Supreme who hears my words, and reads my heart, to—"

"Stop," cried the trembling Olympia, "stop, Theophilus; dread to make a rash vow."

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

"But should your father forbid—"

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

“What is it you ask?” said Olympia; “can we have a right to dispose of ourselves?”

Olympia endeavoured to draw back her hand, that trembling hand which Theophilus would not quit, “Will you forsake me, Olympia?” cried he. “Is it your intention to renounce me?—Dread my despair!” The manner and tone in which these words were pronounced terrified Olympia, who cast a languishing and timid look upon Theophilus, and with a feeble voice said, “Be pacified: I pledge myself by the same sacred vows you have made.”

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

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

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

“Never remember you! You are mine, and death alone can disunite us.—Banish, dear Olympia, these fears, so injurious to my father; when he shall know you; when love, honour, and truth, have, by me, pronounced your justification, he will approve all I have done: he loves me; he is neither barbarous nor base!”

“But he is ambitious.”

“Can ambition banish justice and vanquish nature?—I am certain of his consent: I fear nothing but delays—You can dispel my fears.”

“Which way?”

“By condescending to follow me to Paris.”

“What is it you propose!”

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

“And where shall I find an asylum at Paris?”

“I can dispose of you at a friend’s house.”

“What, lodge with a man! and no doubt with a man of your own age—No! never.”

Theophilus, to induce Olympia’s compliance, indulged himself in a falsehood; described Derval as a grave middle-aged person; and assured her he was equally respected for his experience and character. “Besides,” added he, “you will not see him; I will take care he shall be from home, and you shall only stay in his house twenty-four hours at farthest, during which I will seek you an apartment in a convent—No, Olympia, I cannot leave you; our separation has cost me too much already. My father cannot oppose what I shall tell him; but let us not wilfully run the risk of again becoming the victims of artifice. I conjure you, in the name of Heaven, Olympia, to follow your husband: follow the happy mortal to whom you are engaged by the most sacred vows, so that you may appear at the very instant I have obtained my father’s consent, and render it impossible for him to deceive us or defer our union.”

“What are become of all my resolutions!” said Olympia: “last night, in thinking of you, I was grieved that my indiscreet starling had informed you of what it was my duty to hide; I repented I so long had listened to you, and determined not to see you this morning, but to depart before the appointed hour.—Alas! in the very church where you found me at the foot of the altar, where I promised the Almighty to sacrifice, if necessary, an unfortunate passion, my tongue hath pronounced the imprudent vows that yours hath dictated.—And what do you require now? That I should follow you, and that I should expose myself to the contempt and refusal of your father, who hath already rejected me?”

“You still forget he was deceived.—Do him justice, Olympia; you soon shall hear him ask your pardon.—

But you are no longer your own; we are engaged to each other by ties that no human power can break.— We will separate no more—Nay, Olympia, the moments are precious—I am waited for—I must leave you—You will drive me distracted if you refuse to follow me.”

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

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

They set off together in a post-chaise that waited for them, towards Paris. Theophilus thought himself the happiest of men, and supposed it not possible that his father, after he had heard, should disapprove of what he had done. As he approached Paris, however, his hopes grew more and more feeble: he recollected, with terror, the ambition and artifice of his father; inquietudes, doubts, and dreads, insensibly succeeded his security, and he arrived in town in a state of discouragement little short of despair. It was nine o'clock at night when he alighted at his father's house; and the very reception of the domestics but too plainly announced paternal wrath. He saw none but sad or severe faces; some came to examine him with a kind of malignant curiosity, others looked at him and shrugged their shoulders, while the rest, with downcast eyes, stopt silently and let him pass: not one of them spoke a word.

At the top of the stair-case he met the baron's old valet de-chambre, who, with an air of mystery, put a note into his hand: Theophilus was going to enter—“ Stop, sir,” said the valet rudely, “ you must not see your father at present.”

"What does my father refuse to hear me?"

"He has written."

"I am lost beyond redemption," cried Theophilus. So saying, he went to his own room, and tremblingly opened the baron's billet, in which he found these words:—

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

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

He had had the precaution, thinking it possible he might not immediately be able to go himself and tell Derval of Olympia's coming, to write a letter by the lacquey this same friend had lent him, containing a detail of the favour he requested, in which, without naming Olympia, he informed Derval, that a young lady, called Madame de Forlis, would be with him in two days, and begged him to grant her protection for twenty-four hours only.

The lacquey, charged with this letter, had left Theophilus as soon as they had entered the gates of Paris, with a promise to go and deliver it instantly. Certain, therefore, that Olympia would be safe, should she arrive the soonest possible, Theophilus determined to pass two days without answering his father; hoping that this appearance of fortitude might induce the baron to forego his severity, and see him conditionally.

Theophilus passed these two horrible days shut up in his chamber, flattering himself, every minute, his father would either come or send: each time a servant entered, each time the door opened, he rose, in a tremor, thinking he heard the voice of the baron, or that an order was coming for him to descend. To-

wards noon of the second day, his agitation became still more violent; and the idea that Olympia would most probably arrive that very evening made it insupportable.

He was in this state when a new incident swept away all resolution; his own lacquey, offended that Theophilus had confided in a borrowed servant rather than himself, had shown his insolence and ill-humour ever since his young master's return. He found out, to his great joy, that the baron had imprisoned the lacquey who had been with Theophilus, to whom he was in the utmost hurry to tell this news.

"And when did this happen?" said Theophilus, trembling.

"The very day of your arrival: the order was obtained before. The poor fellow left you at the gate, but he had not gone twenty yards before he was whipped up, and taken to a place he will not easily get out off."

This intelligence overwhelmed Theophilus with a thousand fears. If Olympia was come, Derval, not being pre-informed, would certainly refuse her admittance. What must she think? What must become of her?—And, should they have searched the lacquey, the baron would have seen the letter he had written to Derval. These were distracting probabilities.

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

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

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

Pale, panting, and terrified, but determined to dissemble, Theophilus descended immediately to his father, who came to meet him, embraced him; took him affectionately by the hand, and made him sit

down by his side. A moment's silence succeeded, occasioned by mutual embarrassment. At length the Baron, endeavouring to take an open and satisfied air, spoke thus:—

“Let us forget the past, my son: you have promised me unbounded obedience: I can depend upon your promise, and return you all my confidence and affection. I make no doubt that the person you have seen at Limousin has taken every pains to seduce you, and make me appear culpable: she has told you your letters were intercepted, but that is the only artifice I have employed; my fondness for you, and your own good, are my excuses. As for the rest, I said not a word more than truth, when I told you her conduct had rendered her unworthy of you. I know very well she has persuaded you she is innocent; but can she deny that her reputation is lost? The last retreat she has chosen, and her intimacy with the vilest of women, had completely ruined it; be it folly, or be it vice, she is dishonoured, and that is enough; her alliance would be ignominious. Neither did I make any agreement with her aunt, but under her express condition that she should inherit her fortune. That condition is broken, and my promises null and void.”

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

disdain to hear: that, finally, supposing Olympia had actually inherited the fortune of her aunt, as there would have been no proportion between the fortune she would have then possessed and the newly-acquired wealth of the baron, the objection in point of interest, would not have been removed.

Theophilus made all these reflexions; but perceiving, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the baron was decided and irrevocable in his opinion, and burning, besides, with impatience, to obtain his liberty, that he might fly to Derval's house, he made no reply. His chief care was to discover if the baron had seen the letter addressed to Derval, of which the lacquey had taken charge, and was soon persuaded he had not.

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

"My son," said the baron, "you know my engagements with the family of Mademoiselle de Lisba; they must be fulfilled, and without delay." These words made the youth's blood run cold; but, seeming not to remark it, the baron, thus continued; "Madame de Lisba is at Versailles; she will return the day after to-morrow, and the very same evening I must present you as the husband of her daughter; the next morning the articles will be signed."

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

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

"May I have leave to go out this evening?" said

he ; I stand greatly in need of something that may divert my thoughts ; may I visit my friends ?”

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

Theophilus was eager to profit by a permission he had been so impatient to obtain ; but, while his horses are putting to, let us take a retrospect of what has passed at the house of his friend Derval.

Derval had been hunting that day ; had returned from the chace at three o'clock, and had given a dinner to seven or eight of his young friends ; this noisy and thoughtless company was to spend the afternoon with Derval. Towards the end of the repast, at the very moment when the champagne began to operate, a servant entered to tell Derval that a lady in a carriage came to demand admission into his house.

“ What is her name ?” asked Derval.

“ Madame de Forlis, sir.”

“ O goodness,” cried Pulcheria, “ it is Olympia.

“ Exactly so,” replied Madam de Clémire, “ Olympia herself ; who, thinking Derval pre-informed, expected to be received properly, and entertained during twenty-four hours, while the grave and respectable Derval (for it was thus Theophilus had painted him) should be absent.”

“ Madame de Forlis !” said Derval, laughing, “ that is a good name enough for a comedian. “ But what kind of appearance has this same Madame de Forlis ?”

“ She is young, and very handsome.”

“ Let her come in ! Let her come in !” cried they all together.

“ I will go for her,” said the footman ; and I am very much deceived if I did not see her, about three or four years since, at Audinot’s ;* she was a dancer there, if I remember right.”

Olympia and her maid were waiting in their carriage at the gate ; it opened, the carriage entered,

* A theatre on the Boulevards at Paris.—T.

the servant came to receive them, and took them into the house, up a private stair-case. Olympia, trembling, fearful and fatigued, rested upon the arm of her maid, a lusty broad-faced lass, from Limousin, a farmer's daughter, and who had all the appearance, phrases, and manners, of a hearty country girl. In one hand she had a bundle, containing her mistress's night-clothes, and with the other she supported Olympia, who scarcely could support herself.

After passing through a long gallery, the footman opened the door and retired. Olympia and her maid entered this fatal door, which closed upon them. Imagine, if you can, what were the astonishment and terror of Olympia, at finding herself thus suddenly amidst a set of young fellows, half drunk, the oldest of whom was not five-and-twenty. She shrieked, endeavoured to fly, was stopped, and surrounded.

"Good God!" cried she, "where am I? My postilion has made a mistake, gentlemen; I directed him to the house of a venerable person, M. Derval."

The words, venerable person, set them all in a roar.

Derval advanced: "You are not deceived Madame," said he, with an affected gravity, "I am Derval." Olympia, petrified, was ready to faint, and held by the back of an arm chair.—"She is really charming," continued Derval.

"'Tis a romantic girl, indeed," said another, who was still sitting at table.

"Why, really," added a third, "her little country coquetry, whether natural or not, sits very well upon her."

"Oh Catherine!" said Olympia, "take me from this place."

"Pshaw," cried the toper at the table, "Catherine! I do not like that name; there is nothing romantic in that, my dear."

"Come Mademoiselle," said the maid, in her broad dialect, take my arm and leave these flea-bitten fops; I am sure they know nothing of politeness and good manners."

Here a roar of laughter again began; neither did

they fail to remark, that Catherine called *Madame de Forlis Mademoiselle*.

Olympia, confounded, and in a kind of stupor, made an attempt to go, but was detained by Derval. "Come, come," said he, "you have given us enough of your frights; sit down with a good grace."

The terror and shame of Olympia was so great that she found her legs could no longer support her, and she accordingly sunk down upon the chair. A ser-just at this moment entered, and, addressing himself to Derval, laughing, said, "there is a little lacqney, sir, below, of Madame de Forlis, tugging at a large portmanteau, and enquiring which is his mistress's bed-chamber, as she does not intend to go any farther."

No sooner had he said this but they all at once broke out into fresh peals of laughter. "Upon my soul," said Derval, "there is a fund of gaiety and ease in this procedure which charms me: it utterly abridges all formal compliments and ceremony."

Derval at last set himself down by Olympia, seized one of her hands and kissed it; when collecting all her force, indignation and anger vanquished shame. She rose, and impetuously tearing herself from Derval, flew to the other end of the chamber, where, seeing a door, she opened it, and entered a gallery: Derval followed, but, impelled by fear, she ran with such swiftness he could not overtake her. At the end of the gallery was a cabinet; the door was half open; she glided in, flung it too, and instantly locked and bolted it. After which she sunk upon a couch, and gave a free course to her tears.

Derval knocked, and said a thousand extravagant things; but all in vain. At last he threatened to burst the door. The terrified Olympia opened the window; it was two story high, and the garden belonging to the house was beneath.—No matter—the desperate Olympia was determined to cast herself headlong into the garden, if Derval broke open the door; she instantly climbed up, and threw open the window, but not hearing the voice of Derval, she stopt, and sat herself down on the frame.

Finding that Derval was no longer in the gallery, she imagined he was gone to call his servants to break in. "O miserable Olympia!" cried she, "whither has thy imprudence, thy credulity brought thee? Basely betrayed, deceived, abandoned, obliged to choose death or infamy.—I will not hesitate.—Alas! in losing life, what have I to regret?—Shall I not be delivered from those forbodings, those sensations which are my torment and my shame?—What do I say?—I!—Do I still love the perfidious seducer, who, in promising me an agreeable asylum, has allured me to this house of horrors?—Yet I cannot think him so beyond example wicked, as thus designedly to expose me to insults and destruction; reasons that I am ignorant of must surely clear him from such unheard-of crimes—But has he not deceived me! Did he not tell me Derval?"—Olympia's attention was diverted: she heard foot-steps in the gallery, and, kneeling upon the frame, put her body through the casement.—"They are coming to force the door," said she.—"Oh God! deign to pardon my errors; my conduct has been imprudent, but my heart is pure—Approve, O merciful Father! this desperate act which virtue inspires."

As Olympia ended her prayer, she heard some one pronounce her name; and knew, with inexpressible joy, it was the voice of her maid, who called to her to open the door, for that she might without danger. Olympia at first hesitated; but Catherine protested that Derval and his friends had all left the house. Olympia then went to the door and opened it, when instantly a man advanced and threw himself at the feet of the shrieking Olympia. It was Theophilus. As soon as she knew him, she drew back with indignation; her remaining strength immediately fled, and she fainted in the arms of Catherine.

As soon as she came to herself, the first object she beheld was Theophilus bathed in tears, and kneeling before her. Olympia turned away her head, and addressing herself to Catherine, "Let us leave this detested house," said she.

Catherine replied, that Derval and all his companions were gone, and that he would not return while she remained.

"That will not be long," said Olympia.

"And will not Olympia deign to hear me?" replied Theophilus, with a timid and trembling voice.

Olympia replied with reproaches, such as appearances gave her a just right to make, while Theophilus listened in silence and consternation. When she had ended, he answered by owning it was true he had deceived her respecting the age and character of Derval, but that he was, notwithstanding his faults, a faithful friend, and the only one on whose secrecy he could rely; and he prayed her to hear his justification, and what he had suffered since his arrival in Paris, without a witness.

After much entreaty, Olympia consented to send Catherine out of the room; and Theophilus, certain he could dissipate Olympia's anger since she consented to hear him, began the sorrowful recital of his persecutions. He disguised, he concealed nothing; not even his formal promise to marry Mademoiselle de Lisba.

Olympia grew pale as she listened, nor could she repress tears that involuntarily flowed. "I call Heaven to witness," continued Theophilus, had my life only been in danger, no tortures should have torn a promise from my lips which my heart revolts at; but I was obliged either for a moment to deceive a father who abuses his power, or be prevented the possibility of flying to your succour. Alas! I little imagined the outrages to which you were exposed by my confinement. I could not have supposed such scenes, but with feelings and despair the most dreadful. But I knew you were to arrive in a strange city, and demand an asylum in a house where you would be refused admittance, and this was enough to determine me to dissemble, especially since violence the most unjust robbed me of liberty."

"No! no!" interrupted Olympia, vainly endeavouring to conceal her emotion, "it is your duty to fulfil your promise to your father."

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

“ And what are your hopes?”

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

“ How can I?—Oh Heaven!—do you not depend on the will of an inflexible father, whom you have promised to obey, and in three days?”

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

“ What is your design?”

“ To sacrifice my fortune, my estate, my country—to fly.”

“ O horror! Fly! How have you dared—”

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

“ Heavens! into what an abyss would you drag me! What! Steal a son from his father, consent to an illegal marriage which the laws can dissolve! Elope, and sacrifice decency, reputation, and honour! No; let me rather die.”

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

Olympia, seized with terror and desperation that were not feigned, held Theophilus, who was going.

Hear me,” said she, “ cease to rack me with these horrid fears—Pity me, Theophilus.—Would you terrify me into a promise so destructive to us both?”

“ Hear me, Olympia—think of my situation: think that, in three days, if I stay, I must for ever renounce you, and marry a woman I detest, or be thrown into prison. The *lettre de cachet* is already obtained.—And what is afterwards to become of you, Olympia? Deprived of your only friend on earth, exposed to persecution, pursued by hatred, by revenge!—Oh, let us fly this scene of horrors!—I have foreseen every thing; my plan is formed, is certain.—”

In abandoning our country, we shall not regret fortune, nor need we fear indigence. I have the honourable means of providing for you—But there is no time to be lost, we must determine without delay.”

Olympia heard these pressing arguments; then raising her hands, fervently clasped, to Heaven, “Deign, oh my God?” said she, “to inspire me.—In vain, alas! do I wish for good advice: in vain do I feel, I am sensible of my weakness, my imprudence: I see a precipice beneath my feet; a saving hand might snatch me from the dreadful danger; but I have neither protector nor guide, and my fall is inevitable.”

Suffocated by her tears, the sorrowful wailings of Olympia ceased; Theophilus again threw himself at her feet, and demanded his sentence; declaring, vowing, he would not live were it unfavourable; and Olympia, at last, terrified and overpowered, pronounced the fatal promise, which for ever fixed her destiny.

“It is time,” said the baroness, interrupting her narration, to leave off, and go to bed; “it is later than usual; to-morrow you shall hear the remainder of the adventure of Theophilus and Olympia.”

M. de la Palinière came the next morning to Champcery, to pass a few days, and the children told him all they had heard of the story of Theophilus, at which he expressed a desire to hear the rest; and, and as the tales were never deferred on his account, in the evening the baroness thus continued her recital.

As soon as Theophilus had obtained Olympia's consent, he instantly left her, a prey to the most profound grief and the bitterest repentance. Theophilus went home, and had sufficient command over himself to appear tranquil. A conversation which passed the same evening between him and the baron, confirmed the latter in a belief he was at length determined, and that ambition and vanity had been too mighty for love. He was the more credulous in this point, because he judged by his own feelings,—

common minds are often dupes to this kind of calculation.

The next day Theophilus appeared triflingly busy, and his father heard, with inexpressible pleasure, that he had passed great part of the morning with tailors and embroiderers; and that he had not been abroad, except to the coach-maker's, to see his new chariot. Theophilus knowing, however, how strictly he was watched, had the resolution not to go near Derval's the whole day, and went to bed without having seen Olympia.

By this conduct he totally dissipated his father's fears, who gave way, freely, to the joy which such a change occasioned. Theophilus who, on the day of Olympia's arrival, had had a moment's conversation with Derval, met him secretly at the coach-maker's, where he revealed, in part only, the state of his affairs; he did not conceal the real name of Madame de Forlis, but added that he was determined to marry Mademoiselle de Lisba; and that Olympia had resolved to sacrifice an unhappy passion, to go to a convent twelve leagues from Paris, the abbess of which was an aunt of her's; and that she would depart in the night previous to the day when he was to receive the hand of Mademoiselle de Lisba.

The day of interview arrived, and the baron conducted Theophilus to the Viscountess de Lisba's, where his manner and conduct were such as gave the baron more satisfaction than he expected.

When they came away, Theophilus told his father he felt an agitation which would not permit him to sleep; and that, in order to divert his thoughts he would go and pass a part of the night at the opera masquerade. The baron thought this confession frank and natural, and entirely approved his design. Theophilus added, he should afterwards go and sup with Derval.

Eight o'clock in the evening came; Theophilus ordered his carriage to be got ready, and shut himself up in his chamber; he flung himself into an arm-chair, and, unable to suppress the feelings and remorse of his heart, gave free passage to his tears; in vain

did he endeavour to drive a croud of distracting thoughts from his mind; in vain did he seek to disguise his strong motives to repentance; he saw, in spite of himself; the illusion grew faint, and the fatal charm was almost broken; but, alas! it was too late; the unfortunate Theophilus found what were his duties, and what his errors, only to plunge himself with deeper grief, and more lasting horrors, into the abyss his passions had dug.

Nine o'clock struck—he shuddered! “It is the last time,” said he, “I shall hear the clock strike in the house of my father. How silent is that house at present! In what dreadful agitation shall it be to-morrow!”

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

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

At this discourse, which rent the heart of Theophilus, the unfortunate young man, wild and beyond himself, fell on his knees before his father, who, greatly affected, embraced and blessed him.

“What,” cried Theophilus, in broken accents, “must I, at such a moment, receive the paternal benediction!—Oh! promise me, my father, never to retract it.—If, hereafter, you should be deceived in me—Oh pity—my father, pity—your poor Theophilus! he will want your pity. Do not—do not heap your curses on his head.”

"I read thy heart," replied the baron; "thou art fearful of not making the woman happy I have chosen for thee: but do not deceive thyself, my son; it is not love, it is not a passion so fleeting, which can render a union fortunate, that is to be eternal. I know thy virtue, thy good sense, and am easy." So saying, the baron raised Theophilus, and; tenderly embracing him, added, "you confessed you had some debts, and I gave you eight hundred guineas to pay them; to this I would add something that should be appropriated to your pleasures; there are five hundred more in that bureau; take them into your own chamber; they are yours—a small testimony of the satisfaction your conduct gives me."

"No!" exclaimed Theophilus, "no, my father! I cannot accept that money; what I have is sufficient."

The baron, astonished at a delicacy the motives to which he was ignorant of, made some fruitless efforts to engage his acceptance of the money. At last Theophilus, with a bleeding heart, tore himself from his father's arms. It is impossible to describe his feelings. While he passed through the rooms, and quitted the house he was never again to enter, he felt his heart ready to break. His regret came too late, and was the more bitter because it was superfluous.

The unhappy Theophilus arrived at Derval's in a pitiable state. As soon, however, as he saw Olympia, he forgot, for a moment, his grief and his remorse; while she sinking beneath her fears and consternation, was mournfully silent: the terrible sensations she had suffered for three days past were visible in her countenance; and her weakness was such, she had neither the power to complain nor the faculty to reflect.

Derval did not sup at home. Theophilus had brought the jewels and diamonds his father had presented him the night before, and sold them all to a Jew. He had never contracted any debts, he had therefore the eight hundred guineas his father had given him entire; the money he received from the Jew doubled the sum, and Theophilus promised him

self he should soon augment it in the country whither he was going to reside.

The Jew was to depart the same evening for England, and, when he went for his passport, obtained another for Theophilus and Olympia, under the feigned names of Signor and Signora Andrazzi; he gave Theophilus his passport and his money, and set off about two hours before them.

"I am exceedingly vexed, grandmama," said Cæsar, "to think that Theophilus should be guilty of a falsehood, and tell his father he had debts when he had none, in order to gain money; that is an unworthy and wicked proceeding."

"The action is no doubt very blamable, and yet Theophilus had a delicate and noble soul; which you may suppose by his refusing to accept the five hundred guineas which his father would fain have pressed upon him."

"Yes, his father offered them as a reward for obedience; Theophilus could not so accept them, and his refusal gave me pleasure."

"Are you surprised at it?"

"Oh no, I think it nothing but natural."

"You are right; Theophilus had eight hundred guineas and his diamonds, consequently might place Olympia beyond the reach of poverty; it would have been shocking, at the very moment he was eternally going to abandon his father, to have accepted a benefaction which was offered as a gratuity for conduct the very reverse of his own; it would have been mean, it would have been perfidious, to have taken the money: but let us return to our history."

Theophilus quitted Olympia at midnight, and went to the masquerade. He sent away his servants, telling them he would return in Derval's carriage; he then disguised himself, put on his mask, called a hackney-coach, and instantly went back; the post-chaise was ready; he conducted, or rather dragged, the panting Olympia to her seat, and away they went.

There was no pursuit; the precautions Theophilus had taken assured him that, as soon as the baron dic-

covered his flight, he would immediately imagine he had fled to Spain: the artifice succeeded as he had supposed, and they arrived, without accident, at London.

His first care was to find out a priest of the catholic religion, and then at midnight, in the presence of two domestics, he received the hand and faith of the mournful Olympia, who, bathed in tears, had no appearance of a young bride, in the action of being united to the man she loved; she rather seemed a victim offered at the altar of obedience.

A few days after their marriage, Theophilus, who did not think himself safe, where so many French were continually seen, quitted London, and departed for Edinburgh. Let us now leave Olympia and him, concealed and buried in Scotland; and be it sufficient to say, that there they past the spring time of their lives in gloomy privacy, misfortune, and regret, and return we to the unhappy father of Theophilus.

It was long before he even suspected his son's flight; Theophilus set off just as the baron went to bed; and in the morning, when he awoke, he heard, with unconcern, that Theophilus was not come home; supposing that Derval, when they left the masquerade, had engaged him in some party of pleasure. At ten o'clock, however, he sent to Derval, and was told that, when he left the masquerade, he went to breakfast at his county house, a league from Paris.

The baron then did not expect his son before dinner. Three o'clock came, but no Theophilus appeared; and the baron was the more uneasy inasmuch as Theophilus, naturally prudent and regular in his conduct, had never been of such parties before. Surprised and restless, the baron mounted his horse, and went himself to Derval's country-house, where he learnt Theophilus had never been. Derval could give him no information; but, fearful of being again guilty of some indiscretion that might affect his friend, he answered with precaution to the baron's questions; and gave him even to suppose that he had passed the night at the masquerade with Theophilus. This some-

what quieted the baron's fears. He returned home, and went into his son's chamber, where, causing the bureau to be opened, he found the jewels and diamonds were gone. This brought into his mind the agitation of Theophilus, the evening before, when he took leave of his father, and he no longer doubted. The misfortune he dreaded was but too real.

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

His recovery was slow, and his physicians informed him the water of Bareges,* only, could re-establish his health; he therefore determined to pass three months at that place. The melancholy reflexions he had there leisure to make served but to increase his afflictions, which was heightened by the bitterest repentance. Through his own conduct, he had lost a dear and only son; he was the dupe of his artifice, the victim of the violence himself had used; then it was that he felt how dangerous it is to abuse power, and how absurd to sacrifice nature, justice, and honour, to ambition. His fortune was immense, but

Barege, celebrated for its mineral waters, is situated at the foot of the Pyrenees, and is only habitable from the month of May to the month of October, at which period the inhabitants retire from this village to Luz, or other towns, in the valley of Barege, which contains seventeen vilages, and the little town of Luz. The inhabitants carry away with them all that they possess, even to their very doors and windows, as the thieves are hardy enough to climb even mountains of snow to go and pillage their houses. Barege is a few leagues from Bagneres, which also has its mineral waters, with a delightful situation; and in the neighbourhood of the beautiful valley of Campan, five leagues from Barege, is the cascade of Gaverney, one of the highest known.

how might he enjoy it? He no longer had a son! He recollected the beauty, the gentleness, and the virtues of Olympia, and was obliged to own she would have made him and his son happy. He could not condemn a passion in Theophilus, which he himself had endeavoured to create, and approved: and what completed his despair was the certitude that his son would never have fled from his friends, his father, and his native land, had he not endeavoured to force upon him a marriage he detested. In fact, had the baron done nothing more than refuse his consent to the union of Theophilus and Olympia—had he not menaced the former to deprive him for ever of his liberty, should he continue to refuse the hand of *M^{lle} demoiselle de Lisba*—Theophilus, though he might have bemoaned, would have submitted to the injustice of his fate. And if it be true that Olympia was worthy the attachment she had inspired, of which there was little doubt, she herself would have prevailed on him to sacrifice an unhappy passion. These reflexions did not escape the baron; he had never, in reality, formed the barbarous resolution of imprisoning his son; this menace was meant but to intimidate; and he learnt, too late, that fear is more likely to produce dissimulation than obedience.

The unhappy baron remained four months at *Bareges*, and then returned to Paris, still flattering himself with the hope of finding his son, though he had been gone above a year. He spared no pains to discover the place of his retreat; he sent a trusty person into Switzerland, Holland, and England, but in vain. He then lost all hopes, and fell into a deep melancholy.

Many of his friends advised him to marry again; *Madame de Lisba*, especially, with whom he was now more intimate than ever, was incessantly repeating, that an amiable wife alone could make him forget an ungrateful son. The baron, at first, rejected this advice; but, being only five-and-forty, and ambitious, restless, and desolate, he soon began to listen to it: The offer of a brilliant alliance, and the desire of

children, at last determined him to espouse Mademoiselle de Lisba, the same young lady to whom he would have married Theophilus. The baron flattered himself she would reward him for the miseries of which she had been the innocent cause, but this illusion was of short duration.

The unfortunate baron could not long mistake the character of his wife; she was soon weak enough to vaunt of her coquetries, and her love of perfect freedom. Equally ignorant and idle, her conversation was alike frivolous and insipid. She had besides all the vices of a foolish coquette, who cannot dissemble that she knows she is not handsome; she was envious, malignant in speech, and unequal in temper: her understanding was mean, her imagination depraved, her heart cold, and her want of feeling made her incapable of contributing to the happiness of her husband, listening to the advice of her mother, or profiting by experience.

As soon as she was married, and turned loose into the world, she was no longer to be found at home; she made visits, not to fulfil a duty, but to consume three or four hours a day; she went to public places for the same reason; she loved neither plays nor operas, but they lasted three hours; and she found a great pleasure in remembering, as she entered her box, that she was going to get rid of so much time. She naturally had a taste for play, and yet, however attractive it might be, she would not have set down to Loto Dauphin with the same delight, had she not remembered it was her custom to play till three o'clock in the morning; that she should therefore lie till one the next day, and consequently, that half the day would be over before she was up. Such were her continual calculations; and thus do all those wish to abridge life who have no rational mode of employing their time.

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

"Oh, Theophilus!" cried he, "I was a tyrant, that wanted to sacrifice thee, my son, to my vanity! my punishment, though most severe, is equitable. I feel how much I deceived myself, on the means of making thee happy, and how well founded thy resistance was. Blinded by pride and ambition, I am doubly their victim: I have lost my son, yet experience the same pangs as though he had obeyed me.

Time only increased the baron's torments, till at last his wife dishonoured him so openly that the baron, by the advice of his friends, determined to shut her up in a convent, where this unhappy woman died before the end of the year; and thus was the baron delivered from a fatal and justly detested tie.

He had no child by his second marriage, and four himself more disconsolate in the world than ever. Overwhelmed with sorrow, tired of his existence, pursued by the ever present memory of a dear son lost, he resolved to travel, and seek in foreign lands that ease which he could not find in his own. He departed for Denmark, visited Copenhagen,* Roschild, Fredericksburgh, the Isle of Fionia,† and many other places.

Embarking afterwards on board a small merchant ship, he was driven by contrary winds upon the coast of Norway. Here the vessel got entangled among a multitude of islands; but, aided by the coasting pilots, was brought into a small gulf, surrounded by enormous mountains, where it was sheltered on all sides from the winds. The baron landed, and was brought to a village, the singularity of which fixed his attention.

This village is composed of about thirty houses, all built on the sides of rocks that jet out into the sea, and behind which rise mountains whose summits are hid in the clouds, and whose sides are covered with

Situated on the eastern side of the Isle of Zealand, and 279 leagues from Paris.

† Odensee is the capital.

the fir and the juniper-tree. Each habitation stood by itself, and was separated from the next, either by a precipice or the sea. The houses were not very distant from each other, yet had no communication: and the neighbours, when visiting each other, must either make a long tour, or clamber rocks and mountains almost inaccessible.

During the summer, they hold a correspondence by means of their fishing-boats, in which they sit and talk to their neighbours, who remain in their houses; so that the children in this small republic learn how to conduct a boat, and little boys and girls are seen hardily unmooring their barks, and with the help of an oar, steering to see their acquaintance. In winter, the ice produces a more easy and prompt communication.

The people feed on fish, rye-bread, and a kind of cakes made of flour, raisins, and honey. They are all in easy circumstances. The men are excellent sailors, and do not marry till they have made several voyages; with the money they save they embellish their houses, which are all painted and varnished without, and ornamented within, like the prettiest habitations of the villages of Holland.

As soon as a young man has gained sufficient money by his voyages, he chooses a wife, and fixes for ever on the rock where he was born. Here dwells happiness; nor can he conceive it exists at a distance from his parents, his wife, and his children. The inhabitants of the village are uniformly clothed; the men in blue, the women in jackets and petticoats of white cloth, with a narrow edging of blue silk or stuff. The head dress of the young maidens consists in plating their hair, and fixing it with a golden pin to the top of their head. These people are as remarkable for their virtues and purity of their manners, as for the singularity of the place they inhabit.

The author was informed of all these circumstances by a friend who passed five days in this village, called Angel Sound.

The house to which the baron was brought, belonged to a man who spoke German well, and the baron knew enough of the language not to stand in need of an interpreter. His host was a venerable old man of seventy-two; he led the baron into a small chamber, neatly furnished, the window of which opened toward the sea. The baron asked several questions, particularly if he had many children.

"Yes, thank God," answered the old man, "I have six daughters, married, in this village; beside which I have a son in my house, his wife, and seven children."

"Are none of your grand children married?"

"Oh, yes, sir; the eldest has a daughter three years old."

"And thus you have seen a great grand-child?"

"Yes, sir; and what is still a great happiness, my own mother is living."

"Your mother! how old is she?"

"Ninety-five, and in good health."

"Does she live with you?"

"Most certainly."

"I doubt not but you make her life happy. But tell me, venerable man, are you likewise happy in your children?"

"How can a good father be otherwise? I have every reason to be satisfied with mine. I instructed them to the best of my power; I married them according to their inclinations, and they love me; this is all very natural."

"What have none been disobedient?"

"None: I laid no restrictions on them that were not conformable to reason, or prescribed by duty, and they have been always compliant. Had I been tyrannical, I had, no doubt, lost a part of my authority. My eldest son, Imarkin, would have, perhaps, occasioned much misery to an ambitious father. When he returned from his seafaring life, I proposed to him to marry the daughter of the richest man in the village. 'I will think of it,' said he. Some time after, he came and told me he loved Kenilia, the daughter of

our next neighbour. I objected to her poverty: he repeated 'I love her. I see her at work every day from my window, making her house neat, and taking care of her old aunt. I met her sometimes a fishing, and, when I row towards her, she rows away; she does the same by every young man in the village. She is good, modest, and industrious, father, and I love her.' "What could I answer to all this?" said the old man. "Put yourself into my place; would you have sacrificed your son to avarice? Oh, no! What heart of stone could resist the supplications of a son, asking a favour on which the happiness of his life depends! I gave my consent; my son married Kenilia, and I have, thirty years, received the blessings and transports of gratitude. Not one of my children are more affectionate than my son Imarkin; yet since his marriage, he has owned that, had I forced his inclination, he at that time was capable of committing some folly, of again embarking perhaps, and flying from his father. Such are the fruits of tyranny; it produces disobedience and rebellion."

The baron heard, not unmoved, a discourse which opened every wound of his heart. After this conversation, the old man led the baron into the room where his family was assembled, and presented him to his aged mother; the revered object of her son's tenderest affection, and adored by all her offspring. She sat in an arm-chair, surrounded by her grandchildren and great-grandchildren: it was evening, and Imarkin, placed beside his dear Kenilia, related stories, and the children listened as they worked; and to which the boys, who had never been at sea, paid great attention.

The baron contemplated for some time, with mournful tenderness, this interesting picture, and then returned to his chamber. No sooner was he alone than a thousand distracting reflections offered themselves to his imagination. "Alas!" said he, "and am I then reduced to envy the fate of this obscure old man? That image of pure felicity his family affords, I have despised, sacrificed, lost beyond retrieving—I am a

father without a son—I might have confirmed my son's happiness, like this old man; might have seen his gratitude, have clasped his children in my arms, and have lived in the midst of a happy family—but my injustice has driven him from me; and the world, to me, is now a desert."

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the baron walked distractedly about his room; the tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and he spent the greatest part of the night in this fearful agitation. Sometimes he imagined Theophilus was dead, and that he beheld and wept over his tomb; at others, he supposed him overwhelmed by poverty, imploring Heaven for his wife and children. He saw his misery, he heard his groans, and his blood ran cold with horror and pity; he abhorred, he cursed that senseless ambition, that guilty pride, which had smothered every tender emotion of nature, every principle of justice in his heart, and had made him a prey to superfluous regret and eternal remorse.

Fatigue and grief at last obliged the baron to lie down; it was morning before his eyes were closed. When he had slept some time, he was awoke by clamorous songs and shouts of joy; he soon distinguished this tumultuous noise came from without; he opened his window, and saw ten or twelve boats ornamented with green branches, and full of men, women, and children, who sang in full chorus, and who appeared animated by the most exhilarating gaiety.

The little fleet advanced towards the house, and the old man entered the baron's chamber to tell him these small vessels were all full of his children and grandchildren; "there you see my six daughters," continued he, "with their husbands and offspring. They all come to celebrate my mother's birthday, and we have every year, on the same occasion, the same rejoicing. Oh, that I may continue to see it every year as long as I live!"

"But your house cannot contain them all?"

"Well-a-day, no, and that is the reason we do not all live together; but I and my sons are going to carry

our mother on board that bark, where you see a kind of canopy decorated with ribbands; after which, we shall all go to a place by the sea-side, about a league off, and dine every one at the same table. We rose this morning to go and fish for our dinner. We have been very successful, but we are always so on this occasion: God blesses our endeavours. Some of our girls and their assistants stay to dress the dinner; and if you wish to see people happy," continued the old man, "come along with us."

So saying, he took the baron by the arm, and brought him into the chamber of their common mother; she was surrounded by as many of the family as could find room, and held a new-born infant on her knees.

"Come here, my son," said she, as soon as she saw the old man; "come and give thy benediction to the child that is born to us this morning. Our dear Vellia cannot come this year to the family feast; she was brought to bed while they were fishing; but look what a charming present she has sent us."

The old man, with a full heart, took the child in his arms, kissed it, and gave it back to his aged parent, who scarcely could resolve to part with it; she looked at it with inexpressible rapture for a considerable time, but at last consented to let it go. The old man then, assisted by his son and sons-in-law, took up his mother in her arm-chair, and carried her on board her boat—the only one which had a tilt, or was ornamented with ribands.

As soon as she was seated, their songs, their shouts and acclamations again began. This was the signal of departure. The baron had the honour of being placed in the mother-bark, for so it was called; and after three quarters of an hour's navigation, the little fleet arrived at its destined port.

Immediately the women, who had staid at the tent to prepare the dinner, ran to the water's edge to receive the mother; and the family being then all assembled, as soon as they had carried her on shore, her son fell on his knees before her, and begged her blessing for himself and all their children.

The mother then raised her aged hands to heaven—
“Grant, O God!” said she, “that my son, even to the last moment of his life, may enjoy the same felicity thou hast given me; may his children ever be to him what he has been to his happy mother! Bless, O God! these children who are the delight of my old eyes, and repay, yet, to my son, the seventy-two years of felicity I owe his tenderness and virtue.”

As she ended, her trembling arms fell upon the shoulders of her son; she clasped his neck, and mingled her tears with his; the children, whose hearts all overflowed with happiness, came in their turns and were all affectionately kissed by the mother and the son. This moving ceremony ended, they went into the tent, and sat down to table, where pure joy and innocent gaiety succeeded the tenderness they had just experienced. Dinner over, they carried the mother into a charming meadow, where they all joined in different sports of leaping, running, and dancing; and, toward the decline of the day, re-embarked, and brought her safely home.

No tongue can describe the baron's sufferings during this day; a picture so delightful but reminded him of his misery; and happiness so pure excited only bitter but fruitless repentance in his bosom. Notwithstanding, however, the pain, instead of pleasure, which these things gave him, he left his respectable host with admiration and tenderness, though he departed more unhappy, more sensible of his misfortune, than ever.

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

All the details relative to the Moravian brethren, given in the text, are exact; as are likewise the following:

He arrived at Zast about three in the afternoon, and one of the administrators of the house undertook to

The habitation of the Moravian brethren is immense, most agreeably situated, and in the most healthy part of Hölland. The water of Zast is excellent, a very uncommon advantage in this country. Their gardens are extensive and beautiful, and the building is composed of several large wings. Within this enormous mass, all the widows who have no children, sleep in one vast room, and eat together in a kind of refectory. The same order is observed for the unmarried women, the widowers who have no children, and the bachelors. Thus the free persons of both sexes are kept separate from each other; for the brethren who are widowers, and bachelors, are not permitted to go into the apartments of the widows and maidens: they can meet them no where but in the gardens, nor see them any where else, except at church, where they are likewise separate. The married people live together, in distinct families; the women all wear jackets, and little moped caps, tied under the chin with a ribband; which is blue, if the woman be married; white, if a widow; and red, if a maid. They call each other brother and sister, and appear to live in strict amity; their apartments are exceedingly simple, but exceedingly neat. The most ancient brethren have the care of the house; and it is to those the members who would wish to marry must address themselves.

Their church is vast, and built square, without paintings or ornaments. Two large galleries, supported by pillars, occupy two of its sides; in one of which is an organ. Benches are placed on the two other sides; one of which sides is for the men, the other for the women; who each enter, and go out, on their own side. Thus the men and the women are kept entirely separate.

Near the middle of the church sits a brother, opposite a little table, on which is a large book. Every body is seated; the men have no hats, they have no

be his guide. He was a venerable Moravian brother, who spoke French well, and answered all the baron's inquiries with equal good sense and politeness. After having seen the part of the buildings where the women as well as that where the men lived, separate from each other, the baron asked his conductor if the Moravians admitted indifferently to their society-people of all nations?

"Yes, replied the brother, of all Christian nations."

"But pray are not you Calvinists?"

"This is the prevailing religion; but we tolerate all sects."

"What do you require of those you admit?"

"Industry, peace, and virtue."

"Do you receive married people?"

"Yes; exclusive of what you have seen, there is another wing to the building where the married people live; each family has a convenient apartment; it is necessary the man should know some trade, or pro-

prayer-books, nor ever kneel; they only rise for a moment, before they go out, at the end of their prayers.

The ceremony begins by the playing of the organ; after which the brother, who is seated at the table, sings by himself, at first; he stops, and the congregation reply in chorus, accompanied by the soft organ. The music has a ravishing effect; it is affecting, majestic, and heavenly. After the music, the brother seated at the little table, makes a kind of sermon, or exhortation, in German, with which the ceremony concludes. They assemble in this church twice a day, at seven and at nine, and always in the evening. They preach three days in a week, at their seven o'clock meeting, and read the Holy Scriptures the other four. Their prayers never last more than forty minutes. An air of modesty, simplicity, purity of manners, reigns through the society, which greatly affects a stranger. All labour, all are employed, and all are peaceable, prudent, and happy. This I myself saw at Zast.

ness some useful talent; such for example as painting, engraving, and likewise money enough to begin with. We do not ask those to work who have an independent income."

"You inquire the character of such as come to live among you, no doubt?"

"Certainly; and it is necessary that one of the administrators at least, should be answerable for their conduct."—

This happy and peaceable abode is a sure asylum against tyranny. Whoever is oppressed in their own country, by changing their name, addressing themselves to the ancients, and bringing proper recommendations, may here be received, and here live for ever unknown; and more than once has this place been the refuge of unfortunate virtue, and persecuted lovers. Here is found the first of human privileges; that is, perfect liberty. Tied by no vow, we are detained by no constraint; we can travel and return, or quit this place for ever. But come," continued the administrator, "come and see what will deserve your attention!" The baron waked as from a reverie, and followed his guide, who brought him among the shops: for all the lower parts of that vast house are full of them, in which were sold the various works of the Moravian men and women. These shops have a charming effect; all sorts of things may here be had; mercery, shoes, household furniture, porcelain, pictures, &c. The women likewise make very good lace. They never put two prices upon their goods, and what they ask is always very reasonable. Their apartments are over their shops.

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

hind, and discovered one of the finest countenances nature ever formed. The baron was struck motionless for a moment with surprise, while the boy, with youthful caresses, came running to the administrator, and calling him his friend. "What," said the baron, "is this charming boy French?"

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

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

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

"No, he is not," replied Polydore, sighing.

"He has lately lost a wife whom he loved," said the Moravian brother; but he finds in this child, his own industry, his studies, and his virtue, the best consolations a misfortune so great can find."

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

"I feel I love you," replied Polydore."

"Thou lovest me!"

"Yes, I do; but you cannot tell why."

"And why?"

"Because you are very like my papa."

The baron's heart beat so violently he could not utter a word. At last, raising his eyes to heaven, "Oh, God!" cried he, "may I hope it?—May I flatter myself?—The singularity of these circumstances, the name of this child, the supernatural feelings he inspires me with—all seem to announce—Tell me, sweet boy, where is thy father? Conduct me to him."

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

"Where does this brother lodge?"

"Beside our chamber, over this shop."

"Let us go there."

"If you please."

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

"Here comes papa," said Polydore with joy.

The blood rushed in the Baron's face, and, at the same instant, returned, and left him pale and cold; he trembled, he rose, he fell upon his chair again; his attention was fixed upon the door; a man entered—With inquisitive avidity, with open and wildly steady eyes, the baron looked—Nature gave a cry—he sunk—it was Theophilus!

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

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

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

At last, the baron, after having a thousand times, embraced his son, took the young Polydore in his arms, and made Theophilus as happy as it was possible in his situation to be, by loading the lovely boy with the tenderest caresses of the tenderest father. Theophilus beheld with rapture his dear Polydore on the bosom of the baron; but, even in the midst of these his transports, the name of Olympia more than once escaped his lips; the smile of joy would instantly change to a deep sigh of sorrow, and thus did new subjects of remorse arise out of his very happiness.

As soon as the baron was a little more calm, he remarked, with surprise and grief, the dreadful change visible in Theophilus; it was his heart only that instantly knew him, his eyes might have been mistaken. Theophilus was only in his thirtieth year, but a fearful paleness and meagreness had deprived his countenance of that air of youth which ought still to have given it grace. Time destroys only the freshness of beauty, but misfortune changes the expression of the features: in vain was the sparkling fire sought for which formerly animated his eyes; his body, languishing and spiritless, demonstrated his depression and melancholy.

The objects by which he was surrounded did not less forcibly affect the baron; the chamber, where he had passed many years, was naked, void of all ornament; his bed was hard, with a tuckle bedstead; Polydore's was the same: every thing he beheld contributed to increase his regret: at last the baron, pressed Theophilus by the hand, said, "Let us begone, my dear

Theophilus, let us not tarry; depart we from this obscure asylum, where you so long have sorrowed; from the sight of a place that wounds my eyes, and rends my heart: come, return to thy country, return to the house of thy father."

"Once, my father," replied the sorrowful Theophilus, "you thus pardon my errors, and own my child, my life shall be consecrated to your future happiness. I will not hesitate to follow; only permit me once more to lead Polydore to the tomb of his unhappy mother."

Theophilus could not proceed, his feelings impeded speech; nor could the baron reply but with his tears. Theophilus beheld them, and was still more deeply affected. "What! my father," cried he, "do you honour her dear memory with a paternal tear?"

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

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

Theophilus stopt abruptly, he tore himself from the baron's arms, hid his eyes, took Polydore by the hand, and hastily left the room.

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

Here the baroness interrupted her narrative, and the children were sent to bed. The following evening she thus continued:—

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

rival at London, his marriage, and his departure for Scotland.

“Arrived at Edinburgh,” continued Theophilus, “we had once more the precaution to change our name. I soon after engaged in some affairs of commerce, but was ignorant of men and business. — I was deceived, I deceived myself, and, in less than eight months, lost and expended above half the sum I had brought out of France. In the mean time, my wife was ready to lie-in, and, ten months after our marriage, Polydore was born. Alas; I became a father only to become more sensible of my misery. I wept over my dear child, while the passionate tenderness with which he inspired me distracted me to the soul; a thousand times have I kissed him, with all the enthusiasm of fatherly affection; and as often have I groaned over his destiny, without daring to thank Heaven for having given him to my arms.

“I carefully locked these cruel sorrows in the bottom of my heart, fearful my wife should see them. I wished her to imagine me satisfied with my fate, and thus was deprived of the mournful consolation of telling her my griefs. I had lost the illusions that seduced me, and Olympia was nothing more to me than a dear friend. Love had ceased to enslave my reason, and a tender and solid friendship might have made us happy, had not want of confidence robbed it of its purest sweets. I owed to the repose of Olympia the concealment of my feelings, my reflections, my remorse, which, thus constrained, became each day more and more insupportable. Neither was I without my fears that Olympia secretly cherished the same sensations, and this idea added tenfold to my woes.

“The sweetness and equality of Olympia’s temper, and her tenderness, might have assured me to the contrary. From the first moment I received her plighted faith to the last of her life, never did a word of complaint escape her lips; never did she afflict my heart by one mournful reflection, or one indirect reproach. Often would she speak of her happiness, and

seem to think me happy; but it was but too natural to suspect she made use of the same dissimulation as myself.

“ Besides that, I have several times surpris’d her bathed in tears, have trembled while I interrogated, and listened without believing; for she never failed to attribute such appearances to an excess of sensibility, or to causes totally foreign to our situation. It was necessary to make her suppose I credited what she told me, and this added an additional pang.

“ Thus did we pass three years in Scotland; during which time, having expended above half the sum I possessed, I determin’d to buy an annuity on my wife and son’s lives, with six hundred guineas which yet remained. Olyupia wish’d to return to England; I was willing, and we departed without delay. Arriv’d at London, I only thought of placing the small remains of a small fortune out to the best advantage, and was happy to think it might yet afford a mere subsistence to my wife and child: this affair settled to my mind, we retir’d to a village some miles distant from London, where I might still have found happiness, had it not been for bitter remembrance, which deprived me of repose, and took from me that ease which is the sweetest charm of solitude.

“ Not that I regretted fortune, or worldly parade, but I sigh’d for glory; I groan’d to see myself, at two and twenty, banish’d my country, and buried in a village with the mournful victim of my folly, and an unfortunate child destin’d to obscurity and distress. I could not drive from my imagination the distracting idea of a father’s pangs, whom I had never ceased to love. Many a time, sir, have I supposed you sinking under your grief, and offering expiring complaints to Heaven against the guilty son by whom you had been abandon’d.

“ This terrible picture was ever present to my fancy, haunted me by day, and fearfully troubled my dreams by night. Repeatedly have I awak’d, bathed in a cold sweat, with every convulsion of despair and terror, crying—*Curse me not, my father. Conclude*

not that horrible imprecation!—Thus did my dreadful remorse often disturb the sleep of my child, and sink deep in the heart of the feeling and unfortunate Olympia.

“We had been two years returned to England, when an unforeseen event plunged us into the very depths of misery: the man in whose hands I had placed my six hundred guineas became a bankrupt, and thus I lost all the money I possessed in the world. I will spare your sensibility, my father, a detail of what I felt at this moment.—At last, the strong sensations of the husband and the father gave me the fortitude I stood so much in need of. I had been taught to draw in my youth, and this talent, which had been my amusement in solitude, became now a useful resource. I knew a celebrated engraver in London, of whom I asked employment; and he gave it me, and, six months after, being satisfied with my performances, he offered me an apartment in his house, which I accepted.

“This man, who was a Moravian brother, had lived four years at Zast, acquainted me with the nature of that establishment, and I in consequence, soon formed the project of retiring to that abode of peace and industry. Olympia had the same wish; we spoke to our generous protector, who gave us a strong recommendation to the administrators, and we were accordingly received. When we arrived at Zast, Olympia quitted her English hat and habit to put on the uniform of the house. I cannot describe what I felt the first time I saw her in her cloth biggin, her jumps, and striped woollen petticoat: yet her beauty appeared a thousand times more striking under this coarse cloathing. I looked at her with sorrowful tenderness; she read my heart, and, wishing to divert my cruel reflections, assured me she was delighted with her new dress, and that she had never worn one so convenient before. I took her hand, and, while I pressed it to my lips, my tears involuntarily dropt upon it: she put her arm round my neck, kissed me with the most tender affection, and told me she could not conceive why I

was thus moved; but, while she said so, the bitter waters of repentance flowed down her lovely cheeks.

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

“ Such were my afflicting thoughts; but I had soon another and a fearful ill, by which I was taught there were pangs yet superior to all I had hitherto suffered.

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

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

Here the unfortunate Theophilus opened his pocket-book, and took out a letter which Olympia had written the day before her death. The baron, suffocated by his tears, threw himself into the arms of his unhappy son, and thus they remained for a consider-

able time, unable to express those sensations that rent their very hearts, except by sobs and groans.—At last, the baron took Olympia's letter, and after various efforts to calm his troubled mind, read as follows:—

“ I have asked to know the truth ; and am told that this perhaps may be the last day of my life—I shall see you then no more, my Theophilus ; to-day, or to-morrow, the sacred ties that have united us must be for ever broken—To-morrow Theophilus and Polydore must be for ever separated from Olympia.—Oh may this writing sometimes recall me to the memory of my husband and my son ! May they here read my heart, my real sentiments ! May this confession, by rendering virtue still dearer, if possible, to the soul of Theophilus, become a useful lesson to my son !—Oh thou who hast sacrificed all to me, thou whom I have deprived of a father, a family, and a country, hast thou ever supposed, even for a moment, I was satisfied with myself ?—No, Theophilus, I have read thy thoughts, I have felt thy pangs, have suppressed, have concealed pangs still more insupportable. Each of us, at length, hast seen the abyss into which we have been hurled by passion ; we pursued a phantom, it vanished, and we were lost. Remorse followed, brought us back to reason, and discovered truth.—For love, thou hast betrayed the most sacred of duties, but nature soon reclaimed her rights. In the sorrowful Olympia thou hast only beheld the unfortunate author of all thy pangs, and the origin of all thy faults. In losing thy love, I had not even the hope of obtaining thy friendship ; what confidence can subsist between two guilty people, who know their guilt ; who wept over, without a possibility of expiating it, and who mutually attribute to themselves the evils the other endures ?—Silence was all the remedy, but what an effort ! How painful to my heart ! What ! I ! who for seven years have been uniformly occupied concerning thine and my child's happiness, not once to dare speak my thoughts to thee !—Ever together, yet ever alone ! Dissimulation, and endea-

vours to deceive each other, have been our constant studies! and reason, pity, and friendship, have imposed deceit as a law, have interdicted all confidence.—Oh capricious and rigorous fate! can I then regret life?—Yet, Theophilus, doubt not that the idea of an eternal separation is as cutting as it is terrible; though, when you shall know the torments from which death will deliver me, you will scarcely be sorry at our separation.—Who can support life and see those they love truly wretched; and know that all their-ills are the effects of their own follies? Whom can I accuse but myself of my misfortunes? Was it not my imprudence which furnished your father with pretexts, and just-ones too, to break his engagements? I had lost my reputation; he rejected me; he had a right so to do. Ambition, no doubt, made him wish to find me unworthy; but he derived from nature an authority, which, seeking the happiness of his son, he might justly exert—Ah! hadst thou consulted reason, thou hadst abjured the weak and guilty project of flying from thy father's house; thou wouldst not have doubted but time and filial affection would have softened his heart. Oughtest thou to have added treason to disobedience? Why didst thou say to him—'My faith is no longer mine, you yourself have pledged it; I cannot give my hand where you forbid; you refuse your consent, and I submit to your rigour; but command me not to perjure myself, force me not to form other ties, and I promise you never more to see the object of this unfortunate passion.'—Such was the salutary counsel I should have given you when you came to inform me of your fatal resolution; for even then it was not too late. Had you confessed every thing to your father—had you spoke with candour and courage—you might have irritated him, but must have been beloved. If threatened—he appeared inflexible—he endeavoured to terrify you: but how can it be supposed he would have punished with severity, resistance accompanied with so much submission, and which so many motives rendered at least excusable? Could he have determined to have de-

prived his only son, in whom all his hopes were centred, of liberty? Oh no: certain that you would remain firm, unshaken in your determination, sooner or later he would have made us happy.—How was it possible that, at the moment of our guilty folly, this thought should never have offered itself to our imagination? Alas! you threatened your own life; and, while you were blinded by love, I became stupid with terror: had I had more experience, more reason, I might have convinced you; for, notwithstanding all my fears and forebodings, I was far from imagining our torments could ever be what they have proved: could I have seen the future, I might have shown how infinitely better it would have been eternally to have renounced each other, than headlong to have cast ourselves into this gulf of woes. Let us suppose I had had the fortitude, the generosity, to prevail on you to marry the woman your father wished; let us imagine her conduct to have justified your aversion for her, would you not have found infinite consolation in the remembrance of your obedience, and in paternal gratitude? Would not the affairs and pleasures of the world have relieved you from a thousand pangs which you have suffered with me? The feelings and duties of nature, and the love of glory, would have occupied your heart, and have dignified your life; you then would have had the happiness to say to your children, ‘I will give you an excellent education, and leave you a title which none can dispute;’ while I, returning to my province, should have returned with innocence, and the sweet remembrance of a virtuous sacrifice, where I should have tasted the charms of solitude and ease. Oh, that some sincere friend had come, at the moment when passion hurried us to ill, and offered such reflections to my mind! But, an unfortunate orphan, deprived of all support—my aunt dead, and without a guide, at the very moment when I wished to cherish virtue and honour more than life, I lost them both. Youth, obstinate and presumptuous, fears counsel, and desires independence. Oh, Polydore! when hereafter you shall read this letter, may you become.

diffident of yourself; may you learn that neither wit, understanding, nor purity of heart, can supply the want of experience; that passion serves but to lead us astray, and that happiness can only be found in virtue! Adieu, Theophilus! I dare predict that your future life shall be happier than your past. Your father still lives, and should Heaven deign once more to bring you together, may your felicity never be disturbed by the remembrance of me! Reflect that, could your father, even now, adopt me, and acknowledge me for his daughter, he could not make me happy. How should I dare appear in the world, after having betrayed my duty? You yet may face the public, for, though guilty, no doubt, you have not lost your honour; but, love can never lead woman astray without debasing her. I have lived in obscurity, a prey to remorse; but, I have neither supported the weight of public shame, nor the horror of public contempt: I have not seen my husband blush publicly to remember I was his wife. My destiny is such, that could I live, nothing could make me happy. For me, felicity is no more. Adieu, dear and unfortunate Theophilus; for our child's sake, live; may he repay the pangs which I have caused! it is the last wish of my heart! May religion, which fortifies my soul, enlighten and console your's! Heaven disapproves our union, and therefore tears us from each other; let us adore its justice, and obey."

"Dear Olympia," cried the baron, after he had read the letter, "tender victim of my injustice and ambition, thou art well avenged by my grief and my regret! What happiness have I lost by refusing thee as a daughter! Oh! my son, I have found thee, but I cannot make thee happy; I cannot be happy myself."

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

"Let us," said the baron, "equally and entirely devote ourselves to the education of Polydore; let him

pass his infancy far from the depravity of cities, and let his heart and mind be formed in solitude, that he may know the charms of felicity and a country life; and that when, hereafter, curiosity shall lead him into scenes of dissipation, he may regret them as the only substantial and pure pleasures."

Theophilus joyfully approved a prospect so conformable to his inclinations, and it was immediately put in execution; the baron purchased an estate a hundred leagues distant from Paris, whither he, Theophilus, and Polydore, retired. Here, though the remembrance of former sorrows admitted not of perfect felicity, yet they at least found as much happiness as they hoped. The cares and tenderness of Theophilus, and the virtues of young Polydore, were the consolation of the baron's old age. Before he died, he had the satisfaction to make the felicity of his grandson permanent, by choosing him an amiable and virtuous companion, who was the delight and pride of her husband and family.—

The baroness ceased to speak; but, as it was not late, the company did not immediately break up. "I am highly delighted," said M. de la Palinière, with the description of Angel Sound, the good old woman of ninety-five, and the repast at which the baron was present; it recalls to my mind one of the most charming feasts I ever beheld."

"O pray describe it."—

Willingly: it was in Russia. During the month of July, I was travelling through Livonia,* with a Russian friend, who was desirous of stopping at a relation's country-seat. I was struck with the aspect of this habitation, which rather resembled a small town than a house. It was composed of a large building, surrounded by twelve smaller compartments, each connected with the other by covered galleries.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when we arrived

* Livonia is one of the finest provinces in all Russia; the land is so fertile, that it is called the Granary of the North. Riga, a large and rich town, is its capital.

at this vast mansion. We found all the domestics in a great hurry. My friend asked for Novorgève (that was the name of their master), and was answered, that one of his grand-daughters was just brought to-bed. "Since that is the case," said my friend, "we will go and take a walk in the wood;" and accordingly we went.

As we walked, I was inquisitive, and my friend replied, "Novorgève is a venerable old man of seventy-five, and possesses a large fortune, entirely of his own acquiring. On this spot was he born, but it was in a cottage. His father was a farmer, and only owned the small lands that lie round here, and the copse in which we now are. At fourteen, young Novorgève went to Riga, under the care of a merchant, who was related to his father. His industry and understanding were so evident, that his relation, the merchant, conceived the greatest hopes of him; and, giving him letters of recommendation, sent him to St. Petersburg, certain that, in order to succeed, he wanted only to be known.

"In a country where, without the advantages of birth, men may aspire to honourable employments and dignities, the young Novorgève could not fail to make his fortune; he soon found protectors, and went at first into the army, whence, after having proved his conduct was equal to his courage, he was recalled, and fixed at court. About this time he had the misfortune to lose his father. He had two sisters left, who constantly refused every offer of fraternal assistance. These sisters, who were models of the most affecting friendship, and of moderation still more uncommon, would never marry that they might never be asunder: they were perfectly satisfied with the state in which their destiny had placed them.

"Seduced by ambition, Novorgève sought and obtained a wife among the great. She conducted herself with decency; but, she made him unhappy by her haughtiness and pride. She died, and left him six children; three boys and three girls, the eldest of whom was eight years old. Novorgève then resigned

all his employments, and asked permission to retire. Hitherto he had only lived in splendour and perturbation; at last, he wished for peace, quitted the court, and rejoined his sisters, never to leave them more.

“As soon as he came here he built this vast mansion, but he erased not the humble dwelling of his father, which stands at the other end of this wood; to him it is a kind of sacred temple, and is visited by him every day. His employment is the education of his children, to which his sisters likewise most assiduously contribute. Nor did he neglect to renew his acquaintance with the farmers, who had been the old friends of his father, as soon as he returned to this his native country; for, after he had carefully examined the interior of their families, he chose, from among them, wives and husbands for his children.

“In consequence of this project, he himself undertook to direct the education of the children he intended for his future sons and daughters-in-law. This education was not what the world in general understands by a good one; he was only desirous that they should learn to read, write, and cast accounts; but he was particularly assiduous that their manners should be gentle, their morals pure, their piety sincere, and their time well employed. His virtuous designs succeeded according to his wishes; he has married his children as he projected, and there is no father whose happiness can equal his. All living under the same roof, his numerous family increases every year; so that he has been obliged successively to build the twelve additional compartments which surround his mansion. Here he lives like a patriarch, with his two respectable sisters, and a multitude of children and grand-children, all clothed like himself and his forefathers; that is to say, like countrymen and women; but each enjoying every convenience of life, and tasting a happiness which is so little sought, only because it is so little known.”

As my friend finished his recital, I remarked, there was upon each tree an inscription, bearing a date and a name; and I asked him what was the meaning of this singularity.

“ In order to understand it,” said he, “ it is necessary to inform you of an ancient custom in this country, the origin of which is unknown to me. At the birth of each child, the father of the family plants a tree, on which he inscribes the name of the infant, and the year of its birth.* Thus, each proprietor of land, if but a little extended, possesses one of these sacred woods, where the axe never wounds the tree in its vigour; but, as soon as it begins to decay, it is then cut down, which is not done without great ceremony. “ The family and the neighbours are assembled, the tree is felled in their presence, and its inscription entered in a register, with a formal memorandum of the year in which it was cut down. The friends and relations sign the writing, as having been witnesses of the procedure; and these registers preserve the names and memories of our ancestors with the greater certitude, because there is an entry made in another register of the birth of the infant, and a description of the species of tree that has been planted in the family wood, on the day of its birth.”

While my friend was speaking, we heard at a distance the sound of rustic music. “ Let us meet them,” said he; “ they are going to plant the tree of the child who was born this morning, and we shall see the venerable Novorgève attended by a numerous train. We cannot speak to him just at this instant; but, after the ceremony he will join us, and invite us to dinner.”

We quickened our pace, and, guided by the music, arrived in a copse or kind of nursery, full of young trees; where we found assembled about two hundred people, including about a score of young children. They were all clothed according to the custom of the Livonian peasants: the dress of the men had nothing in it remarkable, but I thought that of the women agreeable and picturesque; they had folds of muslin about their heads, which hid only a part of their hair,

It is very true, that this custom exists in Russia; but, I am not certain that it is in the province of Livonia.

but which flowed down and covered all their shoulders: they all had brown jackets, fringed stuff girdles, and petticoats richly embroidered.

As I advanced, I discovered, in the midst of this crowd, an old man, of a mild, yet majestic presence, clothed like the other peasants, but whose simple and coarse habit, formed a very singular contrast to the brilliant order he wore. It was a large white riband, pendent to which was a magnificent cross, enriched with diamonds.* "That is Novorgève," said my guide, "as you will easily imagine from the singularity of his appearance. The badge of distinction he wears, is doubtless dear to his heart; it is gratitude, and not pride, which makes him bear with joy this honourable badge of his sovereign's benevolence."

"Be kind enough to tell me," said I, "who that young man is that stands on his right hand."

"One of his grandsons," replied my friend, "and the father of the child newly born. Those two venerable women on his left are his aged sisters; and all the rest that stand immediately next to him are his descendants."

"How many do you suppose them to be?"

"Nearly fifty people, reckoning his sons and daughters-in-law, and they all live in the mansion-house you have seen. The rest of the assembly is composed of the relations, neighbours, and friends of the family. But, hush! the ceremony is going to begin."

I drew as near to the old man as possible, saw him take a spade, and, with an arm still vigorous, open the earth and plant the tree. When this was done, he, according to custom, pronounced several benedictions over it: he prayed, that the tree might flourish as long as the Fir, Peter Novorgève (the oldest tree in the wood), and that the infant, whose name it bore, might sit beneath its shade, with the children of his grandchildren.

When he had ended, the register was brought, in

* The order of St. Andrew, instituted by the Czar Peter I.

which the principal persons of the assembly wrote their names. After which, Novorgève received the young infant in his arms, and the procession again began to the music of instruments.

We followed the crowd, which conducted us to the other extremity of the wood, into an immense and verdant amphitheatre, surrounded by the finest trees I yet had seen. The prospect was charming, the trees were all hung with garlands of flowers, while a dozen elegant cradles, dispersed here and there, and suspended with ribands to the large branches, were not, as you will find, the least interesting ornament of this delightful place.

My companion shewed me the Fir, Peter Novorgève. I admired its prodigious height, and seeing two oaks at some distance, between which was placed a column of white marble upon a hillock of earth, I asked my guide what it meant? I was answered, that those trees were particularly dear to Novorgève; that one of them bore the name of his father, the other of his grandfather; and that the column was a monument of his tenderness and respect for their memories. On it was engraved a Russian inscription, which contained the eulogium of Anastasius and Alexis Novorgève, dictated by feeling and truth, of which the following is the sense:—

“Heaven, in recompense of their sincere piety, taught them true happiness; they found and enjoyed it in their family, in the pleasures of the country, and the labours of agriculture.”

“I suppose,” continued I, “that the cradle which I observe is more ornamented than the others, and hung between these two oaks, is designed for the newborn infant.”

“Exactly so; and look, the old man approaches towards those trees, he takes the child, and places it in the cradle.”

Novorgève having laid his grandson in the destined place, formed a species of trophy, composed of various instruments of husbandry, which were presented to

him, and which he attached to the trees by the sides of the cradle. He himself explained the meaning of this custom, saying the boy was consecrated to the occupations of a country life, and ended by reading aloud the inscription of the marble column.

When the old man had ceased speaking, the women who had young children in their arms, laid them in the other cradles, sat themselves down at the foot of the trees, took hold of long ribands that hung from their sides, and pulling them gently from time to time, gave an easy motion to the cradles, thus balanced, and this way amused or sent the children to sleep. While young mothers of twenty, in the midst of feasting, found no pleasures so sweet as those of tending their children; the lads and lasses of the family and the neighbourhood, assembled in the amphitheatre, danced and sang in honour of the feast. They sung also a long ballad, entitled *The Seasons*, in which, after having painted the pleasures of *spring*, of *summer*, and of *autumn*, they celebrated the winter with still more circumstantial energy; described the swiftness of their sledges, and vaunted in a simple yet affecting manner, of their long wintry evenings, which glided so deliciously away, when assembled and sitting amidst their families around their paternal fires.

The songs ended, they danced to the sound of the balayes,† while several young girls walked round with baskets, and offered the spectators cakes and clou-gwa.‡ The relations and neighbours took leave of the old man at noon, and departed; but he detained me and my friend to dinner, and took us to the cottage which his father had formerly inhabited.

“This place,” said he, “retraces to my memory the most pleasing ideas: here I come and meditate

The countrywomen in Russia suspend cradles to trees during summer, and rock their children after this manner. See *Les Costumes Russes*, by M. le Prince.

† A kind of guitar with a long neck.

‡ A nice fruit, smaller than the cherry, and very common in Russia.

every morning; and, could it have contained my numerous family, here, beneath this revered roof, I had ended my days."

The old man then sat himself down upon a mat, and placed us by his side. He spoke French tolerably well, and answered my questions with all the politeness of a man who had lived twenty years at court, and all the candour, good-nature, and simplicity of an hermit and a husbandman. He painted his happiness in a most affecting manner. "I have known the court," said he, "and all the pleasures which success, vanity, and favour can give; but then my head was busy, and my heart was void and dissatisfied; a prey to iniquitude and fear, I was obliged to defend myself from the snares of hatred, and the malignity of envy, as well as to support the fatigue of indiscreet requests; each day I underwent the chagrin of making people discontented or ungrateful, and of seeing myself deprived of the counsels and consolations of friendship. Heaven at length removed the film from my eyes, and taught me, that man, sent for a moment into existence, is but a lunatic, to waste that moment in accumulating perishable riches, and sacrificing repose to cupidity. I lost half my fortune by giving up my employments; but I recovered my freedom by renouncing factitious passions: by again acquiring a taste for the pleasures which nature presents, I once more regained the health I had lost, and the pure happiness my early youth had known. Thus it is that a simplicity of manners, occupations, and pleasures, prolongs and embellishes life, and renders our latter days as smiling and as fortunate as the happy years of infancy; of which we preserve so powerful and so sweet a recollection, only because they were spent in innocence, and free from the tumults of the passions."

I was far from being tired of listening to the virtuous Novorgève, but dinner interrupted our conversation. We sat down to dinner in the centre of the amphitheatre where they had danced. I beheld with rapture the old man surrounded by his family, and seated between his two respectable sisters. I could not

understand the language of the children, but I could see the expression of their countenances, which internal joy and content inspired.

After dinner, Novorgêve led me to his mansion, which was as simple as it was vast. No studied appendages of luxury and idleness; beds without curtains, wooden chairs, mats made of rushes, composed the furniture; long branches of trees artfully interlaced, and abundant in foliage, were the only ornaments.¹

The hall was large enough to contain all the family. Here they conversed about an hour, and then departed. We staid with the master of the house, who asked us to walk in his gardens; when we came there, he took off his order of St. Andrew, hung it upon a tree, flung his coat upon the grass, and, taking a hoe, began to work, without interrupting his conversation with us.

The gardens were immense; I saw about a dozen gardeners, and soon knew them to be the sons of Novorgêve, with whom we had dined. I then learnt, that the others were gone to similar labours in the adjacent fields, and that the women were all occupied in their household duties; some had the care of the kitchen, others of the dairy; some were spinning, some knitting, some sewing, not one was idle till seven o'clock in the evening, at which hour all the company assembled to supper. With what pleasure did they sit down! With what appetite did they eat!

Before they went to bed, the good Novorgêve read his children a moral and Christian lesson; after which they all kneeled down, and the old man recited his prayers aloud, which he ended by pronouncing a benediction on the family. After this every body went to rest, and enjoyed the sweets of peaceable

It is the custom in Russia during summer, and especially among the country people, thus to decorate the inside of their houses; therefore it is, that such a quantity of people are met in their towns loaded with green boughs to sell; in some apartments, these branches are put in vases full of water.

and profound sleep. The next morning I departed with a picture of this mansion, and the happy Philosopher that owned it, that time can never efface from my memory or my heart.

M. de la Palinière ended, and the baroness rose, thanked him for his complaisance, and instantly retired, for it was near half past ten o'clock. Their tales were interrupted for some days, because Madame de Clémire, whose turn it was to relate, had a cold; but they conversed together.

Cæsar recollected, that the baroness, in her history of Olympia, had said honour was more severe than the laws; and asked the reason why?

"The laws," replied the baroness, "are enacted for the general community; we must not expect generous and delicate sentiments from the multitude, consequently the laws cannot regulate certain actions and sensations: were they more severe, they would be observed only by a few, therefore could not contribute to the general good: they confine themselves to forbid manifest violence and injustice, because they are made for the regulation of common and not superior minds. For which reason you may observe, that the man whose probity consist in merely obeying the laws, can neither be truly virtuous nor estimable; for he will find many opportunities of doing contemptible and even dishonest acts, which the laws cannot punish. Hence, you may comprehend, how law may authorize what honour may proscribe; and wherefore it is shameful to prosecute, in instances where you would be certain of gaining the cause."

"But what is yet more," said M. de la Palinière, "there are even crimes which, not having produced any tragical event, are not punishable by the laws: such for example as calumny."

Calumniators in Poland are punished in a way as odd as it is infamous to the culprit; when convicted, he is obliged, in full senate, to crouch on the ground at the foot of the persons's seat whose honour he has attacked, and say, with a loud voice, that when

“But a calumniator,” said Cæsar, “is universally despised.”

“Certainly; he is dishonoured, and so are all those who profit by the indulgence of the laws to commit acts, which are in themselves unwarrantable.”

“I do not thoroughly comprehend,” said Cæsar, “what you mean by being dishonoured?”

“A man whom the public voice accuses of dishonourable actions.”

“The multitude then has delicacy, since its judgments are so just, and more severe than the laws. Wherefore laws made for the multitude, ought to ordain virtuous acts.”

“There is no man, however wicked, or however vulgar, but what naturally loves virtue, and hates vice. His passions make him act against his conscience; but while his conscience reproves him for his own errors, it demonstrates so clearly the errors of others, that he cannot reject its testimony. Hence it is that men act ill, and judge well. Feeble, and corrupted, they give way to their passions; but when they are cool, that is to say, when they are uninterested, they instantly condemn what they have often been guilty of; they revolt against every thing contemptible, they admire every thing generous, and they are moved at every thing affecting.

“A bad father, or an ungrateful son, could not unaffectedly behold the aged mother of Angel-Sound blessing her children, and her great-grandchildren, or our good old Novorgève, at the head of his family; they would admire pictures so sublime, yet would feel no temptation to imitate like examples. Would they then obey a law which commanded them so to

he spread these injurious reports, *he lied like a dog.* After which public confession, he is obliged three several times to imitate the barking of a dog. This kind of punishment is still practised in Poland.—*Histoire Générale de Pologne, by M. le Chevalier de Solignac, Tom. III.*

do? Such is the multitude, such are men in general.—The most important conclusion that can be drawn from these reflections is, that every voice is raised to declaim against wickedness, and to praise virtue. Wherefore if we think reputation and general esteem desirable, to acquire them, we must be constantly good, worthy, and noble.”

“ I have a question to ask, likewise,” said Caroline, “ concerning a word, the signification of which I do not well understand. Pray what do you mean when you speak of prejudices?”*

“ A prejudice is an opinion formed without due reflection, and which cannot be supported by any good reasons: thus, for example, Mademoiselle Victoire believes that a bit of the rope with which a man has been hanged, carried in her pocket, will make her win at cards; this is a prejudice, for it certainly is not the effect of reasoning, or the possibility of the fact, which could first make her give into such a belief. Ask her why she has this opinion, and she will tell you she had it of her aunt, her mother, or her grandmother, and that is all she knows.

“ All prejudices are not equally stupid with this; but I know many which I think so, and which yet are generally adopted. I have seen women fly frightened at the entrance of a person who nursed another sick of the small pox or the measles; and I have seen these same women, with great tranquillity, shut themselves up with the physician who attended those very patients. Many other things of a like kind may be observed, equally rational with Mademoiselle Victoire’s predilection for the hangman’s rope.

“ But there is another species of prejudice, which, far from being ridiculous, deserves to be respected,

The explanation of the word prejudice here given by Madame de Genlis, as the reader will easily perceive, is not strictly conformable to the English usage of that word; but as it may be so understood in English without any great impropriety, it was thought best to retain the author’s own terms. T.

because it is produced by a lively and delicate sensibility. Let us continue to believe that twins are united in perfect friendship; that they reciprocally suffer the bodily evils of each other; that a mother would discover her child whom she had never seen amidst a thousand other children; these are the errors of kind hearts, the consequences of virtuous sentiments, and ought not to be despised.

“All opinions, which cannot be maintained by reason, and which facts and experiments demonstrate to be false, are certainly prejudices; but yet we must be careful how we affirm that any thing, with the nature of which we are unacquainted, however strange it may appear to us, is chimerical and vain. The history of Alphonso has taught us, that there exists an infinity of phenomena in nature, the causes of which are unknown to man; for which reason we ought only to call those things prejudices, which are not only repugnant to reason, but which are capable of being proved false by facts.”

“I comprehend very well, mamma, at present what is meant by prejudices; and likewise, that all those which are not the effect of sensibility are ridiculous; such as the belief that Friday is an unfortunate day, that it is ill luck to spill salt, &c.”

“I hope you understand too, that any thing which religion, law, or honour ordains, cannot be called a prejudice.”

“Oh certainly!—Is the respect that is paid to the dead and their tombs a prejudice?”

“No; because religion ordains us to honour them, and because the rights of burial are holy.”

“That is true; but should our respect for the dead extend as far as is commonly thought, when people say, that it is a less crime to speak ill of the living than of the dead?”

“The question embarrasses me!—Let us consult a sure guide on this subject; religion. Does it command us to respect the memory of those that are gone, more than of those that remain?”

“It certainly does not,” said the baroness; “it

commands us to love our neighbour as our self, and render him good for evil.* Surely, therefore, it is more wicked to take away the reputation of the living, than to attack the memory of the dead.

“ Besides that, the dead hear not, feel not, while the living are driven to despair; for which reason, that opinion must be a prejudice, as has been shewn: for if, for instance, a person should seek, after the death of his enemy, to injure his memory by new and vague accusations, he would add meanness to malice, because that the dead cannot answer, cannot defend his reputation. Were he living, he might clear up conjecture, and prove the falsity of what remained in doubt; but he could not deny established facts: and this is the reason, why an accusation, founded only on suspicion, is so unworthy an act.

“ I would have you, however, understand, I not only disapprove, but detest a senseless animosity against the dead, although they are insensible to wrongs; my intention was only to shew, there is much less cruelty in attacking the memory of the dead than of the living.”

“ I will remember what you have told me mamma,” said Caroline.

Two days after this conversation, Madame de Clémire being alone with Caroline, said to her, “ when I came into your bed-chamber this morning, my dear, I saw one of the maids buckling your shoes. How could you suffer this? To debase a fellow-creature is to debase yourself. You never should require any thing of a servant except such assistance as is absolutely necessary to you; but avoid as much as possible whatever gives trouble, or can inspire repugnance. Never basely and cruelly take advantage of your situation, and refuse the respect due to all; but if

Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not.—Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord.—Rom. xii. 14, 19.

you wish to be respected yourself, accustom yourself betimes to revere in others the sacred rights of humanity.

“ I cannot dress myself entirely alone, therefore my maid assists to lace me, comb up my hair, and so forth ; but I can undress myself, and I have never since I have been married made my servant sit up for that purpose, but have gone to bed without her aid. I have lived in the fashionable world, have been at balls, have come home at four and five o'clock in the morning with all the paraphernalia of dress, loaded with flowers and pins almost innumerable, of which it was no easy task to get rid : but I a thousand times preferred the taking of this trouble, and going to bed somewhat later, to the alternative of receiving help from an unfortunate wretch half asleep, and out of temper ; who while she undressed me, would secretly curse my pleasures and her own condition. At present I have little merit in undressing myself, because the ornaments of Champcery are simple, and soon thrown off.—”

“ You never ring your bell in the night I observe, mamma.”

“ Never ; unless I am ill. If I am gone to bed, and want any thing, I rise and get it myself, even in the depth of winter ; and this I am so accustomed to, that I never get cold ; but have acquired an activity which I believe to be very healthy, for nothing enfeebles the body like idleness and effeminacy. Such habits beget address, strength and agility. I have by no means a robust appearance, and yet I every evening perform acts of real force ; I can carry a huge pitcher of water, and in winter continually put large logs upon the fire much heavier than myself.”

“ I wish to imitate you, mamma ; and henceforth, if you will permit me, I will always undress myself.”

“ No, you are too young at present ; your's is the age of feebleness and dependance ; but even now, you may help yourself much oftener than you do ; and

hercafter you will be very wise, to acquire the habits I have described."

"I promise you, mamma, no more to treat servants with a want of proper respect."

"The attention we should pay them is, perhaps, greater than you imagine. You ought to be careful not to speak any thing directly or indirectly, that could make them ashamed of their condition. Thus it would be inexpressibly cruel to make use of the proverb 'he lies like a lackey,' in presence of a footman: it becomes us carefully to avoid such rudeness, since while it humiliates, it excites resentment and hatred. We ought likewise, to be exceedingly circumspect in all our words and actions when they are present; since the impression they receive, from observing their superiors, has the greatest effect upon their manners: we should, therefore, be doubly guilty in giving them bad examples. In fine, religion, justice, humanity, all equally require us to treat them with gentleness and indulgence; to endeavour to promote their interests, to protect them on all just occasions, and affectionately to assist them when they are ill, or have become old in our service."

Madame de Clémire was going to rise and take a walk, but was stopt by Caroline, who said she had something more to confide to her; she then confessed, that during the morning she had been a little ill tempered with Pulcheria.

"You have, no doubt, repaired the wrong you did her," said Madame de Clémire?

"Yes, mamma," replied Caroline; "though I did myself some violence, I resolved to overcome my ill humour, and all the rest of the morning we were as good friends as ever."

"And did not you make an apology? Did not you regret your having been unjust, though but for a moment?"

"As soon as she saw me good tempered she was so too, and did not seem to be vexed the least in the world."

"But because she did not bear malice, must you


appear insensible of her generosity? If I had ill treated the lowest servant in the house, I would shew him I was sorry for it; and by so doing, should think I did honour to myself; for nothing elevates us more than equity: the greatest defect a person can have, is that of knowing, yet not acknowledging themselves to be wrong. The imperfection of our nature is such, that scarce a day can pass, in which we have not committed some error; for which reason the people most amiable, and most beloved, will always be those who, by confessing the wrongs they have done, shew their candour and goodness of heart. This sublime quality always appertains to the generous and the feeling; while little and confined minds, enslaved by false shame, as mean as it is foolish, would rather aggravate their faults than retract them, or say a word in expiation."

"I will run and seek my sister, mamma, and make an apology to her for being out of temper, and for not having shewn I was sorry I had been so."

This procured Caroline a tender kiss, and she immediately left the room, running to find her sister.

Madame de Clémire had promised in the morning she would tell them a short story after supper, and in the evening she thus acquitted herself of her promise.

THE
SOLITARY FAMILY
OF
NORMANDY.



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

Three acres of land, two cows, and a little poultry, were the whole of his riches; he had no other society but that of his wife and five children, a servant maid, and a herdsman, with whom it is necessary you should become better acquainted.

The maid's name was Jacqueline. She had been bred in the house of Anselmo, and had acquired the manner, and sedentary habits of the family; she had never been above half a league from the house. Of all the edifices which cover the earth, she knew none but the cottage of Anselmo, and the abbey of Bobec; and never did St. Peter's-at Rome, or the colonade of

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

the Louvre, excite greater admiration, than the little church of Robec gave Jacquelina.

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

She committed no voluntary fault, however; it was want of memory and reflection only; for her intentions were so upright, and her heart so good, that Anselmo and his wife never could resolve to scold her.

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

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

About this time, Jacquelina, patient as she was, underwent great trouble. The wife of Anselmo died, neither did the good man survive her above two years; by which accident, Michael and Jacquelina lost the best of masters and the sole support they had

upon earth. The relations, who were left guardians of the children, came to occupy the little heritage, and had the cruelty to turn away Michael and Jacqueline.

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

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

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

It was in the month of July, and, as day began to decline, one of the children said he was hungry, and all the rest immediately asked for bread. Michael had some provisions in his wallet, which he partook with his wife and children. After supper, they determined to pass the night in the wood; and at break of day they found a beaten path, which brought them into a kind of wilderness, on the outside of the forest. This wild place was full of broom, and they found a stream of pure water, which ran from a rock covered with moss, the sight of which gave Jacqueline

great joy. Still to increase their happiness, along the skirts of the forest, they found plenty of nuts, bilberries, and wild raspberries, with an infinity of strawberries.

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

"Yes, to the Abbey of Bobec," replied the peasant.

"Are we far from the abbey?"

"Three quarters of a league; I am going there presently, with the strawberries I have gathered."

Jacquelina then went and advised with her husband; and Michael, having received her instructions, departed with the young peasant to the Abbey of Bobec, leaving Jacquelina with his children at the entrance of the forest, and promised to return as soon as possible.

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

"What can you do," said the Abbot?

"Keep cows."

"We have no need of herdsmen; besides, you do not belong to our district."

"But I have no means of a livelihood, and that is all the same."

"Alas! we cannot relieve all the poor."

"I am not poor; I ask no alms; our hearts are willing, and we know how to work."

"You can do nothing; besides I tell you, that the inhabitants of our own district must have the preference."

"But I am very weak and sickly, I assure you, and so you ought to take me into your service."

"What because you are incapable of working?"

"Yes to be sure; it was for that reason that my dear master Anselmo took me into his services and would never turn me away; but if you do not like sickly people, at least Mr. Abbot give us leave to build a little hut with boughs, upon the heath."

"How will you live there?"

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

"What will you do in winter?"

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

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

"I have a wallet."

"Go, that is all I can do for you."

"Oh! that is more than I asked—Jacquelina will be so happy."

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

In spite of his resistance, however, they filled his pockets and hands with the provisions destined for two days, and he departed, highly satisfied with the success of his journey. He found Jaquelina, came up to her with a triumphant air, and answered all her questions. Jaquelina, though quite happy at the recital, scolded him a little notwithstanding, for not having bought an axe, in the village of Bobec, to cut down the branches; "for," said she, "here we have

nine shillings and ten pence, (it was the fruit of ten years saving) and what are we to do with all that money?"

"That is true," replied Michael, "but one cannot think of every thing; we had forgot you know, that winter would come."

"Oh! now you mention winter, you must keep the money to buy sheeps skins, that we may lie comfortably."

"Ay, so I will; we will have every thing comfortable I warrant, since we are to live here."

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

Jacquelina went towards the wood, her husband followed, and they worked till night. The husband and the wife were neither of them robust or active, for which reason they were a fortnight in constructing their hut; which was tolerably solid it is true, but which had one inconvenience unperceived by them, till the work was almost finished, They had forgot; "for," as Michael said, "they could not think of every thing," that they were to live in the hut, and that consequently it was necessary it should be as high as themselves. It is easier to work within your reach, than to clamber and raise your arms above your head, and they did what would give them the least trouble.

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

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

The day on which they dined in it, for the first time, was a holiday; Michael had been in the morn-

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

"There is nothing so comfortable," said Michael, "as to have every thing at one's ease. They may well say, that use makes all things easy; yet I did not once sleep so well upon the ground, and with the skies for a covering."

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

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

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

Michael, the evening before had bought a platter, five wooden spoons, several warm sheeps skins, and some flax for Jacquelina, who had a distaff, and could spin tolerably; and thus it was, that he had expended his nine shillings and ten-pence. Michael on his part, found means of employing himself; he caught birds with birdlime, which he carried to the abbey; and in a month's time he went to sell his wife's work, which did not come to much; for as I have said, Jacquelina was neither active nor industrious.

The summer glided away, and in the month of September Jacquelina was happily delivered of a little daughter. Winter at last arrived, and notwithstanding their sheeps skins, their hut did not seem half so

agreeable; nor could they find either raspberries, bilberries, or other wild fruits.

Michael and Jacquellina, however, suffered much less from the cold than might be supposed; they had never in their lives slept in a close chamber, or where there was a fire; the stable, which they remembered with so much affection, was open in the roof in several places, and had various fractures in its sides, large enough to put the hand through; so that Jacquellina and her husband found no great difference, even during the rigours of winter, between their hut and the stable they regretted; in the summer, their hut being situated on a healthy soil, and sheltered by a forest, in which grew multitudes of herbs, flowers, and fruits, was much more agreeable than a gloomy damp stable, built in a yard, surrounded by dung, and in which was a great pond of green stagnated water.

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

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

"Ay, what?"

"Oh dear! a coach without a top; it is made for all the world like a cart; but then it is all yellow, and shines so—besides it is drawn by six horses all over silver—and there are such fine ladies in the

coach, and such fine gentlemen behind, with coats as red as our billy's cheeks—and—"

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

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

"Yes, my lady."

"Poor little creatures! Why they are almost naked."

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

"And do you live all day in this hut?"

"Yes, my lady, and all night too."

"What have you no other dwelling?"

"No, my lady; we have not had for these two years past. We live very well in the summer; but to be sure it is a little cold in the winter: especially since my husband has been ill."

"Your husband ill! and lying in that hut!"

"Yes, my lady."

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

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

"Forges is so far off, my lady!"

"It is but three leagues."

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

The stranger took out her purse: “Take these,” said she to Jacquelina. “I will send for you this evening; but, since you love this place so much, I promise you you shall return again. I only desire you to pass some time at Foiges, for your husband wants the assistance of a physician.”

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

“What, have you never seen gold?”

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

The stranger, struck by an excess of poverty, of which she had never before had an idea, could not retain her tears; she prevailed, however, on Jacquelina to keep the gold she had received; but for her better satisfaction she gave her some crown pieces, which were received with gratitude and joy. After

They were conducted to a house, where they found clean linen and good beds. As soon as Michael was put to bed, Jacquelina ran to interrogate her hostess,

and in less than half an hour returned.—“Oh Michael,” said she, “thou wilt be so surprised!—That beautiful lady—Dost thou know what a princess is?”

“No, truly.”

“Well, that fine lady is a princess!—And moreover she is called a dutchess—and besides all which, she has another name still—but that I have forgot; however, what is most of all, she is—ay, she is a relation to the king!”

“How can that be? She has no pride?”

“No more she has, as thou sayest.”

“How can a relation of the king’s have such mildness in her looks, and such gentleness in her words?”

“Thou wilt never guess what she is come to Forges for!—It is to drink of a certain water here that makes women have children; for my share, I have no opinion about any such water; but I will say my prayers once a day the oftener for her, that God may give this dear good lady as many children as her heart could wish, that so she may be happy.”

Their conversation was interrupted by the hostess, who brought them an excellent supper. Michael and his wife had before time drank bad cyder, but never any sort of wine, and, for the first time in their lives, they tasted it to the health of their benefactress. After which Jacquelina went to bed, thanking God, and pouring forth a thousand blessings on her young and virtuous protectress. †

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

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

At this epocha, Jacquelina had an interview with her benefactress, who presented her with a bunch of keys. "There," said she, "are the keys of your house, your closets, and your cupboards; return home, my good Jacquelina, and to-morrow morning I will come and breakfast with you." Jacquelina, astonished at what she heard, stuttered a few words, and received the keys with a stupid air, thinking it impossible that she could have a house with cupboards and closets, or that a relation of a king's could come to breakfast with her.

The same day Michael, his wife, and children, were re-conducted to the wilderness, where they had been originally found; but what was their amazement when they saw instead of their former rude hut a well-built little house, situated in the midst of a large garden. The children ran and danced with joy, and Michael and Jacquelina kissed and wept over them.— "Oh! my God," said Jacquelina, clasping her hands, "what have we done to deserve all this happiness?"

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

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

As soon as she had taken an inventory of her press, Jacquelina was brought into her garden, already well supplied with vegetables, and afterwards shewn a hen-roost, where were a score of fowls. At last her conductor opened the door of an outhouse, in which were two milch cows, and informed her she was the owner of a small meadow, about a quarter of a mile from the house. Jacquelina thought herself in a

dream. "What," said she to her husband, "are we richer than our dear good master Anselmo was? Why his cottage was but a stable, when compared to this—Our garden too is twice as large—Oh Michael! we must never forget our hut, especially in winter, when with our children we shall sit round our fire; for we ought always to thank God as sincerely as we do at present."

While she spoke thus, tears of joy dropped from the eyes of Jacquelina; Michael also wept, and both kissed their children, who received their caresses with a pleasure they had never felt before, though they had always been tenderly beloved.

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

At eleven o'clock their eldest son, who stood sentinel at the wood-side, quitted his post, and came running to announce the first sight of the landau. Michael and Jacquelina, with beating hearts, each took the child by the hand; and Michael, who was yet far from being strong, was sorry that he could not run faster. The children soon outstript them, and ran tumultuously towards the carriage, while their father and mother in vain called to them to keep back.

Scarce had Jacquelina and Michael got out of their yard-gate, before the young princess had alighted. They threw themselves at her feet, bathed in tears; and Jacquelina, pointing to her husband, with a fault-

tering voice said, "I look, my dearest lady, look, he is quite well—he can run. Here too are our children, they will not complain of cold; and here is our house where we shall be as happy in winter as in the summer.—This is all your doing, and a righteous God only can reward you. As for us, alas! we do not know how to thank you."

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

The princess departed at one o'clock, and soon arrived at Forges; where she learnt with pleasure and emotion, that there is no condition, no class, in which the same generous and sublime sentiments may not be found, as those by which she was so nobly distinguished. The masons, who had built the house in the wilderness, affected by an action which thus made a whole family happy, was desirous, as much as in them lay, of participating; they worked day and night at the building, and, as soon as it was finished, unanimously refused to accept the money offered in payment. It was impossible to make them receive the least recompence; and there was no other way of rewarding, but by immediately employing them about other jobs, for which they were paid double the sum they asked.—

Madame de Clémire ceasing to speak, M. de la Palinière exclaimed, "This is a charming story. It is not difficult to divine the name of the august benefactress of Michael and Jacqueline;* and indeed, she has done so many things of the like kind, that this has not given me the least surprise; but the generosity of the masons astonishes me. It would be very ex-

The Dutchess de Chartres is undoubtedly meant. Madame, the Countess de Genlis, has apartments in the Palais Royal.—T.

traordinary to find one man, in such a class of people, with such greatness of soul; but that they should all agree to work day and night, for the sole pleasure of participating in a good action; that they should obstinately refuse the wages due to their labour, and that with one consent they thus should sacrifice their time and trouble, themselves being all poor, and blush to accept money so hardly earned; there is, I say, in this proceeding something so noble, so delicate, such an enthusiasm of virtue, as, I own, appears to me to have very little probability among people in so rude a state; and I confess, I am persuaded you have been imposed upon respecting this anecdote."

"But what would you say, if I myself had been a witness of the fact?"

"Is it possible! You delight me! For there is nothing I more ardently wish than to find it true."

"We dare not invent incidents like this, because we have but an imperfect idea of the capabilities of nature. We would not acknowledge her in pictures of the imagination, were she painted in all her sublimity; for, by a capricious inconsistency, the heroism which we admire in history seems in a work of invention nothing but an extravagant fiction, devoid of all appearance of truth. Let me, however, observe, that what critics call the imaginary sublime has no real existence; for there is nothing the fancy can create, however generous, however noble, of which man is not capable, when he gives way to the first emotions of the mind, or is stimulated by great examples. Nay, the idea of constant perfection, such as we can conceive, do we not find it fulfilled, when we examine the lives of those who scrupulously practise all the duties and devotions of religion?"

The baroness made her repeater strike, as Madame de Clémiré ended. "It is not yet ten o'clock, mamma," said Cæsar, "your story has been too short; and then it ended so suddenly we had not time to ask a single question."

"True," said Pulcheria; "I, for my part, long

to know whether the prayers of Jacquolina succeeded."

"They did," answered Madame de Clémire; "her benefactress became a mother the year following; I will tell you an anecdote of a child she had.

"This charming little girl is now six years and a half old; she lives in the country every summer; and last year, as she was walking in the forest of Montmorenci, she met a pretty little country girl hand in hand with her mother; the mother offered her basket of strawberries to the young princess, who coming nearer to the little girl, perceived she was blind, at which she was much surprized; for, at a distance, the child seemed to have very fine eyes. The woman was questioned, and replied, that the child was not blind at her birth, but that she had not the means to take her to Paris to the surgeons."

"Why," said the princess, "can the surgeons restore her to sight?"

"So I am told."

"Well, then, I will take her to Paris myself, when I return thither; I will make room for her in the coach by my side."

The poor mother was much affected by the promise, and the attendants of the young princess told her to come the next morning to her country seat. Accordingly what the princess had promised was performed; and, as soon as they arrived at Paris, immediately the little girl was sent to the house of an oculist, who kept her all the summer, and part of the winter. The next spring, when the young princess returned into the country, they surprized her very agreeably, by bringing her the little peasant perfectly recovered.

"What!" cried she, "are you no longer blind?"

"No, mademoiselle."

"And are you not very glad?"

"To be sure; I can work now."

"And read too?"

"No, mademoiselle, I cannot read."

"No! How does that happen? You are older than I am, and I can."

"I have been two years blind."

"That is true; but now you can see, and you may soon learn."

"My mother cannot pay for my schooling."

"Poor thing—Are you willing to learn from me? If it will give you any pleasure, I will teach you a lesson every day."

The little girl, at hearing this thought the princess was laughing at her, and began to laugh herself; but the princess insisted she was in earnest, while one of her attendants apparently combated her resolution.—

"Recollect, mademoiselle," said she, "that a teacher must have patience not to be moved."

"I shall have that."

"It will be so long before she has learned."

"I shall not be tired; but I could read, when I had only had fifteen lessons."

"You could so; and many children, by the same method, might be taught to read in as short a space of time;* however, if Nanette should be slow at

It is very certain there exists a method, by which a gentle and industrious child may learn to read currently in fifteen lessons; and the dullest will not need more than four months; while, according to the present method, eighteen months or two years will be necessary. M. Berthaud has taught us, that eighty-eight combinations of the letters, will include all the sounds; that is, he has discovered, that all the words in the French language are included in these eighty-eight consonances; so that those who know their formation (without thinking on the letters which compose them) have learnt to read; and, as he has applied a figure to each of these consonances, the child easily remembers it, and learns to read in two months. This method cannot be here circumstantially explained, the work which teaches it must therefore be referred to, the title of which is *Quadrille des Enfants, ou Système Nouveau de Lecture*. It is sold at Paris, chez Couturier, Quai des Augustins.

The editor of the last edition of this work is M.

learning, or should want application, three months will not be sufficient to teach her."

" Shall we be here three months ?"

" Yes, mademoiselle."

" Oh, then Nanette will have time enough."

So saying, this amiable child ran to seek her book, and her box of counters ; then made Nanette sit down before her, and with the utmost gentleness and intelligence gave her a long lesson ; after which the girl was suffered to depart, but desired to come again the next day at the same hour.

Though Nanette, as had been predicted, was not very industrious, her mistress was not discouraged, but with a degree of patience and perseverance, very extraordinary at her age, accomplished what she had began. It was a delightful sight to see her giving her lesson, pointing with her little fingers to the figures on the counters, and the words, reading aloud, prompting in a whisper, promising her scholar rewards, proud of her improvement, and, whenever she read well, looking round to collect the suffrages of the astonished spectators. This was one of those pleasing yet affecting pictures, which produce the most charming sensations in the heart, and of which it is impossible to tire.

Nanette, in fact, before the end of autumn, had learnt to read almost as well as her young mistress, who gave her sweetmeats, clothes, and books ; and when she parted with her, said, " Good bye, Nanette, next summer I will teach you something else."

" Oh the charming little princess !" cried Pulcheria ; " she will be worthy of her mother." This reflection terminated the evening's conversation.

Alexandre ; who is the only person that teaches by this method. He lives in the Rue Montmartre au coin de la rue Plâtrière.

It is very extraordinary this method has not yet been universally adopted, since it has been invented many years : but such is the attachment of men to an old track, however bad it may be.

Before they went to bed, the children asked and obtained leave to go to the vintage of farmer Benoit; accordingly they rose next morning sooner than ordinary, to see if the basket-maker had sent home all the materials they had ordered above a fortnight ago. At eight o'clock four pretty black baskets were brought suitable to the height of Cæsar, his two sisters, and Augustin; four panniers with handles, and four pair of large scissars to cut the grape-stalks.

An hour after dinner they set off on foot to the vineyard of farmer Benoit, which was about half a league from the Castle; here it was agreed, this little company should work two full hours for the farmer; after which they should take their nunchions, with the grape-gatherers, and then fill their black baskets and their panniers, on their own account, and send them to the Castle by the cart; which agreements were faithfully observed, with great pleasure on both sides; and the farmer gave this glorious testimony, that his own children had not been more industrious than those of the Castle. Never was day spent more agreeably, or seemed more amusing; they did not leave the vineyard till the approach of night.

When they came to Champcery, Cæsar having a little out-stript the rest, entered the court-yard first: here he found the servants assembled round a horse-man who had but just arrived; he heard them all speaking at once, and continually repeating the name of his father. He quickened his pace, ran, and they made way for him, each eager to tell him, that the Marquis de Clémire was not above half a league off. Cæsar, quite transported, ran to the courier; he alighted, Cæsar looked, and recollecting the valet de chambre of his father, immediately jumped up, embraced, and wept over him.

Madame de Clémire and his sisters were soon there; they kissed each other a thousand times, all weeping with joy. The courier was questioned, the coach was called, the horses were put too in an instant, and away they went; in less than a quarter of an hour the positions stop, the coach doors flew open, and the dear

father of the family, after a year's absence, found himself in the arms of his wife and children.

All the while they were in the coach together, they could only express their transports by tears and tender embraces. The night was dark, they had no flambeaux, yet they were desirous of seeing each other. No sooner did they enter the hall of Champcery, than their transports and tenderness were redoubled. The marquis never could be tired with looking at Cæsar and his dear little girls. What father, after so long an absence, does not find his children improved? The marquis admired how much and how finely his were grown.

On the other hand it was remarked with inexpressible satisfaction, that the fatigues of war had produced no change in the appearance of the marquis, but that he evidently enjoyed a perfect state of health.

They sat up till midnight, and in the morning the children rose with the day; for the joy of the over-night, and their anxiety again to see their father, had prevented them from sleeping. The marquis informed the family at breakfast, that his affairs called him to Paris, and that they must quit Champcery in two days. This news afflicted the children; but the marquis gave them consolation, by assuring them, he was determined every year to remain six months at Champcery.

Cæsar and his sisters could not leave Burgundy with dry eyes; and the grief of Augustin was very great at leaving his father, his mother, and his little Charley. They set off mournfully, but they became merrier on the road, and found all their usual gaiety and good-humour return by the time they came to Paris. After a few days of repose, Madame de Clémire took her children to see the exhibition, at the Louvre, of the paintings which are there shewn, every other year, by the artists belonging to the academy. The children could draw remarkably well for their age, had already acquired a love of the arts, and the saloon of the Louvre gave them great pleasure; so that they only spoke of pictures and paintings the rest of the day.

"That lady, mamma," said Caroline; "who has done those paintings which every body so much admire, is surely not young; for it is impossible in youth to have such superior talents."

"How can you think so, my dear? Have not you seen her portrait painted by herself?"

"Yes; but I thought that was a former work—And can she be so young and so handsome as that charming picture represents her to be?"

"Had her's been common abilities, her youth, her sex, her beauty, and excellent reputation, would certainly not have permitted others to judge of her works with so much severity."

"I think she ought to inspire admiration indeed, since to all these advantages she adds that very uncommon one of superior genius."

"The public are just, and cannot be prevented from praising whatever pleases, and whatever strikes; therefore you have seen this lady's pictures fix the attention of all who enter the saloon."

"It is very glorious for a woman to gain an honourable place among the greatest masters."

"Yes; but it is very dangerous."

"Men cannot be jealous of a woman."

"They sometimes disdain not to do us that honour; and, when they have once began, their animosity knows no bounds. They imagine that they alone have a right to struggle for fame; they are willing enough to flatter us, and even to be led by us, but they disdain to wonder at us. To return to Madame le Brun: as I said just now, had not her abilities been above mediocrity, she would have received nothing but adoration, have heard nothing but flattery; but she undertook to paint history, and has not been surpassed by any one academician. This to be sure is very strange!—Very revolting!—Very—!"

"The abbé informed me, mamma, that the journalists have given an account of the exhibition. They have no doubt praised exceedingly those of Madame le Brun."

"Oh no; they had too much prudence, too much

circumspection, to praise a woman who really had merit. Generous and compassionate as they are, their praises have been lavished upon the envious, whom they have consoled as much as in them lies. The public admire none but superior faculties, or useful labours; as for them, they protect the weak, and praise the poor in ability: and as mediocrity is the fate of the multitude, they, by this conduct, gain a multitude of friends, and have a just claim to the gratitude of the envious and the detractors of genius; an extensive and a dangerous class, whose hatred is as active as it is envenomed."

"And so, mamma, the journalists have not done justice to Madame le Brun?"

"One journal only has judged her works with equity; all the others have spoken in a manner that has surprised every body, who is unacquainted with the invariable principles and profound politics of these writers. The enemies of Madame le Brun cannot deny that her success has been great; they only can affirm it is unmerited."

"But what are their proofs?"

"They allege, that Madame le Brun's manner is little."

"How so, mamma? Her subjects are taken from the Iliad; her figures large as life."

"Or else allegories of the most sublime and ingenious nature, such is what they call a littleness of manner: they add, that hitherto she had painted only women."

"Would they then persuade us, that superior talents are not necessary to paint a beautiful woman?"

"Exactly so; but they have forgot that Albanus painted none but Venus and the Loves and Graces;"

Albanus was born at Bologna. His second wife was a very beautiful woman, and became the model of all the divinities in his paintings. He had twelve children so beautiful, that they not only served him to paint the charming groups of little loves from, with which he enriched his fine compositions, but were

they have forgot all the beautiful virgins of Raphael, of Guido, of Carlo Maratti, &c. and thus it is that Envy reasons."

"I observe, mamma," said Pulcheria, "with great pleasure, that there are many women at present worthy to rank with great painters; four in France are admitted of the Academy, without mentioning several others, who have much greater abilities than certain academicians.

"In fact, we have seen some very good-for-nothing paintings in the saloon; among others, those you would not stop to look at: I saw them as I passed, and they seemed to me very indifferent: indeed, without any claim to a place in an exhibition like this, they ought to have been equally proscribed by good taste and morality."

"But let us return to those females, who have distinguished themselves so much in this brilliant career. Among foreigners, there is one very much celebrated, who has likewise applied herself to the sublime. You have admired a multitude of engravings done after her pictures—I mean Angelica Kauffman. I know not how the journalists have treated her in the country where she lives, but her superior talents have been acknowledged by all Europe."

"Since, mamma, you take so much pleasure in collecting whatever is to the glory of woman, perhaps you know the names of all those who have acquired reputation in this art."

"I can nearly remember them all."

"Oh dear mamma, do tell us; we have heard already of Joanna Gazzoni;* Elizabeth Cirani;

also the originals, after which Le Poussin, Francis Flamand, and Algardi, (the latter was a sculptor) studied the graces of infancy. Albanus died in 1660, aged 88.—*Extraits des Différens Ouvrages Publiés sur la Vie des Peintres.*—By M. M. P. D. L. F.—Tom. I.

In Italy, and particularly at Rome, there are many of her paintings in great estimation.

Maria, the daughter of Tintoret;* and likewise of Rosalba."†

"I will give you a list of the names of women most celebrated for their paintings.‡ It would require a

* She died in 1590. There is a fine painting by her in the Palais Royal, of a man sitting clothed in black, with his hand on an open book lying on a table, where is a crucifix, an ink-stand, a clock, and papers.

† Rosalba Carriera, was the scholar of the Chevalier Diamantino, and surpassed her master. She acquired such great reputation, that all the academies of Europe were eager to admit her. She was received a member of the academy of Paris in 1720; her admission picture was a Muse in crayons. She was passionately fond of music; played in a superior style on the harpsicord, and travelled into France and Germany. Her merit procured her riches, and she died at Venice, in 1757, aged 85.

‡ A French woman, Elizabeth Sophie Chéron, distinguished herself equally in painting, poetry, and music. She played on several instruments, understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish; painted portraits well, but always in some allegoric and ingenious manner; and has, besides, left several historical pictures. In the same year she was made, in quality of poet, an academician of Ricovrati and Padua; and was received a painter, in the Academie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture of Paris. She married, when she was sixty, her intimate friend, an engineer, named M. Hay, who was of her own age, and died at sixty-three, in 1711.

Her most esteemed historical pictures are,—1. The flight into Egypt, with a beautiful landscape, where the virgin is seen sleeping and the angels taking care of the child Jesus. 2. Cassandra interrogating a Genius on the Destiny of Troy. 3. The Annunciation. 4. Christ at the Tomb. 5. St. Thomas Aquinas.

large volume to speak of them all; and it is the effect of prejudice that the number is not equal to that of

Catherine Duchemin, the wife of Girardon, a sculptor—Geneviève of Boulogne, and her sister, Madeline of Boulogne, are three other French women, who particularly distinguished themselves in painting. But let us now speak of foreigners.

Anna di Rosa, surnamed Anella de Massina, from her master, painted history with great success.*

Sophonisba Angosciola Lomellina, of a noble family of Cremona, enjoyed and merited great reputation. Philip II. of Spain invited her to Madrid, where he loaded her with favours, and procured her a most honourable match. Being become a widow, she took to her second husband, Orazio Lomellini, who was one of the most illustrious families in Genoa. She herself taught the principles of her art to her three sisters, Europa, Anna, and Lucia, who all painted with success. Sophonisba lived till she was exceedingly old, and died in 1620.

Lavinia Fontana, and Antonia Pinelli, of Bologna, deserve also a place among celebrated painters.

Maria-Elena Panzachia, born at Bologna in 1608, painted landscapes in a superior style.

Lucia Cassalina, born in 1677, painted history and portraits with equal success. She married Felix Torrelli, one of the best painters of his time.

Catherine Taraboti, the scholar of Alexander Varotari, deserves a place among the best artists of the Venetian school. The sister of Varotari, named Clara, painted portraits in perfection.

She has left several agreeable poems; one, among others, entitled *Les Cerises renversées*, or the Cherries overturned; in which are ease, gaiety, and imagination.

She perished at thirty-six, the victim of jealousy; being poniarded by Augustin Beltrano, her husband, who was hurried away by unjust suspicions.

the men who have been eminent painters, which judges us incapable of works where genius is re-

Barbara Burini was born in 1700, and had abilities equal to any already cited.

The Flemish and Dutch schools have produced women equally celebrated. The famous Sibylla Merian has been already mentioned. Anna Wasser was born at Zurich; she loved letters, wrote good poetry, painted agreeably in oil, but excelled in miniature. She died in 1713, aged thirty-four.

Mademoiselle Verslt was born at Anvers in 1680; knew Latin, spoke several languages, and painted portraits and history: the most celebrated artists have agreed in praising the freshness of her colouring, and the purity of her designs. She went to London, where she died.

Maria Van-Osterwick is justly placed among the best artists of Holland. She painted only fruits and flowers: but she painted them in the highest perfection. She died in 1698.

Henrietta Vanpea-Volters, her father's scholar, was born at Amsterdam, and was eminent as a miniature painter. She died in 1741.

Rachael Ruisch Van-Pool was born at Amsterdam, and was one of those women who most have honoured her country by her manners and talents. Young, without master, without assistance, her taste for drawing led her to copy whatever struck her in paintings or engravings. At length, she was put under the tuition of William Van-Aelst, who was celebrated for his fruits and flowers; in which kind of painting she obtained the highest reputation. The academy of the Hague received her as one of its members, as they also did Van-Pool her husband, who was a good painter. The Elector Palatine sent her a diploma, constituting her painter to the court of Dusseldorp. The prince sent her a letter, accompanied with a magnificent present, and stood godfather to her child. She painted as well at eighty as at thirty, and died, aged eighty-six, in 1750.

quired. When they condescend, which is very rare, to employ themselves a little on our education, they

The celebrated Van-Huopen excelled in the same style, and had only one scholar, the daughter of a person named Haverman, who made such an astonishing progress, as even to excite her master's jealousy.

Time has not destroyed the names of all the women of antiquity, who have distinguished themselves as painters. The most celebrated are, "Timaretta, the daughter of Micon, and who excelled in the art;—Irene, daughter and scholar of Cratinus;—Calypso;—Alcisthene;—Aristarcte, the scholar of her father Nearchus;—Lala, of Cyzicus. No person had a lighter touch; she engraved also on ivory;—Olympia, whom Pliny mentions."—*Extraits des Dif. Ouv. Pub. sur la Vie des Peint. Par M. P. D. L. F. Tom. I.*

I have recollected, from the work above cited, various other circumstances little known, which appear to me curious and interesting. I have supposed they might be read with pleasure, and perhaps excite emulation in the minds of youth, who have a propensity to the fine arts.

"Polignotus, the son of Agloophon, a celebrated painter among the ancients, lived about four hundred and forty years before Christ. He was the first who gave expression to the countenance; and, after having painted several pictures at Delphos and under the porticoes of Athens, for which he would receive no payment, he was honoured by the Council of the Amphictiones, with the solemn thanks of all Greece, who decreed him apartments in all the cities at the public's expense, ordained him golden crowns, and assigned him an honourable seat in the theatre.

"Apollodorus, an Athenian painter, lived four hundred and four years before Christ; opened a new career, and gave birth to the fine age of painting in Greece. His talents were great; but what was still

wish only to give us vague notions, consequently often false, superficial knowledge, and frivolous talents.

more to his honour, he was free from jealousy, a weakness too common among artists. He wrote verses in praise of Zeuxis, his rival, in which he owned himself inferior to that great man.

“Pamphilus acquired high reputation, even in the age of Parrhasius and Zeuxis. He was above other painters, in those advantages which the cultivation of the belles lettres and scientific studies afford. To give his art the greater dignity, he obtained a public decree, which forbade the exercise of it to slaves.*

“Pausias, a disciple of Pamphilus and Erignus, was the first who adorned palaces by painting their ceilings. He immortalized the flower-girl, Glycera, with whom he was in love, by representing her composing a garland of flowers.

“Metrodorus was both a great painter and a great philosopher. He educated the children of Paulus-Familius, and painted his triumph. This hero had demanded two men to execute these two different tasks. Metrodorus was thought most capable of fulfilling them both.

“Quintus-Pedius, a Roman painter in the time of Augustus, distinguished himself in that art, though born dumb.”

We shall now pass on to modern painters.

“Painting began to be known in Florence about the year 1000. Some Greeks were brought from Constantinople, to paint the choir of a church in Mosaic. The art, however, did not approach perfection till the year 1211, when John Cimabua was born. This artist performed several works, which banished the Gothic and barbarous taste that so long had degraded

* This was to the prejudice, not the advantage of the art, and proceeded from false pride. It is almost impertinent to say, genius is not confined to rank.—T.

Does a painter intend to instruct his daughter in his art, he never conceives the project of making her

the fine arts. Cimabua was also a good architect: the protection afforded him by Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, was one great means of the progress of the art. Cimabua died in 1300.

“Giotto was the scholar of Cimabua; his father, who was a farmer, sent him to keep his flocks. Giotto amused himself with painting them; and Cimabua, who happened to pass, and see him thus employed, persuaded him to go with him to Florence. Here Giotto soon equalled his master: among others he painted the portrait of Dante: he painted landscapes also, and cattle; and died, in 1336, at the height of honour and riches.

“Anthony Solario, surnamed Zingaro, a locksmith, fell in love with the daughter of Cola Antonio, who disdained his profession, told him, he should never marry his daughter till he was as good a painter as himself. Solario travelled, studied, and at last arrived at such perfection, as to obtain the woman, for whose sake he became a painter. He was afterwards a good architect, lived to the age of seventy-three, and died in 1455. He left many scholars, who became excellent artists.

“Andrew Verrochio applied himself to painting and sculpture; and instructed himself in the principles of architecture, perspective, and mathematics: to these he likewise added the arts of engraving and music. His school was that in which the best artists of his time were formed. Such were Peter Perugin, and Leonard de Vinci. Andrew Verrochio was the first who attempted, and succeeded, in casting the faces of living and dead subjects, to obtain their likenesses. He died in 1488.

“Guido Reui, best known by the name of Guido, was born at Bologna in 1575. He learnt the first principles of painting from Denis Calvart, a good Flemish painter, and afterwards studied in the school

a painter of history, but will continually repeat she should pretend only to paint portraits, miniatures, or

of Louis Carraccio. According to Guido, the eye was the most difficult part of the countenance to paint, to which he therefore more studiously applied; and more perfectly represented, than any other artist. His school contained near two hundred students. He died in 1641.

“Anthony Balestra, a great painter in the Venetian school, died in 1740, aged seventy-four. What was most singular in him was, he did not attain perfection till he was old.

“Giovanni-Francesco Barbieri, surnamed Guerchin, or the Squinter, was born at Cento, near Bologna, in 1590. No painter ever worked faster than this great artist. Pressed by some friars for a picture of God the Father, for the high-altar of their church on the eve of their feast, he painted it one night by candle-light. He died in 1666.†

“Augustin Metelli was born in great poverty, at Bologna, and at the age of seventeen had acquired so much perfection, that a rich architect sought him out, and offered to divide his fortune with him, and adopt

Guido's best painting is in Italy, at Bologna, in the Sampierri Palace. The subject is St. Peter in prison, weeping for his sin.

† There is a very striking picture by this master at Capodimonte, near Naples. It is a half-length Magdalen, to which common subject he has given novelty, by his manner of treating it. His Magdalen does not express despair, but a sensation more confirmed and profound. Her head is supported by her hand, in which melancholy attitude she contemplates Christ's crown of thorns, which lies before her on the table. To celestial beauty her countenance adds expression, as affecting as it is sublime; and represents, with perfect truth, all the reflections to which such meditations might be supposed to give birth.

flower-pieces. Thus is she discouraged, and thus is the fire of fancy stifled: she paints roses; she was born, perhaps, to paint heroes.

him for his son; which offer Metelli's love for his father and mother occasioned him to refuse. He afterwards went into Spain, where he received numerous favours from Philip IV. He was an excellent architect, a man of literature, and wrote good poetry. He died at Madrid in 1660.

"The chevalier Stanzioni, a Neapolitan, became famous in painting and architecture. He has written four books, full of useful reflections, with the lives of the painters and sculptors of his own country. He lived to the age of ninety-six, and died in 1681

"Juan-Fernandes Ximenes de Navaretta, known by the surname el Mudo (the dumb), is called by the greatest artists, the Spanish Titian. He was celebrated by the most famous Spanish poets, and died in Spain in 1572."†

The Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools.

"Louis de Deyster, born at Bruges, was a great painter, an admirer of the Italian manner. He

Joseph Ribeira, surnamed the Little Spaniard, was born in poverty, became very industrious, and acquired great perfection. A cardinal took him to his own house, but the Spaniard, finding himself too much at his ease, and observing his industry slacken, he fled from the cardinal for that sole reason, recovered his love of labour, and made a great fortune. He died in 1746.

† John Holbein, surnamed the Young, a German, could paint only with his left hand. The Dance of Death, at Basil, is by him, and represents death destroying all human grandeur. I have seen the picture; I found it impossible to understand its beauties, but it is admired by all connoisseurs. Holbein died at London in 1554.

Thus, likewise, a man of letters, whose daughter gives proofs of wit, and a love of poetry, may be in-

amused himself with making harpsichords, organs, violins, and clocks. Anne Deyster, his daughter, drew well, and made copies of her father's works, which have often been mistaken for the originals. She was likewise a musician, played on all instruments, and excellently on the harpsichord. Deyster died in 1711.

"Octavius Van-Veen, a good painter, died at Brussels in 1634, and left two daughters, Gertrude and Cornelia, who both excelled in painting.

"Gerard Terburg, born in the province of Overysse, an excellent artist, died in 1681. Netscher, Coutson, and Koetz, were his disciples, and his sisters; Maria Terburg, his daughter, sketched out his works, which were as much esteemed as if they had been totally his own.

"John Both, born at Utrecht, surnamed Both of Italy, because of his long stay in that country with Andrew Both, his brother, succeeded so well in imitating the colouring of Claude Lorraine, that the reputation of Claude was diminished; and the more so, because that the figures of Andrew Both, his brother, which were inserted in his landscapes, were infinitely superior to those of Claude. John and Andrew always lived in the greatest unity; and their pictures, though done by two different hands, seemed but the work of one. John Both had the misfortune, in 1650, to lose his brother, who drowned himself; and John died of grief, the same year, at the age of forty.

"Peter de Laar was surnamed the Bamboche in Italy, because of his uncouth form, or rather because he was the author of that species of grotesque painting, in which we find those kind of figures, called Bambochades. He travelled into France and Italy, and died at Harlem 1675, aged sixty-two."*

The celebrated Erasmus, born at Amsterdam, and so well known in the literary world, was an excellent

duced to cultivate these happy dispositions ; but what will his first care be ? Why to rob his scholar of that

. "John Cousin may be looked upon as the first French painter of eminence. He was born near Sens,

painter. The merit of his paintings is attested by the artists of his time. He ornamented the monastery of Emmaus, which is now destroyed with his works ; nor do we find now that one of his pictures has been preserved.

Adrian Vander Weff is the painter, who, among the Dutch, has discovered most taste and genius. He was born at Rotterdam in 1659, and applied himself to paint history in small. The Elector Palatine heaped benefits upon him, and created him a knight. Vander Weff died at Amsterdam in the year 1727. There is a great collection of paintings by this artist at Dusseldorp. Among them there is one which is a masterpiece of expression : it represents Christ on the cross, the Virgin fainting, and Magdalen kneeling, weeping, and looking at the Virgin. The figure of Magdalen is admirable for its pathos and reality.

There are several painters at present in Flanders of superior merit. Among others are, M. Lyens, at Brussels ; M. Heryens, at Malines ; and M. Veragen, at Louvain ; all three history painters. The latter is indebted to himself only for his talents, and to the generosity of M. Lyens for his celebrity. All the painters of Flanders were astonished, to see excellent pictures in circulation, the author of which was unknown. The freshness of the colouring informed them they were newly painted, yet all inquiries to know where they came from were fruitless. M. Lyens, more struck than the rest by this singularity, determined, if possible, to discover this anonymous painter, who deserved so well to be known ; and for this purpose travelled through the towns of Flanders, and visited all the young painters he could get any intelligence

confidence which inspires fortitude, and that ambition which surmounts difficulties. He prescribes bounds

lived in 1589, and acquired great reputation during the reigns of Henry II. Francis II. Charles IX. and

of. He came at last to Louvain, which town he was ready to quit, without finding what he was in search of. He happened, however, to be told, there was another man in Louvain who busied himself about painting, but who worked merely for subsistence; was unknown to every body, and, no doubt, a poor dauber, as execrable as obscure. M. Lyens determined to visit the man, whose wife every day kept a stall in the street, where she sold matches. The husband was shut up in his garret, whither M. Lyens mounted. The lodging, and simplicity of the man, gave no new animation to his hopes: he asked, however, to see a picture.—“I have but one,” said the man; “there is a deal of work in it, and it is very dear.”—“What is the price?”—“Oh, I must have four guineas for it; I cannot afford it for less; I have been at work on it these three months.”—“Well, let me see it.”—The good man brought out his picture, and presented it to M. Lyens, who instantly exclaimed, with transport—“I have found him at last!”

The rest of the conversation added to the astonishment of M. Lyens, who learnt, this excellent painter had never had a master: that he was a scholar of nature only: that he had never suspected his own superiority; and that he had constantly sold his pictures, for fifteen years, to a fellow, who had been dishonest enough to take advantage of his situation and simplicity; and give him a vile price for pictures, which he sold excessively dear. M. Lyens had the glory to draw talents from obscurity, which he knew how to admire. He introduced M. Varagen to the world, who owes the reputation and wealth he at present possesses to this generous artist.

to her attempts, and commands her not to go beyond them. Like the proud Roman,* who, taking advan-

Popilius.—See *Annales de la Vertu, Tom. II. page 23.*

Henry III. He practised sculpture with success, understood mathematics and anatomy, and was an able architect. He painted much on glass, which was then in great esteem; and likewise on canvas.

“Simon Vouet died 1641. Most of the eminent French painters of the last age were his scholars. Such were Le Brun, Le Suen, Le Valentin, Jean-Baptiste Mole, Aubin, Claude Vouet, François Penier, Pierre Mignard; Nicolas Chaperon, Charles Poerson, Dorigny, the father, Louis and Henri Testelin, Alphonse Dufresnoi, and many others.

“Charles Alphonse Dufresnoi was a good poet, a good painter, an able architect, and understood Latin, Greek, and the Mathematics. No painter came so near Titian as Dufresnoi. He has left a beautiful poem on painting, which has been translated into all languages. He died in 1665.

“Claude Gelée, called Lorrain, was a famous landscape painter, born in the diocese of Toul in Lorraine, and died at Rome in 1682, aged eighty-two.

“Sebastian Bourdon, a great French painter, died at Paris in 1671, aged fifty-five. There are many of his works in Paris: among others, the crucifixion of St. Peter in the church of Notre-Dame, which is thought to be his *chef-d'œuvre*.

“Eustache le Sueur, born at Paris in 1617, became a sublime painter without ever having seen Italy. The paintings of the Cloister of the Chartreux at Paris, by him, have occasioned him to be compared to Raphael.

“The celebrated le Brun was born at Paris, and died in 1690. At twelve years old he painted his grandfather's portrait. In the collection of the Palais Royal are two pictures painted by him at fourteen;

tage of his power and public opinion imposed, extravagant laws in support of prejudices; so the teacher

the one representing Hercules taming the horses of Diomedé; the other that same hero offering sacrifice. Louis XIV. commanded him to paint the principal actions of his reign; and le Brun ingeniously and allegorically united fable and history, by which happy assemblage he formed a kind of epic poem of the acts of Louis, with which he enriched the Gallery at Versailles. The king ordered le Brun likewise to ornament the Gallery of the Louvre with the acts of Alexander the Great. Among the best paintings of this artist, are distinguished the Martyrdom of St. Stephen and of St. Andrew at Notre-Dame; a Penitent Magdalen at the Carmelites, Rue Saint Jacques; the Resurrection of Jesus Christ in the church of St. Sepulchre, Rue Saint-Denis; a Presentation to the Temple of the Capuchins of the Fauxbourg, Saint-Jacques; the ceiling of the Seminary Chapel of Saint-Sulpice, representing the Assumption, and thought to be one of the best of his works; the famous picture of Moses presenting the Brazen Serpent to the Israelites, in the convent of Picpus; St. Charles kneeling, and imploring divine mercy for the city of Milan, at St. Nicholas du Chardonneret; the Massacre of the Innocents, at the Palais-Royal, &c.

“Jean Jouvenet, a great painter, having received a paralytic stroke in his right hand, came, by force of industry, to paint equally well with his left. Restout, the nephew, was his best scholar. He died in 1717.

“Antoine Coypel was received a member of the Academy of Painting at the age of twenty, and died in 1722.

“François le Moine was born at Paris. When he had painted the cupola of the Virgin's Chapel at the church of Saint-Sulpice, where he represented the Assumption, Louis XIV. chose him to paint the Grand Saloon at Versailles, which has since been called

traces a narrow circle round his young pupil, over which she is forbid to step. Has she the genius of

the Saloon of Hercules. Le Moine there represented the apotheosis of this hero. This grand and magnificent composition included more than one hundred and forty figures, sustained on one base, in the midst of which are represented the principal labours of Hercules, in counterfeit stucco; the whole work is distributed into several groups and was finished in 1736, after four years assiduous labour. It ought to be looked upon as the greatest in Europe, and as an immortal monument of the genius of its author. Violent grief deprived this great artist of his reason, and he died of several stabs which he gave himself with a sword in 1737, aged forty-nine. Le Moine made a trip to Italy, but he only passed six months there. His principal scholars were Boucher, Natoire, Nonotte, le Bel, and Challes.

“Jean Petitot is looked upon as the first who brought painting in enamel to perfection. He was born at Geneva, in 1607, and was originally a jeweller. Vandyke having seen his works, advised him to apply himself to portrait painting, and received him among his pupils. He soon obtained great perfection, and was assisted by Bordier, his brother-in-law, who painted the drapery, head dresses, &c. of his portraits. Petitot was held in great estimation by Charles I. of England. After the death of that monarch, he attached himself to Charles II. and followed him to France. Louis XIV. retained this painter in his service, and Petitot was received an academician. He lived thirty-six years at Paris, where he divided a million (41,666*l.* sterling) with Bordier, which they had amassed together, without ever having the least difference. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Petitot returned to his own country, and died in 1691, at the age of eighty-four, in the Canton of Berne.”

For reasons before cited, I have thought it would not be improper to add a list of the principal Sculp-

Corneille or Racine, she is constantly told to write nothing but novels, pastorals, or sonnets.

tors, ancient and modern, and a small abridgment of the History of Architecture. I have taken those extracts from the Encyclopædia, and have, as before, occasionally added notes from the dairy of my travels, the exactitude of which may be depended upon.

Ancient Sculptors.

“The names of the Egyptian sculptors have not come down to us; and the Greeks have effaced all those of Rome.

“Apollonius and Tauriscus, two Rhodians, conjointly executed the celebrated antique of Zethus and Amphion tying Dirce* to a Bull. It is all in one block of marble, even to the very cords, is still in existence, and known by the name of the Farnese Bull.†

“Phidias, a native of Athens, flourished about the year of the world 3556, in the eighty-third Olympiad. It was he, who, after the battle of Marathon, worked

* Dirce was Queen of Thebes, to marry whom Lycus had repudiated Antiopé. Jupiter fell in love with the latter, took the form of Lycus to deceive her, and pretended a reconciliation. Dirce believing Lycus visited Antiopé, imprisoned her, and made her suffer great hardships. Antiopé, at last, escaped, and was brought to bed of Zethus and Amphion, on Mount Cythero, whom she delivered to the care of shepherds. The young princes, at length, to revenge their mother, had the barbarity to tie Dirce to the tail of a mad bull, and she was dashed to pieces.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

† It is much more remarkable for the prodigious size of the block of marble, than for the beauty of the workmanship.

A celebrated musician brought me to hear his niece, about two years since, who played excellently

on a block of marble, which the Persians, in expectation of victory, had brought to erect as a trophy. He turned it into a Nemesis, the goddess whose function it is to humble haughty men. The *chef-d'œuvre* of Phidias was his Olympian Jove, which was thought one of the seven wonders of the world. Phidias was actuated and inspired in the construction of this statue by a spirit of vengeance against the Athenians, of whom he had a right to complain; and by a desire that this ungrateful country should not possess his best work, for he was then labouring for the Eleans. To honour the memory of the artist they created a new office in favour of his descendants, which was to take care of this statue. The statue was of gold and ivory, sixty feet high, and made every succeeding sculptor despair of arriving at such excellence."

"The Athenian Minerva of Phidias, says Pliny, was twenty-six cubits high, of ivory and gold; on the borders of the goddess's shield Phidias represented in bass-relief the Combat of the Amazons; and within, that of the gods and giants. He depicted the Battle of the Centaurs, and Lapithæ on her buskins; and decorated the base of the statue by a bass-relief of the birth of Pandora. The composition contained the birth of twenty other gods; the serpent and the sphynx, on which the goddess rested her lance, were particularly admired. These circumstances have only been described by Pliny, and indeed they were lost to the spectators; for the shield of Minerva being ten feet in diameter, these ornaments could not be seen distinctly enough to judge of their merit on a figure near forty feet high, and which was still raised higher by being placed on a pedestal; it was not therefore, in these small objects, that the principal merit of the statue of Minerva consisted.

"Pollycetes was born at Sicyone, a city of Pelo-

on the piano forte. I admired particularly the manner in which she modulated, and learned, with ex-

ponnessus, and lived in the 87th Olympiad; his works were invaluable. That which acquired him the highest reputation, was the statue of Adoryphorus, that is to say, a guard of the King of Persia. In this statue all the proportions of the human body were so happily preserved, that they came from all parts to consult it as a perfect model; so that it was called, by judges,—The Rule.

“ Zenodorus flourished in the time of Nero, and was famed for a prodigious statue of Mercury, and afterwards for the Colossus of Nero,* which was 110 or 120 feet high; Vespasian took away the head of Nero, and in its stead placed the head of Apollo, adorned with seven rays, each of which were seven feet and a half long.

“ The Venus de Medicis† bears the name of Cleomenes, the son of Apollodorus, the Athenian.

“ The Farnese Hercules; that of Glycon, an Athenian.

“ The Pallas, in the Ludovisi gardens, at Rome; that of Antiochus, the son of Illas.

“ The Borghese Gladiator; that of Agasias, the son of Osytheus, an Ephesian,

“ The Torsus Belvidera,‡ by Apollonius, the son of Nestor, an Athenian.

One of the finest ruins at Rome, the Coliseum, is said to have taken its name from this statue, which anciently stood there. The gladiators fought in the Colisenn. Benedict XIV. spoilt the inside of this admirable monument of antiquity, by building little chapels in it.

† This fine statue is at Florence, in the gallery of the grand duke.

‡ At Rome there is the trunk of a human figure, which is called the Antique, or Herculean Torsus; it

treme surprise, she scarcely knew the rules of thorough bass. I asked why, with such propensities,

“ The name of Callimachus is seen on a bass-relief, representing bacchants and a faun in the Albani Palace.[†]

“ The apotheosis of Homer, in the Colonna Palace, bears on a vase the name of Archelaus, the son of Apollonius.

“ It is singular, as M. de Caylus remarks, that, of all these names only the four first are mentioned by Pliny; and still more so, that none of these seven statues are noticed by him. The Laocoon † and the

is very famous, and is in the Museum. The fighting Gladiator is in the Borghese Palace, and the dying Gladiator in the capitol.

The Albani Palace is without the walls of Rome, and one of the finest in Italy. It is immense, of most superb architecture, and decorated with obelisks, fountains, columns of precious marble, bass-reliefs, and most beautiful antique statues. It contains some paintings, a ceiling by Mengs, and one thing said to be unique, which is an antique statue of a female satyr: such a figure being, as it is asserted, no where else to be found but in basso-relievo.

† Laocoon, the son of Priam and Hecuba, and high-priest of Apollo, opposed the entrance of the Trojan horse, but was over ruled. At the same time, two enormous serpents came from the sea, and assaulted his children at the foot of the altar. He ran to succour them, and was strangled with them, by the monsters twisting round their bodies.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

The Grecian sculptor has taken the point of time, when, unable to get free from the serpents, Laocoon and his children are almost expiring. The sculpture is thought admirable, though the children are said to be too small. The most beautiful and perfect of all

he had not taught her composition?—"Oh, I would not let her lose her time about that," said the uncle; "what service can composition be of to a woman?"

Dirce are the only remaining works of which he speaks. On the other hand, we ought not to be surprised at the silence of Pausanias, relative to all the beautiful statues of Rome; when he travelled through Greece, they were transported into Italy, for the Romans had been 300 years endeavouring to rob Greece of its pictures and statues. The Roman sculpture had but a short reign, and was never brought to such perfection. It began to languish under Tiberius, and the bust of Caracalla is looked upon as its expiring sigh. It did not revive till the pontificate of Julius II. and Leo X. after which it was called Modern Sculpture."

Modern Sculptors.

"Donato, born at Florence, lived in the fifteenth century. The senate of Venice chose him to make the equestrian statue in bronze, which the public erected to Gattamelata, the grand captain, who, from the lowest extraction, arrived to the rank of general of the Venetian armies, and gained several remarkable victories; but the *chef d'œuvre* of Donato, was a Judith cutting off the head of Holofernes.

"Rossi Propertia flourished at Bologna under the pontificate of Clement VII. Music was her amusement, sculpture her occupation. At first she modelled her figures in clay, afterwards carved in wood, and at last in stone. She decorated the front of the church of Saint Petrona with several statues in marble, which procured her great praise; but an unhappy passion

the antique statues is the Apollo Belvidera, which people, ignorant of the art, cannot behold without admiration. Apollo is represented just after he has killed the serpent Pithon.

All men reason respecting us like this impertinent uncle; they are willing to allow we play on

for a young man, who was insensible to her love, threw her into a kind of languor, that put an end to her days. Her best and last work was a bass-relief of Joseph and Potiphar's wife.

"Goujon, a Parisian, flourished under the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II. A modern author has called him the Corregio of Sculpture, because he always consulted the graces. No person better understood figures of demi-relief, nor can any thing be finer in this way than his Fontaine des Innocens, Rue St. Denis, at Paris; the works of Goujon are seen at the gate of Saint Antoine; he was also a good architect.

"Nicolas Bachelier was the scholar of Michael Angelo; he lived at Toulouse, under the reign of Francis I. where he established good taste, and banished the gothic manner, till then in use.

"Baccio Bandinelli, born at Florence, was greatly esteemed as a sculptor. It was he who replaced the right arm of the Laocoon; he died 1559.

"John of Bologna died at Florence, towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, and was an excellent painter; he ornamented the public square of Florence with that marble group which is still there to be seen, of the Rape of the Sabines. The horse on which the statue of Henry IV. has since been placed, in the middle of the Pont-Neuf, at Paris, is by him.

"John Gonelli, surnamed the Blind, of Cambassi, from the place of his birth, in Tuscany, died at Rome, under the pontificate of Urban VIII. He was the scholar of Pietro Tacca, and discovered genius, but lost his sight at the age of 20. This misfortune did not prevent him from exercising his art, which he did by feeling alone. The statue of Cosmo I. the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was thus performed by him, and he had equal success in various other of his works.

"Pierre Puget, an admirable sculptor, good painter,

instruments, we dance, and even talk as well as they, because these are facts that cannot be denied. There

and an excellent architect, was born at Marseilles in 1623; he embellished Toulon, Marseilles, and Aix, with various pictures, which still do honour to the churches of the Capuchins and Jesuits: such are his Annunciation, his Baptism of Constantine, and his picture called the Saviour of the World. The Education of Achilles was his last painting. The Crotonian Milo is the first and best statue which was seen at Versailles, done by Puget. This admirable artist died at Marseilles in 1694, aged 72.

“ Jacques Sarazin, born at Noyon, was contemporary with Puget. The tomb of Cardinal Beruli, in the church of the Carmelites, Fauxbourg Saint-Jacques, is by this excellent artist. Among his works at Versailles, we ought not to forget Remus and Romulus suckled by a goat, and another group at Marli, in equal estimation, representing Two Children at Play with a He-goat.

“ Theodon, born in France in the seventeenth century, was an able sculptor.

“ Algardi, an Italian, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. Among other works of this superior artist, his bass-relief is much admired, which represents St. Peter and St. Paul in the clouds, menacing Attila, going to sack Rome. This bass-relief serves as a picture to one of the small altars of the great church of St. Peter.

“ Michael Anguier died in 1680, and was the brother of Francis Anguier, who, like himself, was also a distinguished artist; he is well known for his marble Amphitrite in the park at Versailles; his works at the gate of Saint Denis; his figures at the portal of the Val-de-Grace; and by various others.

“ John Lawrence Bernini, called the Cavalier Bernini, was born at Naples in 1598. Louis XIV. invited him to Paris in 1665.

“ François Desjardins, a native of Breda, died in

exists another talent, however, equally common to women as to men; and this enchanting and sublime

1694. He executed the monument of *La Place de Victoires* at Paris.

“ François Girardon, born at Troye, in Champagne, has almost equalled antiquity by his Baths of Apollo; his tomb of Cardinal de Richlieu, which is in the church of the Sorbonne; and by his Statue of Louis XIV. which stands in the Place Vendôme; he made also a good bust of Boileau. Girardon died in 1698.

“ Jean Baptiste Tuby, called the Roman, holds a distinguished rank among the artists who appeared under the reign of Louis XIV. The mausoleum of the Viscount de Turenne, interred at Saint Denis, was designed by le Brun, and executed by Tuby. Immortality is seen holding a crown with one hand, and sustaining Turenne with the other; Wisdom and Virtue stand on each side him; the first astonished at the fatal stroke, which robbed France of this hero; the other plunged in consternation. Tuby died at Paris in 1700.

“ Zumbo, born at Syracuse, had no other master but his own genius; he worked wholly in coloured wax, which he prepared after a particular manner. Warren and le Bel knew the secret before him, but the works of our artist excelled all others of this kind. Zumbo executed, for the Grand Duke of Tuscany, that renowned subject *la Corruzione* (the Corruption), a work curious for its exactitude and great natural knowledge. It consists of five figures, coloured after nature: the first represents a dying man, the second a corpse, the third the body beginning to putrefy, the fourth putrefaction advanced, and the fifth putrefaction at its height, which cannot be beheld without a kind of horror. The grand duke placed the work in his cabinet. Zumbo died at Paris in 1701.

. * At Florence, where it is still to be seen.

art necessarily demands lively and fine feelings, energy, enthusiasm, and all the great emotions of

“ John Balthazar Keller, incomparable in the art of casting in bronze, was born at Zurich. He came to France, where, on the last day of December, 1692, he produced his equestrian statue of Louis XIV. which is twenty feet high, and all one piece, as may be seen in the Place Vendôme. There are other admirable works of his in the gardens of Versailles, and elsewhere. Louis XIV. made him Intendant of the Arsenal Foundery. He died in 1702. His brother, Jean Jaques, was also very skilful in the same profession.

“ Pierre le Gros was born at Paris in 1666, and died at Rome in 1719; in which city he had a part of the most superb pieces of sculpture that capital of the fine arts has produced. Such are his Louis Gonzago, over the altar of the Roman College, which has been engraved; his Bass-relief of Mount-Piety, his Tomb of Cardinal Cassanata; his Statue of Stanislaus Koska, in the noviciate of the Jesuits; † and his Triumph of Religion over Heresy, in the church of Giezu. The bass-relief, in the church of *Saint Jaque des Incurables*, at Paris, by this artist, is well known.

“ Antoine Coysevox was born at Lyons in 1640. The great stair-case, the garden, and the gallery, at

There is some inaccuracy in the account of this statue; it has just before been attributed to François Girardon.—T.

† Called at present St. Andrew's. The Statue of Le Gros has great reputation, and affords fine touches, but it wants expression. The face is too fleshy, the hands too fat, and the figure is a picture of sleep rather than pain. The saint is in his religious habit; his gown is black marble, the rest white. We have before observed this is false taste.

the mind, which, according to them, belong only to the men.

Versailles, are ornamented by his sculpture. Several of the tombs which decorate the churches at Paris are by him; his two prodigious groups, of Mercury and Fame, sitting on winged horses, are well known; they were placed in the gardens at Marli, in 1702; each group, sustained by a trophy, was cut from a block of marble; and this celebrated artist laboured with such surprising fire, and a correctness so uncommon, that he completed them both in two years. However, perhaps the work would suffer, if compared with the Marcus Curtius of Bernini, at Versailles. Coysevox died in 1720.

“ Nicholas Coustou was born at Lyons, in 1658, and died in 1733; he was the scholar of Coysevox. Without entering into a detail of his works, it will be sufficient to cite the fine Statue of the Emperor Commodus, under the form of Hercules, in the gardens at Versailles. The Pedestrian Statue of Julius Cæsar, the Rivers Seine and Marne, in the Tuilleries, and the Vow of Louis XIII. behind the high altar of Notre Dame, at Paris. His name, celebrated in the arts, is likewise sustained with great distinction, by Messieurs Coustou, who belonged to the same Academy.—There have been other good sculptors.”

Architecture.

“ Ancient authors allow the Egyptians to have first built with symmetry and proportion, but Greece ought to be regarded as the birth-place of good architecture. Among the Romans, it arrived at its highest perfection in the time of Augustus; † it began to

† The best days of architecture, among the Greeks, was the age of Pericles.

† The famous Pantheon was built under the reign of Augustus.

" Ay, mamma, what is that ?"

" The art of an actress."

be neglected under the reign of Tiberius and Nero was raised again by Trajan, and protected by Alexander Severus, who could not impede its downfall with the Empire of the West; from the ruins of which it did not rise again for several ages. It then took a new form called Gothic, which subsisted wholly till Charlemagne endeavoured to re-establish the ancient mode. Architecture afterwards became as much too light as it before had been too heavy; the builders of those times placed their beauties in a delicacy and profusion of ornaments till then unknown; which taste they received from the Arabs and Moors, who brought it into France from the southern countries, as the Goths and Vandals had brought the heavy Gothic from the north. It is only within these two last centuries, that the architects of France and Italy have applied themselves to recover the beauty, simplicity, and proportion of ancient architecture."

The continuation of this extract, is taken from an estimable work, in two volumes, entitled *Vies des Architectes Anciens et Modernes*; translated from the Italian, by M. Pingeron.

Besides the six orders of architecture, says M. Pingeron, there are two other bastard ones, called the Attic and the Cariatic; the last of which thus took its rise.

" The Carians having joined the Persians, the other Greeks declared war against them, took their city, put their men to the sword, and carried away their women captive. Not contented to lead them like slaves, in the triumphs of their generals, they insisted that their architects should sustain the entablatures of their public buildings, by figures of women, representing the Carians; and these were substituted instead of columns. The Lacedæmonians did the same thing after the battle of Platea: they built a vast gallery, which they called *Persian*, the roof of

“ Oh true, mamma, there have been a great number of celebrated actresses.”

which was sustained by statues, habited like the captives they had taken from the Persians.

“ History informs us, Ninus built Nineveh, the form of which city was parallelogram, or oblong square, twenty-four French leagues in circumference; and its walls were so thick, three chariots might drive abreast upon them. They were 100 feet high, and were defended by 1500 towers, each 100 feet high. Semiramis, not contented with this vast city, built in its neighbourhood the famous Babylon, perfectly square, each side of which was five French leagues, and enclosed it within twenty-five gates of brass. The Euphrates ran through the midst of it; and at its two extremities stood the sovereign palaces, which were surrounded by terraces sustained by arcades. The magnificent temple of Jupiter Belus was at Babylon, which was 212 fathoms high, and the same breadth at the base. It consisted of eight square towers, placed one upon the other, and diminishing by degrees. The spectator might suppose he there beheld the remains of the famous Tower of Babel, which St. Jerome thinks was built to the height of three miles, 379 fathoms. Some pretend, that Ninus, Belus, and Semiramis not only commanded these enormous works, but made plans of them, and presided at their execution.

“ Trophonius and Agameda, who lived 1400 years before Christ, were the first Grecian architects mentioned in history.

“ Theodorus, who lived seven hundred years before Christ, was an architect and sculptor, and is said to be the inventor of locks, the rule, the level, and the turning lath.

Calus, the nephew of Dedalus, whom Ovid calls Perdix, invented the saw and the compass.

“ Had all the other arts, as well as this, been less the fruits of education and study than the happy

“ Satyrus and Petens, designed and built the tomb which Artemisa erected in Halicarnassus to Mausœus, King of Caria.

“ Dinocrates was the architect that Alexander employed in the building of Alexandria.

“ Cossutius was the first Roman architect who built after the manner of the Greeks, 200 years before Christ.

“ Vitruvius lived under the reign of Augustus, to whom he dedicated his Treatise on Architecture. This treatise is come down to us.

Apollodorus constructed the famous Trajan Pillar; but the most celebrated work of Trajan and Apollodorus was, the bridge they built over the Danube, in the Lower Hungary, vestiges of which still remain. It was more than 300 feet high, and about 800 perches long, which make half a league. The two extremities of the bridge were defended by two fortresses, yet this bridge is nothing when compared to those which might be seen in China. Among others, we are told of one with a hundred arches, so high, that a vessel may pass under in full sail. It is built of large blocks of white marble, over which is a balustrade, with pedestals on each side of marble lions. There are many bridges in China, to pass from one mountain to another. Near Kin-tung is a wooden bridge, supported by twenty chains, fastened at each end to a mountain.

“ After the death of Trajan, Adrian built a temple from his own designs. He sent his plans to Apollodorus, who replied, that if the goddesses and other statues, which were seated in the temple, should take a fancy to rise, they would run the risk of breaking their heads against the ceiling. This criticism is said to have cost him his life.

“ Nicon, father to the famous physician Galen, was also an architect. Galen himself had some

gifts of nature, there is no doubt but there would have existed a perfect equality between men and women."

Knowledge of architecture, and wrote well on its principles.

"Sennamar, an Arabian architect, lived in the fifteenth century. He built two palaces, one of which was called Sadir, and the other Khaovarnack, which the Arabs place among the wonders of the world; and with justice, if what they say be not fabulous. One single stone held, they knew not how, every part of the edifice; so that had that stone been taken away, the building must have fallen in ruins.

"Antenius, in conjunction with Isidorus of Milet, built the famous temple of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, by order of the Emperor Justinian. This vast edifice was first built by Constantine, but was burnt and rebuilt several times. Justinian determined to make it a magnificent temple: its site is on the summit of a little hill, that overlooks the city; the plan is almost a perfect square, for it is 252 feet long, and 228 wide; from the centre of the cupola to the floor is 80 feet: it is full of pillars of marble, porphyry, &c. and has nine magnificent gates of bronze, alabaster, porphyry, ophites, mother-of-pearl, and cornelian are not spared within or without this edifice. Antenius was not only the architect, but the sculptor likewise; and also a skilful mechanic.

"Buschetto, of Grecian origin, was charged with the building of the cathedral at Pisa in 1016 which is one of the most beautiful of that age.

"Williams, a German, in 1174 built, with Bonano and Thomonazo, two Pisan sculptors, the famous steeple of Pisa. This edifice, which is entirely of marble, is 250 palms high. It owes its fame to its

The palm, where it is the usual measure, is about eight inches three lines.

Some days after this conversation, the children went to see the Luxembourg Gallery; and being

inclination, which is seventeen palms out of a right line, and was the consequence of an accident during its construction. The same accident happened to the Tower of Garisendi, at Bologna; the inclination of the latter, however, is not so great.

“ Suger Abbot, of Saint Denis, was said to be one of the ablest architects of his time.

“ Robert de Covey, who died 1311, finished the church of Saint Nicaise, at Rheims, which is esteemed for the delicacy of its ornaments and the beauty of its proportions.

“ William Wickham, an Englishman, who died in 1404, gave the plan of Windsor-Castle, and of the magnificent cathedral at Winchester.

“ Brunelleschi, a Florentine, who died in 1440, was a celebrated architect, and built the palace Pitti, at Florence, in which the Grand Duke of Tuscany resides.

“ Bramanti died in 1514. The round little temple, so much admired in the midst of the cloister of Saint Peter Montorio, is one of the most esteemed works of Bramanti. Bramanti laid the foundation of Saint Peter's at Rome; but his successors made so many alterations, that his plans have little to do with the building.

“ Sansovin, who died in 1570, was a famous architect. His best work is the Library of Saint Mark's, at Venice.

“ Philibert de l'Orme was born at Lyons, and died in 1557. He endeavoured to abolish the Gothic architecture, and substitute the Grecian. The horse-shoe stair-case at Fontainebleau is by de l'Orme.

“ Vignoli was born in Modena, and died in 1573. He wrote a treatise on the Five Orders of Architecture.

“ Vasari, an Italian, who died in 1574, was a good painter and architect.

questioned on their return by Madame de Clémire, they owned they had not remarked the Deluge, by

“ Palladio, a famous architect, was born at Vicenza, and died in 1580. Venice is full of his works. The celebrated Olympic Theatre of Vicenza is by him.

“ Bartholomeo Ammanati, a Florentine, died in 1586, was eminent in sculpture, and gained great reputation in architecture. It was he who finished the Pitti Palace.

“ Constantine Servi, a Florentine, who died in 1622, was a painter, engraver, and architect. The Great Sophy of Persia asked him of the Grand Duke Cosmo II. and he remained a year in Persia, but what he did there is not known.

“ Jacques Desbrosses, a celebrated French architect in the time of Mary de Medicis, gave the plan of the Luxembourg Palace. The design which this artist also gave for the façade of the church of Saint Gervais is highly spoken of: it contains three orders; the statues are heavy, and ill executed. Desbrosses also constructed the famous aqueduct of Arcueil.

“ Inigo Jones was born at London, and died in 1652. His principal works are the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, Lindsey Palace, the church of Saint Paul's, Covent-Garden, &c. &c. The architect Webb was his son-in-law and pupil.

“ François Mansard was born at Paris, and died in 1666; he laid the foundation of Val-de-Grace; and is said to be the inventor of those apartments next the roof, which the French call *A la Mansarde*.

“ James Van-Campen, a Dutchman, died in 1688. He rebuilt, in a most majestic style, the town-house of Amsterdam, after it had been burnt down. This is the finest edifice in all Holland. He painted also; but as he was rich and of a noble family, he took no pecuniary rewards for his paintings and designs.

Poussin. "At your age," said their mamma, "the pleasing, the dazzling, or the affecting only are re-

Nicholas Poussin was born of a noble family in 1594, at Andeli, a small town of Vexin-Normand, and became one of the greatest painters in the French school. He went to study at Rome, but the Cardinal de Richlieu invited him to Paris, where Louis XIII. gave him a pension, and the title of his First Painter; but the envy of inferior artists obliged him to quit his native country, and return to Rome; though not till he had painted for the king's cabinet a ceiling, on which Time was represented delivering Truth from the oppression of Envy. He died at Rome in 1665. We know no scholar of his, except Guaspré, his brother-in-law, who took the name of Poussin.

He embellished the Spada Palace, and built a colonnade gallery, the perspective of which makes it appear three times longer than it really is. The decorations of this gallery gave the Cavalier Bernini the idea of the famous *Scala Regia*.

"The Cavalier Bernini died in 1680. He was the son of a sculptor, and at ten years of age carved a marble head, still to be seen at Saint Praxeda, which well merits the suffrages of all connoisseurs. Pope Paul V. would see him at work, and Bernini finished in his presence the model of a St. Paul's head in half an hour. Bernini was scarce seventeen, when Rome already possessed several beautiful works of his composition; among which is the Daphne and Apollo. When Urban VIII. became pope, he said to Bernini, 'You are very happy to have seen the Cardinal Maffeo Barberini elevated to the pontificate; but his happiness is superior to your's, since Bernini lives under his reign.' Bernini applied himself at once to

The connoisseurs hold Boromini to be an architect of ill-taste, and without genius.

marked; subjects only that inspire horror, pity, &c. catch the eye; while the delicate and profound escape

painting, sculpture, and architecture; he executed the Confession of Saint Peter, in bronze;* the fountain of the square of Navoni, and four colossal figures, representing the four principal rivers of the earth, the Nile, the Danube, the Euphrates, and the Niger. These figures sit on an enormous mass of rocks, whence the water falls. The same artist gave the design of the fountain Barcacia (Bad Bark), which is at Rome, in the Spanish Square. Bernini was famous for many other works. The superb stair-case beside St. Peter, the idea of which he took, as it is said, from Boromini's small gallery,† and the charming church of the noviciate of the Jesuits, at Rome, are by Bernini. One of his best things in sculpture is Saint Theresa in an ecstasy, with an angel piercing her heart with a flaming dart. It is at Rome, in the church of Notre-Dame de la Victoire.‡ Bernini

That is to say, the canopy, altar, &c. of Saint Peter.

† He also built St. Peter's square and colonade, and the tombs of Urban VIII. and Alexander VII. in St. Peter's church, are by him. The latter is over a door in a dark place, like a species of cave; Bernini has taken advantage of this position, and let a curtain fall over the door, which Death, beneath, raises, and half shews himself; the Pope enters, with Truth and Charity on each side. The one shews him the frightful spectre approaching, and the other consoles and encourages him.

‡ The expression of Saint Theresa's face is sublime, the figure of the angel delightful, but the saint's drapery is too full of small folds and bad. It is situated in a niche, over which is a window, which gives a brilliancy to the angel that produces a very happy effect.

notice: but I, by conversing with you, may inform you of what you at present could have but a very

looked upon the famous Torsus as the most perfect relique of antiquity. Bernini was active, laborious, ardent, and passionate, but a good Christian; charitable and virtuous. He loved the stage, and played comedy impromptu in a superior manner; he came into France, where he received many marks of distinction from Louis XIV.*

“ Claude Perrault, a French architect, who died in 1688, was at once a physician, anatomist, experimental philosopher, painter, musician, engineer, and architect. This learned man drew a design for the façade of the Louvre, which deserved the preference over all the others that were presented. This superb façade surprised Bernini, and is in fact the finest piece of architecture to be seen in any sovereign palace of Europe. Perrault invented some very ingenious machines, to carry and raise enormous stones; he also constructed a superb triumphal arch, which stood at the gate of Saint-Antoine; likewise the Observatory, which is the finest in Europe. When Perrault was admitted a member of the *Academie de Sciences*, he no longer practised physic, except for his family, his friends, and the poor. He published four volumes, entitled *Essais de Physique*; likewise a collection of the machines he had invented. Charles Perrault, the brother of the architect, wrote the famous parallel between the ancients and the moderns, where he gave the preference entirely to the latter; which drew down the hatred of Boileau on both the brothers. Perrault endeavoured, with a crowd of French artists, to seek for a new order of architecture; but discovered nothing, except a Corinthian capital,

The bust of Louis XIV. and the statue of Marcus Curtius, beyond the room of the Swiss, at Versailles are by Bernini.

imperfect idea; by which means, I shall insensibly strengthen your judgments and form your taste."

the foliage of which was ridiculously replaced by ostrich plumes of feathers, while the columns represented trunks of trees.

"François Blondel died in 1688. The gates of Saint Denis, and Saint Antoine, at Paris, are by him; the first very beautiful,* the second only remarkable for some of the sculpture.

"Jules-Hardouin Mansard, son to the sister of François Mansard took the name of that architect: his great work is the chateau of Versailles. The plan of the Place des Victoires was his, and he finished the famous church *des Invalides* (began by Liberal Bruant) and built the cupola, which is the finest in Paris. He died in 1708.

"François Galli Bibiena, an Italian, died in 1739, and, as well as his brother, was a celebrated painter and architect. He built the beautiful Theatre at Verona.

"Christopher Wren, an Englishman,† died in 1723. This artist, at the age of sixteen, had made discoveries in astronomy and mechanics. He was the architect of the famous St. Paul's, London; which was begun in 1672, and finished in 1710; he laid the first stone himself, and his son the last.

"Jacques Gabriel, born at Paris, died in 1742, and began the Pont Royal,‡ which was finished by Le Frère Romain.

"Nicholas Salvi, an Italian, was a poet and architect, and died in 1751.

Blondel wrote all the Latin inscriptions on this gate; he was likewise a great mathematician.

† Sir Christopher—He received the honour of Knighthood.—T.

‡ A bridge at Paris.—T.

"I remember to have seen the painting you mention, mamma, but I own I found nothing in it very beautiful."

"You have seen it rain often enough.

"Certainly, mamma."

"And have you ever, at such times, observed the colour of the clouds attentively; how the dusky atmosphere obscures all objects, destroys their brightness, shades their tints, makes them, if distant, disappear, or to be seen with difficulty?"

"I cannot say I have remarked all this."

"Had you paid a proper attention to the effects of rain, you would have been amazed at the exactitude with which they have been painted by Poussin; but the greatest merit of this sublime picture, is in the composition. Forget that you have seen it, and tell me, if you are going to paint the Universal Deluge, what idea do you suppose would first offer itself to your imagination?"

"That of representing a multitude of men ready to be buried beneath the waters."

"Boffrand, who constructed the famous Well of the Bicêtre, died in 1754."

This catalogue might be greatly extended, for the author, from whom it is extracted, cites many great Italian lords, who have applied themselves wholly to the study of architecture, in which they have excelled. He does not, however, mention a very celebrated modern, Vanvitelli, who made the elegant and magnificent Stair-case of the new Caserti Palace, near Naples, belonging to the king.

Its depth is 171 feet, its diameter fifteen, and nine of inexhaustible water; for the bottom is a rock, which is the source. A retreat has been dug in the side, two fathoms above the level of the water, six feet high, supported all round by iron, to contain workmen, tools, and every thing necessary for repairs.

“ It is true, that this idea naturally presents itself; but in the execution, it would only have produced a vague and uninteresting scene; it would have been beheld with as little emotion as battle pieces. Poussin knew this; he felt, besides, that in painting this terrible catastrophe, it was necessary to chuse the most striking point of time, which, no doubt, was at the moment when it was at the height.

“ He has, therefore, imagined five principal figures, but how interesting are these five people! They are not in the ark, they are proscribed, must submit to the fate of human kind and perish! Here you behold a mother, anxious but for her child; and, perishing herself, thinks only how it may be saved! Here a husband, stretching out his arm to his wife; and there a man, ready to voluntarily plunge himself from a boat into the deep—doubtless to re-unite himself to whom he loves!

“ On one side of this pathetic picture, an object still more striking, more terrible, is seen; on the ridge of a rock, a serpent appears; his attitude menacing, he raises haughtily his proud head; you imagine you hear his horrible hissing, and, shuddering, recollect the tempting spirit that made the first man sin, and that now applauds himself for being the author of this new destruction.—Hope, however, in some degree, softens this scene of horrors, the eye is relieved by the happy Ark, which is seen afar off.”

“ I now, mamma, comprehend the great merits of this painting; I will hereafter examine the effects of rain with more attention, and shall be glad to return to the Luxembourg again, to behold the Deluge of Poussin.

“ We have seen another painting, the beauties of which we felt, the Birth of Louis XIII.† We were

Eleven in all, counting those whose heads are just seen above the water.

† By Rubens. This illustrious artist was born at Cologne, and acquired a great fortune; to the genius of a sublime painter he added scientific knowledge;

made to observe the double expression visible in the countenance of Mary de Medicis, and we could not help admiring it.

“Composition and expression are the two essentials of painting, because they speak to the heart and understanding. A painter, not possessed of these, however great his knowledge of the other branches of his art, can never be thought a man of genius. To return to the picture of which you speak, that head of Mary de Medicis is really admirable. I never any where else saw this double expression of opposite passions on the same countenance, except in a piece of sculpture at Gênes. This is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Puget, and represents the Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. Here you behold on the visage of the saint the tortures of pain, and, at the same time, resignation and divine love.”

“It is necessary, mamma, that a great painter should have acquired great knowledge.”

“Certainly; a painter must indispensably study anatomy; he cannot thoroughly understand perspective, without learning the elements of geometry; he ought to have an intimate acquaintance with history and mythology, ancient and modern: he should be a man of observation, and a philosopher; and, if he has not made the human heart his greatest study, he will never become sublime.”

“The requisites are so many, and so great, mamma, that I am not astonished we have so few fine painters.”

“We do not seem, at present, to have any idea of what is possible for genius and industry to perform. The famous Raphael died at thirty-seven, yet he was

he knew seven languages, and wrote various works in Latin, some on the rules of his art, others on the costume of the ancients: he was employed in several negociations, and died, crowned with honour and wealth, at Antwerp, in 1640, aged sixty-three. He had several scholars, and among others the celebrated Vandyke.

a good sculptor, an excellent architect, and the greatest painter that ever existed.* Michael Angelo likewise was superiorly great in sculpture, architecture, and painting.† But the excessive increase of luxury, by multiplying frivolous amusements, drags us from retreat and study, and deprives us of industry. Painters in our time are not only ignorant of sculpture and architecture, but I am afraid they read little; for, in general, they chuse none but common-place subjects; and, what is worse, they treat these subjects in a common-place manner.”

“But, mamma, how should it be otherwise, when a subject has been so often used?”

“To genius nothing is more easy; in painting especially: of which I will cite you two remarkable examples. I dare say you have seen above a hundred Roman Charities—have you not?”

“Oh! that we certainly have.”

“There is not a collection of pictures, in which one Roman charity at least is not found. What think you of the one I am going to describe?—A young woman suckles her father in prison, her child stands weeping by her side, and seems, by its cries, to de-

* There is a Jonas by Raphael, at Rome, said to be a master-piece in its kind, likewise several palaces built after his designs. He was born at Urbin, and died in 1520. His body, after having lain three days in the great hall of the Vatican, under his famous picture of the Transfiguration, was carried to the Rotunda, preceded by this same picture; the most glorious monument of his labours and his genius, and which Leo X. made conducive to the funeral pomp of this sublime artist.

† I find, in the life of Michael Angelo, that he was the first inventor of modern fortification; by which he defended his native city of Florence, and obliged the enemy to raise the siege. Among other remains of sculpture by this artist, the statue at Rome, of Moses holding the book of the law under his arm, is particularly admired. He died aged ninety, in 1564.

mand a subsistence which nature destined for it, while the mother beholds it with tenderness and grief."*

"This is indeed a new effect, mamma, and yet the same subject."

"The painter has only added a single circumstance to produce this great effect."

"But have you a right to invent circumstances in historical facts?"

"No doubt, if they are probable. Genius, however, finds other means, as in the second example I shall cite. All painters, who take the subject of Judith and Holofernes, think they cannot do better than represent a woman of a masculine figure, and a martial air, whose menacing front announces her warlike genius. This, however, was not Judith's character; she was a homicide only to save her country, and because she believed herself inspired by Heaven. So saith the story. It is therefore very possible, that Judith had the natural mildness, modesty, and timidity of her sex; and that, carried away by the love of her country and divine inspiration, she committed an act which she could not otherwise have done. Enthusiasm has often produced events as extraordinary.

"This is exactly what Paul Veronese has supposed in his divine picture; he has represented Judith beautiful, delicate, ingenious, modest, timid, and with an angelic sweetness in her physiognomy. She holds in her fair hand the bloody head of Holofernes, and turns her eyes from the fearful object; her countenance does not express the horror of remorse, but the affections of pity; and, while we look, we feel how much such an action must have cost her. It is impossible to behold this picture without great emotion. An Ethiopian woman holds a bag open; she considers, with ferocious curiosity, the head of Holofernes, and forms the most striking contrast to the mild and

This painting is in the Spada Palace at Rome. The idea is beautiful, the execution indifferent.

celestial Judith. This example may serve to convince you, that the resources of genius are inexhaustible; and that force of imagination may be seen in the most common subjects."

"Can you give us, mamma," said Caroline, "any general rules, by which we may determine if a picture be good or bad?"

"To judge of paintings well, it is necessary, as I have before said, to observe the effects of nature, of trees seen in perspective, of rivers, skies, tempests, the rising and setting sun," &c.

"Then to become a connoisseur, it is necessary to have lived in the country."

"Yes, and to have travelled likewise; to have seen mountains, rocks, precipices, natural cascades, and all those great objects which nature never unites in one spot: nay more, the critic, like the painter, ought to have a profound knowledge of the human heart: or how can he be certain of his judgment, when he says, 'Such an incident demands such a kind of expression.'"

"In fact, it is impossible to be an excellent judge of paintings, without having seen a great number, and having examined and compared them with the most careful attention. And after all, if the amateur cannot draw and design well or ill, there will be numberless beauties lost to him.

"How does it happen then, we have so many connoisseurs?"

"It is certain there never were so many collections

Paul Caliari Veronese was born at Verona in 1537. His most perfect picture is at Venice, in the refectory of the convent of St. George; the subject is the marriage of Cana. He died at Venice in 1588; his three sons were his disciples; the eldest, Charles, was particularly eminent, but he died at the age of twenty-five. Verona gave birth likewise to another excellent painter, Alexander Veronese, who called himself Turchi, or the Orbetto, and who died in 1670.

formed: the journalists assure us they are connoisseurs, and to prove they are, they make use of all the scientific terms adopted by certain amateurs; they say that an artist has a free hand, that his outlines are too hard or too soft, that his colouring is too warm or too cold, with many others of a similar kind."

"These expressions are very droll, are they the terms of the art?"

"I am willing to suppose so; but it is certain, that a man much superior to most of our connoisseurs, as seldom employed them in an excellent treatise he has written on painting. This great painter admired at Rome, as much as in the rest of Europe, has left a most useful and estimable work, which the ignorant as well as the artist may read with pleasure, and in which neither barbarous words nor ridiculous expressions are to be found.* Those who happily have new ideas, seek not new words to explain themselves: they wish to be well understood, for they know that is the thing most essential.

"To return to the general rules you wished; ad-

- Anthony Raphael Mengs, born at Dresden in 1728. The celebrated Winckelman has made the following eulogium on this great artist, whom the world has lately lost. "An abstract of all the beauties, which ancient artists have dispersed among their figures may be found in the immortal works of Raphael Mengs, first painter to the Courts of Spain and Poland; first artist of his age, and perhaps the first of future ages. Like the phoenix, it may be said Raphael has risen from his ashes, to teach his universe perfection in the art, and attain it himself, as far as is possible to man. It remained for Germany to produce a restorer of the art, to shew the world a German Raphael, acknowledged such, and so admired at Rome itself, the seat of the arts." *Histoire de l'Art*, Tom. I. page 312. — An excellent translation in French, of the work of Mengs, dedicated to Madame le Brun, cites the above eulogium.

mitting that the amateur has acquired most of previous knowledge I have mentioned, his first should be to examine the class to which each subject belongs, of which history is the first.

“Let us then suppose the connoisseur examining historical painting.”

“Give me a subject?”

This proposition at first embarrassed the children, but, after a little reflection, they gave for subject Bias purchasing the Maidens of Messina.—“I am pleased with the subject,” said Madame de Clémi “it is interesting, and affords likewise the contrast of age, a diversity of expression, and the fine costume of the Greeks. Do you form the composition, and I will criticise: first, where would you lay the scene?”

“On the sea-shore, or in the house of Bias?”

“The house of a philosopher ought to be simple, without colonades or pilasters.”

“Let it be the sea-shore then. The vessel of the pirates is seen at a distance; they have just landed the young maidens, Bias purchases them, speaks to the two pirates, and gives them the money; meantime the young maidens assemble, form a beautiful group, and express their joy.”

“Would it not be more interesting, were they to express their gratitude?”

“Oh, yes; so it would.”

“The pirates, having received their money, are employed counting it in the back ground. Bias and the young maidens must necessarily be the principal figures. How would you represent Bias, and what expression ought he to have?”

“That of a venerable old man, with satisfaction in his countenance.”

“And emotion, but with dignity; and with

This class comprehends all great subjects of imagination of allegory and mythology.

† Bias, one of the seven sages. See *Annales de Vertu*. Tom. I. page 281.

suffering that expression to deprive him of the majestic serenity, which ought to be visible in the physiognomy of a sage. What action would you give the young maidens?"

"They may embrace him, he being old and virtuous."

"But he is a man, and young maidens are always modest, timid, and sensible; and should so be represented, if you wish them to be affecting. What age would you give them?"

"They should be sixteen or seventeen."

"That would have a monotonous effect; I should make one of them a girl of eight years old, another of eighteen, a third of twelve, and the rest of fourteen or fifteen. The youngest, with all the innocence of her age, should run into the arms of the philosopher to embrace him; the eldest, as her who is most likely to speak and feel the benefit they had received with the greatest energy, should kneel to him; she likewise might clasp her young sister, of twelve, to her bosom, and present her to the sage; her countenance should express her gratitude, and her companions, who are arranged behind her, would form an affecting group."

"Why should they not come forward?"

"Timidity will not permit them; at their age, they cannot vanquish this sensation, even when very ill timed."

"I now comprehend the whole; I see our picture, and think it excellent."

"Yes; but there are two characters, the pirates, who take no part in the principal action, who do not attend to it; and this is a defect in the composition."

"Let us suppose them not in the picture."

"Nay, but they are necessary to the story; without them you could not divine what the subject might be."

"Why may not the pirates attend to the principal group, while counting their money?"

"Nothing should affect pirates who are counting money."

“ Let us suppose the money divided, and take the moment when one of them is putting up his purse ; the eye of the other being attracted, he jogs his companion, to make him observe what is going forward. What expression would you give him who is looking ?”

“ An expression of mere curiosity.”

“ Very well ; I think our picture is now tolerably well composed.”

“ Let us compose a picture every day, mamma ; we will each, by turns, give a subject. Will not that be charming ?”

“ I am willing, provided you can now tell me, and in few words, what is requisite to be observed, in general, in order to judge of the merit of a painting, relative to its composition.”

“ That is very easy ; you have just taught us.”

“ Well, let me hear.”

“ It is first necessary, that the subject should be easily known by all those who have read the story it represents ; it should next be observed, whether the point of time be well chosen, and also the place ; if the characters have such attitudes and such expression as their age and circumstances require ; and, lastly, if the costume be well observed.”

“ You have perfectly understood all I have said.”

“ And may we compose an historical picture every evening, like as we have done to-day ?”

“ Yes, I give you my word ; and when, next spring, we shall be at Champcery, we will chuse

In pictures where the figures are not mere accessories, as in landscapes, it is necessary they should fill up the greatest part of the canvas, especially when the subject affords many figures. There is another important rule to be observed in composition, which is, that the figures in the back-ground ought not to have equal strength of expression with those in the fore-ground, but there should be a gradation of passion consonant to the perspective.

other subjects of the rustic kind, such as Teniers* and Gerard Dow † used to paint."

"We shall have the very models before us."

"So painters ought to have. Understand, however, this style of painting is much inferior to the other. Woe be to him that prefers the representation of an ale-house, or a woman selling carrots and cabbages, to the works of Raphael and Corregio.‡"

The comic style cannot exist in painting, because no pantomime can be interesting without a denouement, and especially without action; let him imagine every thing that is ridiculous, every thing the most grotesque, he will never have the trifling merit of a

David Teniers, the elder, was born at Antwerp, in 1582. He was the scholar of Rubens, and painted only laboratories, smoking rooms, Dutch fairs, and similar subjects. His son, David Teniers, was yet more eminent in the same style. Abraham his brother was inferior to both.

† Gerard Dow was born at Leyden, in 1613, and was the pupil of Rembrandt. He died in 1680. His best disciples were Skalken and Miers, and his finest pictures the Quack Doctor and the Dropsical Woman: the first is in the Du-seldorp Gallery, and the second at Turin, in the King of Sardinia's collection. It represents a dropsical woman, of an interesting countenance, sitting in an arm chair, while an empiric, in a long satin robe, examines a phial, which contains a liquid; the woman's daughter is kneeling before her, looking with great expression of pity in her face, and weeping.

‡ Antonio Allegri Corregio, was born at Corregio, in Modena, and is considered as the founder of the Lombardian school. He particularly attached himself to grace, and no painter has ever excelled him in the elegant. After considering a picture of Raphael's with great attention, he is said to have exclaimed, *Ancheio son pittore*: "And I too am a painter." Corregio was a mathematician also, and an architect. He died in 1534, aged forty.

buffoon ; he will never make any body burst into a laugh ; he can only be low and gross, cannot be pleasant. Painting has the power to soften, to please ; can present gentle and agreeable images ; can inspire pity, terror, and admiration ; but never real mirth. I often hear of the perfect truth of the Flemish paintings, but I regard not truth in books or pictures, except as it instructs or affects me. I have no pleasure in looking at an old ugly cook maid weeping over onions ; some would be in raptures at beholding such a figure, but it should never find a place in my cabinet. I shall always be capricious enough to think a handsome shepherdess a more agreeable object ; and I should still prefer to her a nymph or a goddess, because they present a more perfect model of beauty.

“ If a painting has not the merit of an ingenious or interesting composition ; if it only represents one or two inactive figures, they ought at least to be well imagined, and such as are worthy to fix the attention ; like as a venerable old man, or a perfectly beautiful woman. What pleasure can the exact imitation of a thing produce, which is not in its own nature deserving of notice ? It requires no more genius to paint a fish-woman than a flower vase ; and certainly the last ought to have the preference, since it is the most agreeable.”*

“ Permit me, mamma,” said Pulcheria, “ to ask you another question ; I wish to know, particularly, in what the merit of an allegory consists ?”

“ An allegory ought to be evident, that is to say, easy to understand at first sight ; it ought to contain some just idea, or some moral thought ; for example, Innocence throwing herself into the arms of Justice ! or Peace conducting Plenty.† These allegories at once

The reader will form his own judgment of these opinions on the comic in painting ; it seems evident, however, that Madame de Genlis has never seen the works of Hogarth, or at least never studied them.—T.

† Both by Madame le Brun.

afford delightful images, and just and moral ideas. Time unveiling Truth, is an old allegory, but must always please, because of its propriety. It has, however, one defect, which is, that the figure of Truth has not attributes sufficiently marking to be known without hesitation. Some assert that truth should be represented as a majestic woman, simply clothed; others pretend she should be naked; for which reason, the personification of this virtue becomes confused."

"But has not the allegory you have just mentioned the same defect? Has innocence any known attributes?"

"They often give it such as can only serve to lead the mind astray; as a dove, for instance, which is one of the insignia of Venus; but innocence needs no attributes, under the hands of an artist of genius; it will then be sufficiently easy to divine by the necessary expression. Truth has no such advantage: she is painted beautiful, noble, and cold, but so may a nymph or goddess be; therefore she is neither characterized by her attributes nor her physiognomy: but the expression of innocence belongs only to innocence; she cannot be confounded with nymphs, graces, and goddesses, who are neither so useful nor so affecting as herself: her attributes are on her face, in her eyes: an interesting mixture of timidity, modesty, and gentleness, embellishes and speaks who she is. Pure and celestial figure, the extent of whose charms the delicate pencil of a woman alone can trace!

"Hence you may learn, it requires much less genius to paint allegorical figures with material attributes, than to represent those who can only be characterized by the expression of the countenance; for it is much easier to paint a cornucopia, or a pair of wings, than an expressive face. Rubens has represented Ignorance in the Luxembourg Gallery: the figure has no attributes, yet is as soon and generally known as Time or Discord. None but a superior artist could have given this degree of truth to an affection of the mind."

“ Consequently there are no passions, vices, or virtues, which may not be painted allegorically ?”

“ Oh yes, but there are, and many, which a painter can convey no idea of, or at least none but vague and obscure ones. All those who want both attributes and characteristic expression, ought, for this reason, to be rejected in general. Benevolence, for instance, is a virtue without attributes or expression, peculiar to itself, and may be confounded with pity.”

“ It seems to me, mamma, painters ought to read poetry as well as history, and then they need not want allegories.”

“ You are very right ; but they generally read little, except translations of Homer and Tasso ; whereas Milton and others might furnish them with subjects less hacknied, and equally noble ; they might find also in our French poets, a multitude of charming images and ideas. Thus, if an artist wished to depict Hygeia, the Goddess of Health, Gresset will furnish him with an excellent group of figures. I will read you his description of her, and after the six first lines, do you imagine to yourselves I am describing beings, which must each in order be placed upon the canvas.

As Hebe swift, as Venus fair,
 Youthful, rosy, light as air,
 She comes, dispersing ills and glooms,
 And Courage glows, and Beauty blooms ;
 Fits, faintings, languors, tottering fly
 The vivid glances of her eye.—
 So Cupid, Bacchus, Morpheus, are
 Attendants on her jocund car ;
 While she, with vine and myrtle crown'd,
 Beholds extended on the ground
 The God of Epidaurus* thrown,
 His pow'r contemn'd, his art unknown.

“ True, mamma,” replied Pulcheria, “ a charming picture indeed might be formed from this description.”

The statue of Æsculapius.

“ I have always forgot,” said Cæsar, “ to ask my mamma a thing which I just now recollect. A few days since we saw a piece of sculpture, representing a woman at the bath, attended by a negress. The figure bathing is of white marble, but the negress is in bronze.”

“ I know this performance, it is charming, and the name of the artist, who is the author of it, is a sufficient eulogium. There is a reason why the negress is in bronze. She holds a vase of water, and it was necessary to have leaden pipes pass through the statue, in order to send the water into the vase: this could not have been executed had the statue been of marble; otherwise, the artist would, certainly, never have jumbled marble and bronze in the same composition; he has too much taste not to feel the effect could not be happy.

“ There is a statue of Saint Stanislaus at Rome in his religious habit. The robe is of black marble, and the figure of white; which medley is more shocking than the one we have just mentioned, and must destroy, not add to the delusion. If, while examining sculpture, the mind is not wholly occupied by the idea of form, if any accessory introduces that of colour, if the drapery is represented short, and with natural shades, the spectator would immediately require the carnation of the face, and, wanting it, would only behold a doll, ridiculously clothed.”

“ I can easily suppose that, mamma; but why then is this very same thing admired in seal engraving?”

“ Because heads cut in a seal or a ring, can never, any way, produce the slightest degree of illusion. The things wished there are elegance and purity of design; and it is reasonable to praise the artist who knows how to bring forth the beauties of the stone, by taking an ingenious advantage of the natural colours it possesses.”

“ I am glad, mamma, of this explanation, for I confess it was this very mixture, white and black, that

pleased me; I thought it fine, because I had never seen the like before."

"Hereafter you will know, that it is not sufficient for an idea to be new, it must also be natural. If an invention is neither useful nor agreeable, it is not meritorious, but capricious; and resembles the whims of the Sicilian prince, of whom I spoke to you the other day: it is productive of extravagance, it brings forth monsters."

He is called the Prince of Palagonia. His palace is near Palermo, and is thus described by Mr. Brydone, an English Traveller:—

—"I shall therefore only speak of one, which, for its singularity, certainly is not to be paralleled on the face of the earth: it belongs to the Prince of P——, a man of immense fortune, who has devoted his whole life to the study of monsters and chimeras, greater and more ridiculous than ever entered into the imagination of the wildest writers of romance or knight-errantry.

"The amazing crowd of statues that surround his house, appear, at a distance, like a little army drawn up for its defence; but when you get amongst them, and every one assumes its true likeness, you imagine you have got into the regions of delusion and enchantment; for, of all that immense group, there is not one made to represent any object in nature; nor is the absurdity of the wretched imagination that created them, less astonishing than its wonderful fertility. It would require a volume to describe the whole, and a sad volume indeed it would make. He has put the heads of men to the bodies of every sort of animal, and the heads of every other animal to the bodies of men. Sometimes he makes a compound of five or six animals, that have no sort of resemblance in nature. He puts the head of a lion to the neck of a goose, the body of a lizard, the legs of a goat, the tail of a fox. On the back of this monster, he puts another, if possible, still more hideous, with five or six heads, a bush of horns; they beat the beast in the Revelations all to

They now came to inform Madame de Clémire her carriage was ready, and she took the children to

nothing. There is no kind of horn in the world that he has not collected; and his pleasure is, to see them all flourishing upon the same head. This is a strange species of madness; and it is truly unaccountable, that he has not been shut up many years ago: but he is perfectly innocent, and troubles nobody by the indulgence of his phrenzy. On the contrary, he gives bread to a number of statuaries, and other workmen, whom he rewards in proportion as they can bring their imaginations to coincide with his own; or, in other words, according to the hideousness of the monsters they produce. It would be idle and tiresome to be particular in an account of these absurdities. The statues that adorn, or rather deform the great avenue, and surround the court of the palace, amount already to 600; notwithstanding which, it may be truly said, that he has not broke the second commandment; for in all that number, there is not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The old ornaments, which were put up by his father, who was a sensible man, appear to have been in a good taste. They have all been knocked to pieces, and laid together in a heap, to make room for this new creation.

“The inside of this enchanted castle corresponds exactly with the out; it is in every respect as whimsical and fantastical; and you cannot turn yourself to any side, where you are not stared in the face by some hideous figure or other. Some of the apartments are spacious and magnificent, with high arched roofs; which, instead of plaister or stucco, are composed entirely of large mirrors, nicely joined together. The effect that these produce (as each of them makes a full angle with the other) is exactly that of a multiplying-glass; so that when three or four people are walking below, there is always the appearance of three or four hundred walking above. The whole of the doors are like-

the comedy. As they returned they conversed on the play; and Cæsar was desirous his mamma should give

wise covered over with small pieces of mirror, cut into the most ridiculous shapes, and intermixed with a great variety of crystal and glass of different colours. All the chimney-pieces, windows, and side-boards, are crowded with pyramids, and pillars of tea-pots, candle-cups, bowls, cups, saucers, &c. strongly cemented together: some of these columns are not without their beauty: one of them has a large china chamber-pot for its base, and a circle of pretty little flower-pots for its capital; the shaft of the column, upwards of four feet long, is composed entirely of tea-pots of different sizes, diminished gradually from the base to the capital. The profusion of china that has been employed in forming these columns is incredible; I dare say, there is not less than forty pillars and pyramids formed in this strange fantastic manner.

“ Most of the rooms are paved with fine marble tables of different colours, that look like so many tomb-stones. Some of these are richly wrought with lapis, lazuli, porphyry, and other valuable stones: their fine polish is now gone, and they only appear like common marble. The place of these beautiful tables he has supplied by a new set of his own invention, some of which are not without their merit. These are made of the finest tortoise-shell, mixed with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and a variety of metals; and are mounted on fine stands of solid brass.

“ The windows of this enchanted castle are composed of a variety of glass of every different colour, mixed without any sort of order or regularity. Blue, red, green, yellow, purple, violet.—So that at each window you may have the heavens and earth of whatever colour you chuse, only by looking through the pane that pleases you.

“ The house clock is cased in the body of a statue; the eyes of the figure move with the pendulum, turning up their white and black alternately, and making a hideous appearance.

him some general precepts, by which he might judge of dramatic works.—“ You are too young at pre-

“ His bed-chamber and dressing-room are like two apartments in Noah’s ark ; there is scarce a beast, however vile, that he has not placed there ; toads, frogs, serpents, lizards, scorpions, all cut out in marble of their respective colours. There are a great many busts too, that are not less singularly imagined. —Some of these make a very handsome profile on one side ; turn to the other, and you have a skeleton. Here you see a nurse with a child in her arms ; its back is exactly that of an infant ; its face is that of a wrinkled old woman of ninety.

“ For some minutes we can laugh at these follies, but indignation and contempt soon get the better of your mirth, and the laugh is turned into a sneer. I own I was soon tired of them ; though some things are so strangely fancied, that it may well excuse a little mirth, even from the most rigid cynic.

“ The family statues are charming ; they have been done from some old pictures, and make a most venerable appearance. He has dressed them out from head to foot, in new and elegant suits of marble, and indeed the effect it produces is more ridiculous than any thing you can conceive. Their shoes are all of black marble, their stockings generally of red ; their clothes are of different colours, blue, green, and variegated, with a rich lace of giall’ antique. The periwigs of the men, and head dresses of the ladies, are of fine white ; so are their shirts, with long flowing ruffles of alabaster. The walls of the house are covered with some fine basso relievos of white marble, in a good taste : these he could not well take out, or alter, so he has only added immense frames to them. Each frame is composed of four large marble tables.

“ The author and owner of this ingenious collection is a poor miserable lean figure, shivering at a breeze, and seems to be afraid of every body he speaks to ; but (what surprises me) I have heard him

sent," said Madame de Clémire, "to be properly informed on that subject; but I have the plan of a work, which I shall surely execute for the benefit of my children: it will be entitled *Cours de Littérature, à l'Usage des Jeunes Personnes*. (A course of Literature for the Use of Young People.) This you shall read when you are sixteen or seventeen, and, with the addition of that most estimable work, called *La Poétique*, by Marmontel, I have no doubt but you will have an enlarged knowledge of such things, and a good taste."

"How many volumes will it make, mamma?"

"Three at most."

"And will it be amusing?"

talk speciously enough on several occasions. He is one of the richest subjects in the island, and it is thought he has not laid out less than twenty thousand pounds in the creation of this world of monsters and chimeras.—He certainly might have fallen upon some way to prove himself a fool at a cheaper rate. However, it gives bread to a number of poor people, to whom he is an excellent master. His house at Palermo is a good deal in the same style: his carriages are covered with plates of brass, so that I really believe some of them are musket proof.

"The government has had serious thoughts of demolishing the regiment of monsters he has placed round his house; but, as he is humane and inoffensive, and as this would certainly break his heart, they have as yet forborne. However, the seeing of them by women with child, is said to have been already attended with very unfortunate circumstances; several living monsters having been brought forth in the neighbourhood. The ladies complain, that they dare no longer take an airing in the Bagaria, because some hideous form always haunts their imagination for some time after: their husbands too, it is said, are as little satisfied with the great variety of horns."

Brydone's Tour.

I certainly shall neglect nothing that may give pleasure and variety as much as possible; for I am well convinced, youth cannot be instructed by what is tiresome and dull. It will be my endeavour to draw my principles from Nature, to convey clear and precise ideas, and to give you a general knowledge of French, English, Italian, and Spanish literature."

By this time the carriage entered the court, they arrived, and sat down to supper with lassitude; all complained of the head-ache, and Cæsar and his sisters found, they no longer possessed the keen appetites and cheerful spirits the air of Champcery gave. They gaped at each other, they lolled in their chairs, they could not eat; and they all agreed, they should be sorry to go every evening and be shut up three hours in a box at the play-house. The pleasures of walking, reading, and conversing, they agreed were preferable to any thing the theatre could afford.

Not but that they walked at Paris, but then it was in the gardens of the Tuilleries, the Palais-Royal, or the Elysian fields, where decorum must be observed, and where they only regretted the woods, the meadows, and the charming liberty of the fields of Burgundy. Cæsar severely criticised every thing he saw.—“What a dust!” cried he. “What a crowd! And what do these people come here for, to stare and run in each others way, and hinder me from running and climbing up the trees?”

“And these large basins of stagnant water,” said Caroline, “are they equal to our pond at Faulin, where we have angled and caught so many fish? And then, instead of our blackberries and filbert-nuts, to see nothing but trimmed evergreens, stone walls, or iron gates! No plants, no flowers. Oh what dull gardens! How can people shut themselves up here, for ever, when they might live in the country!”

Madame de Clémire heard these murmurs; but did not disapprove them, because they were well founded; but she took the children to the king's garden, which they found more instructive, and almost as pleasant as the woods of Champcery. The study of botany

and natural history, rendered these walks so agreeable, that they would think of no other during the rest of autumn.

Winter came, and with it new repinings. They recollected, sighing, the frozen ponds of the country, their slides, their snow-balls, and their evening stories; in fine, all the pleasures of which they were deprived. The balls of Paris were but a poor recompense; they afforded but little amusement, and they always returned fatigued and disappointed. In the month of January Caroline had so bad a cold, that she was obliged to have a separate chamber, because she disturbed her sister so much in the night, by which means Pulcheria was left alone.

In about five or six days time Madame de Clémire learnt that Pulcheria, notwithstanding the excessive cold, sat without a fire in her room, and that she would not let them make one ever since her sister's indisposition. Surprised at this fancy, Madame de Clémire questioned the servants. The frotteur, whose business it was to bring the wood, declared, that Mademoiselle Pulcheria had desired him to put her three faggots, every morning, at the bottom of the closet, in the anti-chamber. "For my part, madam," said the frotteur, "I asked no questions, though I thought it odd, because I thought it was my lady's pleasure."

The governante was solely employed in the care of Caroline, and had not been in Pulcheria's chamber, who was now waited on by a young girl they had brought out of Burgundy; and who, being interrogated in her turn, said, that Mademoiselle Pulcheria had told her she did not choose fire, but that she would accustom herself to bear the cold.

After getting all the intelligence she could, Madame de Clémire went up to Pulcheria's apartment: the bottom of the closet was first visited, but not a single faggot was there to be found. She then entered her daughter's chamber. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and Pulcheria was walking, at a good pace, up and down the room, to keep herself warm, the while she was repeating her task. Gertrude, her

country maid, was sitting in a corner knitting. As soon as Pulcheria saw her mamma she blushed.—“How now,” said Madame de Clémire, “how does it happen child, that you are without fire?”

“Oh, I can keep myself warm, mamma.”

Madame de Clémire sat down, and sent away Gertrude, then taking Pulcheria by the hand, said—“You will now, I am sure, my dear, speak to me as to a friend.”

“I will tell you every thing, my dear mamma; but perhaps you have already guessed?”

“I have some confused suspicions.”

“You shall know all. About seven or eight days since, I heard my governante telling how a poor woman, who lives in our street, had been to ask alms; my governante gave her something, and went once afterwards to carry her bread. My governante told me, that this poor woman desired nothing so much as to work for her living, but she could find nothing to do. And, what is still more to be pitied, she had no firing; my governante said she would furnish her with work, and I thought, if I could send her firing, she then would want nothing. I would not tell you of it, mamma, because I had already formed my project; I knew that my sister was going to sleep in another chamber, and I said to myself, here is a fine opportunity of doing, like Sidonia, a good action in private. I will not even speak of it to mamma; for, since time discovers all things, she will know of it soon or late; but it does not become me to be vain of it, and when known it will give the greater pleasure; in the mean while the poor woman will be happy, and God will behold the action. I then determined to pass the morning without fire, by which means I should save three faggots; and I desired the frotteur to lay them at the bottom of the closet, which he always did in the evening, to save his labour the next morning. I was obliged to make a confidant of Jeanneton the chambermaid, who at first made some objections; till I assured her, instead of making you angry, mamma, it would give you great pleasure: she declared, however, that

if you questioned her she should tell the truth; but if you did not, she promised me to be silent."

"And did she undertake to carry the wood to the poor woman?"

"Yes, mamma, every morning."

"But how could she pass the outer gate, thus loaded, and regularly carrying three faggots?"

"Dear! I do not know; I never thought of that; the porter might well be surprised; and yet he cannot have asked her any questions, since she never said any thing to me."

"There is something at the bottom of this that we are ignorant of; but tell me, have you suffered much from the cold?"

"A little, the two first days; but I remembered, that the poor woman and her little ones would warm themselves, for she has six small children and a sick husband; but Jeanneton tells me, they are much better off now."

"How so, with three faggots only?"

"Yes. Jeanneton says they are quite enlivened, quite different people. To be sure I sent them, beside the faggots, two boxes of candied orange peel, for the children, that my papa brought me from Fontainebleau. That is not all: the day before yesterday, I do not know how it happened, but my papa asked me, if I should not be glad to have some money to buy me play-things. At first I answered no; but I afterwards recollected the poor woman, and blushed, papa kissed me, and gave me a guinea; after which, he enumerated how many things a guinea would buy; and I must own, I had a great desire to lay out a crown of it in purchasing pincushions, and yet this made me melancholy. I got my guinea changed, put a crown in my pocket, and giving the rest to Jeanneton, bade her carry it to the poor woman, and added, that the next day I should send her to buy me some pincushions. She left the room; I took my crown out of my pocket, and looked at it with uneasiness; for as I at first had intended to give the whole guinea to the poor woman, it seemed to me, that I

kept something which was not my own : away I ran to the stair-head, to call back Jeanneton, but she was gone, and I saw her no more till the next morning. I waked betimes, and began to think on the pin-cushions and the poor woman.—I was a good deal embarrassed ; but recollecting, at last, this was the first guinea I ever had in my life, I said to myself, I must employ it all in a good action : this thought determined me ; Jeanneton arrived, and I sent her with the three faggots and the crown-piece.”

Just as Pulcheria had ended this recital a footman entered, and gave a note to Madame de Clémire, who, looking at the direction, said to Pulcheria, “ it is addressed to you, my dear ; it is, no doubt, an invitation to a ball.” So saying, she opened the note, and to the great astonishment of Pulcheria read as follows :—

“ Mademoiselle,

“ Come and receive the recompense of your bounty to us ; come and see from what misery you have relieved us ; nothing is now wanting to our felicity, but to have her, to whom we are indebted for it, a witness of it. We cannot better prove our gratitude to our young, our dear benefactress, than to shew her the family she has rendered so perfectly happy.”—

“ Dear mamma,” cried Pulcheria, “ do, my good mamma, be kind enough to take me to see these good people.”

“ Certainly, my dear,” replied Madame de Clémire ; “ we will go directly, I will order the carriage. Come, come, my dear girl.”

Madame de Clémire took Pulcheria by the hand, and away they went. At the bottom of the stair-case they met the marquis. “ Where are you going ?” said he ; “ if you are going abroad, I am just returned, and my carriage is ready.”

“ We are : come, go with us, my dear.”

“ Willingly,” replied the marquis. And, without asking farther questions, gave the marchioness his arm.

Pulcheria followed with inexpressible emotion. They entered their carriage; it departed, and, in about five minutes stopt. They alighted, crossed a little yard, the marquis opened the door, and they found themselves in a large chamber. In the midst of it they saw a sadler at work; while a woman, sitting at a table, with six little girls at her side, the biggest of whom was only ten years old, was busy at her needle-work. The moment the Marquis de Clémire appeared, the whole family rose: "Come hither, Madame le Blanc," said the marquis, "this is Pulcheria."

Instantly the wife, the husband, the children, all flew to Pulcheria. "Oh! my dear young lady," replied the women, "is it you? What at your age! And so delicate too! Could you pass these wintry days without fire, to send us your wood—your money—nay, your very sweetmeats, every thing you had to give!—But, behold! look how happy we are!—My husband is recovered, our debts are paid, our children are clothed, we are made capable of getting our living, we want for nothing, and you alone were the first author of all our happiness; for had it not been for your goodness, your dear papa would never have known us."

"Ah! papa, then Jeanneton has told you all."

"From the very first day," replied the marquis; "nay, I have more than once carried the faggots in my coach to Madame le Blanc; but I expressly forbade Jeanneton to speak of it to your mamma, or give you any hints that I was in the secret; I wished to agreeably surprise you both."

After this explanation, the marquis was tenderly kissed by his wife and daughter; and they conversed for about half an hour with the good people, then rose to take their leave. Just at this moment the children ran to fetch a little box, and the eldest presenting it to Pulcheria, prayed her to accept it, saying, "It is our own work, my mother's, my sister's, and myself, all have been busy at it; and, I assure you, mademoiselle, with a right good will."

Pulcheria opened the box, and found it full of the prettiest pincushions she had ever seen. Pulcheria blushed, then turning towards her father, said, "Indeed, papa, I thought no more about them—but now with what pleasure do I receive them! since they are the work of this good woman and charming little girl's."

Pulcheria's heart was full; she kissed the children, and the tears again came in her eyes, when, as she was going, she heard the benedictions of the whole family.—"Oh my poor sister," replied Pulcheria, as she got into the carriage, "how sorry I am her cold has prevented her from partaking the satisfaction I now feel.—Permit me, mamma," continued she, "since I am accustomed to do without fire, to give you my wood for the poor every winter."

"No," replied Madame de Clémire, "I must not let you undertake to perform what at length must become too painful; you know I have already told you, that those resolutions which demand a certain degree of perseverance, are not for an age like your's; but, if you wish every winter to renew the action you have just done, that is to say, to remain eight days without firing, and give it to some poor family, you shall have my leave with all my heart."

"Oh yes, yes, mamma, I will certainly do so.—A thought has just struck me—Cannot I also do without wine at my dinner, for a certain space of time, and give it to the same poor family?"

"You drink so little, that you would be a considerable time in saving half a bottle only."

"But when I shall be grown up, mamma, how much shall I then drink in eight days?"

"Four bottles at the very most."

"If it were but three, it would be very acceptable to a sick person."

"Certainly, three bottles of good wine might be a precious and salutary present; and if we were to go eight days every month without wine, our health would be the better for it, and our very pleasure in tasting it increased."

“By such means, then, one may give alms, and yet not be rich.”

“Without any extra expense, it is possible, in the course of the year, to succour a great number of people, if we would only, occasionally, deprive ourselves of superfluities. Let me observe, too, that a momentary privation is productive of certain pleasure: for example, when you have remained all the morning without a fire, when you come into the drawing-room, at one o'clock, do you not experience a pleasure which you would not have felt, if you had been sitting over a fire in your own room?”

“Oh yes, mamma, I warm myself with extreme satisfaction; the very sight of the fire, somehow, makes me quite happy.”

“Hence then you find, that pleasure is every way at accord with benevolence; for the sweet delight of doing a good action is, as you have just experienced, the greatest of all possible pleasures.”

“How does it happen, mamma, that there are people who do not know, do not feel this?”

“A trifling vanity, and a silly love of show, corrupt many hearts; yet, even here, where luxuries so often stifle virtue, we yet may find examples that do honour to the age; the anonymous alms, only, sent to the different crates of Paris, are immense. A multitude of prisoners every month, composed of unfortunate tradesmen, owe liberty, and the pleasure of again seeing their children, to persons unknown. Benevolence has found prizes in all the academies; it has formed, in Paris and its environs, useful and respectable establishments. How natural then is virtue to the heart of man, since it predominates in a place where it is combated by so many factitious and puerile passions, which a contemptible and foolish vanity produces.”

Here this conversation ended; for Madame de Clémire, desirous of knowing how Caroline did, rose, took Pulcheria with her, and went to her chamber. Caroline's cough was something worse; she had eaten a little cake of dried cherries, not knowing that what

was very healthy, in general, might be very bad for her cold. Madame de Clémire took this occasion of repeating to her children, how necessary it was to understand the properties of our useful food ; since this knowledge, added to temperance, will prevent a thousand inconveniencies, and many very dreadful diseases.

As soon as Caroline was recovered, her mamma took her children to a new opera, with which they were all highly delighted. The next day their studies being all over, the children came and sat with their mamma till supper-time; there was company, and the conversation turned on the opera. "What, madam," said a little man, who spoke excessively loud to the marchioness, "is it possible, madam, you can be pleased with the music?"

"Exceedingly."

"But you have been a Gluckist these two years."

"And as I have neither forgotten nor ceased to love good music, I am so still."

"If so, you ought not to be pleased with the new opera."

"No, sir! why not?"

"Because it is impossible to love two styles of composition so absolutely opposite."

"I believe it is as impossible to love the good and the bad, as it is to esteem a fool and a man of understanding; but I believe, and I feel, I can take pleasure in different styles of composition, though, sir, as you say, absolutely opposite; for which reason, I love Corneille, Racine, Gluck, and Piccini."

"But do you conceive the consequence of this impartiality? Your suffrage will please neither the partisans of Gluck nor of Piccini."

"May be so, but I shall have the double pleasure of admiring them both; and as to glory, I prefer that of being equitable, to that of obtaining the praises of either of their partisans."

"But, speak truly, is it possible you can love *Orphée*, *Iphigénie*, *Alceste*, *Armide*—The music of *Vandals*—A monstrous and detestable creation!"

A visitor arrived, Madame de Clémire changed the conversation, and the little man finding nobody to dispute with grew dull, and retired in a very ill-humour.

As soon as the children were alone with Madame de Clémire, "Dear mamma," said Caroline, "how terribly you vexed the gentleman who went away so abruptly. He who had so great an aversion to Gluck."

"M, de Volny you mean?—Did you think his behaviour polite, rational, moderate?"

"Oh dear no, and he spoke in such a manner."

"He was angry, yet you said nothing to offend him."

"No, but so is ever the spirit of party; remember, therefore, no person can be uniformly well-behaved and reasonable, without a total impartiality."

"What did he mean, mamma, by Vandals, and a detestable creation? I did not understand him."

"He did not understand himself; he has no knowledge of music."

"No! and yet decide with so much confidence."

"It is the fashion at present; those who do not know how to beat time to an air, who cannot distinguish perfect harmony from a discord, and who, while they listen, know not when one movement ends and another begins, argue learnedly on composition, and even write books to prove that Piccini has no genius, or that Gluck is a barbarian."

"Can one be a connoisseur in music, mamma, without a knowledge of the science?"

"No; that is absolutely impossible. We have already allowed, that, with the best natural taste possible, after long study, after travelling and observing with attention the varieties of nature, and all the collections of pictures in Europe, an amateur, if he cannot paint himself, never can distinguish all the beauties of a picture visible to a good painter: yet painting is a real imitation of nature; it represents material objects as they are hourly seen, and many parts of it must equally please the ignorant and the learned;

the nicer touches of art escape the first, but they cannot help being pleased with an imitation that looks like nature itself.

“ It is not the same with music ; the composer of an opera, no doubt, must find, in nature, that kind of declamation which his poem requires ; but this species of imitation is too abstracted, to be as generally felt as that of painting. Besides, music may have expression, and yet not be good : as, for example, if certain rules of composition are not observed, which, however, none but a musician will properly feel the defect of. I own that, in general, it is my opinion, sensibility and good taste may, without a knowledge of music, distinguish the merits of certain passages, where the expression is very happy ; may feel the difference of style, and determine if the melody be agreeable, or common and insipid : but it is impossible they can hear the beauties or defects of complicated harmony ; they absolutely do not hear them, they are deaf to the effects of an accompaniment. I sustain (and the proof is easy) that a person who does not understand music, that is to say, who cannot decypher it with facility, and whose youth has not been past in composing it, will never thoroughly know it : let another modulate, and give a mixture of good and false concord, and let this be a person of reputation, and you shall see one of these connoisseurs, who declaim so emphatically on *barbarous music, motives, and intentions*, listen, with delight, to discords and unconnected resolutions of harmony, which would make a musician shudder, and bestow the most pompous praises while he listens. And what do people gain, who wish to seem learned in things they know nothing about ? They impose on nobody, they talk nonsensically, they judge without taste, they are accused of pedantry by the ignorant, of folly by the well informed, and they are tiresome and disagreeable to both.

The first music of the Romans came from the Etruscans : it was rude and without principles ; but

Some days after this conversation, Cæsar one morning entered the chamber of the marquis, holding a

they afterwards transported the Grecian music into Italy. The first Roman who wrote on music, was the famous architect Vitruvius. If Greece had her Timotheus and her Tyrteus, who produced such great effects on their hearers, Italy had her Stradella and Palma, who also, as it is said, did astonishing things. Stradella, by playing on the violin, softened the heart of a villain, who intended to have murdered him. Palma, a Neapolitan singer, suffered himself to be taken by a creditor, who came to arrest him; to whose menaces and injurious terms Palma only replied, by singing several airs, and accompanying himself on the harpsichord. The creditor's choler evaporated, by degrees, and he was at last so perfectly calm, that he not only remitted the debt, but gave Palma ten pieces of gold, to assist him to pay his other creditors."

Greek Musicians.

"Antimachus was a great musician, and composed several poems.† One day, while reading in an assembly, he saw all his auditors began to be weary, and successively to retire; but Plato still remaining,

* Brydone, in the second volume of his Tour, relates an anecdote of Farinelli: that having a pathetic air to sing to a tyrant, who had taken him and his mistress prisoners, the actor, who played the tyrant, and who was to have refused his request, was so affected that he forgot his part, melted into tears, and clasped his captive in his arms.

† Poets, among the Greeks, were all musicians. Pindar set his own odes, and sang them at the Olympic Games; and it is well known, that the famous Corinna five times bore away the prize from Pindar.

newspaper in his hand, and said,—“ I am come, papa, to ask you a question concerning a thing which to

he exclaimed, ‘ I will continue to read, for Plato alone is worth a multitude.’

“ Damophiles, the wife of Pamphiles and friend of Sappho, composed hymns, which she sung in honour of Diana. After the example of Sappho, she held assemblies, where young women of superior understanding came to learn poetry and music. Damophiles composed several poems.

“ Lamia, the most celebrated flute-player of her time, was regarded as a prodigy, for her beauty, wit, and abilities. Plotarch and Atheneus assure us, she received from all parts the greatest honours.

“ Nanno, Nemeade, Telezilla-Merca, were also famous female musicians.

“ The celebrated Thymele invented the Theatrical Dance, &c.”

This catalogue is equally interesting and extensive in the work of M. de la Borde ; but I shall confine myself (having no other view than that of exciting emulation) to extract from this work a short account of the most celebrated modern Female Musicians.

“ Marguerita Archinta, of a great family at Milan, joined to the graces of person the agreeable talents of poetry and music. She wrote many songs and madrigals, and set them herself. She lived about the beginning of the sixteenth century.

“ Julia Varcza, a nun, was admired for her musical abilities, and excellent singing. She also wrote good poetry.

“ Maria Marguerita Costa, a Roman, was a woman of vast erudition, and applied herself, with success, to various branches of literature. She wrote poems and several operas.

“ Faustina Bordoni, a Venetian, and wife to the celebrated composer John Adolphus Hasse, surnamed Il Sassone, was a singer of the first class, and invented a new kind of manner, which required surprising

me appears very extraordinary ; look, here is the *Journal de Paris*, the abbé gives it me to read

execution, neatness, and admirable precision. She had the art powerfully to sustain her voice and take her breath, without being perceived. She appeared at the Theatre of Venice in 1716.

“ Dauphine de Sartre, wife to the Marquis de Robias, was perfectly acquainted with ancient and modern philosophy, algebra, and other branches of the mathematics. Music was her amusement : she composed with facility, sang well, and played on the harpsichord, theorbo, and lute. She died at Arles, in 1685.

“ Elizabeth Claude Jacquet de la Guerre, born at Paris, gave proofs, during her earliest infancy, of extraordinary musical abilities. At fifteen, she played the harpsichord before the king : Madame de Montespan kept her three or four years. She married Marin de la Guerre, an organist, and gave the world *Cephalus and Procris*, (the words by Duché), three books of cantatas, a collection of harpsichord lessons, another of sonatas, and a *Te Deum* for the king's recovery, with grand choruses, which was performed in the chapel of the Louvre, 1721. She died in 1729.

“ Madame la Marquise de la Mézangère was born in 1693, and played excellently on the harpsichord. She also understood composition perfectly, but would never publish her works. Madame la Marquise de Gange, her daughter, who died in 1741, played equally well on the harpsichord, though she never had any master but her mother. Madame de la Mézangère likewise taught a boy, who made so great a progress, that he became teacher to the queen and royal family of France.

“ Jean-Marie le Clair was born at Lyons, and originally a dancer at Rouen. By some odd incident, the famous Dupré was at that time leader of the orchestra at the same theatre ; but being each dissatisfied with themselves, they each did justice to their

every time he finds a benevolent action recounted in it."

"He must give it you very often then, for scarce a day passes in which you do not see the word *Benevolence*, printed in large characters."

"Yes, papa, but this is what I am vexed at."

"How so?"

"Because such a title bespeaks some great action, and in this journal I am almost continually disappointed.—Look, papa, what follows after the word *Benevolence*."

"Yes, I see—It is a long story."

"It takes up half the paper—Shall I tell it you papa?"

"If you please."

"A poor woman had placed her fire-pot under her clothes, and fell asleep. Somebody came in and found her burning; her petticoats were all in a flame, she had no longer the human form. The horse soldiers, that guard the streets, arrived, and both they and the spectators were affected; the soldiers assisted the dying woman; a surgeon asked for a little oil and some wine for her, and one of the soldiers went and got it; the surgeon applied it to the poor patient, who was afterwards sent to the hospital, whither the soldiers conducted her."

"Well, but relate the act of benevolence."

"I have, papa; it was the oil that the soldier went to seek."

"That is not possible, Cæsar."

"Nay, papa, there is the paper—read."

"It is very true, you have omitted nothing—this must be seen to be believed."

talents, and changed professions. Dupré became the greatest dancer that ever existed, and le Clair opened a new career to harmony. He was murdered, no one knows how, as he was entering his own house, after he had been supping abroad, on the 22d of October, at night, 1764."—*Essai sur la Musique*.

“ As they must have been inhumanly barbarous not to have assisted that poor wretched woman, I am quite shocked to see them praise, with such emphasis, so natural an act; and dignify men with the title of benevolent, for merely fulfilling indispensable duties.”

“ Your remark is just; he who thinks himself heroic for doing his duty, will never get any farther, will never become virtuous; and, if every body agreed to think that benevolence, which is the mere office of humanity, benevolence would not long be seen upon earth.”

Madame de Clémire and her daughters now came in; they breakfasted, and afterwards went abroad to visit cabinets of Natural History, and collections of paintings, which recreation Madame de Clémire procured her children twice a week. To give variety to these instructive amusements, they sometimes went to see manufactories, or monuments of architecture.

“ My children,” said Madame de Clémire, “ if you wish to inhabit cities, to be happy in them, and not become a prey to lassitude, never give yourselves up to idle dissipation, which can neither satisfy the heart, nor occupy the mind; never debase your taste by a frivolous and contemptible love of show; preserve carefully in your bosoms that active and tender compassion you owe the unfortunate; remember where luxury is most prevalent, there is misery most powerful; and recollect how little often, may snatch wretchedness from disease and death. You have some idea of the pure happiness which awaits you in the habitation of want; search ardently, stretch out the hand of charity, and enjoy the glory and the delight of offering, to the eyes of poverty, the merciful and sublime image of the Creator; of making the sweet tears of gratitude, and the passionate transports of unexpected joy, succeed the bitter cries of despair.

“ Finally, my children, in these places of resort for genius and emulation, where in a thousand varied forms they daily present their labours, love the fine arts, encourage ingenuity and industry, and cultivate your minds, and extend your knowledge, in order to enjoy

a number of rational pleasures, the value of which is unknown to ignorance. Yet let not even these instructive occupations, and these varied amusements, make you insensible to the sweet delights of a country life. Oh! may the remembrance of the Tales of the Castle never be effaced from your hearts; and may you never forget the charms, the innocence, the variety, the true pleasures which simple Nature ever affords!"

Madame de Clémire, at one of their evening conversations, had told her children she should write some moral tales for their instruction. As they grew up, and might venture to read with the assistance of a commentator, she gave them the three following tales; saying, "You may read, hereafter, many stories infinitely more agreeable than mine, perhaps; but you will find, in these, morality and truth at least; and, if they please you, I have three others, which you shall one day have to read."—

THE
TWO REPUTATIONS.

A MORAL TALE.

LUZINCOURT, satisfied with a moderate fortune, and an obscure, but peaceable and happy existence, lived like a philosopher at the farther end of Champagne, in a small house, two leagues from Rheims; he had been a widower several years, and found, in the study of science, and his tenderness for an only son, amusements and happiness equal to his wishes.

When young Luzincourt had attained his nineteenth year, his father told him of his design to send him to Strasbourg.—“ My son,” said he, “ you are not a gentleman, and have no fortune; I have given you an education which will procure you the means of distinguishing yourself, if you have activity and a noble ambition. You have reason and understanding, and yet I do not ask what condition of life you would prefer, nor shall I make choice for you myself.

“ My parents, without consulting my inclinations, made me a lawyer; probity preserved me from the dreadful misery of being a bad magistrate; but I did not love my profession, and my inclination for science made me quit it at forty. During twenty years, I fulfilled duties which, to me, were painful; and when I wholly addicted myself to the studies to which my genius led me, I was too old to become eminent in a new career.

“ This experience, and the reflections I had made, have prevented me from pressing the choice of a pro-

fession upon you, till you should arrive at that age when your powers and propensities should be developed. At present I will send you to Strasbourg, where I would have you pass two years in the schools where law is taught, because there is no condition of life in which a knowledge of the laws is not useful, and even necessary to a good citizen."

Young Luzincourt assured his father of his obedience; and, three days after this conversation, departed for Strasbourg. Arrived in Alsace, he pursued his studies with ardour, writ regularly to his father, and, in the account he gave him of his occupations and amusements, continually spoke of the inexpressible pleasure he took in reading dramatic authors and works of morality.

Luzincourt also kept up a correspondence with a friend, of his own age, who lived at Rheims. The name of this young man was Damoville: he was the eldest son of his father's most intimate friend, and, having been educated together, he had conceived the most tender friendship for Damoville.

Never, however, did convenience and habit form a connexion less liable to last. Luzincourt, naturally timid and thoughtful, spoke little, was fearful of himself, and having, with much modesty, a great desire to gain information, he was silent, without an effort, and listened with avidity. To this reserve, this attention to the discourse of others, he was indebted for penetration much superior to his years. He already possessed the useful art of reading the countenance, and easily tracing there the slightest expression of envy, disdain, or ill-humour; Nature had given him a discerning mind, a delicate taste, a lively imagination, a feeling heart, and a noble soul.

Damoville, on the contrary, full of confidence and pride, spoke with assurance, and heard without attention; his head was hot, and his heart was cold; his ideas often dazzled, but were often unjust and inconsistent; without sensibility, without greatness of soul, incapable of reflecting, of meditating, he imagined heroism, of all kind, to be either the effect of self-interested cal-

ulation, or the fruit of folly, more proper to excite the pity than merit the admiration of a philosopher.

Though his self-love was excessive, his society was not without charms; his pliability was wonderful, and taught him to take, with ease, a thousand different forms. Having neither principles nor fixed character, he could change his opinion with facility, and this often preserved him from that obstinacy which pride usually inspires. Equally inconsistent and indiscreet, his defects sometimes gave his conduct and discourse an agreeable appearance of frankness and originality; and he possessed a certain natural malignity, which never appeared but in the form of a joke, and which might easily be taken for gaiety and good-humour.

Luzincourt, notwithstanding his penetration, did not know Damoville: accustomed from his tenderest infancy to look upon him as a brother, he could not judge impartially, but was equally blind to his sentiments and character; he wrote to him with pleasure and punctuality, gave him a circumstantial history of his occupations, and Damoville, on his part, informed Luzincourt, that he, likewise, had a passionate love for reading; and told him, moreover, in confidence, he had already begun to compose. Luzincourt, in his answers, exhorted him not to be too hasty; but, notwithstanding this prudent advice, Damoville replied, that, hurried on by the fire of imagination, he wrote, he composed continually, and every month enriched the Mercury* with some new production.

The time being ended prescribed by his father, Luzincourt quitted Strasbourg and returned to Champagne; his joy was great, at finding himself once more in the arms of his father, and in the company of Damoville. "My friend," said the latter to him, "the die is cast, and my life shall be consecrated to

A kind of weekly magazine, published at Paris, in which the Moral Tales of Marmontel first ap-

the service of the Muses; my father consents; the success of my last Ode, and especially of my Philosophic Tale, has determined him to send me to Paris."

"To Paris! What by yourself!"

"Certainly; but I am known there to the most distinguished men of letters. I had the precaution to praise them, with some address, in my Ode, and my Philosophic Tale is full of touches purposely meant to please them.—Besides, they are astonished that a young man, of my age, should have been the author of two productions so full of genius.—I have received letters from three of them, which I will shew thee. They exhort me to quit the country; they expect, they wish to see me, and I shall be gone in two months time."

The same evening Damoville shewed his friend the letters of which he had spoken, which really contained the most flattering eulogium on the talents of Damoville, and especially on his Philosophic Tale; Luzincourt could scarcely conceal his surprise: he had read this vaunted tale, and well remembered, that certain works, and certain academicians, were praised in it very emphatically; but he likewise remembered, he had never read any thing more uniformly dull.

As he was modest and inexperienced, he supposed himself wrong; he had judged Damoville, in the bottom of his heart, to be absolutely devoid of genius.

I was deceived, said he, "and I am happy to find was. Damoville will become famous in the noble, the brilliant course he is about to run; it is proper, and most pleasing to be proud of the fame of a friend."

Luzincourt, when interrogated by his father, freely confessed that he, as well as Damoville, had a strong propensity to the belles-lettres; "But," added he, "I am not ignorant my inclination cannot supply the want of talents. I have not the proud hope of becoming hereafter equal to the authors I so much admire; the title of an estimable writer may satisfy my ambition, and is the wish of my heart. Speak, then,

my father, you can guide, you can instruct me; should you not approve the choice I have made, I will relinquish it instantly."

"No, my son," said his father, tenderly embracing him, "I will not speak against what I approve. Go, then, with Damoville; gain instruction, there where genius and the fine arts are understood and admired; only be careful to preserve your character, your principles, and your morals; look, reflect, before you write; examine nature and your own heart; above all things, be consistent, and declaim not against intolerance, while you detest and persecute those who adopt not your opinions; vaunt not the consolations of philosophy while criticism offends, while contradiction irritates, and truth is disagreeable to you; pretend not to the sublime title of a philosopher, if you cannot yourself afford a noble example of justice, moderation, and fortitude, or if you cannot pardon and contemn cabal and intrigue.

"But I am undisturbed on that head, I know your sentiments, my son; they will beget reputation and fame. Even without genius, and with a common mind, you might speak worthily of Virtue, whose image is always impressed on a generous and pure heart. You, I hope, shall shew her in all her beauty; shall demonstrate her to be invariable and real; shall give her religion for her basis, and shall paint her under a form so benevolent, so perfect, so natural, that the very atheist shall be forced to admire, and blush he had before time mistaken her."

Young Luzincourt promised to follow his father's counsels, and endeavour to justify his hopes: he remained another month in the country, and then departed with Damoville for Paris, where he lodged at the house of a relation, a celebrated advocate, and Damoville hired a small apartment in the same street.

The very day after his arrival, Damoville sought out all the men of letters from whom he had received such flattering answers; his reception equalled his hopes, and they proposed he should take a department in a journal; they informed him of the princ-

ples it was necessary he should adopt, and Damoville shewed all the condescension they could hope, whence they immediately predicted his progress would be great and glorious.

While Damoville, devoted to his new patrons, indulged the most dazzling hopes, Luzincourt led a very different life. Darnay, the advocate, his relation, with whom he lodged, had married the sister of a celebrated painter, and was visited by many of the best artists. A society, like this, was perfectly conformable to the taste of Luzincourt, who naturally loved the arts, and felt how necessary it was for a man of letters to obtain well-founded knowledge on such noble subjects. He had learnt to draw, understood music, and listened with attention, and a strong desire of instruction, to the conversations he so frequently heard: he became particularly intimate with many of the artists, went to see them when at work, and accompanied them when they visited the galleries of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the collections of private persons.

Such were his morning employments: his afternoons were spent in attending the theatres; and, at his return, before he went to bed, in writing a journal of every thing interesting he had heard or seen in the course of the day.

In the midst of these amusements, he was afflicted to find he no more saw Damoville, who had been entirely lost to him for three months past; his attempts to draw him to the house of Darnay were ineffectual. Damoville loved to talk, to dissertate, to shine, and not to be instructed. The company that met at Darnay's tired him; he came once, but never returned.

Vanity, however, at length brought him back to Luzincourt. He had formed a very false opinion of the latter, with respect to himself; he supposed him to entertain an high idea of his merit; pride cannot feel, cannot understand true friendship. Damoville supposed its looks, its delicate attentions and cares, to which the heart gave birth, were only so many honours to, so many avowals of, his superiority, and

the tenderest of his friends, in his eyes, was but his admirer.

Damoville, at last, found it necessary to his vanity to inform Luzincourt of his new success. Accordingly, one morning, he went to excuse and justify himself for his long neglect, when he gave a pompous detail of the occupations which overwhelmed him, the works he had in hand, and renewed his assurance of an entire and unbounded friendship.

Luzincourt was moved, and Damoville, coming to the point, said to him, "I will prove to thee how great, how sincere my confidence in thee is, by telling thee exactly of all that affects me nearest: here, my friend, look, I have brought thee an Epistle, in verse, addressed to the Philosopher of Ferney, (M. de Voltaire,) not yet printed. It is about three weeks since I sent it to him, and I have received, this very morning, an answer from him in verse, which thou shalt hear presently; listen first to my Epistle."

Damoville then took his manuscript from his pocket, and read, in a loud voice, a long and tiresome epistle, dictated, from one end to the other, by the most open flattery. The Philosopher of Ferney, however, compared the talents of Damoville to those of La Fare and Chaulieu. Damoville, said he, has their grace and ease, without their negligence and defects.

Luzincourt, surprised and confounded, was silent. Damoville talked on; "Thou mayest well suppose," said he, "I shall print both my Epistle and his reply."

"Indeed! I would not advise you."

"No! Why so, prithee?"

"It does not seem to me proper to print one's own eulogium."

"Oh! do not fear; this is a well-established custom. An author may not only print, without scruple, verse and prose in his praise, but he may cite, in his preface, the agreeable things he has heard of himself; nay, if he has genius, may even invent some happy reply, which is commonly attributed to some person whom he respects, or some friend who is now no

more. If these little freedoms were not permitted, how might such brilliant reputations, as are daily found, be so soon acquired."

"I confess, I scarcely can comprehend how an author may discover such excessive vanity, without disgusting the public."

"Well, and where is the harm?—The public is disgusted, and blames the author who praises himself; but while he is blamed he is believed. The modest author and the vain, are equally taken at their words. Be humble, and you will be thought just to your own abilities; dare boldly to praise yourself, and the world will be of your opinion; you will be called proud, but you will be admired."

"If such be your opinion of the public, you can hardly be vain of its suffrage.—Wherefore do men of letters labour? Is it not to enlighten mankind? Is it not to merit the world's esteem and gratitude?"

"Such are the motives given in a preface; but surely thou art not simple enough to believe them. Men write to obtain a name, because celebrity leads to wealth: not to mention one is proud of the homage of the very fools one despises. But let us return to my Epistle; how dost thou like it?"

"You seem to me too prodigal of praise."

"How so? Is it possible to praise the author of *Alzira*, *Mahomet*, and so many other dramatic master-pieces, too much?"

"Certainly not; there are no praises in this respect, which his genius does not justify; but you give him the title of philosopher and sage, which he never can deserve. Is he superior to the foibles which envy, hatred, and resentment, produce? Is he even peaceable and happy?—He is benevolent—he makes a noble use of his riches—but he has defamed, he has blackened his enemies."

"His writings breathe the very spirit of philosophy, and have produced a revolution which has —"

"Destroyed religion, and corrupted morality."

"No man has better defended the rights of humanity."

“ You forget that he was preceded by Fenelon. You do not hold it possible, that an author’s sole design should be to benefit mankind.—Read *Telemaachus* once more; a work written to instruct kings, and enlighten the world, and think better. I should be sorry for you, could you prefer the declamations and epigrams of Voltaire to such a sublime system of morality.”

“ You may say what you please, but you will never rob Voltaire of the glory of having been the first poet who spoke the language of reason and philosophy.”

“ I am sorry you have not found the language of reason in the works of Boileau, and many other authors.—But what think you of Pope? Is not he the poet of philosophy? What philosophic piece has Voltaire ever produced, any way equal to the *Essay on Man*?”

.. “ You will not at least deny, that the abilities of Voltaire are astonishingly extensive, or that he has not an universal genius.”

“ What do you mean by an universal genius?”

“ A man who is superior in every species of literature. I am willing to allow (between you and I) that Voltaire is not what he has, perhaps, been too hastily called, the Conqueror of two Rivals who reigned over the theatre; but what tragic author, of *this age*, can be called his equal?”

“ None; not even the author of *Rhadamistus* and *Electra*. Crebillon, no doubt, had genius, but he has only written two pieces worthy the stage. Although Piron wrote *la Metromanie*, he must not be compared to Moliere; nor have those more reason, in my opinion, who would equal Crebillon to Voltaire.”

“ What say you to his History?”

“ His History of Charles XII. is an agreeable romance; and his Age of Louis XIV. dazzles the imagination. But are they written in the style of history? What can you say to a writer, who is always partial, always passionate, guided by the spirit of

party, and unceasingly sacrificing reason, morality, and truth, to particular views, personal interest, and a vain desire to shine."

"You, no doubt, think his fugitive pieces detestable too?"

"No; some of them are charming; but he is here surpassed by Gresset, whose verses, as witty as those of Voltaire, have a thousand times more sweetness and harmony; nor can you mention one fugitive piece, by the latter, which may justly be preferred to the *Chartreuse*,* or *L'Epître sur la Convalescence*,"†

"And you think nothing of Voltaire's gaiety?"

"What gaiety!—Deprive him of the desire to blacken, to avenge himself of, to ridicule his enemies, and give him instead, reason, decency, and respect for religion, and you will rob him of all his pretended gaiety, which is only inspired by impiety, malignity, and a contempt for morals. He never knew the art of laughing with innocence; and his natural gaiety is so confined, that, notwithstanding the superiority of his wit, he never attempted to be pleasant, without offence to religion and modesty, without being dull. He has written the *Gardeuse de Cassette*;‡ and has given the stage *Un Fier en Fat*,§ *A Madame de Croupillac*."

"Oh! I give up his comedies—nay, his operas—he has not succeeded in lyric poetry, I own. But what do you say to his *Henriade*?"

"That it contains fine passages, and that I should admire it, could I read it through without an effort."

"If that work be not unequalled, you cannot deny but that Voltaire has the merit of having written the only epic poem in our language."

"And what think you is the reason? It is because poets of genius have always preferred the writing of tragedies. An epic poem demands deep study and

* The Charter-house, or Carthusian Monastery.

† An Epistle on the King's Recovery.

‡ The Keeper of the Casket.

§ A haughty Fool.

great length of time; and the glory which is acquired by writing it is rather durable than noisy; while the applauses obtained on the theatre are more flattering, and more conducive to fortune. I willingly allow that a sublime poem, such, for example, as *Paradise Lost*, is, of all others, a work which requires the most genius. But I must likewise think, that he who could write a good Tragedy, might write as good a poem as the *Henriade*."

"Well, but do not you admire the astonishing union of wit and science in Voltaire?"

"Fontenelle was a man of wit, infinitely more learned than Voltaire;* the latter will never be thought a great mathematician, and he was a very bad experimental philosopher; he was ignorant of the first elements of chemistry, and every thing he said on natural history is equally void of reason and truth, and demonstrative of his profound ignorance on that subject. He has spoken too on the arts, but without loving or understanding them.† Ask the artists, and they will tell you, he had neither taste, discernment, nor knowledge of them. Hence it is very true, that Voltaire has had the puerile and ambitious pretension to appear universal, when he was superior only in one species of writing. It seems to me, too, that his prose writings evidently prove he had but one manner, and that he could not vary his style with his subject. Was it history, a novel, a letter, it was all the same: his partizans called this surprising uniformity, the signature of Voltaire, and think they praise him when they say, they can find him in a billet, and cannot mistake his hand: they forgot he is only so sure to be found, because he had but one manner; and that, because, during sixty years, he continually repeated the same witticisms, and the same declama-

M. de Fontenelle was a member of the Academy of Sciences; nobody yet ever thought of bestowing that honour on Voltaire.

† He himself has said he did not taste the beauties of painting and music.

ions. Montesquieu has only written three works, and has each time had the happy art, which taste and genius alone may give, to change his tone, and seize the style best suited to his different subjects. No one can say, they find, in the Temple of Gnidus, the signature of the author of the Spirit of Laws; though it is certain, that in Zadig you cannot mistake the hand which traced the Universal History. May a man pretend to universal genius, because he gives a different title to each volume he writes? Certainly not. A multitude of volumes will but discover such pretensions to be ill founded; while, on the contrary, one sole work may display a wonderful variety of talents. The illustrious author of The History of Nature, M. le Buffon, has proved that one man may unite vast knowledge, a brilliant imagination, and the enchanting art of painting and describing, with equal superiority, the affecting, the awful, the majestic, and the terrible. In this work we find the most perfect examples and varieties of eloquence; poet, painter, profound metaphysician, sublime philosopher; each, in turn, his pliant and extensive genius embraces, and adapts itself to all. It gives, with the same facility, the most delicate touches to the shortest details, while it conceives a plan the most extensive and vast: no French writer ever better understood his own language; none ever joined so much precision with so much eloquence, or was equally correct and equally brilliant."

"We are agreed on that head," replied Damoville; "nay, I confess, I have always thought that an author who is superior in one branch of literature, might easily write, successfully at least, in various others."

"Nothing can be more true," replied Luzincourt. "If, for example, Racine had lived as long as Voltaire, with the same desire of being thought an universal genius, can it be doubted that the author of Athalia and Britannicus would not have written history in a sublime style: he, who knew so well the human heart, who painted with so much strength and truth the passion and jealousy of Phædra and Roxana; the

matrimonial tenderness of Clytemnestra; the affecting love of Berenice; the fury of Hermione: could he not have written an interesting novel, or a sentimental comedy, equal to *Nanine*, *L'Escossoise*, and *Charlot*, think you? The tender, the elegant *Raciné*, had he written operas, would he have been inferior to *Quinault*? He possessed the difficult art of criticising, with taste, and of delicate raillery. He has left us some letters, in which we find all the soft, all the witty and satirical irony, which gave so just a reputation to the *Lettres Provinciales*; and, as to gaiety, real and frank gaiety, who shall dispute it with the author of *Plaideurs*? What then shall we say to the great *Corneille*, first sovereign and true legislator of the theatre; he who created the two species worthy to illustrate and reign over the stage, tragedy and comedy.* He has ravished from *Moliere* the glory of giving his nation the first characteristic of comedy; and when *Racine* appeared, France was in possession of all the great works of *Corneille*.†”

And even the heroic comedy likewise: *Don Sancho* of Aragon, is the first piece that was written of the kind; and it ought to be remarked too, that *Corneille* succeeded, to perfection, in lyric poetry.

† *M. de Fontenelle* has observed, *Corneille* had no preceding author to guide him, but that *Racine* had *Corneille*: if this creates an immense distance between *Corneille* and *Racine*, what must it do in the case of *Voltaire*, who had both *Racine* and *Corneille*? Neither has he neglected to profit by their works as much as possible; he has taken a great number of lines from them both; has imitated their characters, their situations, and their very subjects. Thus, it is to *Polyeucte* we owe the *Orphan of China*. In *Polyeucte*, *Pauline* relates how she once loved *Severus*; but he, being then poor, was rejected by her parents, who forced her to marry *Polyeucte*; that she since has become fond of, and truly attached to, her husband; and that she is greatly distressed lest *Severus*,

“To speak truth,” replied Damoville, “I am partly of thy opinion; it is not possible, in reality, to compare Voltaire to Corneille and Racine; but the former has had the art to raise a party in his favour, which cannot at present be withstood; besides that, by the freedom and frivolity of his writings, he has seduced the world, in general, and we must swim with the stream.”

“Do you believe that reputation, acquired by cabal and intrigue, can be lasting?”

“It is the soonest established, which is the thing most essential. Life is short, its duration uncertain, and extravagance only would patiently expect a desired blessing, which activity and address might presently obtain.”

“But what is this desired blessing?”

“Personal respect, honours and wealth.”

“What do you call personal respect?”

“I wish to be one of the heads of the prevailing party: to have friends, partisans, puffers, dependents, enemies.”

“Wish to have enemies?”

“No doubt—It is necessary to have a right to say in society, or in a preface, my enemies; they are useful to a man of letters, and give him an opportunity, whenever he thinks proper, to interest the world in his behalf, by calling himself a persecuted man; and artfully hinting, that he is only hated because he is envied. I own the thought has been hacknied a little, but yet so happy a one, that it still retains its former force,

now become powerful, should revenge himself on Polyecte. Idamé, in the Orphan of China, says exactly the same things. Gengiskan, formerly the obscure Temugin, was rejected by her parents; he now returns, armed with power, and she is in the utmost fear for her spouse, &c. Many like examples, equally striking, might be cited; and, for the satisfaction of youth, we shall some time enter more fully into this sort of subjects.

and is every day repeated with the same success. In short, there are a thousand circumstances under which our enemies may be called our best friends. A poem not read, a comedy damned, or any like disgrace, may be laid to their charge—it is all the effect of party.”

“You would only shine then for a moment?”

“I trouble not myself about reputation after I am dead. An opposite conduct might, perhaps, better obtain the praises of posterity; but I set little value on such praise, give me present enjoyment. I am of those, who, by a calculation somewhat selfish, but most philosophic, wish to be rich while they live, and who would not hesitate to purchase a mere life-annuity. I neither love nor esteem men sufficiently, to form the romantic project of existing for their sakes; and they treat those infinitely better by whom they are amused, nay deceived, than those by whom they are instructed.”

“The writer who wearies his readers is always in the wrong; truth should ever wear an agreeable dress; but feeling can embellish and soften the austerity of morals, and give charms to the lessons of wisdom.”

“Yes; and the world will then think lightly of the moralist, will place him in the class of novel writers.”

“If they place him by the side of Richardson, the author may console himself.”

“To appear profound in the eye of the public you ought to be dull.”

“But you will not be read.”

“But you will be admired; and a single work of this kind is enough to establish a reputation.”

“You are joking, to be sure.”

“I never was more serious. I will give you an unanswerable proof.—We are alone, and I can depend on thy discretion.”

“Whither does this preamble lead?”

“Shouldst thou reveal what I am going to confide to thee I should lose my protectors, my friends, and all my hopes, beyond retrieving.”

"I need not make protestations, Damoville."

"Well then, there is a little work so singularly cold, so dreadfully dull, that it is impossible to have the fortitude to read it through in one day, though it is not above sixty pages; not but it has some rationality, and a few ingenious ideas; but its style is so heavy, so diffuse, so incorrect, so destitute of purity, feeling, and elegance, that it does not contain a single passage worthy of citation, and yet it is in the highest vogue; but why, because the author has many friends who have puffed and cried up this production. After all the praises they have heard of it, nobody dare own how intolerable insipid they found it; but every one repeats, by rote, 'It is a wonderful production;' those even who never went farther than the first page, and who know nothing more of it than its title, do not fail to confirm this judgment; and thus it is that these echoes of echoes, by a repetition of the same sound, confer universal fame. This is the reason, my friend, why I give into intrigue and party spirit, and why I so highly esteem the praises of the Philosopher of Ferney."

"Can such praises give pleasure? Has he not lavished them, all the days of his life, on mediocrity? Could ever he resolve to give genius its due? Recollect his notes upon Cornelle, which we read together at Rheims with so much indignation. Remember what he has said of Crebillon, Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, Boileau, and La Fontaine.* Knowest thou not his reiterated attempts, in prose and verse, to diminish the glory of the author of *Telemachus*? Art thou ignorant of his hatred of Montesquieu, and how often he has attacked his works? Or wouldest thou dare affirm in his presence, that Jean-Jaques Rousseau was a man of genius? Hast thou not read that horrid libel, that shameful monument of the blackest, the meanest envy—"

* See the notes to Voltaire's *Age of Louis XIV.* La Fontaine, he says, has but one sole charm, that of being unaffected, natural (*Celui du naturel.*)

"Nay, be calm, my good friend, I am perfectly acquainted with all this. But what then? I am unknown, I want support; his protection is not only useful, but absolutely necessary, and must, if possible, be obtained. Besides, you cannot suppose, but that people of superior merit may be found among his most zealous partisans."

"Most certainly, I could name several."

"Well, I shall deserve a place in this small class."

"But Voltaire is eighty years old, and shall not this party, the authority of which thou seemest to revere, which has but a moment to exist, and which has already lost much of its weight, shall it not die with its chief?"

Darnay entered the chamber as Luzincourt was speaking, which put an end to a conversation that gave birth to the most melancholy reflections in the breast of Luzincourt concerning the character of his friend.

Damoville returned, some days after this, and proposed to present Luzincourt, where the best company in Paris, as he said, assembled every evening. "The mistress of the house," added he, "is an old woman, the widow of a financier; she is said to have been celebrated in her youth for some dozen adventures, rather of the scandalous than the romantic kind; but now, returned to reason and society, she lives, philosophically, in the happy calm of the passions. The remembrance she preserves of her ancient errors, gives her an indulgence towards the wanderings of youth, which it is impossible to carry further; nobody can be more tolerant, therefore, by way of just gratitude, others readily overlook her unbounded love of Pharaoh, and a few underhand liberties, which to be sure she rather too often permits herself to take."

"And does this woman see the best company of Paris, sayest thou?"

"To be sure she does; she has a good house, and keeps an excellent table, and what could you wish for more?"

“ I have heard there are women almost as contemptible as her you have described, who have not been shut out of society ; but then I always understood they were women of high birth, and supposed that, out of respect to an illustrious family, it was possible the world might not do itself justice on such a kind of person, when she happens to possess great wealth, wit, and agreeable manners.”

“ Pshaw, my dear Luzincourt, the world is not so nice. Madame de Surval is fifty-five years^o of age, talkative, tiresome, and without common sense, and yet thou shalt meet all France at her house. Shall I take thee thither this evening?”

“ You cannot please me more. I have a strong desire to see and know the world ; though I am sensible of my awkwardness and timidity, and how ignorant I am of its customs.”

“ Read attentively the works of the younger Crebillon. I acknowledge they are contemptible, but they have one inestimable merit—they contain a true picture of fashionable life.”

“ I cannot believe it ; I do not know the world, but good sense tells me, it is impossible vice should dare so impudently to shew itself with impunity ; it can only be tolerated when it is disguised ; no man may seduce every woman he meets, by openly discovering a perverse mind, and the grossest stupidity ; nor can I imagine, that self-sufficiency, and ill-bred familiarity, are the manners of fashionable people.”

“ But how does it happen thy prejudices do not vanish, when thou seest that almost all authors, who have described the fashionable world, agree with Crebillon ? Thou thinkest highly, for example, of the Moral Tales of Marmontel.”

“ I do ; but, in my opinion, they are far from being all moral. The author himself, in his preface, owns, that Lau-us and Lydia, the Shepherdess of the Alps, Annette and Lubin, and the Marriages of the Samuities, are not moral tales ; nor do I think that *By Good Luck*, is more moral ; nay, I own, I cannot see the moral purposes of the *Scruple*, the *Sylph-*

Husband, Soliman II. and Friendship put to the Test; nothing, I think, can be less moral than that of Alcibiades, Lauretta, and the Four Phials."

"I own the descriptions in these Tales, are somewhat lively, and possess more spirit than decency; but the question is not whether the title and the work correspond, it is to know whether the author agrees with Crebillon in his Picture of the World."

"But who pretends to deny that the general conversations, the scenes of fashionable life, the phrases of the characters in *Les Egaremens du Cœur et de L'Esprit*,* have the most striking similarity with pictures of the same kind, drawn in the Moral Tales?"

"Well, and thou wilt not deny that it is universally acknowledged the Moral Tales present a true picture of manners?"

"Universally acknowledged! I know not that; I know it is not doubted in the country, but the opinion of fashionable people must decide on this subject."

"Marmontel is worthy of the best company."

"He is so; but Crebillon never lived among fashionable people; how then could he know their manners? Is it not, therefore, rational to conclude, that the author of the Moral Tales has, in this instance, been contented to imitate, instead of copying after nature?"

"The most convincing argument will be to shew thee the world, and thou wilt then soon change thy opinion."

"If the world thou speakest of, be such as is described in these works, I shall soon quit it; it will not be worth the trouble of studying: not to mention, if its characters be thus grossly ridiculous and vicious, it need no great sagacity to quickly understand it."

Damoville took Luzincourt the same evening to the house of Madame de Surval; there was much company and much play, the visit was short, and

Luzincourt saw nothing remarkable. Curiosity soon brought him there again, and, to oblige Damoville, Madame de Surval often invited him to stay supper; during which time he had an opportunity of observing scenes which, to him, were totally new. His surprise, indeed, was extreme, when he found that the authors whom he had accused of not knowing the world, had given but a too faithful picture, though with strong touches, of what he now saw.

Among the ladies who visited Madame de Surval, there were three or four of families sufficiently distinguished to be generally known, and these appeared intimately acquainted with the rest.

As to the men, Luzincourt often met men eminent for their birth, titles, and employments; wherefore he could not doubt that the society in which he was, must be what is called good company.

The success of Damoville, in this society, was prodigious, especially among the ladies. He made verses, couplets, impromptus, spoke with confidence, and totally eclipsed Luzincourt, who began to shake off his timidity, but not his reserve.

Among the many who frequented this house, Luzincourt distinguished a man who appeared evidently superior to the rest; and who likewise, on his part, knew how to estimate Luzincourt. He was called the Viscount de Valrive, was about four or five and thirty, had an interesting and intelligent countenance, a noble air, a cool politeness, and conversed with ease and understanding. Luzincourt easily perceived the particular reason which brought him to the house of Madame de Surval: he was in love with a lady named Madame d'Herblay.

Luzincourt perceived, in the conduct of the viscount, something unaccountably odd; he was continually changing his manner: with Luzincourt and two or three others, who came there but seldom, he was amiable and communicative, and discovered equal wit and good understanding; with a great number of others he was cold and silent; and when he spoke to the women, he instantly became trifling, familiar,

and ironical ; especially when he addressed himself to the lady, concerning whom he seemed most interested.

Notwithstanding this apparent inconsistency, Luzincourt found his secret inclinations for the viscount strengthen daily in his heart, and daily increase ; their sympathy was mutual, though Luzincourt had never yet had any occasion of conversing with the viscount at his ease ; that is to say, without others mixing in the conversation. Chance, at last, gave him the opportunity he wished ; the viscount one evening would not sup, and Luzincourt remained alone with him, while the company sat down to table.

“ I am quite happy,” said the viscount, “ to have an hour’s conversation with you. You have interested my heart in your behalf ; permit me to ask you a few questions. I need not demand what profession in life you intend to follow ; that you love literature, and cultivate the belles lettres with success, is evident ; but wherefore do you come here ?”

“ I wish to study, to know the world.”

“ That study can only be interesting in good company, which you certainly cannot find here.”

“ How so ? Do I not find you here ?”

“ Men of my age, may, without danger, permit themselves these little liberties ; the motives of coming here must be either curiosity, a passion for play, idleness, or some momentary whim ; and it is for this reason you sometimes meet men of fashion here.”

“ But what brings the women ?”

“ The women ! There is not one who comes here would be admitted in good company.”

“ And yet there are three or four whose births might entitle them to that honour.”

“ And did, in their early youth ; but they have long been banished ; a husband, justly irritated, has two modes of punishing a guilty wife ; he can shut her up in a convent, or come to a public separation. In the latter case, he delivers her up to the justice of society, which never fails to reject her, especially if she does not find, in an illustrious and respected fa-

mily, some very zealous protectors. In this case, if the unfortunate wife has any shame left, she flies into some distant province, and there conceals her shame and sorrow; but if her passions, while they lead her astray, have debased her mind, she then remains at Paris, audaciously braves public contempt, and renders herself completely odious, by exciting the indignation and hatred which effrontery and avowed wickedness always inspire. She must see company, however, and she wishes it should be numerous, select it cannot be; she, therefore, unites with all the women, who have, like her, been excluded good company, and with many others, who never had admission to it; and thus she passes her life, in three or four houses similar to this we are in; falls into the established manners, and endeavours to distinguish herself by malignity, equal to the badness of her morals, to revenge herself of the circles whence she is proscribed; her calumnies cost her nothing, and she would persuade the world, that the women who refuse her acquaintance, are as contemptible as herself; and thus she defames every woman, without distinction, or the appearance of probability."

"And so then," cried Luzincourt, with an air of the utmost satisfaction, "I am, at present, in very bad company."

"You are indeed," replied the viscount, laughing; "nor do you seem to be sorry for the discovery."

"Sorry! I am transported!—And the works, which we country folks suppose to be a picture of life and manners, paint only what is to be seen here."

"Merely so; but look, yonder is a volume of Marmontel's Tales, let us read a picture or two of this kind, and I am sure you will find he has exaggerated, even after what you have here observed."

The viscount took the book, opened it at a venture, and said, "Ay, here is the Good Mother: this tale is one of those in which there is most character and description of the world; do you recollect the subject?"

"Very confusedly."

“ It is a tender and virtuous mother, dedicating herself to the education of her daughter ; two persons pretend to the honour of being Emily’s husband. The one is a man of prudence and understanding, the other a coxcomb, who loses no opportunity of speaking, without disguise, his mean and unnatural sentiments, or of shewing his contempt of morals and decency. The author calls this odious and ridiculous person, the dangerous Verglan, and, without giving this character the trouble of feigning a passion he does not feel, makes him beloved by the modest and sensible Emily ; the mother easily discovers her daughter’s secret, but, certain that Emily will in time despise Verglan, she continues to grant him admission to her house. Let us read a passage.

“ ‘ The arrangement of Count d’Auberive with his lady was at that time the town talk ; it was said that, after a very sharp quarrel, and bitter complaints, on both sides, of mutual infidelity, they ended, by owning neither of them were indebted to the other, and laughing at their folly for having fallen out, and been jealous without being in love ; that the count had consented to let his wife retain the Chevalier de Clange as her lover ; and she, on her part, promised to receive the Marchioness de Talbe, to whom her husband paid his addresses with all the cordiality possible ; that peace had thus been ratified over a supper, and that, being all come to a right understanding, never were seen two happier pair of lovers. Verglan, at hearing this recital, exclaimed, nothing could be more prudent.’

“ It is proper to remark,” said the viscount, interrupting himself, “ that Emily is present, and does not lose a word of this conversation ; and likewise to inform you, that among good company, this never could happen to a young unmarried woman. No mother would suffer a conversation so scandalous before her daughter, nor could the most inconsiderate or depraved man be tempted to forget the respect due to youth and innocence. This, therefore, is absolutely contrary to our manners : nor does the story of Auberive depict them better. We find easy husbands

in the world who know their disgrace, yet seem not to regard it; but there is no example to be found, like what the author of the Moral Tales calls the arrangement of the Marquis of Auberive with his lady, or of husband and wife confiding their mutual infidelities to each other, ending their jealous quarrels by laughing at their folly, ratifying peace over a supper, and coming to a right understanding in presence of the mistress and gallant. Such a picture is as chimerical as it is revolting; the world may be brought to pardon those who go astray, but never those who debase themselves; deliberate indecency, and total neglect of propriety, is a wrong that never can be repaired.

“But let us pursue the conduct of the story. Verglan, during a long conversation, continues to maintain that Auberive has acted very wisely; says that, formerly, a husband became the ridiculous object of public contempt, at madam’s first false step; approves the present manners, makes an eulogium on perjury and adultery, and concludes by saying, It is these things that make him desirous of being married.

“His rival, Belzor, combats these opinions with feeling and understanding. Emily listens, and her mother now and then throws in a reflection. At length the Marquis of Auberive is announced, and just at this place let us read another page.

“‘Ah, marquis, thou art come quite a-propos,’ said Verglan. ‘Prithee tell us, is this story true? These good folks here pretend, that thy wife has given thee rhubarb, and thou hast sent back senna.’

“‘Pshaw! nonsense!’ said Auberive, indolently.

“‘I affirm nothing could be more prudent than thy conduct,’ continued Verglan; ‘but Belzor here condemns thee without appeal —’

“‘Why so? Would not he have done the same? My wife is young, handsome, and coquettish; is that any miracle? I have no doubt but she is a very good kind of a woman in her heart, but were she not quite so much so as she is, justice should take place. Hitherto I have received nothing but applauses from

my friends: nothing can be more natural than my proceeding in this affair, and yet every body praises me, as though it contained something wonderful! For my part, I imagine they did not give me credit for that much good sense."

" ' Pray how does the marchioness ? ' said Madame du Troëne, (the mother of Emily) purposely to change the subject of conversation.

" ' I warrant, ' continued Verglan, ' thou wilt some time or another become fond of her again. ' "

" ' Faith, I think that probable enough.—It was but yesterday, after dinner, I detected myself saying civil things to her. ' "

" Really, " interrupted Luzincourt, " this is incredible. "

" Tell me, " said the viscount, " have you ever heard any thing like it in this house ? "

" Never ! This sort of effrontery is beyond all bounds of probability. "

" Recollect too, all this passes in the presence of an unmarried young lady, and a mother of most excellent morals. All this does not open the eyes of Emily: ' her heart excuses, in Verglan, the error of falling into the manners of the age. ' She goes with her mother to the theatre, the play is *Ines and Namine*. Belzor melts into tears, Verglan laughs at his sensibility. As they go out, they meet with a Chevalier Dolcet in deep mourning: he is left heir to an old uncle, and Verglan gives him joy of his ten thousand crowns a year; unwilling to let slip so favourable an opportunity of shewing the badness of his heart, and baseness of his principles. Emily is still a witness, and still in love. In the evening she looks on at a party of trictrac; Verglan is the worst of bad players; Belzor has all the ease and generosity possible; Emily sighs and says, ' I admire the one, but I love the other. ' "

" On the morrow Madame de Troëne was walking in the Tuilleries with her daughter, where she found Verglan, with whom she entered into conversation. Let us read the passage.

“ ‘The beauteous nymphs, who, by their charms and accomplishments, attract the young desires which follow their foot-steps, were assembled in the grand walk. Verglan knew them all, and smiled as he cast his eyes around. ‘Yonder,’ said he, ‘is Fatima; how passionate she is! how affectionate! She lives perfectly well with Cleon; he has given her twenty thousand crowns within these six months, and they love like two turtles.—Look, this is the celebrated Corinna, her house is the temple of luxury; not a woman in Paris gives such elegant suppers, and she does the honours of her table with the most enchanting grace.—Do you see the blue-eyed girl that has just passed us? Observe her modest air.—She has three lovers.—Her career will be brilliant, as I have told her.’

“ ‘You are one of her confidants, then,’ said Madame du Troëne?

“ ‘O yes; they know me, they are very sure they cannot impose upon me, and therefore never attempt to dissemble.’ ”

“ How is it possible to suppose,” said Luzincourt, “ that a man could carry on a conversation like this, in the presence of a young lady he is going to marry?”

“ Ay, or in the presence of any well bred woman of fifty; yet Madame du Troëne takes Verglan home to supper. In the evening she receives a visit from a young widow, who speaks in a most affecting manner of the virtues of her late husband. Verglan ridicules her grief, and advises her to take a handsome fellow. Emily at last overcomes her inclination for Verglan, and marries Belzor.”

“ And this,” said Luzincourt, “ is what is called, in the country, a picture of life and manners; this too is the reason we find, in large country towns, so many young men who affect the airs of Verglan, thinking they imitate a man of fashion; a man who has undone so many fine women. They imagine they shall become very dangerous fellows if they can but imitate such extravagances, and become sufficiently corrupt in their morals.”

“ Add to which,” returned the viscount, “ when a young man, thus spoilt, comes to Paris, and is introduced into good company, he is so ill received there, and so totally out of his element, that he cannot remain there long ; he seeks other society, where he finds himself more supportable, and there he fixes. Thus a fool, by reading works like these, becomes the imitator of a rascal upon system ; and thus weak people, who are easily seduced, lose, in part, their good principles, by imagining they may give way to their passions, and openly despise law, decency, and good morals with impunity ; and thus, lastly, the virtuous and feeling mind, by adopting this error, will detest and fly the world ; and, though formed for society, will become a morose misanthrope.”

“ Authors, who thus, through ignorance, have calumniated mankind, must have made themselves many enemies.”

“ Not in the least, no one acknowledges the portraits they have drawn ; no one is hurt by them. Fenelon painted the court ; his picture was faithful, his likenesses exact, allusions were imagined, applications made, and the author of Telemachus was hated.

“ To return to the Moral Tales : you see how necessary it is to undeceive those, who imagine they contain a picture of our manners.

“ The work which should correct this mistake, would certainly be very useful.* A man of fashion only could be capable of such a criticism.

“ If ever I write, I shall suppose it my duty ; it will be exceedingly painful to me to find fault with so estimable an author, but I shall dare to speak thus to him.—I write for the benefit of youth, must I leave

And the more so, because foreigners judge of the French from these pictures, which give them the most false and injurious ideas of our morals and opinions ; the English only treat us so ill in the greatest part of their works, because they copy French authors ; and it is for this reason they represent the French fops in so ridiculous and extravagant a manner.

them in so dangerous an error? I feel your abilities infinitely superior to mine, but permit me to say, I know the manners of the polite world better than you.—The Moral Tales, however, have been written these twenty years, the author has gained experience, and might easily correct, in a new edition, these defects, and render a work totally good, which is so very excellent in many of its parts.”

As the viscount ended, every body returned to the saloon, and the conversation became general.

The viscount, desirous of forming a stricter intimacy with Luzincourt, invited him to his house. A mutual confidence was soon established. Luzincourt informed the viscount of his projects, and read him some manuscripts, and the viscount confessed to Luzincourt he was not happy. This avowal made the latter melancholy.—“I do not deserve your pity,” said the viscount; “I possess all the advantages man could wish, but by a fatal caprice cannot enjoy them. I am frequently discontented, idle, weary of myself, of every thing; yet I have a feeling heart, a family and friends; I love the best of mothers, an amiable and virtuous brother, and a charming sister-in-law. The truth is, I am in love, seriously and really, and have been these five years.”

“Is it possible!” cried Luzincourt, “that Madame d’Herblay could inspire—

“Is it possible,” interrupted the viscount, smiling, “you could imagine I alluded to her?”

“If not, how can you reconcile your attentions to her to your love for another?”

“Do you suppose love excludes gallantry?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“Look there now!—you believe in what has no existence among people of fashion.”

“Then people of fashion do not love.”

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a visitor.

The viscount introduced Luzincourt at the houses of his mother and his brother, where he was received with every civility and respect; his mildness, re-

serve, and the agreeable simplicity of his conversation, procured him here the same success which Damoville enjoyed in his society; he was soon admitted as one of the family, and treated as a friend of the house.

The thing which first struck him, was the remarkable change in the manners of the viscount, especially to the ladies. Luzincourt no longer knew, in the gentle, the attentive, and the respectful behaviour of the viscount, when at the house of his sister, the Countess de Valrive, the man he had thought so full of levity, so satirical and unguarded, at Madame de Surval's. Madame de Valrive received company, almost every evening, from six till ten: a delicate state of health kept her at home, but she loved society, was amiable, and in vogue, and had a numerous acquaintance.

Luzincourt listened, and observed in silence, and went every morning to acquaint the viscount with what he had observed on the overnight. "Hitherto," said he, "I am enchanted with all I have seen; what a difference," said he, "between the people here and at Madame de Surval's? The visitors of Madame de Valrive seem to me all amiable, obliging, and witty; their conversations are generally trifling, yet have a charm which I know not how to describe; each speaks with ease and grace, and give the most common compliments an agreeable turn. When conversation becomes particular, I do not find it instructive; it wants solidity, perhaps; but what gentleness! what decency! what respect in the eyes of each! and what a happy choice of words! Discussion never degenerates into dispute; self-love never takes offence, and is never seen, except by its desire to please; it is discovered only by its attractions; it seems capable of being flattered and satisfied, but not of being wounded."

"Hence," said the viscount, smiling, "every body seems to possess wit, but cite me an example."

"I own I cannot," replied Luzincourt; "all I

hear pleases me; but when I would recollect what it is, I am surprised to find nothing remarkable."

"Such is the effect of good-breeding; it is that which produces these seductive illusions. You have pronounced the panegyric, not of the personal merit of those you have seen, but of what is justly called politeness and elegance of manner. To possess such advantages, you must have an obliging and delicate attention to all; must carefully conceal and repress the emotions of vanity; must never betray a meanness of sentiment, or badness of heart; but must always shew the utmost decency, mildness, complaisance, and reserve, a taste for innocent amusements, and a love of virtue. Such is the exterior absolutely necessary in good company. I am sorry it should be so often deceitful; but it is the best eulogium on virtue, to find no person can be amiable who does not assume her language and her form."

While Luzincourt thus observed the world, and communicated to his new friend his reflections and remarks, Damoville continued to divide his time between the society of Madame de Surval, and that of the men of letters, by whom he was protected."

Luzincourt, however, desirous he should better know the world, obtained permission to present him to Madame de Valrive; where Damoville, desirous of shining, spoke a great deal; and as his defects were easily seen, he was, but coldly received. He told Luzincourt, that Madame de Valrive was insipid and prudish; that her visitors were all deficient in understanding; and determined, in spite of the exhortations and advice of Luzincourt, never to return to so dull a house.

Damoville, a few days after, invited Luzincourt to a dinner he gave, to eight or ten of the literati. They talked a deal, and did not rise from table till five o'clock, then all took leave of Damoville. As soon as Luzincourt and Damoville were alone, the former was asked how he liked the conversation.

"You began," answered Luzincourt, "by recipro-

cally praising one another; you afterwards proceeded to your enemies, on whom you had little mercy; then followed dissertations, citations, and disputations; but you did not converse; each spoke for himself, and pronounced his own ideas without troubling himself about those of others; you neither knew, attended to, nor shewed each others abilities; you were either absent, or impatient when not speaking; you only thought of what you should say next, and heard not half of what another said to you: if any one told a good story, you could not enjoy it, because you were busy in endeavouring to recollect another; and you seemed assembled but to surpass or suspect each other, and not to amuse or instruct: you all had one whimsical kind of madness, which was to give the conversation such a turn as might introduce a joke, or a bon mot, which you had by heart. Most of these bon mots, too, were to the glory of men of letters, or anecdotes concerning men of letters, for you thought only of yourselves. These short quotations, thus multiplied, became wearisome, and those who listened seldom enjoyed the satisfaction of him who related; neither do they contain much instruction, but made your conversation resemble those insipid books, which are filled with anecdotes and repartees, compiled without care, and collected without a choice; which may amuse for a moment, but which it is impossible to read through; and in which there is nothing agreeable or witty that every body does not know."

The remarks of Luzincourt did not vex Damoville: not yet become an author, Damoville considered him as a person of no consequence: his frankness amused, and he laughed at what he called his frigidity.

Luzincourt continued with the same assiduity to visit Madame de Valrive; the latter having great confidence in Luzincourt, gave him to understand, she was not happy, though she had a considerable fortune, an amiable and good husband, relations whom she loved, and children that were her delight.

But her health was bad; the diversions of the town were no longer amusing; visitors fatigued her; she was weary of home; and she had neither the power nor desire to go abroad.

Alarmed at the languid state in which he saw her, Luzincourt secretly interrogated her physician.—“Madame de Valrive is at a crisis,” said the latter, “and she may continue thus for some time.”

“Of what kind?”

“I will inform you. The ladies of Paris have fallen into a set of habits, especially within these fifteen years, which naturally produce all the complaints of Madame de Valrive. Balls, *traineau*,* and tea, have destroyed a prodigious number.”

“But dancing is as healthy as it is agreeable.”

“Yes, when used with moderation; excess of any thing is pernicious. And however healthy it may be to dance in the open air on a village-green, it is far otherwise to dance all night in a suffocating ball-room, by candle-light.”

“But what fault do you find with taking an airing in a *traineau*?”

“I affirm, this exercise can only be healthy to those who pass the winter at their country-seats.”

“And why so, sir?”

“Because they are accustomed to the impressions of the open air; they go abroad on foot, while the ladies here are continually shut up either in their chambers, their close carriages, or their still closer boxes at the opera, to which cold air is inaccessible. Besides, if they rode out in their *traineau* in the country, they would not go for mere parade, and in parties, which a severe sensation of cold would not permit them to break up. Here, on the contrary, if a young lady has once entered the cavalcade, she cannot think of quitting it, because she feels herself getting cold, or finds symptoms of a sore throat.

A kind of winter carriage like a sledge, in imitation of a diversion very common in Russia, and the north.—T.

Nothing can stop her, away she goes, and returns seriously ill of a cold, which she will neglect in favour of a new party. Her lungs are next attacked, and she sacrifices her life to the pleasure of being dragged up and down the streets of Paris, dying with cold, the tears in her eyes, her cheeks blue, her nose red, her body crippled, her ears stunned with the discordant jingle of a thousand bells; and conversing with her fellow traveller, on whom she turns her back, and by whom she can scarcely be heard.

“As to tea, it is generally acknowledged, that the continual use of it is very dangerous; yet ladies live chiefly on tea, coffee, cream, butter, and cakes. Is it wonderful then the stomach should lose its powers, or the lungs and nerves become affected? Therefore it is their youth and beauty are lost so soon. At five or six and twenty their constitution declines, and numbers perish at that age; then, too, they leave off dancing, they cannot support the fatigue, nor sit up all night. If the principles of life are exhausted they sink to the grave; if not, sleep and rest retrieve them. This is the reason, why twenty-six is so dangerous an epocha to the Parisian ladies. Madame de Valrive is past it, she is thirty six, and yet she is at a very critical period.”

“How does that happen, sir?”

“Thirty-six is the age, when thoughtless ladies become weary of all the pleasures the world can afford: disgust and lassitude produce idleness and vapours: they stay at home, and are miserable; for what can become of those who have no rational amusement, and hate reading? They declare themselves valetudinarians; the physician is sent for, to whom they speak of nothing but themselves, for this is the only pleasure that remains. Therefore it is, that so many physicians and directors are seen to succeed the lovers, who have fled.

“At length, unable to shine, to attract, or interest the affections of others, they keep their rooms; part of the day is spent in solitude, and absolute idleness gives time to think. This situation, say they, cannot

endure for ever, we must sooner or later be cured, and quit our couches. What is to be done then? Operas, balls, visits have no charms. They have even lost the love of dress; flowers and feathers are forbidden, and diamonds are out of fashion. What must become of them?

“Some choice, however, must be made, and three things naturally present themselves to the mind; the lady must become either a wit, a gamester, or a philosopher; how to chuse is the difficulty. Madame de Valrive is at this point; she hesitates, considers, is melancholy, and very uneasy in her mind, nor can her health be established till she determines.”

“With such a kind of illness, it seems to me, sir, she might do as well without the medicines you so continually order her to take.”

“What am I to do? I have told her she is not ill, she persists in affirming she is dying; I must not contradict her beyond a certain degree.”

“Why do you not quit her?”

“That would be worse still; she would go and be electrified, or take some other whim equally dangerous. There is nothing which an idle woman, weary of every thing, bitterly regretting her youth and beauty, and desirous that the world should busy itself about her, is not capable of doing. Formerly women had a thousand trifling and innocent ways of drawing attention; they were afraid of spiders, screamed at a mouse, and shuddered at the sight of two cross knives; but such follies are out of fashion. Philosophy will no longer permit such foibles, such childish superstitions: knowledge is extended, and such tricks rejected; faintings and convulsions have succeeded to these wretched arts; and people, pretending to be enlightened by science, disdain the simple remedies of ancient pharmacy: knowing the utmost extent of the properties and virtues of the loadstone and electricity, they will not, as you may well suppose, undergo the restraints of regimen, or drink calves jelly.”

Luzincourt could make no answer to such reasons; he found the doctor did not want sense, and was not

amazed at his knowledge of women; he naturally acquired it by the duties of his profession. Men never send for physicians but when they are really ill. Women always want their advice when they are idle or ill-humoured, and that is generally above half their lives.

Thus instructed, Luzincourt profited by the confidence which Madame de Valrive reposed in him, to give her some salutary advice; but he found at last, she was absolutely deficient in understanding; that grace and ease, which a knowledge of the world had given, had so far seduced Luzincourt, that he had believed Madame de Valrive equally witty and amiable. He learnt, with surprise, she was void of religious principles; she confessed as much, or to speak more properly, vaunted of it; he saw she intended by this confession, to give him a high idea of the strength of her mind, and she cited the works which, as she said, had delivered her from the prejudices of her youth. "May I dare to ask, madam," replied Luzincourt, "if you are more happy at present?"

"Such prejudices are very inconvenient."

"But are not you subject to the same decorum?"

"Undoubtedly that must be scrupulously observed, because of the consequences."

"Therefore you fulfil all the exterior duties of religion?"

"Those may not be dispensed with, especially as I am the mother of a family."

"Yet believe none of them!—How tired you must be of them!"

"You cannot imagine how much."

"If you were not a *philosopher*, you would observe with zeal and pleasure these same duties, which are now so painful. What then do you gain by rejecting prejudices, as you were pleased to call them? Since decorums must be observed, it is now that you are truly a slave, for your actions and conduct have no alliance with your sentiments."

"You are right; and one is really often very much to be pitied, for having more knowledge than other people."

"Are you certain, madam, of knowing the truth?"

"I have cited the works I have read."

"You have no doubt read the refutations to these works."

"Why should I? I am convinced; that is enough."

"It seems to me, that the importance of the thing requires we should maturely weigh our opinions; for, where there is a doubt, reasons for, as well as against, should be heard in the argument. What if it were proved, that the works by which you have been seduced, were full of false citations; that their authors knew not the holy writings they attacked; that their profound ignorance in that respect was much like their duplicity, and that they contradict themselves in every page?"

"You could not prove all that to me without tiring me to death; besides, I tell you once more, I am convinced; nothing can make me change my opinion: intolerance is repugnant both to the heart and understanding?"

"You have heard long declamations on intolerance; but, if you wish to know what has been most powerfully, most feelingly, most sublimely said on that subject, read the Gospel."

"All enthusiasts are intolerant—are persecutors."

"Enthusiasts, like false philosophers, are dangerous to religion; but the latter respect neither established order nor morality; yet I will not affirm philosophy is hateful and dangerous; nor should we calumniate religion and piety, because there are hypocrites."

"But will not you allow it is impossible for a person of understanding to be devout?"

"Do not you believe that Nicole, Pascal, Racine, and Fenelon, had as much understanding as ourselves?"

"Yes; they had genius and understanding, but not philosophy."

"Do you think, madam, that Fenelon was absolutely without philosophy?"

"He had great talents—good intentions—but that is not what we mean by a philosopher."

“Certainly not a modern one. His works inspire virtue, of which his life was the most perfect model; equally great in every station; favour or disgrace made no difference in his character and manners; he lived simple, benevolent, and disinterested, in the most brilliant court of Europe: nor could persecution degrade or aggravate him; he had enemies, yet to him hatred was unknown; he was deceived, and envy thought to triumph; but Fenelon gave addition to his fame by condemning himself.—Do you believe, madam, your atheistical philosophers will ever afford us an example of such sublime philosophy?”

“You really amaze me.—What! a man of your age endeavouring to convert a woman! This is really something new; but I must tell you I have some fortitude, and shall continue to maintain and defend my opinions.”

“You have not yet informed me, what your reasons for these opinions are.”

“Reasons! I have already given twenty; unanswerable ones—but you know the Baron de Vercey, who often comes here; it is impossible to have more wit. Well, sir, he believes in nothing; absolutely nothing; and, were you to hear ——”

“I am sorry for him; but may-I dare inform you, M. de Vercey has very little knowledge.”

“You are deceived; no man of fashion has more.”

“I suppose he had never read above four or five authors in his life, and those modern ones.”

“He has read every thing; ask himself.”

“Your testimony is sufficient.”

“He is an extraordinary man, and really deep—very deep.”

Madame de Valrive rang her bell, her attendants came, she went to her toilet, and Luzincourt retired.

In the evening he saw her physician: “I believe,” said he, “your patient will soon come to a determination.”

“I will lay a wager she decides for wit.”

“ I dare say so ; but pray tell me how this can happen.”

“ At present nothing is more easy ; formerly it was necessary to find an entire new set of acquaintances ; the fashionable world was totally abandoned, and men of letters only admitted ; but now we have the happiness to find a multitude of authors in every station, and in every class. Madame de Valrive will invite, more particularly, those people of fashion to her house who pass for persons of wit. She will give them dinners three or four times a week ; and in the evening will say, she has spent a charming day ; will name every man who sat down to table, and assure her hearers, they never shewed more wit or greater understanding ; she will praise the solidity of Chevalier de Sireuil, the graceful gaiety of the Count de Morsan, and the originality of the Baron de Vercenay ; not that she will have felt any thing of all this, but it is easy to repeat what she has so very often heard repeated.

“ She will then be obliged to attend those authors who read their works in manuscript, and, instead of a box at the opera, she must have one at the playhouse ; for she must never miss the first night of a new piece.

“ As she will not admit men of letters, no other works will be read at her house, but what are written by men of fashion.”

“ Pardon me, sir, a successful man of letters will always be well received, if he brings a manuscript in his pocket ; but as soon as his work has been heard by all her acquaintance, her doors will be shut upon him, at least till he has written another.”

“ And thus he is treated like a hired singer, or instrumental performer.”

“ If men of letters were more conscious of the dignity of their profession, they would not have that kind of condescension for any but their particular friends, or those who desire to become such ; for my part, were I to advise a young author, I would tell him, ‘ Never become the dupe of your own vanity ; never consent to act a subaltern part, to obtain the poor applauses of a few individuals : beware of pride,

it debases whom it intoxicates, and sacrifices every thing to an inadequate and momentary success; it will render you absurd and inconsistent; will give you a dogmatic and positive air; will dictate the most ridiculous prefaces, and yet, at the same time, make you eager to undergo the strangest humiliations."

Luzincourt thought this advice very prudent, and resolved to profit by it.

While thus he lived, in the midst of new objects, Luzincourt, more sensible to the charms of friendship, than even to the pleasures of observation and instruction, remarked, with chagrin, the viscount came no longer to visit his sister in law. In vain did Luzincourt seek him, and above six weeks had passed away without his being able to see or meet him. At last, after a thousand fruitless attempts, he found him at home one evening. The viscount received him as if they had only parted on the overnight: Luzincourt seemed melancholy, and the viscount asked him the reason.

"You promised me your friendship," said Luzincourt, "and yet, for these two months, your door has been shut against me."

"How could you suppose it? Every time you came, I was either abroad or asleep."

"Asleep! What at noon?"

"You forget dancing and gaming."

"You love neither."

"And yet I have done both."

"Are you so altered then?"

"I well may be; but that is past; and I shall tell you some news that will give you pleasure. All is ended between me and Madame d'Herblay."

"And have you no ill news for me?"

"None: What do you mean?"

"Nay, I am not sent to question you, nor shall I dare indulge the least liberty of this kind, yet it is easy to see from your conduct ——"

"I do not understand you—speak plainly."

"That there is some difference between you and

"Not the least in the world, I assure you."

"Then between you and Madame de Valrive?"

"Neither: Who could tell you so improbable a tale?"

"You do not go there any more; at the beginning of the winter you used to be there every day."

"I once more tell you, dear Luzincourt, I have not for these two months past had a moment to myself."

"And are you astonished not to find yourself happy? Live with your family and your friends, and you will then enjoy that pure content which alone can satisfy a heart like yours, and of which you have been robbed by dissipation."

"You are right, I feel you are right; and I am determined to reform habits of which I have been some time tired. It is now the spring, and if you will go with me, we will travel."

Luzincourt accepted this proposition with joy, and the viscount, punctual to his promise, was ready to set off in the month of April. The two friends traversed Holland, England, and Switzerland, and did not return to Paris again till the middle of winter. Luzincourt, on his arrival, learnt with joy that Damoville had gained the poetical prize given by the French Academy. Luzincourt read the verses, and was then thoroughly convinced Damoville had known how to gain friends, who had been more serviceable and zealous than just. Damoville had a medal; but the public, who have long since learnt not to be imposed upon by prize medals, found the verses very bad; and, shocked at the partiality which they saw take place on this occasion, forgot their usual indulgence to young authors.

Damoville, encouraged by this triumph, was confirmed in the opinion, that knowledge and assiduity are useless, and that to visit and obtain patrons was the most necessary care. Six months afterwards he published a novel, in which he painted men and manners; that is to say, such as he had seen at Madame de Surval's. He told Luzincourt the work would create him many enemies. "I own to t'ee," said

he, "the portraits are drawn after nature: a little overcharged, that they might not be dull, but not the less like. My hero, for example, is absolutely taken from the Viscount de Valrive; I saw him only transiently at Madame de Surval's, but I studied him minutely; I have perfectly painted his mode of treating the ladies, his levity, his ironical and absent air —"

"But I have before time told you," interrupted Luzincourt, "this was all affectation."

"My dear Luzincourt, you and I see things in a very different light; besides, thy partiality for the viscount will not suffer thee to see him as he is; thou wilt give him talents to which he makes no pretension, and refuse him those agreeable qualities which have occasioned all his success with the women; but I know him better than thou dost; and hadst thou heard what Madame d'Herblay has told me of him!—Lovelace was a mere novice to him."

"Canst thou give faith to the tales of a woman so despicable as Madame d'Herblay?"

"She is not more despicable than others; than Madame de Valrive for example, who, since she was left by the Baron de Vercenay, has kept a little opera singer."

"Madame de Valrive!"

"Thou knowest the song that was made upon her."

"What song?"

"That which has been so much in vogue."

"I neither know the song, nor this most abominable story, which certainly never was heard out of the circle of Madame de Surval."

"Not in the circles thou frequentest! But I tell thee, I am well acquainted with the intrigues of this town; the adventure of Madame de Champrose; the double exchange of lovers between her and her female friend; the treaty signed before witnesses in the pleasure-house. Every one of these anecdotes are in my novel. Imagine then the consequence, and the noise it will make. Not but I have somewhat dis-

“ I can assure thee there was no occasion ; the viscount, Madame de Vahive, and Madame de Champagne, have read thy romance, without the least emotion.”

“ The effect of mere prudence ; other people will be apt enough to make the applications, without their being so silly as to betray themselves.”

“ I dare engage my life, thou mightest write such works from this time till the day of thy death, without once moving their anger.”

Luzincourt was right ; but Damoville laughed. He vaunted of having written a libel, because he had committed to paper the scandalous anecdotes to which Madame d'Herblay had given breath ; but these pretended anecdotes were only absurd calumnies, which nobody but her had ever heard of ; neither were his portraits more faithful, for which reason nobody took notice of it ; nor did it make the least noise ; nobody, indeed, ever suspected his malicious intentions.

Almost all the journals, however, affirmed, that since the time of Crebillon, there had not appeared any work in which so true a picture of men and manners could be found. This increased the astonishment of Luzincourt, who saw it was not possible to attribute such excessive praise entirely to the bad taste of the critics. Damoville, with his usual indiscretion, informed him, how the suffrages of certain journalists might be obtained ; and the prescription was, to get acquainted with some of them, and give them little fugitive pieces for their journals ; and as to the rest, protectors and friends would insure their good word.

Luzincourt objected, that this was very troublesome, tiresome, and a great loss of time, and could only obtain praises by which nobody was deceived. Damoville replied, He knew the best of all possible extracts and praises would produce no great effect in Paris ; but they were not useless in the provincial towns and foreign countries.

Soon after this Luzincourt made a journey to Champagne, where he staid two months with his fa-

ther, and afterwards departed for Italy, which he was desirous of seeing, that he might one day speak of the arts, if not like a connoisseur, at least like a man of taste and understanding. An artist should live years at Rome; a few months are sufficient for a man of letters. The one must study, labour, and reflect profoundly; it is enough for the other to be struck, and to preserve the emotions and ideas of the sublime and beautiful. For this reason he ought to see St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Apollo Belvidera, and all those other famous monuments, which all the descriptions, designs, copies, and learned dissertations, that ever existed, can give but a faint idea of.

After a six months tour, Luzincourt left Italy, and returned to Paris, where he accepted an apartment in the house of the Viscount de Valrive; who having for ever given up the fatiguing character of a man of the mode, led that kind of life which perfectly accorded with the disposition of Luzincourt.

While the latter was absent, Damoville had undertaken the editorship of a journal; and Luzincourt, shocked at several articles which had been sent him to Italy, could not forbear speaking of it to Damoville. "Really," said he, "your partiality is disgusting."

"How so, prithee?"

"You praise works so intolerably dull."

"Oh! thou hast thy eye upon the pamphlet written by Blimont; I allow it is detestable; but Blimont was strongly recommended by a lady whom I must not disoblige—I mean Madame d'Herblay; she is at present mistress to a great man, and has undertaken to solicit a pension for me. She interests herself in behalf of this little Blimont; she thinks him a man of wit and taste; and how could I avoid repeating this praise? Nay, I am well off to be so easily quits; for had she by chance thought him a man of genius, I must have called him so."

"These are excellent reasons. But then those Thoughts on various Subjects, which were such dull common place stuff, and which you likewise so loudly praised, and thought so profound —"

“Them! Oh I might praise them without fear or restraint, very certain they would never be read; nobody could contradict me, for I defy the most intrepid reader to go through three pages; therefore, when the author is one of us, we boldly affirm such a work to be sublime.—I formerly gave thee an example of this kind.”

“Yes, it is not thy fault if I am still ignorant; but though I might excuse thy excessive complaisance, who can excuse those bitter criticisms, so full of gall, and so void of truth, against good authors? How couldst thou shew thy face, after thus praising Blimont, and thus abusing Terval?”

“I own I have a great respect for the talents of Terval, and gave a very faithful and very advantageous account of his first work.”

“Well, but his second is still better.”

“Agreed; but not written in our principles.”

“What, because he has affirmed religion to be the only solid basis of virtue?”

“He has disgusted all the philosophers.”

“Usurpers you mean of this fine title.”

“Usurpers be it; what matters it to me; he has created himself a multitude of enemies; and even if the most dangerous of these enemies had not been my protectors, I certainly should not have been fool hardy enough to have assumed an ill-timed impartiality. Assure yourself, Luzincourt, I am neither whimsical nor absurd; and that I never praise a bad work, or abuse a good one, without sufficient reason.—Thus, for example, I gave a very bad character of the last new piece, and yet I thought it excellent.”

“And the author has been one of thy friends above these six months.”

“This circumstance makes my conduct sublime; I sacrificed him to gratitude. Last year the editor of a certain journal did as much for me, and one good turn deserves another. He reminded me of the favour, told me the author was his enemy, and I took that occasion to acquit myself of the debt. I did every thing in my power to turn the author and his

piece into ridicule. Thou mayest tell me likewise, perhaps, that formerly I was very loud in the praises of another man of letters, Dorgeval, whom I at present maintain to be a fool; but this is no caprice; we have quarrelled beyond a possibility of reconciliation."

"Who can answer reasons like these? And yet I must own, should I ever undertake the editorship of a journal, I should have a fancy to exhibit a model of the most perfect impartiality."

"What a romantic! what an impossible project!"

"Not so romantic, since reason and personal interest would be sufficient motives. Nobody is deceived by the falsehood of a journalist, since the arts to conceal it have long been too common, and too well seen through. It is in vain, when they intend to abuse a work, they begin by affirming they shall praise with pleasure, and find fault with regret. In vain, when the author is their friend, they inform us how severe they intend to be; we cannot any longer be duped by such shallow artifice; or rather, after seeing such phrases at the beginning, we know what is to follow. Let me, therefore, advise you to change this old formula, and endeavour to imagine something less known, and more likely to deceive."

"Let us return to impartiality: I affirm it to be impossible, nay absurd. What if your intimate friend, or benefactor, had written a bad book; would you publicly proclaim it?"

"This is the only case, in which I should not think myself at liberty to speak my thoughts; but this does not often happen. And even when it did, I would not write against my conscience: were I obliged to make an extract from a work, under such circumstances, I should say, 'The book, which it is my duty to announce to the public, is written by my intimate friend. I shall therefore confine myself to the giving an idea of the plan, and making an extract; for, as my judgment might naturally be suspected of partiality, I shall forbear to give any.'"

"And when you speak of your enemy, may not your judgment be as naturally suspected?"

“ No. Friendship is all-powerful; but my heart never can know hatred.”

“ Persuade the public to that.”

“ I would prove it; the public should be convinced I had at least understanding sufficient, and greatness of mind to set my glory on being invariably equitable and sincere.”

“ This is all very fine; but this greatness of mind would make thy journal most potently insipid.”

“ Much less insipid than your's. You never speak candidly what you think; a thousand narrow motives guide your pens, and when you praise the work, the reader says, ‘ How totally he is bought! How intimate he is with the author! And, on the contrary, when you criticise, ‘ How he hates the author! What an enemy he is to the author! How much he fears the enemies of the author!’ And what dependence do you think such a reader will place in you? Such criticisms are read without emotion or curiosity; for, to know their purport, it is sufficient to know your pre-ventions, fears, and antipathies. Instead of which, my Journal, without being better written, would indubitably be more amusing; the reader would be certain always of finding the true sentiments of an impartial person.”

“ One would think thou wert speaking of a work designed for the perusal of posterity. Remember, a journal is the thing in question; the mere thing of the day, which is often purchased only to read the play-bills; that is idly skimmed over in the morning, burnt in the evening, and forgotten on the morrow.”

“ Yes, such is the general fate of journals; but is this the fault of the thing, or of the writer? We have all heard how Addison, Pope, Steele, &c. amused themselves in writing these mere things of a day; they had them in the morning, and read them at breakfast, and they were neither burnt nor forgotten on the morrow, but carefully preserved.”

“ Oh yes; nobody will deny the Spectator to be an excellent work. The chief study of authors formerly was to write well. They had not more wit than

we have, but they had more industry. We want time: the life we lead neither admits of meditation nor labour."

"I can easily conceive it is difficult enough to find time both for caballing and study."

"For my part, I care little about this trifle of a Journal, the charge of which I have only taken for a moment. I shall soon quit it, and write one of a different kind, which will be much more serviceable to my affairs."

"Of what nature?"

"Not of a public one; it will consist of a private correspondence with five or six foreign princes, to whom I am recommended."

"And what will you inform these princes of?"

"They are lovers of the French literature, and desirous of knowing what new works appear before the journalists publish their accounts. Thus I shall have an opportunity of sending the productions of all my friends; as to others, I shall content myself with an extract, and an impartial opinion, as thou sayest."

"That is, when you dislike the author, you will persuade the prince the work is not worth reading."

"Which he will surely believe from the extract I shall send."

"The prince will certainly be an excellent judge of the state of French literature, and the merit of our writers, if he confides in thee."

"I am not to be his preceptor, but his correspondent, and I care little about the goodness of his judgment."

"And what advantages do you expect?"

"First, the pleasure of serving my friends, of establishing and increasing their reputation in foreign countries—"

"And of injuring your enemies. What else?"

"Fame and distinction. Pensions, portraits, flattering letters, copies of which will be inserted in the public journals, and even adroitly inserted in my own works."

“ But pray tell me, how are you so suddenly to obtain the correspondence of six foreign princes ?”

“ Wit and genius are first necessary.”

“ These are the requisites : but for the means.”

“ First carefully cultivate the friendship of ambassadors, who will then, on the publication of a new work, undertake to present their sovereigns with a copy ; to this the author must add a letter to the prince, and be careful to obtain recommendations from men of letters, his friends, whose reputation is established. Thus, for instance, Dalainval did me this favour in Germany and Russia.”

“ Thus instructed concerning preliminaries, return we to the correspondence. How is it possible you should undertake such an enterprize ?”

“ What do you mean ? Why not ?”

“ What ! Clandestinely rob men of reputation ! Attack them without giving them the means of defence ! Load them with accusations, and heap ridicule upon them, of which they are wholly ignorant ! To which they cannot reply ! Meet them continually, dine with them, sup with them, and part with them, intending to do them all the insidious mischief in your power ! Really, Damoville, I must tell you plainly, there is something horrid in such conduct.”

“ Thou art always in stilts ! Didst thou never, in a letter to a friend, indulge a severe criticism, or a hasty opinion ?”

“ Can you compare a letter to a friend, to a correspondence like that you speak of ?”

“ According to thy principles, it is horrid to write, unknowingly to the author, that his work is bad.”

“ I certainly never should write such a thing but to a friend ; and as I have no interest to make them of my opinion, my criticism would neither be captious nor long ; it would be only a word and away, not an endeavour to persuade ; and should my opinion be erroneous, I should hurt neither the author's reputation nor fortune, therefore should only be guilty of rashness.”

“ Seriously speaking, I acknowledge the correspondence I am about to undertake demands the most perfect equity.”

“ But suppose yourself impartial, may you not be deceived, and unintentionally form a wrong judgment? Yes, Damoville, probity rejects clandestine criticisms, they deserve to be classed with libels. If you would attack others, prepare no secret ambuscades, strike not in the dark, but face your foe, and avow your intention. Were I to write a criticism, my motives should be justifiable and moral. I should then combat, with fortitude, against whatever offended reason and manners; and, as I know myself fallible, should wish to be refuted and informed. Were the reply scurrilous, or scandalous, I should be convinced solid arguments were wanting; and, certain of being in the right, moderation would cost me little.”

“ Suppose you were proved in the wrong!”

“ I would instantly own it; for, not having been wilfully so, such a confession would sit easy on my heart.”

“ Pshaw! If ever you should become an author, you will change your opinion and your language.”

Damoville pronounced these words in an ironical and half angry tone, rose hastily, and took his leave; and as Luzincourt heard no more of him for upwards of two months, he supposed there was an end to all intercourse between them. Damoville, however, though he thought Luzincourt odd and apt to cavil, could not forbear to esteem him, and depend upon his friendship. Habit and confidence made the conversation of Luzincourt necessary. Determined not to follow his advice, he yet could not forbear asking it, and informing him of his hopes and fears. He would leave him in an ill humour, yet must return; and after neglecting him awhile, would again suddenly come to inform him of his projects and secrets.

Luzincourt, in the mean time, continued the plan he first laid down on his arrival in Paris. He spent five or six hours a day in company, and devoted

the rest to study, and what he held to be his duties. He never had neglected Darnay, the advocate with whom he lodged the two first years of his coming to town, nor broken the strict intimacy he had contracted with several eminent artists. Simple, modest, and natural, his manners were mild and noble, and his conversation interesting; the women thought him pleasing, the men wise, and his friends amiable.

Affectionate, and, consequently, benevolent, he often visited those obscure corners where Misery presents her dreary aspect; and, while he beheld all her woes, his heart acquired new sensations. Compassion became a principle! Compassion, which dwells in all bosoms, though it often lies latent, unawakened, unexcited by pathetic scenes of wretchedness! Like as fire is resident in all bodies, even in flint, yet remains unknown unless forced into action.

“At last,” said Luzincourt, “I now may write, I now may affect the passions without artifice. I have seen suffering Nature; I have beheld the powers of Grief, Gratitude, and Magnanimity. The cry of Despair *has rung* in my ear! Terror! Horror! Pity! Admiration! I have felt them all, and I know the human heart. I have need neither of genius nor imagination to paint with truth: faithfully to remember what I have seen, heard, and experienced, is all I want.”

Accordingly he wrote and published a moral work, the success of which surpassed his hopes; the passions were moved, and nature and truth were conspicuous. Having no reputation, Luzincourt had no enemies, he therefore obtained universal applause: even the literati loaded him with praise. Several of them came to visit him and gain his acquaintance, but after sounding his inclinations they soon discovered his principles, and their enthusiasm began to cool.

Luzincourt perceived the tide turning, yet took no step to overthrow the little conspiracy which he found forming against him; they were angry with themselves, for having too indiscreetly praised a man who had an obstinate aversion to all party spirit; but the

fault was committed, and, while they sought how to repair it, Luzincourt peaceably enjoyed the satisfaction of having given the world a useful work, and the pleasure of seeing it translated into all the living languages of Europe.

Much about this time Luzincourt became acquainted with a young widow named Aurelia, who was visited by many men of letters, and on whom Damoyille had paid constant attendance for the last five months. Aurelia was the widow of a rich Merchant of Nantes, had no children, and, finding herself at four and twenty her own mistress, and possessed of a good fortune, returned to live at Paris, with an old aunt, who had brought her up, and to whom she was sole heiress.

Aurelia had a handsome person, a cultivated understanding, a delicate taste, a feeling heart, and a noble mind. She did not want penetration, but having too lively a fancy, she did not always judge rightly; she was very liable to be prejudiced, but her prejudices were of short duration; she loved truth, was sincere in the search of it, and had neither that obstinacy which resists its impressions, nor that stupid pride which rejects its conviction. She was often known to change her opinion; she was accused of inconsistency and caprice, but unjustly, she was only undeceived.

Naturally just and generous, no one knew better how to own, or how to repair an error; her heart, formed only for friendship, was inaccessible to hatred, envy, or resentment. The first emotion over, she not only easily pardoned ill usage, but naturally forgot it. In spite of experience, she was born to believe, as long as she lived, in the sincerity of reconciliations, and the impossibility of people continuing to hate each other.

Void of all affection, incapable of hypocrisy and constraint, she was not always equally amiable and prudent; she discovered too much indifference for those she did not think worthy her notice, and too much partiality for those who pleased her. Wit and

understanding may easily be deceived for a moment; and Aurelia was always disposed to believe virtue and a specious behaviour were the same. Good breeding is seductive, and adds an inexpressible charm to the sensations which admiration excites.

An illusion so agreeable was necessary to Aurelia, who could taste no pleasures in which the heart had no share; she could be pleased only by being interested; and she too easily attributed wisdom to those who appeared amiable. Her behaviour was gentle and equal; she did not make trifles important, took no light offence, claimed no extraordinary attention, but had defects and virtues seldom united in the same person, and which gave her a certain singularity equally original and inviting.

Communicative to excess, she easily betrayed her thoughts, but she spoke only of her own concerns; friendship never had cause to reproach her of the least indiscretion. She was giddy and imprudent, but not silly; she possessed fortitude, could submit to necessity, support ill fortune, and keep a resolution; but it was only on great occasions she discovered a great mind. In the common course of things, her complaisance sometimes looked like weakness.

Her natural activity, which was remarkable, was usually exerted on useful and important objects; for when it was necessary, her mind was firm and determined. In indifferent things, she was led and governed with as much ease as docility, for she had an inexhaustible fund of gentleness and good humour.

What, however, distinguished her most, was the delicacy and nobleness of her sentiments; she despised pomp and riches, contemned parties and cabals. With an imagination less lively, and feelings less quick, she would have had philosophy and superiority of reason; but she ceded too soon to first impressions; more eager to be informed, than occupied by the important care of correcting herself, she gained knowledge, but not perfection; she remained

such as nature had formed her ; and, though she had not a common mind, she had the defects of one.

Luzincourt was received at her house politely, but coldly ; she did not however forget to mention his work, but, with the most unaffected sincerity, gave it the highest praise. Damoville soon entered, and took the whole conversation upon himself ; Aurelia seemed to listen with great attention ; Luzincourt observed it, and saw that two or three of Damoville's friends, who were present, took every opportunity to give consequence to all he uttered.

Damoville, on the other hand, was not pleased to meet Luzincourt in this place. The latter durst not make his first visit so long as he wished, but renewed it in two or three days time. He was received the second time more coldly than the first ; and, when he departed, he went and supped at Madame de Valrive's, where he carried absence of mind and uneasiness, and therefore retired before midnight.

Instead of going to bed, he walked above two hours about his chamber, thinking of Damoville and Aurelia. " It is evident he is in love with her," said he, " or pretends to be ; he has beset her with his most intimate friends, who easily persuade her he is a man of wit, understanding, and virtue ; she loves men of literature, and their purpose may soon be effected. Yet Damoville is incapable of a sincere attachment. I am certain he is influenced only by a desire of making a good match, and will deceive a lady worthy of a better fate. Yet wherefore am I thus interested ? I own I am somewhat piqued he should come so often, to confide his silly schemes to me, and never mention a project like this. 'Tis strange ! I long have known him as he is—have no dependence on his friendship—and yet his want of confidence, in this instance, vexes me !"

Internally displeas'd with himself, Luzincourt felt an insurmountable discontent he had never known before. Damoville came to see him next morning, and he blush'd and experienced a disagreeable emo-

tion. Neither was Damoville totally free from embarrassment; but he soon recovered his usual appearance, and spoke much, yet never mentioned the name of Aurelia.—“Thou wilt see a letter of mine,” said he, “to-morrow, in the *Mercure François*, on Music.”

“Music! What have you to say about music?”

“What! A great deal about Gluck and Piccini.”

“But you never studied music?”

“Writers at present must touch on that subject.”

“And so you will write dissertations on a subject you do not understand, consequently will write ill, will make false and ridiculous pretensions to knowledge, and make two men angry with each other who were born for reciprocal admiration; and who, were it not for your trifling disputes, and the party janglings of inconsiderate zeal, would do each other justice. Why, sir, were even a musician, known to be such, a famous composer, to undertake a work, in which he should attempt to prove it is a folly to esteem the compositions both of Gluck and Piccini, he would soon tire, but never convince his readers. In spite of all the reasoning upon earth, those who have souls and ears will always love them both. Which way, then, can a writer pretend to determine for a nation, and fix its taste, who does not understand whether a duet be made according to rule? How shall he dare to speak in terms he does not know the meaning of, and imperiously tell the world Gluck is a barbarian, or Piccini has no genius? This species of madness is so original it might amuse us, did it not give birth to anger and hatred; but your intolerance and animosity make it as melancholy as it is unaccountable.”

“What is to be done? We must swim with the stream—my friends are all Piccinists.”

“I do not ask you to be a Gluckist, but you might be nenter.”

“What, and be hated by both parties!”

“If there be a thing on earth a true philosopher can

hate, it is certainly party spirit, since it gives birth to such extravagance, meanness, and injustice."

"This letter was asked of me, it is written, and to-morrow it will appear. The die is cast, and I am now an avowed Piccinist for life. Should any one attempt to laugh at me, for not being a musician, I have a ready resource. I will imitate one of our antagonists, who, hurt at this reproach, took a music-master at fifty, and began the violoncello. Thou mayest see I care little about my letter on music, but thou wilt find in the same Journal something more interesting: A Dissertation on English Literature."

"Indeed! Why when did you learn English? Three months since you did not know a word of that language."

"I have taken lessons some time, and a few years hence may know something of the matter."

"Being industrious! And in the mean time you will write on the subject. This tastes of the violoncello! You have no doubt made quotations in your dissertation."

"Many! I have cited Milton."

"In English?"

"Certainly."

"But hark you, my friend! Who has corrected your proofs? You must recur to the original for every word, for you will not persuade me you understand English. I give you my word I will not betray you; tell me therefore how you manage, for the thing appears to me quite curious."

"Curious! Not in the least: it is done every day."

"What! To cite English poetry, to reason, to dissertate on its beauties and defects, without knowing a word of English!"

"Nothing is more common: nor is any thing required for such a task, except a dictionary, a copy of the original work, and a translation."

"But those who understand English will soon see you do not."

"Those who understand English will not read our dissertations. It was absolutely necessary I

should publish these fragments: a man of literature must, at all events, appear perfectly to understand a language so universally studied at present, for the sake of his reputation in foreign parts, and the provincial towns. But, a-propos, I told thee some time ago of a three act comedy I began last spring: it is finished, and I shall read it to-morrow at Aurelia's. Wilt thou come?"

"Will—will Aurelia—permit me to be present?" replied Luzincourt, somewhat embarrassed.

"Oh! yes! yes! I will take care of that."

Luzincourt hesitated a moment, and, after some reflection, accepted the proposition.

Damoville could not forbear to tell him of a reading which was to take place in the presence of thirty people, and which, to him, was a thing of the utmost importance. On any other occasion he would have been glad of Luzincourt's absence; and he took such precautions on this, as quite robbed him of all uneasiness.

Damoville had, in fact, formed a project to marry Aurelia; and, for this purpose, had introduced all his most zealous partizans and protectors, who, all being privy to the intent, took all opportunities to second his design. Aurelia heard nothing but praises on the talents and virtues of Damoville; not a man, of the present age, had so well founded a reputation, was continually repeated in her ear. She knew he had borne away the prizes for eloquence and poetry, given by the French Academy, for two or three years; and they assured her, his celebrity was still greater in foreign countries.

Aurelia was not ignorant Damoville held a correspondence with several princes, or that he received pensions, which she considered as honourable proofs of his superiority: his panegyrists soon told all this, and how he had, already, been made a member of the Provincial Academies; and that they were well assured, he need but present himself, to be received one of the forty of Paris.

So much lustre dazzled Aurelia. She was apt to

think favourably of genius; she loved fame, and forgot there was nothing wanting to the renown of Damoville, but that of having deserved it. She examined not into causes, but was struck with the effects; she enquired not, but was led. Besides, having never lived in the fashionable world, she was incapable of judging what were the merits of a work, which, she was told, was a perfect picture of high life. This picture, 'tis true, had somewhat offended her reason and natural good taste; but she heard so many voices raised in its praise, and contrary to her private opinion, for she durst not declare it, that she was obliged to accuse herself of an ill-founded delicacy.

Damoville was not deficient either in subtilty or suppleness; he saw Aurelia had noble sentiments, and a fixed aversion to party intrigues; and he spoke as though he possessed all the sublime qualities necessary to please a person of her disposition. Yet, though she thought him amiable, and supposed him a man of great abilities, she had not that heartfelt preference he flattered himself he could inspire. She admired him, however, and always shewed him a most decisive preference.

Such was the situation of Damoville, when Luzincourt first appeared at the house of Aurelia. Damoville knew of his introduction, and that Aurelia, the instant she had read his book, was very desirous of his acquaintance. Fearful he might become a dangerous rival, Damoville neglected nothing that might injure him in Aurelia's opinion. It would have been too barefaced to have openly spoken against a man who had been his first and most intimate friend; therefore, whenever she mentioned his name, Damoville took care to vaunt, with enthusiasm, of his friendship for Luzincourt, but without ever praising the friend or his works; he even hinted he had reason to complain of him; but, feigning to recollect himself, as if he had done his friend wrong, he seemed to reproach himself of indiscretion, and wished to retract.

His partisans need not speak so cautiously: they

continually told Aurelia Damoville was infatuated to Luzincourt, who, far from participating a friendship so tender and so true, could not behold the success of Damoville, without the basest envy; that the latter had received the most outrageous injuries from him; that he was an artful and profound hypocrite; and that, in fine, under an agreeable outside, he concealed an unfeeling heart, and a dangerous character.

Aurelia thus prejudiced, Damoville had little to fear. He was desirous of being praised, especially in her presence, and he knew Luzincourt was no flatterer; but then Aurelia would interpret his silence into envy. It was this reflection, that had determined Damoville to invite him to the reading of his piece.

Though Luzincourt was ignorant of these dark snares, he well knew Damoville had acted with duplicity in this instance. He felt how embarrassing it must be for him to hear a bad piece read, which his friend had written; but he supposed in a company of thirty people, he should neither be questioned nor noticed. His desire to observe Aurelia, during the reading, was great; and thinking he gave way to a mere emotion of curiosity, he went next day, at the time appointed, to Aurelia's.

Here he found a large company. Damoville was not yet arrived, and they, in the mean time, were busy in his praise. Some of them who had heard the comedy read, assured Aurelia it was a masterpiece; they next vaunted his Letter on Music, and his Dissertation on Milton, which Aurelia had read that very morning, and which she thought excellent.

Aurelia remarked, that Luzincourt listened silently to his friend's praises, and she was confirmed in the opinion she had heard of his character. Of all the pangs the heart can endure, that of envy is doubtless the most insupportable; and yet it is the only one that cannot inspire pity: Aurelia, therefore, with an intention to augment the torments of Luzincourt, praised Damoville, even to exaggeration. Luzincourt was ignorant of her project, and really supposed her

desperately enamoured. The idea made him melancholy ; in spite of himself he was vexed, and fell into a gloomy reverie, in which he continued till the arrival of Damoville, who was received by Aurelia in the politest and most affable manner.

Damoville, before he began, endeavoured to put his auditors into a favourable disposition. Seven or eight people in the company guided the judgments of the rest ; to each of these he had something agreeable to say : one was assured, in his ear, that his good opinion alone was the thing he wished ; another was praised aloud for his taste and natural indulgence.—After going round thus, and making all these little necessary preparations, Damoville gracefully sat himself down.

So well were his hearers disposed, that, as soon as he took his work from his pocket, a confused murmur of applause arose, occasioned by the sight of this precious manuscript ; every chair was in motion to approach the reader, while Aurelia, with a heart really interested, desired silence.

Damoville, with a mild, modest, and insinuating air, began, by reading an advertisement, which informed the assembly, that his little piece had been sent to Furney ; that he had received a most flattering letter, extracts from which he read ; and that, finally, the suffrage of M. de Voltaire, and eight or ten other undoubted judges, had induced him to give his work to the public.

The advertisement ended by a kind of analysis of his comedy ; that is to say, by a very circumstantial eulogium ; whence it was clearly understood, that nothing so good had been written for these last twenty years ; and that the author had as much celebrity as genius. Several of them gave their thoughts on this advertisement, which they pronounced equally modest and well written, and Damoville then began to read his comedy.

He had before told them the wit of it was elegant, not gross, and the understanding only could laugh. He did right ; no one was inclined to laugh, though

they all unanimously agreed, never had author better seized the follies of the times; each exclaimed at every moment, "How just! How severe!" And these exclamations were so frequent, that an old alderman of Toulonse, a relation of Aurelia's, arrived overnight in Paris, cried out, as loudly as any of them, "How just! How severe!"

A witness of this universal enthusiasm, Luzincourt's embarrassment was increased, by perceiving Aurelia attentively observing him, and looking at him with indignation. He saw she thought him capable of that mean jealousy which authors too often feel; the idea distracted him; for, in fact, he was not at that moment free from jealousy, though it was of a very different nature to what Aurelia supposed.

He thought Damoville's piece intolerable: however, to divert Aurelia's suspicions, he made an effort, and addressed some vague compliments to Damoville; but as he was vexed with himself, and averse to the thing, he did this with so ill a grace, that every body took notice of his behaviour, every body began to whisper, every body's eyes were fixed upon him, and Aurelia gave him a look of contempt, accompanied with a disdainful smile, which completed his confusion.

Damoville triumphed; he observed all that passed, though, apparently, he observed nothing. The reading ended, he rose, approached Aurelia, and with the utmost seeming candour, said, "Can you guess what I am thinking of?—Of you, madam, and Luzincourt.—I have the happiness to obtain your applause, and I have a friend, who knows my heart, who participates my joy; a witness of this most pleasing, most flattering success.—Yes, I know he participates my joy.—He may have his failings, but have not I too?—Who is without? My delicacy is great, but I have often pushed it too far, especially with him—Yet I have always done his feelings justice—and, even at this moment, I am certain they are exquisite."

This apparent credulity of Damoville affected Aurelia so much, that she was obliged to turn her head

aside to hide her tears; then, looking at Damoville, with great expression said to him, "the thing I am most certain of, is, you are worthy a sincere friend."

"Worthy of one! I have one: at least," added he, fetching a deep sigh, "I flatter myself I have—even were it an illusion, it would be cruel to rob me of the agreeable shadow."

Damoville pronounced these words with so tragical an air, that Aurelia was greatly affected; her emotion was visible in her countenance; and Luzincourt though at the other end of the chamber, perfectly beheld her tenderness and trouble. Then it was he indeed envied Damoville, and felt a pang of heart so severe, he could not hide what passed in his mind, but rose to take his leave.

Damoville called him back, and he returned with confusion in his face. Damoville had not quitted his chair, which stood next to that of Aurelia—"When, my friend, shall I see thee?" said he.

This simple question quite confounded Luzincourt, who answered, with a frozen coldness, He was very busy at present, and—

He could not finish his sentence; for he neither knew what he said, nor what he wished to say.

"I will call on thee to-morrow," said Damoville.

"Do not give yourself that trouble; I shall not be at home."

"But betimes, before thou art out."

Luzincourt, not knowing what to say, answered, he was going into the country for a few days; then turning towards Aurelia, asked if she had any commands; who, without deigning to look at him, replied by a simple inclination of the head; and Luzincourt, making a low bow, instantly left the room.

As soon as he was gone, Damoville, looking at Aurelia with an air of astonishment, exclaimed, "I am quite petrified! What is the matter with him?—This is inconceivable!—Have I said any thing to give him offence?—It is true, this is not the first time I have seen him so; but, I confess, I hardly know how to support such behaviour."

Aurelia, full of pity for Damoville, sighed, and changing the conversation to divert his thoughts, once more began to praise the charming piece she had just heard.

The unhappy Luzincourt ran to his real friend, the Viscount de Valrive, to tell him all that had passed. "Never," said he, "again will I enter that fatal house. I had heard so flattering an account of this Aurelia, that I gave way to my desire of being acquainted with her. Before I ever saw her, I received several letters from her, all of which spoke her a woman of wit and understanding; but she is passionately in love with Damoville, and it is impossible she should have the least discernment; never will I forgive myself the ridiculous scene I have been playing at her house; but I was vexed, and had lost all command of my temper; I—"

"And so, my dear Luzincourt," interrupted the viscount, smiling, "thou art in love at last."

"I in love! How is it possible I should love a person whose heart is engaged, and who has made so wrong a choice."

"You flatter yourself this choice is not yet made; and, indeed, if her head and heart are good, she will soon be undeceived; visit her often, and her prejudices will soon vanish."

"It is not possible I should longer look on Damoville as my friend. I soon found out his principles and sentiments, and yet I loved him. The remembrance of our former friendship imposes duties on me I never can forget; Aurelia shall not learn his character from me."

"Nor need she; let her do you justice, and you are certain of obtaining a preference."

"I hope, at least, she will some time know me incapable of odious vices. I own it is impossible I should not wish for her esteem.—I will see her once more, and, if she really loves Damoville, I have the power to be silent; she never shall know my thoughts."

Some days after this conversation, Luzincourt vi-

sited Aurelia; he found her alone, and reading, with the tears running down her cheeks. Luzincourt perceived it, and was going to retire; Aurelia called him, and he returned. The book she had been reading lay open on her knees, and she was a moment silent. At last, looking at Luzincourt, she said, "A work ought to be very excellent, to move one so much at a second reading. It is about a year since this first appeared, and I read it then; you now see how much it affects me."

Luzincourt, perplexed, said with a trembling voice, "The author is very happy."

"Happy indeed," replied Aurelia, "if it be true, he painted his own mind in his work." So saying, she presented the book to Luzincourt, who cast his eyes on a page moistened with Aurelia's tears, and saw, with transport, it was his own writing.

"Oh flattering eulogium!" cried Luzincourt.

"He durst not proceed—Aurelia fixed her eyes upon him. After a few moments, he once more broke silence, and said, "Do you then, madam, believe it possible an author should truly express sentiments he never felt?"

"I have always thought the contrary, and yet —"

"And yet what, madam?"

"Permit me to speak freely."

"I conjure you so to do."

"You know how to pair the charms of friendship, in the most affecting manner, but do you know as well how to fulfil its duties?"

"You have deigned, madam, to speak plainly; may I take the liberty to ask what could have given birth to such a doubt?"

"My own observations."

"Pray heaven, madam, that, with an equitable mind, you may have seen only with your own eyes."

"Well, since you wish me to speak without disguise, I must own I was greatly surprised at your behaviour, when you last were here."

"I acknowledge," replied Luzincourt, smiling, "appearances were against me; I felt they were too

forcibly, and it was this sensation alone that made me ridiculous."

Luzincourt pronounced these few words in so calm, so natural a tone, that the most circumstantial explanation could not have been more persuasive. Aurelia, forcibly struck, beheld him with extreme surprise. "I cannot conquer my astonishment," said she, "you have not given me a single reason, and yet I am convinced."

"Such, madam, is the force of truth."

"But why were you so confused then?"

"Unhappily for me, I discovered you were prejudiced against me, and that you suspected me of envying Damoville's success; I was chagrined, and this made me commit so many awkward blunders."

"I have wronged you, and I shall never pardon myself."

Aurelia pronounced this sentence with so sincere and graceful a candour, that Luzincourt, transported, was half tempted to throw himself at her feet; he restrained himself, however, and concealed a part of his emotion. Aurelia questioned him further. "I confess," said she, "I praised your friend's piece with a little exaggeration, but pray what do you think of it?"

"It seems to me at least as good as most of the trifles in one act, and in three, which have been played within these fifteen years, and in which they have pretended to exhibit men and manners. I should prefer it, for instance, to the Circle, or the Fainte par Amour: that over-refined fashionable marquis, who seduces all the women, by shewing them how to embroider, make work bags, and knit garters, is an imaginary being that never had existence. Though trifles may sometimes please the women, they certainly would not chuse a man who spent his time in knotting, knitting, and embroidering; such puerilities have only pleased on the stage, because a delightful actor has given them graces which are purely his own, and because most of the spectators, being ignorant of life, believe this caricature to be a picture of

it; but nobody reads these pieces, which they take a pleasure to see."

"It is certain no piece can be good, which does not affect us by reading it; yet, do you suppose a bad piece may remain so long on the stage."

"It certainly may remain as long as the actor, who first gave it success."

"The duration of our errors is short, in proportion to the length of our lives; we continually deceive ourselves, but we are as quickly undeceived; and, were it not for this happy facility, our momentary and brittle being would exist only in a dream. But who shall dare hope to find the truth, if an illusion may endure fifteen years?"

"There does not seem to me any great illusion in this: an actor, inimitable in his walk, is applauded; nothing more. Generally speaking, the public do justice to authors and their works; but let me remark, the town is difficult, in proportion to the length of the piece; if it be in five acts, it must be perfect; if in one, they care little how bad it is; and this is the reason, why so many short pieces below mediocrity, and even below contempt, continue to be played."

"Let us return to Damoville. I have only one doubt, which you may remove, for I feel you have gained my confidence. Tell me, if you verily believe you have as sincere a friendship for Damoville as he has for you?"

"I perceive, madam, you have much too extravagant an idea of Damoville's friendship for me; there is no great intimacy, at present, between us; we keep very different company, and see each other seldom."

"I know that," hastily interrupted Aurelia; "but is it his fault or yours? He certainly considers you as his dearest friend."

"No, indeed, madam."

"No!—Why?"

"His dearest friends are those, who procured him the pleasure of your acquaintance."

Scarce had Luzincourt spoken the last word, be-

fore the door opened, and Damoville was announced. Aurelia blushed—Luzincourt, no longer agitated by his former fears, did not discover the slightest emotion, while Damoville, in his turn, was somewhat disconcerted. He soon, however, recovered himself; and, according to his plan, began to load Luzincourt with professions of friendship, and reproached him for having said he should go out of town, when he had no such intention."

"It is true," said Luzincourt, "I had no such intention; I was guilty of deceit, and I did wrong. I suffered for it; you know I am not subject to such meanness; neither am I apt to be out of temper; I own I was the other day, and I have been just confessing it to this lady; she was the innocent cause of my weakness, and, in justice, ought to receive the first apology."

Luzincourt's frankness and sincerity surprised and embarrassed Aurelia. As for Damoville, he knew not what to think, his inquietude was excessive. Luzincourt, unwilling to keep him long in pain, rose and took leave of Aurelia; then turning to Damoville, "Well remembered," said he, "I have a message for you; Madame de Valrive, and Madame de Champrose, wish much to hear your comedy."

"Oh," replied Damoville, "I am teized to death on that head. I read it yesterday to the Dutchess of —, and she has desired me to repeat it again to-morrow. People really have no mercy on good nature."

"What answer shall I give the ladies?"

"I have refused Madame de Clary, who has persecuted me beyond all belief; nay, I have positively this very morning denied to go to the Princess of —"

"Am I to understand this as a denial?"

"To be sure; and let me entreat thee, my dear Luzincourt, not in future to undertake any such like messages."

After this final answer, Luzincourt bowed, retired, and left his rival alone with Aurelia.

Luzincourt, full of hope and joy, was convinced

at last he was in love, and shut himself up in his own room, that he might enjoy, undisturbed, the sweet remembrance of a conversation which had so entirely changed his destiny. Every thing he had said he recollected, still imagining he might have said the same thing better; every thing Aurelia had answered, and even his private thoughts. At ten o'clock he remembered he had promised to sup with Madame de Champrose, and he got there just as they were sitting down to table.

He went up to Madame de Champrose in order to render an account of the ill success of the commission she had given him, but she interrupted him at the first word.—“I have received,” said she, “the politest note possible from M. Damoville, in which he promises to come and read his piece here next Monday.” Luzincourt smiled, and made no reply, for he was not astonished at the trick; he easily saw Damoville had only refused to give himself consequence in the presence of Aurelia, and he imagined at the moment it would end by reading the piece.

After supper the Viscount de Valrive was asked if he knew any thing of Damoville's comedy.—“The author,” replied the viscount, “is going to play and print his work, I have therefore never had a wish to hear it.”

“I forgot,” answered Madame de Champrose, “your aversion to readings.”

“I own I prefer reading to myself. I repeat passages that please me as often as I like, reflect without interruption, turn over what I think dull, and am not obliged to exhaust myself in compliments. Closet reading has its charms, and I am persuaded the world will sometime again be of that opinion.”

“Never: one loves to judge before the public sees.”

“I can enjoy that satisfaction with every new work as soon as it is published. I buy and read it before the public has pronounced judgment. Besides, how can you judge an author, who comes at your request, and throws himself on your mercy; who seems to

have no earthly wish but your approbation? who places a flattering and unbounded confidence in your opinion, and who enters with the sweet certitude of charming and astonishing you? Who could destroy illusions so agreeable by speaking cruel truths! The rites of hospitality, gratitude, good manners, all require nothing should be neglected, to send the author away satisfied and happy. Should you seem tired you distract him, and your apparent pleasure is to him real. Could you then be so inhuman as to refuse your applause? If you could, you would be both barbarous and unjust; for, when you asked him to read his production, you tacitly entered into an engagement to repay him with praise. On this condition he came to your house: he is not one of your friends, not even one of your acquaintance; you are therefore certain he does not come to discover the real merits of his piece, and hear truth; nor can you deny, but that you will have little aversion to protest to him his work is a *chef-d'œuvre*, and that you are delighted with it, however bad it may be."

"There is some truth in this," replied Madame de Champrose, "but a good deal of exaggeration. I assure you I have often heard criticisms at such readings."

"Yes! you have heard refined flattery."

"Flattery!"

"Flattery. The author is certain to ask the company's opinion, and they know it is necessary to think of something to say; and, as politeness requires an appearance of sincerity, a few criticisms are seldom wanting, which are, in fact, so many praises; that is to say, feeble and frivolous objections, over which it is meant an author should triumph. But did you ever hear the author told the plan of his work was ill conceived, that it was ill written, or that it wanted taste?"

"So you accuse all who attend these kind of readings of dissimulation."

"No; for were I present, I should do the same. There are a multitude of truths too severe to be told.

especially by people who live in society, and would be thought amiable. Suppose a weak mother were to ask you what you thought of her stupid or deformed child, would you candidly tell her? If a fool repeat a repartee, as his own, which you have read in a jest book, would you accuse him of falsehood and folly? Every question which vanity dictates, when asked by a person who is indifferent to us, requires a polite answer. Neither does the giving it make you deceitful: it is common good manners."

"All which tends very powerfully to prove, it is impossible to speak truth to an author, unless you are his intimate friend. But pray tell me, do you think authors can very well distinguish whose praises are sincere?"

"They! Not they indeed. They have an inexhaustible fund of faith and simplicity on this head. In society flattery has its bounds, which whoever passes ceases to be polite, takes an air of irony and offends. A woman ought to be agreeable to be told she is an angel; if she be ugly, the charms of her mind, or her good shape, only, must be mentioned, for self-love does not usually render us totally blind. Men of letters must be excepted. Tell one of them, boldly, who never wrote any thing but a pamphlet or a farce, he is a man of genius, and he will take your word for it with all imaginable sincerity; for as soon as he himself is the subject of praise nothing can be extravagant. How would he laugh at the inebriety of a brother, led astray by the apparent enthusiasm of his hearers; yet put him instantly in the same situation, and he would instantly have the same credulity. However, were authors really to feel the truth, they would not leave off their readings, it being a species of policy well understood by them."

"How so!"

"It is a certain means of suddenly acquiring, at little expense, a deal of fame. Permit me, madam, for example, to suppose, notwithstanding the politest of possible notes, which Damoville has sent you, his comedy should be a bad one."

“ Well ; what then ? ”

“ Remembering the billet, and the complaisance of the author, you are determined to make it thought as well of as possible ; you will invite fifteen or twenty people to hear it, to whom you will repeat every thing you have heard in its praise, and thus then are fifteen or twenty people prejudiced in his favour. While it is reading you will seem delighted, enchanted, and will be very desirous of obliging the author ; self-love will contribute somewhat to this, for you would not wish to see persons you have invited all dull and tired ; you are not ignorant of the dependance placed on your understanding ; you take advantage of this circumstance to deceive people who are led by you, and they depart fully persuaded they have been entertained, and that the work is a good one ; or, at least, having been induced by you to praise the author, they never after can say otherwise ; for, after carrying flattery to a certain height, they are obliged, in honour, to maintain their ground. I know there will be present, at your reading, two English, a Polish, and a German gentleman, who will soon return into their own country, whither they will carry a high admiration of the abilities of Damoville, whom they will affirm to enjoy great reputation in France ; and thus the courts of England, Poland, and Germany, will resound with the praises of Damoville. In the mean time his piece is played, and condemned by the public. At present, however, there is no longer a shameful defeat to be feared at the theatre ; preventives are taken, and even the author is called for. Illustrious protectors appear in the boxes, the first representation is conducted with decency, and tickets, dispersed with a noble profusion, procure three or four others ; after which the indisposition of an actor has obliged the author to withdraw his piece : he prints it, and in his preface congratulates himself on his great and brilliant success, and thanks the public, with equal modesty and truth, for the pretended applause they have bestowed. Imagine what effect this preface must produce in England, Poland, and Germany, al-

ready favourably disposed. These things are somewhat ridiculed at Paris ; but, even there, the people of fashion, though half undeceived, maintain the author has great abilities, and his reputation extends itself over the country, and among foreigners ; and the more so, because the journalists give the most flattering account of the work."

" There is always, however, among the infinity of journalists, one or two who judge properly and impartially."

" Yes ; but when they criticise an author who has employed all the means I have just described, it is easy to make them appear envious, malignant, or unjust."

" I can easily conceive, that authors, who are not endowed with excessive delicacy, may be satisfied with this kind of reputation ; and the sooner, because it will incite no one's envy, nor is any thing more to be wished, except that it were real."

Luzincourt, who had just then ended a party at picquet, rose, and approaching the viscount, said, " It is high time I should come and defend the cause of men of letters, whom you treat so very freely."

" You have nothing, my dear Luzincourt, in common with those I take the liberty to laugh at," replied the viscount ; " I attack intriguers only. Woe be to him who is offended by my criticism, for he accuses himself. I might name many besides you, Luzincourt, whom I admire and esteem."

" Not readers of their manuscripts, I imagine."

" It is possible to give in to this fashion through weakness, or out of real complaisance ; and this is what I always suppose when the author is not a known partisan."

" But wherefore all this animosity," said Madame de Champrose, " against these poor partisans ; what harm have they done you ?"

" A great deal ; they weary me, and write bad books."

" You reproach them with an involuntary crime."

" That I beg leave to deny ; for were they to consecrate that time to labour and reflection they give to

intrigue, they would either write better, or not write at all. I know some, who really possess abilities, which are lost for want of cultivation. Besides, the spirit of party narrows the mind, exterminates feeling, and depraves the heart. How can a man unceasingly busy himself about the little arts of cabal, and preserve sublime and noble sentiments?—An impartial and reasonable man of letters, who would take the trouble to unvail the mysteries and little scandals of cabal to the public eye, would render literature a most essential service.”

“Do you recollect,” interrupted Luzincourt, “the fortitude necessary for such an undertaking? He who writes against religion and morality may please a great part of the public, and will offend none but good people, who never entertain hatred; they are satisfied with complaining of, or despising, the author: but he who should disclose the secrets of intrigue, would draw upon himself an innumerable crowd of envenomed foes, the more dangerous, inasmuch as there is no curb, no principle, to restrain the excess of their resentment. Do you not behold the audacious author falling a victim to those mean tricks and obscure manœuvres which he so imprudently despised? To know them is not to be guarded against them. Imagine, then, the consequences of such an enterprize; the cries, the clamours, the furies of hatred, astonished; journalists, bitter criticisms, satires, libels; in fact, all which anger, revenge, and party can produce.”

“You will allow merit in foreseeing all this, and yet encountering it all.—There would, no doubt, be a thousand secret arts, calumnies, libels, and all you have described, excepting cries and clamours. The people, we speak of, wish not to excite these, except when they write against religion or government. They understand their own principles too well to increase the rumour, which a work like this, full of bold and useful truths, ought naturally to incite; they, on the contrary, would affect the utmost indifference, a kind of contempt, were you to ask them about the

work : though there had been an edition of it sold in a week, they would negligently reply they had not read it, except you were supposed to be an enemy of the author ; in which case they would tell you, in a positive but cold and tranquil way, the work was good for nothing, that it was besides intolerably malignant ; then, without seeming to think it were worthy farther notice, would change the discourse to any trifling indifferent subject."

" Really," said Madame de Champrose, " I should then think their conduct sublime. Passion persuades nobody, while that air of coolness is imposing, and, in the eyes of fools, at least, gives calumny an air of reason. But how will you make this prudent plan agree with those biting libels and satires, of which you just now spoke ?"

" Libels excite attention ; nor are their authors ignorant, that they give more celebrity than they can do harm."

" Very true ; but passion makes an author inconsistent ; and the pleasure of defaming, beyond bounds, a person he hates, the hope of ruining, and of driving his enemy to despair, urges him to exceed probability. As for society, he dares not exceed a certain point ; nay, not to appear unjust, is obliged to mix up a little occasional praise with his censure. Whereas, in an anonymous pamphlet, all these constraints are evaded, which decorum and policy impose."

" But how could you, viscount, know all this ?"

" When men of the world are men of observation, they know more than all the philosophers ; though, if they do not obtain a knowledge of the human heart, and a truth and delicacy in their remarks, they may pass their lives in the most extensive societies, without ever acquiring much wisdom. No writer has dared to paint, in a circumstantial manner, the various arts of the literati.* All authors, almost,

* Let this be understood as spoken in general ; and be it, at the same time, acknowledged with pleasure, that truth and justice must admit many exceptions.

have flattered each other; several of them have drawn a parallel between men of letters and men of the world; in which, for the honour of the corps to which they belonged, they never failed to give themselves the preference. Many a time have I been tempted to answer them like the lion in the fable—

The thing revers'd had been, and true,
 Could lions paint as well as you.*

“But this cannot be said at present,” replied Luzincourt, “for lions, as you are pleased to call yourselves, do paint.”

“Yes, yes, but they do not exhibit; and manuscripts in literature have no great authority.”

“It seems to me, that an illustrious writer, in his *Persian Letters*, has treated men of literature, the journalists, and even the French Academy, without the least ceremony.”

“He has said many excellent things on this subject, as well as on others; but, in my opinion, he has rather written a satire than a temperate criticism; and violent satire proves nothing.”

‘Most authors,’ says Monsieur de Montesquieu, ‘resemble poets, who patiently endure beating; but who, free of their shoulders, are intolerably jealous of their works; to which they will not suffer the least offence to be offered.’†

See La Fontaine’s Fable of the Picture of the Lion vanquished by the Man.

† His manner of describing the French Academy is not more moderate. “I have heard,” says Rica, of a sort of tribunal, called the French Academy, than which nothing in this world is less revered; for, as I am told, as soon as they have passed sentence, the public reverse the decree.—The judges, in this court, have nothing to do but babble; flattery comes by instinct, and takes part in their eternal prating; and no sooner is a member initiated, than the dæmon of panegyric enters him, never to quit his tenement, This body has forty heads—eyes are out of the ques-

“ Besides, the criticisms of M. de Montesquieu are too absolute; he does not seem to admit exceptions; and ranges, without distinction, all men of letters under the same class; he seems to think them all caballers and contemptible; he never allows there are many worthy to be proposed as models, and truly valuable by their virtues and genius; yet such would be the language of reason and impartiality.”

“ I am of your opinion,” cried Luzincourt; “ and think, that those who have undertaken to criticise men of letters, have too often forgotten justice and decorum; and, at the same time, have never properly painted their most ridiculous foibles.”

tion; it seems contrived to speak only, not to see. It never stands firm on its feet; for Time, who is its eternal foe, shakes it every instant, and pulls down all it erects. Formerly its hands were said to be gripping; but of this I shall be silent, and leave those who are better informed to speak.”

Lettres Persannes, Letter LXXIV.

- I find truth, however, in the following criticism: The author speaks of false philosophers thus:—“ Did wits content themselves with imposing on the vulgar only, concerning such important trilles as employ themselves, and to be the arbitrators of which formerly satisfied their pride, they would be, at worst, but useless; but they pretend to despotism on far more serious subjects: government, morals, and even religion, fall within their jurisdiction; nor are we permitted to believe what they hold unworthy of belief. They preach up tolerance, but persecute whoever differs from them; call themselves citizens of the world, but have no love for their country; which they do not hesitate to disturb, by the most dangerous systems; and finally, bestow the fine title of philosophers upon themselves. This word, which once only meant a lover of wisdom, has with them a much more sublime signification. The philosophers of antiquity were but the disciples of the sage; our philo-

It was not long after this conversation, before Luzincourt had reason to be convinced, the viscount had not been guilty, in all he had said, of the least deviation from truth.

Aurelia had no longer any prejudices against Luzincourt; but she was not yet acquainted with the character of Damoville. She still supposed he had a vast friendship for Luzincourt; and imagined that an excessive and unreasonable delicacy often rendered him too susceptible, exigent, and sometimes unjust. She read again the work of Luzincourt, and could not help secretly thinking, that Damoville possessed neither the same extent of observation, taste, nor greatness of mind. But nobody praised Luzincourt; he was read, but not puffed; on the contrary, he was defamed by many.

To balance her good opinion of the latter, she was much struck by the reputation of Damoville; it flattered her vanity, and made the testimony of her heart waver. As to the men of letters Damoville had introduced to her acquaintance, she began to see them as they were, with ridiculous pretensions, excessive and silly pride, and much more pedantry than knowledge. Often would she say to herself, "Wherefore is understanding given, if it cannot teach us the art to please; if it can neither bestow propriety, good taste, nor elegant manners, which are the delights of society?"

sophers are sages themselves; in quality of which they erect themselves into legislators, not only of literature, but of our political and religious creed. They are founders! institutors! apostles! What are they not?"—*Traité de l'Amitié.*

This free, unassuming, and temperate passage, is written by a woman, Madame de * * *, author of several deservedly esteemed works. She has written a *Treatise on Friendship*; a *Treatise on the Passions*; *Thoughts and Moral Reflections*; *Novels*; and has translated works on *Chymistry and Experimental Philosophy*, from the English, to which she has added very instructive notes.

Damoville told Aurelia, in confidence, towards the close of winter he was going to publish a philosophic work, which would make a great noise. His novel, contrary to his expectations, had produced no effect, but for this time he was not deceived. He openly attacked religion in his work, it was censured, prohibited; and, consequently, sold to the very last copy in less than a fortnight.

Luzincourt, fearing the consequences of this kind of fame to the author, supposed him afflicted, or frightened, at least; he therefore returned, purposely, from the country, to afford him every service in his power. He arrived about five in the evening, and found Damoville drest to go out; he went with him into his cabinet, and, as soon as they were alone, said, "I am happy to see, my friend, you have so much fortitude."

Damoville burst into a laugh. "What didst thou think then," cried he, "to find me overwhelmed in consternation?—Dost thou not know, that the work was bought up as soon as it appeared? Never was seen such success; I have not a single copy left. I am now preparing a second edition, in which I shall insert a few things that cannot fail of their effect. They may, perhaps, procure the work the honour of being publicly burnt; if my ambition does not deceive me, I think I may reasonably expect it."

"Suppose you should be banished?"

"Pray heaven I may! What importance would it give my work! I should be received like a man of genius, a persecuted hero, in foreign lands, whence I should overflow France with an ocean of ink, which never will drop from my pen, if they take no notice of me. The difficulty of obtaining permission to print in France is a thing which will, henceforth, claim my attention. I have made trial, and find how it may be turned to account. Yes, my friend, you now behold me ranked with philosophers,* who

It should not be forgotten, that Damoville speaks, and not the author; I certainly never should confound philosophers with such people.

have protected, upheld me. I now am out of their debt, by adopting their principles. I am become their equal, and may depend upon their constant and faithful friendship."

"What if you are deprived of liberty?"

"Pshaw? Persecution is not so outrageous as we pretend. Who among us has ever fallen a victim to his audacity? We talk continually of such things, without troubling ourselves about their reality, provided we may but declaim and write dissertations. Persecution is now no more; its abuses and revolting absurdities were known before the writings of Voltaire. Was the author of *l'Histoire des Oracles*,* one of the founders of modern philosophy, persecuted? Yet there does not exist a work, of the kind, the intention of which may be more easily seen through.† What man of letters, since Fontenelle, has lost his property or liberty in the same cause? I remember none. No, no, it is perfectly well understood, that religion cannot receive a more fatal wound, than by persecuting in its name.—Do not be uneasy, my friend, thy fears for me are all chimerical. But it is half past five o'clock; wilt thou go with me to the theatre?"

Luzincourt accepted the proposition, and immediately went with Damoville.

The two authors placed themselves in the pit, where Damoville perceived, at some distance, a man of literature, and one of his friends. Is not that Blinval? cried he. He has been to Flanders; I did not know he was returned. Some days before his departure, he published a kind of poem, in prose, which has had but little success: and yet there is philosophy in it."

"Yes," replied Luzincourt, laughing, "but it was not *prohibited*, and it remains with the bookseller."

Damoville rose to get nearer to Blinval, who like-

The History of Oracles, by M. de Fontenelle.

† Therefore has this work been so much praised, though it is equally dull and ill written.

wise made his approaches. Blinval gave Damoville joy of his fame, and of his happiness likewise; and he, in return, praised Blinval's poem.—“Would you believe,” said the latter, sighing, “it has neither been censured nor prohibited.”

“Why really that is inconceivable?”

“My paragragh upon tolerance—”

“I remember--It is very daring.”

“I may say, I never saw, in any work, bolder touches.—The intention was visible enough: and yet it passed unnoticed.—I am just now, however, writing a thing on persecution, which will rouse them from their lethargy, or I am deceived.—Indeed, if it does not I must quit the trade, for it will not be worth following.”

Luzincourt listened with attention to this curious dialogue; and, as soon as he came home, faithfully wrote it down. “If ever I should preach on tolerance,” said he, “I will not repeat the common place things that are now worn so threadbare, I will only transcribe this short conversation between Blinval and Damoville; for truths, so frankly expressed, ought to make a deep impression. Poor authors, who abandon the right cause, only to ensure the sale of your works, what must become of ye, if, instead of lighting up that indignation, the effects of which you find so useful, you should incite nothing but virtuous compassion, and that cold quiet contempt, which folly and obstinacy ought ever to inspire!”

When Luzincourt had written this reflection in his diary, he went to sup at Aurelia's. He had not seen her since the appearance of Damoville's work; and, notwithstanding all that was said, concerning its pretended merits, she could not admire vain declamations, the tendency of which was the destruction of religion.

Damoville could feign, but his natural levity, and indiscretion, would not admit of permanent and consistent dissimulation. Drunk with fame, and the praises of those who call themselves philosophers so

prodigally bestowed, he could neither moderate nor conceal his excessive joy. Aurelia easily read his heart, discovered his intentions, motives, policy, and, in a word, his whole system.

Errors of the understanding she could have excused : but she heartily despised a man without principles, or character, influenced by the spirit of party, guided by the worst kind of vanity, premeditatedly dangerous, less blind than wilful, and sacrificing every thing to interest, and the mad desire of being talked of.

Thus informed, Aurelia delighted to compare the conduct of Damoville to that of Luzincourt, nor could she unveil the first without doing justice to the second. She found how much preferable was the reputation of Luzincourt to that of Damoville. "The latter," said she, "it is true, is highly puffed, but by whom? By people who praise his talents because he praises theirs; who esteem his writings because he writes their opinions. They have said to him, 'Imbibe our maxims, copy, repeat what we have been repeating these thirty years, and we will maintain you are a man of genius.' Such is the foundation of his fame.

"Luzincourt has no puffers, for he disdains cabaling, intriguing, and party spirit: he has enemies, for he is impartial, and dares proclaim whatever he thinks useful truths: he has no enthusiastic partisans; for, far from flattering, he combats the passions, respects religion and morality, and is more desirous of gaining information than of pleasing. Morality, indeed, be it presented under what seducing form it may, will ever wear an austere form; a salutary lesson may be heard with pleasure, and its utility felt, but never received with transport; therefore are moral works rather profound than attractive, and do not incite enthusiasm in even those who taste their beauties; they are spoken of with more esteem than affection.

"Who then are the admirers of Luzincourt? Good citizens; all who love virtue. Who are his enemies?

Impious atheists, caballers, and all who have neither principles nor morals. The number may terrify, but the most inveterate detractor never will dare affirm an author, of irreproachable purity, can be a contemptible author; while reason, equitable and severe, will always regard as such, in spite of his abilities, the unfortunate writer who endeavours to corrupt his readers."

Such were the reflections of Aurelia, which, yet she would not communicate to Luzincourt. Before she would place unbounded confidence in him, she wished more intimately to know his character and sentiments. One day, being alone with him, she said—"I love the simplicity of your manners and conduct, but think you carry your contempt of fortune and literary honours, to which you have a just pretension, too far."

"I assure you, madam, far from despising the honours you allude to, I think highly of them."

"And yet you have never been a candidate for the prize of eloquence."

"Remember the difficulty of the attempt, madam. The academy gives a subject, prescribes the length of the work, and afterwards commands you to praise and be eloquent. Be my wishes ever so ardent, it is necessary, in order to exert my powers, that the subject should please me; that the person on whom I write an eulogium be such a one, precisely, as I myself would have selected from among all the great men who have ever existed, if I desired to praise an individual; and that the length prescribed by the academy should accord with my plan. Were not all these accidents to meet, I own I should possess neither feeling, fancy, nor truth; should be cold, emphatical, and incorrect; in short, should write a vile panegyric."

"Write, however, write; they will give you credit for your good-will: and, it seems to me, that has long been all they have required."

"Pardon me, madam, they have, as you say, no doubt, a remarkable degree of indulgence, in many

respects ; but there is one thing they positively require, to which I could not possibly submit."

"What is that?"

"It is an established usage, and custom has made it a law, that the subjects should all be treated in the same form and style ; the same expressions, the same metaphors, must be employed to praise a painter and Turenne, a man of wit, or Henry IV. Inasmuch that one might at any time write one's discourse before one knew the subject of it, leaving only proper blanks for the name, and adding, as soon as the great man should be named, a few anecdotes and select repartees : for these ornaments are held indispensable."

"I see you are right, and I am now persuaded that most of the eulogiums I have read have been thus written. But, well remembered — Do you know Damoville's comedy is to be played at the French theatre to-morrow ? I have a box, and, I must insist upon it, you shall go with me."

Luzincourt durst not refuse, and went.

The piece, in spite of partizans, and all the prudent precautions of Damoville, had exactly the reception foretold by the Viscount de Valrive. Redoubled applauses, during the first scene, sufficiently spoke the good-will of one part of the pit : various ladies in the boxes, who were animated by the recollection of having heard it read, joined with transport. More than one fan was broken : and this continued through the half of the first act.

In the second, the plaudis were not so loud, for the audience began to bear ; and in the third, the most zealous partizans seemed quite overcome with weariness. When the curtain dropt, however, a few timid and half daring voices called for the author, but no echo replied ; and Aurelia, at quitting her box, said to Luzincourt, they might have spared their trouble, the piece can never do. Poor Damoville ! How uneasy he will be this evening. What shall we say to him ? For there is no saying the piece was not condemned ; and what consolations can be offered to an author under public condemnation ?

These reflections only proved Aurelia's inexperience; this she was soon convinced of: Damoville, according to his promise, came to supper, was announced, and Aurelia was thinking of something to say concerning the injustice of the public, when he approached her with a triumphant air. "I am come a little late," said he, "for as I left the theatre, I met with several persons of my acquaintance, and one cannot get away, one is obliged to receive compliments and felicitations according to custom. In reality I ought to be satisfied; I was informed there would be a formidable party against me, and perhaps they may be more successful another time; to day they durst not shew their good intentions, because they found the public was not with them. But pray tell me, madam, how you were pleased?"

This question was so unforeseen, that Aurelia was confounded; she blushed, stammered, but made no reply. Damoville turning towards the rest of the company, obliged them all, by his questions, to affirm his piece had had the greatest success; then returning to Aurelia, said, "Did not you remark, madam, how the public felt that passage which terminates the second scene of the third act?"

"Yes, all was attention, all was calm."

"I never heard more applause than in the first act, which you know is full of wit; but the moment they began to be interested in the plot, there was, as you have well observed, a most remarkable and redoubled attention. No more noise.—It was then that I was really satisfied, and the more so, because the piece is not written to please the pit; the touches are too fine, too delicate, and it abounds in such strokes."

Supper was served, and the company sat down to table, where Damoville affected the utmost gaiety. It required not much penetration, however, to discover he was not in his heart so merry and happy as he would seem.

After supper, Damoville again talked of his piece, nor did he forget to interest the pride of those who had been at his readings, where they had maintained

it was excellent. "You foresaw, you predicted its success," said he, "with understanding and taste; it is not possible to be deceived respecting the merits or defects of a work of imagination." In fine, Damoville, on this occasion, shewed himself superior to fortune; never was defeat sustained with less dejection, never were resources better understood; or employed with more presence of mind."

By thus shewing a feigned satisfaction, he imposed on many people. He is content, and no doubt has cause so to be, said they. He could not, however, sustain this prudent dissimulation throughout; he congratulated himself on his success in his preface, but affirmed, at the same time, that taste and understanding were banished, and that we were again declining towards barbarity. Thus it is, that discontent betrays itself.

Though Luzincourt did not entirely know Aurelia's sentiments, he could easily perceive she had lost much of her admiration for Damoville; but the latter so perfectly possessed the art of making himself of consequence, that Luzincourt durst not flatter himself Aurelia was fully convinced concerning his real merit. Damoville knew how to make himself praised in her presence, with an address that might well impose upon her. The obliging things which had been said to him in her absence he continually recited, but with so much art, that he took from it that appearance of vanity which shocks the hearer. Sometimes he affirmed an air of sentiment, and knowing, as he said, how much Aurelia condescended to interest herself in his success, told her of all that made him happy; which confidence, said he, comes from the heart, and is not the effect of self-love; neither did he wish any other person to know such things: he vaunted of the good opinion others had of him, only to give her friendship a pleasure it so well knew how to taste; besides, he dreaded to give envy new motives to defame and persecute him.

Sometimes taking another tone, he would repeat, laughing, and seem himself to discredit some flatter-

ing thing which had been said of him; but which was rather too strong to be told seriously. In which case, he spoke of it as of something extravagant; a pleasant kind of madness. This ingenious and modest form will make any thing pass; the misfortune is, it is too well known. Luzincourt saw Damoville's intentions, but could not yet discover what impression they made on the mind of Aurelia.

One evening, as Luzincourt sat talking with Aurelia, a servant came for him from the Viscount de Valrive, desiring him to come instantly to the viscount's sister-in-law. He went, and as he entered the chamber of Madame de Valrive, was terrified at the consternation he beheld in every countenance. "As I am going, dear Luzincourt, to Versailles," said the viscount, "and shall not return to dinner to-morrow, I wished to inform you —"

"Of what! What has happened!"

"A dreadful accident—That unfortunate Baron—de Vercenay—killed himself this evening at eight o'clock, and so publicly, there is no possibility of concealing this deplorable event."

"The Baron de Vercenay! killed himself!"

"His affairs were greatly deranged; but as he had several places under government, he might, by retrenching, and sacrificing an estate, have paid his debts, and recovered his fortune, in four or five years. He was magnificent, loved parade, and could not resolve on such prudent and rational means. Haunted by his creditors, drove to decide on something, and unrestrained by religious principles, he eased himself of an existence which was become burthensome. He has bequeathed a wife and three children to beggary; for his death has taken away the bounties of his sovereign, and the pensions he enjoyed. This is the effect of atheism."

"And shall authors, who seek to overturn religion, dare mention benevolence and humanity!"

Madame de Valrive sighed. "It is true," said she, "the unhappy baron never read any but books of that kind."

"One remarkable circumstance," whispered the viscount to Luzincourt, "is, he was persuaded Dameron's book was a wonderful performance. He did not fail to buy and admire a work that was censured and prohibited; and it was found lying open on a table, in the room where he killed himself."

Luzincourt shuddered! "These who have written such works," said he, "never imagined what would be the horrid consequences: had the most daring, the most hardened of them all, foreseen them, had they reflected but a moment on them, they would have started from their purposes."

"Never," said the viscount, "was suicide more frequent in England, than it has been for these last five-and-twenty years in France. No man among us but has been acquainted with some one who has killed himself. Such are the pernicious fruits of impiety."

"Many of these works, I own," said Luzincourt, "favour materialism; but, it seems to me, they seldom dare deny the existence of a God, and that deism is much more common than atheism."

"Because it was easily foreseen deism would engage more proselytes than atheism. Every thing attests the existence of a God, the Creator of the Universe; by admitting a truth, so deeply engraven on the heart of man, those who attack religion, do not shock the feeling mind so much, and more easily seduce the superficial; but they all agree, the wicked shall receive no future punishment. Could they so far corrupt my heart, as to persuade me Louis IX. and Cartonche enjoy, at this moment, the same destiny, who should hinder me from committing a convenient crime, not liable to be discovered? If life were burthensome, who should make me support it? How should I overcome passion, and resist unceasing temptations to do ill in secret, and with impunity, could I suppose God beheld all my actions with equal indifference, and that his justice would never call me to account? Such are the horrible effects of such extravagant systems! Oh! that these pretended philoso-

phers could hear the cries and groans of this wretched baron's widow! That they beheld her pale, dishevelled, seized with horror, bathing her unfortunate children in her tears, and exclaiming in a voice interrupted by sobs -- 'Oh my children, revere religion! -- This is the cry of a despairing heart, accusing those corrupt writers of its fatal ills, who attack religion with so much constancy and rage.'

"What astonishes me," said Luzincourt, "is, that it can be supposed these pernicious errors are scattered through a love of humanity! Intend they to root out fanaticism? It had no existence, when works like these first appeared. Besides, the Gospel affords the best arms to encounter such an enemy. They cannot certainly pretend to offer morality more pure than the Gospel."

"No; the impossibility of that enterprize is acknowledged; it is allowed, he who perfectly could follow the precepts of the Gospel, should be the most perfect of men. Wherefore, then, root out a religion that prescribes chastity, and obedience to magistrates and laws, as indispensable duties; that commands us to be good, patient, moderate, benevolent, indulgent, and equitable; that forbids hatred and vengeance, and directs us not only to pardon, but to render good for evil? Wherefore snatch from man a faith which might render him so heroically virtuous, or take from the wicked a sacred curb? Why deprive Virtue of a rational motive, and the pleasure of aspiring to a reward worthy to excite its fortitude; or ravish from the wretched the most certain of all consolations and the only one which can give them strength to support persecution, hatred, envy, the loss of friends, physical evils, and excess of misery?"

"Heaven be praised," replied Luzincourt, "the motives religious detractors have to write thus are now no longer equivocal; they are tolerably well known."

The viscount rose, and departed for Versailles; and Luzincourt took leave of Madame de Valrive, who said to him, softly, "This dreadful event has

equally affected my heart and understanding, and restored me those principles which dangerous conversations and writings had almost destroyed."

Luzincourt was too melancholy to return to Aurelia, and, therefore, went home, where he found a letter, which he opened, and saw a hand and signature wholly strange to him: the letter contained what follows: —

From the chateau de ***, April 30, 17 —

"I have not the happiness to be known to you, sir, and yet am deeply in your debt; to acquit myself as much as is in my power, I will take the liberty to relate my story in as few words as possible.

"I was ten years old when my father died, and was educated by a virtuous and well-informed mother, between whom, and a sister, my affection was wholly divided; age and understanding did but increase sensations so natural to the heart.

"I obtained a commission, and my mother and sister continued to live in the chateau where I was born. During ten years, I constantly continued to dedicate all the time I had to spare to their society; my mother was happy, and I found in my sister a most amiable friend. Could I enjoy greater felicity; — Alas! a senseless pride, a puerile vanity destroyed it all!

"My name is not illustrious, but my family is one of the most ancient in all Franche-Comté, and I highly valued this advantage. A weakness, like this, is the more dangerous, because the consequences are not visible enough to make us wish to surmount it. I soon, however, found how fatal it might be to happiness. I wished to procure an honourable match for my sister; she refused her consent, owned her heart was no longer free, and said her mother authorized her inclinations. The choice she had made added to the vexation her refusal caused. She loved a man of merit, with a moderate fortune; but he was not a gentleman.

"I did every thing in my power to prevent the marriage, the idea of which my pride could not sup-

port ; but all my efforts were useless, and my sister espoused the man of her heart. I quitted the country, and, forgetting all I owed my mother, swore never to return ; that I might never more see a sister, who was become almost an object of hatred to me, and from whom my mother would not part.

“ I came to Paris, and gave into every dissipation which could make me lose the memory of an event which had cut me to the heart. I formed some agreeable connexions, but they appeared cold, when I recollected, in spite of myself, the pleasing intimacy which nature and habit had formed, and the charms which I had tasted. Six years did I pass in this situation, discontented, unhappy, endeavouring to forget, and persuading myself my mother ought to have sacrificed the happiness of my sister, and consequently her own to my vanity.

“ Having never had real friendship for any person, except my mother and my sister, nor ever wished to replace two such dear friends, I concealed these cruel chagrins in my bosom, and was deprived of the advice which friendship or reason might have offered. At last, however, this salutary advice has been given me, and by you, sir. When your work appeared I was not at Paris ; various occupations prevented me from reading it till the month of March last ; it was then I began, for the first time, a book which produced so strong and singular an impression on my mind, that it was impossible for me to say whether the work was well written, the plan good, or the ideas new ; I was not in a state to judge, I could only feel and shed tears ; nor was it a book, but a dear and tender friend who spoke, who interrogated, who knew me better than I knew myself ; who, while he un veiled my foibles, and made me blush for them, taught me how to conquer and expiate them ; mingled the mildest consolations with reproach, and discovered the true sources of happiness.

“ Oh ! sir, you who have never written but in behalf of religion and morality, accept the sweet reward of your worthy labours ; learn there was a heart led

astray by hardened pride, and that your writings, alone, have brought it back to reason, nature, and virtue. Sitting between my mother and my sister, I wrote this letter; you conducted me to my mother's knees, where I received my pardon; you placed my sister's children in my arms, to you I owe their innocent caresses, the delicious tears that I and those who love me have shed, and the inexpressible joys I feel.

"Union and peace are re-established in this house; content reigns here; and this is your doing; these are your benefits; this pure and sublime fame must affect a heart like yours. Should hatred or calumny persecute you, how easily may you brave their fury? Remember the virtuous families that revere and bless you, and sometimes read this letter.

"Le Comte de F***."

There is no describing the effect this letter had on Luzincourt; sweet were the tears that bathed his cheeks. "Oh! how honourable," cried he, "is the occupation I have chosen, when its duties are fulfilled! It can only be debased by vice."

Luzincourt was just. Who could despise men of letters, were they always guided by virtuous motives? They were the honour of the age of Louis XIV. and they deserved so to be: all the celebrated authors of those times respected religion; many consecrated their talents to its glory,* and produced those immortal works, which will ever endure, and which makes us equally love virtue and their authors.

Luzincourt, however, unable to support his incertitude, concerning the real sentiments of Aurelia, thought at last of declaring his own: really taking it for granted, that a woman, whom he had loved for three years, had never discovered his secret.

Full of fears and nervousness, he went to Aurelia's, whom he found just returned from a public sitting of the French Academy. She seemed greatly agitated,

* Pascal, Bossuet, Nicole, the two Arnauld's, Flechier, Bourdaloue, Massillon, &c.

"There is no bearing it," said she to Luzincourt,—
 "all is lost; neither justice, reason, nor gallantry
 remain."

"Good God! Madam, what is the matter?"

"A great man has affirmed, those nations where
 women are best treated are always most civilized."

"I flatter myself the great man, who spoke so well,
 was a Frenchman."

"By no means, he was an Englishman.* We are
 not so civilly dealt with in France. You shall judge
 when I have told you what I have just heard. A
 philosopher, desirous of praising a princess, who has
 been dead these fifty years, could not accomplish his
 purpose but at the expense of all the princesses, and
 all the women who have ever existed, or do exist;
 and that in a single phrase."

"He has been very laconic indeed."

"You shall hear—Though a woman and a prin-
 cess, said he, she loved learning."

"The orator ought to have been answered, that,
 though a philosopher, and an academician, he did
 not, on this occasion, shew either much politeness
 or equity."

"And the less, in that a great princess honoured
 the assembly by her presence; by which she proved,
 that, though a woman and a princess, she loved
 learning."

"And did the public approve this speech?"

"They groaned and hissed, that was all they did."

"That was all they could do, I think."

"What! Among so many auditors, not one cou-
 rageous knight to answer for us, and defend us?"

"How could you wish any answer to be given to
 so foolish a thing? Had you been attacked with any
 appearance of reason, you would, no doubt, have
 found defenders. If, for example, the philosopher,
 instead of accusing women of not loving the belles
 lettres, had accused them of the contrary, and en-
 deavoured to turn their passion for literature into

* Cook's Voyage to Otaheitee.

ridicule, your knights might then have been of service."

"Why, very true; for women never wrote or cultivated literature so much as at present.—What then could this philosopher be thinking of?—He was absent, no doubt; mathematicians are subject to be so, and one might well advise them to calculate more, and write less. For my part, I own, I am passionately interested in the glory of my sex."

"The sentiment is worthy of you—it is noble and natural."

"It has been said, that the age of Louis XIV. which produced so many great men, was the age for great women also; I am afraid they cannot say as much of this."

"I do not think that fear well founded. True it is, I know no woman who has been appointed to an embassy, nor the sister of a common soldier who has married an emperor;* but, in other respects, I think the balance in favour of the women of the present age."

"An embassy! an empress! I am sorry to think that never can happen again."

"Oh! that I had a throne to offer you!"

"Pshaw! This is not the kind of gallantry I want; give me your proofs in favour of the women of this age!"

"And is not your ambition on that head satisfied, madam? We have queens, who on the throne afford the brightest examples of the mild and benevolent virtues which honour humanity, and of those shining qualities which constitute heroes. Women, in this age, have written in every branch of literature with the greatest success. The best modern novels are the productions of women; the Peruvian Letters, the Letters of my Lady Catesby, &c. are surely equal to the Princess of Cleves and Zaide.† Women have not

* Catherine, wife to the Czar, Peter the Great.

† Madame de Tencin and Mademoiselle de Lussan are likewise of this age.

been less distinguished in poetry; many may be cited equal to Madame de Deshouliere's, and some have even discovered abilities of a higher kind.* They have written cantatas, poems,† and tragedies.‡ The

* Thus, for example, there are no cantatas, Rousseau's excepted, which I think are better than those by Mad. de Louvencour; it was she who wrote all the charming cantatas set to music by Clerambaut and Bourgeois, Ariadne, Cephalus and Aurora, Zephyrus and Flora, Psyche, Love stung by a Bee, Medea, Alpheus and Arethusia, Leander and Hero, the Musetta, Pigmalion, and Pyramus and Thisby. Mademoiselle de Louvencour had many other accomplishments. She was an excellent musician, and was, besides, one of the handsomest and most virtuous women of her age. She died in 1712.

† Among others, two poems in verse, written by the same lady, which gained prizes at the Jeux Floraux (sports of Flora,) the one Love and Fortune, the other on the Building of Athens. An Ode on the Imagination, by this lady, gained a prize also from this academy.

‡ No woman of the last century, Madame de Deshouliere's excepted, wrote tragedies. She has written two, Genseric and Antoine, and died in 1694. Mademoiselle Barbier, who died in 1745, wrote many tragedies which were in repute; and Madame de Gomez, who died in 1770, has written several that were played with great success; particularly that entitled Habis, in which we find feeling and poetry. Mademoiselle Bernard, who lived in this century, besides various very pleasing pieces in verse, and some pretty novels, wrote two tragedies, Brutus and Laodamia; the first, especially, had great success: from which M. de Voltaire has not disdained to borrow a thought, which is always particularly applauded in his tragedy of Brutus. In the play by Mademoiselle Bernard, Brutus, being alone with his son, says,

women of Louis XIVth's time composed little except works of mere amusement.* Whereas within these twenty years they have written a multitude of truly useful and moral works; and there are, at this moment, several women in France, who cultivate letters with reputation in various branches of literature. In England they have the same success;† and in Russia, a woman directs the labours of a celebrated academy, of which she is perpetual president; and

“ Forbear! Oh end not the horrid recital,
But suffer my confused soul to doubt
Whether I have or have not now a son.”

TITUS.

“ No; thou hast not.”

In Voltaire's tragedy, Brutus, alone with his son, says,

“ The gods made me a father to two sons,
Whom I loved.—One is lost—What do I say!
One! Speak, wretched Titus—Have I a son?”

TITUS.

“ No; thou hast not.”

* Except Madame la Marquise de Lambert, who, indeed, may be placed in this century, since she died in 1722. It is true she was 86 years of age.

† Among others, the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*; and likewise Mrs. Hannah More, the author of several well written moral works, and two tragedies, played at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, and which continue to be played.

Madame de Genlis has not an extensive knowledge of English literature, otherwise she would not certainly have omitted to mention Miss Seward and Mrs. Cowley, perhaps several others.—T.

really, madam, if that will not satisfy you, you are very hard to please."

"You forget the learned ladies of the last century."

"I see you envy Madame Dacier."

"You must own, ladies, now, do not understand Greek."

"And I must likewise own the men do not either. We learn the Greek alphabet, after which we read translations, then we say we know Greek, and this is the whole mystery. As to other languages, we meet with many ladies who know English, Italian, Spanish, and even Latin."

"Latin!"

"Yes, you yourself are acquainted with three."

"What, three women who understand Latin?"

"Yes, madam, who understand Latin; there are Madame N***, Mademoiselle N***, her daughter, and Madame the Marchioness de L***, who all know it as perfectly as the most studious men."

"Know Latin! And I, who have been acquainted with them these three years, never to suspect it! Women then may be modest as well as learned, and scholars without being pedants; nay, without wishing to have their abilities known.—But let us continue the comparison between the women of the last century and this. I do not remember any French woman of the age of Louis XIV. who understood mathematics; and we have had Madame du Châtlet.—Do you know any foreigner?"

"England, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Italy, present a crowd of women eminent for their extent and depth of knowledge; a woman has even received in this age, an honour, which incontestably proved, her talents were very superior to those of all the learned in her nation then in existence. A pope, equally distinguished for his understanding and information, Benedict XIV. bestowed on Maria Agnezi, a celebrated mathematician, the place of apostolical professor in the University of Bologna in 1558."

"A woman apostolical professor! Well, that really

delights me. How great must be her merit to pretend to such a place!"

"And does not Benedict XIV. who, to reward superior merit did a thing so uncommon, deserve a word of praise from you?"

"O yes; though a man and a pope, he was superior to vulgar prejudices against women."

"These prejudices will be forgotten when education is better understood, and when women will imagine themselves capable of acquiring all the knowledge, and all the arts, as perfectly as the men."

"We do not think this, and therefore we remain ignorant. All serious studies seem superior to our minds. So it seems you think excessive humility makes us frivolous.—Well, I am glad you have found out that.—But I am uneasy about another thing; no person can deny there have been women of genius; the famous Elizabeth, Queen of England, and other heroines, are our proofs; yet it is obstinately maintained, there are certain works of imagination, which require a force and energy women have not. Thus, for example, it is affirmed, no woman can write an excellent tragedy: the tragedies of Mademoiselle Barbier and Bernard, and of Madame de Gomez, were played with success, at first, 'tis true; but they are not played at present."

"Remember, madam, since the Cleopatra of Jodelle,* only five women have written tragedies that have been played on the French theatre; and you must allow it would have been miraculous, if, out of this small number, one had been found equal to Racine. These five authors, far from having written contemptible works, were successful; and what could reasonably be hoped for more? Think, on the other hand, what an innumerable swarm of tragic writers have preceded and come after Corneille; how many have been condemned for one that was approved. How many have been forgotten, and how many shall be forgotten. I therefore do not see what

* The first French tragedy.

foundation there is to assert; that, to write a tragedy belongs only to men, and that women ought not to pretend to it: it is wrong to judge them, till they have been oftener tried. It must be owned they have written good poetry, that they have wit, understanding, dignity of mind, and feeling; and what more is required to write a good *tragedy*? Often have they even in this way charmed the public at much less expense.*

“ You speak of women in a very flattering manner; but do not you think they have, in general, treated us with great rigour and that there never was a less gallant age than the present.”

“ That is a sign greatly in your favour, for it proves there is a real competition for superiority between men and women. We are willing enough to praise you when you are only amiable; but if once you discover eminence, in any one thing, we have a right to find fault, for we are the masters, and surely we must maintain subordination. For my part, when I think on the education of women, I cannot conceive how one can help admiring them. Let us suppose, that Corneille and Racine had learnt nothing from infancy to youth, that is, till they were eighteen or twenty, but to dance and play on the harpsichord; and that afterwards they had heard speak of balls, feasts, and visits. Behold them at that epocha, obliged to answer numberless messages every morning, and do nothing but write billets, and read the *Journal de Paris*. Do you think they would then have written *Cinna* and *Athalie*?”

“ You are in the right, and we have been refused the gifts of genius a little too lightly.”

The conversation of Aurelia and Luzincourt was interrupted by a visitor, and Luzincourt took leave without finding occasion to speak his sentiments. He loved Aurelia, but dared not to tell her so. Certain

* I might easily have proved, without all these reasonings, a woman may possess this uncommon and sublime art, had I been permitted to add another name to those already cited.

of having obtained her friendship, he feared if he declared his passion, he might lose a thing to him so precious. Absent from her he was all hope, and determined within himself to open his heart to her; present with her he lost all his confidence, and durst not speak, unless on indifferent things.

At last he determined to write, began ten letters, and satisfied with none tore them all: remembering he was soon going to have a five act comedy played at the French theatre, he said to himself, "Should it be condemned, I must give up the happiness to which I aspire; should it be successful, Aurelia may, perhaps, be inclined to favour my passion." This idea determined him to be still silent, although the effort was very painful.

While he was giving the finishing touches to his comedy, Damoville, to keep awake the public attention, announced to the world, he had just finished the last canto of an epic poem; his friends very gravely asserted, it was a perfect work. Every body wished to see this new *chef-d'œuvre*, and readings again began. The poetry was called sublime, the pictures delightful; the plan could not be judged of yet, for detached parts only had been heard; but it was universally allowed, the poet had at least as much genius as Virgil; and so great was the fame of this work, that the foreign princes, with whom Damoville held correspondences, testified a desire to read it. Damoville accordingly sent his poem, and the most flattering eulogiums, pensions, and portraits, were his rewards.

In this the moment of triumph and glory, Damoville was obliged, very unwillingly, to interrupt his readings. His ancient protectress and intimate friend, Madame d'Herblay, died; his attachment to her was so well known that he could not dispense with being most profoundly afflicted; accordingly he disappeared, and shut himself up for a fortnight; after which he again went into company.

He came one evening to Aurelia's, and found her alone with Luzincourt. Aurelia mentioned his ab-

sence: "I became a recluse," replied Damoville, "that I might think of nothing but her. I have written her eulogium, will you hear it?"

"But how, with grief so violent, could you write?"

"I have had that fortitude, and, if you have a moment to spare, I flatter myself you will be interested by this short discourse; you will find it expressive of simplicity, and real grief; that is, you will perceive all I have felt."

Damoville fetched a deep sigh, and, after a moment's silence, coolly unfolded his manuscript, and with dry eyes and a firm tone of voice, read the funeral eulogium of the intimate friend whom he had so recently lost. This eulogium was written with great care, art, and want of feeling; it was interspersed with short anecdotes, and happy sayings and sentiments attributed to the defunct; the whole seasoned with exclamations, and a score of trivial and unintelligible maxims of friendship and grief; a kind of philosophic and metaphysic galimatias terminated this masterpiece of sentiment, which, as it was easy to see, was composed according to all the rules of oratoric and academic art.

"Really," said Aurelia, "I cannot conceive how it is possible to form a plan, write floridly, and compose a discourse in the first moments of deep affliction; I should think one neither could labour nor meditate, and must own that grief, expressed with so much art and wit, does not seem to me very profound."

"Art! I assure you there is no art here."

"It is true, there is no great order in the ideas, nor connexion between the sentences; but that is not the kind of negligence I wish: I do not know what is wanting, but I know I have not wept. This I must allege to you, for surely it is not my fault: believe me, whoever is truly grieved is incapable of writing a fine discourse. I know that, at present, as soon as an author sees the person he loves the best in danger of death, he is less occupied by melancholy than by the care of preparing, at all events, an eulogium worthy to eternize the memory of the beloved object;

but this fashion cannot last; for, while those who follow it endeavour to persuade us of their extreme sensibility, they prove the exact contrary: thus, for example, had I not known you did not love Madame d'Herblay I should have learnt it from your eulogium."

"How, that I did not love her?"

"You forget that you have told me so a hundred times; ask Luzincourt: you have often spoken of her to us as of an intriguing woman, every way contemptible; but she was then alive and well, and her funeral eulogium was not in question."

"I am not astonished you have not wept; but this is an abuse of confidence on your part, that—"

"I again protest, that if I had not known your secret, I should not have wept."

"I do not think so; I shall this evening sup with twelve or fifteen people, to whom I will read my eulogium, and am certain that every body will melt into tears."

Damoville was again deceived, he read his eulogium to a large company, not one of whom wept. It is true it was a thousand times repeated in his ears, nothing could be more interesting or affecting.

Luzincourt supped with Aurelia the same evening, and the conversation turned on a man of letters and an academician, who was just dead. Every person who had any pretensions to succeed him in the Academy was mentioned, and Damoville's name was at the head of the list; but Luzincourt heard, with surprise, the Viscount de Valrive named among the rest. Desirous of knowing if he really intended to become a candidate, as soon as he saw him he asked.—"I pretend to such a place!" replied the viscount; "what are my qualifications?"

"You have wit, knowledge, and love of learning, which is all the Academy requires of a man of condition; and it does not often require even that."

"If the academicians, as they have done, should chuse a person named by themselves, and their choice should fall on me, I should be exceedingly flattered, and think I might accept the honour, without making

myself ridiculous ; but were I, instead of that, to lay a claim to, and solicit it, while the public are ignorant, not only if I have knowledge, but if I even am acquainted with the principles of my language, what could they think ? No, this never shall be my conduct ; it seems to me very evident, that any man, be him who he will, who is the author of a printed work, may, without much pride, become a candidate. It is well known, superior talents are not absolutely necessary to gain admittance ; and an author may say I have written a book, read and judge ; but what plea has a man of condition, who never has shewn his abilities, except in conversation ? Yet he must present himself, visit all the academicians, and formally solicit the vacant place. To make a demand, a right must be established : should he then say, ‘ Gentlemen, I protest I have as much understanding as is necessary to gain admittance among you ; I have not yet written any book, but I will write charming ones. Here are three or four men of letters candidates, as well as myself ; but I assure you, they are not equal to me ; and every one of my acquaintance tells me, you must of course give me the preference.’ Such are the best and surest reasons he can give ; whether he does or no, matters little ; for his conduct, visits, and solicitations, incontestably say all that.”

“ We find men of rank, academicians of real merit, who yet have never written any books.”

“ I confess it ; but do you think they made all these reflections ?”

Luzincourt was obliged to own the viscount’s reasoning was just ; and that, in effect, it was a discouraging and melancholy circumstance, for a man of literature to find himself opposed by a man of fashion, who has no other titles to offer than the good opinion he has of himself, and the eulogiums of his friends.

Autumn advanced ; Luzincourt’s comedy was received, and put in rehearsal. During this time, Damoville printed his Epic Poem. The public impatiently waited for the appearance of this vaunted work, and not one person was heard to mention the

comedy of Luzincourt. At last, in the month of January, the poem was announced in the journals, and the very same day the bookseller's shop was crowded, and two hundred copies were bought in the space of twelve hours; but the bookseller himself preserved entire the rest of the edition, during his life; and, before the end of the week, the immortal work was consigned to oblivion.

Luzincourt's comedy had the most complete and brilliant success; for it presented a picture of manners as real as it was witty. It was impossible to say the author did not know the world, or that his characters wanted reality; envy had but one resource, which she always employs to advantage on like occasions; that is, to make applications, and give real names to imaginary beings. The author's strokes had been general, but particular views were attributed to them; incapable of affirming he was not a faithful painter, the only resource was to make him an odious one.

By such accusations a clamour was actually excited against him in one part of society; some were told, You are the person he meant; and others affirmed he had not spared his friends. Do you not see, said one, how much such a character resembles the Viscount de Valrive; the same turn of expression, the same manners. True it is, he has given this character ridiculous foibles, which the viscount has not; but in that lies the infamy of the act, which is monstrous! atrocious!—

“And who is that contemptible coquette, who plays so important a part in his comedy?”

“That is Madame de Champrose. Who can mistake her manners, and the turn of expression so peculiar to her? The likeness is striking, but, at the same time, dishonourable; she never before was thought a mischievous intriguer; and such are the frightful features he has given her. This is dreadful.”

Thus was poor Luzincourt treated, only because he had given a true picture of life, of which other authors had no idea. One of his characters had the

charms of the Viscount de Valrive in conversation; another had expressions like those of Madame de Champrose. Such were what was called striking portraits.

Aurelia informed Luzincourt of what the world said. She sent for him one evening, and told him, "I have just seen a lady who is outrageous against you—Madame de Sezac."

"For what cause?"

"She recollects herself in your Portrait of the Coquette; says you used to visit her formerly, and is convinced you meant to draw her character."

"Then at present it no longer belongs to Madame de Champrose."

"No; for Madame de Sezac has tricked her out of it; she maintains it cannot be disputed, as she will prove."

Just as Aurelia said this, Damoville entered, and addressing himself to Luzincourt, "You have brought a fine affair upon your hands," said he; "I have just left a lady, who never, as long as she lives, will pardon your Coquette."

"I have just heard," replied Luzincourt, "of this new artifice; but, I assure you, I thought no more of Madame de Sezac, than of Madame de Champrose."

"I am not speaking of Madame de Sezac."

"No! Of whom, then?"

"Of Madame de Blagny."

"Madame de Blagny! I do not know her; I never saw her."

"No matter for that; she is certain you meant her, and all the company at her house is of her opinion."

Luzincourt sighed. "Console yourself," said Aurelia, the purity of your intentions should make you despise such vain clamour and ridiculous injustice. Let them compare your Picture of Life with those which most other authors draw, and your comedy will be found less vicious, your characters much less revolting; it will be seen, whether the world be as contemptible and perverse as certain writers pretend; yet your work excites universal anger, and why?

Because, with a deep knowledge of the human heart and manners, the author wanders not from nature; he presents not only possible things, but real; paints no chimerical beings; produces no monsters; all is true, natural, and striking; and, among such portraits, each person might easily find himself."

These reflections could not totally dissipate Luzincourt's dejection; hatred wanted power to intimidate, but not to afflict him; and his enemies were more numerous, because no author had ever shewn a more perfect or uniform impartiality; never did envy or resentment dictate his criticisms, and never did policy, or the trifling interest of the moment, prevent him from boldly condemning what he thought condemnable, with such restrictions as reason and justice prescribe.

Such equitable and moderate conduct will never gain partizans; it may obtain universal esteem, and may give to a work of mediocrity, in other respects, an attraction which shall cause it to be read, a merit the more to be desired, for being uncommon; but this will gain no puffers, but a multitude of enemies. Thus, for example, Luzincourt was no blind admirer of Jean Jaques Rousseau; he condemned his errors, his inconsistencies; reproached his want of principle, and often of taste; but he admired in his soul the genius and superior talents of that extraordinary man; and especially, his noble independence and sincere contempt for intrigue.

In speaking thus, Luzincourt offended the enthusiastic partizans of Rousseau, and at the same time incurred the hatred of his enemies. A similar misfortune attended him, when he spoke of the philosopher of Ferney. Voltaire's enemies reproached Luzincourt for having praised his benevolence, and the noble use he made of his fortune. "Gentlemen," replied Luzincourt, "I have been at Ferney, where I found neither a philosopher nor a happy sage; but I found a man who was beloved by his vassals, because he was good to them. This I have seen, and this I ought to say."

The same party was still more angry with Luzincourt, not only because he had not equalled Crebillon to Voltaire, but because he had not maintained Crebillon had more genius and originality. "Gentlemen," replied Luzincourt, "I may be deceived, and particularly on this point; but such is my opinion; this I have thought; this I ought to say; this I have said."

Such answers, far from being satisfactory, irritated more; but friends laid yet another train. "What arrogance!" cried they; "what pretension! what pride! a simple moralist, who is neither philosopher, encyclopedist, Gluckist, nor Piccinist; who, in act, is nothing; shall he presume to speak on literature, to decide, judge, and criticise Voltaire."

"Alas! gentlemen," replied the modest Luzincourt, "I know very well it appertains to you, only, to decide and judge, and I protest it is not my intention to either judge or decide, as you understand those words. I neither set myself up for a reformer, nor declare war against whoever does not think like me. I do not even pretend my opinions are new; I have given them without confidence and pride, because they will one day be adopted, I assure you, by a great number of very sensible people; and, permit me, gentlemen, to add, neither genius nor a great deal of wit, are necessary to form a judicious criticism: good sense and equity are the main requisites."

Luzincourt answered in vain; they heard him not, but continued to affirm he was equally proud and malicious.

But such injustice did not prevent the public from admiring and esteeming his works; they were unmercifully abused, by some sets of people, but they were read, applauded, and translated.

Luzincourt, at last, determined to declare his sentiments to Aurelia; he wrote, sent his letter, and waited at home for an answer, on which the happiness of his life depended. Agitated by a thousand different fears, he strided backward and forward in his chamber; he had been more than an hour in that state,

when Damoville entered. The visit surprised him, for all connexion between them had long been almost entirely broken off; but vanity and malignity brought back Damoville, of which Luzincourt had soon a cruel proof.

“ I come, my dear Luzincourt,” said Damoville, “ to inform you of a happiness to which I hardly durst pretend, or, at least, of which I but feebly flattered myself.”

“ What is it?”

“ First, there is a vacancy in the Academy: Dorsenne died last night.”

“ I have no doubt you will be the successful candidate.”

“ I have, indeed, some right to hope so.”

“ This, without compliment, may be predicted.”

“ But that is not what just now touches me nearest—I love Aurelia; of which you cannot be ignorant, for I have observed your penetration.”

“ Well!” said Luzincourt, with inexpressible perplexity.

“ Well—she has long known my sentiments.”

“ Known them long!”

“ This morning, however, I have written, and pressed her to inform me of my fate. Here is her answer.”

So saying, Damoville took Aurelia's letter from his pocket, and read thus aloud:

“ You have a rival, who is a man of letters. I esteem you both, but I love fame only. There is a vacancy in the Academy; he alone, whose merits may entitle him to this place, I shall think worthy of me; therefore can give no further answer till this is decided.”

Luzincourt, after having read this billet, felt an emotion of anger and indignation, which it was impossible to conceal.—“ Such are women,” cried he; “ it is not fame they love; they know it not; vanity, puerile and contemptible vanity, seduces and guides them.”

“ Your anger surprises me,” replied Damoville

with a sarcastic smile: "What! are you, Luzincourt, the redoubted rival with whom I am threatened?"

Luzincourt, driven by this speech to madness, said every thing extravagant, which rage, love, and despair could suggest. Damoville triumphed, and contained himself, without difficulty, within the bounds of moderation, which it is very easy for the successful to do; and soon left the unfortunate Luzincourt overwhelmed with grief, which every new thought served but to aggravate.

"I cannot doubt," said Luzincourt, "of Aurelia's preference for Damoville; her billet clearly expresses, that the Academy's choice shall be hers. She is certain they will chuse Damoville. I well know she is unacquainted with the whole of his character: I, alas! have had the generosity never to say a word, whence she might suspect how contemptible I think him; yet she does not think well of his works, and she esteems mine, I am sure she does; she has given me proofs of confidence, of friendship.—I have only been able to obtain a cold esteem, while my rival has won her heart.—He has found the means to please her, that is evident.—She is blind, and wishes to continue so.—With so much wit, penetration so natural and so quick, how was it possible she should be seduced by a man so unworthy of her? She condemns herself, no doubt, but inclination triumphs over reason."

Such were the mournful reflections that tore the heart of Luzincourt. One moment he promised himself never to see the ungrateful Aurelia more, the next would resolve to go and vent every reproach he thought she deserved. At last, an unexpected messenger came and brought him to a determination.

Aurelia sent him a note, in which she desired to speak with him immediately. He ran, he flew, he was instantly with her, he found her alone, and was astonished he could not observe the least alteration of countenance. As he ran, he had composed a most affecting generous discourse, by which he proposed to dissipate the extreme anxiety which he imagined Aurelia must feel; but when he saw her so calm, so

serene, he felt the inutility of his discourse, and found it was he who stood in need of such assistance.

He had not the power to speak a word; and Aurelia asked him, with a mild air, if he had not seen Damoville? Luzincourt, confounded by such a question, made no reply. "His proceeding, I find, has been very noble," continued Aurelia, negligently: "he has shewn you my note, though he suspects you are his rival: there is something frank and great in such a conduct."

Aurelia stopt, as if she expected an answer, but she did not obtain one. Luzincourt was ready to break out, but he contained himself; and this first emotion over, determined to dissemble his anger and vexation. He could not permit himself to tell her what were his real sentiments of Damoville; for he imagined, should he have the weakness to betray his former generosity in that respect, Aurelia would attribute all he could say to jealousy; he was firmly resolved therefore to be silent.

Aurelia, after waiting a moment, said to him, "Well, when will you begin your canvas?"

"What canvas, madam?"

"Your solicitations to the academicians."

"This is too much, madam," replied Luzincourt, driven beyond himself. "Can you add rallery to cruelty?"

"Hear me, Luzincourt," replied Aurelia, mildly; "hear me, and be calm. Think on my situation; I will describe it. I love literature, and have a strong passion for fame: two things I have determined to do, first to marry again, and next to marry a man of letters; but I wish him to be the man of most merit. Among the men of letters with whom I am acquainted, there are only you and Damoville whose reputation can satisfy my vanity. You both love me, and I am left to chuse. I am not blinded by passion, I have the free use of my reason; though I will confess plainly, I feel in my heart some emotions of preference, which, were I to yield to them, would decide for you."

“What do I hear!” cried Luzincourt, “can it be?”

“It certainly is so,” replied Aurelia; “but,” added she, smiling, “you are not the hearer for that; on the contrary, I suspect my heart; I fear to be prejudiced, and shrink from such a decision. I will not judge you, but will leave it to forty elders of the nation, a council of sages, who will assemble and deliberate purposely to put me out of pain, and to fix my opinion and irresolution. Once more I repeat to you, I am irrevocably bent on giving my hand to him whose merit shall entitle him to a place in the Academy.”

“Is it possible you can speak seriously?”

“I protest I do.”

“What! you love me, and you refuse to listen to that love which pleads for me?—

“O! do not deceive me, do not play upon my credulity.”

“Speak no more of my sentiments; wait till the Academy has pronounced; observe, positively I require you should become a candidate.”

“But are you serious? what is your design?”

“My design? why do you ask?—I have said I love you; if you think me capable of deceit you do not esteem me, and in that case you need not be condemned by the Academy to be forgotten.”—

“You make me tremble,” replied Luzincourt, falling on his knees. “Pardon the perplexity and astonishment which your unaccountable discourse and sentiments occasion.—No, I doubt not your sincerity, but this rapturous confession is at once my felicity and torment: you love me, I ought to be, and I am happy; but you rob me of hope: you promise your hand to my rival,—for he will be chosen, every body expects and knows he will, and so do you.”

“No,” replied Aurelia, “I do not think it; if you solicit, you will obtain the place.”

“Remember, madam, I have not one friend among the academicians; on the contrary.”—“You always spoke with respect of the Academy in your works, as I remember.”

“Certainly; and so I always shall; but a few epi-

grams on a body of men are not much felt. Such levities are easily pardoned; but there is a more serious wrong, of which I have, perhaps, been guilty; it is very possible that there are principles and opinions in my works, which the chiefs of the Academy do not approve."

"You perplex yourself in vain; if your morals are pure, and your principles not dangerous, they cannot be disapproved by the Academy. I know Damoville is more beloved than you are, but that is of no importance, affection and friendship are out of the question; justice is the thing required."

"Yes; but observe, madam, this is the only tribunal where friends and enemies may openly appear; think of its former decisions."

Yet it has given proofs of great impartiality; it was ridiculed by M. de Montesquieu in his Persian Letters most openly; nay more, he satirized men of letters without exception; yet this was the work which gained him a seat in the French Academy.* This impartiality was the more remarkable, for that the Academy had an excellent pretext to reject the author of the Persian Letters, notwithstanding the superiority of his abilities, the work being full of dangerous principles and traits on religion.

"Be that as it will, I am desirous you should begin your canvas this very day."

"I obey, but do not comprehend you, madam."

"I believe," replied Aurelia, smiling; "and your obedience will have the greater value. It grows late, go begin your visits, and return here to supper."

Luzincourt wished still to remonstrate, but Aurelia would not listen; and he left her unable to divine her motives, or doubt her sincerity.

Luzincourt returned in the evening more dejected than ever. The reception he had met with in his visits had not left him the least ray of hope; he complained to Aurelia, who still held the same language. He knew not what to think, but his agitation was

* It was his first work.

extreme. Whatever caprice might occasion this conduct in Aurelia, he could not renounce all hope, being certain of a secret preference.

The day of decision at length arrived, and Aurelia would have her two lovers to dine at her house, that they might learn in her presence, on whom the Academy had conferred their votes.

After dinner, Aurelia made them both promise to submit without murmuring to their fate. Damoville, certain of his ground, made a pompous display of fine sentiments. Luzincourt could neither speak nor think. The moment of destiny drew near, and fear and apprehension succeeded to the various sentiments which had till then flattered his heart; it seemed at this moment clear to him, that Aurelia and his rival understood each other; and that her purpose was only to add to the glory of Damoville, by giving him an opponent, who might render his triumph more complete in the eyes of the public. The miserable Luzincourt saw himself basely deceived, played upon, betrayed, and kept a mournful silence. Aurelia seemed maliciously to behold and enjoy that dreadful perplexity which he could not dissemble.

At five o'clock Aurelia received a letter, and went into an inner room, whither she soon sent for Damoville and Luzincourt to come to her. As soon as they appeared, she advanced towards them, and said, I was desirous of announcing to you myself the decision of the Academy.

Luzincourt's colour went and came. Damoville knew too well what that decision was to suffer the least inquietude; he pressed Aurelia, however, to pronounce his fate.

"That I shall do," said she, "and not think I shall astonish either of you, by telling you that you Damoville had all the votes.—But it is now time to fulfil an engagement dear to my heart.—I promised my hand to him whose merits might entitle him to the place you have obtained, and this is the man."

"How!" interrupted Damoville, "what is it you mean to say?"

"That the Academy has chosen you, but that I chuse Luzincourt."

Luzincourt, quite beside himself, fell at Aurelia's feet.—"And do you think," exclaimed Damoville, in a tone of rage, "do you think, madam, you have nothing to fear from the resentment of a man whom you have so perfidiously deceived."

"I have not deceived you," replied Aurelia, coldly; "please to recollect, sir, the words of my billet, they are these: 'There is a vacancy in the Academy; he alone, whose merits may entitle him to this place, I shall think worthy of me.'—Luzincourt's modesty and your vanity, only could produce your mutual error: had you done yourselves justice, this billet would have deceived neither of you."

"As to any thing further," continued Aurelia, "I shall soon calm your excessive choler. I have long known you, Damoville; men of art like you are not so difficult to be understood as you imagine; and besides, here are letters which put your character out of doubt."

So saying, she took out a pocket-book, opened it, and shewing Damoville the papers it contained, asked him if he did not know the hand-writing.

"Heavens!" cried Damoville, "by what treachery came those letters into your hands?"

"You talked just now of resentment," said Aurelia; "judge if a woman's is not to be feared.—I am defamed in these letters addressed to Madame d'Herblay, and many other people are treated in them with the like freedom. Madame d'Herblay, your confidant at that time, found reason to complain of you in the end, and quarrelled with you only to be avenged. Thinking I intended to marry you, she sent me these a fortnight before her death. You now perceive, you knew not all the reasons I had not to weep at your eulogium on her; and I flatter myself, my insensibility will at present appear less wonderful."

Aurelia then sat down, and was silent. Damoville, confounded, annihilated, stood motionless.—After a

moment's pause, Damoville, addressing Aurelia, said —“ Conclude, madam, and convince me how fatal the resentment and hatred of a woman may be; shew my enemies these letters, publish them, and sink me for ever. I am at your mercy!”

“ I dare assure you,” said Luzincourt, “ Aurelia is incapable of so doing.”

“ Be calm, Damoville,” answered Aurelia, “ you are safe. Madame d'Herblay was then necessary to you, she hated without knowing me, and to please her you have not hesitated to speak ill of me; you have satirized and blackened me, but I have neither hatred nor resentment. You want principles; you think that straight-forward virtue is prejudicial to fortune, and are malicious and intriguing from calculation: I wished not revenge, but to give you a useful lesson, which may be at all times beneficial: I wished to demonstrate to you the absurdity of the cowardly and timid system you have followed. What are the fruits of all your artifices? Do you now think, that by intrigue and rhabal, you may at once engage the public to read your works, determine foreigners to translate them, and vanquish a rival, who owes his reputation only to his abilities. Adieu, here are your letters, take them, I kept them only to return them.”

Damoville instantly seized the pocket-book which Aurelia presented, and hastily escaped and disappeared.

Luzincourt now gave way to all the transports which love, gratitude, and excessive joy might inspire. “ I deceived you,” said Aurelia, “ to prove you, for I was highly interested to know you; I have long studied your character, and am at last certain, that in making you happy I shall make myself so.”

In the evening Luzincourt tore himself from Aurelia's presence to find the viscount, with whom he passed a great part of the night conversing on his happiness. He had immediately written to his father, who truly rejoiced; and came to Paris, that he might attend so dear and worthy a son to the altar, where Luzincourt received the hand of Aurelia.

As they left the church, his father took him in his arms, pressed him to his bosom, and exclaimed, "Oh! my son, I foretold thee that an upright conduct, a contempt of intrigue, and a respect for religion and morality, distinguished estimable authors, and bequeathed permanent reputation ; that the love of true glory could alone give desirable success, and that, soon or late, happiness must be the consequence of virtue and genius."

DAPHNIS & PANROSE,

OR THE

MOUNTAIN NYMPHS:

A MORAL TALE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I WISHED to prove Love was but an illusion, that promised happiness, which it could only trouble or destroy. The allegories of mythology I thought might render these moral truths more striking, wherefore I thought for a subject in fabulous story, and I found one which perfectly agreed with my plan. It is the following

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

Dictionnaire de la Fable, par Chompré.

As I have long known fabulous history contained a multitude of incidents not common, and many interesting persons, heroines, nymphs, and even divinities, in the same predicament, I was certain of at least presenting a new picture, which in this kind of writing is a merit seldom enough seen. I do not pretend, however, to have made any very deep researches for this little tale. A volume in twelves satisfied me, which was the *Dictionnaire de la Fable*, a book that is in the hands of most young people; and is esteemed with reason by every body, for the prodigious quantity of facts it contains, and because that it alone may afford a sufficient knowledge of mythology to those who take the pains to read it. But these are so few, that I have thought it necessary to place here the *Dramatis Personæ*, as at the head of a comedy, for the better understanding of the tale, which is often done by various English authors. Richardson, at the beginning of his *Clarissa*, gives a list of his characters; and I do not see why we should not adopt a custom which increases perspicuity; like as we have borrowed from these same novels, that of retrenching *our, said he, answered he, and replied she.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Venus.**Cupid.**Mercury.* The son of Jupiter and Maia.

Dryas. { The daughter of Faunus,* and goddess of Shame and Modesty. Men were not permitted to attend her sacrifices. She was in the rank of rural gods, was honoured in cities, but inhabited only meadows, woods, and mountains.

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

Panrose. { One of the Oreades, that is to say, Nymphs of the Mountains.

Cynisca. { The daughter of Archidamas. She obtained the first prize from the charioteers in the Olympic Games, on which she was decreed great honours.†

The scene lies, for the most part, in Sicily, and I have chosen to place it on Mount Ætna, of which I suppose Pan was one of the Oreades.

* Faunus, the son of Picus, established public worship to Saturn, his grandfather, and placed his father Picus, and his wife and sister Fauna, in the number of the gods. He was, himself, honoured as a god; his wife was held the first goddess of the Fauns, a species of divinities, particularly consulted on future events. Fairies have replaced the Fauns.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

† This Cynisca was the daughter of Archidamas, King of Sparta. The *Dictionnaire de la Fable* does not mention this circumstance, but all the ancient authors, who speak of Cynisca, do.

A Description of Mount Ætna.

IT was from Mount Ætna that Pluto carried off Proserpine, who was gathering flowers and forming them into garlands. Cyane, who endeavoured to oppose him, was changed into a fountain. From Ætna may be discovered the river Acis, which bears the same name to this very day. The Gulfs of Scylla and Charybdis are also in Sicily, as is the Fountain Arethusa. The Lake of the Palicii is found on Mount Ætna, the origin of which was as follows: The Muse Thalia, beloved of Jupiter, and dreading the wrath of Juno, prayed the earth might swallow her up, and her prayer was heard. In this situation she became the mother of twins, who were called Palicii, because they were born twice; the first time from their mother's womb, and the second from the womb of the earth; two lakes arose formidable to the perjured and the guilty, in the spot where they were born on the summit of Ætna; the Sicilians sacrificed to the Palicii as divinities. Poets have feigned, that the forges of Vulcan were in the bowels of Ætna, and that the Cyclops laboured there continually, to make thunder-bolts for Jupiter.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

I have only here given such explanations as were necessary to understand the tale, a few others I have added as notes; I have not used by far all the interesting and little known incidents I found in the *Dictionnaire de la Fable*, as any person may see, who will take the trouble to look under the article Lybas; whose history would have furnished me with an excellent episode, had I wished to lengthen this trifle, and which certainly would make a fine subject for an opera. The articles Phyllis, Feristera, Phalœe, &c. would have done the same. How many novelties might I then have presented, had I, instead of scrupulously keeping myself to my little *Dictionnaire*, availed myself of those seventeen or eighteen vo-

lumes which contain the ancient mythology;* but were I either painter or poet, I would again read, and attentively, that I might not be obliged to copy subjects which have become so common as to be known by every body.

* The Iliad, Odyssey, Æneid with notes.—The Metamorphosis of Ovid.—Herodotus, and the two first volumes of Diodorus of Sicily.—Mœurs des Grecs, by Ménard, &c.

DAPHNIS AND PANROSE.



Pasce l'Agnà l'erbetto, il Lupo l'Agne,
 Ma il crudo Amor di lagrime si pasce
 No' sene mostra mai satollo.

Aminta di Torquato Tasso.

NIGHT, gloomy and tranquil, reigned over the universe; the God of Day, on the bosom of Thetis, forgot Olympus and mankind, and left his sister to enlighten the world. The insensible goddess regrettingly lends her light; despises and hates Love, whom yet her soft and tender rays favour. Already the unhappy Orion, victim of rash passion, shines in the heavens; he waits the moment when Diana, in her slow and measured course, makes her approach. Already is seen the nymph beloved by Jupiter, and her son, the youthful Arcas; the affectionate Andromeda is by her lover's side; the bright star of Venus appears; all announce Love; and the heavens and the earth retrace and paint his power.

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

Venus, irritated in her turn, puſs him from her,

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

Love, thus reproached, became more calm, and with submissive and affectionate looks, approached his mother, whose arms were already held out to receive him. The goddess tenderly wiped away the tears of love, with the veil which floated round her beauteous shoulder. "Ungrateful boy," said she, "I ought not to love thee; but who can retain anger, and behold the tears of Love? Thou complainest and weepst, and I forget my wrath: 'tis strange, but true, the pleasure of pardoning thee, is a sufficient recompense of all thy ingratitude.—Speak, tell me thy sorrows, my heart will participate them."

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

Among the light nymphs who inhabit the redoubted mountain, where day and night are heard the thundering clamours of Vulcan's forges, Panrose, the most beautiful of the mountain nymphs, and equal to the goddesses, is beloved of Daphnis, and yet preserves

her freedom ; in vain, for her Daphnis languishes and consumes ; the haughty nymph disdains his homage, refuses to listen to his songs, flies Daphnis, and despises love.

“ Oh ! if Beauty ought to sacrifice on my altars ; if by me she reigns, and if her glory is my work, what have I a right not to expect from Panrose ? Yet, ungrateful as she is, she owns not my benefits, and braves my power. The lofty Diana and the stern Dryas are her divinities ; them she prefers to me ; the daughter of Fannus has vanquished me ; has found the art to attract and detain Panrose in her rural grotto ; there she is revered and consulted ; there she listens with pleasure to the gloomy lessons of the severe Dryas, while her heart remains insensible to all the delights of Love.—Oh Venus ! Oh my mother ! Ought I to submit to such insults, to such excess of shame ?”

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

So when the footsteps of Aurora are first lightly imprinted on the mountain-top, we behold the bright queen of flowers bathed in mellifluous dew, which, in liquid pearl, she sheds on the new born buds beneath her feet. And thus did melting Venus shed her mild tears on the bewitching face of Love.

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

Love smiled, and joy brightened in his eyes ; he kissed his mother, spurned the earth's bosom, and di-

rected his rapid and audacious flight toward the fortunate brink of the fountain of Arethusa.

Already had Aurora shed her vermilion dye over the golden horizon; Nature seemed animated and quickened by her mild rays; the flowers opened their bosoms and perfumed the air; the fickle lover of Flóra agitated the foliage, and played among the rushes; the sky-lark rose from his earthy bed to meet the sun; echo forgot her melancholy, and answered his shrill and enlivening accents; languor fled, and all was life and feeling.

Aloft as he wantoned in the air, Love cast his eyes over Sicily, and saw the Orcades* dispersed over the summits of Ætna; Panrose was easily distinguished, and Love, for a moment stopt his flight to contemplate the nymph. Thus does the terrible eagle, hovering above the clouds, cast an eye of avidity on the innocent lamb ready to become his prey; and thus did the god of Paphos triumph, while he admired the open and ingenuous air, the grace and celestial beauty of Panrose.

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

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

Here, in this peaceable place, this revered asylum of innocence and happiness, every thing offended the eyes of Love; the grotto, the work of a goddess, wore the aspect of an august temple; magnificent, yet rural. Columns of alabaster, adorned with garlands of laurel and elichrysum, sustained the edifice; the walls were of Parian marble, dazzlingly bright, on which a divine hand had traced in bas-relief the

* Mountain.

stories of virtuous women, who had been an ornament to their sex, and honour to their country.

In one part were represented the generous heroines, who had devoted themselves to their country's good, the daughters of Antipæus presenting themselves as sacrifices for the prosperity of Thebes; and the courageous Hyacinthides offering the same example. From the fatal pile that had consumed the daughters of Echion, were seen two youths, with crowns on their heads, rising from their ashes: a famous and glorious miracle, wrought in honour of sublime virtue, and to console an unfortunate father.*

Beside these heroines were placed all the interesting victims of filial love: the seven daughters of Alcyon, unable to survive their father, preparing to bury themselves beneath the waves; the charming Erigone immolating herself at the tomb of Icarus;

* The daughters of Antipæus gave themselves sacrifices for the Thebans, according to the answer of the oracle, which had said the city should be delivered from the hands of Hercules, if some one of the most illustrious families it contained would sacrifice itself, and all the daughters of Antipæus killed themselves.

The courageous Hyacinthides—"Were the daughters of Erichon, King of Athens; having devoted themselves to the good of their country, they were surnamed Hyacinthides, from the place where they were sacrificed. They were also called the virgins."

The daughters of Echion, King of Thebes—"were two maidens, who suffered themselves to be sacrificed, to appease the gods, who, at that time, afflicted their country with a horrible drought. There rose from their ashes two young men crowned, who celebrated the death of these generous princesses. There was another Echion, the father of Pentheus, who was one of those who assisted Cadmus, to build Thebes, and from whom the Thebans had been called Echionides. There was yet another Echion, the herald of the Argonauts."—*Dict. de la Fable.*

the beautiful Hypsipyle exposing herself to loss of life and throne, to preserve Thoas from the fury of the Lemnian women.

Here is beheld the valiant Harpalyce, like Pallas in the midst of combats, braving every danger death can present, who is seen under a thousand different forms: but she beholds her father only, guards him, places her fair body before him, eager to receive the blows destined for his destruction, and at last bears him from his enemies victorious into Thrace. Among this heroic troop, are also seen the tender sisters of the young Hyas, of the imprudent Phaeton, and the Melicagrides.*

* The seven daughters of Alcion.—“Alcion was a giant, the brother of Porphyriion, who killed twenty-four of the soldiers of Hercules, and was himself killed by that hero. His seven daughters were so affected, that they threw themselves in the sea, where they were changed into alcions (halcions, or king’s fishers).”

The charming Erigone, immolating at the tomb of Icarus.—“Erigone hung herself on a tree when she knew of her father’s death: this she learnt from the continual barking of Mera, the bitch of Icarus, at her master’s tomb. This Erigone was beloved of Bacchus, who, to seduce her, transformed himself into a bunch of grapes. The poets have feigned she was metamorphosed into the constellation called Virgo. The following was the cause of her death: Icarus, the father of Erigone, having given the peasants wine to drink, who knew not its effects, they became drunk; and other peasants, supposing them poisoned, slew Icarus; on which the wives of these peasants were seized with madness, which lasted till the oracle had ordained feasts in honour of Icarus. Thence came the Icarian games, which consisted in balancing on a cord attached to two trees, that is to say, swinging.*

* Probably in memory of the death of Erigone, who, with a cord, hung herself to a tree.

The amiable goddess of Modesty, delighted particularly to trace forms of those victorious nymphs,

Mera, the bitch of Icarus, was metamorphosed into the constellation called Canicula, and Icarus into a star, which is supposed to be Boötes, or the herdsman. There was another Icarus, the son of Dedalus, and a third, who was the father of Penelope."—*Dict. de la Fable.*

The beautiful Hypsipyle.—The women of Lemnos having massacred their husbands, and all the men on the island, Hypsipyle, to save her father Thoas, feigned she had killed him, but kept him concealed. This part of the story is well known, the rest not so much.

"Jason, going to the conquest of the golden fleece, landed at Lemnos, and married Hypsipyle, whom the Lemnian women had elected queen. Jason abandoned Hypsipyle for Medea; the Lemnians having learnt that Hypsipyle had saved her father, expelled her the island. She fell into the hands of pirates; they sold her to Lycurgus, King of Nemæa, who appointed her to educate his son Archemorus. One day Hypsipyle having placed the young prince on a bed of smallage, while she went to shew a fountain to the princes who were going to besiege Thebes, the child died by the bite of a serpent. Lycurgus would have punished her negligence with death, but the Argans took her under their protection. The Nemæan Games, which were held once in three years, were instituted to commemorate this accident. The conquerors were clothed in black, and crowned with smallage."

The valiant Harpalyce—"The daughter of Harpalyce, king of a part of Thracia. Her father being borne hard upon in battle, and already wounded by Neoptolemus, Harpalyce flew to his assistance, brought him out of danger, and put to flight the troops of Neoptolemus. She excelled in the management of horses. There were two other women of the same name, one of whom was very wicked, and

who had resisted and escaped the snares of Love; Panrose, Arethusa, Syrinx, and the beauteous Daphne; Tucia and Claudia, dear to Vesta; Anaxabia protected by Diana; Bolina, insensible to the love of the most charming of all the gods; she is pictured in the moment when, to avoid the pursuits of Apollo, she casts herself into the sea; here she thinks to find certain death; but her lover himself is obliged, while he bewails, to admire her virtue; he implores Jupiter; the nymph is restored to life, and, worthy of Olympus, is received to immortality.

the other died with grief, for not being able to soften the heart of Iphiclus, whom she loved."

The tender sisters of young Hyas.—"The Hyades were the daughters of Atlas and Etheria, were thus called from Hyas, their brother, whom they loved so affectionately, they were inconsolable for his death. The gods, moved by their grief, changed them into stars. Others relate, that the Hyades were nymphs whom Jupiter changed into stars, to preserve them from the wrath of Juno, who determined to punish them for the care they had taken in educating Bacchus."

Of the imprudent Phaeton—"The Heliades, daughters of the Sun and Clymene, were three, Lampe-thusa, Lampetia, and Phaethusa. They were metamorphosed to poplars, and their tears to amber."

And the Meleagrides—"They wept so much for the death of their brother Meleager, that the gods changed them into fowls."—*Dict. de la Fable.*

* Panope—One of the Nereides, eminent for her purity, and the integrity of her manners. She was of the divinities called Littorales.* There was ano-

* Sea-gods. The name is derived from the custom the ancients had of fulfilling their vows, made at sea, as soon as they came on shore.

Dryas forgot not to give tender mothers and faithful wives a place in her temple. Here were represented at the most interesting moments of their lives, Penelope, Artemisa, Andromache, Alcyon, and the generous Alcesta; the unhappy Argia, performing the last duties to her husband; Laodamia expiring at the sight of the ghost of Protesilas, and following the adored shade to the mansions of death. Farther on are seen Arganthon and Caneus consumed by grief; the unfortunate Clytia renouncing day, which she detests; and the courageous and faithful Evadne, casting herself into the flames that consumed her husband.*

ther Panope, the wife of Hercules, by whom he had a son called after her name.

Tucia and Claudia dear to Vesta—"Were Vestals. Tucia, accused of a crime, proved her innocence by fetching water from the Tiber to the Temple of Vesta in a sieve. Claudia's virtue was suspected, but Vesta wrought a miracle to prove her innocence. She, with her girdle only, drew the vessel, in which was the statue of the mother of the gods brought from Phrygia, and which, having entered the Tiber, was so immoveable, that several thousand men could not drag it along."

Anaxabia protected by Diana—"Was a nymph who vanished in the Temple of Diana, where she had taken refuge to avoid the pursuits of Apollo."—*Dict. de la Fable.*

I might extend this nomenclature, and cite the nymph Ea, who, flying the River Phasis, implored the succour of the gods, and became an island; Coronis, whom Minerva changed into a crow when pursued by Neptune, &c. &c. This is not the Coronis beloved of Apollo, and the mother of Æsculapius. There were many nymphs of the same name.

* The unhappy Argia—"Was daughter to Adrastus, and wife to Polynice, whose corpse she went in search of with Antigonus, to pay it the last duties;

Among the multitude of women, whom maternal tenderness had made illustrious, were the affectionate Pyrene, and the nymph who gave birth to Cyenus.—Fatal Argonauts! your voyage robbed the tenderest of mothers of life! Amphinome could not support the absence of Jason, and plunged a dagger in her bosom. Callipatria, as affectionate, but a more happy mother, dared to brave every danger, to follow her son to the Olympic Games, and enjoyed the pleasure of beholding him crowned.*

which irritated Creon so much, he slew them both. She became a fountain that bore her name."

Laodamia—"There was another Laodamia, the daughter of Bellerophon, beloved by Jupiter. Diana slew the latter with arrows for her pride."

Arganthon and Canens—"The former, the wife of Rhesus, was so affected by her husband's death, slain at the siege of Troy, that she died of grief; and Canens or Canente, the wife of Picus, after his death wasted away till nothing could be seen of her."

Evadne—"Daughter of Mars, or, according to others, of Iphis and Thebe, was insensible to the love of Apollo, and espoused Capaneus, who, being killed with a thunderbolt* at the siege of Thebes, Evadne threw herself into the fire that consumed her husband's body."

* The affectionate Pyrene.—"Cenchreis, the daughter of the nymph Pyrene, having been slain accidentally by a dart, which Diana hurled at a wild beast, her mother, Pyrene, shed so many tears that she was changed into a fountain." †

* The cause of his impiety.

† Other authors say, that Pyrene was a princess, daughter of Bebrix, king of that part of Spain which borders on France. That she was carried off by Hercules, who, having one day left her, at his return found her torn to pieces by wild beasts; and that he

At the farther part of the temple, Dryas has erected statues to the deities dearest to her heart. Friendship, the august Vesta, and the two immortal sisters who preside over purity of manners.* Love sighs, and chafes to think he is not preferred to these peaceable divinities. He is more angry still to see Dryas surrounded by all the nymphs of the waters, the woods, the meadows, and the mountains.†

The goddess is seated on a verdant and flowery throne; the majestic lily and the humble violet spring

And the nymph who gave birth to Cyenus.—“Hyria, a nymph of Arcadia, wept so much for the loss of her son, who had flung himself from a rock, because one of his friends had refused to give him a bull, that she melted away in tears, and was changed to a lake which bore her name.”

Amphinome—“The mother of Jason, plunged a dagger in her breast through sorrow for the long absence of her son.”

Callipatria—“Disguised herself like a master of arms, to accompany her son to the Olympic Games, where women were not permitted to come. She was discovered by her transports at seeing her son victorious. The judges pardoned her, but made a law, that in future the master of arms should be naked as well as the Athletæ.”

* Callianassa and Callianira.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

† Nymphs of the waters, the woods, the meadows, and the mountains—“Ephydrides, nymphs of the lakes. I know not why this name is out of use, it is poetical; so is Meliades and Epimelides, nymphs who preside over flocks; Limniades, nymphs of the marshes; Lemniades, nymphs of the flowers and meadows; Heresides, nymphs who waited on Juno when she bathed,” &c.

then buried her, by heaping one of the mountains, since called Tyrenes, upon her.

and grow around her and beneath; a snow-white veil hides part of her face, and falls undulating on her shoulders, and around her waist. Love himself is forced to admire the ruddy, yet soft freshness of her countenance, her graceful motion and the mild majesty of her front. He desires to approach and behold her nearer, but a sensation new to him withholds him; he stops, while, by a charm he cannot comprehend, the goddess at once invites him and deters.

The nymphs now disperse throughout the grotto, except Panrose, who seats herself at the feet of the goddess. Love, inseparable from Panrose, still attends by her side, under the form of Coronis. Dryas gives the nymph useful lessons: "My dear Panrose," said she, "beware of the snares of Love; it is not when he shews, but when he hides himself, he is most to be feared! Thus it was he surprised Melanthis, Leucothoë, the innocent Calista, and the fair Pomona.* He triumphs only in delusion and deceit. He promises happiness; but he only can disturb or destroy."

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

The unsuspecting nymph, recollecting her companions, and leaning with security on the arm of the dangerous Coronis, quitted the grotto of Dryas. Scarce had she left this august asylum, when an uncommon sensation invaded her heart. Silent and lost in thought, she followed the footsteps of Love, who led her far from her companions. The paths he

* Melanthis, Leucothoë—"Melanthis was beloved of Neptune, who took the figure of a dolphin to carry her off. Leucothoë was the daughter of Orchamus and Eurinome, and beloved by Apollo, who deceived her in the shape and habit of her mother. Clytie, her rival, informed Orchamus of the affair, and he buried his daughter alive; but Apollo metamorphosed her into a frankincense tree.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

chase were all strewed with flowers; but while she wandered along this unknown road, Panrose sometimes beheld dreadful precipices and bottomless gulfs that made her shrink and shudder with horror!

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

"We are on *Ætna*," replied Love. "Look at yonder smoke which rises in dark clouds: we approach the summit. Fear nothing, charming nymph, for what have you to fear?"

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

Panrose would have called Polixo, Dymas, Phalœ; but, spent and fatigued with the length and rapidity of her flight, she had not the power. Love invited her to repose in a bower of myrtles and roses, not far from the horrid cave, where the black and monstrous Cyclops forge the thunderbolts of Jupiter.

She stopped, and sat down upon a green bank.— She could not conceive what passed in her soul.— In vain did she endeavour to drive the image of Daphnis from her imagination. Every song he had made on her, the melting sounds of his voice, and the youthful shepherd's lyre, were unceasingly echoing in her ear, songs so sweet, so melodious, that never nymph durst hear, except as she fled. Thus flies the fearful and light-footed deer, who hears far off the huntsman's horn, and the distant shouts of the pursuer.

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

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

“ Here, in vain, did the prudent Cyane oppose the transports love inspired : she lost at once her form and life, and became only a fugitive rivulet. Yonder you see her meandering through the flowery mead. Oh! how sweet it is to come and meditate upon her banks. Methinks I hear her plaintive voice murmuring, tell us, ‘Oh nymphs, beware of resistless Love!’

“ Farther off you discover the Fountain Arcthusa. By metamorphosing the nymph, Diana hoped she might evade the pursuits of Alpheus; but he, protected by Love, soon was re-united to his Arcthusa. Behold how the fountain spurns backward its waters, curls, falls again, and precipitates its white froth into the vast and profound sea! It is Love who gives the waves this impetuous motion, who hurries on the unwilling Arcthusa, and conducts her towards her lover.

“ Cast your eyes to the side of yonder rock; it was at the foot of that majestic cedar, by which it is overshadowed, that the affectionate Galatea conversed with her Acis. Behold yonder river, an eternal monument of regret to the Nereid, and of the power of Love.*

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

* Polyphemus crushed Acis beneath a rock, and Galatea changed the blood of her lover into a river. There is at present a river Acis in Sicily.

brate him with such joyous transport?—But what is the matter, Panrose?—You seemed moved, agitated.”

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

“ What voice do you hear ?” replied Love, smiling.

“ Of—A shepherd,” said Panrose, with a blush.

“ But what shepherd !” reiterated Love.

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

“ It is too late,” cried Love.

Daphnis instantly appeared, sprang towards the lost Panrose, and fell at her feet. In vain did she endeavour to avoid him. Love detained her, love held her ; the nymph complained of the violence, but yielded to it, nor was she angry at it.

Having, however, listened to Daphnis for some moments, Panrose at last freed herself from the arms of Love.

“ Stop, Panrose,” cried Daphnis, “ stop ; since you wish me dead, since you hate me, praised be the gods that I am not immortal.—Yes, if you refuse to hear me, I will plunge into yonder bottomless abyss, and terminate a life which it is impossible I should longer support.”

He said, and Panrose, vanquished by terror, tremblingly returned ; and, guided by Love triumphant, was reconducted to the bower. She listened to the tender plaints of Daphnis, and a thousand times repeated an affectionate friendship was all she ever could entertain for him, and that she should eternally be insensible to love. The shepherd, however, was content ; and Panrose, as she parted from him, promised to return on the morrow to the bower, in which they had been surprised by night.

No sooner did the morning dawn than Panrose, full of disquietude, oppressed by melancholy forebodings, went to seek for, and open her heart to Dryas ; the goddess sighed and mourned for Pan-

rose. "Lovely nymph," said she, "the deed is accomplished; Cupid has seduced your heart. Oh! may the dangerous son of Mercury, may Daphnis feel the worth of his victory, and may the torch of Hymen light you to happiness! But that God, prudent and peaceable, ill agrees with Love; he requires lasting sentiments, those which Love inspires all are fleeting.* Obstacles, fears, inquietudes, are the food of Love; is it a light flame, that is extinguished if it be not constantly blown.—But let us not inquire into the future. Receive, my dear Panrose, this pledge of tenderness from Dryas; this veil which my hands have woven, wear it always, never put it off for a moment; it cannot fix love, but it will render you more beautiful in your husband's eyes."

Panrose, moved by her goodness, received kneeling the divine veil which the charming goddess of

* According to the *Dictionnaire de la Fable*, and almost all authors, Hymen was the son of Bacchus and Venus; but the following is a much more ingenious fable:—"Some authors say, that Hymen was a young Athenian of obscure birth, but a perfect beauty; and that he fell in love with a young lady of high rank, and disguised himself in women's clothes to have the pleasure of being near her. Being one day thus disguised on the sea-shore, in company with his mistress, celebrating the rites of Ceres-Eleusina, there came pirates, who carried Hymen and all the virgins off. The pirates took them to a distant island, where they got drunk with joy, and fell asleep. Hymen then armed the virgins, and killed the pirates; after which, leaving his mistress and her companions on the island, he went to Athens, where he made conditions with all their parents, and demanded her he loved in marriage as her ransom, which was granted. This marriage was so fortunate, that the name of Hymen was ever after invoked on all future ones; and the Greeks at last worshipped him as a god."—*Danchet, Dissertation sur les Ceremonies Nuptiales.*

Modesty gave her, and threw it respectfully over her. The veil fastened to her front hid her flowing hair, and her elegant and majestic shape; but it gave her a new and more inviting grace; and though it concealed in part her charms from the eye, it added to her beauty.

Panrose, notwithstanding her promise, could not determine herself to return to the bower, but she fled her companions; their pure and simple joys increased her trouble; she sought solitude, and strayed mournfully along the mountain, till at last she arrived near the Gulf of Scylla. Panrose shrunk with terror, when she heard the dreadful shrieks of the wretched daughter of Phorcus.

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

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

The nymph stopt, and rested at the foot of a willow, when, in an instant, Daphnis, guided by Love, appears in sight. He approaches, flies—he is on his knees, and vows eternal constancy. Panrose, affected and troubled, knew the value of vows pronounced on the borders of this lake; and, no longer able to doubt her lover’s sincerity, was restrained by bashfulness alone from confessing her feelings.

* The Lake of the Palicii.

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

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

"Oh adorable nymph!" cried he; "oh transporting avowal, that makes the happiest of mortals!—Yes, Panrose, in this place, the witness of my felicity, will I raise an altar to Modesty, and on that divine altar will I place the statue of Love.†—Oh ye

* I would much rather have imagined this charming, this delicate answer of Panrose, than have been the author of twenty tales like this; but, unfortunately for me, the original of this is also to be found in the *Dictionnaire de la Fable*.

† "The father of Penelope was Icarus, a noble and powerful Spartan; unable to determine to part with his daughter, he conjured Ulysses to live at Sparta, but could not prevail. Ulysses, having departed with his wife, Icarus mounted his chariot, overtook his beloved daughter, and again redoubled his prayers to return to Sparta. Ulysses then left it to the choice of Penelope to stay, or follow him to Ithaca. Penelope made no reply, but, with downcast eyes, hid her face in her veil. Icarus insisted no farther, but erected an altar to Modesty."

Is it possible that this incident should be so little known! I have thought this answer might receive additional grace, by supposing Panrose, just going to become a bride, had received from the goddess of Modesty this interesting veil. The simple recital, however, in the *Dictionnaire de la Fable*, made a stronger impression on me than what I have invented; but the idea is so delicate, so charming, that one takes a pleasure even in spoiling it.

† Oaths among the ancients were very customary,

immortal and generous brothers! implacable enemies of perjury and crimes! ye terrible divinities, whom Sicily adores, hear my vows! By your pure and dreaded waves, I swear eternal fidelity to Panrose! and as, should I forfeit this sacred oath, I should be no longer worthy to look on Panrose and day, oh! mighty gods! that instant when I am false; snatch from me the light of heaven, and strike me blind!— This chastisement, more fearful than death, would yet be too slight a punishment for such a crime!”

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

and accompanied with divers ceremonies. Sometimes they made libations; and, while the priest, when he plunged his knife into the victim, the sacred wine was shed, and they cried aloud, “ Let the blood of the man, who shall dare to violate his oath, and of his race, be sprinkled upon the earth like the blood of these victims upon our altars.”

Sometimes they dip their hands in the blood and entrails of the victims; at others they cast red hot iron into the sea, promising to keep their words till that iron should return, and swim upon the surface. The pains of death and infamy were inflicted on those who violated their oaths; but they excepted orators, poets, and lovers from the punishment. The form of taking an oath among kings was to elevate the sceptre. The gods, whom the Greeks invoked on these occasions, were infinite; sometimes they called the sun to witness, sometimes the stars, &c.

Pythagoras swore by the number four, which, according to him, was the symbol of divinity. Socrates called on the true god, the god who presides over friendship.—*Mœurs des Grecs, by Menard.*

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

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

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

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

This news inspired Daphnis with a curiosity he could not surmount; and the timid Panrose had not the power to oppose a resolution which made her wretched. Daphnis departed, and left her overwhelmed with grief. In vain she sought to forget her sorrows, inquietude preyed upon her, and cruel gloomy jealousy devoured and withered her heart, till at last she determined to follow Daphnis.

Not daring to address Love, the author of ~~the~~ ill she endured, she invoked Jupiter, sovereign of man and

* Fame, the messenger of Jupiter, alights in the highest places, to publish all sorts of news. She has not the power to be silent.

gods : said she, " Deign to transport me to Daphnis ; and deign farther, to render me invisible to all eyes, as long as I shall desire so to remain."

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

Suddenly was seen, proudly entering the lists, the warlike daughter of Archidamas. Her chariot was superb, in the form of a sea shell, the golden rays of which dazzled all eyes ; a purple robe, a sash embroidered with gold, and a diadem of pearls, formed her dress, at once simple and magnificent ; her awful and majestic beauty attracted and fixed the attention. She boldly conducted her four horses, foaming at the bit, to the starting-place ; then casting a disdainful and haughty eye on the princes and heroes of Greece, who dared dispute the prize with her, she looked certain of victory ; every heart was for her, and her very rivals were astonished they should ever have thought of contending with her.

In the midst of the vast circle, round which the chariots were to run, an altar was raised, on which was placed a brazen eagle, with outspread wings ; a hidden spring was touched, the eagle moved and clapt his wings, and at the same moment the shrill trumpet giving the signal for starting, the chariots were whirled along the arena : the beauteous Cynisca led them all, animated, not terrified by the clamorous sounds of the instruments, and the shouts and applauses of the spectators. In vain did the admiration of her abashed rivals degenerate into jealousy ; in vain would they intimidate her by their cries ; and, unable to overtake, seek, at least, to terrify and discourage her : but her serenity was not to be moved : insensible to the clamours of envy, she pursued her glorious course, and thought only of

the immortal laurels with which she should soon be crowned.

She arrived at length at the goal, leapt from her chariot, and embraced the ancient oak, the sacred tree which terminated the career, and which, till that memorable day, the hand of woman never had touched. A thousand joyous shouts pierced the air, with the sound of voices and instruments, which celebrated her name. Cynisca is drawn in a triumphal car to the tomb of Endymion; is seated on a sumptuous throne, dazzling with silver and gold, decorated with purple of the Tyrian dye, and festoons of the vine and laurel, where she received the prize she had won.

New games now began; the prize of song was now to be disputed, and Daphnis entered the lists. Panrose, always invisible, followed his steps; the nymph, agitated by mortal inquietude, tremblingly saw Daphnis approach the beautiful, the dangerous Cynisca. She had but too well read the fickle heart of her husband, but she endeavoured to deceive herself, wished to doubt of her wretchedness, and feared to calumniate the man she loved, by giving way to jealousy.

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

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

* The chariot races were the most noble, and were of two sorts, that is, either with two or four horses; the latter were called quadriga. The ancients did

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

The sound expired on his trembling lips: Panrose flew to catch him, and the faithless and the miserable Daphnis fainted in the arms of the nymph he had betrayed.

Mercury, affected by his son's destiny, enveloped him and Panrose in a cloud, caught them from the eyes of the astonished spectators, and thus transported

not arrange their horses like us two and two, but all abreast. The chariots were in form of shells, had two wheels, with a very short pole. In the centre of the lists was an altar, on which was placed a brazen eagle with spread wings, which was suddenly raised by means of a spring. This was the signal of departure. At the end of the Olympian goal was the tomb of Endymion. The lists of Olympus were superb, and were contained in a vast enclosure, 600 feet in length, which represented the prow of a vessel, surrounded by stalls for the horses and chariots. The goal for the races was the large trunk of an oak or pine-tree, reared on the confines about a cubit's height, and sustained on each side by two white polished stones. The prize of singing and poetry was a myrtle crown. Women and virgins, once in five years, celebrated a particular feast at Olympus in honour of Juno; and the virgins, who ran in the races, were divided into three classes; the youngest ran the first, those of a more advanced age the second, and the eldest last. In consideration of their sex, the length of the race was limited to 500 feet, its common length was 600. Those who were victorious in the four ancient games of Greece, whatever kind of contest it was, were called *Periodonic*; which name was given them from the word *Period*, that is, at the revolution of four games.—*Mœurs des Grecs, by Menard.*

them near Mount Olympus, in Thessaly, to the delicious Vale of Tempe.

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

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

"Not far from this valley, at the foot of Olympus, is the fountain Argyra, the cold waters of which have the virtue of making lovers even lose the very remembrance of an unhappy passion;* but it may not be approached, except by fortitude not to be shaken. Love himself guards and forbids the entrance, and does not shew himself accompanied by sports and pleasures, full of innocence and charms, like as when he wishes to seduce; you will see him menacing, imperious, terrible! Armed with his keen darts, he will repel you with violence; while snaky-haired jealousy, her poniard uplifted, will second his efforts; and while amiable but deceitful Hope will hold out her arms, only to bear you from the happy path, which following, would put you to an end of all your pains. But be not intimidated, these dreadful and seductive objects are but fantastic illusions, vain phantoms,

* I before spoke of this fountain, in the Tale of Alphonso, and have only added to the fable the allegory of the road which leads to it.

which will retreat as you advance, and vanish like airy dreams, if you have the courage to pursue your route. I am not permitted to guide your steps towards this salutary fountain, I only can point out the road."

"Ah!" said Panrose, heaving a deep sigh, "I certainly should have fortitude to undertake and end this fearful journey, but oh! son of Jupiter, cast your eyes there, look at the dreadful state to which un-pitying destiny has reduced your son; what must become of him, should I cease to love him?—Yes, Daphnis, yes, dear and unfortunate husband, let me preserve feelings that distract my heart, but which, at least, shall soften the horror of thy situation.—Alas! the wretched Panrose only can console, by deceiving thee.—But, to preserve thee from despair, every thing becomes possible.—Oh! Mercury, hear my prayer.—After the chariot race, the beautiful Cynisca was borne in triumph, and her voice was heard aloud, rendering thanks to Olympian Jove. Alas! I saw Daphnis was affected by her accents: Oh! grant to me that voice that charmed him, that when he awakes from this lethargy of sense, Daphnis may still believe himself in company with her he loves; and that an adored hand dries his tears, and guides his steps.—My presence would now only be a cruel and insupportable reproach, and I would not have the barbarity to add to his woes, by seeming to succour them.—Let him attribute to my rival the tenderness he owes only to me.—Yes, let him.—If I can only make him happy, I care not what I suffer."

"Generous nymph," said Mercury, "your wish is granted; henceforth you shall have the voice of the rival, who never can deserve to be preferred to you. But what torments will your lover's error make you undergo! Oh! Panrose, may you reap the fruits of love so pure, so faithful, so affectionate!"

So saying, the god extended his arm, lightly touched Daphnis with his caduceus, and again restored him to sense. He rose; his eyes were open, but impa-

trable darkness was around, and the hills and vallies echoed with his mournful cries. "Console yourself, my son," said Mercury. "Love, the cause of your affliction, affords you a rich amends."

Thus having said, the god spurned the earth, sprung above the clouds, and disappeared to the eyes of Panrose.

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

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

"Gods!" interrupted Daphnis, "what do I hear?—Is it not an illusion? Is it, can it be the voice of Cynisca?—You are silent—Oh! speak whoever you are; speak, let me hear the harmonious raptures of that voice.—You answer not! Alas! I am deceived."

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

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

"Daphnis," said Panrose, "I confess there is a

secret inquietude which troubles and torments me.—I dare not rely upon thy faith, another nymph once beloved by thee”—

“No,” hastily interrupted Daphnis, “no, I loved her not; I knew not love till I knew you; be certain I did not, charming Cynisca.—Oh! weep not thus”—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A thousand times did the wretched nymph think to betray her secret, and a thousand times was she restrained by the fearful apprehension of seeing Daphnis in despair; she was secretly determined sometime to let him know it, but she felt how much she should gain by deferring it; how much stronger the gratitude of Daphnis should be, and this idea animated and sustained her fortitude.

She flattered herself too, that time would enfeeble his love for Cynisca; but in this she was deceived. Panrose, often irritated, ever discontented and unhappy, never seemed passionately fond of Daphnis; he was not certain his passion was returned, and he was agitated and preyed upon by this fear. Love satiated sleeps, when he is secure; he is nourished and kept awake by incertitude.

“Oh, Cynisca!” Daphnis would say, “I owe thee every thing, yet thou partakest not the passion thou dost inspire; thy coldness often drives me to despair, thou hearest with indifference my songs in thy praise. I sing only of Cynisca: the name of Cynisca is ever on my lips, and yet thou art not moved.—Do I then owe to pity alone, all the generous cares thou hast deigned to dedicate to me?—Ah! if it be so, abandon the unfortunate Daphnis; if thou dost not love, do not imagine thou canst console.”

“Ungrateful shepherd!” replied Panrose—“No, Daphnis, thou canst not conceive the excess of thy ingratitude.”

“Oh! rapturous reproach,” cried Daphnis. “Dear, divine Cynisca, with a single word thou hast dissipated all my fears; yet, alas! wherefore hast thou never the expressions of love, except to complain of thy lover?”

Such were the conversations of the nymph and the shepherd.

Twice did Panrose behold returning spring, and still did she continue in the same unhappy condition. At length, after suffering with so much constancy, she suddenly took the resolution to reveal her secret.

Away she went to the banks of the Lake of the Pa-

licii, approached the green altar which Daphnis formerly there had reared, and, kneeling to the statue of Love, invoked that cruel god, the author of all her sufferings.—“ Oh, Love!” said she, “ deign to dry up the source of my tears, by restoring me the heart of Daphnis; deign once more to appear in my behalf: behold it is fidelity that implores thee,—answer to its soft but steady voice which now calls.”

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

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

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

She said, and instantly flew to the bower of myrtles and roses, where she found Daphnis; with a trembling hand she seized the hand of her lover; she led, or rather hastily dragged him to the banks of the Lake Palicii, to the statue of Love; then breaking silence, said—“ Daphnis, behold the light, and know the hand by which thou hast ever been guided!”

The blood froze in the veins of Daphnis; Panrose again had assumed her own voice; and that voice so mild, so sweet, and so tender, spoke like thunder to

the guilty soul of Daphnis; the film vanished from his eyes, and he sunk with still deeper terror, when he beheld the awful Lake of the Palicii.—At the sight of Panrose, astonishment and confusion rose reddening in his countenance; then instantly assumed a deadly pale, which spoke but too plainly the fearful perplexity that overcame him, and the cruel remorse that gnawed his heart. Thus motionless he remained, with moist and downcast eyes.

“ Oh, Daphnis!” said Panrose, “ quit this perplexity; it offends my love; when I brought you on these awful banks, I wished not to retrace the memory of those holy and sacred ties by which we are united.—I think not I ask new oaths; I am henceforth certain of thy heart, and should regard a promise, which now would be useless to my tranquillity, as an insult, which would but debase us both; I find in my own affection, all the confidence which my husband can desire, for the security of my affection as well as his.”

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

Daphnis stopt.

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

Daphnis made no reply.

“ Is it possible!” cried the nymph—“ What! canst thou still prefer Cynisca to Panrose?”

“ Hold!” cried Daphnis, “ overwhelm not one who

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

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

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

THE
PALACE OF TRUTH.

A MORAL TALE.



THE charming Queen Altemira married the most beautiful of all the genii, the amiable and tender Phanor. The very evening of the bridal day, the queen was very desirous the genius should conduct her to his palace. Phanor sighed, and, tenderly regarding Altemira, said—"I abandon it for your sake. You reign over faithful subjects, and over my heart; let that empire content you. It is not possible I should take you to my palace; but, since you cannot inhabit it, I shall return thither no more, and do not ask me farther."

"How, my lord!" interrupted Altemira, "must I never see your palace?"

"I dare flatter myself," replied Phanor, smiling, "you will one day see it."

"But when?" replied the queen, ardently.

"In sixteen years, if you then wish it."

"In sixteen years! Heavens!"

"From that time to, this let it be forgotten: for your repose and mine, I must keep this secret."

The queen was excessively curious, and complained, wept, and pouted—but Phanor was inflexible. The vexation of having a husband so discreet, was the only one Altemira knew; the wedded pair loved each other entirely; and, had it not been for the curiosity and eternal questions of the queen, concerning the

mysterious palace of the Genius, they would have been perfectly happy.

Altemira gave birth to a princess, whom the Genius, as may be easily imagined, endowed with all possible grace and perfections. Scarcely had Zeloide (the lovely princess was so called) attained her fourteenth year, ere the queen and the Genius were careful to chuse her a future husband, worthy of her charms; and their choice fell on Prince Philamar, who adored Zeloide. The young princess was consulted, and she owned she preferred Philamar to all who had ever sought her hand.

The queen, who beheld with inexpressible satisfaction the moment approach, when, according to the promise of the Genius, she might indulge her curiosity, determined not to marry her daughter till she had seen the palace, and returned from her husband's territories; and the moment, so ardently wished, at length arrived.

Sixteen years had the queen now been married, and she pressed Phanor to depart without delay. "To-morrow," answered he, "you shall be transported thither, if, after having heard what I shall relate, you persist in the same resolution. This evening you shall hear my story." The queen desired Zeloide might be present; Phanor was loath to consent, but at last yielded to the eager prayers of the queen. Towards the close of the day, he went to Altemira's apartment, and seating himself between the two princesses, he thus began his tale.

The History of the Genius Phanor.

I was born with most lively passions. Our art, which renders us so superior to mortals, can produce no alteration in the heart; and the Genius, my father, saw, with chagrin, that several centuries would be necessary, to render me prudent and happy.

In the mean time I became deeply enamoured of a fairy, much older than myself, and more emi-

ment for understanding than beauty; this choice did me honour. Prudina, so was the fairy called, was held in great estimation, and was cited as a model of circumspection, prudence, and virtue. So penetrating was her wit, she saw my passion before I knew myself, and informed me I was in love with her; at first I was going to tell her, with the utmost simplicity and openness of heart, she was mistaken; but she seemed so confident, I thought it best to examine myself a little farther.

While she scolded me for a passion which she called childish folly, Prudina discovered so much mildness and friendship, that the consequence of these lectures was, I found it possible I might in time obtain a place in her affections, and this hope begat the love which she rather foresaw than discovered. At last, I took courage, and pressed Prudina for an explanation, and she owned she herself had fallen into the snares she had counselled me to avoid.

Enchanted with my good fortune, I spoke of marriage; but Prudina declared she would not wed, till she had first had proofs of my constancy; promising, at the same time, to give no one the least item of the hopes she indulged me in. She spoke highly of the charms of secrecy; and, as bragging was not my foible, she easily obtained all she asked on that head, and our good understanding was wholly unknown to all.

One evening, as enveloped in a cloud, I traversed the air, towards the palace of Prudina, I heard cries so grievous, that pity obliged me to stop. I beheld a cavalcade of horses and carriages, with a multitude of slaves bearing flambeaux, and, in the midst of this multitude, a young man of exquisite beauty, who appeared the master of the others, in all the agonies of despair. His followers all repeated his complaints, and rendered the scene still more affecting.

I made myself known, and addressing the charming youth, demanded the cause of such extraordinary grief. "I am," said he, "the Prince Zimis, and when young my infancy loved the Princess Eliana; our

parents had agreed to our union, when the cruel Genius Phormidas, unhappily for me, saw and became enamoured of my love. Eliana treated him with so much rigour, that he appeared to have lost all hope. I took advantage of this momentary repose, and, accompanied by the train you see, was conducting my princess into my own kingdom to celebrate our nuptials.

As we were passing through a gloomy forest, we were suddenly surprised by the appearance of Phormides, who assaulted us, and, in spite of courage and resistance, tore my dear Eliana from my arms. Vainly have I endeavoured, for three days, to follow the traces of the ravisher; fatigue at last has stopped us here, and here I feel will despair terminate my life and miseries.

This recital greatly affected me; I comforted the unfortunate Zimis, and assured him his princess should be restored. "Return," said I, "into your own kingdom, before the break of day you shall again possess Eliana; my art is superior to that of Phormidas. Adieu! confide your vengeance to me." This said, I launched into the air, and soon lost sight of the prince and his train.

I dedicated the night, destined to love, to benevolence; and, instead of the palace of Prudina, flew to the throne of the sovereign of the genii, to whom I related the interesting story of Eliana and her lover, and conjured him to deliver the young princess from the tyranny of Phormidas.

Our august monarch taking me by the hand, said— "Follow me, I will give you some information concerning the fate of the princess, and leave to you the glory of ending this adventure."

So saying, he conducted me into a magnificent saloon, ornamented with a multitude of glasses, one of which he touched with a gold ring. "We must first see," said he, "what is at present become of Eliana, that our succours and activity may equal the danger of her situation."

As he spoke, I saw the glass begin to colour, and

it soon represented a young lady of perfect beauty ; “ That is Eliana,” said the Genius, “ but observe how she is employed.”

At this instant, the magic picture became complete, and I saw, not without extreme surprise, Eliana alone in a garden, sitting in a swing, which, in its equilibrium, rose even to the clouds, and weeping in so affecting a manner, that I was greatly moved. My astonishment made the Genius smile : “ You will soon discover things much more extraordinary,” shaking his head with a mysterious air. “ Here receive this talisman, it will transport you whenever you please to the place where Eliana is detained ; but arm yourself with coolness and courage, for you will need them both. If you terminate this singular and perilous adventure gloriously, I promise to grant whatever reward you shall ask.”

So saying, the monarch left me ; and thus in possession of my talisman, I instantly wished myself with Eliana. The very same moment, I saw myself in the midst of a superb garden, heard the sound of voices, stopt, looked round me, and by the clear light of the moon, perceived at some distance, the beautiful Eliana, whom I had seen in the magic glass. She was precisely in the same situation, swinging with the most furious force, which madness appeared to me utterly inconceivable.

The princess was conversing with a very pretty little sylph, who was speaking ; “ It is pleasant enough,” said he, “ to swing sometimes, but to swing always, whatever can be said to persuade you from it, still swing, swing, swing, during all the prime of youth, this is cruel, I confess.”

“ Oh ! Zumio,” replied the princess, “ how happy are you, that you can preserve your gaiety ; you, it is true, like me, are deprived of liberty, but then you are not treated with so much barbarity.—Oh ! were you in my place—Oh ! cruel Genius ! Oh ! more inhuman fairy ! to what strange punishment am I condemned !”

The princess could not continue this touching com-

plaint; for at that instant, her swing took so rapid, so impetuous a motion, that she wanted breath and utterance.

I now learnt, the unfortunate Eliana was enchanted in this fatal swing. I drew near to her, told her what was become of her lover, promised to restore her to liberty, and entreated her to inform me of all that had happened. "Alas! my lord," said she, "I fear you have not power to break the enchantment, which vengeance and jealousy have imagined, but that you will be shocked by the conditions, which must be fulfilled ere this can be accomplished.

"My history, in few words, is as follows:—The cruel Phormidas, after tearing me from the arms of my husband, brought me to his palace. I endeavoured to kill myself, and should, no doubt, have proceeded to some fatal extremity, had not suddenly the roof of the palace opened, and a woman, or rather a fury, appeared, drawn in a car of ebony by four monstrous bats.

"Phormidas was at my feet; he instantly rose, with a confused countenance, and the terrible fairy, with a menacing and dreadful voice, pronounced these words:

"'Perfidious Phormidas, is it thus I am betrayed? I, who for thy sake deceive the most beautiful of all the fairies, and dost thou prefer a mortal to me? No, ingrate, it is impossible to impose upon me; but if thou wouldst obtain pardon, give me up that princess, whose life I promise to respect. Remember she detests, and I adore thee, and that I am capable of performing every thing to be revenged.'

"Phormidas, terrified, crouched to his former chains, and delivered me to the fairy. Immediately the car mounted above the clouds, and here, in less than three minutes we arrived, where I endeavoured to soften the fairy, threw myself at her feet, and conjured her to restore me my lover.

"After a moment's silence the fairy raised me. 'Princess,' said she, 'I am not vindictive, but I am capricious; and if you will indulge me in a whim,

which has just seized me, I shall readily forget what has passed. I am ridiculously fond of swinging; look, here is a swing, sit down in it, that is all I ask.'

"Though this idea appeared to me strange, yet I thought myself very happy to be so easily pardoned, and obeyed without hesitation; but scarcely had I seated myself in this fatal swing, when the fairy with a terrible voice thus spoke:—

"I condemn thee to swing for thirty years, unless one of my lovers should cease to admire me, or should deceive me without my discovering the deceit.'

"Instantly the swing of itself took so violent a motion, that the shock made me faint. Zumio, the amiable sylph whom you see with me, came to my assistance; when I recovered the use of my senses, I gave way to the most violent despair; yet, recollecting the last words of the fairy, I felt hope revive a little; for, said I, since she has more than one lover, she must necessarily be often deceived.

"Certainly," replied Zumio, "she would; but did she not possess a turquoise ring, which becomes as yellow as gold whenever one of her lovers commits the least infidelity, or his affection ceases for her. The fairy constantly wears this ring in the day, and fearing lest it should be stolen from her during sleep, she every night encloses it in a brazen casket, which she locks up in a subterranean grotto dug in her garden, the entrance to which is defended by twelve monstrous crocodiles, six basilisks, and four dragons, whose frightful jaws, resembling the most fearful volcanoes, vomit devouring flames, and send forth stones of fire."

As the princess ended, the sylph thus continued—
"Such, my lord, are the perils that await you; but what glory would equal yours were you victorious! Know these enchanted gardens are full of the most beautiful princesses in the universe, whom the jealous fairy here detains, and has condemned to different pangs and punishments. Had the fairy only robbed the world of her rivals, her barbarity would have

been sufficient : but she has carried off every one who gave her the least kind of umbrage ; envious of wit, beauty, talents, and even virtue, it is enough to draw down her hatred, that any one should acquire eminence or become very successful."—"As for me," continued Zumio, "I am also one of her prisoners, though formerly her favourite page : I carried her most secret billets-doux ; unhappily for me she suspected my discretion, and has confined me in this melancholy place."

I interrupted Zumio : "For heaven's sake," said I, "satisfy my curiosity, and tell me the name of this monster, this abominable fairy."

"Ah! my lord," replied Zumio, "you will be much surprised, for she is as specious as she is wicked ; and, when I had my liberty, I saw her company courted by the first among the genii, who had the simplicity to believe her, on her word, that she possessed every virtue : in fine, sir, the fairy, by whom we are persecuted, is Prudina."

I was petrified at the name ; it was impossible for words to express my surprise and indignation ; fury soon succeeded a state of stupor, and I exclaimed impetuously : yes, I promise you swift vengeance, your cause is now mine. Princess, adieu ; farewell, Zumio ; two hours hence you are free."

I departed, and by virtue of my talisman, was instantly at the entrance of the redoubted cavern, which enclosed the ring of my perfidious mistress. I will not give you a detail of the combats I had to sustain. I was animated by vengeance, wrath, and hatred, and should never have been triumphant, had I not been immortal and a Genius. I exterminated the monsters, reduced the gates to powder, seized the casket, and snatched the precious ring, which I found of a most beautiful citron colour, put it on my finger, whence I promised it should never part.

The garden instantly resounded with a thousand cries of joy, a thousand repetitions echoed "*Liberty, liberty! all thanks to the Genius Phanor! liberty, liberty!*"

I left the cavern, and found the garden full of ladies differently drest, and almost all young and handsome; they ran, they wept, they embraced each other, and again cried with all their force, "*Liberty, liberty! all thanks to Phanor!*" Day began to break, and I distinguished among the crowd the beautiful Eliana leaning on the arm of Zumio. She saw me, ran and cast herself at my feet, and exclaimed, "Behold our deliverer!" Instantly was I surrounded by all her companions, some clasping my knees, others my hands and arms, some frantically kissing me, and one among the rest lightly leaped upon my back, and, with a shrill and piercing voice cried aloud in my ear, Liberty! liberty! This burthen was repeated so constantly, and with such inexpressible transports, that, notwithstanding all my glory, I was half distracted with the noise, when suddenly the Sovereign of the Genii appeared, riding on a white elephant; he imposed silence on the clamorous assembly; then, turning to me, said, "Phanor, you are the arbiter of Prudina's destiny—do you pronounce sentence upon her."

"Sire," replied I, "she is unveiled; I wish no greater vengeance, but deign to pity these unfortunate victims of her jealousy; restore them to their country and their lovers, and command that each shall be transported to the spot the heart most wishes."

Scarce had I spoken, ere the Genius raised his sceptre, and they all disappeared; the Genius then again addressing me, said, "I promise to reward you, and am ready to fulfil my engagement; think well ere you ask, and when you are determined come to my palace."

After bestowing this prudent advice upon me, the Genius left me, and I was preparing to quit this fatal place for ever, which brought afflicting ideas to my mind, when I perceived Zumio behind a tree, conversing with one of the prettiest little women I ever beheld. I was exceedingly surprised, and Zumio, approaching me, said, "You find me here still, my lord, because I am determined to attach myself to

you, and never leave you. As to this young beauty, she will tell you her own story, if you desire to hear it."

"Certainly," cried I.

The amiable stranger smiled; I sat myself down by her, and pressed her to speak to me confidently, and tell me why she determined to remain in that garden.

"All my companions," replied she, "have either husbands or lovers, whom they ardently desire again to see. I admire their constancy, but have no wish to imitate it. Since, however, my lord, you desire a recital of my adventures, I shall willingly oblige you."

"With a lively imagination, great sensibility, and excessive delicacy, it is easy to touch my heart, but difficult to fix it. At the beginning of an attachment, I see the best side of every thing, and made a god of my lover; but when chance and circumstances ravish the illusion from me, I see I have loved only a chimaera; and I detach myself, or rather awaken from an agreeable dream, which vanishes before truth; and the world has the injustice to call this effort of reason inconstancy. I change not through caprice but lassitude, and am deceived and undeceived."

"About two years since, unhappily for me, I became the rival of Prudina; a new attachment had occupied me for above three months; the fairy took a fancy to my lover, which cost me my liberty; she carried me off, conducted me hither, and while, as she held me by the hand, we crossed this garden, I wept in the utmost despair. 'Be comforted, Agelia,' said she, 'my revenge will not be cruel; you have something amiable and desirable about you, and if you had not quite so much levity, would really be enchanting; therefore, as you interest me in spite of myself, I shall rather endeavour to correct you than punish.'

"This mockery of the fairy did not deceive me. We continued walking, till at last the bowers, the trees, the garden, all disappeared, and we found our-

selves in an immense plain, bounded only by the horizon. The view was much like that one has on board a ship at sea; but the motion and noise of the waves, and the reflections of the sun-beams on the surface of the water, give life to this picture. Whereas, on the plain where we were, there was nothing to interrupt the astonishing and perfect uniformity of the monstrous scene before us. The plain contained neither tree, shrub, nor flower, but was wholly covered with a beautiful green grass all of one species, without any other kind of herb. A profound calm, an eternal silence, reigned in this vast solitude; where not a bird nor an insect could be seen, and where the sky was always of a perfect blue without a cloud.

“The first aspect of this immense heath produced a most agreeable sensation; struck with admiration, I stood motionless in a trance of rapture.

“‘I am quite charmed,’ said the fairy, ‘to find you are so pleased with the scene; it ought naturally to calm the too great susceptibility of a warm imagination; but this effect can only be hoped from time and meditation. Wherefore I would have you remain here, where you will never find the least change; the heavens will always be equally serene, never will they be obscured by the least cloud; you will have neither night nor morning, no inconstancy of seasons, but day will ever shine thus bright.’

“So saying, she condemned me to walk with a steady and majestic step over this enchanted velvet lawn for thirty years: ‘At least,’ said she, according to her usual form, ‘unless one of my lovers should cease to admire me, or should deceive me without my discovering the deceit.’

“She spoke and disappeared, and I instantly found myself obliged to walk exceedingly slow, without a possibility of turning to the right or the left, of hastening or slackening my pace, or of stopping or sitting down to rest.

“This obligation of walking always in a right line, and the same slow pace, seemed very painful

at the first instant; but I was far from feeling all the horror of my situation. I at first beheld this rich and immense carpet, encircled by a clear and dazzling azure horizon, with extacy. Is it possible that blue and green, the sky and grass, can form so extraordinary, so magnificent a picture! But thus do grandeur and simplicity form the sublime.

“ Such philosophic reflections, the memory of my lover, and the hope the fairy might be deceived, without her discovering the deceit, made me support my solitude with great patience for some hours; but my admiration of my vast prison soon cooled; disgust succeeded enthusiasm; the majestic immensity of eternal verdure, which had so much surprised me, became insipid, monotonous, and tiresome, and I had nothing to divert my attention but an unfortunate passion.

“ Even the remembrance of this passion was insensibly effaced; my lifeless fancy lost all strength of colouring; my thoughts became vague, my reveries languid; all illusions left me; love fled my solitude, and I was alone in the vast and busy world.

“ When reason dissipates dangerous errors, victory brings ease, and one is happy, no doubt; but though it is glorious and flattering to vanquish one's passions, it is shocking to feel them quitting us, and annihilating themselves, because the fire of imagination becomes extinct, and the heart withers. Yet how to avoid such a horrid situation, or what passions without fortitude can endure? They must either be overcome by reason, or devoured by time.

“ In this cruel state, I mournfully trod my never-ending line. I wept no more, no longer had the power of afflicting myself; but I gaped, became spiritless, and sunk beneath insupportable lassitude: the only real wish I felt, was once again to see animated nature, trees, houses, and mountains; the sight of a cloud would have delighted me; a storm, thunder, rain, would have given me unspeakable joy. How much did I regret night, the moon, and star-light; in fact, the least change of any kind whatever would

have been perfect happiness; and I felt, that the ingenious and jealous Prudina, in condemning me to this strange punishment, had found the most cruel method of chastising the inconstancy with which she reproached me.

"Judge of my joy, my lord," continued Agelia, "when, thanks to your valour, I found I had the power to run or stop, and that I was in the midst of this garden; you ought to imagine at present wherefore I am here, and why I have not been impatient to join a lover who has ceased to please me; and by whom, ere this, I am doubtless forgotten, having been eighteen months absent: should he by chance remain faithful, I never could support his complaints and reproaches; all countries, therefore, are to me indifferent, since I cannot return to my own; and, provided I neither see vast plains nor lawns, I do not care where I live."

When Agelia had thus spoken, I rose, and, describing in the air a circle with my ring, changed the palace and gardens of Prudina into a magnificent castle, situated on the summit of a mountain; we found ourselves standing on the terrace, whence we had the most charming and variegated view. Agelia seemed transported again to behold rocks, cascades, precipices, ruins, hamlets, flocks, and the ocean: for I had united every thing which nature affords, of the pleasing and the majestic, plains excepted. Agelia was in raptures: "Here reign," said I, "if my presence is disagreeable, speak, Agelia, and whatever it may cost me, I am gone; your repose is dearer to me than my own happiness."

Agelia, at first, replied to this kind of declaration with equal tenderness and embarrassment; then taking a tone of pleasantry, she pursued her gaiety for part of the day; and, towards evening, fell into a mild melancholy, which gave her new charms, and rendered her so lovely, that my heart was gone past retrieving.

After supper I led her to the terrace, where perceiving the sky sown thick with stars, Agelia shut-

dered, stopped, and looked up at the heavens in ecstasy. "Oh enchanting sight!" cried she.

I instantly fell at her knees, and daring, described the sensation she inspired. She heard me without interruption: I saw she was affected; saw her tears began to flow, and pressed her to reply. After a moment's silence, "Phanor," said she, drying her tears, "I am not insensible of your favours, and especially of your tenderness, but give me time to know you farther, and examine my own heart."

So saying, she left me. I consulted my precious ring, my torquoise, and learnt with transport I was beloved. The next day I conjured Agelia to give me a farther explanation. "Really," said she, "I am fearful both of deceiving you and myself."

"No, charming Agelia," exclaimed I, falling at her feet, "no, you love me; I cannot doubt my happiness——"

I stopt, for I perceived Agelia thought my security exceedingly ridiculous; and, in fact, it had greatly the appearance of vanity. Agelia pouted, and treated me with reserve, with disdain. I repaired my imprudence, and pretended I had lost all hope. Agelia became less rigorous, and confessed, at last, a mutual passion, and deigned to fix the day, when Hymen should join two hearts which had been so suddenly united by love.

On the eve of this happy day, I was walking on the terrace with Agelia; her eyes were fixed on the ocean, which bathed the walls of the castle; she seemed absent, and I had remarked, with uneasiness, she had appeared so for two days, and that she was less tender than usual; yet I could not suffer any great uneasiness, because my ring preserved its usual colour. After a moment's silence, Agelia said, "You ought, since every thing is possible to your art, to sink these mountains, and make those rocks vanish; for I find the landscape is overcharged, and the eye has no repose; you have multiplied your cascades too much; those precipices terrify the imagination, and

the noise of torrents and the roaring of the sea give us pain."

"What then, Agelia," cried I, sighing, "have these places ceased to please? these scenes which you thought so charming? Well, then, since such is your will, they shall vanish, though to me they are dear; for here it was Agelia first promised to unite her destiny to mine."

Agelia made no reply, but gave me a look of tender passion, and I kissed it with transport. At this instant she fixed her eyes upon my ring, and, with a negligent and absent air, drew it from my finger. This gave me some emotion; but, unwilling to excite her suspicions, I durst not oppose or wish to examine it nearer.

"I cannot abide the turquoise," said Agelia: "this is a beautiful blue, but it is frightfully mounted, I declare it is quite horrid."

So saying, she raised her arm, and without giving me time to prevent, or rather to foresee her intention, threw this inestimable treasure, this ring, the possession of which was so precious, so dear to me, into the sea.

The excess of my surprise rendered me motionless: Agelia beheld me with a mischievous eye. At length I broke forth, overwhelmed her with reproaches, accused her of perfidy, and uttered without scruple every extravagance which anger the most violent could suggest. Agelia listened with great tranquillity; and when I had ended, "I confess," said she, "the properties of that vile ring were not unknown to me; I have had some confused suspicions for several days past, and have had the art to worm the secret out of Zumio."

"Ah, perfidious Zumio!" cried I.

"He has not wilfully betrayed you," replied Agelia; "I persuaded him I was in the secret: he has not wanted discretion; he has only been deceived by a woman; and this is a misfortune, which neither human prudence nor magic itself could ever yet shield

philosophers, nor the most sublime of the geni, from sometimes experiencing. As to any thing further, my lord, if it is on my account you regret so bitterly your torquoise, your grief is ill founded, for I assure you I have not the least wish to deceive you."

"Wherefore, cruel woman, have you ravished this precious talisman from me, which would have prevented all doubts, and rendered assurances of fidelity superfluous?"

"Yes, my lord, I know the ring left me nothing to say; but I love to talk; and besides, you must allow such kind of security would not be very flattering to me. Can you say it would have been generous and delicate secretly to consult this ring at every instant, to know if you ought to believe my protestations of affection? I have no talisman, and yet I believed you. If you ask me what love is, I will tell you: at the moment when you obtained a confession of my passion for you, you should have taken this pretended treasure, this odious ring, have cast it from you, and said, 'The love and confidence you inspire, render this useless.'"

I listened and stood confounded; at last I fell on my knees, implored Agelia's indulgence, and my pardon.

"Indulgence!" cried she, "you know not its value; did I not generously pardon you all the wrongs I have just repeated? When I threw your ring into the sea, you ought to have recollected it had not changed its colour; but the passion, the unworthy fury you have just been guilty of——"

"Hold, Agelia, you pierce me to the heart."

"No, my lord, I will take no advantage of your present want of power to read my heart, my word is as certain as all the talismans in the world; I love you no longer, and I never shall love you more."

The coolness, the unconcern, with which Agelia pronounced these words, did not permit me to doubt the reality of my misfortune. I loved her passionately, and gave myself up to the most dreadful despair. I fell at her feet; bathed them with my

tears; "For pity's sake," said I, "deign to leave me a little hope."

"Hence you may learn," replied she, "whether you ought to regret your ring; truth is to you so painful you cannot support it, and therefore conjure me to deceive you.—We ought, no doubt, to endeavour to free ourselves from illusions which are likely to injure us, but wherefore destroy those which afford us consolations?—Take my advice, my lord, and never hereafter employ your art to form a talisman like that from which I have freed you; if you do, you will but prepare yourself new torments. Sturdy men suspect them in general, but believe implicitly in your mistress and friend."

The counsel was prudent, yet unfortunately for me. I did not profit by it. Agelia was inflexible, nothing could regain her heart, and I, overwhelmed and despairing, retired to a solitude at a distance from her, where I passed several months totally occupied by my grief. Zumio followed me, and though he was the innocent cause of my misfortunes, his attachment, gaiety, and natural gentleness, made his society agreeable; besides he knew Agelia, and I could converse with him of her.

Zumio had been a great traveller; his relations were pleasant and graceful; and, in order to divert me, he told me every evening of the interesting things he had seen in his travels. Among the rest, he often spoke of a princess named Arpalisa, on whom he made such pompous eulogiums, that he excited my curiosity. I asked him if she was as handsome as Agelia?

"Pshaw!" said Zumio, "had you ever seen the divine Arpalisa, you never would have been in love with this little Agelia, who is agreeable enough I own, and does not want wit sometimes; but being at the bottom a wild, capricious, thoughtless thing, cannot be compared to the princess I mention, who is a most accomplished model of all perfection; you would be dazzled with her beauty, and enchanted with the depth of her understanding, her virtues, talents, and

the extent of her knowledge.—Such greatness of soul! —Such sensibility!—Oh! were you to hear her discourse on friendship!”

Zumio was exhaustless on this subject, and his every-day-repeated praise at length inspired me with a strong desire to see this miraculous princess.

Notwithstanding, however, all the prudent counsels of Agelia, I heartily regretted the loss of my ring: I had a favour to ask of the sovereign of the genii, and after much incertitude and many reflections I went to him, and conjured him to build me a palace, in which, by a charm, every one who entered it should be obliged to declare their secret thoughts whenever they spoke. I asked, likewise, in quality of the possessor of the palace, to be the only one exempt from that general law: “For,” said I, “a lover ought to be discreet, and I would not willingly expose myself to the least impropriety of this kind. Let me,” said I, “in this palace behold objects as they are; let me hear sincerity; let those who speak express their real sentiments; and let those who wish to deceive, not be conscious that they say the very contrary of what they mean to say; let them not hear themselves, but let them rest persuaded they really speak the flattering words by which they mean to impose on their hearers; for without this double charm each would be silent, and I should never hear any thing but interrupted phrases.”

The Genius sighed: “Imprudent Phanor,” said he, “what is it you ask?—But my oath is sacred; return to your own territories, and, instead of the palace you have hitherto occupied, you will have the one you had the folly to desire. Here is a box,” continued he, “which will preserve you from the laws of this dangerous palace; while you keep it, you will say nothing but what you intend to say; or if you wish to lend it to any other, it will have on them the same effect: but I can only make one of the kind—it is impossible I should give you another talisman of that effect.”

I received the box from the sovereign of the Genius;

and, after testifying my gratitude, departed immediately for my new habitation.

Here I found a palace, the aspect of which dazzled and delighted me; it is formed of a substance which has all the brightness, duration, and transparency of the more pure and brilliant diamond; the architecture is at once both light and majestic; the ornaments are enriched by rubies, pearls, and opals; and on the golden doors of this magnificent edifice this inscription, *The Palace of Truth*—was then to be seen.

As I entered, I touched the gates with my ring, and pronounced these words, "Let whoever hereafter enters this palace remain here three months; and I swear by my art an irrevocable oath, never to abolish this law."

I then opened the gates of my palace, and ordered admission to be given to whoever pleased to come and remain in it.

From the very first day, I found how dangerous an habitation was the *Palace of Truth*. I questioned my slaves, and they being obliged to answer with perfect sincerity, I conceived so much indignation and contempt for them, that I turned them all away; and I must confess, I have not since found any more faithful or more attached to me. I lost too much of my friendship for *Zumio*; I saw him as he was, and found he was equally deficient in taste and understanding; he often indulged himself in conversation in points, and a play on words, which now no longer amused me, and which I was astonished to think had ever given me pleasure. I discovered a thousand little defects in him which I had never remarked before, and found besides, he was extremely impertinent; he contradicted me continually, was seldom of my opinion, and spoke with a freedom and unpoliteness that were equally revolting.

As he still said, however, he had a friendship for me, I did not come to an absolute rupture with him; but I scolded or snapped at him continually, and he insolently replied, my pride was insupportable. I

commanded him to be silent; he would shrug his shoulders, mock me, alternately shew anger or vexation, and thus we passed our days, either sullenly, or wrangling with each other.

Quite tired of this tête-a-tête, I continually hoped some travellers, invited by the brilliant aspect of my palace, would wish to enter; but passengers contented themselves with admiring it; they approached it eagerly, but as soon as they read the inscription, as eagerly left it, and pursued their way.

One day as I stood with Zumio on a balcony, we saw a magnificent chariot at a distance, driving towards the palace. I knew by my art this chariot belonged to a king, accompanied with seven or eight courtiers. As it approached, Zumio said, "At last I hope we shall have a visitor, for which I shall be very glad, for I have been most dreadfully dull ever since I have been here."

As Zumio spoke, the chariot advanced to the gates: the king read the inscription, and his first movement was to enter; but the courtiers grew pale, shuddered, and detained him. The king persisted for some time; at last he suffered himself to be persuaded, and withdrew; the courtiers once more recovered their breath, turned the chariot precipitately away, and soon were out of sight.

"So they are gone," cried Zumio, with chagrin; "but while you will persist to leave that cursed inscription over the gate, we shall never see a soul; but you are so wilful—I really never met with a genius so obstinate and stupid."

"Your insolence is beyond all bounds, Zumio."

"Oh! what you want truth and compliments both at once; your folly is really incomprehensible, and at some moments you are as inconsistent and foolish as you are proud."

Shocked at his excessive impertinence, I was going to drive him from me, when I perceived a figure that fixed my whole attention. A venerable old man, with a majestic presence that inspired respect, and a mild placidity in his countenance, which interested the heart

In spite of itself, approached with a book in his hand, reading, and walking slowly.

When he came opposite the palace gates he lifted up his eyes, and read the inscription. "Oh thou," said he, "whom for these forty years I have sought! Oh! celestial Truth, am I then in my latter days permitted to see thee unclouded, and as thou art?"

So saying, the old man entered the palace.

"So here is one at last," said Zumio, and instantly left me to go and meet the stranger. I followed my little hair-brained sylph, and we soon met the old man. Zumio flew: "Come in, come in, good man," said he, "you are very welcome, especially if you can rid us of our horrid dulness. You are old, have been in various scenes of life, and can tell us a good many stories; but first, pray what is your name?"

"Gelanor," replied the old man: "in my youth I lived among men; I have been a great traveller, and for these last twenty years have devoted my days to solitude."

"Ah!" I perceive," interrupted Zumio, "you are a philosopher, we shall not be much the merrier for you.—Nor will you find much entertainment here, for philosophers are curious; you, no doubt, imagine I may study mankind in this place, but that is your mistake; you will find nobody here but this Genius, my master, and me: he, as you perceive, is not very communicative; besides, there is nothing original in his character. As for me, it is true, I have a deal of wit, many virtues and accomplishments, and it will take you some time to know me."

"I know you better at present," replied Gelanor, smiling, "than you seem to know yourself."

I now spoke in turn, and asked him what was his opinion of himself?

"I am good," said he, "but imperfect; yet cannot conceive, after having led a life of reflection, and of endeavours to know my own heart, how I can still have so many defects and foibles. This idea, however, is so often present to my mind, that it preserves me from pride, and makes me indulgent. My public

and private actions are irreproachable: but I often experience interior sensations which are humiliating; and were I to render an exact and circumstantial account of all the ideas which present themselves to my imagination, I am afraid I should not be found much wiser than others."

When he had said thus, I approached Gelanor, and embraced him with most respectful affection. "Oh, my father," said I, "I cannot express my admiration; you are a true philosopher, and I shall ever honour, shall eternally respect all those who resemble you."

Some days after this conversation, I determined to obliterate the inscription from the gates of my palace. I then quitted Gelanor and Zumio, and, without telling them my project, guided by that curiosity which Zumio had inspired, departed for the kingdom of Princess Arpalisa. Fearing Zumio's indiscretion, I would neither take him with me, nor impart my design.

I soon came to this celebrated princess, who would not receive me till evening; and I was then introduced into a superb saloon, lighted in a most agreeable manner; the wax lights were all within crystal, covered with white gauze, or set in vases of alabaster; which artifice produced a softness, somewhat like clear moon-light. The princess was seated on a throne of gold, over which was a pavilion, decorated with drapery of silver gauze, garlands of roses formed elegant festoons, and crowns suspended over her head.

Arpalisa was clothed in magnificent robes, garnished with precious stones. Her appearance was dazzling, and her beauty seemed to me regular and majestic; though she was not very young, I admired her shape, her noble air, the surprising fairness of her complexion, and was charmed with her conversation.

The next day my admiration was more increased, when, by the orders of the princess, I was conducted into a gallery full of paintings, and informed they were all the performances of Arpalisa: they were on

the most interesting subjects; Temples to Friendship, Sacrifices to Friendship, Friendship triumphing over Love, Time crowned and embellished by Friendship, or Altars to Benevolence, Benevolence enlightened by Virtue, Compassion exciting Benevolence, &c. &c. In fine, it was not possible to leave this gallery, without a full persuasion that Arpalisa was the most sensible and virtuous princess in the universe.

From thence I was led to the Laboratory, and returning, my conductor told me, in confidence, that the princess employed her time with equal advantage in astronomy and mathematics. As I had a particular love for those sciences, I was enchanted at the discovery; and the high opinion I had before conceived of the princess, was almost incapable of increase.

There was a concert in the evening, and a symphony of Arpalisa's composition was performed. The princess then sat down to the harpsicord, and sang; her voice did not appear very remarkable, but, in fact, it was almost entirely drowned by the accompaniments; but an excellent musician, who sat by my side, assured me she sung in a superior style; and I found he had reason to say so, for every body was in raptures.

After supper they made extempore poetry and enigmas, which gave the princess an opportunity of shewing her wit. I could not recover from my amazement; what I heard was incredible, and I found it would not be possible long to preserve my liberty in the presence of so accomplished a princess.

Every body retired at midnight, and I remained alone with Arpalisa, and her bosom friend Telira. The two friends were reclined on a couch, and tenderly folded in each other's arms; the picture was delightful; I contemplated it in silence, and listened while they said every thing the sublimest friendship could dictate. Arpalisa gave me so lively and so affecting an impression of her love for Telira, that I was moved even to tears.

I could not forbear to testify, in part, the admira-

tion she inspired; I praised her talents, her knowledge, and introduced the subjects of astronomy and mathematics; but Arpalisa, with a tone of the utmost modesty, stopt me, by saying, "I am exceedingly vexed, my lord, you have been persuaded I employ my leisure on subjects so little proper for a woman; and were it true I had a taste for such sciences, I would make it a law with myself never to own it. Pedantry and affectation are utter strangers to my heart—and my pretensions really are very few."

This uncommon modesty finished her conquest. I was in transports, and returned to my chamber only to think of Arpalisa. I passed a part of the night in writing to her, and making verses upon her. I invented the most ingenious and brilliant feasts; she seemed sensible of my attentions; I declared my passion, and she owned, that my power and rank out of the question, she partook my passion; but by an insurmountable delicacy she never could resolve to marry a Genius: "for, after a while," added she, "you might attribute that to ambition, which was the pure effect of love. Oh that you had been born less illustrious!"

Such sentiments enchanted, yet drove me to despair.

At other moments, Arpalisa would vaunt the mild content of her present situation. "I have no ambition," said she, "friendship is the charm of my life; love I have never known, and dread to know; for I have a heart too fond, a sensibility too delicate; I am happy and peaceable, and must not flatter you; I cannot resolve to sacrifice such pure and perfect content. No, my lord, incapable of feigning, incapable of the least coquetry; I would not give you deceitful hopes. Quit this palace, fly me, for your own repose—and for mine."

Love at last, however, was triumphant, and Arpalisa consented to give me her hand.

Prudina had rendered me so suspicious, I was determined not to wed even the divine Arpalisa, till I had first heard her in the Palace of Truth. I doubted not her sincerity, yet it was impossible I could sacri-

fice to her the proof of my palace. I told her I could wed only in my own territories, but took care not to mention a word of the charm. She consented to accompany me, and only required Telira should go with her; "for," said she, "I could not endure separation from so dear a friend." We departed, and soon found ourselves in the avenues to my palace.

The aspect of this redoubted place gave me the most lively emotions. "I am going," said I, "to discover the true state of the heart of her I love; if she be such as I imagine, how much shall I reproach myself, for having thought the proof of this palace necessary; and, if she be not, what an angelic illusion shall I lose."

At last we entered the palace, and I cast a trembling eye on my princess; but what was my surprise, when I discovered the celestial, the seraphic Arpalisa was forty-eight years old; was loaded with paint, had pencilled eye-brows, false hair, and a made-up form; in fine, that she was bald, red-haired, old, and crooked.

Zumio, who had come to meet me, did not know her in the Palace of Truth, and burst out a laughing, as soon as he beheld a figure so ridiculous, leaning familiarly and triumphantly on my arm. I was so much disconcerted, that I hastily quitted the princess, without troubling myself about what she might think of my behaviour.

Zumio followed me: "I give you joy of your good fortune, my lord," said he: "you have, indeed, found out a most rare beauty. I really wonder how you could make such a conquest; your choice, however, proves how substantial your taste is, and you never need fear rivals, or the torments of jealousy."

A single word deprived Zumio of all his pleasure; I only named Arpalisa, and he stood confounded and annihilated.

After a moment's silence, "My lord," said he, "I easily conceive your chagrin and disgust; but though the beauty of this princess be borrowed, if her complexion, shape, and flowing hair, were all artificial,

yet flatter myself we have not been deceived in her soul, her understanding, and talents; and, as she has said she loves you, I am persuaded you will find she spoke truth."

"If so," said I, "Zumio, if I have had the misfortune to make such a woman love me, what will become of me? My only consolation, my only hope, is to find her perfidious."

An attendant now came to tell me the princess was inquiring for me, and decorum obliged me to go.

I found her alone in a chamber, and extended on a couch; she had a handkerchief and a smelling-bottle, and, as soon as she perceived me, began to make the most strange contortions.

"What ails you, madam?" said I; "are you not well?"

She made no reply, but continued her contortions, and I repeated my question. She then cast a languishing look at me, and said, "I am pretending to be in a fit."

"I see you are," replied I.

"Well, and are not you affected?"

"How can I chuse? But why are you in a fit?"

"Because you left me so coldly when I entered the palace; and I want to persuade you my sensibility is excessive, and that I passionately love you."

"And do you really love me?"

"I! not the least in the world. I love nothing."

Here the princess thinking she had spoken the most tender things possible, pretended to weep and dry her eyes, and I recovered. Freed from all inquietude, I now thought proper to prolong a conversation which diverted me; and taking Arpalisa by the hand, "You quite melt me," said I; "who can be insensible to so many charms, and so much love?—But how your hand shakes!"

"Yes," said she, "I do that on purpose, to make you believe I have little convulsive motions."

"But it must be very fatiguing."

"Not in the least, habit has made me expert.—But you shall presently see something more; I have not

played half my tricks yet; before we have done, you shall see me faint."

" Pray tell me what is become of Telira."

" Oh, we have quarrelled.

" What, already?"

" Yes, and I mean to persuade you, that Telira is in part the cause of the situation in which you now see me."

" Why, what has passed between you?"

" Oh! you never heard such insolence; she told me I was deceitful, vain, envious, insensible; that my pride was unmeasured, my ambition insatiable. I replied, I had never really loved her; that it was all affectation, and that had she been handsomer and more amiable, she would have given me offence; that I had not the least regard for her, nor would make the least sacrifice to serve her."

" It is inconceivable that this should vex her."

" Oh! she left the room in a fury."

" Did you ever repose confidence in her?"

" I never had confidence in any person. I desire no friends but dupes and slaves; not but I have often confided my secrets, but then it was merely through vanity; and I always disguised or altered facts, and added circumstances; for lies cost me nothing when they would give me consequence."

" You are quite adorable, and so benevolent!—"

" Yes, I love pomp and show excessively."

" When we are united, you shall dispose of all my treasures. How many wretches will you relieve with my wealth?"

" Oh! I will certainly keep it all myself."

" Divine Arpalisa, how you enchant me! What an astonishing union of virtue, wit, and knowledge; for it is in vain you would deny you are as learned as beautiful; your courtiers told me all; they assured me the evening before we departed, there was not in the whole nation so profound a mathematician as yourself."

" They are paid to say so, and are disgraced if they do not. I am exceedingly ignorant, though I wish to be thought otherwise."

"How modest!—And then your paintings—"

"Are every one done by Zolphir."

"And the charming symphonies—"

"Are all composed by Gerastus."

"You are really unique in this world."

"It is certain no person ever had more art, or carried dissimulation farther; for I have imposed upon the most knowing and clear-sighted people."

Arpalisa, in pronouncing this phrase, certainly intended a most modest answer; for she took so humble an air, with downcast eyes, and made such comic and ridiculous grimaces, that I could with difficulty restrain myself from laughter. Her tone of voice, and the faces she made, agreed so ill with what she uttered, and formed a contrast so singular and pleasant, that I found it impossible to sustain the conversation any longer. I rose to leave her; she called me with a feeble voice, telling me at the same time, she was going to close her eyes, faint, and fall into dreadful convulsions. I got away, and went to relate my adventure to the sylph and the philosopher."

"You pretend," said I to Gelanor, "this palace can only give me pain, and that it can never be of use to me while I am attached to the world; that, in a word, it is only fit for one who is already undeceived by reason and freed from the power of the passions; but do you not now see its use? For had not I brought Arpalisa hither, I should have married a woman at once old, ugly, deceitful, ambitious, and wicked."

"But, my lord," replied Gelanor, "you might, without setting foot in this palace, have easily seen this woman nearly as she is, had you been less subject to take things on trust, and had you less vanity. Learn to see with your own eyes, to judge from facts, and not from the opinions of others; do not so easily believe it impossible when you think proper to act the lover, you should not be beloved; and I may assure you, that you will in no part of the world become the dupe of such women as Arpalisa."

"Do you think it no advantage," said I, a little

touchèd, "to hear a philosopher speak to me with so much freedom?"

"When you do not reject truth," replied Gelanor, "she will always approach you; she is not shut up within these palace walls, but is omnipresent upon earth, and is seen more or less disguised, according to the weakness, pride, or sincerity with which she is sought; mortal eyes could not support her presence in every incident of life, and thus it is she is seen in this palace, where she destroys all sweet and innocent illusions as well as dangerous errors; she here wears so savage a form, so pitiless, so hard, so rude, that she wounds and disgusts even when she might be useful."

These reflections did not make me change my opinion; experience only could make me wise.

I questioned Zumio what had passed in the palace during my absence. "Ever since your inscription has been erased," answered Zumio, "we have had plenty of visitors; and the crowd is now great; the company is numerous, but the bands of society are broken; disputes; endless quarrels, and gross rudenesses are continually heard. Politeness is absolutely banished, they rail at each other without art or indulgence; they cannot calumniate, but the most biting rancour makes them amend; they hate openly, exclaim, scold, and continue an eternal uproar, of which you can form no idea."

"And how do the women behave?"

"More ridiculous in general than the men; the slightest subjects engender mortal hatred, and they discover falsehood so meditated, and artifices often so puerile, as scarcely to be credited. One tells us, she hopes we shall believe the sight of a spider makes her ill; another, that she is going to make us believe she shall fall into hysterics at the sight of a cat; and even when they have no particular views to answer, some will practise deceit, for so they think they do, merely for amusement: but," continued Zumio, "coquets are most of all disgusting, for they discover so much

effrontery, sentiments so perverse, tricks so absurd, so —”

“What,” interrupted I, “has not one virtuous woman entered the palace?”

“Pardon me, my lord, there is one.”

Zumio stooped, and seemed embarrassed. “What is the matter Zumio,” said I, “what ails you? Speak, I insist upon it.”

“I am in love, and am mortally afraid you should become my rival.”

“And would not you sacrifice your love for me?”

“No, indeed.”

“No! You, who have assured there is no sacrifice you would not make to secure my happiness.”

“I exaggerated greatly. I am much attached to you, but I should hesitate to deceive you for Rosamond.”

“The confession is expressive and passionate.— And Rosamond is very charming.”

“There is not her equal in the universe; her heart is honest and unpolluted, and deserving the love of a sylph.”

“And you love her?”

“The purity of her sentiments please me, and she has told me she has an inclination for me.”

“If you are beloved, what have you to fear? For should ambition seduce her, she will be obliged to speak truth, and cannot therefore persuade me I have the preference.”

“Oh! I am certain of her heart; I am only fearful she should turn your head, and that you then might trouble our repose.”

“Oh! fear nothing Zumio, I am no tyrant; besides, I do not wish to become your rival; and I protest I can converse without trouble or danger, however charming she may be, so long as you shall have her affections.”

“Since you are resolved to see her, let me go first and speak to her.”

“Why so?”

“Because —”

“Nay, answer.”

“ Because I wish to prejudice her against you, by telling her your faults.”

“ You are very obliging, but I will not give you that trouble; tell me only if she knew the effect of this palace.”

“ Undoubtedly, she has been here these six weeks, and it is scarcely possible to live in it two days, without finding that out.”

Followed by the sorrowful and zealous Zumio, I went to find Rosamond, but met Arpalisa. As soon as she saw me, “ My lord,” cried she, “ what kind of a place is this you have brought me to? What strange people are assembled in this palace? I went into the saloon for a moment, and there I found the very worst kind of company, women so stupid, men so coxcombical.—Such rudeness!—I never beheld such manners; if you knew the insolence I have been offered—I was in despair to see every body admiring a young lady they called Rosamond. I endeavoured to dissemble my vexation, but could not; and so I called aloud, “ Gentlemen, come here, look at me, think of me, pay your addresses to me, and leave that young beauty, whom I detest, since she pleases and attracts all the men.”

No sooner had I addressed them thus, than they all burst out a laughing, and hooted, and mocked, as if I had said the most ridiculous thing in the world; on which I told them I was the queen of the palace, and that to-morrow I should be your bride; on which their hue and cry began again, and were even insolent enough to call me old mad woman.—Give me vengeance, my lord, and drive this Rosamond from the palace.”

“ Then she has particularly offended you?”

“ She is the only one who offered me no insult, but my hatred is not the less strong; she obtained new praises for her mildness and modesty, and besides she is so beautiful.—I have endeavoured to defame her as much as possible before you; therefore tell me, my lord, whether what I have said to you has made any impression upon you.”

"A very strong one I assure you; and I will go and seek Rosamond immediately, to tell her what I think of your justice and moderation."

"Go not near her, my lord, she will seduce you."

"Pray be calm, Zumio, conduct the princess to her apartment."

So saying, I waited not for an answer, but flew to find Rosamond, who was in fact what love and envy had painted her; her beauty was angelic, and her modesty and understanding wonderful. I looked, listened, and envied the happiness of Zumio; but as, thanks to the box which the King of the Genii had given me, I could dissemble my thoughts, I did not inform Rosamond of the strong impression she made upon my heart; I contented myself with only reading her's; she told me she was neither coquetish nor inconstant; that Zumio was the first object she had loved; that she had not any violent passion for him at present, but that she felt her love would soon equal Zumio's.

I quitted Rosamond, enchanted by her beauty, wit, and character. In the evening I was out of temper, and especially with Zumio; he complained; I became more vexed, and drove him from my presence, but called him back a moment after, not to do him justice, but to prevent his being with Rosamond: I felt my own tyranny, which love would not of itself have produced; but Zumio aggravated me, by the rudeness and severity of his expressions and reproaches.

The sage Gelanor in vain endeavoured to make peace between us. "Alas," said he, "were you not in this palace, and otherwise in the same situation, Zumio would disguise his injurious fears and excessive resentment, and appear mild and moderate, and you would then be equitable and generous. Remember, my lord, he is forced to speak what he thinks; remember he is under the dominion of love and anger, and that to-morrow he will not think as he does to-day."

"Do you not see," exclaimed Zumio, "that Pha-

nor only wants a pretext to banish me the palace, that he may drive me from Rosamond; for do not suppose, that he, like us, is obliged to speak what he thinks; his art preserves him from any such necessity: he will not own it, because he is naturally suspicious; but I have found him out in more than twenty falsehoods: thus while he reads our hearts, in spite of ourselves, his own is locked up. What cowardice! What unworthy meanness!"

This reproach, which I but too much merited, drove me so furious, that had it not been for Gelanor, I should certainly have committed some fatal crime. "Stop, madman," cried the philosopher; "stop, complete not your dishonour by avenging yourself on a defenceless rival."

The authoritative voice of virtue brought me to myself; but Gelanor could not convince me of my error without vexing me; I left him hastily, and went and shut myself in my own apartment, that I might indulge, without constraint, my chagrin and ill-humour.

I became gloomy, impatient, morose, fled society, wandered mournfully in my palace, and sought for Rosamond against my will; she avoided me when I endeavoured to approach her; I saw so much perplexity and disdain in her countenance that I durst not speak.

I found her one evening alone in the garden, sitting in a bower, plunged in a deep reverie. I advanced, and perceiving she had been weeping, I asked her the cause of her inquietude? She sighed; "Zumio," replied she, "has just left me; I saw he was dissatisfied with me, and that afflicts me."

"Dissatisfied!" said I, with extreme pleasure, "why?"

Rosamond made me no answer, except by a look of indignation. In vain did I press and question her; she was obstinately silent; hope entered my heart, Zumio was dissatisfied, Rosamond durst not speak; I imagined she read my heart and was affected; all my resolutions, all the obligations I had to Zumio's

attachment were forgotten. I fell at her feet, and declared my love in the most passionate terms. I could obtain no answer, but neither could I observe the colouring of anger on the beautiful cheeks of Rosamond; on the contrary, I thought her eyes spoke satisfaction. I again solicited an answer with fresh ardour; Rosamond still mute, made a motion as if to rise and fly me. I, fearing to displease, would not constrain, and therefore left her.

Full of hope, or rather not doubting my happiness, I sought for solitude to think on Rosamond. I had walked thus two hours, when Zumio suddenly appeared, animated by the most violent rage. "So, perfidious spirit," cried he, "you have seduced Rosamond. I have observed for some days past her silence and thoughtfulness, and at last the die is cast; she has declared she loves me no longer, but that she adores you."

"Zumio! What is it you tell me! Dearest Zumio I am sorry for you.—But, oh! be generous enough to sacrifice your love."

"I am obliged to sacrifice it, but at the same time my friendship for you is gone."

"Nay, Zumio—"

"You merit not a friend; not will I ever forget or forgive treachery so black."

"I have not been guilty of treachery, Zumio, for you never confided in me. You suspected me before I thought of Rosamond; had it not been for your unjust jealousy, your injurious reproaches and passions, Phanor had never been your rival; but you insulted, vexed, aggravated me, and so highly offended me, that for a moment I forgot our friendship. I have been weak, but not perfidious; besides, in robbing you of Rosamond's heart, I have broken no sacred engagements; she had not promised to give you her hand. Hope was all she had granted. Triumph then, dear Zumio, over your resentment, and make not my wrongs greater than they are. Rosamond is changed, forget her, and do not interrupt my happiness by complaints which so much afflict me."

Having thus spoken, I approached Zumio to embrace him; but he repelled me with detestation. "I abhor you," said he, and immediately disappeared.

My surprise was extreme; I was happy, I excused his anger, and, without troubling myself more about it, flew to find Rosamond. She received me at first with great perplexity; but how great, how excessive was my joy, when she, blushing, owned she loved me, and me only; that she had never felt for Zumio more than an emotion of preference, but that she had a real passion for me.

"What," cried I, "do you love me for myself? Are you certain ambition has no —"

"How could you dare think it," interrupted Rosamond; "banish such suspicions, my lord, they are insults. I never had other ambition than that of pleasing you; and if you had no palace but a cottage to offer me, I should prefer you to all the kings and genii of the universe."

Imagine the transports I must receive, at hearing an answer like this in the Palace of Truth. How much did I congratulate myself on the possession of this palace, which procured me happiness so pure; for, said I, could I have persuaded myself any where else there was nothing exaggerated in such a reply.

I tore myself from Rosamond, only to give orders for the nuptials, which were to be celebrated on the morrow. The news soon resounded through the palace. As for Arpalisa, she had known the charm above a fortnight, and had shut herself up in her apartment, there to hide from all eyes her fury and her shame; and there to wait, as she did with inexpressible impatience, the expiration of the three months, which she was obliged to remain in this enchanted palace. Zumio, become my enemy, was with her; for my own part, being totally occupied about Rosamond, I was neither in a situation to repent a wrong, nor feel the misfortune of being justly hated.

How long did the night appear! The torch of Hymen was not to burn for me till day, and then I was

to wed the most beautiful and lovely lady upon earth. Certain of her virtue, the goodness of her disposition, the purity of her mind, sure of being passionately beloved, I again found that bliss, which, for a moment, Agelia taught me to taste. Rosamond, less lively, less poignant than Agelia, had neither her caprices nor singularities, but seemed to promise more solid and lasting happiness.

No sooner were the first rays of Aurora seen, than I, unable to restrain my impatience, rose and flew to Rosamond's apartment. I took a basket, garnished with flowers and precious stones, into which I put a billet, which I was desirous she should receive when she awaked; and I entered her chamber, without either being seen or heard; Rosamond was asleep; and, after having placed the basket at her feet, I stopt a moment to consider her beauties.

I was about to retire, when chance directed my eyes to a table which stood by her bed-side; but what was my stupefaction, when I beheld, upon that table, the box, the talisman, which the sovereign of the genii had given me, to preserve me from the magic of the Palace of Truth.

I thought myself deceived at first by an accidental resemblance, for searching in my pocket I there found a box; I again recovered my breath, took confidence, examined carefully, and thought that I found in my pocket was the true one. Taking up the other, however, which lay on the table, for farther conviction, I could no longer doubt my misfortune. I perfectly saw by comparing them together, that Rosamond's was the talisman, and that the other was only an imitation.

Confounded and despairing, I could form no probable conjecture concerning this adventure, but took the talisman, put the counterfeit on the table, again snatched up my basket, in order to evade suspicion, and silently retired.

I will not attempt to describe my rage and grief. I knew not how or when Rosamond had procured my talisman, but it was evident there was treachery

at the bottom. So then! cried I, all the power of magic is unable to cope with the perfidy of women; even here, in this palace, woman can find means to deceive.

As soon as Rosamond was up, I went to her; my agitation was extreme; struck with the alteration she saw in my countenance, she asked me the occasion of it with anxiety.

"I have made some melancholy reflections," said I; "am obliged to own I am jealous of Zumio."

"You are unjust then, and do me wrong."

These few words transported me, and had almost rendered me all my happiness back, when Rosamond thus continued:—

"You may depend on my fidelity; my virtue is real, and not to be shaken; you are going to become my husband, and I would prefer death to the infamy of betraying you. I made no promise to Zumio, commit no crime in renouncing him, and only sacrifice love to ambition."

"Heavens!" cried I, "what have you uttered?"

"Wherefore this transport," said the astonished Rosamond, "do you not believe I love you?"

"Ought I to believe so?"

"Alas! no, I do not love you, I love Zumio; but my virtue might easily triumph over that inclination, for I will see Zumio no more, but attach myself to you; gratitude and duty are all powerful over my heart; you are vain, I am virtuous, and I can easily persuade you I dearly love you."

I could contain myself no longer; my rage broke forth, and I discovered to Rosamond I had discovered the talisman she had purloined.

"Oh!" cried she, "Zumio is revenged of an ambitious mistress and a perfidious friend, and Heaven is just. Yes, my lord, ambition seduced my soul; informed of your passion by Zumio, I regretted the rank and power which such a marriage would confer on your consort; Zumio, enraged, overwhelmed me with reproaches, and irritated me; I commanded him to leave me; you soon after appeared, and, unwilling

you should know my thoughts, I determined to be silent; scarce had you quitted me, ere I saw shining among the green herbs the fatal talisman, which, in all likelihood, had fallen out of your pocket when you so patiently threw yourself at my feet; by a very singular chance, I happened to possess a box of rock crystal, very like your talisman, and at first I thought it was my own box; but, examining further, I discovered the mystic characters which are engraved upon the lid; I then no longer doubted it was a talisman. Zunio had told me, the enchantment of the palace had no effect on you; and I guessed that this box was the preservative which might, perhaps, guard you from the effects of this dangerous charm; I immediately ran to my chamber, sought for, and found my own box, and with a diamond's point traced, and perfectly imitated the mysterious cyphers. This operation over, Zunio came, and on him I first tried the virtue of your talisman; I told him I did not love him,* and found the box gave me the capability of disguising my thoughts. Zunio left me in despair; I went to find and meet you. I had but one fear, which was, that you had discovered my theft, though scarcely two hours had passed since it had happened, but soon found you had not. While you expressed your transports, I adroitly slipt my crystal box into your pocket, and kept yours. I knew the cheat must in time be discovered, if we remained here, but I flattered myself I should easily prevail on you to quickly quit this palace. I had been tempted by opportunity, spurred on by ambition, and wanted time to make all the necessary reflections which should have deterred me from this enterprise.

“ You now know all, my lord. I reproach myself for having deceived you; I reproach myself more for having sacrificed Zunio; but I have discovered no malice, have not debased myself; and, though de-

* The author has for a moment forgotten herself; one magic property of the palace was, the speakers imagined they disguised their thoughts as usual.—T.

prived of the talisman, and obliged to speak truth, I still can say I love virtue; and that I never should have violated its sacred duties, had my artifice succeeded, and had I become yours."

Forced thus to esteem the ambitious Rosamond, penetrated with regret, overwhelmed with despair, and more in love than ever, I cast myself at her feet. "Oh Rosamond!" cried I, "it is impossible for me to vanquish the passion you cannot participate,—I am not beloved, but deign, at least, to give me the right ever to love you,—deign still to reign in this palace,—let Hymen for ever unite your destiny to mine. Behold me ready to conduct you to the altar; oh come!—"

"My lord," replied Rosamond, "my character is not heroic, neither is my soul mean,—in wedding for ambition I would have done my duty, and made you happy; I have no longer that hope, and I renounce you."

I admired this estimable delicacy of Rosamond, and vainly essayed to vanquish it; she persisted in her refusal,—again saw Zumio,—told him all that had passed,—took the resolution, the same day, to quit the Palace of Truth, and Zumio declared he was determined to follow her. "I flatter myself," added he, "that when we have left this accursed palace, Rosamond may persuade me she has only been guilty of a light wrong towards me, the remembrance of which I ought to lose. Adien! my lord, and everlastingly, if you remain here, for I vow never to return."

"What, Zumio, will you abandon me?"

"I no longer hate, since Rosamond no longer loves you; but my resentment against you is still strong,—were I able to conceal it, as I have still much attachment for you in my heart, and likewise much compassion, I might be capable to console you, and excite your gratitude and admiration, by sacrificing a woman, who, it must be owned, would have sacrificed me; but you read my heart, I can disguise nothing,—it is not possible to shew myself more generous, or less vindictive than I really am; besides, should I

hereafter repent the having made such a sacrifice, you would instantly know it, and I should lose its fruits; therefore, adieu, my lord,—and if you wish to preserve friends, take my advice, and chuse another habitation.”

Zumio left me, and I had the bitter grief to see him depart with Rosamond, and on this fatal day to lose both my mistress and my friend.

Gelanor staid; curiosity retained him in a place, which furnished a philosopher with so many subjects for reflection. Touched to see my profound grief, he pressed me to abandon my palace. “No, Gelanor,” said I, “no; here will I stay, till I have found an amiable woman of virtue and sensibility, who may recompense me for all the evils love has brought upon me.”

One day, while I was walking in a grove of myrtles and orange-trees, Gelanor came to seek me. “Here are two guests,” said he, “a man and a woman of a delightful form, who have unthinkingly entered the palace, and are exceedingly afflicted to learn they are obliged here to remain three months; they are consulting together, and I believe mean to ask your permission to be married here; but in all likelihood, a quarter of an hour’s conversation will rob them of that wish, for no more time is necessary in this palace to make the most tender lovers fall out.”

As Gelanor spoke, we perceived the young man coming; I approached him, and asked if he still persisted in his resolution to marry his mistress?

“Yes, my lord,” replied he, “and that resolution is less liable to fail, because it is not inspired by love.”

“How! are you not then in love?”

“No, my lord; I once was passionately in love with this same lady, as she was with me, but an extraordinary accident tore my mistress from me, only to persecute her; this I knew, but knew not into what part of the world she was carried. Love obliged me to go in search of her, and I left my country, vowing never to return till I had found her whom I adored. My travels lasted more than three years; love follow-

ed, or rather guided my path for the first year; but the way at length became too wearisome for him, and he left me; I, however, did without him, and continued my route; but I soon travelled slower, and stopped oftener, till at last I stopt too long, and became faithless.

“Honour and friendship brought my vows to recollection again; I continued my travels, and found the woman I had so passionately loved, but who now was no more than a dear and interesting friend. She was deeply affected by all I had done for her: incapable of deceiving me, she confessed she no longer had the power of participating that love she supposed she inspired; for that during so long an absence, another object had touched her heart. “At present,” added she, “I am free, and feel I am never more liable to the seductions of love; let sincerity, Oh Nadir, be thought the best proof of my gratitude,—and if, after this confession you love me still, to you I am ready to devote my life; you have lost a passionate mistress, but you have found a faithful wife, and a most tender friend.”

“Her candour enchanted me, and I, in my turn, ceased to dissemble; I opened my heart to this generous, amiable friend,—pressed her to unite her destiny to mine, and obtained the promise of her hand, when we should arrive in our own country.

“We immediately departed, and in about a month approached the loved land that gave us birth, when, happening to see this magnificent palace, curiosity invited us to enter,—but since we are obliged to pass three months here, let me conjure you, my lord, to permit us here to be for ever united.”

“I consent,” said I, “if your mistress desires it.”

“Here she comes, my lord, condescend to ask her.”

I turned my head, and saw the lady approach—I shivered, my heart beat violently, I started to meet her—“Heavens!” cried I, “it is Agelia!”—I was not deceived, it was she herself; surprise, confusion, feelings unaccountable, mixed with grief, vexation, and joy,—emotions all violent and diverse, rendered

me unmoveable. Agelia was silent for a moment, then laughing outright; "and so, my lord," said she, "you are incorrigible—for I now know the virtue of your palace.—What, and is this the fruit of all my lessons and advice?"

I could not support this pleasantry, and especially the gay and unconcerned air with which Agelia spoke; distracted, despairing, I made no reply, but precipitately retired, to conceal feelings which it was impossible to dissemble. I never, hitherto, had really loved any but Agelia,—and this passion, which was so true and so strong, was instantly re-kindled; I saw her again, found her more amiable, more charming than ever; her manners were so natural, and her mind so candid, that even in the Palace of Truth she lost nothing of her allurements and graces.

Nadir was no longer in love with her,—Agelia felt only friendship for him,—hope again seduced me,—I spoke to, I conjured Agelia to prefer me to the indifferent Nadir: "Recollect," said I, "he no longer loves, and that I adore you to distraction."

"My lord," replied Agelia, "love soon passes away, but the remembrance of actions remains, and this it is which makes attachments durable. I might forget the love of Nadir, but never that he has been three years an exile from his native land,—that he has three years traversed the universe, to seek and assist me."

"And will you have the barbarity to espouse Nadir before my eyes, and reduce me to despair?"

"Such despair is but the caprice of a moment. Can you seriously ask me to sacrifice so faithful, so generous a friend?—You who had not the trifling merit (trifling, because it is involuntary) to regret for any reasonable space of time, the mistress whom you had lost by your own fault; the inhabitants of this palace are not remarkable for their taciturnity,—I have questioned them, and you may well suppose, know the anecdotes of Arpalisa and Rosamond; speak not then to me of a passion I no longer feel. • Open your eyes, my lord,—you are born virtuous and ami-

able, but while you preserve this injurious suspicion and imprudent curiosity, which characterize you at present, you neither can know repose or happiness. Think what this fatal infatuation of wishing to penetrate the secret foldings of the heart you love has already cost you, without mentioning me; remember Rosamond, who was charming, honest, virtuous, sensible of benefits, capable of gratitude, and, in any other place but this, of making you perfectly happy. Remember the amiable little Zumio, who so sincerely loved you, and whom you drove from you. Oh, cease, my lord, to wish thus to destroy necessary illusions; abandon this fatal palace, or for ever renounce friendship, love, society, and, in fact, all the sentiments and pleasures which render life sweet and agreeable."

This discourse made the more impression on my mind, because Agelia, with firmness not to be shaken, persisted in her resolution to wed Nadir. Unable to support the cruel sight, I came at length to a determination; and wishing, at least, to gain the esteem of Agelia, heaped benefits on Nadir, left the palace, and promised her, that neither suspicion, curiosity, or jealousy, should ever bring me thither again.

"You had better promise," replied Agelia, "that neither those passions, nor any other cause, shall ever bring you here again."

"That I cannot," answered I; "but, to prove to you I do not intend to come often, or stay long, I here give you, dearest Agelia, the talisman which the ambitious Rosamond once purloined; this box, as you know, is a certain preservative against the enchantment of the palace; you are obliged to stay here three months, and in that time it may be of some utility to you,—take it, keep it, I for ever renounce it."

"I will accept it," replied Agelia, "if you will permit me to give it to Nadir; deceit is always painful, and to be deceived is often the greatest of pleasures. If I am satisfied with Nadir, I fear not that he should read my heart; permit me then to confide to him this talisman."

“It is in your hands, do with it what you please, to your happiness I sacrifice it; but now, obliged as I am to speak what I think, deign, for the last time, to hear a faithful avowal of the passion you inspire. Never, Agelia, have I loved any as I have loved you,—never shall I forget you. Adieu! pity the unhappy Phanor,—for your compassion and esteem are the sole consolations that can alleviate my grief.”

As I spoke thus, I saw the tears of the lovely feeling Agelia begin to flow; too much affected to reply, she gave me her hand, which I bathed with my tears.—At length I tore myself from her, quitted her for ever, left the Palace of Truth, whither, from that moment to this, I have never returned.

Such, added the Genius, is my story,—such is the secret I have had the fortitude for sixteen years to conceal. Never, dear Altemira, have I doubted your virtue or affection,—the Palace of Truth cannot add to the esteem I have for you,—it might enfeeble, or at least disturb for a moment that sincere attachment by which we are at present united; and, if you will be advised by me, we never will take this dangerous journey.—

“No, Phanor,” replied the queen, “I wish to enjoy the happiness in the Palace of Truth, or of repeating to you I never loved any but you.”

The Genius was not at the bottom vexed, that the queen was so firmly resolved, since it proved so well her virtue; he only required she should seriously reflect for six months; “and if,” said he, “at the end of that time you have not changed your opinion, we then will go.”

The six months being past, the queen wished to depart, and take with her her daughter, and Prince Philamir, who was to espouse Zeolide. “My daughter,” said she, “is certain of the heart of Philamir,—but she desires he should read her’s likewise, and, ere he receives her hand, be assured of her faith. The prince knows the effects of the palace, yet ardently wishes to go with us.—Zeolide wishes to take her dear and amiable friend Palmis, so beloved by her

and us, and whom I this evening intend to inform of the virtues of the palace."

"And I have a project," replied the Genius, "to take thither three or four courtiers, whom I should not be sorry to know, and whom I shall not inform of the secret of the much to be dreaded place whither they are going,—for were I so to do, I imagine they would find some pretext to be excused taking such a journey,—for which reason, recommend secrecy to Zeolide, Philamir, and Palmis.

The queen and young princess, the same evening, confided the secret to their friend; and Palmis at first shewed more surprise than eagerness to take this journey. However, after some reflection, Palmis said, "I have nothing essential to reproach myself of; I have a real and sincere attachment to you, and am ready to go."

To this promise Palmis added a confession,—she owned she loved a young courtier, named Chrisel, whose natural levity she feared. Chrisel was a man of fashion, and such a quality does not inspire love with confidence. Palmis wished her lover might go with them, and the Genius gave his consent.

The day of departure came,—the Genius, the queen, the young princess, Philamir, and Palmis, were the only persons who knew the secret of the Palace of Truth,—and, in proportion as they approached it, their gaiety decreased,—melancholy and inquietude invaded their hearts,—Zeolide was the most tranquil, but Philamir became thoughtful and absent,—the gloom of Palmis was visible, and the queen was alarmed at remarking the trouble of Phanor. The courtiers, who knew not the cause, vainly endeavoured to enliven the lost gaiety of the Genius; the queen and Zeolide, the lover of Palmis, the amiable and brilliant Chrisel, never discovered more grace or greater desire to please,—and, when conversing with Palmis in secret, he painted his passion with so much feeling and fire, she could not help reproaching herself for her doubts and fears.

Among the courtiers who followed the Genius was

a man of an odd character, seldom met with in courts. Aristeus (so was he called) had done the state great service, arrived at the highest honours by merit alone,—he did not come to court till his youth was past, and he brought thither a bluntness and moroseness in his manner, that gave him an air of originality, which had the greater effect, because it formed so strong a contrast to the manners usually seen in such places. A frigid and satiric courtier is not very likely to become a favourite,—but his success for that very reason was at first as great as his singularity amusing; but finding afterwards his understanding equalled his ill humour, they endeavoured too late to get him expelled,—the queen and Genius esteemed him, and he was established at court.

What is most extraordinary, when fixed there, he did not alter his behaviour; for he not only forbore false panegyric, but he was never even heard to praise,—and though very capable of zealously serving his friends, he never said an agreeable or affectionate thing, or ever made a single profession of friendship.

As they now drew near to the Palace of Truth, the Genius had a private conversation with the queen. "I confess to you," said he, "I cannot enter this palace, which has been so fatal to me, without chagrin, nor can I dissemble. I stand greatly in need of your indulgence. What husband, who has been married seventeen years, can say he never has been guilty of an offence?—You will much afflict me, if you interrogate me too circumstantially on my past conduct."

"Very well, my lord," replied Altemira, piqued, "I promise to ask you no questions."

"And I will make a like promise," said the Genius.

"No, my lord," answered Altemira, "I have nothing to reproach myself with, and do not fear your curiosity."

"I honestly own," replied the Genius, "I do fear your's, for I shall be obliged to reply with the most exact sincerity."

“ Confess,” said the queen, “ you at present deeply regret you sacrificed your precious talisman, which gave you the happy power to conceal your thoughts in the Palace of Truth to that charming Agelia.”

Phanor sighed, and made no reply, and the queen fell into a profound and melancholy reverie.

At last they saw the bright walls of the magic palace. More than one heart was agitated, but they felt too late all the consequences of so dangerous a voyage. The chariots stop,—they descend, advance, and pass the fatal gates.

As they entered the palace, the first object that caught the attention of the Genius, was the venerable Gelanor, the virtuous philosopher whom he had left above eighteen years before in the Palace of Truth. Phanor hastily left the queen, glad of a pretext to be at some distance from her, and ran to embrace the philosopher, with whom he went into the gardens.

“ Who, my lord,” said the old man, “ have you brought here ?”

“ My wife.”

“ Your wife! Heavens! Have you thought of the consequences, my lord ?”

“ I am certain of her virtue.”

“ Ah, my lord! how many husbands within these nineteen years have I known enter this palace with the same security, and leave it for ever undeceived.”

“ That fear cannot trouble me,—Altemira knows the effects of this palace, yet would come hither. I have little uneasiness concerning what I may know of her, but much for what she may learn from me.—But tell me, venerable sage, satisfy my curiosity.—Time has not yet effaced Agelia from my memory, and every thing here recalls her image.—Tell me if, after my departure, she married Nadir.”

“ Yes, my lord; and the very same day gave him the talisman she had of you. Nadir, touched by so delicate and generous a procedure, determined never to question her; and thus they passed three months in the most perfect intelligence. Imitate their example, my lord.”

“ I am so disposed, if the queen be so too.”

While Phanor was conversing with the philosopher, Zeolide was walking with the queen, and the rest of the newly-arrived travellers. The young princess and Philamir were a little before. After a moment's silence, Philamir said, “ Ever since I have been in this place, I have found an insurmountable embarrassment. I dare not speak my feelings; I fear lest my expressions should not seem sufficiently tender.”

“ Then they were exaggerated before we came here?”

“ I fear they were.”

“ Ungrateful man, while I have never shewn half the tenderness I felt.”

“ Ah, Zeolide! what a rapturous confession!”

“ But tell me if you have ever loved me?”

“ I never loved any but you—on you alone the happiness of my life depends.”

“ I am satisfied,” exclaimed Zeolide.—“ Yes, dear Philamir, we will prove, that even this palace cannot be fatal to true lovers,—and that far from destroying it increases affection, by dissipating all the doubts which a lively and delicate tenderness too often feels.”

As Zeolide pronounced these words, the queen and Palmis came up,—Philamir left them, and the princesses separated themselves from the group of courtiers that followed them in the gardens; and Philamir and Chrisel went into a thicket, at the entrance of which they saw a young woman sitting on a bank. She was handsome, and Chrisel would go and speak to her. The prince soon found she was but just arrived, and that she no more than Chrisel knew how impossible it was to conceal her sentiments. Philamir asked her name, she replied, “ Azema.”

“ You have a fantastical coquettish manner, which is agreeable enough,” said Chrisel, thinking he had praised her extravagantly, and astonished to see with what an air of surprise and disdain she received his compliment.—“ And so,” said he, “ you are a woman, and do not love flattery?”

"Do you call that flattery? Perhaps you think me ugly?"

"Ugly! Did I not this moment tell you, I never saw so charming a creature before?"

"Really, sir, you are a little whimsical, but this is a thing of small importance; for, notwithstanding my coquettish airs, I care not for you, sir."

"Candour and simplicity, faith."

"Simplicity,—really, sir, you have a deal of penetration."

"Well then, sincerity at least."

"Sincerity! lord, sir, I never speak a word of truth. I assume an air of simplicity and ingenuity, I own, but it is only to deceive."

Chrisel burst out into a laugh, and Azema turning towards Philamir, said, "What is the reason, my lord, that you are so obstinately silent?"

"Why do you ask?" replied Philamir, smiling.

"Because I should like to make a conquest of you."

"And for my part, I do not know that I ever met a more uncommon lady."

"You really please me very much, and I dare say you are very credulous and very loving."

"Yes, I know how to love."

"Most childishly, I dare say. Are you very deeply in love?"

"I am,—and on the success of my passion depends the happiness of my life."

"I dare say—and I am glad of it."

"And why so, pray?"

"Because I am happy to set lovers at variance. Is she you love here?"

"She is."

"I will find her, and if she be handsome enough to pique my vanity, will render you faithless. I shall walk this evening in the orange grove; and I tell you so expressly, that you may come and meet me there."

So saying, she rose, and Philamir going to detain her, said, "Do not hold me; do not you see by my

air of affectation, I want to make you believe I think you a dangerous man, and therefore fly you?"

Azema then, with a most modest and serious air, made a very low courtesy, and retired.

"Really," said Chrisel, "this little lady is the most extraordinary and odd kind of person I ever met. Women are all coquettes and deceitful, but she is the only one I have ever seen who was indiscreet enough to own it; her wish to seduce, and her excessive imprudence, make her truly whimsical and original. Were I in your place, my lord, I should be sure to meet her in the orange-grove."

"Do you speak as you think, Chrisel?"

"To be sure.—What, because you are in love with the princess?—Pshaw! childish! you cannot have such scruples."

"Do you think," asked Philamir, "it would be possible to turn the brain of a coquette like Azema?"

"Certainly, if you manage matters well, there is no doubt."

"I! I have no such design—and yet I own, this appointment piques my curiosity."

The sudden appearance of Palmis interrupted the conversation: she had not yet an opportunity of speaking alone with Chrisel; therefore, as soon as she saw him she approached, and the prince left them together. Palmis was agitated,—she dreaded to question her lover; and Chrisel, thinking about something else, did not remark her perplexity. At last, Palmis fetching a deep sigh, said, "Why are you silent, Chrisel; are you thinking of me?"

No sooner did he hear the question, than assuming the most passionate manner possible, and tenderly kissing the hand of Palmis, Chrisel replied, "Oh, no; I never think or trouble myself about you,—I protest I do not."

"How! faithless man," cried Palmis.

"Do you doubt my truth? Ah, Palmis, how unjust you are. Yes," said he, falling on his knees, "it has been my study to deceive you. Ambition and vanity alone have attached me to you. Do justice,

Palmis, to your lover, for he is incapable of affection; be comforted, be secure, and let these sincere protestations drive all doubts from your mind.—But why is anger so visible in your looks? How have I offended you? And wherfore to-day will you not believe me?—Do you wish me to swear?—Oaths cost me nothing.”

“Wretch,” cried Palmis, “I can listen no longer.”

Tears impeded speech, and, overwhelmed with excessive grief, she sunk on a garden-seat; Chrisel still kneeling, feigned to weep. “Do not you see,” said he, “how I pretend to shed tears: really, beautiful Palmis, you quite weary me; and, though you are naturally as unreasonable as insipid, I never before saw you so intolerably tiresome.”

“Be gone,” said Palmis, repelling Chrisel with indignation, “you give me horror to hear you.”

“There is, certainly,” said Chrisel, “something I cannot understand in all this: perhaps,” said he, with an air of freedom, “you wish to break with me; if so, speak,—there is no necessity for all these tears, this tragic tone; let us remain friends at least,—and this I wish, because your credit and favour may yet be useful to make my fortune.”

Palmis made no other answer, than by rising with impetuosity; and as she flew from him darted a look of contemptuous rage at Chrisel.

The courtier stood confounded; and, as he reflected on this strange adventure, heard a tumult of voices. He walked towards the noise, and entered a verdant amphitheatre full of passengers newly arrived, to the number of about thirty, sitting on the grass banks, and forming a circle round Gelanor. Chrisel, as he entered, asked why they were all assembled?

“My lord,” said Gelanor, “for these nineteen years I have done the honours of this palace; have neglected nothing to make it agreeable to strangers, and have only required one thing in return, which is, to follow me to this place, and answer a single question which I put to each person.”

“And what question is that, pray?”

"I only desire to know if they are happy."

"Well, and have you found many people satisfied with their condition?"

"Their names are all written in a book, and I am still at the first page; but, alas! we ought not to wonder at this, since virtue and reason alone can give happiness."

"Have you began your catechism of to-day?"

"Yes; I have questioned nearly half this assembly. Will you, sir, be kind enough to answer me?"

"Oh willingly. I have been very successful at court, made a great fortune, ruined half a score women, who all before they knew me had excellent reputations; and yet I am not happy, am weary of myself, enjoy nothing, but wish for what I do not possess, with an ardour that consumes me."

"Let us pass on to another," said Gelanor. "What say you, grave stranger?" addressing himself to a little olive-coloured man, with a disdainful air.

"I am called a philosopher," said the stranger, in an imperious and dogmatic tone.

"Then, comrade," answered Gelanor, smiling, "you are happy."

"I happy! no indeed."

"And what prevents you?"

"Pride. I associated myself with some others like myself, and among us we have formed a vast and hardy project. We wished to reign and domineer over the minds of men; and we had a celebrated magician for a chief, who gave us a talisman, on which were engraved these three words, *Benevolence, Tolerance, Philosophy*. 'My friend,' said the magician, 'the virtue of these three words is such, that, to obtain your end, you have only incessantly to repeat them, and rest faithfully attached and submissive to your chief. With this talisman and my protection, you will want neither knowledge nor genius; you may daringly say, and write all the extravagances which shall enter your imagination, you shall have an exclusive authority to reason wrong; be inconsistent, trouble established order, overturn

moral principles and corrupt manners, without losing your consequence; if you are attacked, make no reply, beware of discussion. I permit insults only, and declamations void of meaning, but no reasoning; keep constantly repeating the same thing, *Benevolence, Tolerance, Philosophy*. Should it be proved you are neither benevolent, tolerant, nor philosopher, be not frightened, only repeat and cry with more force and obstinacy than ever, these three sacred and magic words, *Benevolence, Tolerance, Philosophy*, and you shall triumph over all your enemies, at least as long as I shall live.' So spoke this great enchanter, and his promises had their full effect; but, alas! we have had the misfortune to lose a chief so worthy of our regret; and, since his death, the talisman has lost its virtue, and our empire is no more—dissolved. Usurpers as we are, our partisans are vanished, we can excite no more disorders, and are fallen into obscurity."

As he ended, this pretended philosopher fetched a deep sigh.

Just then, Zoram, one of Phanor's courtiers, joined the company: "Hold!" cried Chrisel, addressing himself to Gelanor, "if you want to find a happy man interrogate this, whose mirth is so great it approaches folly, amusing himself with every thing impassioned, enthusiastic.—Are you not, Zoram?"

"These are my pretensions," replied Zoram.

"Pretensions! Why art thou not furiously fond of music, painting, hunting—"

"Hunting fatigues me; the best music in the world to me is only noise, and I have no taste for painting; but I keep hounds, hire musicians, and buy pictures; that is, I ruin myself to persuade the world I am amused and happy."

"Come, come, leave joking, and answer seriously."

"I am satisfied," replied Gelanor; "and now let me question this lady, who is sitting in the midst of that agreeable group of children and young ladies. You are the mother of a family, madam?" said the philosopher.

"These who sit round are my children."

"Are you happy?"

"The question is addressed to you; answer, my children."

The moment she had spoke, her two eldest daughters, with tears of joy in their eyes, ran to her arms with the most tender expression of gratitude; and the children all cried at once, "She is happy in us, and we love her with all our hearts."

"Heaven be praised," exclaimed Gelanor, "for my eyes have this day beheld a happy being. Let me beseech you, madam, to tell me your name?"

"I am called Eudemonia."

"Indulge me in a few questions. How long have you enjoyed the pure and affecting happiness, of which you now present so delightful a picture?"

"Ever since I have been a mother."

"What kind of a life do you lead?"

"I live retired; devote one half of the day to my children, and the other to study and friendship."

"Have you many friends?"

"Very few; but those I have I can depend upon."

"Are you rich?"

"No; nor never shall be."

"Why so?"

"I despise pomp, and money can only procure me one pleasure—that of giving."

"Are you ambitious?"

"No, not even for my children; for reason and experience have taught me, honours and wealth cannot bestow happiness."

Gelanor took his book from his pocket, and, with inexpressible joy in his countenance, inscribed the name of Eudemonia.

Chrisel and Zoram left the garden, and went towards the palace; the little court of the Genius assembled in the saloon; Aristous, the satiric and surly courtier already mentioned, was talking to the queen, who was surprised to find he had lost much of his moroseness; that his manners were more mild, and that he could say obliging things. Zoram and Chrisel

entered the saloon; the princess was going to her music, and tuning her harp; Philamir sat beside her, and the sorrowful unhappy Palmis, leaned languishingly against a pillar, thought of the pertidious Chrisel, and was mournfully silent. Chrisel approached Phanor, who was thoughtfully walking. Being desirous of saying something civil of the queen, he followed the Genius; and as soon as he was near enough Altemira to be heard, stopped, and with a look of great complaisance, addressing himself to the Genius, said, "How much the queen shews her age to-day; is it not possible to think her less than eight-and-thirty?"

Altemira, though still beautiful, was no longer vain of her person, but smiled. "You flatter me," said she.

"I intended so to do, madam."

"How do you like my dress?"

"Not at all; it is much too youthful for your majesty."

After thus replying with a most obliging and gentle tone and manner, Chrisel, quite satisfied with himself, and with what he thought he had said, bowed, and rejoined Phanor.

Zoram advanced towards Palmis, and, desirous of awakening her from her reverie, by inciting agreeable ideas in her mind, said, "Good God! madam, your eyes are sunk in your head, and how red your nose is; you do not look handsome to-day at all. Nay, do not affect that disdainful air, nor think what I say is flattery, I assure you it is the very exact truth."

The princess was seated, and preluding on her instrument; Zoram, in order to maintain his reputation for a connoisseur passionately fond of music, hastily approached, with every demonstration of gladness. The princess sang, and accompanied herself; Zoram listened, and beat out of time, clapping as if he had been mad. Before the air was half over, he exclaimed, still continuing his hand applause, "How tiresome this is—how intolerably tiresome!"

Zeolide was a little disconcerted and stopped; "I am quite delighted, madam," said he, "to see you

the dupe of these affected transports; it was to act enthusiasm that I have made all this noise."

The other courtiers were in utter astonishment to hear him, and absolutely supposed poor Zoram was mad. Chrisel, who was particularly intimate with him, wishing to appear afflicted for his misfortune, put on an air of tender amazement, and exclaimed, "Poor Zoram, how happy am I to see him thus! I shall profit by it; I will ask his place of Phanor this very evening."

So saying, he took Zoram by the arm, dragged him away, and they both left the saloon.

Zeolide then asked Philamir, laughing, if he, like Zoram, thought the air she had been playing dull?

"No," replied Philamir, "for I was not listening; I was thinking of something else."

The princess blushed with vexation, and Aristeus said, "I, madam, have not lost a bar of it, and I think the air a very good one, and your voice quite enchanting."

"How now, Aristeus," interrupted the Genius, "what are you becoming polite and gallant?"

"I have no such intention," replied Aristeus, "but I am neither so frigid nor unfeeling as I appear; I am somewhat cross, and wish to be thought singular; for which reason I pass my life in snarling and finding fault, entirely from a spirit of contradiction; besides, I have made it a law with myself, never openly to praise nor flatter, except indirectly, and on great occasions."

"Ha! I understand you; pray tell me, have you never flattered me?"

"You esteem me, because you believe I have not; yet love me, because I really have; you believe, simply enough, that a man with a gruff tone and blunt manners, cannot flatter; you are suspicious of other courtiers, but in full security with me; but flattery can take various forms, nor is there more than one way to escape its seductions, and that is to be insensible to them. You love flattery, and I give it you; I naturally hate it, and had you despised it, I should

never have had this meanness to reproach myself with; but thus only could I obtain your confidence; if I deceive sometimes, you force me to it; and had not you corrupted me, I never should have used artifice; I feel how much I am debased, I groan over it, am irritated against you, and serve without loving you."

"Insolent!—Be gone," cried the Genius, with his eyes inflamed with fury, "and dare never again enter my presence."

These dreadful words terrified the princess, who hastily rose, and, followed by Palmis, went into the gardens. "Alas!" said Zeolide, "I begin to find how fatal this palace is; this unfortunate Aristeus, who has done the state so many services, is disgraced and ruined.—And have I any reason to be better satisfied? How did Philamir answer me? It was for him I sang, yet he deigned not to listen. What then did he think of? Ah! had I dared to demand, perhaps—Palmis—take part in my pangs."

"I see nothing you have to complain of," replied Palmis, coldly.

"What! the indifference, the cruel disdain of Philamir."

"You are ridiculously susceptible."

"That is a strange expression."

"Alas! I have not the power to chuse—Pardon me, madam."

"You are not affected by my grief; I see you do not love me—Ah! no doubt, it is impossible for persons of my rank to be beloved for themselves. How unhappy am I!"

The princess could not restrain her tears as she spoke.—"You are unjust," replied Palmis; "do not calumniate human nature thus: if a prince wishes to know whether the praises given him are sincere, and whether he be really beloved, let him ask his own heart; let him judge himself: if he disdains flattery, and is capable of friendship, he may be certain he has tender and faithful friends."

"Well, Palmis, I detest flattery, and love you."

“ And I, madam, have no friend in the world as dear to me as you are.”

Zeolide answered Palmis by kissing her with transport. “ Be certain, henceforth,” added Palmis, “ your rank cannot injure the sentiments you are born to inspire. In our secret conversations, your friendship and confidence establishes a perfect equality between us ; you are amiable, and have a feeling heart ; I daily receive new benefits from you, and inclination and gratitude are the sacred ties by which we are for ever united.”

“ Oh my dear Palmis !” cried Zeolide, “ how happy do you make me !”

“ You cannot now doubt of my attachment,” replied Palmis, “ and yet I fear this palace ; remember, madam, that without condescension, without those delicacies and attentions which come from the heart, friendship could not subsist.”

Zeolide assured Palmis, that nothing hereafter could ever deprive her of friendship and love. •

While the two friends were thus conversing, Philamir did not forget, that the coquette Azema had given him a rendezvous in the orange-grove ; and it seemed so curious and amazing to read the heart of a woman of that character, that he had not the fortitude to resist the opportunity : besides, “ I am certain,” said he, “ Azema cannot seduce me ; Zeolide will know nothing of the affair, and consequently will ask no questions.” The latter reflection determined the prince, and he immediately went towards the grove. Here he found Azema negligently extended on the grass, and in such a manner, as to leave a pretty foot, and the half of a very pretty leg exposed. Her eyes were downcast, she seemed lost in a profound reverie, and did not appear to perceive the prince, who gently approached.

As soon as Philamir stood by her side, Azema gave a little shriek, and hastily rose.—“ What,” said the prince, “ have I frightened you ?”

“ No ; I am acting surprise and modesty ; I have been waiting for you above an hour in the same atti-

tude in which you found me; and I flatter myself," added she, with downcast eyes as if she was confused, "you saw my foot and leg."

Philamir smiled, and said he had never seen any thing more charming—and Ameza hid her face with her fan.—"Why do you do that?" said the prince.

"To make you believe I blush."

"I should be glad to know what you think of me?"

"You please me, and I wish to make you in love with me."

"If I were not already really in love."

"Well, what then?"

"Then—'This moment might be dangerous to me.'"

"Dangerous! That is very pleasant."

"I think there would be much danger in loving you. I have a warm heart"

"And I a lively imagination, which tally excellently. I am certain I shall seduce you."

"Your confidence makes me afraid."

"I shall now, under pretence of being warm, take off my glove to let you see my hand and arm."

"How delicate and white," said Philamir, seizing one of the hands of Azema.

"I am now going to seem offended with the liberty you have taken, and pout, as you see; after which I shall put on a sentimental air."

Azema drew away her hand with dignity, and turned her back on Philamir.—"Shall you pout long," said the prince?

"Long enough, to give you time to remark my flowing hair and fine shape."

"What beauteous tresses!" cried Philamir, diverting himself with the arts of Azema.

The prince, however, could not avoid observing she really had fine hair, an elegant shape, and one of the prettiest faces in the world. After a moment's silence, Azema said to him, "If you had common sense, this is the instant in which you would fall at my knees, at which I should seem greatly affected."

Philamir could not resist the curiosity he had, to know how Azema would act tenderness, and accord-

ingly did as she described—"Oh! ho!" cried Azema, have I brought you down then?"

"Charming Azema, tell me what passes this moment in your heart?"

"I am in raptures.—I have seen Zeolide, and I detest her.—Oh! what will her vexation be, when she shall know I have robbed her of her lover, for know it she shall; and soon I will tell her of it myself, for it will delight me to see her despair.—She is so beautiful, and so good, that they speak of nothing here but of her bounty, charms, and virtue; but I will defame her; I will, if possible, rob her of her reputation."

Azema, as she spoke, was struck with the indignation she saw painted in the countenance of Philamir. "What, prince!" said she, "do you suspect me of affectation? Think you there is any exaggeration in the heroic sentiments I endeavour so much to discover?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Philamir as he rose, "that all the monsters of your species were obliged to speak with the same sincerity, that they might only have the power to inspire contempt and horror."

Philamir spoke, and hastily withdrew, reflecting as he went on this adventure. "Into what snares," said he, "might curiosity alone lead a person of my age, from a wish to see how far such a woman could go. I found myself kneeling to her; I despised her, was not her dupe, yet she amused me; appeared charming; and, had she not discovered a soul so black and base, I had for an instant forgot Zeolide."

Thus reflecting, the prince turned with melancholy step towards the palace, when Gelanor came from a grove, and said, "Come hither, my lord; come, and, if possible, prevent Chrisel and Zoram from cutting each others throats."

"How!"

"As they were crossing the gardens about two hours since, they mutually accused each other of madness; but meeting with a guest, who informed them of the virtues of the palace, they were terrified to think what they had said to the Genius and the queen, and

went privately to concert what measures were best to take. From this conversation they learnt, that they really had no friendship for each other; each questioned was forced to confess they had committed reciprocal wrongs formerly and recently, till at last they determined to fight, and are not many yards distant."

"Bring me thither," said Philamir, "and I will endeavour to reconcile them."

"Ah! my lord," replied the philosopher, "you know not how difficult it is to effect a reconciliation in this palace."

The prince came up just as Chrisel and Zoram were making their attack; he ran between them, and the two courtiers owned they did not wish to fight, and should be very glad if they could be reconciled again. "Well, then," said the prince, "forget the past, and embrace."

Chrisel immediately approached Zoram with a good grace, who met him with open arms. Zoram said, with a smiling countenance, "I here swear eternal hatred."

"And so do I," replied Chrisel.

"What is it you say?" exclaimed Philamir.

"You hear his perfidy," said Zoram, "and yet I have the same sentiments."

"In the name of heaven," cried Philamir, "be silent, and be calm."

"My lord," answered Chrisel, "were it possible to dissemble, I would trick the traitor; but we are forced to speak what we think, and cannot conceal our mutual resentment. I see it is useless to strive against the invincible virtue of this palace, for I am obliged to speak truth. I, who have carried the profound art of dissimulation so far; yes, I have lost the fruits of ten years study."

"You Chrisel gave the first offence," replied the prince; "endeavour therefore to say a single word in excuse to Zoram, who I am sure will have the moderation to be satisfied."

"I cannot," said Chrisel; "if I attempt to speak,

I shall only add to the insults I have already uttered."

"No; we must fight," said Zoram, "honour will have it so; deign, therefore, my lord, to be a witness of the combat. I flatter myself, that at the very first wound, however slight it may be, you will run to part us."

So saying, they again drew their swords, and the combat began. After a few minutes Chrisel was touched in the hand. "Enough!" said the prince, "stop!"

"Very willingly," replied Chrisel; "however, my lord, be explicit if you think it necessary. I am ready to go on. I am very much attached to life, but honour is still more dear to me."

"Such also are my sentiments," added Zoram.

"Honour is satisfied," said the prince, "therefore separate."

Chrisel and Zoram on hearing this left the field of battle, and the prince returned towards the palace.

The Genius and the queen had likewise just had a most disagreeable conversation. Altemira, notwithstanding her promises, could not forbear to question Pitanor; and his answers had so surprised and angered her, that the monarch and queen almost came to an open rupture, were each sullen, and did not speak.

Zeolide appeared so melancholy and cold, that Philamir feared she had heard of his adventure in the orange-grove. The supper was far from cheerful; the unfortunate Aristeus durst not make his appearance, and Zoram and Chrisel shewed not the least eagerness to make their court. Palmis, overwhelmed with grief, was sorrowful and silent; the queen and the Genius were plunged in a profound reverie; and Philamir, devoured by inquietude, trembled as he spoke to Zeolide, who scarce deigned to make him a reply.

The next morning, Philamir, who had passed the night in reflecting on his situation, determined to demand an explanation from the princess. He went therefore in search of her, and as soon as he found

himself alone with her and Palmis, he threw himself at her feet, and said, "Oh! pardon me Zeolide; I see you know all, and therefore I am ready to confess."

"Know all what?" interrupted Zeolide.

"My adventure with Azema."

"I know nothing of it; but I now insist upon knowing it circumstantially."

When Philamir heard this, he heartily repented his indiscretion, but he could not retract; he was obliged to satisfy the jealous curiosity of the princess; was forced to own, that Ameza might for a moment have seduced him, had she not shewn so perverse and black a heart.

"Thus then," said Zeolide, "had you not been in this palace, and could this woman have concealed the atrocity of her mind, and the corruptness of her morals, she might have rendered you faithless."

"Oh! Zeolide," cried Philamir, "forget this momentary crime; my repentance is most sincere: I love you, and only you."

"And I," replied Zeolide, "haughtily shall disdain you ever after; you are no longer worthy of me, and henceforth I renounce you."

So saying, the princess flew to the other end of the chamber, and shut herself up with Palmis in her own room.

Here Zeolide gave a free course to her tears, and a thousand times repeated Philamir was an ungrateful, faithless man, whom she would never see more. Palmis long kept silence, but at last was obliged to answer. "Alas! madam," said she, "what shall I say? Were I not here, I might pretend to feel as you do till you became cooler, and I by degrees could dispose you to listen, and insensibly return to reason."

"To reason! How! Am I then unreasonable!"

"Yes, madam."

"You must have very little delicacy."

"I have more experience than you, madam."

"Your manner of thinking greatly diminishes the esteem I had for you."

“ I anger, I irritate you ; I foresaw I should ; you are under the dominion of passion, and I cannot use those means your situation requires.”

“ This is insupportable.—But let me hear you try to prove how Philamir is excusable ?”

“ I should fail at present ; permit me to be silent.”

“ No ; I will know what you think.”

“ Well, since it must be so, I think that in this affair you have not common sense. Philamir is only twenty ; a very pardonable curiosity, and not an intention to deceive you, led him to the rendezvous ; that coquette is charming ; he for a moment forgot himself, was wrong, felt he was, and repented. This is the only error love can reproach him with ; he now knows coquettes, despises them most sincerely, loves you passionately, and well deserves his pardon.”

“ Never shall he obtain it.”

“ Will you be mad enough then to exact perfect fidelity from your lover ?”

“ Yes ; I will be mad enough.—Affection cannot subsist, if it be not sincerely reciprocal.”

“ True ; and therefore is the duration of love so short, it is not possible for a man to have as much delicacy as an affectionate and virtuous woman ; and the most tender lover must soon be discarded, if his mistress has neither indulgence nor credulity.”

“ That is, you think me romantic.”

“ Excessively so.”

“ And do not pity me.”

“ I am sorry to see you suffer ; but when I compare your situation to mine, it is impossible to feel any great compassion.”

“ Those, who attach themselves to a coxcomb, merit but too well the misery you have felt.”

“ And those, who attach themselves to a lover under twenty, ought to expect vexations much more real than what you complain of.”

“ What a reproach ! How unfeeling ?”

“ You first began.”

“ I had no intention to vex you ; I spoke what I thought without reflection.”

“ And you have hurt me cruelly--which I shall remember after to-day.”

“ I shall never forget the insensibility you have discovered.”

“ You are neither just nor reasonable.”

“ This is too much,” interrupted Zeolide; “ leave me; I expected consolation, and you aggravate my pains—leave me.”

Palmis rose with vexation in her countenance, and left the room without answering a word.

“ And so,” cried the princess, melting into tears, “ Philamir has betrayed me, and Palmis loves me no longer. I have lost them both at once.—But I have a mother still.”

Zeolide dried her tears, and went to the queen's apartment.—Altemira was the best and tenderest of mothers; Zeolide told her all her sorrows, and the queen partook her griefs, and even her resentment. How guilty did Philamir especially appear! He had forgot Zeolide for a moment; “ but such,” said she, “ are men. Alas! did you know, my daughter, what confessions I have torn from your father's heart.—But Philamir is to me a thousand times still more in excusable; yes, my child, the greatest wrong that can be done me, is to afflict thee; thy pangs are the only ones I cannot support with fortitude,—they distract my heart.”

“ Oh, my mother!” cried Zeolide, “ in you I find all the tenderness I experienced before we entered this palace; you are the only one whose language is still the same.”

“ Yes, my dear Zeolide, there are no illusions mingled with the affections of nature; a good mother cannot speak more than she feels, nor paint tenderness more passionate than her heart proves.”

Zeolide, penetrated with gratitude, clasped her mother's neck, whilst the tears of filial affection gladdened her maternal bosom, and softened each of their sorrows.

The two princesses passed several days in the company of each other; at last they consented to receive

the sage and virtuous Gelanor. The philosopher incited a spirit of indulgence; the queen admitted Phanor; Zeolide went herself in search of Palmis, and the two friends tenderly embraced each other. Explanations, however, in the Palace of Truth, could not dissipate all the clouds that had risen. Gelanor conducted Philamir to the feet of Zeolide. The princess wished to assure Philamir she had forgotten the past; but was forced to tell him her love was somewhat lessened, and that she secretly preserved a little resentment and suspicion. The prince was grieved, and was obliged to own too he was somewhat vexed; and had it not been for the remonstrances and advice of Gelanor, the two lovers would have fallen out again; but they preserved appearances, though nothing could re-establish their former perfect good understanding.

The Genius having interrogated Aristeus circumstantially, learnt, that if he had not been scrupulously virtuous, he had estimable qualities; at least, that he possessed probity and real patriotic sentiments.—In Chrirel he discovered a flattering and ambitious courtier, but a faithful subject; and as for Zoram, he was more ridiculous than vicious.

“Follow my advice,” said Gelanor to the Genius; “treat these courtiers with indulgence, but grant them no more a blind confidence; let them henceforth find, the only means to obtain your favour, is by rectitude and virtue, and they will become new men. When monarchs have arrived at an age of maturity, and towards the end of their reign, they are then the real formers of courtiers, and either pervert or make them virtuous.”

Phanor followed his advice, and recalled his three courtiers, who had been shut up in a corner of the palace; but society was no longer agreeable; no person durst open their lips, lest they should say something impertinent; and, when forced to break this obstinate silence, they trembled as they spoke, and seldom uttered a word which was not either ill-timed or offensive. All execrated the palace, and the

only pleasure they could find in it was, to converse with the travellers with which it swarmed.

One evening, Philamir more discontented with Zeolide and sorrowful than ordinary, went to seek Gelanor and relate his new cause of grief. He had never been in the apartment of this venerable old man, but was conducted thither by an attendant. As soon as he came to the door, he opened it, entered, and saw a young beautiful lady, in long mourning robes, sitting by the philosopher's side, holding a book and reading aloud. Gelanor appeared embarrassed at the sight of the prince; Philamir, surprised, advanced towards the charming lady, and asked her if she was just arrived.

"I have been here these six weeks," she replied.

"Six weeks! And nobody yet mentioned your name; you have, no doubt, lived concealed; it is not else possible you should have remained unknown."

"My situation has obliged me to fly society, and I am fond of solitude; I see no person here but Gelanor, to whom I listen, by whom I am instructed, and I seek no other pleasures."

"The prince wishes to speak with me, Mirza," interrupted the philosopher somewhat bluntly.

"I am in no great haste," replied Philamir.

"But I should wish to hear you immediately," said Gelanor; "leave us, Mirza."

The beauteous Mirza laid her book upon the table, and, after a very low courtesy, retired.

"What a charming lady!" cried Philamir; how modest! how graceful! wherefore is she in mourning?"

"She is a widow."

"How long has she been so?"

"About a month; her husband was very ill when he arrived, and died in a fortnight."

"I will engage that her understanding equals her beauty.—Why are you silent?"—

"And wherefore these questions?"

"Mere curiosity."

"Take care, my lord, of curiosity,—it is too natural to youth,—and remember whither it may lead."

" Mine is very innocent— But tell me, Gelanor, has Mirza much understanding?"

" Yes, much."

" Then she possesses every perfection."

" But, did you come, my lord, to speak of Mirza?"

" What I have to say is not very interesting,—a repetition of old griefs. I am discontented,—Zeolide is no longer the same,—her temper is quite altered, vexed, irritated at nothing,—her reproaches are eternal—I am tired of all this;—Mirza has an air of such mildness, such tenderness,—Is she cheerful?"

" Why, my lord, do you ask?—Let us speak of the princess; for never since I have inhabited the Palace of Truth have I read a heart more noble, more pure, more affectionate than her's."

" Pray did she love her husband?"

" Her husband!—Of whom are you speaking?"

" Of Mirza."

" Really, my lord, you are not worthy to possess the heart of the most charming princess on earth.—What a difference there is between your sentiments and those of Zeolide! Among all the men here assembled, and many of them are amiable, Zeolide sees only you; all eyes are fixed on her, and I know two or three princes who love her to distraction,—Zeolide only is ignorant of their love, or at least never thinks of it."

" And I," replied Philamir, "love none but Zeolide; and as I should certainly excite her jealousy, were I to see Mirza again, I promise never to return to this apartment."

Gelanor highly praised this resolution, which Philamir strictly kept.

The prince left the philosopher and visited Palmis, for whom he had conceived a great friendship. Palmis had not the delicacy of Zeolide, consequently could not always in her heart approve her manner of thinking. Being obliged to speak as she thought, when Philamir complained of Zeolide, Palmis, though with regret, could not avoid owning the princess was sometimes unreasonable.

Philamir and Palmis were conversing together, when Zeolide unexpectedly entered. The prince and Palmis blushed.—“What, I embarrass you?” said Zeolide.

“Yes, madam,” replied Palmis.

“Of whom were you speaking?—Nay, answer.”

“Of you; the prince complained of your temper.”

“Well, and what did you say?”

“That he was right, and that it was not to be borne.”

“So then you endeavour to increase his ill opinion of me?—Were I really capricious and unreasonable, ought my friend to say so? especially to—”

“You forget, madam, we are in the Palace of Truth,—could I speak as I wish, my first care should be to persuade the prince he is always wrong when he thinks disadvantageously of you.”

Zeolide had nothing to reply, but was vexed and silent. Philamir and Palmis durst not venture a word. At last, the princess heaving a deep sigh, said, “You are really both of you very agreeable company.—What are you thinking of, Philamir?”

“Of Mirza.”

“Mirza! Who is Mirza?”

“A young and charming widow, whom I met to-day, by chance, in Gelanor’s apartment.”

“And whom you are, no doubt, in love with.”

“I love none but Zeolide.”

“But you mean to see this charming Mirza again?”

“No; I will sacrifice to you the pleasure I should take in her conversation.”

“Then you think me jealous.”

“I do.”

“Alas! Why can I not say I have too much pride to feel any such emotion; must you, in spite of myself, know all my foibles?”

The princess could not retain her tears.—“Nothing but weeping and reproaches,” cried Philamir.

Scarcely had he pronounced the words, ere he felt the effect they must necessarily produce in the heart of Zeolide, and fell at her feet. Zeolide rejected him

with anger; "your want of feeling," said she, "is shocking.—No, you love me not; or, at least, you are incapable of love like mine.—Dare affirm to the contrary."

"Would I could."

"You confess you do not love me, then."

"Oh, Zeolide! do not overwhelm me thus,—my soul is not so pure, so delicate as your's, but all I can feel I feel for you."

"I understand.—You only esteem me."

"If I did not pronounce the word love, it is because you yourself have prohibited the expression."

"Yes, before we came to this palace."

The instant she had said this, Zeolide blushed, and turned away her head to hide her confusion. Philamir smiled, and seized the hand of the princess, which he tenderly clasped between his own. Zeolide drew back her hand,—"Pray tell me," said she, "how it is possible, having only seen this very beautiful lady once, you should so passionately desire to see her again."

"I do not desire it passionately."

"Did you not say you would sacrifice this pleasure to me?"

"I did,—had I had the power of chusing my own words, I should have made use of some other."

"But, in fact, your abstinence is a sacrifice."

"It is; she is amiable, witty, and her company would have given me pleasure; I regret it, and cannot avoid seeing your jealousy."

"My jealousy!" cried Zeolide, with extreme vexation; "what expressions! what language!—Yet, alas! it is too true; I have been ridiculously jealous; I condemn myself for it, and were we not in this fatal palace, it would never have been known."

Some days after this conversation, as Philamir was walking, according to his custom, in the alley of palm-trees, he perceived, at a distance, the beautiful Mirza, greatly agitated. She approached the prince, and with a disturbed and timid air, exclaimed, "Pardon me, my lord—I am in great distress—I have been

seeking a pocket-book, which I have lost above this hour ; have you found it ?”

“ No,” replied the prince,—“ and I am sorry I have not, since I see how exceedingly you are afflicted.”

“ It contains my secret.”

“ Your secret !”

“ I have had the indiscretion to write down my feelings in that book—but I must say no more—adieu, my lord, and if by chance you should find my pocket-book, deign to promise you will restore it me, and especially that you will not open it.”

“ I will not—but if I should be so unfortunate as to find it, how shall I see you to return it ?”

“ I will be here at this time to-morrow.”

So saying, Mirza departed ; and, as she went, twice turned her head to look at the prince, who followed her with his eyes, and sighed when she was out of sight.

Philamir in vain endeavoured to find the pocket-book,—he searched the gardens round and round, but unsuccessfully. As, towards noon, he was returning towards the palace, he met the three courtiers, Aristeus, Chrisel, and Zoram, all in conversation. Surprised to see them so intimate, he approached and complimented them on the occasion. “ Ah, my lord,” cried Chrisel, “ our mutual fears have united us.”

“ How so !”

“ Had we betrayed the state, we could not be in greater peril ; nothing can save us—we are lost beyond redemption.”

“ What do you mean ?”

“ Phanor, this evening, has invited us to be present while he reads a play of his composition.”

“ But the piece may be good.”

“ Unfortunately for us, it is execrable. We heard it six months ago, and persuaded Phanor it was a *chef-d'œuvre*.”

“ I conceive your perplexity,—the Genius has, perhaps, invited you to this new reading, only to put your sincerity to the proof.”

“ Oh no! he is perfectly secure, and that is the worst part of the affair,—he believes we have flattered him on every possible subject, this alone excepted.”

“ But why would he read a work you have already heard ?”

“ Because he has made many alterations,—there are likewise two celebrated authors just arrived, whom he intends to astonish and confound by reading them his production.”

“ He will be too busy with them to observe you.”

“ Yes; but it is necessary to cry and laugh at this infernal piece; which is impossible here, for it would be immediately seen whether the tears were or were not real.”

“ Might not an author be deceived, think you ?”

“ Is there, in fact, a charm sufficiently strong to prevent an author from being a dupe? Let us only be confident, my friends, and I hope the Genius will not be able to read our countenances.”

“ Besides,” added Philamir, “ his attention will be wholly directed towards these newly-arrived authors, who will speak without apprehension, not knowing the effects of the place they are in.”

“ True, my lord; and in order to keep them in ignorance on this subject till the reading is over, they have been taken to an apartment distant from those of the other guests.”

“ Did they come both together ?”

“ No; and, as it is already known they hate each other, they are separately lodged.”

The Genius appeared, and the conversation changed.—“ I warrant,” said Phaïor, “ you were speaking of my play.”

“ Yes, my lord,” answered Zoram, trembling.

“ I am certain you were not speaking against it; for never shall I forget, how you were affected when you heard it first. To day you will be still more delighted, for I have made such additions! So sublime! Our authors will be somewhat surprised; and, as they do not know the virtues of this palace, I am certain

they will testify as much jealousy as admiration. What think you?"

"Nobody, my lord, can be jealous of your wit."

"What, because of my rank! I assure you that is no impediment. About a year ago I read this very piece to a man of real wit, but who is himself a writer; well, sir, he could not hide his jealousy; his praise was so cold, so awkward, his perplexity so great, and his sufferings so cruel, he really excited my compassion. The vanity of an author is absolutely unaccountable. As for me, I am just, and do not deceive myself. Often, in the course of my existence, have I been deceived, but never on that subject; never was flattered there.—And why? Because the thing is impossible."

Phanor's confidence and discourse made the courtiers hearts shrink within them. After dinner, the Genius sent to inform Learchus and Tarsis he was ready to receive them; and the former arriving first, Phanor interrogated him concerning Tarsis. "I hate him," replied Learchus, "though the principle of my hatred obliges me to dissemble; I wish to seem equitable; secretly I calumniate, publicly I praise him, but in an artful manner; I have no intention to do him justice, but to persuade the world I do."

"You hear," said the Genius, whispering Chrisel, with a smile of penetration: "such is the envy of which I just now spoke, and hence you may imagine if I do not know the human heart."

Tarsis entered, and, after a moment's conversation, Phanor unfolded his manuscript: the two authors placed themselves opposite Philamir, and the courtiers by his side, and the Genius thus began:—

"I must first inform you, gentlemen, this play is a master-piece."

"Yes," answered Learchus, "that is customary; a reading is seldom began till something like this has first been said; but you need not fear, my lord, we shall none of us speak a word of what we think, we will load you with praises."

Tarsis was confounded to hear him: he could not

conceive it possible to carry truth and indiscretion so far. The Genius smiled—"Yes," said he, "I can depend upon your sincerity, and am well assured you will be obliged to praise what you shall hear. Know then, gentlemen, you will melt into tears during the first and second act, laugh at every speech in the third and fourth, and be astonished to find the fifth so sublime. The style is elegant and pure, the characters natural and well sustained, the plot artfully managed, and the denouement admirable."

"Very frank, upon my word," cried Tarsis. "Authors usually say as much, but it is in a far-fetched and ambiguous manner. For my part, my lord, I like your proud plain way better; it is at least more comic, and may give one a love for modesty."

"I own," replied Phanor, "when I am at home, I cannot help speaking thus undisguisedly; my language may astonish, but you will soon see, however, there is nothing really extravagant in all I have said."

The Genius then began to read, and, as it was necessary to weep during the two first acts, the courtiers took out their handkerchiefs and hid their faces. The Genius stopped almost at every line: "Observe," said he, "how profound is that reflection! how original that thought! how philosophic this!" and spoke so continually, during these interruptions, and between the acts, and praised himself so much, that his auditors had absolutely no room to say any thing. The two authors seemed very attentive, and finding the device of the handkerchiefs a very happy one, they made use of the same expedient and hid their faces. Phanor triumphed, when he beheld all their handkerchiefs in the air at the end of the second act. "Come, come," said he, "dry your tears and prepare to laugh."

Phanor set the example, when he thought it was necessary to laugh. "How humorous this is, how full of wit is that," cried he every instant; "there are a few free strokes, and some double-entendres, but these are the taste of the age, and we cannot make folks laugh without them; to unite decency and wit

is too hard a task ; and for my part, I only wish to please, therefore do not perplex myself about morality or good manners, but sacrifice them without scruple every time a stroke of wit or seductive description invite."

" There is nothing wonderful in that," replied Lærchus, " we do the same ; it is necessary, however, for form's sake, though a work may be ever so licentious, to scatter a certain quantity of sentiments through it and moral phrases ; after the most free and indecent traits, one is charmed to see an eulogium on virtue ; such a thing is not expected in such a place, but the surprise is for that reason the more agreeable."

" No doubt," answered Phanor, " and you will find I understood this finesse ; for my play ends with four verses, which tell the spectators it has a moral purpose ; though I can assure you, without seeking to raise myself in your esteem, I had no other purpose but that of displaying my superior abilities. But let us go on to the fourth act."

" Pray, my lord, must we laugh still ?" said Tarsis.

" Oh ! I understand you," returned Phanor, " silence, if you please, and listen."

During the three last scenes of this act, Lærchus and Tarsis several times endeavoured to burst into a laugh ; and the Genius reclining towards Zoram, said softly, " Do you not observe, envy will not let them laugh, only from the teeth outwards ; how the hag gnaws their hearts ; this is much more flattering to me, than all the praises they could possibly give, for my vanity is equally clear-sighted and delicate."

As soon as he had ended, the Genius rose, rubbed his hands, and smiling, said, " These gentlemen will now explain themselves, and we shall see the exact state of their thoughts."

" I am in the utmost perplexity, my lord."

" And so am I, I assure you."

" Oh ! I do not doubt that," cried Phanor, with malignity.

" Is it difficult to praise you, my lord ?"

“ That is to say, you cannot find expressions ; this is the greatest praise you can give.”

“ I have never heard any thing so extravagant, so wild—”

“ As my third and fourth act ; very true, they are out of the common road : thus you see I did not exaggerate, when I told you, you would find humour absolutely run wild. It must be owned, Chrisel,” added the Genius, “ it is charming to hear all this said in the Palace of Truth.—But what is your opinion, Tarsis ? You are silent.”

“ My lord,” answered Tarsis, “ however envious”—

“ There !” exclaimed the Genius, transported with joy : “ there, Zoram, did not I predict ?—You hear he is devoured with envy.—But why should I longer abuse the necessity these poor people are under of speaking what they think, I ought to be satisfied, and not seek to humble men too much.”

Phanor dismissed his authors, and when they were gone, conversed some time longer with the courtiers. He asked no questions, for he had no doubts ; he spoke only of his own fame, and the vast success his piece must have. Thus were the courtiers freed for a little fear.

As soon as they were alone, “ Was I wrong,” said Aristeus, “ to conceive hopes of escaping the danger ? Every illusion vanishes here, except vanity, and that is more mighty than all the magicians. Love itself is not so blind, as an author corrupted by flattery and self-conceit.”

The next day Philamir went to the alley of palm-trees, where he did not at first find Mirza, but walked about expecting her arrival. After he had walked some time, he saw a sheet of written paper on the grass in a woman’s hand ; he read, and was amazed to find charming verses, in which Mirza expressed for Philamir a most violent passion.—“ Oh ! unhappy and amiable Mirza,” cried the prince, “ this no doubt is one of the pages of that pocket-book which thou didst search for with such anxiety. The wind during the night has blown it hither.—Alas ! is this then the

secret Mirza would hide from me?—Ah! how dangerous is the discovery.”

Mirza at this moment appeared, Philamir flew to meet her. “Oh! my lord,” said Mirza, “I have just found my pocket book, but there is a leaf gone.—Heavens! what do I see, that very leaf in your hands.—And have you read it?—Unfortunate Mirza! thy evils then are at the height.”

So saying, Mirza fell on the lawn, and seemed ready to faint; the prince, quite beside himself, kneeled to assist her. “Oh Mirza!” cried he, with a broken voice, “into what dreadful distress hast thou plunged me!—Can it be?—loved by you!”

“Cruel prince,” replied Mirza, “since you have read that writing, the silence I had imposed upon my lips is useless; it cannot now conceal my weakness.—Yes, I adore you. Alas! you alone have taught me to know the most violent, the most imperious of all the passions; never shall I banish it my bosom. No, I feel it will follow, or rather precipitate me into the grave. Yours I cannot be, your faith is engaged, and I have only to die.”

“To die! Heavens!” cried Philamir, “and shall I be the cause of your death!—Rather let—oh Mirza! conceive the horror of my situation—I am under a sacred engagement—”

“I know it but too well,” interrupted Mirza; “and were you willing to break it, I never would consent. Zeolide is worthy to participate your happiness. Love shall never make me unjust. Often has Gelanor spoken to me of the princess, and interested me in her behalf: not daring to speak in your praise, I listened with pleasure to the eulogiums of a lady so dear to your heart. No, Zeolide, I cannot hate thee; for thou lovest Philamir.”

“What sentiments! What not hate your rival?”

“Without her you could not be happy, and I would give my life were it necessary to save her’s.”

“Oh Mirza! how great is the admiration you inspire!”

“Adieu, my lord, you know my heart. I cannot

forbear repeating, and remember, I speak it in the Palace of Truth, I shall love you to the last breath of life. In this bosom you will ever reign, and ~~over~~ a heart as virtuous and pure as it is noble and affectionate. Incapable of ambition and of jealousy, I might have made you happy if--ah! dearest prince, adieu!"

"This is not to be supported," cried Philamir.—"Oh, adorable Mirza! do you then mean to quit the palace? I know your three months are expired, but I am obliged to remain here three weeks longer."

"I should instantly depart," replied Mirza, "were not Gelanor ill; but to him my attendance is necessary, and I must stay. I insist, however, that you come not to his apartment; and I conjure you never to confide to any one, the secret you thus have learnt by surprise. You cannot utter a falsehood, but you can be silent.—My lord, once more, and for ever—adieu!"

As soon as she had spoken, Mirza ran with extreme precipitation; the prince would have held her, but Mirza, with a commanding and majestic air, forbade him to follow, and Philamir was forced to obey. The charms of Mirza's person and mind, and the admiration and compassion she inspired, did but too powerfully combat the fidelity he owed to Zeolide: his vanity too was most potently flattered; to inspire love in the breast of a lady so heroically virtuous, was a triumph which Philamir could not help feeling. Love must rob the beautiful and sublime Mirza of life; the prince could not doubt it: Zeolide might find consolation. This was a reflection Philamir often made, yet he continued to love Zeolide. He thought the princess much inferior to her rival, but at the same time he found an unknown charm about Zeolide, which Mirza did not possess. Zeolide attracted, insinuated, and was deeply engraven in his heart. Mirza dazzled and inflamed the imagination; but she was too much above him: she astonished too much to delight.

The fear of betraying the secret of Mirza, made

Philamir avoid Zeolide as much as possible; and perceiving how mortally he dreaded to be alone with her, reason and pride equally bade the princess not seek a flying lover. After so much vexation, so many inquietudes, torments and struggles, Zeolide began to suffer less; she had seen too many illusions vanish, not to find love almost extinct in her bosom.

The three weeks at length were passed, and the day came, when Philamir was to quit the Palace of Truth. Before the princess was awake, Philamir went to the alley of palm-trees. He had a strong desire once more to see Mirza, and had written to conjure her once more to come, yet durst not hope the severe Mirza would consent to receive his last farewell. How great was his joy, when he saw her suddenly appear. Mirza testified the utmost surprise at perceiving the prince. She would have fled, but was withheld by Philamir. "Ah, my lord," said she, "I thought you had already quitted the palace, and I returned to visit a place so dear to my heart."

"Have you not received my note then?"

"Your note, my lord!—loh no."

Philamir was grieved, to think he owed the happiness of seeing her again to chance alone. Every thing that gratitude or tenderness could inspire the prince uttered. Mirza wept, and discovered sentiments so heroic, and at the same time so passionate, that the prince fell enraptured on his knees, and could only express his admiration by his tears. The prince just at this moment hearing the leaves rustle turned his head; but what was his surprise, or rather terror, when he beheld Zeolide!

The princess, motionless with amazement, stood silent; the confused Philamir durst not speak. At length Mirza, addressing herself to the princess, related her whole story. "You see, madam," added she, "I have nothing to reproach myself with. I do not fear, that even my rival should read my most secret thoughts; and I not only do not hate you, but have a lively sensation of what your feelings must this moment be. I suffer as much from your woes

as from my own. Philamir regrets me, this cannot be denied; but it is you he loves, and were he to attempt to break his engagement to you, I would oppose his intentions. I am about to quit, and never see him more. The effort will cost me my life, but duty is far more sacred than love."

"And is it possible," said Zeolide, "that a passion which reason cannot approve, may become thus violent in a heart like your's?"—Adieu, Philamir," continued the princess, "I restore you your freedom, and at length regain my own; but in renouncing you I renounce the married state.—Adieu, may you be happy!"

"Stop, Zeolide," cried Philamir, distracted.

"Go, my lord," said Mirza, with a languishing voice, "go, recover your mistress, and abandon the wretched Mirza! She no longer loves, I adore:—Oh! that with my heart I could restore you her, since you cannot live without her."

"Oh, Mirza! How sublime a soul! Yes, Mirza, you merit bliss! Yet, Zeolide!—I cannot myself understand the present feelings of my soul."

"Cruel man! can you hesitate between a woman who abandons you, and the unfortunate affectionate Mirza.—Should you, now hope has entered my heart, should you now abandon me, you will behold me expire.—Yet, what do I say? Heavens! I am distracted!—Alas, I cannot here conceal my thoughts—let me be gone."

"No," said the prince, "I will not barbarously devote to death the most amiable and virtuous of women."

"Oh! God! What do I hear!" exclaimed Mirza. "Shall I live?—do you then promise me your faith?"

The prince could not reply, tears impeded speech.—"Come, then, dear Philamir," continued Mirza, "haste, let us fly this palace—stay not a moment."

So saying, Mirza, transported, pulled the prince along with her, who shed a torrent of tears. They approached the fatal gates of the palace, when they were suddenly met by the venerable Gelanor; Mirza

shuddered.—“Fly, prince; fly this old man,” exclaimed she, “listen not to his words.”

“Stop,” cried the philosopher—“flight is useless—the gates are closed.”

At these dreadful sounds Mirza turned pale, her trembling legs scarcely could support her.—Gelanor approached, and seizing her by the arm—“Perfidious woman!” said he, “return the talisman, or I will instantly deliver you to the vengeance of Phanor!”—Mirza did not hesitate a moment; but taking the box of crystal from her pocket, gave it to Gelanor, who, turning it towards Philamir, said, “now listen to that woman, for whom you have sacrificed Zeolide; speak, Mirza, speak, I command you,” cried the philosopher.

“Well then,” said Mirza, “I had but the mask of virtue; ambition and vanity alone inspired me with a desire to seduce this feeble and credulous prince.”

“You have said enough,” replied Gelanor, “be gone.”

Mirza disappeared; and the prince, raising his eyes and hands to heaven, exclaimed, “Wretch that I am! what have I done? Oh Zeolide!—Yet how could I suspect such sentiments and passion so natural?”

“Know you what gave them that appearance?—Pride.—With a little less vanity you would have thought, however dangerous love may be, it is not a disease of which people die;—you would have known, that not even compassion should make you forfeit a sacred promise.”

“Oh Gelanor! what course must I take? Advise me; be my protector, my guide.”

“All is not lost,—Phanor is informed of every thing, and is this instant endeavouring to prevail on the princess to grant you a generous pardon; he will come to seek you, when it shall be time for you to appear.”

“Meanwhile,” replied Philamir, “inform me how this talisman, which Phanor gave to the beautiful Agelia, could fall into the hands of the artful Mirza.”

"That I shall do in a few words," replied the old man.—"When Agelia quitted the palace, as she came to the gate, she took this precious box from Nadir, and gave it me. 'Gelanor,' said she, 'I give you this talisman, on condition you never return it to Phanor; and that you lend it to women as often as by this means you can preserve them from any great peril. Be you, henceforth, the protector of the weaker sex, in this dangerous palace,—and though you condemn the guilty, pity and preserve them if possible.'"

"Thus spoke the amiable Agelia. I received the talisman, and, conformable to her benevolent intentions, have for these eighteen years preserved many wives from the wrath and resentment of their husbands. I lent them the talisman, and they had too much interest to keep the secret, for me to fear the least indiscretion on their parts,—each woman, with whom the box has been deposited, returned it at departing; and no man to this day ever found out the secret.

"About four months since, as I was walking in the gardens, I perceived a beautiful lady weeping: this lady was Mirza, who told me she had arrived that morning, and had learnt, by chance, the virtue of the palace. 'I have a husband,' added she, 'in a consumption; he has but a short time to live; I have made him happy, but have deceived him; should he interrogate me, his last moments will become dreadfully miserable, and, perhaps, before he dies, he may seek revenge.'

"I lent Mirza the talisman, and calmed her fears; and her husband, about a month afterwards, expired in her arms, blessing Heaven for having given him the most virtuous of women for a wife. Mirza, become a widow, conjured me to leave the talisman in her hands till she departed, that she might preserve her reputation, which an indiscreet question in this palace might deprive her of, if she no longer possessed this precious preservative.

"Mirza seemed attached to me,—she was amiable

and witty, and her company was not without its charms. I felt, however, how dangerous she might be to others, since with so much wit and beauty she alone had the power of dissimulation. I therefore required she should live in retirement; and when you arrived, I ordered her to avoid you. Her secret was in my possession, and she was forced to obey.

“ At length I fell ill, and Mirza, under pretext of nursing me, prolonged her stay. I saw yesterday she was agitated, and had my suspicions, but said nothing. The physician had ordered me to keep my room a few days longer, which Mirza knew; but this morning I wished to see the princess before she went, who related to me the heroic scene which just had passed. I instantly sought for Phanor,—he ordered the gates of the palace to be shut,—and as the princess was ignorant of Mirza’s perfidy, we agreed not to mention the talisman to her; that you, my lord, if so you please, may avail yourself of its virtues to regain the heart of Zeolide.”

Here the philosopher gave the box of crystal to the prince; and at the same moment a slave came from Phanor to seek Philamir, who, full of trouble and inquietude, flew to the apartment of Zeolide.

As soon as he perceived the princess, he ran, flung himself at her feet, discovered the deceit of Mirza, and shewed her the talisman which she had laid upon the table: “ By hiding this story, and keeping that talisman,” said he, “ I might have persuaded you I did not go with Mirza, and had resisted all her seductions; but though I cannot lose you without the loss of happiness, I would prefer even that to deceit. Yes, Zeolide, I was seduced, inveigled; I no longer have the same blind and impetuous passion, which I felt before our arrival in this fatal palace,—but I love you, as I shall for ever love you; without you I cannot be happy, and you alone of all the ladies in the world can insure my felicity.”

When he had ended, the lovely Zeolide gave the prince her hand, which he received with transport. “ The sentiments you discover,” said she, “ are wor-

thy, and all I wish ; and did this palace destroy no other illusions than those which nourish love, I should not repent my having inhabited it ; but the air we here breathe is fatal even to friendship. Come, Philamir, come, let us leave this dangerous place.

So saying, the princess rose, Philamir followed, and the two lovers, with Phanor and Altemira, went to mount their chariots.

They were going to leave the gloomy Palace of Truth, when they saw, with inexpressible surprise, the crystal walls take another colour, lose their transparency, become opaque, and suddenly transform themselves into porphyry and marble of a beautiful white.

The monarch of the Genii appeared :—" The charm is destroyed," said he, addressing himself to the young lovers, " and you now may remain in this new palace, in which you will find all the illusions necessary to content. May the remembrance of the Palace of Truth, for ever preserve you from injurious jealousy, and teach you to repress the first emotions of an indiscreet curiosity ; and may you never forget, that unbounded confidence and amiable indulgence form the soft ties by which hearts are united!"

THE END.

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