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THE AMOURS
OF THE
CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS

BY
JOHN BAPTISTE LOUVET DE COUVRAY

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS. INTERSPERSED
WITH MOST REMARKABLE NARRATIVES

A LITERAL UNEXPURGATED TRANSLATION
FROM THE PARIS EDITION OF 1821

VOLUME II

WITH NUMEROUS BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS
ETCHED BY LOUIS MONZIES
FROM DRAWINGS BY PAUL AVRIL

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ONE YEAR OF THE LIFE
OF THE
CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS.

LOVINSKI, having concluded the recital of his eventful history, remained for some time absorbed in painful reflections. At length, he said he had placed his fondest hopes in me; that my father designed me to travel next year. I interrupted M. du Portail, to assure him that I should pass some months in Poland, and that I would neglect nothing that might throw a light on the fate of Dorliska.

It was late when I quitted M. du Portail. Nevertheless, my first care, when I got home, was to call the Abbé Person. He accepted, with gratitude, the ring I had bought him; and, without much pressing, he acknowledged that he had, the night before, informed Adelaide of the strange visit which Madame de B*** had made me. I noticed that pretty gentleman, said he; and, if you recollect, you found me on

the staircase when M. du Portail said it was the Marchioness de B***. I begged the Abbé to be more reserved for the future, and he left me with fresh assurances of his disinterestedness and discretion.

Rosambert was then right! Sophia loves me! An indiscretion of the Abbé had done all the mischief. Sophia was jealous; but how was I to appease her? how dissipate her fears? how contrive to see her? I could have dispensed with going to bed; my uneasiness drove sleep from my eyelids. I was occupied all night with my troubles about Sophia. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that I thought sometimes of the Vicomte de Florville; but the Marchioness was so unhappy! the moments which I gave myself to think of her were so few! the ideas arising from such thoughts were so different! Those must be very severe who could not excuse me.

I had not yet determined what course to pursue, when daylight appeared. My counselor at length arrived to decide me. Monsieur l'Abbé has done all the mischief, said Rosambert; and it is for him to repair it. Write a letter for Mademoiselle de Pontis; inclose it

in one to Mademoiselle de Faublas, who will not fail to deliver it, and dispatch the Abbé with them immediately.

I wrote them.* M. Person became the most complaisant of men, and accepted, without hesitation, the delicate commission which I entrusted to his zeal. He executed it with promptness, and brought me an answer from my pretty cousin.

It was short, and soon read: Rosambert, leap for joy, kiss these two lines, and listen:—

“ You say that you do not love the Marchioness: ah! if I could be sure of that!”

In the excess of my joy I sprung upon the neck of M. Person.—You are satisfied with this answer, said he: Well! I have some still better news to inform you of.—Tell it, my dear governor, tell it quickly.—Mademoiselle your sister, in the first place, inquired after you with a great deal of interest. When I begged her to

* The reader, perhaps, expected that I was going to give him a journal of my amorous correspondence according to order and date. But he may be assured that of all the letters which I wrote, he will only see such as are absolutely necessary for the knowledge of facts.

forward the inclosure to Mademoiselle de Pontis, she blushed: You will tell my brother that since yesterday Sophia, in her grief, has told me everything. You will tell him that I am now better acquainted than he is with his cousin's malady, and that I have even read the recipe he sent her. I am no longer astonished that the Baron was angry. Wait a moment, monsieur, and I will fetch a letter. It is, perhaps, intruding too much on your goodness, but my brother is grieved—my friend is unhappy, and I shall not stand upon ceremonies.—She returned a few moments after with this letter. In giving it me, she asked, with some degree of embarrassment, if they were never to see you. I informed her that the Baron had expressly forbid it. She observed, blushing very much, that Madame Munich seldom rose before ten o'clock, nor was the Baron stirring before that time, and the door of the convent was open by eight precisely.—Well, mademoiselle, said I, to-morrow morning your brother—

She interrupted me: Yes, to-morrow morning—let him not fail.

How slowly did the day pass away!—and what a tedious night followed! I was tempted

a hundred times to stop my watch, and move on the hands. At length I heard the long-wished hour strike. I flew to the convent. Adelaide came to the conversation-room, accompanied by Sophia.

Ah, sister! Ah, mademoiselle! I pressed their pretty hands, and kissed them by turns. Sophia was so much affected as to be obliged to sit down.—You have given us much uneasiness, said she: and I observed her eyes filled with tears. I cannot express the tenderness of those which I shed!—You are hurt, said Adelaide.—No, my dear sister: I never experienced happier moments!—Except those which you pass with the Marchioness! interrupted Sophia, and trembled as she spoke.—My pretty cousin! my dear Sophia! do you think that I can love her?—Why then see her so often?—I will see her no more; I promise you I will see her no more.—Ah! if you deceive me!—Why should he deceive thee, my dear friend?—Since he loves thee, it is clear he cannot love this Madame de B***.—Adelaide, thou dost not know what I feel.—Oh, yes! I know what jealousy is—thou hast told me yesterday; but it is a feeling which does mischief, and which

is not reasonable. Why should my brother tell thee that he loves thee, if he does not?—And why did he tell the Marchioness so?—Sophia, I swear to you that I adored you from the first moment that I saw you. You alone have caused me to experience that tender and respectful sentiment which is inspired by innocence and beauty, that true love with which one must burn for Sophia. It is you, it is you alone, who have made me feel that I have a heart, and I shall never love any other than yourself.—Oh, that you knew the pleasure I feel in believing you! said my pretty cousin.

Sophia reclined her head upon the bosom of Adelaide, whom she embraced.—How much thy brother resembles thee, said she; he has thy eyes, thy complexion, thy mouth, thy forehead!—She embraced her a second time.—Indeed, replied Adelaide, pretending to look serious, you seem now to love me only on his account, and formerly you loved me for myself.—This, then, is what they call love! I confess, that though I found it very sad yesterday, it appears very seducing to-day—when will you marry my dear friend, Faublas?—The Baron pretends that I am too young; but if mademoiselle

is willing—Why do you call me mademoiselle? Am I not pretty cousin.—Ah, pretty! more pretty than ever! more than pretty! If you will permit me, I will go and speak to M. de Pontis; I will tell him that I adore his daughter, and that she has chosen me; I will tell him he must give me my wife, he must unite me to Sophia.—My father is not at Paris—family affairs—I will tell you all about it—but I must leave you.—What! already?—Yes, I must go in before Madame Munich wakes.—Shall I then have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow?—To-morrow? Every day?—No, that cannot be, said Adelaide; they will observe us. Once a week, brother.—Oh! replied Sophia, but thou knowest that Madame Munich sleeps long when she has taken her cups, and you know she drinks very often.—What! my pretty cousin, your governante—Loves wine and strong liquors; she is from Germany.—Well in that case, I can come here.—In three or four days, interrupted my sister again. It will expose us if you come oftener. Sophia, I know, will sigh.—Ah! yes, said she, if they are going to separate us! Adieu! my dear cousin.—(She retired, and then came back.)—Ah! I

beg you will not go near the Marchioness.—Do not go there, my dear brother, said Adelaide, do not go there: do you hear me! and if she comes to you, send her away.

I would address myself to such of my readers as have reached their seventieth year, and are afflicted with gout. Age and its infirmities have not always stiffened your limbs and cooled your hearts. There was a time when you also had your appointments: you then started as light and swift as the winds, and came back the same. You remember it, without doubt; and consequently you can judge that my father was still asleep when I reached home.

My good fortune occupied my mind the rest of the day, and the night was as short as the one before had appeared long; the most delightful dreams embellished my tranquil sleep; Sophia was present in them; and what perhaps may be difficult to believe, they were graced by Sophia alone, to the exclusion of all other objects.

It was near noon when I rung for Jasmin: you gave me no answer yesterday. How is Madame de B***?—Yesterday, monsieur, you never told me to go.—What, Jasmin, have you

not been there? You know she is ill! Run then quickly.

To send to the Marchioness, was not to go there; it was not breaking my word with Sophia. Besides, there are duties to society, which a man of gallantry cannot dispense with fulfilling.

Jasmin returned an hour after. Mademoiselle Justine told me, monsieur, that madam was worse, and it was feared that her fever was more violent.—They fear that her fever is more violent?—Yes, monsieur, Mademoiselle Justine told me in a whisper, to inform you from her that the Marquis set out this morning for Versailles, where he will stay three days.—That's good, Jasmin, you may go.

The fever becomes more violent! Poor Vicomte de Florville! This is the Baron's doing; it is my ingratitude, for at the bottom she has reason to complain of me: I have deceived her; I should have told her that I loved another. She is getting worse! And if the danger becomes still greater, if the Marchioness perishes in the prime of her life, perishes by a slow and wasting malady, I shall eternally reproach myself with her death. This idea is insupport-

able! Oh, my Sophia! thou art very dear to me; but must I, on thy account, leave the Marchioness to die of grief?

I called Jasmin: Return to Justine, and ask her if I cannot see Madame de B*** in the absence of the Marquis, and soothe her and console her a little. If it can be done, Jasmin, thou wilt inform thyself of the hour, and of the door by which I must enter; in short, thou wilt arrange all that with Justine.—Yes, monsieur.—Make haste.

He was soon back. Justine told him she did not believe the Marchioness was in a state to receive any one; that she knew not whether madam would be pleased to see monsieur, but she had only a scolding to risk. I knew the way. This evening, about nine o'clock, I had only to slip in at the great gate, go directly to the private staircase, and open the door of the boudoir with the key which she had given me.

As to the rest, if madam was angry, Justine need take nothing upon her, it should be my own affair.

Precisely at nine o'clock I rapped at the door of the Marquis. What do you want? cried the porter.—Justine, said I, and passed on with

rapidity. I found Justine standing sentinel in the boudoir: How is she?—Speak gently.—She is there then, in the bed-room?—Certainly, and in bed.—Confined to her bed?—Yes, monsieur.—That thoughtless Jasmin never told me of it. Is she alone? her maids——She is alone, monsieur; but I dare not announce you, added she, putting on a sanctified and hypocritical countenance. I embraced her: Stay, do you see that cursed sofa? I shall never forget it while I live; and I pushed Justine upon it. She appeared sincerely alarmed.—My God! madam will hear, she does not sleep. And, indeed, the Marchioness, exerting her faint voice, demanded who was there. Justine opened the chamber door. It is madam—I approached the side of the bed; I took hold of the charming hand which held the curtains apart.—It is I, it is your lover, who, full of uneasiness——What! monsieur, who opened the door to you? who suffered you to come in?—I thought that you would excuse me.—Well, sir, and what do you want? To insult my misfortunes, to double my griefs, and to augment my sickness?—I come to relieve it.—To relieve it! Monsieur, do you think I did not hear what your father said, and

that I did not read what you had written? (She made an effort to conceal her tears.)—Ought you, madam, to impute the Baron's faults to me? And as to the letter—I do not ask for any explanation, monsieur; I do not wish for any.—At least tell me if you feel a little better since yesterday.—Worse, monsieur, worse. But what matters it to you? What kind of interest do you take in what concerns me?—Can you ask such a question?—Without doubt I am injured. I ought to be sufficiently convinced that you do not love me.—My dear mamma——Cease to use that name, which only reminds me of my faults; and my happiness, alas! too short! that name which reminds me of a too amiable and much loved child! a child whose false candour seduced me, whose uncommon charms bewildered my reason! I flattered myself at least that his tenderness was the price of mine. Alas! he has coldly betrayed me! Oh, thou cruel one! young as thou art, thou possessest such astonishing powers of deception!—No, I do not deceive you.—Begone, ungrateful as thou art! Go to your Sophia, and make a merit of my sufferings; tell her that the Marchioness, unworthily sacrificed, curses the

hour that she knew you; and that nothing may be wanting to my humiliation, go and find your father, your father, who dared to make a crime of my tenderness for you. Inform him how cruelly his worthy son has punished me. But, Faublas, remember, at least, that this woman, whom they have told you was lively, ardent, passionate, and completely absorbed by a thirst for pleasure; that this woman could not resist the mortification of having been so cruelly treated, and could never be consoled for the loss of you.—My dear mamma, is it possible that you could mistake the feeling which brings me here?—Yes, the pity which you could not refuse to my sufferings—offensive pity!—No, love, the most tender love. I took one of her hands, which she no longer withdrew. No one can conceive how much I was affected by her complaints, or how much I suffered in the situation I found myself.

Ah! said she, how well you know my weakness and my credulity. Come, Faublas, sit you down there. (I placed myself on the edge of her bed.) But if any one should enter! If any one should see you! Be kind enough to call Justine, she is in the boudoir. Justine, let my

door be shut to everyone. Tell my maids that I am asleep, and put them well on their guard in the ante-chamber to let no one in. You will sup here, my friend?—With all my heart.—Order a fowl, Justine. You can tell them that I am drowsy and fatigued; but that before I give myself up to sleep, I wish to have the first cut of a wing; and, above all, I wish to be tranquil. Thou, Justine, wilt have an excessive appetite; thou understandest me well? Yes, madam, replied the Abigail, laughing, yes; I must eat as much as two this evening.

As soon as Justine was gone, I pressed the Marchioness in my arms; and after having precluded by little caresses, I was about to push my enterprises still further. I was opposed with a resistance which I little expected; and Justine, who came in with a pullet, obliged me to suspend the attack. The Marchioness would not eat. While I was carving the fowl, I surveyed the apartment with an attention which my fair mistress observed. What are you looking at so?—This chamber, which I recognise with pleasure. I think it was here—The Marchioness comprehended me: Yes, it was here that the countenance of Mademoiselle du Por-

tail played me so villainous a turn.—Why villainous?—Why? because Faublas is a deceiver!—Ah, you are going to begin the quarrel again! Indeed, mamma, you are very odd this evening. You wish to dispute, and are unwilling that we should be reconciled.—And justly so, you ungrateful Libertine. You have good reason for wishing the contrary. It is to the reconciliation that you look, and for that you would avoid dispute. Since we are upon that subject, ask the Baron if you may——What! mamma, is it that which prevents it?—Whether it is that or anything else, it is certain, monsieur, that this evening there will be no reconciliation in *that sense*.—Ah, my dear mamma, it is precisely in *that sense* that there must be one.—By no means, I assure you.—I protest that it must be.

The determined air in which I said this, appeared to frighten the Marchioness. I perceived her arrange herself in a manner which she deemed most proper to oppose me. Yes, yes, you may fortify yourself as much as you please; but as soon as I have supped and Justine is gone, you shall see.—Justine shall not go. Justine do not leave the room. Chevalier,

sit you down here; a little nearer to us; that will do, I have something to say to you.

She put one of her arms round me, and rested her head on my shoulder, and after having given me a kiss: Do you love me, Faublas? said she, dropping her voice.—Does my mamma any longer doubt it?—I demand a proof of it.—What is that? cried I, with great anxiety.—Not to insist this evening upon an entire reconciliation.—Why not?—I have a fever, my friend, and you will catch it.—Well, and of what consequence is that?—Of what consequence? replied she, embracing me; I love that answer, though it is not so wise, as it is flattering to me. My good friend, my dear Faublas, I would not have a happiness which might cost you your health! What woman could be so indelicate as to buy, at such a price, a few moments of fleeting pleasure, which loses its zest in proportion as it is often repeated. What woman is so blind, so insensible, as to give herself up to thee, without yielding to the attractions of pleasure. What! I enervate thy youth! I exhaust thy strength! I impair one of the finest works of nature! destroy one of its most fascinating master-pieces! No, my dear Fau-

blas, no; to spare thy regrets, I will combat thy desires and my own weakness: thou shalt find me ever ready to sacrifice myself for thy happiness; and, far from preparing sadness and misery for you, I will yield, if it were necessary, my life, to prolong and embellish thine! Oh, most amiable and most valued of lovers! it is not for myself alone that I cherish thee; it is thyself that I adore in thee! My good friend, promise me that thou wilt not insist upon it this evening. I will send away Justine; thou shalt be there, I will see thee, I will hear thee, I will sleep perhaps on thy bosom: I shall be too happy. Give me thy word of honour, my dear friend. Answer me, Chevalier. See how he reflects about so simple a thing!

The Marchioness was right, I did reflect. I thought of Sophia: I was dedicating to my pretty cousin the honour of the self-denial about to be imposed on me; and this idea, inspiring me with the courage to support the privation, I promised her rival to be prudent. Justine was immediately ordered to retire.

Faublas, I am pleased with you, replied the Marchioness, with an air of satisfaction. Let us have a tranquil conversation; it is a pleasure

less intense than the other, but more durable. What do you laugh at?—At an idea which is perhaps rather singular—Tell me, my friend, tell me.—If they should impose upon a lady who expects her lover, the condition of staying with him two hours, to be occupied in nothing but conversation, or to have him sent away at the end of five minutes, which she might employ according to her taste.—Many fine ladies, my friend, would find the alternative embarrassing. It is said there are some with whom the pleasure of sentimental conversation is the *ne plus ultra* of love; and that all the other functions of a mistress are performed merely through their complaisance to their lovers. Upon my honour, I think if any such do exist, they are in very small numbers. On the contrary, I assure you, that there are a great many to whom these two hours' chat and inaction would appear very ridiculous. I know some who would rather remain silent all their lives.—It is not you, mamma.—Me, I should be of the party who agreed to the two hours.—Indeed?—Yes, my friend. The two hours' conversation shall be for to-day, we will suppose, and the five minutes of rapture be kept for to-morrow.—For to-morrow?

be sure you keep them in mind then.—Remember, you have said it.—Yes, but it was only a supposition.

The Marchioness entered heartily into the conversation which we had together; and I discovered a thousand perfections in her which I had not perceived before. She astonished me by her numerous satirical, ingenious, and brilliant remarks; some of them were even philosophical, but not encumbered by a single moral reflection. What I admired in her above all was, that easy and graceful elocution which is sometimes acquired by an intercourse with the higher orders; and that natural wit and shrewdness which is never acquired; a purity of taste, which is much wanted by many of our literati, whom I shall not name, and more general knowledge than usually falls to the lot of a woman who is either pretty or handsome.

I thought I had not been with her above a quarter of an hour when the clock struck twelve. That's a signal for retreat, said she: Justine must conduct you herself to the gate, because my porter will not hear reason. (The attentive Abigail ran at the first sound of the bell.) Justine, you will conduct your swain to the

gate.—How, her swain?—Certainly; do you not comprehend that Justine had a young man come to see her this evening, and let him out at midnight, as if he were her sweetheart? I am sure they will talk about it to-morrow in the hall; but Justine knows that I will amply recompense her for what she suffers on my account. Adieu! my dear Faublas; let me see you to-morrow evening about eight o'clock.—At latest.—I shall be sick to all the world. Go Justine, see him down, for we must have some regard to thy reputation; the later he stays, the more they joke at thy expense. Go without a light, that they may not see you on the private staircase; and go gently, that you may not hurt yourselves.

Justine and I entered the boudoir. I took care to shut the door which communicated with the bed-room, whilst Justine was feeling for that which led to the private staircase. Instead of following my conductress, who held her hand out to me, I drew her gently towards myself. You remember, my dear, said I, in a whisper, the scene which took place on the sofa; I wish to revenge myself; you must assist me; say not a word. Justine, at all times willing to serve

me, seconded me so cordially on the sofa, that the Marchioness herself could not have done better; I never had a greater proof how right he was who first wrote, "Revenge is the pleasure of the gods."

If any one would penetrate my feelings on this occasion, let them consider my age, and the situation in which I was placed, and they will easily calculate that I could not fail of attending to the appointment for the next evening. The Marchioness expected me with impatience; she addressed me by the most tender appellations, and caressed me in a very flattering manner. She even satisfied my curiosity, always on the alert, by a complaisance from which I augured most favourably; but, as on the preceding night, she damped my transports at the moment I thought they would be crowned; and pretending still to have the cursed fever, she continued resolutely to refuse me the most certain proof of a mistress's tenderness; that proof so dear to all young persons, and so necessary to the most ardent of all! I supported my mortification very patiently, in hopes that the less fascinating Justine would have pity on me at the moment of my departure.

But no; the Marchioness, who was no longer confined to her bed, conducted me herself to the private staircase. I could plainly perceive that Justine participated in my pain and disappointment; but the kind soul could give no consolation to me in the court-yard, and I went home very chaste and much vexed.

Rosambert, whom I informed of my fair mistress's rigour, did not appear at all astonished at it. He said: I have already told you that Madame de B***'s conduct is regulated according to circumstances and events. Whatever may be the physical qualities and moral faculties of Mademoiselle de Pontis, since the Chevalier loves her, she is, in his eyes, both witty and pretty. This passion is legitimate, honourable and virtuous; 'tis a first amour. It has sprung from sympathy, it lives by privations, it increases by obstacles, and is cherished by hope. Mademoiselle de Pontis is then, a dangerous rival. And such, without doubt, the Marchioness thinks her. But after having examined the means of her enemy, she calculates on her own strength, and the weakness of the young Adonis, whose irresolution is the object of contention.—Irresolute, Rosambert?—Yes,

I say irresolute, at present. You adore one, but you cannot resolve to give up the other. At your age the attractions of pleasure have an irresistible power: you know to what pleasure I allude. Sophia cannot yield it you: it is Madame B*** who is the interested dispensatrix of it. Well, my friend, her plan is to irritate unceasingly your desires, satisfying them sometimes, but never to exhaust them. It is to render her favours more precious that she will be hereafter more sparing of them. You must not think that she will suffer like you from the deprivations she is about to impose on you; but whatever it costs her, she has sworn to keep you.

It is now time to return to Sophia. The third day at length arrived, and I could go to the convent to see my pretty cousin. Oh! how much handsomer she had grown within the last three days.

During two months I had the happiness of speaking with her regularly twice a week. Oh, the wonderful power of virtue and beauty united! Whenever I quitted Sophia, I always thought it was impossible for me to love her

better than I did; and every time I saw her, I felt my love increased.

It must be acknowledged, nevertheless, that in the course of these two months I often saw the beautiful Marchioness, who, still attached to the plan of reform which she had adopted, economised our pleasures to such a degree as to refuse me sometimes even what was necessary. It must also be confessed that my good-natured Justine came to me sometimes, *incognito*, in order to secure the savings of her mistress.

M. du Portail, impatient to recover his dear daughter, had set out, about six weeks past, for Russia, in hopes of procuring some information as to the fate of Dorliska.

One evening, as I was with Rosambert at the opera, we met the Marquis de B*** there. His salutation to the Count was coldly polite, but he addressed himself to me in the most flattering manner. He complained that, for the last two months, he had not had the pleasure of meeting with me, and inquired after the health of my father.—He is well, monsieur, he is in Russia.—Ah! it is true, then?—Most assuredly.—And how is Mademoiselle du Por-

tail?—My sister retains her health wonderfully.—Is she always at Soissons?—Always.—And when will she come back here?—At the next carnival, replied Rosambert immediately.

To turn aside this pleasantry, of which I feared the result, I assured the Marquis that my sister was coming to pass the winter at Paris.—But, replied M. de B***, you will no longer reside at the Arsenal?—Always, monsieur.—In that case, recommend your servants to be a little more civil and attentive. They have indeed told me that your father was gone to Russia, but when I enquired after yourself and your sister, they answered me, abruptly, that M. du Portail had no children.—It is because his father is very strict, interrupted Rosambert, he does not suffer them to receive any one.—Yes, monsieur, the answer you received is no doubt the result of orders given by my father.—Well, indeed, I thought your father had been more reasonable; a young man ought to have a little liberty. A young lady is very different; one cannot watch the girls too closely! And I know some young ladies, very well bred, who are not kept sufficiently—who have been suffered to form bad connexions.—

(In saying this, he gave a malicious glance at M. de Rosambert).—But for you it is too rigorous. But, hear me! I wish to procure you some pleasure, some relaxation. The Marchioness is here: I will introduce you to her.—I cannot, monsieur.—Come, come; she will receive you well.—I do not doubt it, if presented by you; but, monsieur—But wherefore all these scruples, said Rosambert, the Marchioness is very amiable.—Is it not true? replied the Marquis; addressing himself first to the Count, and afterwards to me; is it not true that my wife is very amiable? She has a great deal of wit, or I should not have married her.—It is true that the Marchioness possesses great wit, and monsieur knows it well, cried Rosambert.—Monsieur knows it well! replied the Marquis.—Yes, mademoiselle my sister has told me so.—Ah, mademoiselle your sister! yes, I assure you, monsieur, that my wife is only wanting in a little more physiognomical knowledge. But that will come, that will come; I have already observed that she has a natural taste for fine countenances. Yours, Monsieur du Portail, is very prepossessing, and then you have a very singular resemblance to your sister, whom the

Marchioness loves very much. Come, follow me; I will go and present you to the Marchioness.—Indeed, monsieur, I am much hurt that I cannot accept your polite offers; but I am come from home by stealth; I am going to hide myself in the pit; I cannot appear in a box; if any of my father's friends should see me, they will surely write to him, and you can have no idea of the noise he will make about it on his return.—Some parents are very ridiculous. I knew I had something to ask of you, monsieur; do you know one M. de Faublas?—No, answered I drily.—But the Count, perhaps, knows him, continued the Marquis.—De Faublas? replied Rosambert: yes, I think I have heard that name; I have seen it somewhere.—(He took the Marquis by the hand, and pretending to speak lower:)—Never speak of Faublas before the Du Portails; the two families are inimical to each other. There will be blood spilt the first opportunity. Everything is discovered, then, replied the Marquis in a low voice.—What do you mean by everything? replied Rosambert.—Good! you understand the rest.—No, the devil a bit.—Oh yes! but you are right; situated as you are, I should

be equally discreet as yourself.—Upon my honour I do not comprehend a word.—Come, let us drop it, said the Marquis.—(Then elevating his voice:)—But tell me, Rosambert, for I am a good devil, and know not how to bear malice, tell me why you have not been to see us for these six weeks?—Business.—Good! business! mistresses! I am not to be caught; it won't do! I hope, at least, you are willing to come and say “How d'ye do” to the Marchioness.—Most assuredly.—Chevalier, you will prefer waiting here a moment for me.

The Marquis, on leaving me, regretted very much that he could not have the pleasure of introducing me to his wife.

Rosambert came to me, laughing, in about a quarter of an hour.—Madame de B*** did not appear displeas'd at seeing me, said he; she received me politely, and we behaved reciprocally as acquaintances who recollected to have met each other often in company. She was, nevertheless, much astonished when the Marquis told her I was here with M. du Portail, junior, who did not dare come and present his respects. You can conceive that all being finished between Madame de B*** and me, I did

not try to augment the embarrassment of her situation; on the contrary, I have charitably aided her to deceive myself, and I entered into all her ideas as kindly as her dear husband. What is very singular, I have from time to time found great obscurities in this pleasant affair, which, in other respects, has greatly amused me. You will explain that to me, Faublas. For, although M. de B*** spoke in a low tone on those points, I have, nevertheless, heard all he said to the Marchioness:—Madam, I told you truly that Mademoiselle du Portail was not a prudent girl. It is all discovered! The Du Portails are furious, and if they meet this M. de Faublas they will punish him. I am sure that the journey of the daughter to Soissons, and of M. du Portail to Russia, are only pretenses. The father, however, has well merited it; he is horribly strict with his son, and lets his daughter do as she pleases.—This is as near as possible, continued the Count, what the Marquis said. You must know what he means, Faublas, do me the honour to explain it.

I recounted to Rosambert how the Marquis found my pocket book in a *bad house*, how he had proved to his wife that Mademoiselle du

Portail was a w—, how the Marchioness made him give her the letters on the sofa when I was present.

The Count gave free course to his gaiety, and concluded by wishing to know why I refused to be introduced to the Marchioness. My friend, if I was foolishly smitten by Madame de B***, and had no other means of seeing her, I should have embraced that chance; but since we meet so easily, sometimes at one place and sometimes at another; and since we are never at a loss for a rendezvous, why should I again court danger under this new character?—Why, it would have produced some agreeable scenes. Had the Marchioness been in your place she would not have hesitated.

After the performance was over I followed Rosambert to the box of Mademoiselle——, with whom he was particularly acquainted. A female dancer was with the princess.—He is pretty, said one of them, after having measured me with her eye in a dignified manner.—It is Love, replied the other, or it is the Chevalier de Faublas!

I returned my warmest thanks to the polite person who addressed me so flattering a compli-

ment.—Chevalier, said she, I have seen you somewhere before, and for some months past have heard you spoken of almost every day. You may make a very handsome girl, but, for my part, I prefer a pretty youth.—I turned towards the Count: Rosambert, it seems that you have exposed me.

He declared, upon his honour, he had not. In the meantime the ladies whispered in each others' ears, and Coralie (which was the name of the dancer) Coralie laughed as if she was mad.

Need I say that a party of four was immediately formed; that we supped at the house of the goddess; that I saw the nymph home, and partook of her bed? Who knows not, that at the opera, the divinities are but weak mortals; that, of all places in the world, passions are managed in the most clever manner; that it is there, above all, an affair of the heart commences and finishes on the same evening?

Coralie was neither handsome nor pretty, but she had a vivacity which pleased, and graces which attracted; one listened with pleasure to somewhat impudent, provoked desire; as to the her agreeable jargon; gaiety was stamped upon

her forward countenance; and her deportment, somewhat impudent, provoked desire; as to the rest, tall and well made, delicate hands, small feet, and a skin most beautifully fine.

Coralie was, besides, complete mistress of all the secrets in the art of Cyprian pleasure. She called into action, with great discernment, all the resources of her trade. In short, both Justine and Madame de B*** were forgotten in the arms of Coralie.

But, by a singularity which I cannot explain, the image of the most pure virtue presented itself to my mind, while I was reclining on the bosom of Libertinism; and, what is not less worthy of remark, that I endeavoured to speak in one of those moments when the most thoughtless men, who are exempt from all distractions, let but the shortest monosyllables or stifled sighs escape.—Ah, Sophia! cried I; I should have said, Ah, Coralie!—Sophia! repeated the nymph, do you know her? She is a fool! A ninny! A stupid creature, who has never been pretty, but is now a wrinkled hag, and to whom it happened last week—

She could say no more; but though she had spoken so prodigiously quick, she had so well

employed her time, that I knew not whether most to admire the astonishing agility of her pliant body, or the extreme volubility of her nimble tongue.

It was ten in the morning when I left Coralie. The Baron, informed of my absence, had waited impatiently for my return. He reminded me, in a severe tone, that he had begged I would never sleep from home. I went up into my own room; the Abbé was waiting for me; I was going to reproach him for betraying me, but he prevented me, by observing that it was impossible the Baron should remain ignorant of this nocturnal slip: that in such cases it was the duty of the governor to inform the father; and that to let the porter or some other servant anticipate him in his duty, would risk the discovery of our mutual understanding. I had no reply to make to such good reasons, and my mind was fully occupied with other matters. Jasmin came to bring me a letter, which had been left above an hour. I was surprised to see it addressed to Mademoiselle du Portail. I broke the seal immediately, and read:

“A person who starts this evening for Versailles assures me that Mademoiselle du Portail

is not at Soissons, and that there is no doubt but she conceals herself in the environs of Paris. If that is the case, that charming girl, who ought to remember me, will put on her English riding-habit, and mount her horse to-morrow morning to meet me in the Wood of Boulogne, at eight o'clock precisely. She will come with only one servant, disguised as a citizen, to the Gate of Boulogne.

I am, if it may be believed,

Him whom she still loves, &c.

Le Vicomte DE FLORVILLE."

Indeed, cried I, I have promised the Vicomte de Florville this meeting a long time since. Jasmin, thou must go with me.

I went to buy a fine set of china, and sent Jasmin with it as a present to Coralie, who resided in La Rue Melée, Port St. Martin.

When my servant returned, I asked what Mademoiselle Coralie said: She made me monsieur, repeat your name several times. "Is it from the Chevalier de Faublas? A young man? quite young? who is not above seventeen?" But, Mademoiselle, replied I, do you not know him? She answered: "Yes, but he

had better explain himself. You will tell the Chevalier de Faublas I expect to sup with him to-morrow."

To sup to-morrow, Jasmin? that is badly arranged: I shall pass the day with the Vicomte de Florville. Well, never mind, I will not disoblige Coralie.

Jasmin left me, and I became absorbed in reflection. Oh, my pretty cousin, how I wrong thee! how unfaithful I am to thee! Unfaithful! No. I yield to my mistress but an impure sacrifice, which my virtuous lover would reject; which would profane the charms of Sophia. But Madame de B***, Justine, Coralie, at the same time! Three at once! Well, if they were a hundred, what matters it? If Madame de B*** was beloved, should I give her rivals? Would the Marchioness occupy me if I had a serious attachment for Justine or Coralie? No, no. These three intrigues are of no consequence; they are but whims of the day, the effervescence of youth. The Marchioness, it is true, appears more amiable to me than the other two; but it is only my pretty cousin who inspires me with a pure and disinterested love.

Yes, my Sophia, my dear Sophia, it is clear I love none but thee!

The next morning, Jasmin and myself were at the gate of Boulogne by eight o'clock precisely. I had on my English Amazonian dress, and the white beaver hat. The country people stopped to look at me. Some cried out: There is a pretty woman! That Englishwoman sits her horse well, said others; and my pride was flattered by these frequent exclamations. The Vicomte de Florville had not waited long for me: he was mounted on a very pretty horse, which he managed with more grace than strength. We will go, fair lady, if it is agreeable to you, and breakfast at St. Cloud.—Most willingly, monsieur: but where do we alight? at an inn? No, no, my good friend.—How? your good friend! Do you forget that you are speaking to Mademoiselle du Portail?—Yes, my friend, I forgot it, and I even forget that I am for to-day the Vicomte de Florville. Myself a rash young man, and you a mad-brained girl! Faublas, do you not think that is very singular?—Very singular. But I shall consider you all this day as the Vicomte de Florville, and myself Mademoiselle du Portail. Let us keep

that well in mind. Whichever of the two makes a mistake, shall give a kiss to the other.—I consent to that, Monsieur Vicomte, with all my heart.

When we arrived at St. Cloud, we were mutually indebted, to the amount of fifty kisses at least. The Vicomte invited me to get down about a musket's shot from the bridge. We entered a pretty little house, but I saw no one in it. It was but one story high. The apartment which the Vicomte opened was more convenient than elegant.—Excuse me, mademoiselle, but I must go and put the horses in the stable. He returned immediately, and told me he had ordered Jasmin to get his breakfast where he pleased, and to come to us in an hour. He then showed me, in a closet, some cold meats, some desert, and good wines. We shall have but poor cheer, mademoiselle; but we shall not be troubled with our servants.—Very good, Vicomte; let us begin by paying our debts.—Fie, for shame! a young lady talk so! besides, I wish to eat a bit. The Vicomte de Florville, like a fine lady, only picked a wing. Mademoiselle du Portail, very badly educated, ate like a lawyer's clerk.

Those fines, which ought to have been discharged, I was shuffled out of. I wished to kiss the Vicomte: Mademoiselle, said he, the attack belongs to me. He took me by the hand, led me from the table, and wished to embrace me. I repulsed him in a very lively manner: Let me alone, monsieur, you are very impertinent. The Vicomte, more obstinate than enterprising, seemed only desirous of stealing a kiss, and laughed heartily at the resistance with which he was opposed. Apparently more accustomed to resist than to pursue, he employed in the attack a great deal of address and little strength. Mademoiselle du Portail, on the contrary, reversed the general custom, and exhibited in her defence very little grace and much strength. The Vicomte, presently exhausted, fell upon a couch: That girl is a dragon, cried he; it would take a Hercules to subdue her. How wise dame Nature is! She has made other women mild and weak! I see plainly that all is for the best, in this best of all possible worlds! Come on, let everything take its proper order, and be appeased, thou spiteful girl. I am no more than the Marchioness de B***;

the Vicomte de Florville yields to you all his rights.

For this once, I made use of the permission without abusing it, and we presently replaced ourselves at table. You will think, perhaps, Faublas, that I have singular fancies, but I beg you will not refuse.—Can I do it? What is it?—I wish for your portrait, my dear friend.—Does my dear mamma call that a singular fancy? It is a very natural wish, in which I participate. Would it be an indiscretion to ask for yours?—No, my friend, but it is for that of Mademoiselle du Portail that I wish.—Ah! I understand you; and it is that of Vicomte de Florville which you shall give me.—Precisely—I will get it executed to-morrow; we will see which of the two will be first done.—Yours, most assuredly: you are not constrained, Faublas: as for me, I can only give the painter a few moments by stealth. You can easily guess that it is not at home that this miniature will be taken.—Where, then, mamma?—At the house of that milliner, in the boudoir, which you know. I always leave these clothes in a closet there, of which I keep the key.—What, was it there where you dressed

this morning?—Undoubtedly, my friend. Under pretence of taking the air in the Elysian Fields, I came out in my morning gown with Justine. We went immediately to the milliner's, where the metamorphosis was effected; and from thence I was conducted in a hackney chariot to a livery stable, where I hired my horse: thus, out of a Marchioness I was made a Vicomte. Justine is at liberty for the whole day; she will meet me about seven in the evening at the milliner's, when I go to put on my gown. When I arrive at home, I shall say, without affectation, that I met the Countess de —— in the Elysian Fields—but I think I hear Jasmin. Let us take a ride, my dear Faublas, and we will come back here to dinner.

We remounted our horses. After several long circuits, we found ourselves, towards noon, at the Bridge of Seves, which we passed, to go on the high road which leads to Paris. A splendid carriage, drawn by four horses, and preceded by a servant on horseback, was coming towards us. The brilliant equipage was not more than ten paces from us, when the Marchioness turned her horse and repassed the bridge at full gallop. I thought that her horse had been

frightened and had run away. At the moment I had given a stroke of the spur to follow her, I saw a person thrust his head out of the window, and address me as Mademoiselle du Portail, when, hearing it was the Marquis de B***, I started full stretch after the Marchioness, who had left the main road, and crossed the fields. Justin galloped behind me, and cried out that we were pursued.

Presently I heard our enemy, already very near us, urging still faster the excellent horse on which he was mounted. I turned round suddenly and riding directly against the zealous courier, saluted him with a severe stroke of my whip. Jasmin, burning to imitate his master, had his arm already lifted up. The poor servant, astonished that a young lady could strike him so hard, and restrained, without doubt, by the respect he thought he owed to my sex, as well as my rank; or perhaps by the idea of an unequal combat, since Jasmin held himself ready to assist me, and not knowing whether to defend himself or fly, looked at me with an air of stupefaction. I determined his resolutions by this fierce harangue, pronounced, nevertheless, in a tone sufficiently feminine:

You rascal, I will cut you in the face if you follow me; if you turn back, there is wherewithal to drink my health. He took my crown, and praising, after his manner, my strength and my generosity, returned as quickly as he came.

Thus disembarrassed of my enemy, I looked around to discover the Marchioness. She had either greatly moderated the speed of her horse or she had stopped, for I perceived that she was not advanced far before us. We joined her in a few minutes, and I gave her an account of the manner in which I had received the envoy of the Marquis. It was time for me to start, said she, for I did not recognise the coachman and the horses until it was almost too late.—But why, my dear mamma, did you leave me without warning me?—Because it was too late, and we were pressed upon too closely. That riding-habit, which the Marquis knew, had betrayed you. I was willing that he should be all at once sure of his prey.—I do not comprehend your reason.—It is, nevertheless, very simple. It was of little consequence the Marquis seeing you, provided he did not see me. I calculated that, from the moment he recognised Mademoiselle du Portail, he would no

longer concern himself about anything else. In leaving you there, I secured my retreat.—Ah, well contrived.—But what will the Marquis say? (The Marchioness came close to me, and whispered with a smile.)—He will say that Mademoiselle du Portail is a w——. He will positively announce to me that she is in the environs of Paris, and that he met her with that M. de Faublas, and the pleasure of having guessed all that will console him for the little mortification caused by the happiness of his rival. But, added she in a more serious tone, my tender spouse repays me well for the infidelities I lend him. —How so?—Do you not see that?—He set out last night for Versailles, where he is only now going; consequently, he slept in Paris.—He has deceived me! continued she, laughing with all her might; he has been even with me!—Be sure you do not pardon him for this offence, mamma. Come and revenge yourself at St. Cloud.—At St. Cloud? No, indeed, no; it would be hazarding too much; we should be as thoughtless as children to do so. By this time M. de B*** is, perhaps, at Seves: the poor La Jeunesse——Mamma, is the man that I thrashed called La Jeunesse?—

Yes, my friend, if it was him who preceded the carriage, he is called La Jeunesse.—But since you have seen him near enough to know him, perhaps he has also recognised you.—Impossible, my friend, in this male attire, with my hat slouched over my eyes: no, I am easy.—I presume, then, that this poor La Jeunesse, already returned, will relate to the Marquis the unhappy adventure that he met with.—At present my penetrating husband reflects, comments, guesses; he concludes, I am sure, that you reside at Seves, or not far from it. I would wager that, curious to discover your retreat, he will order La Jeunesse to scour the environs, to search, to wait, and examine well every face he meets with.—No, my friend, it is not to St. Cloud we must go: let us return to Paris. I will take the nearest road to arrive at the milliner's where you will not delay to join me. It is in the boudoir that we will dine, it is there that you will keep me company until the return of Justine.

We separated about a quarter of a league from the capital. I wished Jasmin to follow the Marchioness, but she observed that a young cavalier could travel alone, but that it would

not be becoming for a pretty girl, and particularly one in my equipage, to travel without at least one domestic. Madame de B*** entered by the Gate de la Conference; Jasmin and myself by the Barriere du Roule, and went direct to the milliner's, at whose door we found a country lad, holding a horse by the bridle, and who put into the hands of Jasmin a little bit of paper with these words on it:

“Jasmin, take my horse to M. Farrante's livery stables, and tell him it came from the Vicomte de Florville.”

I did not leave the boudoir until eight in the evening. The Marchioness, still faithful to her economical principles, sent me away in such a condition as still left me hopes of behaving in a manner sufficiently gallant to Coralie. I went home in the first place, to change my female attire, and was at the lodging of the opera dancer before ten o'clock.

Good evening to you, my little Chevalier; let us sit down to supper immediately.—Most willingly.—I have been waiting above half an hour on purpose to scold you.—For what?—

Because you use me ill. I have always a middle-aged man who pays me for being loved, and a fancy youth, whom I love without being paid. Some ladies of my profession go still further; for in addition to their keeper and their fancy-man, they have a tall footman, as robust as Hereules, whom they pay for loving them. As to myself, I have not such extraordinary wants, I do not wish for a Satyr; I can be satisfied with my fancy-man.—Well, Coralie, what has that to do with the scolding you were to give me?—You shall hear: The gentleman who pays, I have, but must not tell you his name, for very sufficient reasons; now you are a pretty youth who loves me: is it not true?—After the scolding——You shall see; I have taken you because you please me: I shall quit you, when you please me no longer.—Well, to the point.—Why, I do not expect presents from you; you have made me one which I will not have.—What, the set of china?—Yes.—But I'll not take it back. Besides, Coralie, your arrangements do not suit me; I wish to be independent, and to pay.—You are too young, Chevalier, and you are not rich enough. And then you will make a bad mar-

ket. You are handsome and witty: yet, as soon as you pay, I should love you no longer. I cannot tell how it happens, but it is so with all of us! A bank note is, for him that gives it, a sure pledge of infidelity.—I have given you no money, it was but a small present.—I do not desire it.—I repeat it, that I will not take it back.—In that case, I will throw it out of the window.—If it amuses you.

We disputed some time, when Coralie's servant ran in, greatly alarmed, and cried out: It is he!—Indeed! repeated the mistress. The two women seized me by the arms, dragged me into the bedroom, opened a little door at the extremity, and passed me through it. I found myself in a narrow passage which went all round the apartments. I was angry, and I laughed at the same time: one pulled me by the arms, the other pushed me by the shoulders, and proceeded so rapidly that I was soon at the outer door. I went home, and slept comfortably. The Baron was still out.

The next morning I sent for a skilful painter, and devoted the day to Mademoiselle du Portail. When the artist left me, I received an invitation from Coralie for the same evening.

The adventure of the previous night was very disagreeable, but let it be recollected that I was only seventeen; and, at that age, who ever refuses to pass a night with an agreeable girl. Does any young man pretend that he would have resisted had he been in my place? Let him be produced! If he is not ill, I'll tell him he is a liar.

The most robust man is not indefatigable. In the middle of the night I fell asleep in the arms of the dancer; the noise of a bell, very loudly rung, woke me about seven in the morning.—I'd wager, said Coralie, that those two fools there, have gone out at the same time without their keys, though I remind them of it every day! Have the goodness, chevalier, to open the door for me.

I ran in my shirt, and even without any slippers; I opened the door, and beheld a man! I see—I think I am deceived; I rub my eyes; I look again; and cry out: What! can it be him? What! is it you, my father?

The Baron started back with surprise on recognising me; addressed to me, with great violence, a very useless question: What do you



What! is it you, my father?

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here, sir? What could I reply? I kept a profound silence.

In the meanwhile, at the sound of his voice, which she thought she knew, Coralie ran to us in her chemise, intending, however, to put on her slippers; but so much in a hurry to be particular, she had thrust her little feet into my shoes. The nymph, on arriving at the spot, was struck with the comic effect of so unexpected a rencontre. She admired the mute astonishment of the father, motionless with rage, and leaning on the rail of the stairs; and the son, almost naked, standing like an image in the middle of the ante-chamber. Her proceeding in this case was singular; she threw her arms on my neck, and leaning her head against mine, one would have thought she was embracing me; she did nothing, however, but laugh, and laughed so loud, that all the neighbours might have heard her. The Baron blushed and turned pale by turns. He came in, shut the door, and bolted it. Coralie ran in, continued laughing, and I followed her. My father rushed after us into the bed-room. He made a menacing gesture, and was going to break the furniture. I seized

his cane, already raised up: Ah, father, do you forget that your son is here?

This exclamation, perhaps a little bold, produced all the effect I had expected from it. The Baron, somewhat calmed, though still greatly affected, threw himself into an arm-chair, and ordered me to dress myself.

Coralie had shut herself up in her dressing-room, where she laughed at her ease; she partly opened her door, to give me my shoes, and take her own. I was soon dressed, and we came away. The Baron had arrived there on foot, and without servants, therefore we got into a hackney coach. Though the distance was great, my father, gloomy and pensive, said not a word to me on the road, but when we reached our house, and the door was opened to us, he bade me follow him. It happened to be one of the mornings which I had marked for a visit to the convent; and, as I saw the hour at which Sophia expected me, swiftly gliding by, I pretended to have urgent business. My father insisted on my remaining in a manner which seemed more like a request. We went up into his apartment, where he ordered that no one should intrude upon us. He told me to sit

down, and placed himself near, continuing silent for some time, but at length addressed me as follows: Faublas, forget for a moment that I am your father, and answer me as your friend. Were you with Coralie the night before last, between ten and eleven o'clock?—Yes, father.—It was you, then, who were supping with her when I arrived.—It is true.—The noise which you made in going out gave me suspicion, which I dissembled; I pretended a journey into the country, that I might surprise my happier rival, but I did not imagine that it was the Chevalier de Faublas.—The Baron does not wrong me so much as to think I was aware of the rivalry?—No, my friend, no. I know that, amidst all the errors of your age, you have seldom failed in the respect you owe to a father who loves you; I do not suppose you capable of coolly contemplating to mortify me. There remain now, Faublas, but few questions to ask. Is it long that you have known Coralie?—Within these four days.—And you have passed with her——Two nights.—Two nights in four days! Two whole nights!—What a thoughtless youth! And how have you recompensed her favours?—I have made her

but a very small present.—What! can it be you who gave her the Séve china which I saw there—the day before yesterday, I believe?—Yes, father.—When a young man like you has the misfortune to be attracted by an opera girl, he ought to pay more generously. Stay here, and I will return to you presently.

He made me wait long enough, and came back at length with some paper in his hand. Take it, Faublas, and read:

“Coralie, I leave you; and I think that the furniture, jewellery, and diamonds, which I have given you, will be a sufficient acquittance on my part towards you.”

When I had finished reading this short epistle, my father sealed it. He then presented me a fresh sheet of paper, and I wrote, under his dictation, as follows:

“Coralie, I have done with you; and, as I value the two nights I passed with you at five and twenty Louis, I send you three bank-notes for two hundred francs each.”

You see, my son, said he, that I profit by the lesson you have given me; why should you be less docile myself, and continue to reject my advice? You went out again the day before

yesterday in that Amazonian habit which I forbid you to re-assume: you see the Marchioness every day: you have Coralie at the same time: and you have still another, perhaps, of which I am ignorant: be prudent then, and husband your health. You know not how precious is this blessing of which you are so lavish! And besides, since we have been at Paris, your studies have been shamefully neglected. It is not sufficient to be expert in corporeal exercises; it is also necessary to cultivate the mind. If you are clever in the use of arms, it is all very well, because it is necessary that a gentleman should know how to fight; but evil be to him who loves to shed blood! But the passion for the chase, the rage for dancing, and the love of horses, will last but for a time. You love music, it is true, and that may fill agreeably a few leisure hours; but that will not suffice. If you attain your fortieth year without knowing anything but the use of a gun, the management of a horse, and the arts of dancing and singing, you will find the autumn of your life very dull and tiresome: you will find the days drag listlessly along, and regret that your youth was spent in empty pleasures! You want not un-

derstanding, Faublas: make the best of your time hereafter in the study of belles-lettres and philosophy, those all-powerful and respectable resources embellish our riper years, and alleviate our old age; they occupy the leisure of the rich, and lighten the labours of the poor; they console us in our misfortunes, and aggrandise us in our prosperity. Commence, my friend, by going less frequently to see the Marchioness de B***, you will find a double advantage in it; you will have more time to employ in useful pursuits, and in less dangerous pleasures; you will improve your morals, and not exhaust your constitution. As to your passion at the convent, I will not speak about it; I know you are already reasonable on that very essential point. Madame Munich, with whom I was speaking the other day, told me she had not seen you these two months. I am satisfied with you, Faublas. Should you deceive the Marchioness, or some other fool, they cannot complain of an evil they have sought for. And if any inconveniences should happen to yourself from such a connection, it cannot affect your honour. But, to take advantage of youthful innocence!—I should never have pardoned you.

Whilst the Baron was congratulating me on my indifference for Mademoiselle de Pontis, I could scarcely contain myself, and groaned with impatience to see the appointed hour slip by.

The messenger, who was sent to the opera girl, returned. Coralie, said he, laughed very much at the name of Faublas. She thanked the Baron; and, as to the Chevalier, I accept what he has sent me, said she—but, indeed, he has had nothing for it.

I went up to my own room, stung with vexation at having been baulked in my visit to the convent. The artist was waiting to finish the portrait, which was much advanced the day before. It was necessary to put on the Amazonian habit to represent Mademoiselle du Portail, and afterwards to become the Chevalier de Faublas again in order to dine with the Baron.

When I retired from the table to my own apartment, I found the old woman who brought the letters from my sister, waiting for me. She said, Adelaide was surprised at not having seen me this morning, and begged I would come to the convent immediately. I ran there instantly, and Adelaide brought her dear friend, accompanied by Madame Munich, who did not

appear angry at seeing me again after so long an absence.

I was obliged to hear several long stories, to which I pretended to listen; and as it behoved me, at all events, to gain the interest of the governante, with whose propensities I was acquainted, I promised to send her a bottle of excellent brandy which had been presented to me.

This was an unlucky day. On leaving the conversation-room, I met my father, who was just entering it.—It is thus, then, that I am obeyed! said he in a low voice: it is thus they trifle with me! If you will not renounce this foolish amour, you will compel me to use rigorous measures.

When I returned home, I wrapt up my portrait, which was just finished, with great care, and told Jasmin to take the little packet, early the next morning, to Justine, who would deliver it to Madame de B***, and the bottle of brandy to Madame Munich, at the Convent de ——. My very punctual servant started early, and came home late. He had drank so much, that I could not collect from him any satisfactory answer; but the manner in which he

executed my double commission, produced, in the evening, a letter and a message.

The letter from Mademoiselle de B*** thanked me very much for my charming present, and asked me what I wished her to do with it.

I told Madame Dutour that I did not comprehend what the Marchioness meant. It is not in my power to tell you, sir, but she will no doubt explain it to you herself to-morrow morning, at her milliner's; do not fail to be there by eight o'clock, precisely, because at ten she sets out for Versailles.—You may assure her, Madame Dutour, that I will be punctual.

About an hour after came the old woman, to whom I never gave half-a-crown without making her dance for joy. She informed me that Mademoiselle de Pontis had something very particular to communicate, and begged me to come to the conference-room the next morning by eight, or a little after.—Ah, my good lady! I would rather pass the night at the door of the convent than make Mademoiselle de Pontis wait a quarter of an hour.

As soon as the old woman received her money, she made her obeisance, and departed.

To-morrow, by eight precisely, at the convent! To-morrow, at the boudoir, by eight precisely! Oh, this time, Madame de B***, you will be neglected. If you wish that I should attend to your appointments, you must never make them at that hour which Mademoiselle de Pontis chooses for hers. A look, a single look of my pretty cousin, is more precious to me than the *last favour* of the most beautiful woman! even of a woman so fascinating as yourself; and all the Marchionesses in the universe are not worth a hair of my Sophia's head.

As soon as the doors of the convent were open, I enquired for Adelaide. She came down to the hall, and her fair friend was not long in following her.—Good morning to you, monsieur, said Sophia.—Monsieur! cried I.—Look here, monsieur, said Adelaide, presenting me with a packet.—And do you also, my dear, address me as “monsieur?”—Take it, then. Your servant, Jasmin, was tipsy yesterday; he delivered that portrait to Madame Munich.—And the bottle of brandy, said Sophia, he has taken to the Marchioness de B***.—Yes, brother, yes; you abuse my friendship; you

deceive the tenderness of Sophia, who exposes herself to trouble every day on your account! and I had a terrible scolding yesterday from the Baron. It is not handsome, monsieur.—When he has caused us to die with grief, added Sophia, sobbing, he will regret his cousin and his sister.—(I wished to take her hand, but she drew it away.)—Have done with your caresses, monsieur, they are agreeable, but they are deceitful!—Yes, monsieur! Yes; they resemble yourself, cried Adelaide; my friend is right.

She put her handkerchief to the eyes of Sophia, and then embraced her.

Be comforted, Sophia, said she; do not weep so: I love thee, I will always love thee, I will never deceive thee, I never deceive any one.—Let us see, Adelaide, if he will attempt to justify himself—Ah, Sophia! my agitation, my tears, and even my silence—does not everything evince the remorse which tears my heart? Yes, I confess that this fatal portrait was for Madame de B***.—You acknowledge it because we know it, said Adelaide.—It was for Madame de B*** repeated Sophia, in a sorrowful tone.—But will not my pretty cousin excuse the error of a moment? The error of a mo-

ment! He has deceived me ever since he has known me! and calls it a momentary error! Adelaide! it is not more than two months, that every time he saw me, and whenever he wrote to me, he declared that he loved none but me! The error of a moment, aye!—Sophia, my pretty cousin!—And I have the weakness to believe him, and the misfortune to love him! And he knows it; alas! he knows it. But tell me, my dear Adelaide, what does he expect from this treachery? What can he expect? What can he hope? Oh, thou ungrateful one! I did not ask for your love! Why proffer your vows to me!—Ah, mademoiselle! Ah, my pretty cousin! you do not know how dear you are to me. Your image haunts me by day, and at night embellishes my dreams! You are my life, Sophia! my soul! my divinity! I exist but by you! I adore none but you!—Oh! Adelaide! thou hearest how he delights in augmenting my agitation and my uncertainty! His words are always the same, but his conduct—he desires my death!—he desires my death! (I threw myself on my knees before her.) What are you doing, brother? Suppose any of the nuns were to pass and see you!

(Sophia rose from her seat in alarm.)—If you do not sit down, Monsieur, I must go.—(I resumed my seat, and wept bitterly.)—My dear friend, said Adelaide, what he says appears to be sincere nevertheless, and he speaks without affectation!—You do not know him: when he leaves here he will fly to the Marchioness, and say the same things to her.—The Marchioness! I swear that I never will again! never!—Upon the word of a gentleman, brother?—Upon the word of a gentleman, sister! Upon the word of a gentleman, Sophia!—My God, said she in a feeble voice, and putting her hand upon her heart, my God!—

Her head sank upon her bosom, she fell against a chair, and her sobs became so violent that her utterance was stopped.

She is unwell, my dear Adelaide!—No, no, said Sophia.—(Adelaide wiped the tears from the face of her dear friend.)—Let them flow, continued Sophia; let them flow; they are tears of pleasure; they are tears of joy! Oh, God! Oh, God! what a heavy burthen I had at my heart! and how I feel relieved!

I took her hand, upon which I pressed my burning lips. The cloud of grief with which

her charms had been veiled, was all at once dissipated. Her beautiful countenance was animated with joy; her eyes sparkled so with pleasure; and she gave me a look of inexpressible tenderness! Oh! with what ardour did I renew my vows of eternal fidelity, when she gave me hopes of a happy union at a future period!

Adelaide, in the meanwhile, held the portrait of Mademoiselle du Portail: Madame Munich, brother, recommended me to send this back to you. You put her in a fine rage, I assure you. "See what a fool he is," said she "to send me his portrait. Am I of an age for such nonsense? But it is, without doubt, for Mademoiselle de Pontis; he loves her: the Baron was right. Ah! let M. le Chevalier come here again; let him come here again!"—Here, brother, take back the villainous portrait!—Villainous? No, no, said my pretty cousin, taking it from the hands of Adelaide; it is pretty, they say it is thine.—Well then, my dear friend, keep it, said Adelaide. Yes, keep it, my pretty cousin, said I.—The portrait of M. de Faublas? Oh, no! it will make me ill! it will always call to mind this Madame de

B***. I will not have it. I will not have it. Besides, it is in female dress.—It is a portrait that resembles you, but it is not yours! But if my Sophia will—What?—My artist is clever and discreet, he shall take both our likenesses.—And mine also, replied she, with an air of uncertainty, and looking at Adelaide, who relieved her suspense by saying: Yes, my dear friend, thine, and even mine, and perhaps a copy of each, that we might exchange.—Well, my young cousin, when shall your painter go to work?—To-morrow, from eight to ten o'clock, and every day at the same time, until he has finished them.—Every day! but my governante—It is true she sleeps, and to this moment she has discovered nothing.—Yes, interrupted Adelaide, she sleeps; but the Baron, take care of him, brother.—As for the Baron, my dear Adelaide, if he happens to rise earlier than usual, some day, it will baulk me very much, but I must put the sitting off until next morning.—To-morrow then, my dear cousin.—Without fail.

At the moment when I bade her adieu, at the moment when she seemed to read in my countenance the lively pleasure I felt, at this mo-

ment a nun came abruptly into the hall. She eyed me with a curious but rapid glance from head to foot; and then with a mildness, blended with firmness: It seems a long time, Adelaide, that you have been talking with your brother; and you Mademoiselle de Pontis, how is it that you did not perceive I ought to have commenced your lesson a quarter of an hour since? I return to the harpsichord, where I shall expect you. The scholars would have made some excuse, but the mistress retired without listening to them. My God! said Sophia, trembling, did she not see you kiss my hand?—I do not know; do you, sister?—I do not know, any more than you; but would you have me ask her?—I could not help smiling at this reply. Adelaide appeared offended at first; but having reflected a little: How simple I am! cried she. Go, go, make yourself tranquil, I will not ask her.—Is that nun your music mistress, my pretty cousin?—Yes, my dear cousin: they call her Dorothea.—Is she clever on the harpsichord?—Very clever.—But, nevertheless, some one has told her that you give it a much finer touch than herself.—But she is very young?—Yes, very young.—And she seems to me very pretty.—It

seems to me, replied she, with an air of mortification, that amidst the most unpleasant circumstances you can readily make many curious remarks, and interesting discoveries, and put questions which are—afflicting.

At these words she left me, weeping, without deigning to hear me. Adelaide, entirely occupied with the grief of her friend, did not observe me, but flew after Sophia. I remained less surprised at my own blunders, than afflicted at the prompt departure which punished them. The manner in which my pretty cousin was affected, afforded me, without doubt, some degree of consolation. Nevertheless, I went home in despair.

On my return, I interrogated Jasmin, who acknowledged that he had not been able to resist the temptation to taste the brandy committed to his care. It was so good that he took several draughts, filled the bottle up with water, and then executed my commissions. I was no longer astonished at his delivering them wrong, and pardoned his infidelity, on account of the sincerity of his confession.

In the meantime, the mortification of Sophia did not suffer me to forget the promises I had

made to her: it was probable that the Marchioness, astonished at not having seen me, would send to me. I called Jasmin back, and told him that no one was to be admitted to me but my father, Rosambert, and my governor.—But, monsieur, suppose Mademoiselle Justine comes?—You will tell her that I am not at home.—And if it is Madame Dutour, or the Vicomte de Florville?—You will tell them the same.—Ah! ah!—Remain in the ante-chamber, to prevent any one coming, and send to the artist, to beg him to come here immediately.

The artist came in the afternoon, and began my portrait; he came with me the next day to begin that of my pretty cousin. Need I say that in this interview the conversation commenced by an explanation regarding Dorothea? Sophia could not conceive that a lover, in the presence of his mistress, could look on any other woman and think her pretty. I told her that a nun, in my eyes, had no more sex than a beautiful statue; and that I justified myself by such an observation. But Adelaide openly declared against me: the cruel Adelaide immediately remarked, that she, who had

broke in upon and disturbed our agreeable interview, ought to have appeared to me ugly and disagreeable. It required more than common ingenuity to overthrow so solid an objection. In fact, I only obtained pardon by representing, with tears in my eyes, that a blunder was not a crime, and moreover, that a flattering remark regarding Dorothea, ought not, by any means, to displease Sophia, whose charms were like the passion they had inspired, above all comparison. My pretty cousin, thus consoled, resumed her former tenderness towards me; and my sister, to testify the return of her confidence, said, I assure you, brother, that you were not observed to kiss my dear friend's hand, since our music mistress was chatting with us in the course of yesterday, and we were even talking of you two or three times; yet nothing transpired which could the least indicate that she had perceived anything in the morning.

Thus all three reconciled, we occupied ourselves about the portrait of Sophia, which continued in hand for several succeeding days; and sure the artists had need be armed with great patience against lovers. At first, I grumbled at the painter, because the charming miniature

was not done quick enough, and afterwards I complained that it was almost finished.

My portrait was finished first, and I did not obtain that of my pretty cousin for a week after.

In the meanwhile, Justine and Madame Dutoir presented themselves successively at my door every day, and always received the unsatisfactory answer, "He is not at home." The Count, who learnt with astonishment what he called my sudden conversion, contended it would not last long. Rosambert, said I, upon the word of a gentleman.—Yes, but do you think that Madame de B*** will remain tranquil? At present she has only taken cautious steps; her measures are not decisive. Do not trust this deceitful calm; some secret designs are brewing. The Marchioness meditates in silence some bold stroke: she will be, you may rely on it, like a roused lion.

One morning, when I went to the convent, as usual, I thought I perceived that I was followed. A man, sufficiently disguised, kept himself at some distance, regulated his steps by mine, and seemed fearful of losing sight of me.

When I came out of the convent, I saw him again tracing my steps.

Rosambert, to whom I had imparted my suspicions, sent two of his servants to accompany me. I ordered them to guard each end of the street in which the Convent de——was situated.

A secret presentiment seemed to warn me that some misfortune attended our loves. On this day, in particular, I pressed Sophia to inform me what important business kept her father abroad, and what period was fixed for the return of M. de Pontis, and what means I must employ to obtain his consent to our union.

Sophia, after some moments' hesitation, took both my sister's hand and mine: My dear Adelaide; thou, in whom I have found a tender sister—a true friend; and you, my dear cousin, you who have made me love the exile in which I languish, it is time that you should know an important secret, which is known but to Madame Munich, and which must remain a secret between you and myself. I am not French; the name which I bear is feigned; my father, the Baron de Gorlitz, possesses considerable wealth in Germany, his native country, where

my family is powerful and respected. I know not why they have deprived me of the happiness of living with him, but it is eight years since I came to France. It was the Baron who brought me. A French domestic, grown old in his service, has at length assumed the equipage of a person of quality. He is called M. de Pontis; he has said that he is my father; he left me under the care of Madame Munich, in this convent; since which, he has been here punctually every six months, to enquire after me, and pay for my board and education. For eight years I have only twice enjoyed the happiness of embracing my father. When I ask Madame Munich why he has educated me in France; why the Baron de Gorlitz refuses me his name; and why he comes so rarely to see his daughter—she replies, calmly, that these precautions are necessary, and that I shall, one day, bless the wisdom of a father who loves me tenderly.

For some months past, she frequently tells me, that the period of my return to Germany approaches. Alas! I know not whether my heart any longer desires it! It would be agreeable to see my country, my family, and my

father! But Adelaide, Faublas, it would be cruel to me to be separated from you!—Separated! never, Sophia, never! Were you to set out to-morrow for Germany, to-morrow I should follow you there. I will go and demand you of the Baron. If he loves his daughter, he will not oppose our happiness.

How delightfully the conversation was prolonged by the interesting confidence which Sophia reposed in me! Adelaide, tired of having twenty times repeated to us that it was past ten o'clock, and that Madame Munich would surprise us, Adelaide forced my pretty cousin to leave me.

I felt my heart recoil when I embraced my sister!—and felt it groan when I bade adieu to Sophia!

On leaving the convent, I perceived my Argus standing sentinel in a neighbouring alley. When he saw me, at some distance, he quitted his retreat, apparently to watch me home. I let him approach a few steps, and then turned upon him all at once. I took him by surprise; he ran well, but I ran better. On turning the corner of a street, I caught him by the leg at the instant when one of my guards

seized him by the collar. The runaway lost his equilibrium, fell to the ground, cried out terribly, and attracted the notice of the populace, who were immediately interested by such a spectacle. Already some of them cried out for vengeance, and were preparing to handle me roughly, when I cried out: "Gentlemen, he is a spy."

At this word of proscription, my enemy, abandoned by all his defenders, saw that there remained no other method of sparing himself the blows of the stick with which I menaced him, than to confess who it was that paid him to watch me. He mentioned Madame Dutour. I sent him home with a recommendation not to come again on such an errand.

The next day, at an early hour, my father took me eight leagues from Paris to see a country-house which he had bought above a month before. We looked over the garden, which appeared to be very pretty, and I found the apartments both convenient and cheerful. I distinguished, above all, a very handsome and pleasant chamber, with bars to the windows. I remarked it to the Baron, who replied, with great *sang froid*, that the windows were grated

because that apartment was hereafter to be mine. —**Mine**, father!—Yes, monsieur. I had bought this house to enjoy the fine season of the year, but you have compelled me to make a prison of a place intended for pleasure.—A prison!—You have deceived me, monsieur. It is neither the lover of the **Marchioness**, nor that of **Coralie** that I lock up; it is the seducer of **Sophia**. When I congratulated myself on your obedience, you abused my confidence; you went to the convent every day. Some one, who apparently interests themselves in your proceedings, has given me private intelligence. Read this anonymous writing:

“Monsieur the Baron de **Faublas** is informed that Monsieur his son visits **Mademoiselle de Faublas** and **Mademoiselle de Pontis** at the convent, every morning, from eight to ten o’clock.”

I know, monsieur, continued my father, the little faith that an anonymous letter deserves. I have not condemned you on such contemptible grounds. But, in affairs of this nature, nothing ought to be neglected, therefore I have in-

formed myself; I have learned that they wrote me the truth. If you do not love Sophia, monsieur, you are a perjured seducer, and this domestic imprisonment is too mild a punishment for you; if, on the contrary, you do love her, I ought to exert myself to cure you of a passion which I do not approve. You will not quit this chamber, monsieur. I leave here three men, who will be both your servants and your keepers; they know what persons I permit, and you may receive.

The astonishment into which this discourse threw me, can only be compared to the grief which it caused. I listened to it at first without being able to utter a single word. At length I made an effort to reply, with some moderation: May I venture to ask, father, why you disapprove my love for Sophia?—Because the father of that young lady is ignorant of it; and because, if he would, he could not give you his daughter, as I have destined you for another.—And who, then, is this unfortunate girl that you have chosen, father?—M. du Portail is my intimate friend—he esteems you.—Ah, 'tis Dorliska that I am to marry! A child who is lost, and perhaps dead!—Why dead? I think my

friend will recover his daughter. Heaven owes this consolation to the most wretched of fathers. Lovinski makes fresh researches, and when absence and time, which wear out all the foolish passions, shall have destroyed yours, you will begin your travels, you will pass into Poland.—Yes, and there, like the knights errant, I am to go from door to door, to search for a girl to marry!—You forget, monsieur, that your answers are disrespectful.—I beg your pardon, father, twenty times! The excess of my grief.—I have only one word more to say to you, my son. Prepare yourself to repair the innumerable misfortunes of a gentleman, to whom my friendship ought not to be useless.—I will pledge my word, father, to Lovinski, to go even to the end of the world, if necessary, in search of Dorliska.—And you will renounce Mademoiselle de Pontis?—I'd sooner die a thousand times!—Young man!—I will not set out for Poland, father, until I have obtained the hand of Sophia. I swear it by yourself, by her, and by everything that is sacred.—Respect my authority, or dread—Ah, what have I to fear, monsieur? You will separate me from Sophia! and pray what greater evil can you do me?

Take my life, if you are so cruel, take it, and you will do me a service.

The Baron, either worked up to a paroxysm of rage, or softened by the emotions of pity, went out abruptly, shut the door, and left me in my prison.

What painful reflections agitated me in this frightful moment! The loss of liberty had been a trifle; but to lose Sophia! Sophia! My absence would awaken her jealousy! she would think me unfaithful and perjured. And if her father comes to fetch her, if she hastens to quit a country which my perfidy has made her detest, if Mademoiselle de Gorlitz, appearing at the court of Vienna, in all the splendour of her beauty, should choose a husband from among the young lords, who would be immediately attracted by her charms, under the idea of revenging herself of me? Mademoiselle de Pontis in the arms of another! Oh! no, never! Sophia, even in despair, will remain faithful to me! But her barbarous father may, perhaps, compel her to contract so odious a marriage, while mine, not less implacable, retained his son, dying with anxiety and grief, a close prisoner in an unknown village!

Cruel Marchioness! it is through thee, without doubt, that my father has discovered my happy love! It was thy jealous rage that dictated the perfidious letter. How dear thou hast made me pay for the fleeting pleasures thou hast given me! Oh! that thy vengeance had only reached myself!

It is true that I have sacrificed Madame de B*** and if my conduct does not justify her hatred, at least I ought not to be surprised at her resentment. But I am at a loss to account for the injustice of the Baron! He requires me to sacrifice my happiness to his friendship for M. du Portail. He punishes a legitimate and virtuous inclination as a most detestable crime! He cuts me off from everything that is dear to me; he tears me from Sophia. He shuts me up like a criminal! He certainly desires my death! Well, I will not hesitate to satisfy him. It is apparently to prolong my torture that they have removed from me everything with which I could rid myself of the burthen of existence; but if they prevent me from attempting my life, they cannot oblige me to take any pains for its preservation. Let them bring something to eat! Let them bring it me! I

will throw the dishes out of the window, everything shall go into the garden through these infamous bars.

I persisted in this violent resolution until a very lively appetite, the result of five hours' fasting, had made me look at things in a more rational manner. And let not this be taken for a joke! At all ages, in all countries, in whatever situation we are placed, the stomach has a prodigious influence on the brain. An unfortunate person, who fasts, never reasons like the unfortunate one who comes from a hearty repast.

I helped myself then, without being pressed, to the meats which they brought me for my dinner; and I said to myself, while devouring it, Truly, I was going to do a very foolish thing! and who would comfort my pretty cousin, if I was dead? who would tell her that the last palpitation of my heart was a sigh for the love of her? I must eat to live; I must live to see again, to adore, and to marry Sophia.

On the third day of my imprisonment, the Baron sent me my books, mathematical instruments and pianoforte. My first care was to return thanks for his paternal clemency, in afford-

ing some occupation in my retirement ; but when I came to reflect that the care evinced in alleviating my captivity, was a proof that it would be of long duration, I felt a most ardent desire to terminate it immediately. While they were furnishing my room with the effects which had just arrived, I made an attempt to escape, which the vigilance of my guards rendered abortive ; and I remained convinced, after having examined the situation of my prison, and the regime established for its security, that far from neglecting the necessary precautions, they had taken some that were quite useless. I had still in my pocket three pieces of that all-powerful metal which opens doors and breaks bars. I offered my seventy-two livres to my gaolers, whom I endeavoured to address in the most flattering terms. They refused my gold and rejected my promises. I know not how my father had effected it, but he had found three servants who were incorruptible.

I was shortly honoured with the visits of those whom the Baron permitted me to receive. Shall I mention a retired shop-keeper, who pledged everything he said upon his conscience ! a gentleman of the village, who repeated a hun-

dred times the names of his dogs and the age of his mare, before he told me that he had a wife and children! a red-nosed monk, who drank heartily of a middling sort of wine, though he preferred a better; his bloated companion, celebrated for his skill in cutting up a fowl, and who served everyone with such address that the best morsel was uniformly forgot, I know not how, and remained for himself! Let us, however leave this kind of gentry, who are to be found everywhere, to distinguish four very extraordinary men, which chance had assembled in this village of de la B—. It was a curate who had wit, a master of a college who was never pedantic but through forgetfulness, nor impolite but by caprice! and an old military officer who frequently spoke without an oath, and an old lawyer who sometimes spoke the truth.

What a society for the friend of Rosambert! the pupil of Madame de B***! and the lover of Sophia! I suffered much less when I remained alone; then, my pretty cousin, I was with you; my eyes fixed on your portrait. I could believe you spoke while I was admiring your image. What consolation did I derive from the con-

templation of thy revered image! and how often did I water it with my tears! What kisses have I printed on it! and when pressed against my heart, how often has it felt the pulsations of impatience and love!

I ought, nevertheless, to confess, that the belles-lettres also contributed to charm the listlessness of my solitude. But, oh! my Sophia! to escape sometimes from the mournful pleasures of thy remembrance, required nothing less than the most estimable talents and the brightest genius our modern literature could boast of.

I read Moncrief and Florian, Lemonier and Imbert, Deshouliers and Beauharnais, La Fayette and Riccoboni, Colardeau and Leonard, Dorat and Bernis, De Belloy and Chenier, Crebillion, the son, and De la Clos,* Sainte-Foix and Beaumarchais, Duclos and Marmon- tel, Destouches and De Bievre, Gresset and Colin, Cochin and Linguet, Helvetius and Cer- utti, Vertot and Raynal, Mably and Mirabeau, Jean Baptist and Lebrun, Gessner† and De- lille, Voltaire and *Philoctete et Melanie*‡ his

* The author of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses."

† Gessner is not our countryman, but what French poet could I compare with him who sung *Les Jardins*?

‡ The names of two excellent works by M. de la Harpe.

pupils; Jean Jacques above all—Jean Jacques and Bernardin de Saint Pierre.

But, when at the end of a day so happily abridged, my heart and my mind had equal need of repose; when I was obliged all at once to break the double charm, and endeavour to forget both letters and love: when that was necessary, our literature, which had done the evil, was there to repair it. I went and demanded of other writers the sleep which I stood in need of; and I ought to tell it to their glory; yes, it was of my contemporaries that I generally obtained the most violent narcotics. Good God! how rich is the present generation in this class of writers! What Scuderis! what Cotins, what Pradons she has resuscitated! What writers, famous for a day! Alas! alas! how many reputations have been still longer usurped! What, even in the sanctuary, even in the bosom of the academy! Ah, monsieur S— who can they receive after you? Nevertheless, I owe you many thanks: your writings, so flat and so barbarous, are all-powerful against wakefulness.

For eight successive nights, they made me sleep; for eight days, when not occupied in

reading or sleeping, I languished in my prison. All communication was cut off from without. I neither received letters, nor was I permitted to write any. The Baron came to see me, and I endeavoured to bend him, for he was inexorable.

Four days had passed after this visit of my father; and, in the middle of the fifth night, I was disturbed from my sleep by a noise in the garden. I flew to the window, and perceived a ladder planted under it. I distinguished four men, who seemed to be concerting operations. One of them mounted boldly with an iron bar in his hand.—Are you the Chevalier de Faublas? said he.—Yes, monsieur.—Dress yourself quickly, while I labour, as gently as I can, to raise a bar. If your keepers hear me, if they come to you, here are two pistols, which you will show them: that will be sufficient to silence them. Make haste, your friend waits in a post-chaise at the little garden-gate.—My friend?—Yes, monsieur, the Count de Rosambert.—Oh, what friendship!—Hush! dress yourself.

He had not to repeat it a third time. My room was quite dark, but I felt for my clothes. Never was the business of my toilette so soon

completed. In the meantime, my liberator redoubled his gentle strokes. When a bar was raised, I thought I saw the heavens open. I passed first one leg, next the other, and rested my feet on the ladder; thin, however, as my body was, I had great difficulty in squeezing it through so narrow an opening. As soon as I found myself outside, and arrived at the middle of the ladder, I did not amuse myself in counting how many rails I had to descend, but leaped from it to the ground, which had been newly turned up.

We ran to the little garden-gate, which my liberators had opened. I know not how. A small ditch remained to cross; I sprang over it, and jumped into the post-chaise. I expected to fall into the arms of Rosambert, but it was the Vicomte de Florville who embraced me!

While I remained dumb with surprise, the postillion started. My four liberators mounted their horses, and followed, at full stretch, the rapid vehicle which conveyed us.

I made no reply to the questions with which the Marchioness overwhelmed me.—Chevalier, said she to me at last, is it to the excess of your gratitude I must attribute this painful silence.

—Madam—Ah! I know it well that I am no more to you than “madam!” and, nevertheless, I expose myself to everything, in order to terminate your captivity!—My captivity! it is you who caused it.—If you still love me, Faublas, what I have just done will be sufficient for my justification; but, listen to me, for I will not suffer the slightest pretext for your ingratitude. I have wept for your inconstancy; I wished to regain my lover, and I caused his proceedings to be watched. These are my crimes. The woman Dutour, who was charged with my orders, has surpassed them. I discovered, too late, that an anonymous letter had informed the Baron of your cruel amour. I presently learnt that your absence was no longer a sham, and that they kept you locked up, but I could not conceive where. Those who had followed the son, followed the father in his turn. During four whole days, the Baron never made a step of which I was not instantly informed; at length, he came to visit you last Sunday. They examined the neighbourhood, the garden, and house. Your grated windows were remarked. I profited by the first journey of the Marquis: under the guise of the Vicomte de Florville,

and under the name of the Count de Rosambert, I have risked everything to deliver you. Faublas, if you hold me accountable for the faults committed by the people you compelled me to employ, you will agree, at least, that the lucky intrepidity of the Vicomte de Florville has amply made amends for the fatal imprudence of the woman, Dutour.—Do you think, madam, I shall ever forget the service?—Oh, you cruel one! your protestations, so coldly polite, convince me that I am sacrificed. Thus, then, what another woman would scarcely conceive, I have undertaken and executed, to put into the arms of my rival the most amiable and the most ungrateful of men.—Alas! if there are no other means left of preserving at least his friendship, I must, I will be sacrificed!—Faublas! I have the courage! I renounce you, monsieur! I restore you to Sophia! Deprived of everything that was dear to me, I shall, perhaps, be happy in your happiness: perhaps the poignant regret occasioned by your loss will be alleviated by the consoling idea that I have contributed to ensure your felicity. Where, monsieur, are you willing that we should conduct you?

She waited my answer to this question, which

was very embarrassing to me. After a moment's silence, she resumed: To return to your father would be seeking fresh captivity; M. du Portail is still in Russia; there is no one but M. de Rosambert, and he, they say, is gone, some days since, to one of his estates in the country. As for myself, I think he will search my house for you. Where, monsieur, shall we conduct you?

Penetrated by the generosity of the Marchioness, and affected by her attachment, at once so noble and so tender, I could hardly resist the desire to comfort her. I felt her hand tremble under my lips, which in the meantime I had gently pressed upon it.—Answer me, then, said she, in a voice almost extinct. Alas! my anxious tenderness has already prepared an asylum for you, as safe as agreeable, and you will not come! continued she, in a more animated tone: I shall lose you for ever! you will live for another! and shall I witness it with tranquillity? No, Faublas! my grief has made me wild! I may have said it, but never—never will I consent to it! I give you up to a rival! do not hope it my friend: that effort is too much for a mortal! It is too much for me!

The feeble rays of trembling twilight began to leave the objects distinct. For fifteen days, I had seen nothing but plump village lasses, whose sunburnt charms, impaired by hard labour, were little calculated to tempt me; I had also only seen them through a grating, and more than fifty feet distant. Then, on the contrary, I found myself close to the Vicomte de Florville! The ruddy tints with which Aurora was decking the sky exhibited him to me more beautiful than ever Adonis appeared to the longing eyes of the enchanted Venus; and then the Marchioness wept! What can be more interesting than a woman in tears? I wished to wipe them: I know not how it was, but our glances met; my mouth touched hers; a fatal curiosity caused my hands to stray; Oh, my pretty cousin! I became perjured without knowing it; and I ought here to confess, that if thy guilty lover did not then consummate his infidelity, it was because thy cautious rival would not permit him to attempt certain enterprises, which, in a carriage so narrow, inconvenient and jumbling, over an uneven pavement, could not be accomplished with complete success.

We return then to Paris, mamma? Yes, my friend, because they will never imagine that you are returned there; besides, I have taken precautions so safe, that you will escape all researches. While they were purchasing me the services of these four men, who only knew me by the name of Rosambert, I occupied myself in seeking a commodious lodging for a young widow of my acquaintance, who comes to Paris to institute a lawsuit of considerable importance. She is called Ducange, and this Madame Ducange, my friend, is yourself; but as it would not have been decent for you to have come to Paris alone, the woman Dutour, impatient to make a reparation for the fault she has committed, has been practising for these four days to perform the important personage of Madame de Verbourg; as that is the name we shall give, if you are willing, to the respectable mother of Madame Ducange. Already decked out in a style of antiquated splendour, as might be expected in an old lady from a distant province, Madame de Verbourg gives herself airs of quality which will make you die with laughter. As to the rest, she will not play her part badly, when she has overcome certain *energetic*

expressions, which occasionally escape her. She has naturally the awkward and clumsy manners of those village dames who have never quitted their provincial chateaux. You will have for your footman the nephew of madame your mother, and they will easily procure you a cook and *femme de chambre*. I have hired and furnished an apartment, which our loves will embellish, at the Hotel de——, which is situated about two hundred paces beyond mine. If you will be ruled by me, you will never descend into the garden, which I reserve for my own pleasure. It has a door which opens into the *Champs-Elysees*; it is by that I shall come to you, almost every day. My doctor, understanding that I did not go into the country this year, has ordered me to take the air early every morning.

The men who escort us, will leave us at the Barrier of the Throne. The Vicomte de Florville and myself alighted at the milliner's, where we expected my mother, Justine, and my new footman. La Dutour commenced by acknowledging her fault, which she begged me to excuse; and Justine, delighted to see me again, could not finish dressing my head without play-

ing me some waggish tricks. The Vicomte de Florville had provided for all my wants. I dressed myself in the simple dishabille of a pretty female traveller. They packed my luggage behind the chaise in which Madame de Verbourg placed herself beside me, and we drove to our lodging in the Street of the Faubourg Saint-Honore.

Two hours after, madame the Marchioness de B—, followed by her *femme de chambre*, came to know if Madame Ducange was arrived, we embraced like two women who loved each other, when they have been a long time absent. My mother, who knew how to conduct herself, left us alone. Love entered my bed-room the moment Madame de Verbourg quitted it, and the little god remained with us for two hours.

Twelve o'clock is soon come, said the Marchioness, and I must leave you. They know at home that I was to sup and sleep in the country, but they expect me to dinner—*a propos*, you are gallant! Tell me what that bottle meant.—A blunder of Jasmin, mamma.—And when will you give me the portrait of Mademoiselle du Portail?—Presently; it is in a waistcoat pocket of the Chevalier de Faublas. See, my dear

madam, here it is.—To-morrow I will bring you that of the Vicomte de Florville.—Has not the Marquis spoken to my dear mamma of Mademoiselle du Portail?—Assuredly, my friend. He says you live with that M. de Faublas, and that your relations search you at a great distance, while you are very near! He is very angry too at the manner in which you treated his courier, La Jeunesse. “What, madam!” said he to me, “a stroke of a whip across the arm! Is that to be done? Is it fit that a young woman should thrash servants in that fashion? Recollect, madam, the day that I received the blow on my forehead, when she thumped the piece of money on it, how she made me cry out! You thought that I was tender, and played the woman, but I can assure you, madam, she has a fist fit for a devil, and made me suffer like a damned soul! You can see it in her physiognomy.”

As soon as Madam B— was gone, Madam de Verbourg entered. I begged her to send La Fleur to the house of M. de Rosambert.—The Count is not at Paris, my daughter.—Madam, my mother, I think he ought to be; and if he be not, I wish, at least, to be certain of it.—But,

monsieur, madam the Marchioness has given me no orders.—Madam the Marchioness has not ordered! Surely you are mad! Do you imagine that I receive wages from the Marchioness like you? Learn, Madam Dutour, and forget it not that I am here in my own house. If La Fleur does not instantly go to M. de Rosambert's, I shall go there myself. Hear me, Madame Dutour, here are three Louis; they are yours if the Count comes to see me to-day.—But if he is in the country?—I shall be very sorry, but the three Louis will be saved. You know how to write, take a pen and some paper.

Madame de Verbourg wrote under my dictation:—

“Madame Ducange wishes to have a quarter of an hour's conversation with Monsieur the Count de Rosambert. If he will accept a humble dinner, she will be happy of his company. What she has to communicate is very pressing.”

I called Le Fleur: Take this letter, my friend, to M. de Rosambert. If he asks you any questions, you will only answer that my mistress is

pretty, and lives in the Faubourg Saint Honore, at the Hotel of ——. If the Count does not happen to be at Paris, you will enquire to which of his estates he is gone. Madame Dutour, think of the three Louis.

My servant, on his return, announced to me that M. de Rosambert had followed him. Some moments after, Rosambert entered, with an easy and gallant air. Fair lady—— He stopped all at once, and burst into a fit of laughter: The devil take me, said he, if I have not run here in triumph! But I will not regret my pretended good fortune, since I embrace my friend. I addressed myself to Madame de Verbourg: Madame, my mother, will you have the goodness to leave us?—Madame, my mother, repeated Rosambert; ah! let us see madame, your mother! (He danced round her several times, and made her turn round him.) Madam, my mother, you are charming, you have a noble countenance, a dignified air, and a most elegant dress; but your daughter wishes you to leave us for the present.

My dear Faublas, what means this masquerade? Rosambert could not listen to the details of my imprisonment and new metamorphosis,

without interrupting me several times by his jokes. At length, said he, when I had finished, the marchioness had done well, she has you hereafter in her power.—Yes, Rosambert, my Sophia!—Your Sophia! Well, what would you that she should do to your Sophia? She is still in the convent.—You know it?—Yes, I know it; and I know also that mademoiselle your sister is no longer with her.—The Baron——Has taken her from that convent to place her in another, and he has discharged the honest Abbe Person.—But, Rosambert, if I remain here, how can I see my pretty cousin?—I would willingly, my dear Faublas, offer you my house, but that asylum will not be respected; Madame de B— would pursue you there.—If you abandon me, my friend, I am lost.—Do you doubt my friendship, Chevalier?—No, but I am afraid I shall stand too much in need of it.—How! if I was in your place, and you were in mine, should you fear to render me the services which you are afraid of asking from me? Most certainly not.—Then speak boldly.—Although, Rosambert, I am much better off here than in the village of La Brie; although I enjoy the pleasure of seeing, with perfect freedom, a

charming woman, to whom I confess I am still attached; I assure you, nevertheless, that I have only changed my prison if I do not see my Sophia again. Could you not conceal me in the environs of Sophia's convent?—I understand you; the Marchioness has stolen you from the Baron; and I must ravish you from the Marchioness. I see no inconvenience in that. I could not prevent her from appropriating Mademoiselle du Portail to herself; well! I will deprive her of Madame Ducange! it will be all fair, and there is something consolatory in the idea. Besides, I shall not be sorry to see how she who exposed me to the rigour of celibacy will support the ennui of widowhood. You may depend on me, Faublas, you may depend on me.

It was time for us to sit down to table. During our dinner, which was long, the Count amused himself very much at the expense of Madame de Verbourg. We were taking our dessert, when the proprietor of the house, M. de Villartur, who had lately become a financier, curious to see his new lodgers, entered without knowing if his visit was agreeable. If one were to imagine ignorance and folly personified,

one would still have too favourable an idea of M. de Villartur. He found that they had not deceived him when they told him I was pretty. One may conceive that this dull personage would have been very tiresome to me, if the tone of pretended gallantry which he assumed had not afforded me the resource of mocking him. My mischievous companion very charitably assisted me in ridiculing the poor man, who promised, on retiring, to come and see me again very soon. Rosambert had business to attend to; on leaving me, he said, while waiting until I have found what you desire, I hope, my friend, that you will borrow some money, for which I have no occasion to-day, and which I shall be glad of at some other time. The same evening he sent me two hundred Louis.

Madame Dutour gave me the exact account of the expenses occasioned by my delivery from prison, and of those incurred in the house which I occupied.

The next day, when the Marchioness arrived, I begged her to let me reimburse what she had laid out. Many women, said my beautiful mistress, pretend, that between lovers, an affair of interest ought to be forgotten; as for me, my

friend, I receive back my money without requiring to be pressed, and even think I ought to justify myself for the silence I have kept on this delicate article. I did not believe that you could so soon return what I had advanced, and therefore did not dare mention it for fear of giving you some mortification: nevertheless, I felt, that, in refraining to mention it, I was offending your delicacy; I would, however, rather deserve the reproaches of the Chevalier, than run the risk of mortifying my friend. Here, Faublas, keep this little case, it will be a treasure to you, as you are to me.

It was the portrait of the Vicomte de Florville, for which I returned the Marchioness my warmest thanks. At first, she participated in my transports of gratitude, which she presently thought herself obliged to moderate. It was no longer permitted me to speak when they announced M. de Villartur. Madame de B— was anxious to see this original. He divided his foolish homage between the Marchioness and myself, and we paid the flatterer in his own coin. In the course of a conversation, which became extremely comic by the silly things with which the bulky financier seasoned it, we

remarked that this gentleman believed in astrology. He was acquainted with magicians; he had even seen vampires and apparitions. He concluded by telling us that he would bring one of his friends, who was half a sorcerer, and could recount to us our past, present, and future adventures, if we would only show him our hands and our faces.—By God! said Madame de Verbourg, who had just entered, do you think that madam, my daughter, would show him——

I stamped so rudely upon the foot of my dear mother, that she could not finish. The Marchioness laughed with all her strength. M. de Villartur enchanted, went out, telling us he would bring the astrologer to-morrow.

I did not see Rosambert that day. The Marchioness came early the next morning, and presided at my toilette, which I had executed in a superior manner on account of the astrologer, at whose expense we thought to amuse ourselves.

A little before noon, M. de Villartur arrived, and cried out that he had brought the sorcerer. I thought I should have fallen to the ground when, behind the financier, I perceived the

Marquis de B—. He saw his wife, and was astonished; he recognised Madame du Portail, and stood motionless and stupified.—What? cried he, is that Madame Ducange!—Yes, replied Villartur.

M. de B—, with his arms hanging down, his look fixed, his mouth half open, seemed as if his little eyes were not large enough to examine me.—Oh, how he looks at you! said Villartur; your physiognomy strikes him! See how he is at work already.

The Marchioness, who always preserved an admirable *sang froid* on pressing occasions, went up to her husband, took him by the arm, and drew him near to me.—Your friend is more eager than you, continued the financier; but it is you he looks at most! Your physiognomy struck him! It struck him! Oh, she has struck him! repeated he, laughing in the most gross and vulgar manner.

In the meanwhile, I lent my attention to what passed behind me; and the Marchioness, as if she did not wish me to hear, recommended her husband to speak lower.—Did I not guess it, madame? said the Marquis. Ah, she is, then, pregnant?—Have you not perceived it, replied

the Marchioness.—I? aye, immediately. She is not far advanced.—four or five months, perhaps,—As much, or more. I see it well. How I shall be revenged!—But, monsieur, do not mortify her. Oh, I will not break the glasses!

M. de Villartur, who had done laughing, began to speak to me, and prevented my hearing the rest.

Are you aware, said the Marquis, coming towards me, that I find you somewhat changed? —Ah! ah! interrupted Villartur, do you know her?—Yes, when I knew Madame, she was a maid.—Ah! but you were married soon after? —Yes, monsieur.—And here you are, a widow already! But why, then, are you not in mourning?—For reasons which she can tell you, replied the Marchioness.—For my part, I think the poor husband is forgotten!—Why so, sir?—Because your grief did not prevent your going on a country excursion.—I, monsieur?—You will deny it, perhaps? Did I not meet you on the road to Versailles, at the bridge of Seves?—Yes.—But, monsieur——Do not speak of that, monsieur, whispered the Marchioness to him, do you not see that it vexes her?—Madame Ducange, continued the Marquis, charmed with

the embarrassment which I affected, do you not know that it is imprudent to mount a horse in your situation? You should guard against miscarriages.—You think then, sir, that I am pregnant?—I am sure of it. But, stop; I first perceived it at the last carnival. The marriage, perhaps, was already made; it was kept secret, was it not?—But, monsieur.—All I can tell you, my fair lady, is that at that epoch there was already something in your eyes! I have never spoken to you of my talent for astrology, because I was studying, and was not then sufficiently expert, but you know I am skilled in physiognomy. Well! at the last carnival, I remarked in your countenance a something which announced a blood!—Ask Madame, for I mentioned it to her at the time; upon my honour I knew of the marriage. As to the pregnancy, I could not entirely divine that: besides, it was then early! But, at present, it is very different! One can no longer mistake! Your countenance, fair lady, is always very pretty; your height most becoming; but you appear a little fatigued; and see here, you have a greater protuberance than usual; it begins to be very conspicuous.

M. de B—, encouraged by the laughter which the Marchioness could not stifle under her fan, asked me who was to be the godfather of the little poppet! Your father, no doubt! I endeavoured to blush; and, speaking in a humiliated tone: My father is ignorant of my marriage, monsieur.—I was right, then.—If, by chance, monsieur, you should meet my father, or my brother, I beg you will not tell them you have seen me.—Fear nothing.—But Monsieur de Villartur—Villartur! my sweet lady, he knows not your maiden name, and your relations will not know you under your name by marriage. Besides, Villartur is discreet.

Certainly! interrupted the latter. Besides, I never meddle with or talk about things I do not know. Oh! but monsieur the Marquis, I brought you here to tell the fortunes of these ladies; you know one of them, but does that prevent it? No, no, you are right, I am going to tell their fortunes.

He approached his wife. Come on, madam, let us begin with you.

The Marchioness yielded him her hand, of which he counted the lines—long, short, direct, and transverse; next he examined her counten-

ance, and after having looked at her tenderly: Madam, said he, in a tone which evinced how perfectly he was satisfied with himself: You have a husband who amuses you very much by his sallies, and who loves you to a foible. Very true, monsieur, replied the Marchioness, drawing her hand from his, I wish not to know more, I see you are a great magician.

Now for you, fair lady, said he, and considering me with the same attention, demanded if my husband had not two names. He has but one, monsieur, he is only called Ducange.—That is singular.—Why so, monsieur?—Because it would appear that the poor defunct was —Was what, monsieur?—Ah, you are angry! How shall I tell you that?—Stop, my dear lady, I will employ a figure. It appears that the fruit which is now upon the tree of your love, was grafted there by——by one named Faublas, since we must tell it you.—You insult me, monsieur.—Oh, how droll she is when she is in a rage! cried the bulky financier, laughing so heartily that all his frame appeared agitated by convulsive motions, and the powder from his wig fell on the ground in clouds. It appears even, replied the Marquis, that the af-

fair happened in a boudoir hired at the house of a milliner, in ——— Street.—What you are telling me, monsieur is very impertinent.

Madame de Verbourg, who had been to put on her fine gown, entered at this moment. She was greatly disconcerted on seeing the Marquis de B—. After having made her obedience in a very comic manner, she came to me; I told her in a whisper what was the subject of discourse. I know not what question the Marquis put to his wife at this instant, but I heard him reply to her: It is a pretended mother. The Marquis saluted Madame de Verbourg, whom he viewed very keenly. It is madame your mother: but I believe—in truth, I have had the honour to see you somewhere before.—That is very possible, monsieur, replied Dutour, who lost her presence of mind, that is very possible; I go there sometimes.—Where, madam?—At what place did you say, monsieur?—How, madam, have you never heard talk of the boudoir? It was a joke.—What boudoir? What do you twit me about your boudoir for, monsieur?—Nothing, nothing, madam. We do not understand each other.—Nor I neither, inter-

rupted Villartur; I no longer comprehend anything they say.

My charming mistress laughed heartily; and I, tired of being restrained, embraced the opportunity of giving free course to my gaiety.

See how she laughs! observed the Marquis.—Madam, madam, your daughter is rather flighty. Take care she does not miscarry.—A miscarriage!—replied Madame de Verbourg, a miscarriage! She! By G—d, I would as soon see—Take care, madam, I say, your daughter rides on horseback, and that is dangerous.—Without doubt, interrupted Villartur, one might fall; I did myself the other day.—Fall! replied the Marquis, that is not what I fear from her. And why should she not tumble? I have had many falls myself.—Why?—Because she sits a horse better than you. You cannot imagine how strong she is. Although you are very fat and big, my friend, I would advise you not to fight with her.—Good! Do you hear that? said the financier, coming towards me. Monsieur, said I, are you mad? He wished to take me round the waist. I seized him by the right arm: What is the man going to do with madam my daughter, said Dutour, and she seized the

left arm of Villartur. We swung him round with such violence, that he continued spinning like a schoolboy's top for a moment, and having become quite giddy, fell with a tremendous crash upon the floor. The noise caused the servants to run in. The financier rose up with shame and mortification, and left the room without saying a word. The Marquis followed him to comfort him, and Madame de B—, who was going to dine at home, was not long before she left me.

I was astonished at not having heard from the Count. He called, however, the same evening a little before it was dark. While embracing me, he said, I congratulate you on your happiness, my friend; everything has succeeded to your wish, everything is ready, follow me.—What, directly?—At this instant. (I threw my arms round his neck.) Oh, my friend, what thanks do I not owe you!—But tell me, Rosambert—I will tell all about it below; my carriage is waiting for you; we have not a moment to lose; follow me.—Must I then abandon the Marchioness? Yes, in order to see your Sophia again.—To see Sophia!—Let us go, Rosambert, let us be off.—Wait while I get the portrait of

my pretty cousin. I rang for Dutour, and told her to get the supper while the Count and myself took a walk in the garden.

Instead of going into the garden, we got into the Count's carriage. Drive by the Boulevards, said he to the coachman, full gallop to the Gate of Saint Antoine, and gently from there to the *La Place Maubert*. As soon as the blinds were closed, Rosambert informed me, that since our last interview, he had found out, taken, and furnished for me, a little lodging, situated so near Sophia's convent, that I could see everything that passed there from my window. He warned me that Mademoiselle du Portail, lately become Madame Ducange, would be hereafter Madame Firmin.

All at once the carriage, which had gone with the greatest velocity over the pavement, now moved gently along. Rosambert said: See, we are already near the Bastile; now, my fair lady, I must inform you that this elegant dress, which becomes a person of quality well enough, will not be so proper for a city dame. We must then recommence the offices of the toilette. In the first place, let us take off this showy hat; confine these flowing ringlets in a modest plait,

hide your side curls under this simple cap, and for your elegant robe, let us substitute this plain white gown. Then, sweet nymph, I would have you boldly put on this petticoat in my presence; do not blush, for I will not be rash; I love you much, but I respect you more. Very well; now let us cover your bosom with this muslin kerchief, throw this black cloak over your shoulders, and hide your face with this large hood. There, it is done; you are disguised, but still genteel! As to myself, my dear Faublas, my metamorphosis will be performed still sooner. He took off his coat, and wrapped himself in a large surtout.

We got out at *La Place Maubert*, and walked on foot to——Street. Arrived at the house of my new landlord, we went through a long court and a large garden, at the bottom of which I perceived a little pavilion, built against a wall which did not appear to me above ten feet high. I could see that from the window of my first floor, it would be very easy to descend by the aid of a cord, into the neighbouring garden. Rosambert overwhelmed me with joy, when he informed me that the adjoining garden belonged to the convent; he afterwards showed me, that

in seeking for what was useful, he had not neglected what was agreeable. A pianoforte was near my window; the instrument was placed in such a manner, that while playing upon it, I could see everything which was done in the garden of the convent. I was greatly afflicted at the departure of Rosambert, when he told me that we should be deprived of the pleasure of seeing each other, while I remained concealed in this house. He convinced me that the Marchioness would plant her people to watch all his motions, and that my retreat would be quickly discovered, if he had the imprudence to visit me. We agreed, however, to correspond, through the medium of the post office, and that to prevent discovery, I would direct to M. de St. Aubin, one of his particular friends.

Those who guess that I could sleep during this night, will be greatly deceived, if they attribute it to anything but the impatience, at the same time both painful and pleasant, caused by my contiguity to Sophia. I thought of my dear Adelaide, who for more than a month had been separated from her fair friend, and had not the consolation to see her brother.—Alas! I thought of the Baron, to whom my flight would

cause the most rankling inquietude, of the Baron who might accuse me of indifference and cruelty; but love, love, more powerful than nature, stifled my remorse. Could I renounce the happiness of again seeing my pretty cousin? Could I return to an angry father, to expose my fair mistress to the danger of an eternal separation?

At day-break, I went and stood sentinel at my window, and arranged the Venetian blinds so that I could see without being seen. It was necessary that I should avoid the sight of Madame Munich, who, having formerly admired me in my Amazonian habit, might perhaps recognise me in spite of my new disguise. A range of chambers were before me at about fifty paces distant. Out of so many rooms, which could be the one occupied by my Sophia? My eyes wandered, without ceasing, from one end of the building to the other, and knew not where to fix.

At seven in the morning I was obliged to quit my post. My hosts came to visit their new lodger, and brought with them their gardener's wife, who took upon herself the charge of Madame Firmin's domestic affairs. As to my

cooking, the keeper of a neighbouring public-house, which was dignified with the name of "tavern," undertook to supply me regularly with three repasts for six francs per day. Mons. Fremont, the proprietor of the little pavilion which I occupied, was astonished at the arrangements which I took to be always alone. He very gallantly observed to me, that a young and handsome female ought not to pass her best days in retirement; that a servant of some understanding would answer my purpose better than the publican, at less expense, and be some company at the same time.

To these very just observations of Monsieur Fremont I replied that, disgusted with the world, I had chosen a detached residence in a retired place on purpose to live absolutely alone.

My hosts left me, much hurt, they said, that so amiable a young person had taken the violent resolution of burying herself alive. In the meantime, the gardener's wife began to perform her domestic offices, but not having finished them when I wanted her absent, I sent her into my chamber, to put everything in order, and leave me quiet.

As soon as I was alone, I seated myself be-

hind the Venetian blinds, and perceived several young ladies walking in the garden, but Sophia was not with them. I saw them run, dance, and amuse themselves with the little sports which are invented by peaceful innocence.

How pretty are these young girls! said I to myself; but, alas! my Sophia was not amongst them. If I could attract them towards my window, might not my Sophia be induced to join her companions. Soft music has a wonderful effect on an amorous heart! Sophia will come! no doubt I shall see her! She will recognise the voice of her lover!

I sat down at the piano, and sung, to an ancient air, these couplets, which my love inspired:

Young beauties, I crave
Your sports you would leave;
Haste!—haste on the wing,
My charmer to bring!

The most lovely and fair,
Who has sworn to be mine,
Where is she? Where does she repair?
Young beauties! ah, show me the maiden divine!

Show me the one on whom I call,
The one my eyes now seek in vain
I cannot speak my cruel pain!
The fears that this sad heart appal!

The modestest—the fairest she—
That one who gave to me her vow!
Where is she?—Let me see her now!
Young beauties!—bring my fair to me!

I accompanied the words with my pianoforte, at the first sounds of which the lasses ran under my window. I had finished the second couplet, when I saw two women approach, whose costume alarmed me. One of them, who was old, grumbled at the amiable young folks who were listening to my song.—Oh, let us leave these children to amuse themselves!—(I thought I recognised her—she was both young and handsome.)—There, said she, the music has ceased at our approach; it seems as if our very look was terrific to pleasure. Let us go in, sister, and leave the children to play, as their time for recreation is so short; and, besides, they have not the satisfaction to hear it every day. These airs are out of my line—and, as to the execution, I should fall very far below it. Let them amuse themselves.

When the two ladies were at a sufficient distance, I continued:—

The rapture of a nuptial vow
 Ye also in your turn shall prove;
 Shall know what 'tis to fondly love,
 And suffer as I suffer now!

The tend'rest and the prettiest she—
 That one who gave to me her vow!
 Young beauties!—fly and seek her now,
 And deign to speak to her of me!

Tell, that till her again I view,
 My life is but one scene of grief ;
 That I shall die without relief,
 Without I find—and find her true!

Most pleasing—most adored is she,
 That maid who gave to me her vow!
 Young beauties!—fly and seek her now,
 And deign, oh, deign to speak of me!

They listened to me with attention, and applauded me with transport; but, alas! Sophia, my Sophia was not with them! Despairing to see her, I quitted the instrument, and stood up, sad and pensive, behind the blinds. At length I perceived—I thought I had a glimpse—A young lady was walking alone in a shaded path, which reached under my windows. I sung this last couplet:—

Within those shades is that my love,
 Who walks along so sadly sighing?
 When from pursuit her love is flying,
 So mourns the turtle dove.

My heart assures me it is she,
 Who gave, and always kept her vow;
 Young beauties!—fly and seek her now,
 And bring—restore her back to me!

I could only see the back of the young lady. That charming figure must be hers! That retired and shaded path must be the one where I have heard Adelaide say she went to bemoan

the first impulses of her unhappy love. Ah, Sophia! it is thee! It is thee, without doubt! Oh, come a little nearer! Thou goest farther from me! Come back! Come by here! Turn towards thy lover! Show me thy much-loved countenance!

At this moment, a cursed bell sounded the signal for retreat; all the young ladies left the garden, and my cherished hopes were thus ravished from me.

At seven in the evening of the following day, the same young lady came to the same place, and I, concealed behind the blinds, watched her with great anxiety. Her slow and measured steps announced the melancholy of her mind; she seemed to dislike the light and open parts of the garden, and sought this solitary walk, which was the most shady in the place. Oh! thou who inspirest me with so tender an interest, my heart tells me that I behold in thee the object of its adoration! But if my feelings deceive me! If it is possible that thou art not my Sophia! I am at least sure that thou lovest, and art separated from the object of thine affections!

I again sung the same couplet, and the lasses

ran towards the window as before; but she whom I called heard me not. What was I to do to attract Sophia, and remove her companions? If I continued singing, the young girls would remain, and my pretty cousin, whose mind was pre-occupied, would not come. I must be silent; I must watch with an impatient eye the steps of my charming pensive maid, and must wait in expectation.

As soon as I was silent, the young girls dispersed in the garden. Concealed by my blinds, and kneeling down in the balcony, I never lost sight of the interesting young lady, who continued the same melancholy step.—At length she came near. I saw her——'twas she!——rather pale, somewhat changed, but still so lovely! She was yet too far off for me to risk making any sign; but I indulged myself in the pleasing intoxication the sight afforded, until the bell sounded, and gave the cursed signal for retreat.

The boarders had already left the garden; Sophia followed them in her slow and pensive manner. I was rendered desperate at seeing the opportunity escape without speaking to her, I could no longer restrain my impatience; I

pulled my blind back with one hand, and with the other, threw her portrait at my pretty cousin; it fell upon her shoulder. She recognised the miniature, and in the excess of her surprise, stopped and cast a scrutinising eye around her; this moment appeared decisive. Too much infatuated to be prudent, I lifted my blind. Sophia beheld a woman at the window of the pavilion, whose features struck her; she advanced some steps, pronounced my name, and fainted.

At this critical instant, my purveyor rapped at the door; I cried out that I was not hungry, and without considering the serious consequences which might follow my rashness, and impelled by an involuntary paroxysm, I sprung from the window into the garden of the convent. Happily for me there was no one in it but Sophia, and although a little stunned by my perilous leap, I ran to the shaded path, and threw myself at her feet. My kisses soon brought her to her senses.—Ah, my dear Faublas, what a moment is this!—But alas! what have you done? You have jumped from the window, are you not hurt? No, my Sophia! No.—But if they should see you—How can

you re-enter the pavilion?—We are both lost! —Tell me sincerely, Faublas, are you not hurt? No, my Sophia! No—I will find some means of getting to my chamber.—Will you quit me already?—Oh, my pretty cousin, if you knew how I have suffered!—And, Oh, Faublas, you have no idea what I have gone through.

As she spoke to me, we heard the air ring with the name of de Pontis, which several women repeated in a squeaking voice. I confess that I was alarmed; I threw myself flat upon my belly behind a bush. Sophia, to whom fear had given strength, flew towards those who came to seek her. Did you not hear the bell, mademoiselle? Must one run after you every evening? said Madame Munich to her, in an angry tone. Some nuns, who had accompanied the governante, grumbled also at my pretty cousin, and followed her out of the garden, shutting the gate after them. I found myself entirely alone, but much embarrassed.

When Sophia was gone, I found myself in pain all over, in consequence, no doubt, of the violent shock I had given myself. But this was not what rendered me the most uneasy; it was the question of regaining my chamber. I

could not attempt to scale the wall until it was completely dark, and every one in the convent asleep; which circumstances requiring me to wait for the proper time of escaping, I took the precaution of hiding myself. An old chestnut tree, whose branches came down low, and whose leaves were very thick, afforded me a more secure than convenient asylum; but how was I to mount the tree in the equipage with which I was encumbered? I resolved to take off my petticoats and roll them tight together, then slipping behind the trees towards my window, I threw them into my chamber. After that, I returned to the chestnut tree, which I presently climbed up, but its rough bark made long rents in the slight drawers with which my thighs were rather incommoded than covered.

I remained there three hours, in hopes that the moon, already shaded by some thick clouds, would withdraw from me her troublesome light. Nevertheless, about nine o'clock, the profound calm which reigned around, emboldened me to descend. It was in vain that I endeavoured to scale the wall of my pavilion, as it had been recently rough-cast, and no places were left to afford me a hold. When I had climbed a few

inches, and wished, with my hands painfully grappling, to reach still further, my feet remained hanging; I no longer found a place to catch them in, and was obliged to fall down.

I devoted more than half-an-hour to this rough exercise, but at length my courage abandoned me with my strength. With my fingers bleeding and my body scratched, I laid down on the ground, and gave myself up to the most uncomfortable reflections. What should I do when the morning, which would quickly arrive, should exhibit to the nuns a man in their garden? A man; for I had no longer any petticoats, and my slender drawers were so torn that my sex would be betrayed, and the women, in their fright, would go and fetch assistance; Madame Munich would recognise me, and I should fall into the hands of a father, severe and jealous of his authority; the Baron would again shut me up, and snatch me for ever from Sophia, from Sophia cruelly compromised, and perhaps dishonoured—disgraced! This horrible idea redoubled my despair, when I heard a creaking noise, similar to what is produced when one is opening a gate by gentle degrees.

I retreated to my protecting chestnut tree,

and reached its top at the expense of my poor drawers, which hung in shreds. After some minutes' silence, a slight noise struck my ear; a female, whose remarkable costume I was enabled to distinguish by the light of the moon, advanced with cautious steps under the shaded walk, looking around on every side. At the same instant I perceived a young man on the coping of the wall, from which he descended with an agility which surprised me. He glided behind the trees, towards the retired path, and joined her who was waiting for him. They both sat down at the foot of the chestnut tree, where I continued motionless and attentive. I heard them mutually congratulate each other on the success of their daring enterprise, make the most tender protestations, mingle their sighs, and accompany, by those soft epithets which are sacred to love, their names, which they repeated several times. I recognised in the lover the only heir of an illustrious house. For his real name, which I must keep sacred, permit me to substitute that of Derneval. The fair one was not one of the boarders! she was not merely a lady who lodged in the convent! It was—shall I say it? It was a nun! It was

Dorothea! Oh, love! what noble families hast thou united in these two persons! but what a time and what a place hast thou chosen! It is true then, that thou penetratest sometimes those mansions of peace, wherein they have sworn an eternal hatred towards thee! It is true then, that thou hast altars everywhere! I saw the pious and happy couple, warmed with ardent zeal in thy service, prepare for their devotions, and offer to thy divinity, beneath the shade of a tree, the most fervent and heartfelt sacrifice.

Since Derneval had entered voluntarily into the garden, and testified no uneasiness as to the means of getting out, he must have a sure retreat, and I could compel him to let me depart with him. This reflection, so simple, presented itself all at once to my mind; and I waited for no other. I seized the extremity of that which appeared to me the longest and most flexible branch; I sprung with it, the branch bent, and though it bore me within a little distance of the ground, I fell with some weight. At the noise of my fall, and the sudden apparition of so grotesque a figure as mine, Dorothea shrieked out; Derneval jumped up abruptly, seized me

by the arm, and instantly presented the mouth of a pistol to my breast. Oh! do not kill him! cried Dorothea, in a faltering voice. I looked tranquilly in the face of my assailant, and said to him in a calm tone: I fear nothing, monsieur; I am certain that Derneval is not an assassin; but be you also tranquil, I will not betray your fortunate loves. While I spoke, Derneval looked close at me, at first he was deceived by my female head dress and little white jacket, but my tattered drawers attracted also his attention, they being of fine cloth, and setting tight to certain parts of my body, excited in him the most terrible suspicions. Is this a woman? cried he, and with a rapid stroke of his hand he satisfied his doubts; and as soon as he was certain of my sex: amphibious creature! you shall tell me who you are!—I am a lover like yourself, Derneval.—A lover of whom?—Of the most charming and virtuous girl in the convent.—What is her name, monsieur?—(I looked stedfastly at both of them)—I know your names, but I have not asked them. Let it suffice you, Derneval, to know I am a gentleman.—You are a gentleman! I ask but a moment, monsieur.

He returned his pistol into his pocket, and while he was rectifying a certain part of his dress, which was very much out of order, Dorothea, who had hitherto been occupied in adjusting herself, regarded me with such a fixed attention, that I thought it was boldness. Her lover returned to me, saying, monsieur, whoever may be your mistress, you love her apparently, as much as I adore mine; the death of one of us must insure the other an eternal secrecy.—Let us go out together, Derneval, I am ready to satisfy you. And do you think I will suffer it? interrupted Dorothea, throwing her arms round the neck of her lover. My dear Derneval, and you, M. de Faublas!—De Faublas! who told you so?—I recognise you; you are the Chevalier de Faublas! You are the living portrait of Adelaide! I have seen you sometimes in the conference room; you came there to inquire after your sister; your sister never went there without that pretty girl, Mademoiselle de Pontis. One day I surprised you kissing her hand. Ah, it's Mademoiselle de Pontis that you love! It was you who sung yesterday that air, of which I recollect the burthen:

“ La plus modest et la plus belle,
Celle-la m' a donné sa foi.”

The modestest the fairest she,
The one whose faith is pledged to me.

Do you remember yesterday, one of your ladies passed with me near your pavilion; you must have heard her scold our young ladies, who were listening to you; you must have heard me excuse them.—It was you, Chevalier, who sang that rondeau! It was Mademoiselle de Pontis to whom you sang?—Derneval! Faublas! continued she, uniting our hands in her own, the similarity of your adventures should inspire you with equal confidence, you ought to find in each other a discreet companion, a faithful friend; yet you are going to destroy each other, and Sophia and Dorothea will presently be reduced to weep their lovers.—Monsieur de Faublas, swear to me an inviolable secrecy. I swear by Sophia.—And I by Dorothea, cried Derneval. We flew into each other's arms, and this reciprocal embrace was the pledge of the fraternity we promised ourselves.

The two lovers listened patiently to a recital of the events which had brought me into the place where I had surprised them; after which,

Derneval said to me: the moon is gradually retiring, we will leave here the moment the storm, which is now gathering, shall break forth: permit Dorothea and myself to leave you alone for a moment.

The moment was long. Tired of waiting, I fell asleep at the foot of the tree where I had fallen. When I awoke, the clouds were rent by rapid lightning, the thunder rolled most dreadfully, and the rain poured down in torrents. I rose and was surprised at seeing nothing of Derneval. I advanced with anxiety under the shaded path on the side they had taken to retire. How abstracted are the minds of lovers! How pre-occupied with their passion! Whilst the elements appeared ready to come in contact, Derneval and Dorothea were amusing themselves with trifles.

The heavens are on fire, said Derneval to me; they may discover us perhaps by the flashes of lightning, we must not go yet.—You appear at your ease, Derneval! I am almost naked!—Well, my friend, the rain has soaked me also!—Ah! Dorothea is with you.

I retired, overwhelmed with melancholy. Half an hour after, I returned to remind him

that the thunder had ceased, and that the profound darkness favoured our retreat. He at length bade adieu to Dorothea. Happy lovers, said I to them, have pity on a loving couple! Ah! Dorothea! Ah! you, who know how sweet it is to see one's love, you are ignorant, without doubt, how dreadful it is to be separated! Ah! show me my Sophia, 'tis in your power to do it.—Derneval took me by the hand:—Dorothea esteems you, she loves Mademoiselle de Pontis, we are brothers: you shall see Sophia, you shall see her.—The next night, my dear companion?—No; our imprudence this happy night must not be repeated. I tremble lest I should expose Dorothea; you would not injure Sophia, Chevalier; we only see each other about twice in each week, and we always choose either a dark or rainy night for our rendezvous. We have agreed upon a signal, by which we can never be deceived; and as to yourself, it will not be difficult to inform you, since you live in this pavilion. Therefore, make yourself easy; in three days or better, you shall see Mademoiselle de Pontis. Let us separate.

He conducted me to the part of the wall where his rope ladder was attached. We per-

ceived, that from thence I could easily gain my pavilion, but could not reach my window. Derneval being very tall, made me mount his shoulders, and afterwards, supporting my feet with his hands, he pushed me vigorously, and enabled me to seize the cord of my blinds. As soon as he saw me safe into my chamber, he returned to his ladder, and scaled the wall in an instant.

I was fatigued: I was hungry, and slept profoundly, in expectation of my breakfast, which arrived at six in the morning. They brought me at the same time a letter by the post, from Rosambert. He informed me, that on the evening of my elopement, my dear mother had dared to come to him, to enquire what had become of Madame Ducange—to console this disconsolate mother, and at the same time make her believe he had never known her daughter, he employed one of his victorious arguments, which never failed of their effect upon Dutour. He recommended me never to leave my pavilion, and to keep absolutely incognito. Madame de B— had sought everywhere for me; her scouts were on the look out from morn till night in the neighbourhood of the convent: my father could

not stir a step without being observed, and the Count's own house was invested even during the night.

Unfortunate Marchioness! cried I, how have I deserted you! with what ingratitude have I repaid your generous and tender cares? Can I deem you criminal for your efforts to discover my retreat? If you did not seek me, you would love me less!—

I drew from my pocket the portrait of the Vicomte de Florville and kissed it: I will not undertake to justify these reflections, which are, perhaps, misplaced, though just; and these emotions surely ought to be condemned, although involuntary: all I can say to the reader, to engage him to continue his indulgence towards me, is, that the moment after, my whole thoughts were devoted to Sophia.

She made her appearance about seven in the evening, accompanied by a woman whose dress at first alarmed me, but whom I soon recognised to be Dorothea. They both passed under my window. Could Dorothea look handsome by the side of Sophia, who shone superior to all her companions, like a rose among other flowers? I could not moderate my eagerness on seeing them

so near me. They heard the rattling of my blinds: which I drew up; their prompt retreat checked my imprudence, and made me repent it. They had, however, the kindness to seat themselves in the covered walk, at a little distance, but opposite my pavilion. I could not doubt but they were talking of me, for my pretty cousin spoke with great animation, and continually looked towards my window. Presently I could perceive by the gestures of Dorothea, that she was pointing out to Sophia the part of the wall over which Derneval came into the garden. My heart was penetrated by the most lively sensations.

The next day, the same promenade, the same imprudence, the same chastisement, and the same pleasure.

In the meantime the sky was calm and serene. More impatient than a farmer, when two dry months have burned up his lands which have been sown to no purpose, I invoked the southern winds, and watched unceasingly the index of the barometer. On the third day some large clouds obscured the rays of the setting sun. We shall have rain to-night, said Dorothea, when passing under my window; and I think it will

be fine, said my pretty cousin. Ah! yes, very fine! cried I, loud enough for them to hear me. The two friends, who were always afraid of my vivacity, made a prompt retreat. At twelve o'clock, precisely, Derneval was at the foot of my pavilion; he threw me a rope ladder, which I fixed to my window, and I quickly embraced my brother. We went to the covered walk; where my pretty cousin and her dear friend were waiting for us. There she is! said Dorothea to me, I deliver her to you with confidence, Monsieur de Faublas; she would not love you so much if you were not worthy of her! Ah! believe me, have a respect for her timid youth; and prolong this delightful period of pure and virtuous love. May your union be innocent, since it can be so as yet, and may you be one day happily married—Alas! that hope is permitted you, my charming Sophia, for these odious walls have not enclosed you for ever— those frightful vows—her sighs stopped her speech. Derneval, impatient to comfort her, led her away, and left me with Sophia.

May it be permitted me to repeat here what has been said a thousand times; true love is timid and respectful. To pass whole hours

with an adored mistress, to hold on one's knees the most lovely of girls; to inhale her breath; to feel the palpitation of her heart, and to content oneself with quietly pressing her hand, nor take, without trembling, a kiss of her lips, or dare to solicit the more precious favours which seem reserved for a chosen lover; this is what young Faublas never believed possible; but it was a truth of which his pretty cousin convinced him. In the first rendezvous, when I approached Sophia, her soul purified mine.

C'est avec cette ardeur et ces vœux épurés,
Que sans doute les dieux veulent être adorés.
VOLTAIRE, *Sémiramis*.

'Tis with such ardour, and with vows so pure,
The Gods no doubt would have us them adore.

And Derneval to whom the tenderness of Dorothea left nothing to desire, Derneval was, perhaps, less happy than myself. It was he this time who came to warn me that it was time to depart, for Aurora would not delay her appearance.—Aurora! why we have not been here an hour! Come on, Chevalier, take courage, we shall see each other again in three days—Ah, Sophia! I always tremble lest Madame Munich—My dear cousin, when my govern-

ante has drank a few glasses of ratifia after supper, she thinks of nothing but sleep; I, who have the care of shutting the door of our little apartment—Come on, the time flies, interrupted Dorothea, we must not let the dawn of day surprise us here. Derneval, in three days; perhaps a little sooner——Alas! perhaps a little later.—Adieu, my Sophia! in three days; a little sooner, if it can be; but I entreat you never let it be longer. Adieu, my Sophia!

For this time heaven listened to the vows of a lover. The weather being overcast, made me think, on the second day, that the rendezvous was come. My pretty cousin passed under my window at the usual time, and confirmed my hopes.—The night will be rainy, said she.—Oh, my Sophia!—She did not wait the end of my answer.

An hour after my purveyor rapped at the door. I was at supper, when a stranger delivered me a letter, and said he was ordered to wait for an answer. See what Rosambert wrote to me:—

“ I fear I am going to be ill, my friend; I am this night in great grief! I really have not

laughed for these two hours, so affected is my soul with what I have seen. Imagine that while waiting for the performance commencing at the theatre, I took a stroll in the gardens of the Luxembourg. A female, whose person was by no means disagreeable, was walking alone in a retired path. I happened to follow the pretty solitary. I passed behind two men, seated on a detached bench. One of them had a handkerchief in his hand: 'Ah! the cruel one,' cried he, 'he has given me up voluntarily to the most mortal anxieties!' The voice of this man struck me. I had left, for a moment, the female, and retraced my steps to watch the two friends, who were too much occupied to perceive me. Him, Faublas, whom I heard complain, wept bitterly; it was your father! The other I think I have seen sometimes at your house: if it is not M. du Portail, it is very much like him. The Baron wept, my friend, and affected me so much, that I thought no more of the game I was in pursuit of, and ran away. I am come home to write to you. I have naturally, Faublas, a great friendship for pretty women, and I occasionally sacrifice a thousand little scruples to have the one I desire; but there

are duties!—I agree that Sophia merits that one should be guilty of some faults on her account; but your father wept! Reflect on that, Chevalier.”

I bethought myself a moment, and then calling the stranger: Monsieur, you will tell him who sent you, that I will give him an answer to-morrow.

I waited but for the striking of twelve to descend into the garden; my impatience, however, could not hasten the clock of the convent.

The two charming fair ones did not come until the appointed hour. As soon as Derneval was heard, Dorothea ran towards him. I was astonished to see them both return half-an-hour after.—Chevalier, said Dorothea to me, you have the secret of my life, I owe you the detailed history of my long and unfortunate amours. She commenced the affecting recital of them, which she could not finish without shedding a flood of tears. Console yourself, my dear Dorothea, you have not much longer to suffer in this prison; I shall shortly rescue you from this bondage, and thy unworthy parents shall

groan at thy happiness, which they will not be able to prevent. And you, Chevalier, continued he with some warmth, you have been so much affected by our misfortunes, you shall assist me in terminating them. I am thankful for the chance which gave me a friend, a brother in arms, and a companion like yourself. Animated by the same motives, exposed nearly to the same dangers, we found a mutual security in our intimate union. The enemies of Dorothea are yours; and I swear an eternal hatred to those of Sophia; evil be to those who hereafter interfere in our amours, thus mutually protected!—Derneval, I agree to it most cheerfully.

I embraced Dorothea, and Derneval embraced my lovely Sophia.

It was not four in the morning when I reentered my pavilion; nevertheless I went and rapped at the apartment of my landlord, to ask him for a proper key to admit me through all his gates, as I had business in the country, that my absence might perhaps be long, but that I should always keep the pavilion, in order, under all circumstances, to have a home at Paris.

I was at the door of Rosambert before five

o'clock, but the servants would not disturb their master, who was still in bed. I made so much noise, that the boldest of them ventured to tell his master that a lady wished to speak to him.—At this time in the morning? said he; let her go to the devil!—but stop—stop—is she pretty?—Yes, monsieur.—That is a different case! It is not too early! Let her come in!—Ah! it is Madame Firmin! and that is still better.—(He embraced me.)—It appears that my letter—Let me have some male attire, Rosambert, and I will go instantly to M. du Portail.—I think you will find him, my friend. He is certainly returned; for it was him whom I saw with the Baron at Luxembourg. Indeed, the Baron has greatly affected me. He has been here ten times, but never found me at home, for I gave positive orders to be denied.—Let me have some clothes, Rosambert.

He selected, from amongst his, those which were shortest, and I flew to M. du Portail, who was as much delighted as surprised to see me.

Lovinski, said I, I come to bring back the son of your friend. I deliver him into your hands unconditionally; deign only to be the mediator between my father and me. Will you

have the goodness to conduct me to the Baron?—Instantly, my friend. What pleasure we shall give him! How happy my dear Baron will be!

On the road, Lovinski told me that in consequence of wrong information he had made a useless journey to St. Petersburg. Though I felt for his misfortune, I could not help saying to myself: As long as Dorliska is lost, they cannot make me marry her.

We arrived at my father's house. M. du Portail begged me to wait in the saloon, and to let him go alone to the Baron's bedroom. He told me it was a precaution he ought to take, not so much to engage the Baron to pardon me, as to prepare him by degrees for the pleasure of my return.

I was immediately surrounded by all the servants of the house, who were enraptured to see their young master returned; Jasmin, above all, could not contain his joy.

It was not two minutes that M. du Portail had been with the Baron, when I heard him cry out: He is there, my friend!—Are you sure he is there? Let him come in then.—I advanced towards the door, which opened with

violence. My father, almost naked, rushed into the saloon; the servants retired out of respect. The Baron took me in his arms, and embraced me tenderly. I had not power to say a word. All at once, my father, as if he repented him of his tenderness, pushed me from him in an irresolute manner. I threw myself at his feet, and showed him a purse still full of gold: You see, father, it is not through necessity that I am come back to you. He again threw himself into my arms, and pressed me to his breast, embracing me twenty times, and watering my face with his tears.

That was all I feared, said he, my good friend! my dear son! Is it, then, true that thou lovest me? I could hardly believe it was thee, my dear Faublas; my dear son, thou knowest not what I have suffered! Thou wilt one day be a father thyself, and may thy children spare thee the grief thou hast caused me.

My father could easily perceive that my heart was full, and that my sobs stifled my voice. He wiped away my tears, which were blended with his own upon my face. Be comforted, my dear child, said he; thou hast left me, it is true, but the circumstances excuse

thee. Thou hast left me several days in anxiety, but thou hast at length returned voluntarily. I was more uneasy than mistrustful; I have never doubted the goodness of thy heart. I love thee, perhaps, still more than I loved thee before! Who does not commit a fault at thy age? What young man has ever made amends for them better than thee? And what father is more happy than thine, or can boast of having a better son; Come on, my friend, the past is forgotten; resume thy apartments, and enjoy all thy rights.

M. du Portail was sitting in an arm chair, and beheld us with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain; we heard him repeat to himself the name of his daughter. The Baron, transported with joy, went to his friend, took him by the hand, and said: She will be found! she will be found! and my son——He did not finish his sentence, but turning towards me: Faublas, you will renounce Sophia!—Sophia, father?—Yes, I require it of you; upon that point I am inflexible; you must not go to the convent!—To go no more to the convent!—I repeat it to you, my son, you must promise me.—Well, father, since you earnestly require it,

I assure you I will go no more to the conference room.—That is what I asked. Go, my friend, and repose yourself.—But Adelaide!—Yes, she is in great anxiety. (He wrote for a moment.) Here, this is the name of the convent where she is now; run, run there directly, you have no idea of the pleasure it will give her.

I stepped up into my room to change my clothes, and went to see my sister, who lamented very much for her dear friend, of whose happiness she was ignorant.

After that, I went to Derneval, to whom I imparted my change of residence, and the reasons which had determined me. He praised my wise precautions, in preserving at all events, an asylum in the pavilion, and he promised me, that Dorothea should be instructed of it before the evening, and that she would not fail to inform Sophia. We will stop until the night after to-morrow, when we will go to the convent if it is fair. They know that rainy nights or dark nights are fine ones for us; on this point, lovers and travellers are never agreed.

The same evening, Justine came to me.—Ah! how do you do, my dear Justine, it is a long

time since we met alone!—Oh! monsieur, it is fifty years since, but I beg you will first listen to what——

Madame the Marchioness.—Thou art always very pretty, my dear!—My mistress sent me, monsieur.—Does thy mistress already know that I am here?—Yes, this morning you entered by the great gate, and they came to tell her immediately—but, monsieur, do you remember our agreement?—What agreement do you mean?—You always forget; it is a long time since we determined, that whenever I came here on the business of my mistress, I should commence with my commission. Well! make haste, despatch it then, Justine.—My mistress was greatly surprised, and greatly afflicted at your flight—but finish it then.—Hey dey! finish it yourself;—What long prefaces you make; your mistress was greatly surprised!—Do you think I have not guessed all that?—Stop a moment, monsieur—Exordiums tire me at all times, but particularly just now—to the point, to the point, Justine.—My mistress has charged me to announce that your secret amours——My secret amours! what does she mean?—But my amours with her are not public—are

not public, I hope?—You are right, yes, yes,—She says that your amours are likely to produce serious consequences, she foresees a disagreeable event, which may discover to the Marquis the secret of your disguise.—The secret of my disguise? then my fair mistress will be lost. Therefore she is disconsolate, and weeps and mourns. I should not care, cries she sometimes, if I could but see him.—Well! where is she? where must I go to her?—There! see how it is! just now I could not finish business too soon! and now you want to quit me directly!—Ah! Justine! excuse me; you told me that your mistress was unhappy! what then is this dreadful event which she fears?—I do not know, monsieur, she will tell you herself at six to-morrow morning, at her milliner's; will you not come there? most certainly; I will not abandon the Marchioness in so critical a situation.—Well, my dear, now your commission is ended.

It was so long that I had been deprived of the pleasure of seeing my pretty *femme de chambre*, that no one must be surprised at her remaining with me a quarter of an hour.

The situation of her mistress being so critical, it will be no matter of astonishment that I flew

with eagerness to the appointed rendezvous at six the next morning.

As soon as I entered the boudoir, the Marchioness endeavoured to hide the handkerchief with which she was drying her eyes. Monsieur, said she, I hope you will excuse my importunities, I will not abuse your politeness, I beg but a moment's attention. I do not wish to remind you, monsieur, of the important services I rendered you a few days since; I shall not speak of the extreme ingratitude with which you have repaid me; I will not ask you where you have spent the time which has past from your flight up to your return to the Baron; I feel that it will no longer be satisfactory for me to enquire into your conduct; I perceive that my complaints, my reproaches, and my questions, will be equally useless. I have lost all my influence over your heart, but I still wish to preserve your esteem; we are both in danger, and I wish to convince you of it. Cast your eye with me over the past, for I mean to justify myself for my tenderness to you; and,—provided that you still feel any friendship,—do not interrupt me. Provided that you still retain any friendship for me, provided your life is

safe, I shall behold with tranquility the danger to which my honour, and perhaps, my life, are exposed. You remember, without doubt, how accident seconded your address, and placed you in my bed. Alas! you have not forgotten at what a price your audacity was recompensed! But you will excuse my weakness, when you reflect that in my place no woman had been stronger than myself. The next day, however, when I came to reflect that a young man, whom I scarcely knew, possessed my heart and my person, I was much troubled. But a thousand brilliant qualities were united in this young man; his beauty astonished me, and I was charmed with his wit: he was not sixteen, and seemed to possess so much sensibility, that I flattered myself that I should captivate his tender youth, and model his docile heart; I even conceived an idea of attaching him eternally to myself. I spared nothing which might strengthen the bonds too precipitately formed, and I wished to render them indissoluble. All my hopes were cruelly deceived; I had a rival; I discovered it, unfortunately, too late; and made but useless efforts to bring back my unfaithful lover. Nevertheless, when he groaned

in bondage I formed a design to deliver him. The excess of my imprudence proved the excess of my love; my rashness might, perhaps, restore me my lover: I examined no further; I executed the most daring enterprise ever attempted by woman! Alas! I executed it for the happiness of my rival, whom, without doubt, my perfidious lover has seen, and for whom he has ungratefully betrayed me? Ah! pardon me, monsieur, my grief distracts me: these are not the expressions—this is not what I wished to say. You have quitted me, monsieur: another, in my place, would perhaps have hated you; but I request your esteem and your friendship. Oh! my friend!—I threw myself at her knees, and wished to seize her hand, but she withdrew it.

Your friendship, monsieur, is very necessary to me. Get up, I pray, get up, and condescend to hear me out. Your first disguise, monsieur, rendered new disguises necessary, and a thousand imprudences have followed the first. Some precautions have hitherto saved us; but we cannot long deceive a curious and malicious public. The accidents which have served us, will lose us; it requires but an indiscretion in

our servants, an unforeseen interview, or a slip of the tongue. These are the reflections which I ought to have made long before this; but I have not been wise, because I thought myself happy. As long as I listened to the fond delusions of hope, I was proof against danger; my eyes were never open until the astonishing flight of Madame Ducange penetrated my heart with the frightful truth that I was not loved. Ah! had I still remained in my error, I should have been exposed to the most imminent danger, without having perceived it.

The Marchioness shed a torrent of tears; I again threw myself at her knees: Oh, my tender friend, I love you! I love you!—No, no, I will believe it no more, I cannot believe it. Get up, monsieur, I pray you will get up, let me entreat you to listen to me. I foresee that our connection will be discovered, the multitude will call my amour a gallant adventure; and this adventure, if the details are found piquant, will make a terrible noise; it will be the talk of the day; the Marquis will know how he has been treated, he will know the—I ask a favour of you, Chevalier, one only favour. Study, from this time, to guard yourself

against the vengeance of the Marquis; I shall await it courageously, when I alone am exposed to it. Go, Faublas, go, take my rival; may you be as happy as I am wretched!—What! would you have me be guilty of a double baseness, to fly from the Marquis, and leave the most generous of women exposed to his fury? But wherefore these cruel alarms, my dear mamma? They are too well founded, monsieur. You shall know how I am embarrassed: A very simple event will shortly awaken the suspicions of the Marquis, and induce him to seek for an explanation, the result of which will be most unfortunate. You cannot forget, any more than myself the fatal adventure of the sofa; that odd scene which so mortified us both at the time. You appeared then to see me with pain in the power of another, and I was hurt to be obliged to share a benefit which seemed to me only due to a person beloved. I even refused the Marquis the exercise of his most incontestible right. My husband, who was too pressing, frequently quarrelled on that account. At this epoch our appointments were more frequent, and I did not always preserve, when in your arms, that presence of mind so necessary in a wife who

does not cohabit with her husband. Indeed, monsieur, it is more than three months since the Marquis has slept in my chamber, yet, nevertheless, I am—I am enceinte.

Enceinte! repeated I with a shout of joy; enceinte! then I am a father! and shall I abandon you! My dear, dear mamma, I have always loved you, but you are now become more dear to me than ever.

I am enceinte, repeated also the Marchioness, but in a tone so piteous that it cut me to the heart; unhappy mother, more unhappy child!—at these words she fell back beneath the alcove under which she was seated; her eyes were closed, her head sunk gently on her breast; but the regular pulsation of her bosom, the colour of her lips which still retained their vermilion hue, the freshness of her complexion which indicated the neglected toilette of the morning, and which, far from fading, was heightened by a *peculiar glow*; all announced to me that the state of weakness in which I saw her, would not be productive of fatal consequences. Not being able to restore her to life by my burning kisses, I precipitated myself into her arms: she started, but the most lively sensations were the result,

and her lethargy was entirely relieved. She appeared at first to repulse me, but quickly returned my embraces, partook of my transports, and lavished on me the most endearing epithets.

Behold me, exposed to fresh perfidies! said she, as soon as she had recovered her senses. I reassured her by reiterated protestations of an eternal attachment. She testified, nevertheless, some distrust, when I told her that madame took refuge in the house of Rosambert, but at length she appeared to believe me.

She told me, while loading me with the most tender caresses, that she thought herself in the second month of her progress towards multiplication, and I did not leave the boudoir without having fixed the day for seeing her there again.

For the two last hours I thought myself quite another man. What news the Marchioness had given me! How the idea of being a father flatters the self-love of youth! Faublas is no longer the idle boy, who plays with some trifling toy; who amuses himself with a new song, who elbows the men, and stares the women in the face; who dashes his curriole along, and passes like lightning by two old women gossiping at the corner of a street, frightens some cockneys who

are admiring a mountebank, and overturns some booby, whose attention is rivetted to a quack doctor's puff, posted on the wall; laughing all the time at the ridiculous accidents produced by his folly! no, the grave deportment of the Chevalier now announces a reasonable man; the noble boldness of his countenance is tempered with the joy which mantles on his cheek; and his dignified look, informs the passers by of the respect which they owe him; an air of dignity is spread over all his person, which seems to tell them they must respect the father of a family!

I hoped to find Rosambert at our house, because I longed to acquaint him with my happiness. Jasmin informed me that the Count had called, but could not wait long enough to see me. One of his uncles, to whom he was sole heir, had been attacked with a dangerous illness, and obliged him immediately to repair to an old castle in Normandy, of which this uncle was the lord. Rosambert could not tell Jasmin how soon he would return, but he begged me in case he should be detained, to come and spend a few days with him, if I had the courage, and my amours would permit me.

Oh, my pretty cousin! thy remembrance occupied me the remainder of this day: and during the whole of that which followed it, a cloudy sky announced the night of rendezvous. I supped with the Baron; and then instead of retiring to my chamber, went out at the great gate. The porter at length gained by my liberality, did not see me go. I repaired to a bye street, at the back of the convent, where Derneval, accompanied by two faithful domestics, was already waiting for me. The rope ladders were presently fixed, and I was soon in presence of her I adored.

I must acknowledge that she had to sustain severe trials. I dared not aspire to the entire possession of a mistress, as much honoured as loved, but I was desirous of obtaining more delicate favours than those I had hitherto received. It required all the virtue of Sophia to repel my enterprises, which were continually renewed. At four in the morning we took a parting kiss. Jasmin, provided with the key, waited my return, and gently opened the gate when he heard the appointed signal.

In this manner, for three months, I eluded the vigilance of the Baron, who slept soundly;

while Sophia, having to combat with her own weakness and my increasing desires, astonished me by her long resistance, and compelled me to admire the happy effects of that virtue she unceasingly exercised, and which sent me home each morning dissatisfied, and rendered me every night more amorous of her; she doubled my punishment by confessing that so many privations would not appear to her less distressing than to me, were she not indemnified by the testimony of a pure conscience, and the esteem of a lover.

It was thus that during three months, I deceived the jealousy of Madame de B—, to whom my days were consecrated. The Marchioness met me very often at her milliner's, sometimes at her little house at Saint Cloud, and sometimes also, but seldom, at her own house.

My beautiful mistress, charmed with my zeal in her service, and perhaps astonished at my constancy, seemed ever fearful of exhausting my love. Her situation, which required so much management, furnished a variety of pretences for the refusals with which she sharpened my desires. It was weakness of stomach, migrains, sickness at heart, and a thousand other

indispositions, all of which reminded me that she was a mother, and rendered her more interesting in my eyes. Astonished, nevertheless, to see her figure, always so slender, keep the same proportions, I waited impatiently the appearance of that prominence and rotundity which would insure my paternal character. To the pressing questions which I put to her from time to time, she replied that she might be deceived in a month; that many women attained the fourth and fifth before their pregnancy was visible; in fact, that her ill health, and other signs more certain, did not permit her to doubt of her situation.

Rosambert returned in the beginning of October. The death of his uncle had embarrassed him with riches; the Normans, naturally litigious, had cheated him, but the pretty girls of Caux had consoled him.

At the news of the Marchioness' pregnancy, the Count, in the first place, congratulated me; but when I detailed the singular circumstances which had accompanied the reluctant confidence she placed in me, he smiled and shook his head with an air of mistrust.

My friend, said he, all that is not entirely

clear; I think the alarms of the Marchioness ought not to make you very uneasy, as her situation appears, at least, problematical. In the first place, if it is true, at the period of the adventure on the sofa, she had renounced M. de B—, and I think her very capable of such an effort, it is still less doubtful, but on the first signs of a treacherous fecundity, she would have arranged matters in such a manner, that her happy husband might attribute to himself all the honour of the master-piece, which should come to light eight months after. Thus you may conceive she has affected to be uneasy in order to appeal more forcibly to your compassionate heart. I do not think, my dear Faublas, that you have as yet become a father. How was it, I pray, that you were not informed of this *germination* until the end of two months. Did this circumstance, whether happy or unhappy, not interest you sufficiently for you to have been informed of it at the end of the first month? 'And then three months have fled since the confidence was reposed; three and two make five; five months revolved, and nothing appears yet! no trace of protuberance or rotundity! These are things, my friend, con-

cerning which they cannot deceive a lover. I assure you, my dear Faublas, that the little chevalier is a child of the imagination. This fecundity is a hoax to bring you back, to retain you, and to interest you. The trick, however, is not a bad one, as is proved by the good success it has had.

Rosambert's observations appeared to have some weight in them, but it cost me a great deal to renounce the pleasing delusion in which I had indulged for three months. I promised I would neglect nothing which could develop the fact, even that night.

Justine came to tell me that I could call on her mistress at dusk, and I did not fail to be there. I had no need to knock at the gates, for they were open; the porter saw me, I mentioned Justine, and slipped behind a carriage just entering, and reached the private staircase.

Arrived at the boudoir, I opened the door, entered abruptly, and was not a little surprised to hear M. de B— talking very loud in the Marchioness' bedroom. At that instant, Justine, frightened at the noise I had made in opening the door, rushed from the bedchamber into the boudoir.

He will be gone in a moment, said she, pushing me out of the door. I instantly descended a few steps. See how this fool runs away when I speak, cried M. de B—who pursued Justine. He entered the boudoir at the moment, when she held in one hand the candle, with which she lighted me, and having the other on the door, which was partly open. The artful wench, without replying a single word, shut the door, which she double locked; and then made a sign for me to wait for her. Do not be afraid, said she, as soon as she was near to me, he cannot come to us; the boudoir is, however, very unlucky for you.

At this moment Justine could not help laughing, and the Marquis heard her. The impertinent hussy, said he, is laughing at her own folly, and has shut the door in my face! I did not hear the rest, for Justine, who had made some useless efforts to repress her gravity, began to laugh louder than before.

I took her in my arms: You little rogue, you shall pay for your mistress!—I blew out the light, and seated her gently on the stairs. Oh, monsieur, what are you going to do? What, on the staircase? Instead of replying, I wished to

make the most of the fortunate moment; but Justine, a little too lively, made a movement so sudden and unfortunate, that the candlestick, which was beside her, rolled from the top to the bottom of the stairs, making a great noise. What is that? cried the Marquis, through the door. Have you made a false step, Justine? Oh, that is nothing, nothing at all, cried she, in a tremulous voice.—Oh, nothing? replied he, and you can scarcely speak! During this short dialogue, Justine endeavoured to drive me from the post which I had occupied, but I considered the position I had taken so advantageous, that I was resolved to keep it. Although it appeared very hard to quit the field before I gained the victory, I was obliged, nevertheless, to do it.

The Marquis, having rung for his servants, ordered them to go and assist Justine, who had made a *faux pas* on the private stair. I had not a moment to lose. At the risk of breaking my neck twenty times, I descended the staircase in extreme disorder, and perceived a coach house: I ran under it to hide myself, and put myself in order. I was preparing to leave my retreat and cross the yard, when the servants appeared at

the foot of the grand staircase. They ran with their lights, and I had only time to open the door of a carriage and jump into it.

From whence I perceived that Justine spared those who came to seek her the half of their journey. She was carried back in triumph by the footmen, pleased to have found her safe and sound, after so terrible a fall as they supposed her to have had.

They ascended the grand staircase with shouts of joy, and I prepared to profit by this opportunity of escaping, but I was this evening destined to go through the most distressing yet ridiculous adventures. A sturdy groom all at once detached himself from the main body, and making his way towards the carriage in which I was concealed, placed his candle on the footboard. He then examined a carriage which stood next to mine, which was apparently the one the Marquis had come home in. After having looked about him he came back, took the candle from the footboard, blew it out, and seated himself in its place. It cannot be long before she comes, said he to himself. As soon as the light, which mortified me most cruelly, was put out, I felt myself at ease. The night was

so dark, and the fog was so thick, that nothing could be distinguished at four paces distant.

A quarter of an hour had gone by, and the person desired had not arrived. I was as impatient in my prison, as was my jailor, who sat whispering curses on the footboard.

At length I heard some noise in the yard; the groom heard it also, for he rose up and coughed gently; he was answered in the same manner, and some one advanced towards him and spoke in a low tone, "That is right," repeated he so loud that I could hear him: "it shall be in that," added he, striking the carriage I was in. After this, the intelligent groom who was left alone came and locked the door of my carriage, and that of the one which stood next to it. Now, said he to himself, I will light the reflector, and, as if he had been employed to torment me, he went in front of the carriage to light a very large lamp, which, at the bottom of this yard, more wide than deep, threw, in spite of the fog, a sufficient light to distinguish every one who passed. This operation performed, he went away whistling.

You who read this perplexing adventure, if you love Faublas, have pity on him. They

drove him from a boudoir; they disturbed him on the stairs; they pursued him under a coach house, they imprisoned him in a carriage; he is unhappy, he is disappointed, and, to heighten the evil, is supperless.

The agreeable savour of cooking reached me from the kitchen, and I was most feelingly convinced what a grievous thing it sometimes is to have a good appetite. My situation, however, was so critical, that even hunger was not the greatest evil I dreaded. The words, "*it shall be in that,*" caused me to make the most disagreeable reflections. Had I been discovered? Was the Marquis at length informed and preparing for vengeance?

O, my tutelary angel! O, my Sophia! it was to thee that I looked in this moment of peril. It is true that always operated upon by the object which is present, I have forgot thee for some hours; it is true that I was in misfortune when I offered thee my tardy homage; but do we honour those gods the less in our hearts, whose worship we sometimes neglect? and is it not uniformly when men are in tribulation, that they think of imploring their deities?

I had now plenty of time to think of my

pretty cousin. I should soon have run away from such thoughts, perhaps, but I dared not attempt it, because the servants were continually crossing the yard, and the fatal reflector would have discovered all my motions, and because the fear that I had been discovered and waylaid, made me prefer waiting for, rather than seeking my enemy.

The enemy did not come, and I ultimately went to sleep at my post. The noise of the great gate, which creaked on its hinges, waked me in the middle of the night. The porter, with a bunch of keys in his hand, fastened all the doors. It was this moment that I dreaded; it was now, without doubt, they would come and besiege me. I was presently eased of my fears, for the porter entered quietly into his lodge, a servant put out the lamp, and every one went to bed.

The profound silence which now reigned throughout the mansion, gave me great confidence. It was clear they had no idea of me, and the words, "It shall be in that," merely alluded to a nocturnal adventure, of which I was to be the witness. Nevertheless, it was but being relieved of one embarrassment to fall

into another. My prison would be the probable stage for the scene which was preparing. In so narrow a space, a third person would but incommode the actors, and I was, moreover, interested that those, whoever they might be, should not discover me. I would not, therefore, come out of the carriage too soon. I still perceived lights in some of the apartments, but there was no longer any in the yard, and the fog continued very thick. I could get out of the carriage without fearing to be perceived, and I effected it successfully. What pleasure I experienced when I felt my feet on the pavement of the court-yard! The young Parisian, who makes his first voyage at sea, does not feel more agreeable sensations on returning into harbour.

The intoxication of this first transport was soon dissipated. Since everything was fast, I had only procured myself a more extensive prison. I was cold, hungry, and overwhelmed with ennui; a clock kept sounding quarters, when I wished to be counting hours, fatiguing me with its monotonous noise, and promised me the longest of nights. The candles were put out by degrees in the apartments; everything remained in profound darkness, and yet no one

appeared! my impatience was equal to my curiosity.

At length, about three o'clock, I heard some noise in the yard; a man, whose features I could not distinguish, advanced gently, and I as cautiously receded; he opened the door and mounted the carriage, and I, goaded by curiosity, seated myself modestly behind it.

After a quarter of an hour's silence, the unknown rapped his feet together, and, apostrophising all at once the night, the cold, the fog, and some one he called *chienne*, got out of the carriage, and walked under the coach house, and came near to me to perform a very impolite office. In a little time, he began to evince fresh signs of impatience. The *chienne*, cried he at each instant, and accompanied this exclamation with others more energetic. At length he added: Why did this wench appoint to meet me here, and not let me go to her chamber as formerly. She pretends that madame heard a noise in her room, and that her honour would be in danger. Her honour! that may be all very well; but is it a reason why I should stay here two hours swallowing the fog? Does not the hussy know that when a man is frozen——

The complaint of the lover, and it may be easily guessed that he was one, was interrupted by a slight rustling, which attracted both his attention and mine. He rose and met the expected person, and reproached her delay. She justified herself by a kiss, imprinted with energy. The mode of reply gave apparent satisfaction to the lover, and he rejoined in the same manner, continuing the amusement for some time.

To the fear lest I should be discovered, I joined an anxious desire to know who the kind fair one was, whose language was at the same time, both soft and energetic; but the profound darkness, which had protected me against the lover, concealed the mistress from my curious eyes.

The happy couple, who understood each other so well without speaking, mounted the carriage. Il en partit aussitot des soupirs etoffes, des gemissements tendres, et la caisse, violemment pousse, fit en une minute vingt soubresauts, qui m' apprirent assez a quelle espece d' exercise se livraient ceux qui etaient dedans. Et-rangement cahotte derriere, je songeais a quitter ma place, quand la voiture, remise par degres

dans sa parfaite equilibrium, m'annonca que les athletes reprenaient haleine.

My dear La Jeunesse! said a voice, whose soft accents I recognised.—Alas! and so deceitful—my dear La Jeunesse!—

My dear Justine, replied the booby; and I felt the carriage resume its motion.

I endeavoured to get down, a grain of sand under my foot made a crash. My God, said Justine, I hear a noise—look into the yard—we are surprised.

La Jeunesse descended with amazement, walked at random in the court, and pretended to feel about. Justine, more dead than alive, remained motionless in the carriage. I stepped in at the door: It is I, my dear girl, I have heard everything; send La Jeunesse away presently; recollect that I want a lodging, and have had no supper. What, Monsieur de Faublas, are you there?—Yes, I was there; but send away La Jeunesse, get me a chamber, and give me some supper. I will tell you afterwards what has happened to me, what I have heard, and what you have done.

Having said this, I resumed my post. Jeunesse came back, and assured Justine she was

deceived. She contended that she had heard a noise, and that some one had risen in the house. She had the cruelty to send her lover away, but he did not leave until he had embraced her several times, and made her give her word to meet him in a more convenient place the next night.

As soon as he was gone, Justine declared she knew not where to conduct me. Monsieur, said she, passes the night with the Marchioness.—What, the Marquis?—He would not be refused.—Ah, ah, but you have a chamber, Justine?—Yes, monsieur, quite close to the chamber of madam.—Well, my dear, conduct me to your chamber. I have been fasting in the cold these seven hours, would you leave me to perish?—Oh, no, Monsieur de Faublas! Oh, surely not; but it is—if my mistress hears any noise?—Good! I will not make so much as La Jeunesse did the last time.

Justine took me by the hand, and both went on tip-toe, listening and feeling until we reached her chamber. Justine lighted a lamp, and hastened to make a fire. She did not dare to look me in the face, but her timid glances seemed to ask pardon, and I thought I could

perceive on the arch-looking features of the *fille de chambre*, a certain confused air, which rendered her more interesting than ever. Oh, how often was I tempted to forgive her! What youth of seventeen is capable of bearing malice to a pretty girl of his own age? I could not doubt but La Jeunesse had been happy, but I had been so also; the question, then, was, which of us she esteemed the most. Yes, but to have a rival in the stables! to divide my pleasures with a groom! Nothing, in truth, but an idea equally distressing with the present, could enable me to refrain from committing an additional infidelity, in regard to the poor Marchioness, and a fresh injury to my Sophia.

The moment these delicate reflections had stifled my rising desires, I felt my hunger increase: Give me some supper, Justine.—I have nothing, Monsieur de Faublas.—What, nothing at all?—Nothing but two pots of sweetmeats in my closet.—But two, Justine?—Here they are; I have preserved them for my best friends.—In that case, it is La Jeunesse who has had the first of this. I regret I did not thrash him that day when he galloped after me over the bridge at Sevres. Ah, you gave him a stroke with a

whip, which made his arm quite black!—I am no longer astonished at the interest you took about him at the time of that affair.—But give me some bread, child.—I have none—Not a mouthful.—Not a crumb? And some drink?—Oh! I have plenty; here is a jugful of water.

Two pots of sweetmeats! 'twas a supper for a nun; 'twas healthy, but so light, that my stomach was not satisfied, and, by way of adding to my comfort, I was obliged to swallow a tumbler full of water, so cold, that it froze the palate of my mouth, and my inside. Justine appeared to feel for my distress. The fire did not burn well; she stirred it, and coaxed it continually. I was still cold. She buttoned my coat. My hat was not sufficient to keep my head warm; I was, therefore, obliged to entreat her to let me put on one of her night-caps. The wind came in through the crevices of the door; and she stuffed them with paper to protect me from it. She was indefatigable, not only in relieving my present wants, but in guarding against those which I might have; in fact, she lavished on me that minute and agreeable attention—those little delicate cares and tender caresses—with

which a woman always loads you when she really intends to deceive you.

Monsieur, at length said the artful Abigail, curious to know how I liked being on the watch at three in the morning; I thought you would have had time to get out at the great gate, as I know you are so light and nimble! I forgot that the disorder you were in at the time would require a few minutes——

I interrupted her, to detail everything which had happened to me from the moment I entered the house. When I mentioned the *boudoir*, she with difficulty restrained herself from laughing; the remembrance of her fall down the stairs was nearly making her blush; and a pretended look of pity appeared on her malicious countenance when I described my imprisonment in the carriage. But, when I came to the close of my recital, which I attempted to render poignant by some sarcasms, a sudden change took place in every feature: the poor girl cast down her eyes, turned aside her head, looked pale, and with her right hand counting one after another the fingers of her left, she ventured, with timidity, a few words in her own justification.

I beg, Monsieur de Faublas, you will lay no stress on what was done in the carriage; I know I was there.—Then you were perfectly pleased with what passed there?—Certainly; but I committed no infidelity towards you.—How! are you sure of that, my dear?—To be sure; because I never left you for La Jeunesse: it was to him, on the contrary, that I was unfaithful, when I submitted to your embraces.—Indeed!—Yes, Monsieur de Faublas, for you have only loved me a few months.—And La Jeunesse?—More than two years; but I have preferred you from the moment I saw you. That was no reason, however, why I should break with him, because I can make *him* marry me.—You have done right!—You laugh, monsieur, but you may rest assured that he will marry me.—I do not doubt it, Justine; he *married* you half an hour ago.—I am wretched, monsieur; I see you are angry with me, and my mistress, perhaps, will turn me away to-morrow.—What! do you think, Justine, that I shall tell her?—No, monsieur, it is not that; but madame is not satisfied with my fall down stairs; she is not to be duped. When I went in, the Marquis seemed to pity me; but the Marchioness

looked cross at me. It serves her right, said she dryly, she should have gone down at once, instead of *amusing* herself on the stairs. She has said no more to me, because the Marquis has not left her, but she received what I did for her with a bad grace, and I am fearful that to-morrow—If she turns you away, Justine, come to me, and I will find you a place, upon a certain condition. It is now five months that the Marchioness has pretended to be with child.—Ah, monsieur! I assure you—Yes, what you have assured me several times; but you must not be in such a hurry to answer me: I shall know the truth sooner or later, and if you have not told it me, I shall abandon you.—But if I tell you the truth?—Then you will have nothing to fear, I will not desert you. So, it is true, then, that your mistress is not pregnant?—She told you so, monsieur, in order to work upon your feelings, and effect a reconciliation; and it seemed to give you so much pleasure, she could never make up her mind to undeceive you, and you would be wrong to desire it. All she has done was to please you.—Yes, yes, Justine, if she turns you away, I will get you a place; and, in the meantime, take this.

I made her take the ten crowns which I presented her.—You had better lie down on my bed, said she.—I can rest very well on this arm chair, my dear.

Justine, however, insisted, but my unlucky stars prevailed. I refused, observing to her that she must be more fatigued than myself; that it was necessary for her to go to bed; and that the mattress would do for me, if she could dispense with it for a few hours.

The obliging Justine dragged her paliasse towards the fire-place, and put a mattress upon it: then, without undressing herself, laid down on her bed, which was greatly reduced by the division. She bade me good night, darted a tender glance at me, and heaved a deep sigh. I know not how it was, but I sighed too, in spite of myself. My imagination, always so lively, caused my feeble reason to stray. I should have yielded to the impulse of desire, but I all at once thought of Sophia. It is true that I remembered also the motion of the carriage! and, whatever the reason, instead of sharing Justine's bed, and reposing on her bosom, I threw myself on the mattress prepared for me. I put my head upon my arm, which served me for a

pillow, and sunk into a profound sleep. I shall leave the reader to determine whether it was disgust which stifled desire—or, for this once, whether the tender passion of love triumphed over my libertine inclinations.

I had not enjoyed the sweets of so necessary a repose above two hours, when I was awakened by the dreadful cry of “Fire!” I found myself in flames. I rose, rubbed my eyes, and it was Justine who cried out with all her strength. To bid her hold her tongue; to stifle with my hands, already cruelly burnt, the fire, which had already consumed the left skirt of my coat; to throw back into the chimney the flaming coals which had rolled to the mattress, and kindled that also; to snatch a jug of water from Justine’s toilet; to throw the almost frozen contents on the paliasse and mattress; by a single stroke, to tear away the counterpane and sheets from Justine; toss the feather bed on one side, the mattress on the other, and to overturn the bedstead with my feet. All this was the affair of a moment: I did it quicker than you can read it.

In the meanwhile several persons, drawn by the cries of Justine, ran towards her chamber,

and begged her to open the door. I was almost distracted on hearing the voice of my charming mistress and her spouse. Where could I hide myself?—there was no bed!—no closet!—I could see nothing but the chimney, and ran into that!—and Justine brought a chair to assist me in climbing up.

Open the door, Justine, cried the Marquis. She, holding the chair, answered that the fire was extinguished.—Never mind, open the door, replied the Marchioness, or I will thrust it in.—Let me dress first, said Justine, still holding the chair—You shall dress yourself to-morrow, replied the furious master.

All the domestics had arrived. They were ordered to break open the door. At that instant I made a leap, and caught hold of a bar which crossed the chimney. Justine took away the chair, quickly flew to the door, opened it, and in they all rushed.

The chamber was filled with people, who, all in a breath, questioned, answered, commented, were frightened, comforted and congratulated each other, without understanding the merits of the case. The shrill voice of the Marquis was presently distinguished amidst the confusion:

What an impertinent baggage to set my house on fire, to alarm us in this manner, and disturb the rest both of myself and her mistress.

While the Marquis was scolding, the Marchioness caused the mattress and paliasse, which had done all the mischief, to be thrown out of the window, and examined the room to see if there was further danger.—Let everyone retire, said she.—The men obeyed immediately; but some of the women, more curious, perhaps, than zealous, offered their services to my charming mistress, who ordered them a second time to retire.

How have you set this place on fire! cried the Marquis, still in a rage.—Stop a moment, said the Marchioness, wait till they are gone.—Zounds! madam! and if they hear it, is it such a great mystery?—Well, monsieur, but do you not see that she is trembling? And do you think that she would burn herself on purpose?—Ah, madam! I see how it is with you and your Justine! You overlook everything! I tell you she is a fool; a hair-brained hussy; and, take my word for it, she will come to a bad end. Look at her! I have always observed in her physiognomy that she was somewhat de-

ranged. Look at her countenance! Is there not something wild in it?—Come, Justine, interrupted the Marchioness, inform us by what accident—I was reading, madam.—A fine time of night to be reading! cried the Marquis: Must she not have been out of her senses?—I fell asleep, madam, replied Justine, and the light, which I had not put out, was too near the mattress—And set it on fire, interrupted the Marquis: a great miracle, truly! and, pray, what were you reading so late at night, miss?—I was reading, monsieur, replied the subtle *fille de chambre*, a book called “The Complete Physiognomist.”

The Marquis seemed all at once appeased, and began to laugh: It is “The Perfect Physiognomist.” Well, Justine, is it not a very amusing book?—Yes, monsieur, very amusing; it is on that account I——And where is the book? demanded the Marquis.—After some moments silence, Justine replied: I cannot find it; it appears to be burnt.—What! burnt? cried the Marquis: My book burnt!—have you burnt my book?—Monsieur!—And how dared you take my books, miss? who suffered you to take my books and burn them?—Monsieur, said the

Marchioness, you rave loud enough to distract my head?—And pray, madam, is the impertinent slut to burn my books?—And pray, monsieur, cannot you buy another?—Buy another? Buy another, aye! What! you think, then, madam, they are to be got like romances? There is not, perhaps, another copy in the world! and this fool has burnt it.—Well, monsieur, rejoined the Marchioness in a very lively manner, if this book is burnt, and no other is to be found, you must overlook it, I see no great evil in it.—Indeed! Madame Ignorance——stop! for I must go——for I will tell you——and you, mademoiselle, I repeat to you, you are a fool! a thoughtless slut! an idiot! and it is long that I have discovered all that in your physiognomy! said the Marquis, and left the room in a rage.

Squeezed into a chimney, which was both narrow and foul, forced to thrust my head and shoulders against one side, to stiffen my legs against the other, and for the greater safety, to strain my hands also firmly on each side, I found myself in the most uncomfortable situation, and began to be greatly fatigued. Nevertheless, I was obliged to have patience, as it

was necessary that I should hear the matter finished, I therefore summoned up my strength, and continued to listen.

The Marchioness began: You see he is gone! that is what I wished; and now we are left alone, I hope, mademoiselle, you will explain to me, satisfactorily, the reason of your fall down stairs in the evening; and also for the noise I have heard in your room for these two hours; and how do you think I am to believe this story about burning the book? I hope you will condescend to acquaint me why a fire was kindled in your bedroom.—Madame! Answer me, mademoiselle, you were not alone here!—Madame, I assure you—Justine, you are going to tell me a falsehood.—I was reading, as I told you——’Tis false! mademoiselle: the book you speak of is in my cabinet.—Then I was at needlework, madam—and talking to myself—but you cough, madam; you are catching cold.—Yes, I am catching cold, that is very true. I see that I cannot come at the truth to-night. I shall leave you, mademoiselle; to-morrow, I have no doubt, I shall succeed better.—(She was going out, but returned:)—We must, for fear of



*Her fright gave way to astonishment and we regarded
each other in silence.*

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of Notary Public for the year 1881.

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a fresh accident, extinguish this fire entirely, said she.

She took, at the same time, a pot of water, and emptied it on the few embers remaining in the chimney. My mouth, my nose, and my eyes, were immediately assailed by a thick smoke, and I was nearly suffocated. My strength failed me, and I fell upon my feet. The Marchioness recoiled with terror. I came out of the chimney immediately; her fright gave way to astonishment, and we regarded each other in silence.

Mademoiselle, said the Marchioness, at length to Justine, with a look which betrayed the violence of her anger, there was no one with you! And then, turning towards me, in a reproachful manner: Faublas! Faublas!—Justine threw herself on her knees before her mistress: Madame, I assure you——What, mademoiselle, do you dare again——Whilst poor Justine was endeavouring to appease her mistress, I was occupied in contemplating her person, which was so agreeably exhibited.

A single petticoat, scarcely fastened to her slender waist, afforded but a slight covering to those luxuriant charms which had so often fired

my youthful imagination. They now delighted my ravished eyes, and called to mind the raptures I had experienced while embracing them. Her cap had fallen off, and the beautiful flowing honours of her head were scattered over her shoulders, which were whiter than alabaster, and fully exposed by the falling down of her chemise. Some of her silken tresses fell in wanton ringlets, and by their glossy hue of raven jet, forming a delightful contrast upon her ivory bosom, heightened its fascination. Oh, how charming she appeared! I gazed on her with ecstasy, and forgot the pretended pregnancy. I seized one of her hands, kissed it, and said: My dear mamma, appearances are often deceitful.—Ah, Faublas! to whom have you sacrificed me!—To no one: I can explain everything in a word. Justine wished to assist me with her evidence. You are very audacious, said her mistress.—Yes, you are right, she is very audacious, cried the Marquis de B—, who, tired of waiting for his wife, had come to fetch her.

The Marchioness blew out the light, and giving me a kiss on the forehead, said in a whisper: Have a little patience, Faublas, and I will

come back in an instant; then, elevating her voice, and addressing herself to Justine: Come, mademoiselle, come along with me. Justine obeyed with alacrity; the Marchioness opened the door, repulsed her husband, who was coming in, locked the door after her, and took away the key, leaving me once more in prison.

My slavery, however, appeared now more supportable, as I was at least permitted to indulge some agreeable expectations. My droll tribulations, so strangely varied, so cruelly prolonged during the whole night, were, without doubt, I thought, to be terminated; and the Marchioness, who would shortly return, could not refuse me the just indemnification for so many evils suffered on her account. This consolatory idea re-animated my spirits; I took a chair, the back of which I placed against the door, and, like a hunter on the watch, I waited for my prey.

Presently I heard a noise in the apartment of Monsieur and Madame de B—; she spoke quick and loud, and disputed in anger. I suspected that the Marchioness could not disembarass herself of her husband, and had therefore determined to quarrel. I made sure that

she would succeed in irritating him to such a degree as to oblige him to retire; but it turned out otherwise. After considerable debate, the Marchioness ran out of her chamber, and came towards the one I was in. It is a very scandalous thing, cried she, in a rage; do not follow me, monsieur! do not follow me!

She had reached the end of the corridor, and was near to my prison, when her foot slipped, and she fell with such violence, that the key of Justine's room flew out of her hand and bounced against my door. My unfortunate mistress uttered a terrible cry. Her husband, who was at her heels, raised her up; several of her women ran to her assistance, and carried her to her chamber. A moment after I heard the Marquis exclaim that she was wounded. The servants were ordered to rise, the porter to open the gates, and a surgeon to be sent for.

Oh! how my heart beat at this awful moment! What uneasiness did the misfortune of Madame de B—cause me! How mortifying to be thus shut up and unable to ascertain if her wound was dangerous, and her life threatened! These reflections only increased my impatience. In the midst of the flurry which such an acci-

dent must cause, in such a moment of trouble and agitation, would Justine be able to leave her mistress? Would she think of delivering me? The time was precious, for day-light began to appear. If I effected my escape, if I could return home, Jasmin could come here and bring me intelligence of her. It was, therefore, necessary that I should try all possible means to procure my liberty. The noise which they made in opening the large gate, informed me that one of the greatest obstacles was removed, and gave me hopes of surmounting all the rest. I attempted, but in vain, to draw the key, which laid in the passage, under the door. I then tried to remove the lock, and draw the screws which fastened it, but found that they were rivetted on the other side.

I examined the lock minutely, and was endeavouring to open it with my knife, when La Jeunesse, whose voice I recognised, said, in a gentle tone: "Is it you, Justine? I thought that you were with your mistress. Let me in, then." The opportunity was too good to be suffered to escape. I immediately determined what part to take, and to run some risk for the sake of liberty. I spoke very low, and counter-

feiting as well as I could the voice of Justine, said, through the key-hole: Is it you, La Jeunesse? Can you tell me how your mistress is?—Thy mistress is well, her skin was scarcely scratched; monsieur came and told us that the surgeon said it was nothing. But how is it you did not know this? Let me in.—I cannot, my dear friend; madam has locked me in—Indeed!—Yes, you will find the key in the passage; look for it.

La Jeunesse looked and found the key; he opened the door and beheld me: Ah! mon Dieu! it is the devil! cried he. I attempted to pass; he levelled a tremendous blow at me; I parried it, and returned it. The blow told well, and sent him reeling to the ground, with a great gash over his eye. I leaped over his carcass and rushed down the staircase; my enemy rose and pursued me, but I was the nimblest, because unhurt, and stimulated by a more urgent motive. I flew rapidly across the court, and had already escaped out of the gate-way, when La Jeunesse, rendered more furious as he despaired of reaching me, roared out with all his might, “Stop thief!”

I had shot through one street, and fear gave

me wings. La Jeunesse, followed by some other domestics, was still pursuing me, but at a great distance. I thought myself saved, when all at once, on turning a corner, I found myself among a patrol of the guard of Paris. The sergeant arrested me on the spot, as my appearance was suspicious. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine a stranger figure than I presented. I had been occupied by so many cares during the latter part of this night, that I did not, until this moment, reflect upon the grotesque sight I must have been when running through the streets. A part of my coat was burnt, another blackened with soot, my whole person disfigured with smoke, and lastly, my head wrapped up in Justine's night cap; therefore, I could be no longer astonished that La Jeunesse took me for the devil.

Notwithstanding the surprise which my curious costume occasioned, even in myself, I assured the sergeant that I was an honest man. He appeared very little disposed to take my word, and La Jeunesse arrived, panting for breath. All the other servants surrounded me, and cried, stop him! he is a villain! a robber! bring him to our house. I demanded that they

would take me before the commissary of the district, and my request was so just that it was immediately complied with.

The commissary expected it was some business of profit, but when he found it was only a criminal affair, was angry at being awakened so early in the morning. Who are you, my friend? said he!—I am the Chevalier de Faublas, your humble servant, monsieur.—Ah, pardon me, monsieur, where do you live?—With my father, the Baron de Faublas, Rue de l'Université.—And what is your occupation?—Like many other young men of family, I have none.—From whence do you come?—Can you not dispense with my answering that question?—I cannot; where do you come from?—Out of a chimney—These are improper jokes, monsieur, for which you will pay dear.—No, monsieur, they are truths, confirmed by my clothes: look at them.—Where were you going?—To bed—a fine answer indeed!—Where are the complainants?

La Jeunesse immediately presented himself.—What is your name, my friend? said the magistrate—I replied for him; La Jeunesse.—Pardon me, monsieur, said the man of law; I spoke

to this youth. Where do you lodge, my friend? —In the heart of one of the Marchioness' maids, replied I immediately.—It is not you whom I interrogate, monsieur!—(Then turning towards La Jeunesse) what is your employment, my friend?—He *kisses* young women in carriages, replied I.

The commissary stamped his foot on the ground with anger; La Jeunesse looked at me with astonishment: the poor youth was so confounded, that he knew not how to reply to the questions with which our city judge overwhelmed him. He deposed, however, that he found me locked up with Mademoiselle Justine in a bedroom, in the house of the Marquis de B—; that I broke open a lock, and in coming out I had *apostrophised* him, the complainant, with a terrible blow on the eye.

The man of law, seeing the case assume a serious aspect, bade me sit down a moment. After speaking to his clerk in a low tone for a little time, I saw the Marquis de B— enter the office. He came, he said, to inform him that a robber——Ah! it is M. du Portail!

COMMISSARY. Monsieur du Portail! that is not the name the gentleman bade us write down.

MARQUIS (laughing.)—Pardon me, Monsieur du Portail? but what a condition do I see you in—how is it?—what's the matter?—

FAUBLAS (whispering in the ear of the Marquis.)—I have had a singular adventure, which I will relate to you with pleasure, but this is not a proper time.

MARQUIS (staring very hard at him.)—Yes, —Yes, but how the devil came you dressed in this manner?

COMMISSARY.—Monsieur the Marquis, I will read you the deposition.

FAUBLAS.—It is unnecessary—(Then, in a whisper to the Marquis,) I will tell you all that.

MARQUIS (looking at him with an air of uncertainty.) Yes, yes, but let us see the deposition.

The Commissary began to read, and I drew the Marquis into a corner of the office, and pretending to speak very low: pray take me from this place immediately, said I, you know how my father confines me! if he should ever know! —if the Commissary should send for him!

MARQUIS (aloud.)—What, is your father at length returned from Russia?

FAUBLAS.—Yes.

MARQUIS.—Zounds! it is very singular that he is never to be found; I have been twenty times to the Arsenal.

COMMISSARY.—But Monsieur does not reside at the Arsenal.

MARQUIS.—Monsieur du Portail not live at the Arsenal?

COMMISSARY.—Monsieur does not call himself du Portail.

MARQUIS.—Does not call himself du Portail?—that is very singular! ha! ha!

COMMISSARY.—You may laugh, sir, as much as you please, but Monsieur declared to us that he lived in Rue de l'Université, and calls himself de Faublas.

MARQUIS (recoiling with astonishment.)—What!—How!—de Faublas?

FAUBLAS (in the ear of the Marquis.)—Hush! hush! I have given that name, as 'tis very disagreeable to expose one's own before a magistrate.

MARQUIS.—I understand you—pray how is mademoiselle your sister, monsieur?

FAUBLAS—(in a tone as if hurt by mention of her name.)—Very well, sir.

MARQUIS.—When I met you at the opera one

evening, you told me you did not know this M. de Faublas.

FAUBLAS.—Oh! that was because you spoke of the son!—who is a bad subject—but the father is a good man.

MARQUIS.—But tell me how it is that my people have been in pursuit of you.

COMMISSARY.—Monsieur the Marquis, hear the deposition; it is very serious.

MARQUIS.—Read on; I am listening to you.

FAUBLAS (to the Marquis.)—Much time will be lost.

MARQUIS.—It will not be long.

FAUBLAS.—But I will relate the whole to you myself.

MARQUIS.—Undoubtedly; but let us see what my servants have deposed—You may make yourself easy, I am well aware you are not a thief.

The Commissary read the deposition all through; the Marquis ordered La Jeunesse, who was without along with the other servants, to be called in. He confirmed everything he had said, and entered into fresh details necessary to clear up certain facts which I could not deny.

MARQUIS.—Monsieur shut up in Justine's

chamber! how the devil could that be! I went in there myself and did not see him.

FAUBLAS.—You can prove that I was not there, monsieur the Marquis.

MARQUIS.—And my wife entered there also, and even remained there a considerable time!—She did not see you either, monsieur.

FAUBLAS.—Another proof that I was not there! (to the commissary) you see, monsieur, how vague this accusation is; will you permit me to retire?

COMMISSARY.—No, monsieur! no; sentinel, bar the door.

FAUBLAS.—What, sir!—can you—

COMMISSARY.—I am very sorry, monsieur, but you entered into a house, they know not how, or when; they find you shut up in the maid's bed-chamber!—It is not clear to me that a complaint might not be lodged against you for seduction.

FAUBLAS.—Monsieur, as a justice of the peace, you are to receive depositions, examine witnesses, listen to proofs, and, always faithful to the spirit of the law, you should reject perfidious probabilities. What you call a conjecture, is no more than an uncertainty, particu-

larly when it affects the honour, I will not say of a nobleman, but of a citizen, or of a man, let his rank be what it may.

MARQUIS.—Permit me to ask monsieur where he has known Justine!

FAUBLAS.—I might dispense with answering that question, monsieur, but to convince you of my complaisance, I will readily acknowledge that I knew Justine through the medium of a woman named Dutour, who was her friend, and who waited on my sister.

MARQUIS (with an air of satisfaction).—Yes, who served Mademoiselle du Portail.

FAUBLAS.—Yes, monsieur.

COMMISSARY (in a pet.)—If Mademoiselle du Portail is your sister, your name must also be du Portail. Why have you made a false declaration?

MARQUIS.—There is no great evil in that; I know why he did so! I know the reason! Let the name of de Faublas still stand on your books—(then turning to me) I would not injure you for the world; but tell me in a friendly manner what you came to my house for.

FAUBLAS.—What, can you not guess? I became acquainted with Justine at my sister's;

they found me in her bedroom ; her charms have seduced me.

MARQUIS.—Ah, you little libertine ! you have passed the night with her ! The Marchioness would be in a fine way if she knew the brother of one of her dear friends came to debauch her maids. But how came Justine's room on fire ?

FAUBLAS.—We were fatigued and fell asleep.

MARQUIS (laughing).—You must have been greatly alarmed when I knocked at the door.

FAUBLAS.—You can have no idea what a panic I was in.

MARQUIS.—But we did not see you, where the devil were you hid ?

FAUBLAS.—In the chimney.

MARQUIS.—But when my wife returned to Justine's room—she must have seen you there.

FAUBLAS.—Not at all ; I heard her coming, and went up the chimney again.

MARQUIS.—And you did well. Oh ! my wife could not bear the slightest impropriety in her family. It is not that she is less indulgent than others, but a respectable female would not have the slightest suspicion attached to her own character ; people may do what they please so long

as they do no harm at her house; and indeed she carries her indifference on this point too far, for she sometimes excuses in her friends those weaknesses—but monsieur, is mademoiselle your sister still at Soissons?

FAUBLAS.—(appearing to hesitate) Yes, monsieur.

MARQUIS.—Indeed! always in the convent?

FAUBLAS.—(pretending to be embarrassed) Yes, monsieur!—Yes—Why not?

MARQUIS.—My motive in asking that question arises from being informed that she was in the environs of Paris.

FAUBLAS.—In the environs of Paris!—Your informant was deceived, monsieur, it surely could not be my sister—but everything is now explained, I think; let us go.

COMMISSARY.—Everything is not explained, monsieur, I am waiting for someone.

This somebody entered at that instant; it was my father; the man of law said to him:

To whom have I the honour to address myself, monsieur?

BARON.—I am the Baron de Faublas, monsieur.

COMMISSARY.—In that case, monsieur. I owe

you a thousand excuses. I have sent for you because a young man, against whom there is a very serious charge, has assumed your name and calls himself your son; but his declaration is false. I am sorry that I have disturbed—

MARQUIS.—(to the Commissary) What do you mean by his declaration being false! did I not tell you to let the name of Faublas stand in your process? (aside to the Chevalier) you know not the consequences of that! If once this commissary ascertains your real name, he will send and fetch your real father, and he would make a rare noise.—Beg of this Monsieur de Faublas, to let you keep his name, and that will settle everything.

CHEVALIER.—(to the Marquis) I dare not.

MARQUIS.—I will ask him myself. (To the Baron) Say that he is your son.

In the meantime, the Baron, struck with astonishment at everything he saw, looked by turns at the commissary, the Marquis and myself. Monsieur, replied he at last, to the attentive judge, your care is not thrown away, nor is my trouble useless. In the situation in which I behold this young man, I ought perhaps to disown him; but the place even where I

find him, prompts my indulgence for him. I know he is possessed of some pride and sensibility, and if he has been guilty of any folly, an examination here, will, I doubt not, be a sufficient punishment. This young man has told you his real name, monsieur, he is my son.

MARQUIS—(to the Baron) Well done! very well performed.

COMMISSARY.—But I do not understand this, I shall send for this Monsieur du Portail.

MARQUIS.—(to the Chevalier) He does not understand it; I believe him.

BARON.—(to the Commissary with great warmth) Monsieur, do I not tell you he is my son!

MARQUIS—(to the Baron, pulling him by the coat) Admirable! (To the Chevalier) He plays his part to a miracle!

CHEVALIER—(to the Marquis) Oh, the Baron is a clever man; and then he owes our family some reparation.

COMMISSARY—(to the Baron) All that is very good, monsieur, but there is a charge.

MARQUIS.—(as loud as he could bawl) I withdraw it.

COMMISSARY.—That is not sufficient, mon-

sieur; the business is of such a nature!—Public justice is interested in it.

BARON.—(with great vehemence) Public justice is interested!—What then is the charge?

MARQUIS.—Zounds! a mere trifle, a paltry intrigue!

COMMISSARY.—An intrigue?

MARQUIS.—Yes, monsieur, an affair of gallantry. (To the Baron) It is nothing more than a gallant adventure, you may take my word for it!

COMMISSARY.—There is a false declaration, escape, assault, battery, and seduction.

BARON.—(in anger) That is impossible! who says so? who dare attack in this manner the honour of my son and my family?

MARQUIS.—(to the Chevalier) Ah! how well he hits his part! I could not have conceived it. (To the father) Come on, monsieur, make yourself easy; it was only an affair of gallantry. Monsieur, your son has slept with one of my maids, and in making his escape, he has thrashed one of my men; that is all, I can assure you.

BARON.—(to the commissary) You know my name, and my residence; are you willing that I

should take my son home, and be answerable for his appearance?

MARQUIS.—Yes, and I will also be responsible for him.

COMMISSARY.—Gentlemen, you will be bound to produce this young man at such a time and place as may be required; and will be answerable in your own persons.

BARON.—Yes, in our own persons.

MARQUIS.—Yes, body for body.—Come, let us begone.

We all three came out together. Ah! monsieur, said the Marquis to my father; ah! monsieur, how well you performed your part in this comedy! how natural! how life-like! you could give lessons to the actors! (Then addressing himself to me) Did you hear him when he exclaimed, “who dares thus to attack the honour of my son?”—Of his son! why he would almost have persuaded me to believe, who know so well to the contrary.

While the Marquis was speaking, the Baron observed him with a look which would have greatly amused me if I had not known the extreme irritability of my father's temper. I trembled lest the droll compliments with which

the Marquis de B— loaded him, might raise his anger; but I was happy that he restrained his passion.

His carriage waited at the door: do not stand for ceremony, said he to me, get in first. The Marquis wished to detain me. Will you continue talking in the street in that figure? said the Baron. I sprung into the carriage, and my father placed himself beside me; we bade the Marquis politely adieu, and he went home on foot.

My father then said: why will you spend your nights from home? are not the days long enough? see what danger you expose yourself to through your obstinacy. I excused myself as well as I could. But your health will be destroyed, continued the Baron.—Ah! father, never was reproach less merited; if you knew but how prudent I have been during the night.—Does my son think he is still speaking to the Marquis de B—?—Certainly not, father; but I assure you that I could pass three hundred and sixty-five such nights as the last, without the slightest injury to my health, if you will permit me to give you the details.—No, my friend, no, keep them for M. de Rosambert.

He then informed me that M. du Portail, Adelaide, and myself were invited with him, to dine the next day with the Duke de —, at the entrance of the Boulevard St. Honoré—If the weather changes, and it should keep fine, we will set out early, said he. You shall all three take a walk round the Tuilleries, while I go in to speak with M. de Saint-Luc, who lodges there. Do not forget this, and be ready in good time.

When I reached home, Justine was waiting for me. The Marchioness was a prey to the most bitter anxieties on hearing that a robber, concealed in Justine's bedroom, had been arrested and taken before the commissary of police, and that M. de B— had gone there. She ordered her *fille de chambre*, who was no less alarmed than herself, to run to our house, to wait there until my return, and to beg me to inform her precisely of all that had transpired relative to an adventure which might produce such serious consequences.

Justine wept when she found I had sacrificed her to save her mistress. I was aware, said she, that it could not well be otherwise; my master will say I must be discharged; and my

mistress, who is already angry with me, will embrace this opportunity of sending me away.—I comforted the poor girl, and assured her I would find her a place, but that, at all events, I would not abandon her.

The moment Justine was gone, I changed my clothes and washed the soot from my face; I then ran to Rosambert, and related to him the various ludicrous accidents which had occurred to me during the preceding night. I told him afterwards, that if he would see Adelaide, he must be in the Tuilleries the next day, in the path which they call *L' Allé du Printemps*. The Count promised me he would be there before noon.

After dinner I received a visit from Derneval, who informed me that we were to go to the convent the next night, let the weather be fair or foul. My dear Faublas, added he, we are about to separate.—How;—The business which detained me here is finished? everything is ready for the grand enterprise which I have meditated several months past. To-morrow night I carry off Dorothea.—Ah Derneval, and how can I see my Sophia when you shall have abandoned us?—Have you not your pavilion?—

But the garden gate?—Ah, you are right, I did not think of that.—Can you, then, Derneval, leave your friend, and the friend of your mistress, in despair?—No, Chevalier, no; I will speak to Dorothea; we will not set out before you have a key of the gate which leads into the garden; and, believe me, if it is necessary, I will defer, for a day, the execution of my projects.

Derneval left me, plunged in the most cruel reflections, which agitated me all the evening, and indeed during the whole night. He goes, said I to myself, he goes off with her he loves! and I remain behind, perhaps without another chance of seeing my beloved Sophia! and if she has a key, would she venture to open the gate? would she dare to come alone into the garden? would not the elopement, too, of Dorothea, make a terrible noise in the convent?—would it not induce them to take every possible precaution to prevent such a thing in future? would not the garden be better guarded than before? Ah! my pretty cousin, it will only be permitted me to see thee sometimes through the blinds of my pavilion. Ah! Derneval! Ah! Dorothea, you abandon us. Is this what you promised?

It was thus, without foreseeing the great events which were preparing, I reproached Derneval for his precipitate departure, which I was presently about to wish more anxiously than himself.

There was a thick fog during the night, and the Baron, who rose sooner than usual, finding the morning damp and cold, knew not whether he would send for Adelaide, lest it might affect her health.

I told my father that the sun would soon warm the air, and that no day in autumn would be finer. M. du Portail, who arrived at ten, was of my opinion. We went, all three of us, to fetch my sister from her convent, and we were presently in the gardens of the Tuilleries. The Baron ordered his servants to wait for us on the Pont-Tournant. I am going in, said he, to M. de Saint Luc, you can walk about in the meantime.—In the Allé du Printemps?—Yes; I'll be there in a few minutes.

After walking there a little time, Rosambert joined us. He thanked the chance which gave him so happy a meeting: he paid Adelaide all the compliments she so justly merited, and, during a quarter of an hour, he occupied him-

self so much with the sister, that the brother was forgotten. I made a thousand efforts, however, to attract his attention. Impatient to consult him on the new misfortunes which threatened my amours, I took hold of his arm, and begged him to give me a moment's converse.

At length he deigned to attend to me, and we doubled our pace without perceiving it. My sister, who could not regulate her walk by ours, remained behind, accompanied by M. du Portail.

We did not think of returning until we reached the bottom of the walk. On turning round, we saw Adelaide at a distance, surrounded by three men, and made haste to approach her. We soon recognised the two new comers to be my father and the Marquis de B—, who were speaking with great warmth.

Let us hasten, said Rosambert, here is some awkward mistake.

His conjecture was right, for at the moment of our arrival, the Marquis said to my father: Why do you interfere in this matter, monsieur?

The BARON DE FAUBLAS.—Why do I interfere? Do you know whom you are insulting?

The MARQUIS.—If I know Mademoiselle du Portail!

The BARON (in anger.)—That is not Mademoiselle du Portail. Monsieur, it is my daughter. Monsieur du Portail has no children!

The MARQUIS (with great vivacity.)—Monsieur du Portail has no children! Who was it, then, monsieur, that slept with my wife?

The BARON.—What's that to me?

The MARQUIS.—But it matters to me! and I am sure it was Mademoiselle du Portail—(pointing to my sister.) She is, I think, somewhat altered—for a reason I will tell you presently.

The BARON (in a rage.)—For reasons which you will tell us presently! Dare you repeat it? Zounds! monsieur, put a riding habit on this hair-brained youth (pointing to the Chevalier de Faublas,) and you will see the same Mademoiselle du Portail you have seen before.

The MARQUIS (looking at the Chevalier with an air of stupefaction.)—Can it be he?

In the meantime, M. du Portail and Rosambert divided their attention between Adelaide, who appeared ready to weep, and the Baron,

whose wrath their advice could not moderate.

The CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS (approaching the Baron)—For God's sake, father, consider what you are about.

The MARQUIS (looking hard at the Chevalier)—What! his father!

The BARON (darting a terrible look at his son)—Hold your tongue, monsieur! Do you know what he said to your sister? I came up at the very moment when he was congratulating her on her having been brought to bed before her time, and that her pregnancy was scarcely visible. Disguise yourself as a woman and deceive fools, but do not compromise your sister's honour.

The MARQUIS (regarding the Chevalier with the greatest attention) The more I examine him——(He then put himself in a menacing attitude, and runs up to M. du Portail) If you are not a coward, tell me, (pointing to Adelaide) is not this young lady your daughter? (Then pointing to the Chevalier:) And is not this the young man I saw at your house in the riding habit?

M. DU PORTAIL (with the greatest coolness)

Monsieur, you know not, perhaps, that my birth is, at least, equal to yours, but I am happy in having some advantage over you. I always recollect how gentlemen should behave to each other when they become enemies. I shall not imitate you in this respect. As to your questions, I would rather not answer them—but this young lady is not my daughter—and that is the young man you saw at my house, dressed in a riding habit.

M. de B—remained silent for some time; he came to me, took my hand, and squeezed it with great violence. I gave him a wink that I understood him. My father perceived these murderous signals, for I heard him say in a low tone: why could I not restrain my first transports of passion? what a blind rage! what unfortunate madness! should it cost my son's life!

You have tricked me most unworthily, said the Marquis to me in a low tone, I shall expect you to meet me to-morrow morning by five, at La Porte Maillot.—I have no reason to complain of your father, but du Portail and Rosambert are your accomplices; therefore tell them I will bring two of my friends to punish

them. Adieu, you shall soon see I know how to avenge myself.

Having said this, he retired. We were surrounded by a crowd of persons, whom the noise of our quarrel had attracted. Adelaide, frightened and trembling, could scarcely support herself, but we repaired to the Pont Tournant, as fast as her strength would permit, and found our carriage waiting for us. The Baron took my sister into his, M. du Portail and myself stepped into that of Rosambert; and to avoid the crowd which followed, the coachman was ordered to drive full gallop to our house, but by a circuitous route.

M. du Portail said, why did you leave us, gentlemen? you were only thirty paces distant when the Marquis de B— came up to us. He loaded us with compliments, and put a thousand questions to your sister, which she knew not how to reply to. And I understood very little of his conversation. I was in hopes you would arrive, and relieve me from the embarrassment in which I found myself.

The Marquis had already congratulated me twenty times on the return of my daughter, and the good health she appeared to enjoy; and ad-

dressing himself to your sister—"Upon my honour, Mademoiselle, you look well, and are very little altered." Here he dropped his voice; and as I was not without great anxiety, I listened. "That is astonishing," added he, "for if I calculate right, you must have been brought to bed before your time."

Mademoiselle de Faublas shrieked out, and I exclaimed with indignation: brought to bed before her time! dare you, monsieur!—Unfortunately, the Baron was already behind us; he rushed between his daughter and the Marquis, and in a furious tone, said:

Who, monsieur, was brought to bed before her time? I insist on your explaining that insolent question.

You know nearly what followed, gentlemen, added M. du Portail, and looking at me: it will be attended, no doubt, with serious consequences.—Certainly, monsieur, it will, for to-morrow morning the Marquis de B—, accompanied by two of his friends, expects us all three at *La Porte Maillot*.—What another duel! more bloodshed! exclaimed Rosambert.

You now see, said M. du Portail to me, what are the consequences of a criminal passion!

Six brave men are to destroy each other on account of the Marchioness de B—. To-morrow, whatever may be the result of the combat, monsieur the Count and myself will be punished for having participated in your errors. Being a soldier, I have a hundred times experienced how painful it is not to be able to save one's own life, but by sacrificing that of another, and one sometimes whom we may be compelled to esteem. M. de Rosambert as well as myself is about to shed the blood of two men, of whom, perhaps, we are entirely ignorant, and who have never done us the least injury.

Ah! monsieur, I am more to be pitied than yourself, because I am fighting with the Marquis, to whom I have done every possible injury—It is very singular, said Rosambert, interrupting me, that I should sustain your quarrel. It is droll that I am to fight for you because you have choused me out of my mistress.—But a truce to your reflections, gentlemen, we have no time to lose. If we are not dead at six to-morrow morning, it will be necessary for us to fly the country.

Frenchmen! exclaimed M. du Portail, who have afforded me so much hospitality, shall I

not quit your country without having transgressed the wisest of your laws?

To what country shall we retire? demanded Rosambert of us. To Germany, replied I, with great vivacity: yes, to Germany, if you please, said M. du Portail. To Germany!—well! be it so, added the Count.

We arrived at the house. Adelaide and the Baron had already ascended the grand staircase. M. du Portail ran after them, thinking I was going to follow him. I bade adieu to Rosambert.—How is this! where, then, are you going?—To Derneval's—I would have you occupy yourself on such matters as our circumstances require, and remember to insure our flight.—But shall we not see you in the evening?—I cannot answer for it; perhaps I shall not see you until to-morrow at four o'clock; and I left him at the moment M. du Portail was coming back to look after me.

I entered the residence of Derneval in so wild a manner, that he asked if any accident had happened to me.

I have, to-morrow, my friend, an affair of honour; to-morrow I die, or Sophia leaves France with me. The chaise in which you

carry off Dorothea must also bear away Made-moiselle de Pontis. Derneval was not a little surprised at this resolution; and we employed ourselves the rest of the day in making every preparation which was necessary for so great an enterprise. I would willingly have spent a moment at my father's in the evening, but I was afraid he would detain me.

A little before midnight I concealed my sword under a large cloak; Derneval took the same precaution, and we set out, accompanied by three servants, on whose bravery and fidelity my friend well assured me he could rely. Arrived under the wall of the convent, we threw into the garden a large bundle, containing everything necessary to dress two men from head to foot; and as soon as our ladders were attached, we ordered two of our servants to stand guard, at some distance, and the other to go and bring us the post-chaise, precisely at four in the morning.

We went over into the garden; Derneval and Dorothea left me alone, under the covered path, with my pretty cousin. We went and sat down at the foot of the chestnut tree, so propitious to love. I regarded Sophia in silence, and

sprinkled her hands with my tears. What means this silence? said she; and wherefore these tears?—These tears announce the most dreadful calamities: Do you not know that Dorothea is about to leave us?—Yes, but her departure is deferred a whole day on our account.—No, my Sophia, no, her departure is not deferred; Derneval takes her away this night.—This night?—Yes, I cannot see thee in the conference room, I can no more meet thee in the garden; therefore we shall be separated forever. This night, my dear Sophia, is the last we can pass together.—The last! cried she, with tears in her eyes.—Yes, the last; Dorothea leaves us; Dorothea abandons thee; she sacrifices everything to her tenderness for Derneval; Derneval is more happy than I am!—Ah, my friend, could you desire a happiness which would cost me mine?—This, Sophia, is the last night we have to spend together.—Let us pass it, then, my friend, in such a manner as will leave us no reason to reproach ourselves to-morrow.—To-morrow we shall mourn our absence, whilst Derneval and Dorothea will be on their road to Germany.—To Germany! Do they go to Germany?—yes, my beloved!—they

go to Germany.—Well, my dear Faublas, we will shortly go and join them; for Madame Munich informs me, the Baron de Gorlitz will soon be here to fetch me.—The Baron de Gorlitz will arrive too late. Why too late?—He will arrive too late, my beloved!—Do, pray, explain yourself.

The departure of Dorothea is the least of the evils which menace our amours.—But tell me, then,—have you not said a hundred times, that on the arrival of the Baron de Gorlitz, you would go and throw yourself at his feet, and beg the hand of his daughter?—The Baron de Gorlitz's consent would avail me but little, if my father would not agree to the marriage.—But your father will approve of it, as soon as my father consents.—Sophia! I ought not to deceive you; my father has destined me for another!—For another! and is it you who announce it to me!—Oh! thou cruel one! I understood you too well!—I am sacrificed!—No, my Sophia, no, be consoled. I now renew to you my vows a thousand times repeated, never shall another woman be called my wife; and if you are not mine, you shall have no one to blame but yourself.—Myself—yes,—you are

not willing to render this marriage so much desired, necessary.—I do not understand you.—Ah! if for three months less rebellious to the vows of your lover—My dear Faublas, what is it you mean?—I should have presented my Sophia to the Baron de Faublas, and said to him: she has accepted my plighted vows, our faith is registered in heaven; I have taken advantage of her weakness and her love; and she now wants nothing but the title to make her my wife. What!—would you have had me purchase this title, Faublas, with my dishonour?—By your dishonour!—You love me but little, then, if you think you would be dishonoured in belonging to me!—Cruel maid! when do you expect, then, to consummate the most tender love! we are going to be separated! they will shortly conduct you into a foreign land, and remove you far distant from your disconsolate lover! Do, Sophia! do open your eyes to the dangers which threaten us! you can prevent them; you can unite yourself to me by the most indissoluble and most sacred bonds—you can at this moment, by a single act, make me your husband, in the sight of God!—in the law of nature!—It requires but your kind assent—

deign, oh! deign to grant the cherished boon, and bind me eternally with the bonds of gratitude and love!—No, I will never consent to that.

I made a thousand useless efforts to triumph over her virtue.

Rendered desperate by her obstinate resistance, which left me no hope of success, I gave myself up to grief. Your tears wound me to the heart, said Sophia; but what is it you require of me?—I require no more. Into what distress do I see you plunged, my dear friend! (she pressed my hands within her own.) No grief can be deeper, or for juster cause, than mine, Sophia. The hours glide by; he will appear too soon, and I repeat it to you, this is the last night which we shall have to pass together. Oh! heaven! in what a tone he speaks to me! what black despair has settled on his countenance! oh! my friend, your sighs and tears make me wretched! (she dried them with her handkerchief)—They are cruel, deadly tears—

Oh! my first beloved, my soul is torn by the most poignant griefs; I am weeping, now, Sophia; presently you will weep also; for some

frightful news will spread throughout the city, and reach even within these walls, and your repentance will come too late to reach your lover.

Oh! cruel man! do you mean to destroy yourself?—No! it is not my own hand that will strike the mortal blow.—Sophia! if my life was dear to you, I would defend it against the Marquis de B—.

Great God! are you going to fight a duel?

Having made this exclamation, she fell fainting into my arms, and I bestowed every attention upon her which her situation required; but as soon as she begun to recover her senses, I embraced the advantage which her weakness afforded with a promptitude which insured me a victory.

Oh! thou last combat of vanquished modesty! first triumph of rewarded love! moment of possession! moment of celestial pleasure; the most eloquent of wits has consecrated your delights in an immortal work:* let me, therefore, be silent; since I cannot express it to you so well.

The clock struck four when Derneval advanced beneath the covered walk. I ran to meet

* Jean Jacques Rousseau, in *La Nouvelle Heloise*.

him, and he told me the post-chaise had arrived; but that Dorothea, who had been obliged to leave him for half an hour, would soon return to the garden, and that it would not take long to change his clothes. I interrupted him, to beg him to retire, as I must prevail upon Sophia to go with us.

I returned to my fair mistress, and showed her the male attire I had brought for her; conjuring her immediately to put it on, and leave her own behind.—How?—For what? Derneval and Dorothea set out for Germany; does not thy heart whisper that we should go with them?—Go with them! What! shall I cut my father to the heart? shall I overwhelm him with shame and bitter mortification?—Alas! am I not already guilty enough?—Hear me, Sophia!—No, I will not listen to you, you cruel one, you have ruined me! You have studiously concerted my dishonour—(She threw herself into my arms.)

Now, Faublas, you may do as you like with your wife; but have pity on her; do not abuse your power over her! do not render her dishonour public!—

Oh, my dear Sophia, I would spare you these

cruel alarms; but I am obliged to remind you that the Marquis——Alas! do not tremble any more for the life of him to whom your own is attached; your husband will be victorious; your husband! I will now defy the whole family of the Marquis! but you know not the laws of the country. Sophia, if, after having overcome my enemy, I remain here, I am exposed to lose my head on the scaffold.—Ah, wretch that I am! Where am I? What have I done?—We must begone, Sophia; we will go to Germany; the Baron de Gorlitz cannot refuse you to your lover, and my father will confirm my happiness. My dear Sophia, suffer your husband to undress you.

The three quarters had struck before I had finished the disguise of my Sophia.

Dorothea came to join us, and Derneval, impatient to begone, reminded me that we must not let the morning overtake us in the city, and that I had business at *La Porte Maillot*.

What, do we not all four go together? cried Sophia.—Honor calls me, my beloved; I leave you with Dorothea, and place you under the protection of Derneval. He will scarcely gain a post before me; he may expect me at Meaux;

in two hours I shall rejoin you. Sophia threw herself into my arms: I will not leave you! I will not leave you! Derneval stamped the ground with his foot: the fog still favours us, said he, but the daylight will surprise us here. I tore myself from the arms of Sophia. If you leave me, Faublas, I will not go.—Well, Sophia, I will not leave you; let us make haste to quit the garden.

Derneval had foreseen that our two lasses would have too much trouble in scaling the wall with the rope ladders, and had provided two short wooden ladders. Dorothea, who had long been ready for her elopement, was presently in the street; but Sophia would have fallen twenty times if I had not followed close to her.

When we arrived at the post-chaise, she wished to see me get in first: But honour calls me, Sophia.—Honour! and pray have I not sacrificed mine to you? Oh! you ungrateful one! I will not leave you! You shall not fight! I will not let you fight!

She was talking to me in this manner, when the clock struck five. No one could be in a more cruel situation than myself. In my despair I drew my sword, with a view to point

it against myself, but Derneval stopped me. Sophia trembled, and cried—Well!—I obey you!—I will go!

While they were placing her by the side of Dorothea, I said to Derneval: It is five o'clock; if I must go on foot, I shall be too late, and be dishonoured. I will dismount one of the three men; let him go as quick as he can to my father's, where I will pass, and order them to give him the horse, which is no doubt prepared for me. Sophia, almost dead, leaned out of the carriage door.—Ah! my dear friend, said she, at least conduct me to the field of battle!—My dear friends! my Sophia! I will join you in two hours.—Barbarian!—my love!—my husband!—take care of yourself!—defend my life!

I saw the post-chaise start, and galloped to the Rue de l'Université. Jasmin was waiting at the door for me: Make haste, my dear master, make haste; the Baron has sent to seek you in every quarter; rendered desperate by your absence, he ordered his horse to be saddled, took his sword, and I fear is gone to fight for you.—Ah, my God!

I started full speed, and Jasmin galloped af-

ter me: Will you not have the best hunter?— It may go to the devil! Return, and when a man comes for a horse, give it him.

I pushed the one I had so furiously along, that I soon came in sight of La Porte Maillot. Presently I perceived the Baron, surrounded by several men. By his gestures I saw that he set the Marquis at defiance. It seemed as if M. du Portail, Rosambert, and the two friends of the Marquis de B—, were already engaged.

As soon as they saw me, they separated. I was sure! cried Rosambert!—

Monsieur, said the Baron to me, you come very late!—Too late, father——too late, without doubt, since you were going to expose your life.

The Marquis de B—interrupted me: If it had only been to meet a pretty girl, he would have risen earlier. Come, then, you cowardly, effeminate, and perfidious wretch, and your death shall presently avenge my insults.

We crossed our swords. The great superiority I had acquired in the art of fencing, and the coolness that I opposed to the fury of the Marquis, balanced in my favour, the immense advantage which he derived from such an attack

unattended with danger, because the sight of my enemy reminded me of the wrongs I had done him, and although I was excusable on many accounts, I felt I had more than one reproach to make myself. I could not determine to threaten the life of a man whose self-love I had hurt, and whose honour I had violated.

Satisfied with parrying his thrusts, I let him exhaust his strength in useless efforts, and depending on my own skill, I flattered myself that when he was entirely fatigued he would be glad to save his life by acknowledging himself vanquished. My hopes, however, were deceived.

My father remained about ten paces distant, a spectator of a contest so painful to him; I could see him watch with an anxious eye the rapid motion of our swords. More than once I thought that carried away by his impatience, he would have plunged into the lists.

M. de B—, with menace and insult on his lips did not to cease to provoke my rage, and pressed forward on me with a vigour at which I was astonished. Nevertheless, he could not obtain an inch of ground upon me, and my hitherto calm resistance only served to provoke

his fury. All at once, restraining the transports of his rage, he deceived me by a feint; I returned rather late to my guard, and my assailant's point, too feebly parried, glanced along my breast and tinged it with scarlet. My father uttered a cry of alarm, and drew his sword, but stopped himself immediately he broke it with indignation; then lifting his eyes upwards, he clasped his hands and fell on his knees: Oh! heavens! oh! heavens! exclaimed he, my God have compassion on me, and save the life of my son!

I could no longer bear the heartrending sight exhibited by my father. The Marquis in his turn defended himself valiantly, but was unable to delay the fatal blow. His fall terminated the mortal anxieties of the Baron. I saw my father sink on the turf at the same time with the Marquis. I imagined that the Baron considered me seriously wounded, I ran to him, and discovering my breast, assured him it was but a slight scratch. My father, without saying a word, looked at my wound and kissed it. I wished to embrace him, but he restrained me, and showed me the field of battle.

I looked around me, and saw one of the Mar-

quis's friends stretched motionless on the ground, and the other binding up a wound which he had received in his side. A surgeon was dressing the arm of Rosambert, who was supported by M. du Portail and several servants.

We have given thrust for thrust, said the Count, as soon as I approached him: my adversary does not appear dangerously hurt, at which I am greatly pleased; but he has brought me to the ground, for which I am sorry.

The Baron was not long in joining us, and heard the surgeon assure us that the Count was not mortally wounded, but could not, without danger, be exposed to a long journey. I will take care of him, said the Baron, save yourself.—Yes, save yourselves, said Rosambert. Come, Faublas, let us embrace, and begone.

My father held me for a long time pressed against his breast: Behold, said he, to M. du Portail, an unfortunate affair which deranges our projects. Lovinski, added he, serve him for a father until I can rejoin you. Let me not detain you any longer, my friends, begone. Here are excellent horses, who will take you in less than an hour to *Bondy*, where you will find a chaise. I have caused relays of horses to be

stationed on the road as far as *Claye*; you will not take post horses until you reach *Meaux*; make the greatest speed till you are in a place of safety. Stop nowhere on this side Luxembourg.*

At length we started, and found the post-chaise at *Bondy*, with my father's postilion and my faithful *Jasmin*. The relays succeeded each other at short distances until we reached *Meaux*; it was at *Meaux* also that *Derneval* was to take post horses. It was there that he had promised to wait for me a quarter of an hour. I enquired if they had seen three young men followed by three servants, and was informed that they had been gone half an hour. The same questions were put and the same answers given at the three next post towns. *Derneval* was always half an hour before me; he was apparently in dread of being pursued, and could not be blamed: but what must have been the anxiety of *Sophia*!

M. du Portail, astonished at hearing me make so many enquiries, and give so much money away, asked me why I felt so lively an interest about these young men.—They are brothers,

* A strongly fortified town in the Austrian Netherlands.

monsieur, who had this morning an affair of honour like ourselves, and I must absolutely join them. Oh! let me beg you to let us take horse and push on to them.—But if we give up our chaise, my friend, we may be obliged to go on horseback all the way.—Well! I fear not the fatigue!—And I, Faublas, am accustomed to it.

We left our chaise and Jasmin at Vivray. Derneval must have been well supplied with horses, for we did not come up to him until within half a league of Dormans. Sophia uttered a cry of joy the moment she saw me. She thrust herself out of the window, and spread her arms towards me: My dear wife, cried I, do pray moderate the excess of your tenderness; it will betray me; M. du Portail follows me; recollect that you are the brother of Derneval.

At Port-a-Binson Derneval got out, saluted us, begged us to excuse his brothers, who would remain in the chaise—and said: As it is important that they should not trace us, if they may be pursuing us on this road, I have taken precautions which you will no doubt approve. About two miles on this side of Epernay we will send back the horses with which we shall be furnished at the next post, to take better

ones, which a friend of mine, who has been apprised for some days past, will surely have provided for us. A cross road will conduct us to Jalons by a circuit which is not very long. From thence, sufficient relays are posted on the road as far as Sainte Menchould, where we shall again take post horses. But, gentlemen, when I took these measures to secure my own flight, I did not reckon on your company. To dismount my servants, in order to give you their horses, would render our escort too weak. Happily our chaise is sufficiently large and convenient, both of you had, therefore, better get into it, and I will undertake to conduct you; I will be your postilion.

M. du Portail, after some pressing, accepted the offer. I whispered to Derneval that I found myself in a strange embarrassment: Your pretended brothers, my friend, are so handsome! and I fear, above all, that their soft voices, and the tender distractions of Sophia, cannot long be misunderstood by M. du Portail. Pray, therefore, Derneval, recommend our dear friends to be sound asleep when M. du Portail and myself enter the chaise. There is no other means of avoiding a discovery which

would be so dangerous, but by acting in a very impolite manner.

Everything happened as Derneval expected. We found a relay of horses at some distance from Epernay. What emotions did I experience when I found myself seated in the post-chaise, opposite to Sophia.

Sophia appeared to sleep, but I pressed my knees against hers; and, by the gentle return, and her half-repressed sighs, I found that my pretty cousin was awake to her lover.

Are these two young persons the brothers of M. Derneval? said Lovinski to me with much astonishment.—He has assured me so, at least, replied I.

M. du Portail asked me no more questions. I observed that he no longer looked at Dorothea, but continued to fix his attention on Sophia, who, more tranquil since I was near her, had really sunk into the arms of Morpheus.

After a silence of half an hour, M. du Portail told me he did not believe they were the brothers of M. Derneval.—Nor I either; replied I coolly.—Why did you tell—I told you they were, because he told me so; for my part, I am unacquainted with his brothers.—There is some-

thing ambiguous in this adventure, Faublas.—I verily believe so.—Faublas, they are women in disguise.—Upon my honour, monsieur, I have the same suspicions.

M. du Portail remained silent, and, for a quarter of an hour, looked at Sophia with the most marked attention. At length, pointing to Dorothea, he said: This one is pretty! but that (he pointed to my pretty cousin, and his eyes glistened) is handsomer! is she not?—Much handsomer.—And then her countenance!—(M. du Portail's voice failed him.)—Is charming! do you not think so?—Oh, yes! delightful! Her countenance!—(He heaved a deep sigh, and said no more.)

With his eyes always riveted on the face of my fair mistress, M. du Portail continued plunged in a profound reverie, until we arrived at Sainte Menehould. While the post-master of that place was changing our baggage, and endeavouring to persuade us that his miserable hacks were excellent horses, M. du Portail addressed himself to Derneval, and asked him if the two ladies sleeping in the chaise were his relations.—Since their disguise has not deceived you (replied Derneval, as astonished as my-

self at this question, which was, at least, indiscreet), I must inform you that one is my wife, and the other—my sister; added he, looking towards me at the same time.

Your sister! Which of the two, monsieur? asked M. du Portail.—The one on this side, said Derneval, pointing at Sophia.—You have a very interesting sister, monsieur. I congratulate you on having such a sister.

My surprise increased at every word of M. du Portail. I knew not if he perceived it, but he drew me aside for a moment. He said to me: See, Faublas, the wonderful power of a strong passion which survives its object. I am singularly interested with the sister of Derneval, and do you know why? It is that in looking at her I think I again behold my wife, whose loss I shall ever lament. Yes, my dear Faublas, at the first glance, I said to myself, “’Tis Lodoiska!” and I still repeated it to myself, after I had minutely examined all the traits of that countenance, which is at once both beautiful and animated. Yes, my dear friend, such would have appeared to you the daughter of Pulauski, when, under the disguise of a man, she fled, in company with her father and her

husband, from our persecutors, the Russians. A little older, but not less beautiful, was Lodoiska at that period. Lodoiska still breathes in this charming young woman!

I listened to M. du Portail with a secret pleasure; yet, persuaded that he endeavoured to deceive himself as to the nature of the feelings he experienced, I could not but lament that so sensible a man, of his age and experience, should so badly defend himself against the dangerous fascination of a growing passion; but I congratulated myself on my happiness, which would no doubt excite a thousand rivals.

In the meantime the sun went down, and the evening closed upon us; but we continued our journey the whole night. Next morning, by eight o'clock, we were at Luxembourg. We alighted at the first inn, and partook of a short repast, during which M. du Portail lavished the most flattering compliments on my pretty cousin. He did not feel that he had need of repose, until our friends, fatigued by so long a journey, expressed a wish to retire.

Derneval had been occupied with the host in providing four chambers, one for the ladies, two for ourselves, contiguous to theirs, and one

for M. du Portail at the other end of the corridor.

Derneval took the hand of Dorothea; Lovinski, more prompt than myself, possessed himself of that of Sophia. He conducted my fair mistress to the door of the chamber prepared for her, and sighed deeply as he returned to his apartment.

As soon as we thought him asleep, Derneval and myself entered the chamber of our wives. Dorothea was already in bed, but Sophia was sitting with her clothes on, weeping, and listening to some words of consolation which her friend addressed to her. Derneval, in a whisper, told me to take her with me.—Come, my Sophia, come; let us leave these lovers together; they have, like ourselves, a thousand things to say to each other.

I took her in my arms, and bore her to my chamber. Oh, what a delightful burden for a lover!

Is it, then, true, said she, sobbing, that the first fault is always the forerunner of one still greater? Is it, then, true that an unhappy girl, betrayed by her own heart, and deceived by a foolish hope to take one rash step, must finish

by violating the most sacred duties? Why did I come so often to that fatal conference room? And why did I receive you in the still more fatal garden? Ah! I could not love virtue since I preferred my lover! I have merited my disgrace, since I have so easily exposed myself to it!

What is it you say, my Sophia? Why poison your happiness by such horrible reflections?—My happiness! is it, then, in the bosom of remorse that I am to taste it?—I assure you, my Sophia, that whatever may be the intention of M. du Portail, I shall start with you for Gortitz. We will go and throw ourselves at the feet of your father.—Never! never! I dare not appear before him!—Then you do not love me.—I do not love you! Faublas—my friend—your Sophia is already degraded in her own eyes, and will presently be so in those of her friends. Do you think, then, that she could support her existence if she did not love you? My dear lover! My dear husband! I see that repentance offends you, and my remorse wounds your feelings. Oh! pardon the violence of my anguish, for in this very moment, when my guilty conscience goads me, I feel that my wan-

dering reason still gives way to this fatal passion!

Having said this, the charming Sophia threw herself into my arms, and the same bed received us both. It was noon before we fell asleep; some hours after we were awakened by a terrible noise.

I would not advise you, said Derneval, for I will blow out the brains of any one who dares to enter here. They ordered me to open my door; at the same time I heard, with as much surprise as alarm, the voice of my father. The trembling Sophia hid herself under the clothes; I dressed myself in a hasty and negligent manner, and opened my door. M. du Portail entered with the Baron de Faublas: Your unworthy projects are, then, accomplished, said the latter. Have you, then, dared——At this instant, those who had been rapping at the door of Derneval, entered my chamber. I recognised Madame Munich: There he is! that's him! said she to an old man who followed her. The stranger called me an infamous ravisher, and put his hand to his sword. I seized my own, and cried out, Who is this insolent stranger? The Baron stopped me, and said:

Thou wretch! it is a father, who came to seek his daughter in Paris, the very day that thou stolest her away!—What, monsieur, can it be the——The old gentleman interrupted me: I am the Baron de Gorlitz.

At this name, Sophia uttered a terrible cry; she threw off her clothes, opened the curtains, made an effort to rise, stretched forth her arms towards her father, and fainted.—And so the crime is consummated, cried M. de Gorlitz, at the sight of Sophia, almost naked.

M. du Portail had great difficulty in holding my father, who loaded me with reproaches; and the Baron de Gorlitz, desiring me to put myself on my guard, said: You have dishonoured my old age, vile seducer! I will be revenged or perish. He advanced the point of his sword towards me, but I threw mine at his feet, saying: Strike, for I will not defend myself against the father of Sophia; pity your daughter; listen to me; hear her justification.—Sophia is dying, help her, relieve her.—Relieve her! answered the Baron de Gorlitz; may a hundred deadly wounds revenge my wrongs, and punish her. He ran towards Sophia with his sword in his hand, but I threw myself upon him

and seized his body, exclaiming: Barbarian, take my life! injure not your daughter, for I will defend her even against her father. Deign, my lord, to hear me; your child is innocent; it is I who have beguiled her, I alone am culpable.

While I was thus employed in staying the rage of M. de Gorlitz, Madame Munich was bestowing on Sophia a variety of useless efforts to restore her. At last, however, she heaved a long sigh, and opened her eyes; but on seeing those who surrounded her, she relapsed into a fit still more insensible than the first.

At this instant, Derneval, followed by three armed men, rushed into my chamber, and, in a very fierce manner, demanded what right they had thus to disturb the repose of travellers.— And what interest do you take in our quarrels? asked my father in the same tone. I know not what reply my brother in arms prepared for him, for being obliged to divide my attention between several objects equally dear to me, I cried out to Derneval: My friend, moderate yourself, it is my father, and there is the father of Sophia. Derneval and his servants retired from the chamber, but continued in the passage.

In the meanwhile, M. de Gorlitz, whose par-

oxysms of rage were succeeded all at once by an apparent calm, had taken a seat, and preserved a terrific silence; contemplating with a dry eye, my father, his daughter, and myself. I concluded he was a prey to the blackest despair, for I knew that the most acute griefs were silent, and produced no tears.

My father approached the Baron de Gorlitz, and endeavoured to console him. I flew to Sophia, whom Madame Munich was just bringing to life. M. du Portail was seated on the bed, and did not appear to be less agitated than myself. I repeated the name of my sweet angel a hundred times; and at length she opened her eyes at the sound of my voice: Alas! you have destroyed me, said she; and this reproach, so justly merited, heightened the horror I was in at that dreadful moment.

My father continued to say everything to M. de Gorlitz which he thought most likely to calm his troubled mind. The latter interrupted him at each moment with the cruel exclamation: "She is not my daughter!" M. du Portail united his entreaties to those of my father, saying: At least, you should listen to her justification; your daughter may not be entirely in-



Alas! you have destroyed me, said she;

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nocent, but she may be excusable. It is not likely that so charming an exterior conceals a corrupt heart. Do pray listen to her justification.

The BARON DE GORLITZ.—I repeat it to you both, gentlemen, she is not my daughter.

M. DU PORTAIL.—But——

The BARON DE GORLITZ.—She is not my daughter; her governess knows it well. Madame Munich will tell you that I adopted this child to give her a portion of my wealth. She was scarcely seven years old when my relatives attempted to poison her, and that is why I caused her to be educated in France.

M. DU PORTAIL (with great emotion).—She is not your daughter! Do you not know her parents?

The BARON DE GORLITZ.—I could discover them, no doubt, but I have never sought after them: it is a crime, the fruit of which heaven does not permit me to enjoy.

M. DU PORTAIL. (with great vivacity).—Monsieur—

The BARON DE GORLITZ.—Deign, sir, to give me a moment's attention.

One may easily imagine the anxiety I felt

during this strange explanation. Sophia, who listened with great pain, wished to speak, but her weakness prevented her. A deadly paleness overspread her face, and a cold sweat ran from her discoloured forehead.

Gentlemen, continued the Baron de Gorlitz, I have passed my life in the midst of arms. In the year 1777, I was in the Russian armies, and fought against the Polish insurgents.

M. DU PORTAIL.—Against the Poles in 1777?

The BARON DE GORLITZ.—Yes, monsieur, but you interrupt me every moment. After a bloody victory which we gained over them, I only demanded, as my share of a very considerable booty, an infant of about two years of age.

M. DU PORTAIL. (rising and running to Sophia.)—Ah! my dear Dorliska.

The BARON DE GORLITZ. (taking hold of him.)—Dorliska! That is the name I found written under a miniature attached to her breast.

M. DU PORTAIL immediately drew a portrait from his pocket—Behold, sir, a counterpart—Oh, my daughter! my dear daughter!

The BARON DE GORLITZ. (still holding him.)

—Your daughter, monsieur? What are the arms of your family:

M. DU PORTAIL. (showing his seal.)—Look at them.

The BARON DE GORLITZ.—They are the same; they are marked under her arm-pit.

Sophia shrieked out, mustered up her strength, and stretched her arms towards M. du Portail. Lovinski embraced her and wept.

Ah, my dear child! art thou at last restored to me! In what a place and condition do I find thee! What bitter griefs poison the happiest hours of my life! Dorliska, do you know what your mother was? Your mother felt for several years a chaste and legitimate affection; a virtuous maiden, she was worthy to become a wife; as a tender mother, she never ceased to bewail thy loss; and thy remembrance occupied her last moments. “Search everywhere for my dear Dorliska,” were the last words pronounced by the dying Lodoiska. For these twelve years past I have been constantly occupied in a care so tender to my heart; for twelve years I have not conceived a greater happiness than the finding my beloved daughter. Alas! and now that I hold her in my arms, I am

overwhelmed with grief. Oh, the most prudent of wives! Oh, the most respectable of mothers! Lodoiska, thy faithful spirit, I doubt not, hovers round us! How must thou bewail thy Dorliska, seduced, and at this moment in the power of a ravisher! How must thou pity Lovinski, become, by a cruel destiny, an accomplice in the elopement of his daughter and the witness of his own dishonour!

M. du Portail threw himself into an arm-chair; his wretched daughter, forgetting she was nearly naked, rushed from her bed, and fell down at his feet. Madame Munich, observing this, seized the counterpane, and covered Sophia, who cried out: Ah! you are my father, my heart tells me so; your generosity proves it to be, for you condescend to acknowledge me, although so unworthy of you.

M. du Portail repulsed his daughter, and turning aside his face, exclaimed: Cruel child!

Sophia held one of his hands, and I took possession of the other, and threw myself at his feet,

Your grief kills me, monsieur; I cannot be happy while you suffer such affliction. My errors become more serious, since they draw

tears from my friend, from my father's friend, and from the father of my Sophia! You are injured, Lovinski, but let your anger fall entirely on him who deserves it. Your daughter is innocent; your daughter—if you knew the snares by which she was entrapped, how long she resisted the seduction, and how dear the guilty victory cost me!—Lovinski, your daughter is innocent; wash away your insults in my blood; or, rather, as you have a heart full of tenderness and sensibility, and have felt the power of an ardent and mutual love, and know how the passions may lead astray a giddy youth and deluded maiden—Lovinski, be no longer inexorable; have compassion on our youth; excuse her—pardon me. You can, by one word, repair our errors and render our passion legitimate; conduct us, then, to the altar; and there let me repeat those vows which have already united me to Sophia; there you will find your Dorliska.

My father joined his prayers to mine; M. du Portail appeared to be moved, but continued silent; we could perceive, however, that he meditated an answer. At length, he embraced his daughter in a most affectionate manner, looked

at me without anger, and, in a calm tone, requested everyone to retire, and leave him the remainder of the evening alone with his daughter.

The next day I married Dorliska.

THE END.

[This part of the Romance, entitled, "One Year of the Life of the Chevalier de Faublas," was published in five volumes, in the year 1786. The subsequent parts are continuations, written in consequence of the success of the first.]

SIX WEEKS
OF
THE LIFE OF
THE
CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS.

FIRST PRINTED AT PARIS, IN THE SPRING OF 1786.

SIX WEEKS OF THE LIFE
OF THE
CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS.

THE august ceremony was finished. The eloquent priest then proceeded, in a discourse which to me appeared very tedious, to recommend certain virtues, the observance of which I considered by no means difficult. Sophia called me by the charming name of husband, and my lips were uttering a vow which came from my heart, when the sacred vault of the church rang with a lamentable and piercing cry.

Every one turned around in alarm. I perceived, already at a distance from the astonished spectators, a young man fly like lightning through the door, but could distinguish nothing of him but a blue uniform.

He had been seen, some minutes before, to enter precipitately, and abruptly piercing the

crowd, approached the altar. He fixed his eyes on Sophia; in a plaintive tone he exclaimed, "It is she!" and then uttered that long, deep groan, which affected me very much. Rendered uneasy and curious by this occurrence, I wished to fly after him, but my father opposed me and stopped me; my dear companion, Derveval, being more free, and less agitated than myself, ran immediately after the stranger.

During this momentary tumult, caused by so strange an event, Sophia inclined towards me, and in a tremulous tone, said, "My friend, take care of me."

I was going to reply to her; I was going to ask her why; when M. du Portail, whose attention had been distracted for a moment amidst the general confusion, but who was apparently brought to his recollection by what had happened with regard to his daughter, came immediately and took his place beside her, seeming to repent having quitted it. I saw him give a severe glance at my timid spouse, who cast down her eyes and turned pale. During the short space of time that the priest was concluding his exhortation, my mind was tormented by a crowd of the most cruel reflections.



*He fixed his eyes on Sophia; in a plaintive tone he exclaimed,
"It is she!"*



What, Derneval my friend! what, so soon returned?—Do you know this young man?—Who is he? what does he want? what has he said to you?—His servants, my dear Faublas, had a horse ready for him in the cloister, and he was at the end of the street by the time I reached the door of the church.—And are you ignorant of what is become of him?—He rode at full gallop, my friend, and I was on foot: at all events, I would have followed him in the carriage which brought Madame de Faublas, but the obstinate coachman would not let me.—Derneval, you know not how uneasy I am: promise that you will not leave me to-day; that you will not set out before to-morrow.—To-morrow! Suppose my persecutors were this day—I believe your dangers to be possible, but mine are, perhaps, inevitable. Since the terrible scene which occurred yesterday, since the Baron de Gorlitz and Madame Munich are gone, Lovinski has taken possession of his daughter, whom I did not see until at the altar the other day. I have scarcely been suffered to speak a word to her; and all answer on her part seems to be interdicted; it is only in the presence of the Eternal that she could renew her faith to me!

It is only to my wife that I have been permitted to swear, I shall always adore my mistress.

Let me beg of you, Derneval, to notice Lovinski, and observe his gloomy and care-worn countenance, his watchful and suspicious looks. Do you find in him the air of satisfaction which a good father experiences when he gives his daughter to the husband of her choice? Does he evince, think you, that air of noble pride which you would expect from a man who had pardoned an injury?—And, my dear Dorliska, my pretty cousin, my charming Sophia? what an expression of deep sorrow is stamped on her lovely countenance, which ought to be embellished with the idea of those joys which are now rendered legitimate! and her eyes, too, which are dim with sorrow and filled with tears which she tries to suppress! What, then, is it that thus damps her felicity? What is it that has changed a day of joy into a day of sadness? What fear? what regret? Who knows this young man? and for what did he come here? A frightful suspicion tears my heart! But no, Sophia could not betray me. Is she, then, going to be the victim of some secret treachery! “It is she!” said the stranger: “Take care of

me!" exclaimed Sophia. But how am I to defend her? Who are her enemies? For what dangers must I prepare myself? I conjure you, Derneval, by our friendship, not to abandon me in such critical circumstances; for, if you leave me, I am lost. The designs of our enemies are enveloped in a profound obscurity, and a frightful uncertainty paralyzes all my faculties. How can I frustrate plots of which I am ignorant? And from the multitude of evils which I anticipate, how can I divine the one which is to overwhelm me?

I did not hear the answer of Derneval; for Sophia, still accompanied by her father, had left the altar, and reached the door of the church. Do you come, Faublas? said she. There was in her tender look a strong expression of grief, and a marked alteration in the inflection of her sweet voice which served but to increase still more my mortal anxiety.

We arrived in the cloister. Was it through forgetfulness or incivility, that Lovinski, without noticing either Dorothea or my father, had handed his daughter into the carriage, and seated himself immediately beside her? While I was asking myself this question, Lovinski shut the

door, and the coachman, already mounted, drove off with the greatest possible rapidity. The carriage, so furiously driven, was more than fifty paces distant, before any of us could recover from the profound stupefaction we were thrown into by this unforeseen flight.

The moment I came to myself, I darted forward like lightning. The greatness of my loss, and the hopes of recovering the invaluable treasure which had been snatched from me, gave additional swiftness to my natural agility; I felt a more than human strength: I expected in a few moments to overtake the carriage, and to rescue my wife from the arms of her ravisher. But, alas! Derneval and my father recovered from their astonishment too soon for me, because their noisy bustle was more mischievous than the fatal stupor in which I had left them. They both followed me at a distance, calling out with all their might, Stop him! stop him! As for myself, I ran so fast that I could not call out. Several soldiers came by, and seeing me alone, and flying so swiftly and silently along, imagined that I was pursued. They presently formed a circle and surrounded me: I wished to explain myself, but I spoke French

to Germans. Mortified at not being understood, and at wasting my precious time in such vain discourse, I attempted to break through them; but what could one man do against ten? My resistance only served to irritate them, and to procure me ill-treatment. But their blows were scarcely felt, for I was so eager in catching the sound of the carriage, which was already at a great distance, and every turn of its wheels was like the stroke of a poniard at my heart. Whilst they were all struggling with me, I looked with grief on the rout of Lovinski, and could distinguish nothing in the distance but a cloud of dust. Then, seized with anguish and despair, I felt my courage expire, and my strength exhausted; I felt the most dreadful revolutions taking place throughout my whole frame. I fell insensible at the feet of the barbarians who had stopped me, at the feet of my father and my friends, who had at length come up to me. I fell.—Ah, my Sophia! my soul followed thee!

Unhappy Chevalier! where were you when you returned to your senses?

Upon the bed of sickness; and the Baron watching at my pillow, which he bedewed with

tears. Sophia was the first word I pronounced when my reason returned.—See what an effect his ptisan has had, said a little man whom I perceived behind the Baron. The crisis is now passed, and to-morrow will be his fourth day.—What, monsieur, have I been here but three days? Is it only three days since they tore Sophia from me?—Yes, my friend, replied my father, with tears in his eyes, three days have passed away since your wretched father has been waiting to see you recognise him, and to hear you repeat his name.

Ah, pardon me father! I beg a thousand pardons—but you know not, you cannot conceive what a burthen I have at my heart; how much I feel myself borne down by the weight of my misfortunes.

Such, my son, is the common result of those passions which lead giddy youths astray. At first they enervated your soul in the bosom of pleasure, and now deliver you up, without strength, to bear the storms of adversity. God forbid, however, that I should now reproach you with your faults, as the events which have transpired have already too cruelly punished you. You have need of some solace, and it is

my wish to render you all in my power. Listen then, my son, to my feeble voice; receive my paternal consolations; attend to a friend who partakes of your griefs, and to an alarmed parent who groans through his own sufferings, and trembles for you. Thy Sophia is thine own; no one can deprive thee of her. Du Portail, in conducting her to the altar, has given up all his power over her. We will search for her, my friend, and in whatever place we can trace her, I promise thee that nothing shall be neglected in order to extricate her from her thralldom; I promise to restore thee thy wife. Recall thy courage; let Hope again take her seat in thy bosom; have pity on my extreme distress, and let me see my dear son restored!

Yes, yes, let him but continue his ptisan, interrupted the little man, and we will cure him.—Alas, father! I am twice indebted to you for my life!—And to me also, monsieur, interrupted the little man: Do you think you owe nothing to me? Do you take no account of the draughts I have given you since the morning?

Do they know, father, what has become of her?—Derneval and Dorothea set off the day

before yesterday, and they promised me they would make every inquiry.

Gentlemen, said the little man, addressing us once more, this conversation must be finished. We must cure this young man, since he has already recovered his reason. Let him be silent, and continue his ptisan; to-morrow all will be well, and we can then remove him.

Having said this, he instantly filled a large cup, and bringing it with an air of triumph, invited me to swallow the comforting dose.

An ardent young lover who inquires after a beloved mistress that has been torn from him, and is presented with a draught of physic, may well be impatient and wanting of politeness. I snatched the cup, and dashed its contents on the head of my Esculapius. The thick liquid rolled down his oblong visage, and ran over his slender body.

Ah! ah! said he calmly, while wiping his wig and his clothes, your son is again in his delirium. But monsieur the Baron, let not that alarm you. Let him continue his medicine, only administer it yourself; because, as you are his father, he will not dare to throw it in your face.

The best physician is he, who, being acquainted with our passions, knows how to humour them—when he cannot cure them. Thus the promises of the Baron did more towards my recovery than all the remedies of the little doctor.

The next day I found myself much better, and was removed as they had promised me. We went to the village of Holrisse, two leagues from Luxembourg, to occupy a country house which my doctor had recently taken, and of which retreat the Baron had been advised to avail himself, in order to complete my recovery.

The tranquillity of the place, its rural gayety, the charms of the country, and the occupation of the peasantry at the season, would all afford me, they said, agreeable recreations. I could, without danger, breathe a wholesome air, and take moderate exercise in a large garden.

My father also thought that we should be better concealed in an obscure village, and to a change of residence, which was perhaps superfluous, he added a necessary precaution in altering our names. He was to be M. de Belcourt, and myself De Noirval. The Baron's *valet de chambre*, and my faithful Jasmin, were our

only servants. He sent his other domestics on different routes, with the double view of searching for Lovinski, and rendering ourselves more quiet by their absence.

On our arrival at the new dwelling we had chosen, M. de Belcourt examined all the chambers, that he might give me the one he thought most quiet and convenient.

M. Desprez (the name of the little doctor) pointed out to us a little pavilion between the court and the garden. He told us that it contained three very pleasant chambers, on the first floor, but that the last proprietor had been obliged to abandon them on account of their being haunted. Noirval, said my father, smiling, is not afraid of spirits; he has pistols already, and when he is a little better, he will have his sword.

I was put into possession of one of the three rooms. Jasmin entered with glee into another, and promised to defend even the third from spirits. M. de Belcourt took up his abode in the body of the house, which looked into the street.

Night came, but the spirits did not appear. They left me entirely to my melancholy reflections. Oh, my pretty cousin! Oh, my charm-

ing wife! what tears did I shed in thinking of thee!

Where has her father conducted her? Why has he snatched her from me? What powerful reason could hurry to his extremity a man naturally so mild and compassionate as Lovinski—and one, too, who had so well experienced the irresistible empire of a passion vainly opposed. Could the inconsolable husband of Lodoiska become a cruel father? Besides, had not a speedy marriage repaired what he called my errors? What could the honour of his house, so involuntarily compromised, require more? In fact, was it not even to my faults that he owed the unexpected happiness of finding his daughter? And did this ungrateful man dare to ravish her from me? and would the barbarian fear to immolate her? Yes, without doubt, he will destroy her! Overwhelmed with despair, Dorliska will fall a victim to his cruelty! The unfortunate Dorliska—oh, my Sophia! if you are no more, you must, at least, have carried with you the just hope that I shall soon follow you! I shall not be long in accomplishing it! In a little time, far from a jealous world—and from unnatural fathers; free from the insup-

portable burthen of tyrannic customs, and relieved from the odious yoke of persecuting prejudices, I shall go with tranquillity and satisfaction to join my happy and consoled spouse. I shall be in the bosom of Peace; in the Elysium promised to true lovers; and there our souls, more intimately connected, shall taste the ecstasie pleasures of eternal love!

Thus, in the silence of the night, my grief fed upon ideas the most calculated to feed it, but the morning brought me some repose. My father, who always rose with the sun, did not cease to repeat to me his promises, and explained to me the means he intended to employ, in concert with myself, to recover my wife, and his not appearing to doubt of success, relieved me from despair.

Nature seems to have ordained, by one of her immutable and beneficent decrees, that hope should spring from misfortune. It is seldom that hope abandons an unfortunate person; and the greater his miseries are, the more easy it is to persuade him that they will be shortly terminated.

Sometimes agitated by the most galling suspicions, I asked my father what he thought of

the young man, whose lamentable cry still rung in my ears. M. de Belcourt was at a loss for a reply, when I enquired how the stranger could have followed us to Luxembourg; what design brought him there? when could he have known Sophia; and why Sophia had never spoken of him.

Sometimes, also, recalling less melancholy ideas regarding the crowd of events which had transpired during my sixteenth year, I indulged myself in thinking of that interesting beauty by whom the commencement of my career, sown with so many flowers, had been rendered so agreeable. Poor Marchioness de B—, what is become of you?—perhaps shut up in a prison! perhaps dead! Equitable reader, it is to you I appeal whether, without ingratitude, I could refuse a few tears for the fate of that unhappy lady, whose only fault was her affection for me.

I should not forget to mention, that my doctor, M. Desprez, afforded me also some amusement. He enquired every morning if I had been disturbed by apparitions; every evening he recommended me to continue the ptisan; but, though I often pressed him earnestly, he never would take it himself. I was astonished that

my father had chosen such a strange doctor, who thought of nothing but his ptisan and the ghosts. M. de Belcourt informed me that the most skilful physician in Luxembourg had, in the first place, been consulted, and had prescribed for me everything that was necessary; that M. Desprez, hearing a sick person was going to be taken into the country, came and offered his services and his house. The first physician approved the situation, but rejected the humiliating and dangerous practice of consulting with a modern professor, with whom he was unacquainted. M. de Belcourt, therefore, to prevent discord, took the advice of the one, and the house of the other.

It was the eminent physician of Luxembourg who prescribed for me; the unknown doctor of Hollrisse had no other merit than that of letting us his house at a very high rent. I was at liberty to believe in his ghosts, but I had nothing to dread from his drugs.

More than eight days had elapsed, when we received some encouraging news. Dupont, one of our servants, whom my father had dispatched on the road to Paris, wrote word, that on quitting Luxembourg, he heard, at the first post, that

they had furnished horses to a middle-aged gentleman, accompanied by a young lady in tears. He did not doubt but it was my wife and father-in-law, and had followed as far as the environs of Sainte Menehould, where he unfortunately broke his thigh through the fall of his horse. This accident had prevented him from forwarding sooner such interesting information.

M. de Belcourt, expert at catching everything which would flatter my hopes, did not fail to observe, that henceforward the object of my wrath would be more easily followed up, since we found it was circumscribed by the extent of the kingdom, or, rather, of the capital. M. du Portail, added he, has calculated that he might safely return to Paris, as he was so little known, and that even should we discover his retreat, we should not dare to follow him there.

I will dare it though, father, I will go there, and speedily embrace my Sophia.

On the same day we received a letter from Rosambert, to whom, since our change of name and residence, M. de Belcourt had sent the details of our recent misfortunes. The Count, still concealed in the retreat he had chosen,

was already much recovered, and reckoned soon to join us. He had sent to the convent to enquire after Adelaide, who was greatly afflicted at our absence. He informed us that the Marquis was not dead, but said not a word of the Marchioness. The silence which he affected regarding a too unhappy and too lovely woman, whose fate he knew must be interesting to me, appeared strange, and could not but excite my most lively interest.

I was not less surprised that he had not written to me at the same time as to M. de Belcourt; but, after reflecting awhile on this subject, I guessed that my father, fearing the effect of such a correspondence in my present situation, had intercepted my letters.

If there was nothing positively good in the news I received, it was still sufficient, in some degree, to tranquilise my mind. My convalescence was certainly apparent, and the little doctor disputed both with love and nature the merit of my speedy recovery, and attributed all the honour to his nasty ptisan, so rarely taken. One circumstance alone obliged him to confess that some propitious divinity watched over our destinies;—the spirits had not haunted the

house since our residence in it. M. Desprez had spoken so often to me of ghosts, that at length I begged he would inform me what gave rise to all these jokes. He put on a grave face—and, in a solemn tone, thus commenced his awful tale.

A little farm-house, the tenant of which was named Lucas, once stood on the very spot where this pavilion is built, and which, consequently, did not then exist.—Your consequence is well deduced, Monsieur Desprez.—Lucas loved his wife, Lisette—and Lisette adored her husband, Lucas.—My God! M. Desprez, how many times are you going to name them.—If I am to tell the story, monsieur, it is proper that I name the personages who figure in it.—You are right, doctor, I will not restrain you.—I have already told you expressly, that Lucas and Lisette were married together; and I now beg you will observe, that for a marriage to be happy, it is necessary for the husband and wife to be good managers.—A very excellent remark, M. Desprez.—And that they manage well, it is necessary their tastes should be similar, and their tempers in unison.—Good again, doctor.—But I have already told you that Lucas loved some-

thing besides his wife.—Oh! Monsieur Desprez, how admirably you relate it!—Ah, my memory is good! you see I forget nothing!—And you repeat it for fear of forgetting it.—Because it is necessary to be clear and explicit, monsieur. But this other thing which Lucas loved so much, and perhaps more than his wife, was good country-made wine, at three-half-pence per pint, Saint Dennis' measure! But his wife loved to drink of the limpid stream, and detested the juice of the grape.—Ah, Doctor, you are now getting quite poetical!—Sometimes, monsieur. There was this inconvenience in the propensity of Lucas, that the wine chafing the irritable fibres of his stomach, caused acrid vapours to ascend into the warmer fibres of his heated brain, and made him always coarse, brutal, and vulgar when he was drunk.—Let me tell you, doctor, that this is a definition almost worthy the *Medecin malgre lui*.—You insult me, monsieur; I am become a doctor in spite of all the world; my medical genius impelled me to it.—And in the opposite taste of Lisette there was also a contrary inconvenience, for the abundance of water relaxing her *viscera*, diluting too much her badly dressed victuals, affecting the tone of

her stomach, and destroying her digestive organs, generated bad chyle, which occasioned heart-burnings, want of sleep, yawnings, listlessness, and drove to the inflated membranes of her brain that tenacious and bilious humour, which, in little women, has the peculiar effect of rendering them clamorous, obstinate, and crabbed scolds.

Now, monsieur, you can easily perceive that it would have been necessary for these two opposite propensities to have been amalgamated and blended together, to produce one well-regulated appetite. Lisette should have mixed a little wine with her water, and Lucas should have poured a great deal of water to his wine, because the temperament of the husband, and the temperament of the wife would have thus sympathised together, by means of a just medium; because their humours would have been found to accord; because—because——Do not trouble yourself, doctor, I can guess the rest.—It stands proved, then, monsieur, that if things had been regulated in the manner I have just laid down, the fatal catastrophe I am about to relate, would not have occurred to this unhappy couple.

Now, doctor, for the catastrophe.—It was, monsieur, in the year 1773, on Friday, the 13th of October, at thirteen minutes after eight o'clock in the evening. I will just observe as I go on, that in the recurrence of several numbers, thirteen is always fatal. They had just gathered in their vineyards, because the vines were late in ripening that year. Lucas, on coming out of the tub in which the fruit had been pressed, drank thirteen glasses of new wine; when he re-entered the farm-house he was no longer a man—he was a devil. Unfortunately, his wife had eaten for her dinner a little *omelet*, composed of the yolks of thirteen eggs, and had drunk nothing but water. Her digestion became painful, and on seeing Lucas a little merry, began to scold, make faces at him, and to use a thousand irritating expressions. Lucas replied by a menacing gesture and gross language. Lisette, in the moment of anger, threw thirteen plates at his head. Lucas, in return, gave Lisette thirteen blows on the head with a quart pot, which he held in his hand, and knocked her down ultimately as flat as a flounder. When he saw her lying dead before him, he began to feel that he loved her, and threw himself,

broken-hearted, upon her carcass, begging pardon for having killed it.

Alas! cries he, in a lamentable tone, this is the first time I ever did so! At length he rises in a melancholy mood, and marches, with his arms a-kimbo, to his wine tub, and drops gently into it, head first, without saying a word. In about thirteen seconds after, he was taken out by his neighbours, when he was already dead.—Ah, doctor, this is a long but charming story!—I did not make it, monsieur, it is a tradition among the people; but hear the conclusion: Justice, indignant, took cognisance of the affair; they seized the body of Lucas, which, fortunately for him no longer contained a soul, and hung it up by the heels; the farm-house was levelled with the ground, and the land put up by auction. The person who bought it found himself very uncomfortable in it. He never ventured to inhabit his pavilion, because every vintage season, and sometimes a little later, a most terrible change takes place. Night comes on; the sky looks pale; the earth quakes; the elements are in convulsions; the pavilion leaps from its foundation; the roof dances in the air; and the walls appear red either with blood or with wine.

A horrible clatter is heard within, like the smashing of plates and the knocking together of pots. The groans of a dying person are also heard, and the cries of one drowning.

Ah! what a delightful history, M. Desprez! Let me entreat you not to tell it anyone else; keep it entirely for me, and when I get to Paris, it will form a charming plot for a comic opera. I shall take care, in order to delight and surprise the whole world, to introduce into each scene, two or three *Ariettes* in verse, nearly rhyming; I will retain much of your manner, M. Desprez, and I will not write worse than you relate. If the work is applauded, and lays the basis of my fame, I will try every year to treat as happily two or three subjects of the same kind. Then the musicians, who always judge so well, will steal my verses; the comedians, who are infallible, will propose them for models; and the public, who are never mistaken, will call for the author with enthusiasm. In this age of little talents and great success, my chef d'œuvre will be performed a hundred succeeding nights. Every fool will quote me as a great man; and if I have only men of let-

ters and men of taste against me, I shall, most probably, become an academician.

This project was certainly noble and aspiring, but, as will be seen by the sequel, I had so many others to attend to on my arrival at Paris, that I could not spare time for its execution.

Had the credulous doctor's frightful story deranged my brain? Let the judicious lady who may be at this moment perusing my amours, decide on the subject. In a dream, which lasted nearly two hours, I saw, almost continually, my pretty cousin. The Marchioness de B—presented herself five times at intervals; and only once—do not scold me, reader—once I thought I had a glimpse of the charming little creature of whom I have spoken in my first year—Justine. I cannot tell which of the three beauties it was that embraced me, but I can assure you that I was embraced, and as closely as if all the three had hugged me at once. I woke, and jumped up: the day began to break. Upon my honour, I felt my lips still tingling from the burning kiss I had received; my orange-coloured curtains were gently waving, and I heard a shrill noise in my apartment. I sprang to the foot of my bed, and walked round my

room, but no one was to be seen ; everything was fast and tranquil. I must surely, thought I, be delirious ! Love and ghosts had turned my head. Oh, Sophia ! my Sophia ! come back : hasten, if you would not that I should lose the remainder of my reason !

When my father and M. Desprez came in to me, I was still so affected by the kiss I had received, that I told them a spirit had embraced me. My father smiled, and considered it a sign of my recovery. The doctor appeared delighted, and, in the meantime, advised me to take some refreshment.

Those who do not believe in spirits will be very much astonished to learn that the next morning I was awakened in precisely the same manner : I experienced the same sensations, heard the same noise, made the same useless searches in my room, and concluded that the ardour of my imagination had returned with my strength.

Oh, my Sophia ! for several days I supported, more impatiently than ever, the uncertainty of thy fate, and the torment of thine absence ; nor did I cease to press for my return to Paris. Unfortunately, my father received disagreeable

news, which seemed to present difficulties to the accomplishment of my wishes. They spoke of nothing in the capital but my adventure, and the duel with which it terminated. Of the two friends of the Marquis, the one who fought with M. du Portail was killed. He was generally regretted, and his friends, who were numerous and powerful, made the most urgent representations against us. I could not show myself in the capital without risking my head on the scaffold. M. de Belcourt seemed alarmed at the danger, of which I was fully sensible, but which, nevertheless, would not have stopped me, if the braving of it could have restored my Sophia; but before I went to face so many perils, it was, at least, necessary I should know in what place my unfortunate wife was detained.

Being obliged to confine myself to the premises I lived upon, I endeavoured to relieve my melancholy and ennui by walking all day in the garden.

One evening, when undressing myself, I found a letter carefully wrapt up in my night-cap; instead of my usual address, were the following words:

“Noirval, dismiss your servant, and read.”

I accordingly sent Jasmin away, opened it, and read as follows :

“If it is true that the Chevalier de Faublas is not afraid of spirits, let him burn this letter, and preserve to-night a profound silence, whatever may happen !”

Ah! said I, pretty loud, this is one of my dear doctor’s little jokes. I burnt the mysterious paper, put out the light, jumped into bed, and went to sleep.

My sleep was not of long duration. I could not resist the accustomed impression of this kiss, which burnt my lips, and made my heart beat. For this time, I was not deceived by a vain dream; it was no longer a fugitive shadow which embraced me; even in my bed, and presently in my arms, I found a living body in voluptuous contact with my own. But gently——blunderer as I am, I was going to tell the simple fact in simple language, and the fair reader is already blushing: let us, then, endeavour to clothe this affair in decent phraseology.

I felt myself taken hold of in a very delicate manner, and gently drawn towards it by a charming little hand, which I kissed. Do not be displeas'd with me, for, with all your scruples, you would have done as I did. A thousand seductive attractions would not have been offer'd you in vain; like me, you would have wander'd with delight over so many charms with a caressing and curious hand, enchanted at the result of your researches; like me, you would have said in a whisper, lest your servant in the next room should hear you: Charming spirit! how beautiful thy form! how soft thy skin!

I repeated this very flattering compliment several times; I wish'd more than once to prove that it was sincere. *Vains desirs un convalescent, s'il peut dans une heureuse nuit! souvent recommencer les memes discours, répete mal aisement les memes actions.* Le doux combat venait de s'engager, il n'était pas de simple politesse; je me rappelle trop bien que mon adversaire s'y complaisait. Hélas! Faublas s'y trouva trop peu préparé; Faublas y fut presque aussitôt vaincu. Encore si le revenant, moins taciturne, avait bien voulu causer familièrement avec moi; mais il s'obstinait à ne pas répondre

un mot. C'était un sur moyen de me rendormir, moi que, comme tout d'autres, aime assez a parler quand je n'ai rien a faire.

When I woke again, the sun was rising, and I was alone in my chamber. I recommenced my search, already so often made without effect. My two doors and four windows were fast, and the walls seemed incapable of containing a secret door, nor was there any opening in the floor, or sliding compartment in the ceiling. How, then, could this *female* spirit penetrate into my room? The doctor had neither wife nor daughter, and the house was only inhabited by men. From whence then came this *tempting* spirit, whose *sex* I had proved? Did Lisette journey from the other world into this, to be revenged of her poor Lucas?

A farmer's wife in my arms! No! I would rather believe myself the Titan of the timid Aurora, or the modern Endymion of some haughty goddess, who had clothed herself in a human form. Oh! my Sophia! It seems to have been predestined that thy husband should not remain faithful to thee, even for three weeks; but at least the incense which belongs to thee, has only burnt at the shrine of a divinity.

I was anxious to lay this adventure before the Count Rosambert, from whom it was very astonishing that I received no direct intelligence. I wrote him a letter of three large pages, the two first were occupied about Sophia, and I crowded into the third, the inconceivable history of my beautiful ghost.

I waited the night following, but it did not come until the eighth night. Impelled by an eager desire of knowing the nocturnal beauty who visited me, I demanded her appellation, for whether nymph or goddess, a name she must have. How long she had loved me, for without infatuation, I flattered myself that I had pleased her; in what place she had met me, for she treated me at least like an acquaintance. These questions, and several others less embarrassing, obtained me no answer. At last, of all the known means to make a woman speak, I employed the most decisive, but the malicious female demon, with an unshaken presence of mind, exhausted my resources without suffering a single exclamation to escape her.

I was mortified the more, as this impolite silence became, in consequence of circumstances, a species of ingratitude; I endeavoured to con-

duct myself in such a manner as to obtain some thanks. All my efforts, however, were useless, for I found with regret that the females of the other world, although very sensible to *certain* terrestrial joys, possess not, on the most interesting occasions, the tender prattle, and the affectionate converse of our earthly dames.

An enemy to the accusing day, my discreet spirit waited not the rising Aurora. When I heard her prepare for her departure, I endeavoured to retain her; but she placed the forefinger of her right hand on my mouth, her left hand upon my heart, and on my forehead two kisses; then, slipping from me with a sigh, quickly escaped I know not where. I merely thought I could distinguish a cracking as if the wall opened, and the creaking of a hinge. I was, apparently, deceived, for I examined my walls again as soon as it was light, but the paper which covered them exhibited a smooth surface, and offered no signs of being opened; my doors and windows also were closely shut.

The same evening I found in my night-cap a second letter:

“ I shall return in the night between Sunday and Monday if the Chevalier promises me, on the word of a gentleman, that he will make no attempt to detain me. Let him answer me through the same medium.”

Ah! I understand! through the night-cap. The next day my docile messenger was charged with my short dispatch which contained the promise required from me.

The much-wished Sunday arrives! And shortly the night surrounds me with her perfidious shades, that night so remarkable in the history of my life! Jasmin, who had been absent since dinner, returned towards dusk. As soon as he saw me alone, he informed me of the unexpected arrival of Rosambert. The Count had stopped at Luxembourg, from whence he had sent secret dispatches to Jasmin; for reasons which he himself would tell me, he could not arrive at Hollrisse until about an hour before midnight, as it was of great consequence that no one should see him enter the house; I was, therefore, earnestly requested to open the little garden gate, precisely at twelve o'clock, with my own hand.

I followed my instructions punctually. M. de Belcourt, angry that I left him sooner than usual, made a remark about it to M. Desprez, with which I was not struck, but by what happened subsequently: Let the convalescent go, said he, I dare say he has some commerce with the spirits, which he does not wish us to know.

Instead of going to my chamber, I slipped gently into the garden. Rosambert was waiting for me at the little gate. Ah! how do you do, my good friend; where is my Sophia? What is become of the Marchioness? Have you any news of her father? Does her husband still live? How is my sister? What do they say of the duel? What think you of the stranger? How do you like my affair with the ghost? Why did you not write to me? How do you do?

A moment's patience, dear Noirval! what vivacity! what eagerness! you put me in mind of the little Chevalier de Faublas, about whom they talk so much in Paris. Let us, in the first place, sit down on this bench, and permit me to make my answers in a little more order than you put your questions. My vigilant emissaries have seen M. du Portail at Paris, and they will

follow his footsteps until they have discovered the place of his daughter's retreat, of which they will send us a good account.

Oh! my Sophia! shall I then behold thee again?

Gently, my friend, you shall; do not interrupt me. Madame de B—is, apparently, retired to one of her country residences, as they can meet with her neither at court nor in the city.—Poor Marchioness, I shall never see thee again!—Perhaps not; do not be grieved at that—the Marquis, whose wound is not deemed mortal, only desires to be cured, that he may go and seek you wherever you are to be found. He vows to pursue you everywhere.—But, Rosambert, have you no idea where she is?—Probably at one of her country seats.—Yes, Madame de B—, but Sophia, I mean?—Ah! in Paris, most probably.—Think you, my friend, that the Marquis will pardon her?—Pardon the Marchioness! Why not? The adventure is an extraordinary one I agree, but the evil is very common. It is only a little noise! Oh! a woman like the Marchioness can make him listen to reason.

Tell me, Rosambert, without flattery, whether

you think I can make him restore her to me!—What, force the Marquis to give his wife up to you!—No, my friend, it is of my own, and of her father that I speak.—Du Portail! there can be no doubt but they will compel him to give her up.—I shall never see her more! I shall never—never see her more!—On the contrary, since he will be forced to give her up, you will see her.—I was thinking, monsieur, on that unhappy lady——You are always the same, my friend; marriage has not changed you: but let me, in my turn, ask you some questions. In the first place, I see you are nearly recovered——The hope of shortly seeing my Sophia!——yes! yes! my Sophia!——*and then, that unfortunate lady!*——the Marchioness; I assure you it is not my intention to go in search of her! It is true I sometimes catch myself thinking of her, but it is because——Undoubtedly, Chevalier; I understand you; it is because you cannot help it. A young man of good birth, will, in spite of himself, recollect the kind offices of a young and handsome woman, who first initiated him into the mysteries of Venus? You are eternally jesting, Rosambert!—Tell me, have you, by chance, heard anything of the

little Justine?—What! the *fille de chambre* also holds a share of your heart? Ah, that is because you had the pleasure of first instructing her in the rudiments of a Paphian education! But, stop! I think you told me that La Jeunesse had that honour?—Come on, Rosambert, I am wrong, say no more of it.—No, my dear Faublas, let us speak of the spirit.—Ah, yes! how do you like my affair with the spirit? Is it not singular that this woman never speaks a word, and is so wonderfully firm in her resolution? Is it not curious that this little demon should enter my chamber so often, and I cannot tell from whence;—Does she visit you every night, Faublas?—No; but I expect her to-night.—So much the better, and we will clear up this pleasant mystery? We shall know—but I amused myself in writing instead of getting my supper, while I was at the inn. I begin to be hungry, Chevalier.—Stop here; I will go and call Jasmin.—What! and make a noise in the house? You must guard against that—stop! I think I have got something in my chaise; I always carry some provisions with me.

He left me; and in a few minutes he brought half of a fowl and bottle of wine: I have

brought two glasses, said he, because I intend you shall sup with me——here, here in this garden, chevalier; we have much to say, and it will not be safe in your chamber. In the first place, let us drink the health of Adelaide, of whom you have only spoken once.—Ah, my dear sister! I love her much, notwithstanding——how is she?—Very well; very well—and grows more charming than ever! I could not resist the inclination of seeing her before I left France. Amiable child! she looks more beautiful in her grief, and pines for the absence of her father, her brother, and her dear Sophia! Let us drink her health, Faublas: let us drink it instantly; I know that it is not fashionable, but we are in the country; and, besides, we are travellers! Stop! eat a morsel; you know I cannot sup alone.—I am delighted to see you, Rosambert: but why stop in the garden? why this mystery?—Because I could not converse with you in private; because the Baron, who has already intercepted my letters to you, would have occupied all my time, and would have desired me to alter the news I bring according to his own wishes.—You are right, Rosambert; and then the spirit! do you think that I should

not wish to speak about her?—Come, Faublas, I will give you the health of Sophia.—I have not tasted a drop of wine for this month before; you wish to make me tipsy!—To the health of Sophia! You cannot refuse that, chevalier. Come, drink to Sophia!—Oh, my pretty cousin! it is not the first time you have made me lose my reason! This wine, Rosambert, is uncommonly strong! it affects my head! What think you of the stranger, who, during the ceremony in the cathedral——Faith, I do not know what to say——let us talk of your new mistress—that nocturnal beauty—who loves you with so much discretion. Is she pretty, Faublas?—Beautiful, my friend!—What! a woman who fears daylight? I'll wager she's ugly?—A hundred Louis that she is charming.—Well! I'll take you at your word; but then I must see her.—And then you will inform me——Most willingly: but do you think I can be less curious than yourself. Since you wrote to me the account of your adventure, I have burnt with an ardent desire to develop the mystery. Permit me to assist you in this experiment: you must go to bed gently, and without a light. You must get into bed quick, and say not a word. I will

remain concealed by your bedside, and am provided with a dark lantern, which will be of importance on this occasion; and, if the spirit is not a sorceress, we will see what kind of a face she has. Therefore, chevalier, let us drink one more health; you have forgot some one.—Ah! yes! the beautiful Marchioness! Oh, my faithful wife! I know well that I should not name her. Come on, then, give me two drops for the Marchioness!—You are jesting, my friend; for so charming a woman you must have it quite full.

This last glass finished me, and I sunk all at once into a delirium of intoxication. The surrounding objects already appeared to me in confusion. I spoke without making myself understood; or rather, I stammered instead of speaking. I presently became dull and stupid: my noisy joy now ceased, and I was overcome by the most invincible sleep. Rosambert, who perceived this, begged me to conduct him to my chamber, but to make no noise, and keep a profound silence. He told Jasmin, who waited my orders in the garden, to retire in the same manner. We went up with no other light than the dark lantern which we left in the passage.

As I entered, supported by Rosambert, I came in contact with a sofa, on which he stretched me, to the end, he said, that he might undress me with greater facility. I suffered him to act the part of *valet de chambre*, but he acquitted himself so slowly and awkwardly, that before he had finished I sunk into a most profound sleep.

An hour's sleep having dissipated the fumes of the strong wine which had taken away my senses, I was suddenly roused by a loud burst of laughter. At length, cried Rosambert, I am completely revenged; I am willing you shall kill me on the spot, if it is not her! At the same instant I heard a groan, which was followed by a long sigh. I was lying in such a manner on the sofa, that I perceived the feeble light of the dark lantern at the bottom of the passage. Prompted instantly both by anxiety and curiosity, I ran into the passage, and entered the apartment abruptly, with the lantern in my hand. I cast the trembling light on the objects before me: what did I see? Alas! even at this day, how can I relate it without a sigh! I saw upon my bed, which he had taken possession of, and in my place, which he had usurped, Rosambert, almost naked, closely em-

bracing, in the most unequivocal position, a woman! Oh! Madame de B—, how beautiful you still appeared to me, although you had fainted.

As soon as the Count thought I had properly scrutinised this exhibition, he rose from his victim, took his clothes in haste, and said, while laughing: Adieu, Faublas! I leave you with this disconsolate fair one; I think you will have a very singular explanation! Persuade her, if you can, that you have had no share in this trick. Farewell! my chaise is waiting for me; I return to Luxembourg, and to-morrow you shall hear from me.

The cruel observations of Rosambert were as distressing to me as the action he had been guilty of. In the first impulse of my rage I was flying for my sword, to compel him to give me a reason for his infamous proceedings, when Madame de B—rose all at once, and seized me by the arm.

Rosambert had time to escape: the Marchioness immediately took my hand, covered it with kisses, and bathed it with tears: Oh, from what a weight I seemed relieved! said she. Oh, what a consolation it has been to me to

learn that you did not participate in this infamous proceeding!

Madame de B—would have continued, but her extreme agitation would not suffer her. She sobbed for a long time, without being able to utter a word; at last, redoubling her efforts, with a voice interrupted by sighs, she resumed:

If you had been capable, Faublas, of delivering me to this unworthy man, if you had so far despised me, this last misfortune, greater than all the rest, would have brought me to the grave. I find, however, that it is still possible to live, and not be quite destitute of consolation, since debased as I am, I can yet hope for your esteem, or at least I ought to reckon on your pity.—If your bitter mortifications will be in any degree alleviated by knowing that I participate in them, let me assure you, my amiable friend——Oh! I am wretched!—My heart bleeds for you!—How this perfidious man, aided by a fatal accident, has undermined my vain prudence! How has a single moment overturned my carefully concerted projects, and destroyed my dearest hopes!

At these words the Marchioness sunk down on my pillow, her arms were stretched out and

innovable, her eyes became fixed, and her tears ceased to flow. Insensible to my cares, deaf to my entreaties, she seemed overcome by despair, and penetrated with the horror of her situation. She kept this alarming silence for a quarter of an hour; and then, in an apparently calm tone, she said: Make yourself easy, my friend; sit down near me, and give me all your attention; I am going to unbosom myself entirely to you, and when I have laid open the vain projects I had formed, and the immutable resolutions I am about to make, you will know precisely how far you ought to pity or to blame.

The Marquis met you accidentally in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and your father exposed everything. My husband came off in a hurry, reproached me before twenty witnesses, and announced his approaching vengeance. Astonished at the cruel manner in which you abandoned me, at a moment equally fatal to my love and my honour, I could not help concluding that a more urgent interest, and a dearer object, occupied your mind. Justine went after you several times, but could not find you. I then charged Dumont, my oldest and most faithful servant, who takes here the character of

Desprez: I charged him, I say, to go and wait for you in the environs of the convent of Mademoiselle de Pontis, and to watch your proceedings until the next morning. He saw you enter the convent, waited till you came out, followed you to the field of battle, and on the road as far as Jalons, where he lost sight of you. He returned not soon enough to be my first informer of the two elopements, the news of which was already spread through Paris.

Dumont, on his return, found my preparations already made. I had got together my gold, my jewels, some effects in the bank, and dressing myself in a blue uniform, that you might not know me, I flew to Jalons. While I was interrogating the post-master, a man arrived whom I recognised, and who, without knowing me, indicated to me your route; it was Jasmin who conducted a post-chaise.* I continued to follow him at some distance, and arrived at Luxembourg the day after yourself. I went into the city as soon as it was light, and made inquiries in every quarter; I lost a whole hour during my researches, the most precious hour of my life.

* That which M. du Portail and myself had left at Vivary, in order to take horses to join Sophia the quicker.

At length, I was informed that a marriage was performing in the cathedral, between a young gentleman and a lady he had stolen away. It was enough, I listened no longer, I flew to the church, and rushed through the crowd. You were just married! A groan escaped me, but suddenly mustering up strength, I vanished from your sight. Too happy in being able to fly, I hurried I know not where. My affections, however, soon brought me back to Luxembourg, that I might know what was become of you. Indeed, Faublas, the pleasure I felt at hearing my rival was torn from you, was not so lively as the sorrow I experienced on hearing of the dangerous delirium they said you had fallen into. Animated by the double desire of watching over the life of my lover, and of keeping him to myself, and myself only, I immediately formed my plan.

With Dumont, who accompanied me, I examined all the environs of Luxembourg, and, under the name of Desprez, he hired this house. I soon made some alterations, which were necessary for the execution of my designs. The Marchioness de B— resolved to suffer everything as long as she did not lose you, and shut

herself up in a garret, in another part of the house.

Your father had you conducted here, and I had the pleasure of lodging with my lover, almost under the same roof; of seeing him restored to life under my own eyes; of visiting him sometimes in the silence of the night; of inhaling his breath, and feeling the palpitation of his heart. I ought, undoubtedly, before I indulged myself in taking still greater liberties, and experiencing the most supreme delights, to have waited your complete recovery; but what means had I of resisting the continual charm of your presence? or of combating my increasing desires? Alas! what am I talking of? Faublas, the moment was approaching when my designs were about to be accomplished; within three days I should have thrown off the almost magical veil with which I have been enveloped; I should have discovered myself to you without any mystery; I should have shown you the Marchioness de B—, regardless of the rank she had left on your account, desirous of nothing but devoting herself to your happiness in some secure retreat, and still have thought my fate an enviable one, had you but apprec-

iated my feelings and approved my plan. But had you ungratefully resisted, my resolution was formed, Chevalier, to carry you off in spite of yourself, and to have taken you—where should I say?—perhaps to the end of the world. Yes, I would have placed immense oceans between my perfidious lover and my more favoured rival.

The Marchioness, when she began, was calm; next she seemed to melt in tenderness, and at length she became impassioned, and expressed the last words in so energetic and emphatic a manner, that I could not help expressing some signs of astonishment, which she observing:

Be composed, said she, you are henceforth at liberty, though I shall be forever enslaved. My tender moments of passion are passed! I can now only experience the most impetuous, the most implacable of all. Opprobrium has put love to flight. How, indeed, could you take back to your arms a woman who was dishonoured in your eyes and degraded in her own? Being brought into this unfortunate condition by the basest of treachery, the most horrid vengeance has taken possession of my heart, which is now

rankling with its empoisoned gall! Faublas, I indulge an idea that I perceived you ready to execute my just resentment; but, Rosambert, in this combat, the success of which will not be doubtful, would still glory in his fall; and his death, being unattended with shame, would be too feeble a reparation for the irreparable affront I have received from him. No, Chevalier, his punishment belongs to me, and I swear to you that it shall be accomplished.

Madame de B—'s countenance was so much inflamed and her eyes bespoke so much fury, that I began to dread the consequences of her violent passions. My unfortunate mistress saw that I was about to interrupt her, and hastened to continue her observations.

You will endeavour in vain to change my resolution. A villainy too necessary for you to be astonished at it, or for me to shrink from any of the dangers it may be attended with. Alas! I have now nothing to lose! the perfidious wretch has overwhelmed me with dishonour, and deprived me of my lover! Let me repeat once more, Faublas, that I forbid you to espouse my quarrel; I will sustain it entirely by myself; I shall be driven to desperation if I am de-

prived of the pleasure of vengeance. It is well known what an enraged woman can do; they shall see what a woman like myself is capable of achieving. Yes, I swear by my disappointed love, by my lost honour, that you shall, in the midst of your astonishment, ask yourself whether anyone in the world could have avenged the Marchioness de B— better than herself.

She remained for awhile in mournful silence. I ventured to give her a kiss, and my tears dropped on her naked bosom. She immediately repaired the disorder of her clothes, which, apparently, she had not observed, and in a less agitated, but not less mournful tone of voice, she said:

Oh, yes! take pity on me! I have need of consolation. To-morrow I must leave you; to-morrow we must separate, perhaps for a long time; I return to Paris—To Paris!—Yes, my friend. It was not fear that drove me from the capital; it was not to hide myself that I came to Luxembourg. Alas! I cannot, as I wished, consecrate the remainder of my life to your happiness?—I am going to resume my fortune and my rank, since I am not permitted to sacrifice it.—I return to Paris; make yourself easy

as to my fate : for when a woman is not entirely destitute of mental and personal attractions, she can, if she chooses to take the trouble, bring back her husband, however justly incensed. To succeed in this delicate enterprise, two ways are still left me, but the most easy is not the best. Like many others, I can palliate some parts of my adventure, which are too much for his self-love to overlook ; make an ingenuous confession of the rest, and exert that influence, which beauty still preserves even over him it has offended, to obtain a pardon which he will not refuse me. But this undertaking, however good it may be in a moment of trouble, is productive of many inconveniences in future. For M. de B—'s own repose, I would not arm him against myself with my own confessions, because I should be eternally tormented with his jealousy ; he would suspect me of having been guilty of ten intrigues ; when I have had but one passion, and, perhaps, contest with me the legitimacy of the only child I ever bore him. Besides, why should I humbly beg a pardon that I can boldly demand ? No, no, I prefer rather to make use of that irresistible ascendancy which a strong mind ever possesses over a weak one. I shall

not be the first who has been obliged, by improbable lies, boldly to deny a positive and proved infidelity. It may, perhaps, be less difficult for me than you can conceive, to make M. de B— believe that the Chevalier de Faublas has always been Mademoiselle du Portail to me; and if I cannot persuade him, I shall at least embarrass him in such a manner as to leave him undecided.

I am well aware that the public, far from being blind to real wrongs, are always ready to suppose them, and will not be so easily deceived as a credulous husband. I know well that I must expect the humiliating celebrity occasioned by gallant adventures, when they are of an extraordinary nature.

The *beaux esprits* will make songs and epigrams about me, and the old dowagers will scandalise my character. In those circles which I shall be bold enough to enter, I shall see myself the object of affected whispers, of malignant looks, of artful sarcasms, and equivocal jokes. I must bear the impertinent airs of our silly fops; the cold contempt of our inexorable prudes; the pretended disdain of those loose fish who still preserve an external modesty, and

the sisterly welcome of those beauties who have entirely lost their character.

If I have the courage to appear at the theatres, and in the public promenades, I shall be surrounded by a crowd; a swarm of young rakes will buzz about me, whispering "there she is;" "that is she."—Well! Faublas; this painful part, which many ladies of my rank have taken through choice, I shall fill through necessity. Like them, perhaps, bold in my appearance, free in my conversation, and stoically despising my ignominy, I shall accustom myself to repulse shame by effrontery, and blame by impudence.

See, then, to what an excess of degradation I have been led by a passion, criminal if you will have it so, but, nevertheless, in many respects excusable. Ah, since it is true, that to avoid being unhappy we must fulfil all our duties with punctuality, why are so many difficult ones imposed on us? A girl who is ignorant of herself falls, at fifteen years of age, into the arms of a man she knows nothing about. She is told by her parents,* that birth, rank, and

* If divorces were generally allowed, barbarous parents would be deterred from sacrificing their daughters, knowing they could break the chain the next day.

riches constitute happiness; you cannot fail of being happy, since, without ceasing to be noble, you become more rich; your husband cannot be otherwise than a man of merit, since he is a man of quality. The young wife, too soon undeceived, finds nothing but folly and vice, where she expected agreeable talents and brilliant qualities; the luxury which surrounds her, and the titles which decorate her, afford but insufficient and fleeting amusement to dissipate the listless langour of her life. Her eyes have already, perhaps, discovered and her heart received an impression from the mortal who is wanting to complete her happiness. Then, if the imperious master to whom she has sold herself presumes to use the rights of Hymen; if she submits to the repulsive embraces of custom and necessity, the unfortunate victim, doting on the image of her lover, even while in the arms of her husband, sighs at being forced to prostitute herself to one who profanes what another undoubtedly deserves, and would duly appreciate.

If the fickle husband, after having long neglected, ultimately abandons her, must she submit herself to the rigour of a premature celi-

baey, or is she to expose herself to the perilous pleasures of a connection so anxiously desired. Restrained by her duty, but still under the influence of her passion; tormented by her fears, but earnestly solicited by love, will she be long able to submit to her painful privations without some indemnification? Suppose she resists the voice of nature continually prompting her, may not chance preserve for her, as it did for me, some all-powerful seduction, some inevitable temptation?—Unfortunate woman! in a single moment she will lose the merit of many years' resistance; she is lost forever; for after the first *faux pas* what woman will stop? She will adore the man who made her commit it. Satisfied with taking some useless precautions, she neglects those which are more necessary; her danger becomes imminent, and she becomes more careless. Presently, betrayed by some unforeseen event, or, perhaps, sacrificed by some cowardly enemy, she loses forever the object most dear to her heart, and finds herself publicly defamed. This, my friend, is the lot of woman in that very France where it is pretended they reign!

It was thus I beheld myself sacrificed, and

for a long time struggled with mortification and disappointment, and thus was seduced by the sight of you. The day after that fatal, yet delicious night, who could have foreseen that I had opened under my feet an abyss, at the bottom of which Vengeance, Opprobrium and Despair were waiting for me?—My friend, I must leave you; and what will become of you?—Alas! you burn to be re-united to my fortunate rival. Oh! that you may find her, and continue ever faithful to her! may she, at least, escape misfortune—I leave you, Faublas, for a time under Rosambert's perfidious insinuations; be careful of listening to him, if my memory is dear to you; if you love Sophia: the Count will ruin you, you will acquire in his society a taste for futile occupations and pernicious pleasures; he will teach you the detestable art of seduction—of perfidious villainy and cowardly treachery—Perhaps it may appear strange to you to hear Madame de B—giving a lecture on morality, but this is one of those singularities which your happy destiny and my unfortunate stars have reserved for you.

I will freely acknowledge to you, Faublas, that it is not without the most poignant regret

that I see you wasting, in the bosom of corrupting idleness and humiliating debauchery, those valuable gifts of which nature has been so prodigal to you, and which I had the happiness of developing. Ah! my friend, how many common men are able to corrupt those beauties whose wish is to yield. I am certain that, whenever you choose, you may overcome them all, and become the idol of our sex! but does it not become you to be ambitious of success more worthy a noble heart. A young man like yourself might aspire to excel in everything. The sciences invite you; literature demands your attention, and glory awaits you in our armies: follow her career with giant strides: that your enemies may be reduced to silence, and your rivals be compelled to admire you. Your first success will bring relief to my sorrow; and I shall think I have obtained the eulogiums which you will merit; the fame you will acquire will restore me to my own esteem; your virtues will justify my weakness; your glory will bring about my re-establishment; the day may come when I can say: Yes, I confess I am dishonoured, but it was for him.

Madame de B—'s addresses kindled in my

breast the noble enthusiasm with which her own was inspired. Urged by a powerful impulse I attempted to throw myself into her arms, but she restrained me.

Adieu, Chevalier, you may always depend on me. I shall always remember with tenderness and gratitude, though my youth was tormented with the most cruel pains, I had, nevertheless a few happy days, for which I was indebted to yourself. But do not deceive yourself as to the nature of the sentiments I entertain for you. This accident, the most fatal and least foreseen of all my misfortunes, has enlightened me while it overwhelms me with trouble; I find, by sad experience, that I must not hope for happiness in an illegitimate attachment. The weak Marchioness de B— exists no more. You now behold a woman capable of some energy, but solely occupied with the care of insuring her vengeance, and forwarding your advancement. Adieu, Faublas, it is your friend who embraces you. She gave me a kiss on the forehead, and retired by the chimney.

Yes, it was by that she entered my chamber; the back of the fire-place was so constructed as to move on hinges, and to open wide enough to

admit her through it. How many people, for want of knowing better, would attribute this contrivance to the invention of the Marchioness; but in an age fertile with inventions, and long before Madame de B—, a chimney was thus opened by an amiable duke for a captive beauty, whose name has acquired a lasting celebrity.

The day which succeeded this unfortunate night brought me some consolatory intelligence; I received a letter from Rosambert which at first I refused to open. No one was with me except Desprez when it was brought. Here, Dumont, is a handwriting which I recognise, do me the pleasure to take this letter to Madame de B—; tell her I will not open it, and that she may do as she likes with it.

Dumont took it, and returned in about a quarter of an hour. The Marchioness wished to speak to me a moment in her own department, I went up to her, and should probably have broken my head against the ceiling of her chamber, if she had not taken the trouble to warn me several times that I was in a garret. I saw no one but Madame de B—, who appeared very pale and melancholy. I asked her

how she had spent the remainder of last night: alas! said she, as I shall pass hereafter many others! and she handed me a paper bathed in tears; adding: Behold the worthy epistle of my cowardly persecutor: I have cast my eye over it once, but wish to hear it read. Read it out—must I—It will be a cruel complaisance on your part; but I require it.—Permit—Faublas, do pray grant me this last request.—Nevertheless—Chevalier, I really wish it.

“MY DEAR FAUBLAS.—You must now look up to me as your master. You saw me strike a bold stroke which I had meditated for more than a month. Read and admire. I learnt that on the day of your marriage a stranger came into the church and witnessed the ceremony: sometime after you wrote me that a spirit, at once discreet and familiar, paid very interesting visits. Being well aware of Madame de B—’s enterprising disposition, I conjecture, I suspect, I inquire, and finding that she left Paris on the day of your flight, I conclude that she is in the same house with you, without your knowledge. One does not easily forget the wrongs received from so charming a woman.

For ten months her piquant infidelity had rankled in my heart."

My infidelity, as if ever—the insolent coxcomb!—But proceed, my friend, proceed.

"I conceived a scheme for accomplishing my revenge in a manner as complete and agreeable, as difficult in execution; I hastened my cure, and started in a post-chaise. To bring about the gallant catastrophe it was necessary to make you a little tipsy, and I was obliged to employ that little trick which I doubt not you will pardon.

"This morning, however, I was uneasy; what did she say after my departure? what did she do? I would wager that, ever expert in making the best of circumstances, she has put on the most touching grief, the most affecting despair, and the most interesting repentance.—I will wager also, that, ever credulous and compassionate, you have sincerely participated in the grief of your innocent mistress, so traitorously violated. I will wager also, that the ungrateful Chevalier does not yet feel the obligation he is under to me: nevertheless, I have snatched him from the woman who led him

astray, and restored him, with undivided affection, to the wife who loves him.

“By a just decree of fate, Madame de B— returns to her first master.”

To her first master, interrupted Madame de B—, that is not true!

“I was enslaved by her magical powers for ten months; the spell is now broken: the enchantment is dissolved, and I am free. Do you also, Chevalier, assert your liberty, and fly from the charms of this sorceress. Sophia expects her liberator; Madame de Faublas groans within the walls of the Convent de——, Faubourg Saint Germain, at Paris: you will guess why I did not give you this important news yesterday. Go, my friend, disguise yourself, fly to the capital, and when you embrace your charming wife, do not forget to tell her that she is indebted to Rosambert for the pleasure of seeing you so soon.

I am, your friend, etc.”

My wife in the Convent de———at Paris! cried I, on finishing the letter. Oh, my friend! how happy am I at this discovery!—Cruel child! answered the Marchioness, in an emo-

tion of passion which expressed her love and her despair; it is from you, Chevalier, that I am to receive this last fatal blow!

I was going to fall on my knees, to beg her to pardon my rashness, but her grief being instantly dissipated, she asked me, with more firmness than I could have expected, what I intended to do? and what services I expected from her friendship?

I told her I felt a most ardent desire to return to Paris. She felt alarmed at the dangers which awaited me there, and the uneasiness my flight would occasion the Baron. I observed that I should probably not be absent from my father more than a fortnight, and that, by taking some prudent precautions, I hoped to escape the perils my return to the capital would bring upon me. Madame de B— did not seem satisfied.

My friend, said I, my wife, plunged into despair by my absence, may perhaps die; I know no danger more appalling to myself than that which menaces her, and it is my first duty to fly to her relief.

It is not for me, replied the Marchioness, to blame the imprudent actions which the most

powerful of all passions impels us to commit. May I, now become the confidant of your rash enterprises, never regret in secret the times when I hazarded similar ones! Go, my dear Faublas, and, amidst a thousand dangers, search for this young Sophia, whose beauty has cost me so many tears. Oh, what a strange destiny! I must now take as much pains in order to re-unite you, as I have heretofore given myself torments in endeavouring to separate you. Doubt not but my anxious friendship will watch over your inconsiderate love. I go, as much as possible, to ward off the dangers by which you are surrounded, and to pave the way to that pleasure and happiness which is promised you.

Of all other precautions, the first and most necessary is that of your disguise; I therefore undertake to provide you with the most commodious and convenient one, as well as to make all the necessary preparations for your departure. My own, which was fixed, shall be put off till to-morrow on your account. Leave me, my friend—Tell Desprez to come up and speak with me, and expect me in your chamber in the middle of the night.

She came as she had promised; and, for this time, she entered by the door. In the first place, she made me take off my coat, and from a parcel, mysteriously opened, she drew a large black robe, in which I was presently muffled up. My neck and breast were covered with so much art, that the kerchief seemed to envelope the treasure of a rich plump bosom, modestly concealed.

Over my bashful forehead, already bound with a white *bandeau*, a thin white veil was thrown, through which, with timid glances, I endeavoured to meet the eyes of the officious fair one employed in disguising me. I saw her blush and tremble; and, with a mixed sensation of pain and pleasure, I heard her stifle a tender and mournful sigh. How frequently were her eyes filled with tears, and cast down to avoid coming in contact with mine, as with quivering hands she continued to adjust some part of my dress which did not set to please her.

How often was I prompted by desire to allay my own ardour and her regrets, in the raptures of a last embrace! Oh, my Sophia! in no moment of my life was the remembrance of thee

more necessary to my tottering virtue! And yet I must confess, that had I thought Madame de B—had been as weak as myself, I should have tried the experiment; but, in short, I did not attempt to convince myself of it; and you ought, my charming wife, to be happy that I did not put the courage of the Marchioness and the fidelity of your husband to so critical a trial.

When Madame de B—saw that nothing more was wanting to my disguise, she could not restrain her tears; and, in a feeble voice, she said: Adieu! begone! re-enter France: fly to Paris; I will follow you in two hours, and be in the capital only two hours later than yourself. Faublas, we shall arrive, as it were, together! the same city will contain us; yet we shall see each other no more! But I shall watch over your safety, and prevent or ward off the dangers which threaten you! You shall see if I am not a real friend! Get down in *Rue Grenelle, Saint Honore, a l'hotel de l'Empereur*; you need not remain there a minute, some one will come to you from me, in whom you may place all your confidence. Listen, Chevalier, to his advice; let your conduct be governed by his

directions; and, above all, let me beg of you to commit no indiscretions. You have but one way of recompensing me for all my care and trouble, and that is this, not to spoil their effect by a foolish temerity. Oh, that it was permitted me to accompany you on the road, and partake of the dangers which perhaps await you! Here, my friend, at all hazards take your pistols. As to this weapon, added she, pointing to my sword, which hung at the head of my bed, it can never form part of a nun's equipage, therefore permit me to take it myself.

I reached it down, and presented it to her. She seized it with transport, drew it immediately, appeared to take a pleasure in examining its fine temper, and then returning it to the scabbard, she took my hand, which she squeezed with more force than I thought her capable.

Grant, oh! Heaven! said she, in a vehement tone of voice, that I may be worthy of this present!

Without waiting for my reply, she conducted me to the staircase, which we descended in silence. We crossed the garden without making

a noise, the little door was opened the moment we appeared, and I saw a post-chaise waiting for me. I wished to thank her for her kind attentions, but my mouth was stopped by several kisses. I hoped, at least, to return her tender caresses; but, quicker than lightning, she tore herself from my arms, shut the door after her, and bade me a tender "Adieu!"

I started; I set out to rejoin thee, my Sopnia: but how many misfortunes, how many enemies and rivals were still to retard the moment of our re-union!

It was very near five in the morning. We entered, at day-break, into the French territories. Every man who travels in a country where he has committed any dangerous act, imagines that everyone who looks at him recognises him; it seems impossible to him but that the cause of his inquietude is written on his forehead, and can be read by everyone who passes: besides, a nun travelling by herself in a post-chaise, was calculated to excite observation. This is what I was saying to myself in the environs of Longwy, the first place on the frontier, where I thought I perceived that I was noticed. After these fine reflections, I

gave myself up to the deceitful sweets of a sleep, alas! too short! for in a little time my chaise was surrounded, and I awoke through the noise produced by opening the doors. Before I had time to look about me, they got in, seized me, and bound me; but either too respectful, or too inattentive, or out of consideration for my sex, or my habit, or imagining there was nothing to fear from a nun, who was unarmed, they neglected to search me; the sacriligious troop, however, dared to profane my holy garb by throwing a soldier's cloak over me, and their chief seated himself cavalierly by my side, ordered the postilion to go forward.

Where are you conducting me?

Apparently deaf and dumb, the discreet satellite who guarded me was as little touched by my questions as my complaints. A kind of napkin, with which they had covered my head, admitted too faint a light to enable me to distinguish anything. The noise of a cavalcade struck my ear, from which I judged, that for greater security, I was escorted by soldiers. Once, while the troop stopped, seemingly to take fresh horses, I heard someone pronounce distinctly the name of Derneval and myself.

Where are they conducting me?

The cursed post-chaise went on perpetually; but we did, at last, come to our journey's end. From this I calculated that we must have been on the road about thirty-six hours: truly, six ages could not have appeared longer! What dreadful anxieties agitated me! To what cruel reflections was I a prey! I saw myself surrounded by judges! I heard the terrible sentence pronounced, and beheld the fatal scaffold! What a situation! It was not for myself alone that I groaned; no, my father, I thought of the letter which I had left for you on my table, in which I promised to return to you soon. Alas! your son, perhaps, is doomed never more to embrace you!

It was not for myself that I regretted my life, no, my young wife, no; I thought of thy still increasing attractions, of our nuptials so short, and of our bonds so soon broken. In supposing that my deplorable end should not bring you to a premature grave, I was at least confident that you would remain faithful to my memory; no one would boast the happiness of marrying the widow of Faublas. Oh! my Sophia! I melted over the fate of a girl of

fifteen condemned to the fate of a widowhood, that might last for more than half a century; and compelled all the while to regret the fleeting pleasures of two nights.

At length the chaise stopped, and they took me out. Where they had brought me I could not divine. I could not examine the place through the cloth with which my face was covered. For want of my eyes, I exercised my ears, and listened with as much curiosity as anxiety.

I heard the flapping of doors, the noise of bolts, the rattling of iron gratings, and the hasty steps of several persons on all sides. The place in which they put me appeared cold and damp. I was seated on a large wooden arm-chair; at some distance from me, I heard some words muttered, but I did not understand them; my ears were only struck by that hollow, prolonged echo, common in large vaults.

Someone approached me, and inclining towards my ear, addressed to me in a very mild tone, the following words, which were both terrific and consoling: great God! what will become of you? Oh, that I could save you!

The next moment I heard a bell tolling as

for a funeral; it seemed as if a number of people came in and surrounded me. To the tumultuous buzz of a great assembly, all was at once succeeded by a profound silence, which lasted for some time. My soul was troubled, my imagination laboured: I felt a something I had never felt before.—Alas! I must acknowledge it was fear.

A shrill and squeaking voice at length broke the profound silence, and ordered me to say an *Ave Maria*. An *Ave Maria*! I tried three times to fulfil this strange commandment, and three times my trembling tongue refused to obey: for I could not in my extreme distress recall a syllable of the prayer in question. Some one then sung it, that I might repeat it word for word. After which began the short interrogatory, of which the following is verbatim.

From whence do you come?—How should I know? ask those who brought me here.—What have you done since you went from hence?—Here! perhaps I have never been here. Where am I?—Have you not seduced Mademoiselle de Pontis?—Mademoiselle de Pontis! Oh, Sophia!—Yes, Sophia de Pontis: do you not

know her?—I have heard speak of her. If I had known her I would have adored her, instead of seducing her.—Do you know Chevalier de Faublas?—That name has reached my ear.—Do you know Derneval?—No.—This “no,” repeated by several voices, circulated through the assembly.—Is not your name Dorothea?—No. This made a still greater effect than the other. The voice which interrogated me, replied: let them take away the napkin, and lift up her veil.

The order was immediately executed, and what a spectacle met my astonished sight! Before an altar, and on a circular bench which surrounded me with an extensive sweep, were ranged in rows more than fifty nuns. Did my eyes deceive me? No, it was not a dream of my distempered imagination. The more I looked about me, the more certain I was that I had been examined by fifty nuns: I heard them exclaim, unanimously: “It is not she!”

“It is not she,” repeated the one who appeared to preside over the assembly. The affair is embarrassing, continued she, after a moment’s reflection; we must write this evening to our superiors. To-morrow we shall receive

their answer; in the meantime, let her be put in the dungeon, and let one of our sisters watch near her.

Four young nuns seized me, and took me away. I did not care to resist; in the first place I was bound, and in the next, I found my carriage sufficiently agreeable. Moreover, all the women followed me: and I took a pleasure in looking at them. Amongst so many females I perceived some very respectable on account of their size; and others very precious for their antiquity. There were some of all colours: white, grey, yellow, green, more or less marked. This one was common, that was singular, another ridiculous: But I also got a side glance at some who were modern and pretty! and the sight of them seemed to defer the gloomy ideas which were presently about to strike a terror to the very bottom of my soul; and though my situation was still very uneasy, I thought no more of it. I am so constituted, that in no circumstances of my life, however embarrassing, if I saw but some pretty women, my troubles were entirely forgotten.

In the meantime, they took me by torch-light through a long passage underground, at the end

of which I perceived a chapel. Close to that they opened a chamber, which was a dungeon only in name. It was a kind of a cell, in which I found a bed, upon which they put me. A lamp was lighted, and a chair given to sister Ursula, whom the venerables on retiring, begged to pray fervently by me until the next morning.

Oh! my happy stars! how I thanked thee! of all the pretty faces which I had distinguished amongst them, that of Ursula was the most charming. What a companion! what freshness! what brilliance! what sweetness was there in her timid look! what innocence in her open and ingenuous aspect! with the exception of Sophia, she was the most delightful creature in the world; and from the day that Sophia de Pontis, in the arms of her happy lover, became the most beautiful of women, Ursula ought to be proclaimed the most handsome of maids.

Although a prisoner, I had no other inquietude than what was necessarily excited by the presence of so interesting a beauty. Although very much fatigued, I no longer experienced the want of sleep; and, then, would it have become thee to sleep? Here, Faublas, the gallant

companion of Rosambert, the docile pupil of Madame de B—, here was an opportunity of proving thyself worthy thy masters. The triumph may appear difficult to thee, but the field is open, and I see that the prize which chance proposes at this moment to your eloquence, is worthy thy best efforts; for what greater excitement canst thou need than a charming girl and liberty? If ever seduction was excusable, most assuredly this is the case.

Let the curious bishop who shall devoutly peruse this wicked book when alone by his fire-side, and if he possesses as warm an imagination as its young author, compose what ought to fill the next six pages; but take care of the censorship, for they will not suffer everything to be printed.*

* * * * *

I now proceeded to tie Ursula's pretty legs together, and to bind her hands with the bonds which bound my own; I prepared with regret the handkerchief which was to cover her mouth.

* The translator has not omitted anything in this place. The delicacy of the author induced him to omit the fascinating description he might here have given of the seduction of Ursula, and to leave the imagination of the reader to fill up the blank.

One moment, said she, one moment more. I wish to repeat to you your last instructions, which you must take care to remember. Guided by the feeble light of this lamp, you will enter the subterraneous passage, which we came through. After a few steps you will turn to the left, and presently arrive at the trap-door we had so much trouble in lifting up: close by there, under a shed in the little court, you will find the gardener's ladder; finally, with this key you will open the garden gate, which you know, and may heaven preserve you from all danger. But stop, I have still forgot one necessary precaution; I forgot it, because it only related to myself, that it may appear less doubtful, as to force being employed in effecting our escape, I wish you to drop one of the two pistols, which the marshals have so fortunately left you. Now begone, my angel, it is already late. Adieu, divine young man; thy words are sweeter than the honey of the bee; the fire of thine eye has pierced my heart; and my soul reposes in thine. Cover my face, and make haste to quit this place.

It was with difficulty that I obeyed her, but I was obliged to decide. I tied a handkerchief

over her beautiful mouth, and arranged everything in such order that they might think the face of the poor nun had been enveloped in this manner to prevent her cries from being heard. Having done this, instead of wasting the time in useless thanks, I quitted my liberatrix, tolerably easy as to her fate, whatever might happen, but still full of anxiety on my account. Judge what was my joy, when, after I had passed through the vault, got out at the trap door, crossed the little court, opened the gate, I found myself in a garden which was so familiar to me, and, no doubt, is fresh in the memory of the reader. I placed the ladder against that part of the wall which Derneval and myself had so often scaled together; and on the other side was the street by which I reckoned to escape. There was the pavilion and the covered walk; my heart palpitated, and my eyes were filled with tears. I again beheld the cherished spot where my Sophia used to sigh. What feelings did I experience? A religious awe and a sacred veneration, mingled with the most tender considerations of these places, so full of the reminiscences of our amours. I thought of the day when I sung my

rondeau; the spot where she fainted, and the bench to which I carried her. Upon that bench she used to sit in her hours of recreation, that we might see each other through the blinds of my pavilion. Near there was the place where we met of an evening, and in mutual embraces mingled both our sighs and our tears. Further on—yes, there it is! I saluted with an exclamation of gratitude the propitious chestnut tree, that tree consecrated by her last struggles, and my triumph! I kissed its tutelary branches, and cut my cypher and that of my wife on its trunk. Of my wife! Ah! we were then lovers, and were united—we are now married, and languish apart! I fly to her. Great God! the day begins to break, and if I am discovered here, I am lost.

I ran to my ladder, which I mounted with difficulty, on account of the length of the gown with which Ursula desired I would remain muffled up. Nevertheless, I was already on the coping of the wall; I perceived a party of patrol marching up and down, and came back precipitately, very much embarrassed to know by what means I was to get out. I could not think of going to my old landlord of the pavilion, who

knew me too well, and I knew not who inhabited the house which was next to his; but whoever was the proprietor, no sojourn could be more dangerous than my present: I determined, therefore, to plant my ladder against the wall which led to the last-mentioned premises.

In order to make my perilous excursion with greater facility, I was going to divest myself of my cumbrous gown, which impeded all my motions; but I heard a slight noise, and was alarmed: instead of losing time to undress myself, I climbed up as quick as possible, and striding the coping, I drew up the ladder to plant it on the other side. At the moment I had it up in the air, I thought I perceived someone at the gate through which I had passed into the garden. My alarm increased, my hand shook, and the ladder slipped from me. Reflect on me in that inconvenient equipage, astride on a high wall. Happily, I was not frightened at a leap of ten feet, and having no time to deliberate, I precipitated myself down.

At the noise of the double fall of myself and the ladder, a young girl came from behind some shrubs, where she had hid herself. At first

she was coming directly up to me, but suddenly stopped, as if she was as much embarrassed as surprised; and she covered her face with her hands before I was near enough to her to distinguish her features. I went up to her, told her she had nothing to fear, and begged her assistance. I kissed alternately her two pretty hands, which I wished to remove, in order to see her face, which was apparently pretty.

A nun! exclaimed a voice; it is a man disguised thus. Ah! you scoundrel! I will teach you to come and court my mistress.

As I turned round to see from whence came this threatening voice, I felt a shower of blows on my shoulders. Without respect for my gown, they were regaling me with some strokes of a stick. I had received several before I had time to pull out my pistol; but I will leave you to judge whether my honour, thus involuntarily outraged, was not sufficiently revenged by the reparation I obtained from my abrupt aggressors.

There were three of them. Each of whom suspended his blows, and recoiled some steps backwards, when I produced the redoubtable instrument with which I was armed. The firm-

est of my adversaries, which I noticed was scarcely fourteen or fifteen years old, I recognised to be one of those impudent grooms, who, when mounted majestically on the top of a lofty carriage, amuse themselves by making grimaces at, and insulting those who pass on foot, and are splashed by the wheels. I gave but a glance at the second; he was one of those strapping, insolent and idle scoundrels that luxury has taken from the plough's tail, and paid for playing at cards, for sleeping in anti-chambers, swearing, and drinking, mocking their masters in the kitchens, and playing with the maids in the garrets. The third attracted all my attention; his attire was at the same time simple and elegant, decent and pretty; he had an air of grace and nobility in his manners, and there was something imposing about him, even in his terror. I deemed him the master of the other two.

Monsieur, said I, if you dare to take a step; if you make only a sign, if your servants attempt the least resistance, I shall fire upon you. Do me the favour to answer me: are you a gentleman?—Yes, monsieur.—Your name?—The Vicomte de Valbrun.—Monsieur, I shall

not tell you my name, but you shall know that I am your equal. Do you think this adventure, the beginning of which is so disagreeable for me, will be terminated comfortably for yourself? It is probable that I am not the person you took me for, but it is I who have received so unworthy an outrage. Monsieur cannot be ignorant that offended honour calls for blood. Unfortunately I am pressed for time, and have but one pistol, nevertheless we will, if you please, settle our differences without leaving this spot, but first of all I beg you will send away your footman and your jockey.

M. de Valbrun made a sign, and the two servants retired. I immediately presented my closed hand to him: I hold some pieces of money, said I: *odd* or *even*. If you guess right you are to fire at me: if you guess wrong, Vicomte, I declare you are a dead man. *Even* said he, I opened my hand, and he was correct.—Adieu, my father and my Sophia! Adieu, forever;—M. de Valbrun, in taking the pistol which I presented to him, exclaimed, No, Monsieur, no; you shall again see your father and your Sophia! He discharged the pistol in the air, and fell down at my knees: Astonishing

young man, continued he, what nobleness of mind, what intrepidity; I should have been inexcusable if I had voluntarily insulted you: consider that my fault was accidental, and deign to pardon me. I wanted him to rise. Monsieur, replied he, I will not quit this posture until you have assured me of your forgiveness—You ask my pardon, Vicomte, when you have given me my life! Believe me I retain no resentment, but shall be charmed to obtain your friendship.—To whom have I the honour of speaking?—I cannot tell you, I cannot make myself known till under more happy circumstances than I am in at this moment; will you permit me to retire?—What! in the garb of a nun? Go into my apartments, I will order you some clothes; it will be but an affair of a moment. Indeed it was impossible for me to have gone out in the state in which I found myself, therefore I accepted the Vicomte's offers.

The young woman who had occasioned all this disorder, still remained at a distance without saying a word. M. de Valbrun called, and she approached with her hand remaining over her face. What modesty! said the Vicomte, how interesting it is! I am no longer the dupe

of that affectation, and do not choose to have a rival in my footman. Since it is this fine gentleman who pleases you, let him pay you; from this moment we separate, Justine.

At this name, which sounded so sweetly in my ears, I interrupted M. de Valbrun. Is she called Justine? It is very singular.—Will you permit me, M. de Vicomte, to remove my doubts. He assured me that I should do him a favour. I approached the young girl, put aside her hands, and discovered her to be the pretty little Abigail whose remembrance had sometimes given me uneasiness.

FAUBLAS.—What, is it you, my dear?

JUSTINE.—Yes, Monsieur de Faublas, it is I.

THE VICOMTE DE VALBRUN.—M. de Faublas!—he is handsome, noble, valiant and generous. He thought he was on the point of death, and named Sophia! I have a hundred times wished to meet with him. (He came up to me and took my hand.) Brave and gentle Chevalier, you justify in every respect your brilliant reputation; I am not astonished that a charming woman should have risked her fame for you. But tell me, how have you come here?

How, after the noise of that unfortunate duel, dare you appear in the capital. It must be some powerful interest that has drawn you here—Place your confidence in me, Chevalier, and look upon the Vicomte de Valbrun as your most devoted friend. But, first of all, where are you going?—

FAUBLAS.—To the Hotel de l'Empereur, Rue de Grenelle.

THE VICOMTE.—A public hotel, and in the most frequented quarter of Paris! Have a care, for you are well known there, and must not show yourself by daylight. You cannot stir twenty steps without being arrested.

The Vicomte, perhaps, was right; but I only thought of hastening the moment of my reunion with Sophia. I insisted on leaving him; Well! be it so, said he, but permit me at least to see if the coast is clear, while you put on some clothes. Justine, conduct monsieur to my dressing-room, open my wardrobe, and see that he wants nothing.

As soon as the Vicomte was gone, I asked Justine what was her precise employment in the place where I found her. She stammered, and made an evasive answer.—I understand

you, said I; in this temple of pleasure, you are the idol that is worshipped: I assure you, Mademoiselle, that I think your charms deserve it.—M. de Faublas is full of compliments.—How is it that your fortune has improved so much in so short a time?—The adventure of Madame the Marchioness procured me some degree of reputation; and of all those who paid their court to me, M. de Valbrun seemed the most amiable.—And you have already been playing him some queer tricks.—I! not at all, I assure you: it is only his jealousy.—But the valet?—For shame! can you think I would let a creature like him——

But what brought you so early into the garden?—To take the air, merely for a walk. Besides, if M. de Valbrun is angry, so much the worse for him, I shall have no difficulty in finding another place.—Yes, as a kept mistress, I suppose you mean?—What! would you have me be a servant all my life-time? I prefer being the mistress of a nobleman.—But you are quite forgetful of our amours. Oh! no, replied she, in an affectionate tone, I am delighted at your return; and enchanted with this meeting. M. de Faublas may always be sure

of being loved, every time it pleases him, and I shall never show myself at all interested in any concerns without him. Very prettily spoken, but I have some doubts. Has La Jeunesse ceased to officiate?—Do not speak of him.—Yes, let us speak of him, and tell no stories.—Recollect, he was to marry you. Have you inhumanly sacrificed your intended?—Surely, said she, I would not marry any but persons of quality.

I was about to reply, when M. de Valbrun entered. I would not advise you to go out, said he, the street is certainly guarded. I have seen a party patrolling in the neighbourhood, and a number of ill-looking fellows lurking about. You had better spend the day here. I will go out and assemble a few friends, and in the middle of the night I will return. If you will do me a real service, you will accept in my house an asylum which shall not be violated. You, Justine, in my absence, do the honours of the house; treat monsieur as you treat myself, and I forgive you, on his account, your morning walks. I will leave my jockey, and La Jeunesse at home, to wait upon you.—Ha! monsieur, was that strapping fellow who ac-

accompanied you in the garden, La Jeunesse!—Do you know him?—Yes, if he formerly lived with the Marquis de B—. Pray, Justine, is it the same?—Yes,—Monsieur de Faublas,—a steady fellow—an excellent servant.—It was you, I suppose, who recommended him to the Vicomte?—Yes, Monsieur de Faublas.—'Twas good, my dear, very good, you made him a valuable present.

The Vicomte, when bidding me adieu, desired me to barricade all the doors, and gave orders that they should be opened to no one.

As soon as we were alone, Justine asked me timidly how I meant to amuse myself during the morning. I would willingly breakfast, my dear, had I not now a great need of sleep. Let me go to bed, and wake me when dinner is ready. She turned pale, sighed, almost cried, and, in a pitiful tone, said: You are, then, angry with me?—No, my dear, I am not angry, but I have much need of repose. She sighed again, and taking me by the hand, conducted me to a convenient bedroom, elegantly fitted up, and gay as the boudoir of Madame de B—. I also sighed myself at this moment, but it was not the result of any present desire, it was a

reminiscence. Justine remained with me, looked at me a great deal, and appeared full of thought. I was obliged to ask her to retire two or three times before she obeyed me. When she went out, she gave me so painful and cutting a glance, that it convinced me of the poor girl's disappointment and mortification more than if she had uttered a thousand reproaches.

I had not been long in bed when they brought me a cup of chocolate. Sensible of this attention from the mistress of the house, I thought of thanking her in person, when I saw her enter the chamber, covered only with a slight gauze dress. Already as voluptuous as a lady of quality, and less delicate in the refinement of her pleasures, she ordered the shutters to be closed, so that not a ray of light should pierce through. The curtains of yellow taffeta were let down, wax candles were in the girandoles, and the incense vase was kindled.

All this was done without their deigning to make a single answer to my questions. As soon as the servant was gone, Justine told me her first duty was to obey the orders of M. le Vicomte, and her most anxious wish was to

make her peace with the Chevalier. Having said this she sprang towards me quicker than lightning, and lavished on me the most flattering caresses. In less than a moment I had forgot her affairs with La Jeunesse, and—fear nothing, my charming wife, for I will not mention your revered name near one so contemptible.

I think I hear the reader murmuring, and detailing the variety of motives I had to resist all these luxurious fascinations; but you do not speak of the means. To your hundred thousand reasons, I oppose but one;—the enterprising Justine had me in her bed. If it is true that you would not yield to temptations so close and so pressing, tell me how you would avoid it.

Peut-etre come je fis, *helas!* vous laissez echapper l' occasion, apres avoir multiplié d'inutiles efforts pour la saisir. Quelle injure je fis a tes appas qui le méritaient plus que jamais, jolie petite Justine! et assurément ce ne fut pas ta faute: tu te montras complaisante, patient, impresse, autant que tu me trouvas faible languissant et malheureux. Pour se voir réduit at cet excès d'abattement qui faisait

alors ma honte et le desespoir de Justine, il faudrait avoir comme moi couru la poste pendant trente six heures, cahoté dans une mechante voiture, tormenté de mille inquietudes, nourri seulement de bouillon; il faudrait surtout avoir soutenu durant toute la nuit suivante une entretien tres vif avec une nonne charmante —et Bavarde, bavarde comme l'on est au cloitre en pareil cas!

Ah! dit enfin la pauvre enfant, d'un ton qui marquait sa confusion et sa surprise, Ah? monsieur de Faublas, que je vous trouve changé! Il me parut que si cette exclamation, echappée la tendre veracite de Justine, renfermait, l'amere critique du present, elle offrait aussi, dans son double sense, l'obligeant eloge du passe; mais, comme je me sentais aussi peu capable de meriter le compliment que de me justifier du reproche, je pris le sage parti de m'endormir sans observations preparatoires.

Justine me laissa tranquillement reposer bien convaincue apparemment que, si elle prenait la peine de me reveiller, ce serait tres gratument pour elle. Cependant elle demeura constamment pres de moi, puisqu' en me reveillant, je la sentis a mes cotes; je ne la vis pas, car les

bougies etaient eteintes: il y avait vraisemblablement longtems que je dormais. Il me sembla qu'il etait temps de diner. Je sentais the vif aguillon d'une faim gloutonne; mon premier mot exprima mon premier desire. Elle se preparait de me quitter, quand je me surpris quelque velleite de reparer mes torts envers elle; je crus meme qu'il fallait commencer par-la, et je lui fis part de ce seconde reflection qui me parut lui etre plus agreable que la premiere. Elle accueillit ma proposition avec une petulance qui ne lui etait pas ordinaire; ce qui mi fit presumer que sans doubt elle imaginait qu'il n'y avait pas de temps a perdre. Quelque diligence qu'elle fit pourtant, elle ne se pressa pas encore assez; il etait decide qu' apres avoir essentiellement manque a tout le beau sexe des *petit-maisons*, dans la personne d'une de plus gentilles creatures qui jamais s'y fut trouvee, je me verrais contraint de quitter ma dessolee compagne, avant d' avoir pu retablir sa reputation et la mienne a la fois compromises.

At the very moment when this attentive girl so worthy of recompense was about to receive the price of her generous cares, I was much alarmed by a great noise at the street door; they

continued to knock exceeding loud, and *La Jeunesse* rushed into my bedroom, to tell me that they demanded to enter in the name of the king.

Go, my dear, said I to Justine, run and see that the door is not opened, until I have time to escape.—Escape! where?—I know not, but keep the door shut.—Stop, fly to the garden; I will send you a ladder, scale the wall on the right, and if our neighbour, the devotee, Madame Desglins, is tempted to receive you as well as I have done, endeavour to recompense her better.—Hear me, Justine.—Well?—Try to inform Madame de B— that I am in Paris. I know not what will become of me; that is no matter, let her know I am in Paris, and that you have seen me.

During this short dialogue they brought me a light; I immediately seized the most essential part of male attire, but which good manners prevent me from naming, and which I shall call, if you will permit me, the *necessary garment*. As I was preparing to put it on, I heard the noise redoubled, and expected every moment that the door would be opened by force.

I had not time to put on the clothes which

Justine had prepared for me; therefore, seizing M. de Valbrun's sword, which I brandished in one hand, and carrying the necessary garment instead of a buckler in the other, I rushed down stairs, crossed the courtyard, and flew to the bottom of the garden.

La Jeunesse followed me with a ladder, planted it, and I mounted. At this moment I saw several men enter the courtyard, with flambeaux in their hands. I found I had no time to lose, and without considering the ground I was to come upon, which, moreover, I could not perceive, on account of the darkness of the night, I leapt boldly from the wall into the adjoining premises, and received but a slight bruise on my leg.

It is true, I found myself on a soft sandy place, but I conceived that it was at least ten o'clock at night; I was completely enveloped in darkness, in a strange garden, with no covering but my shirt, which was a poor defence against the wind, which blew with violence; I was tormented with a thousand anxieties, and perishing with cold!

But why should I lose my courage? At Paris, as elsewhere, there is no condition so

desperate but a wretch may be extricated from it by the aid of money; and why not a young man of family, when he has a purse full of gold, and a sword in his hand? Come on, then, Faublas, and examine the house which thou seest a few steps from this basin, into which thou wert so near tumbling.

I advanced with caution, and rapped gently at the door; which was at length opened to me; and, as I saw no light, I entered with confidence.

Is it you, Chevalier?—whispered a female. I immediately disguised my voice, and speaking as softly as possible, and in a tone as mysterious as her own, I answered that it was me. She put her hand out, which accidentally came in contact with the hilt of my sword.—You have your sword in your hand——Yes.—Were you pursued?—Yes.—Did you enter through the breach?—Yes,—Do not tell my mistress so; it will frighten her.—Where is she?—Who? my mistress?—Yes.—You know very well, she is in bed. You can spend the night together, for my master is gone to Versailles, to deliver a woman of quality, and will not return till morning.—Very good; lead me to her.—You

know where she is.—Yes; but I am afraid; my head is giddy; lead me——there, take hold of my hand.

I had scarcely taken four steps, when the *fille de chambre*, opening a second door, said: He is come, madam.

The mistress of the house said: You come very late my dear Flourvac.—It was impossible for me to come sooner.—Did they detain you?—Yes.—Very well; but where are you?—I am coming.—What hinders you?—I am undressing.

You know I had no need to undress, as I have already stated my left hand to contain my only garment; but you can easily perceive it was necessary for me to proceed with caution and gentleness in a strange room where, fortunately for me, there was no light. At length, having reached the foot of the bed, I placed my necessary garment on the ground with my sword, then lifting the bed clothes fell into the arms of the unknown, who immediately began to give me the most tender kisses.

Oh! how cold you are, said she.—It freezes so hard!—My dear Chevalier——My sweet friend——Will not the rigour of the season

prevent your coming here often?—Certainly not.—Every time Monsieur Desglins sleeps out?—Yes.—Bathile shall always send you word as she did to day.—Very good.—Was it not ingeniously contrived, to light the little lamp in the window.—Yes.—And that part of the wall which I ordered to be pulled down.—Yes, I passed through the breach.—And you may pass through it again, for our neighbours the magnetisers will not repair it this winter. Are you not happy that you came to lodge with them.—Very happy.—You know, my dear Flourvac, that my husband is gone—To Versailles—Yes.—We can, therefore, pass the whole night together.—So much the better.—I was sure you would be glad of it, my dear Chevalier!—Oh, my dear friend!—You will always love me, Flourvac?—Most tenderly.—And I confess to you, my angel, that I was much vexed this afternoon.—Why?—Because you did not meet me at church.—It was impossible.—But this morning I was very well pleased; and you?—Quite ravished!—But did not the mass seem long to you?—Oh! no!—What pleasure I felt in looking at you!—And I!—You did right to put your chair beside mine; but you did wrong in

speaking to me.—Why so?—What will all the ladies who know me and respect me say, on seeing me talking in church with a young officer?—You must not meet me any more, my love.—Why not?—Because it is not right—my conscience reproaches me.—Good!—To make love even in the house of God.—It is true.—And a military man too!—And why not?—If you were an Abbé it would be more excusable!—*Apropos*, my dear angel, have you executed my commission?—What commission?—Have you forgotten it?—What!—You know I am always ill during the fast of Lent.—Well?—What, Flourvac, do you not remember that I begged you to consult—Oh! yes, the physician.—No such thing, a priest.—Yes, I remember now—To demand of him permission—He has granted it to you.—To me?—To whom then?—Did you mention my name?—No; one of my relations.—Ah, that was right; and so, my dear, I shall be able to eat meat on Fridays and Saturdays.—Yes.—Ah, how happy I am! How much I am obliged to you.

The impassioned kiss which the devotee now printed on my lips, was more fervent than any she had yet given me. I had received several

others before, but was occupied with the care of sustaining a conversation in which I was obliged to confine myself to answer, in simple monosyllables, the numerous questions which the deceived unknown multiplied upon me. In the meanwhile, her charms, although still defended by a modest night gown, began to act most powerfully upon my very susceptible frame; my blood began to circulate through my veins, and I found myself in the happy disposition which some moments before Justine would have profited by, if we had not been interrupted by such disagreeable intruders. I immediately began to prove my gratitude to the hospitable beauty, but I met with the most serious resistance.

Be quiet; let me alone, Flourvac—you know our agreement.—It was not so.—No—no—I will not suffer it—I will not.

Greatly surprised at the strange caprice of this unaccountable woman, who had expected her lover to scale the walls in the most dreary winter's night, to come and sleep *peaceably* with her; I laid down by her side, and presently fell asleep. In the course of a little time I was awakened by her sobbing, and continuing my

disguised voice, I asked her what was the matter. What is the matter, replied she; why you are ungrateful, and love me no more! you forget our agreement: You remain motionless by my side: My embraces appear no more desirable to you, than if they were those of vulgar, immodest, and wicked women.

She said many other things, but I could not penetrate their meaning; at length she explained herself very clearly, both by words and gestures, and taught me, perhaps what you will be surprised to learn. *Mes desirs avaient ete' repousses d'abord parceque j'avais malhonnêtement exprimé mes desirs, parceque d'une main profane j'vais voulu soulever l'unique voile dont les pudiques attraits de cette beauté, toujours modeste devaient rester enveloppes. Il fallait, sans ecarter, sans deranger la fine toile artistement ouvert; il fallait le moins indecement et le mieux possible, embrasser de toutes les femmes la plus vive et la plus chaste en meme temps.*

And you, whom nature has only half favoured; you, who have a very fine head upon a very ordinary body, do not ridicule my Jansenist. If you had prudently employed the

same means that she used, your husbands, perhaps, would not so soon have abandoned you, and your lovers remained longer faithful.

I must confess, nevertheless, that a woman should not resort to these means but when she has no other; and I acknowledge, for my own part, that I do not like them. In vain la devote, d'une voix entrecoupee, begayait dans mes bras ces mots inusités, quoique expressifs: divins transports! bonheur des élus! joies du paradis! Je ne partageais que mediocrement cette joie, ce bonheur, ces transports si vantes.

Peu curieux de rechercher encore une demi-filicite, je reprends a cote de Madame Desglins une place que je suis presque fache d'avoir quittee, and I was now only occupied in devising some clever lie, in order to obtain, without having the candles lighted or the servant called, something to satisfy my voracious appetite. But I might have saved myself the trouble of racking my invention, for it was decreed that I should go from there to get my supper.

There is a noise! said she: what can it be?— I hear a voice!—It is like his—But that cannot be—Yet it is—Good God!—Yes it is the

voice of the Chevalier! my love!—How can this be! a stranger in my arms! Oh, I am undone!

At the first noise that I heard, at the first word that she uttered, I jumped out of bed. I seized my necessary garment, and put it not as formerly over my left arm, but on its proper place. I took my sword, and guessed my way. I pushed a door which stood ajar, and I calculated that I ought to be in the place which the *fille de chambre*, who stood sentinel, first received me in. What confirmed me in this conjecture was, the noise I heard made by a man outside, who, in a great passion, kept repeating very distinctly: Bathile, open the door. In the meanwhile, Madame Desglins came out of her bed-room, and called to me. Instead of replying to her I stood still and thought she would pass me without touching me. Whoever you are, said she, at least hear what I have to say: do not ruin me, but fly before the Chevalier sees you, and I will pardon you if you keep the affair a secret.

This was my intention: I reckoned to shoot out as soon as the door should be open; but the unfortunate devotee opened too slowly. After

she had turned the key twice, and M. de Flourvac was pushing against one of the folding doors, Bathile, who was not yet in bed, was drawn hither by the noise, and appeared with a light in her hand. What a spectacle we presented to each other!

The scene occurred in a kind of dining-hall. Towards the end of it, and to the left of me, the unlucky *fille de chambre* surveyed us alternately with her large eyes, which she rolled about in astonishment. In the front of me, and on the step of the door which led into the garden, I perceived a young officer, who seemed panic-struck with what he beheld. In the intermediate space, Mad. Desglins, overcome by the alarm, had sunk into a chair, and concealed her face; not so quickly, however, but I caught a sight of her features; and still entirely occupied with the object which concerned me most, and always incapable of dissimulation, I exclaimed: Upon my honour, she is handsome! Perfidious woman! Scrupulous devotee! So you must have several! said the young officer in his rage.

I wished to speak, I wished to justify Madame Desglins; but the young man, perhaps

too hasty, drew his sword, which was immediately met by my own. At the very first bout I discovered he was not equal to myself at the sword; I therefore pressed him a little closer, and obliged him to retreat a few paces, and the garden became the theatre of our combat. As I wished, above everything, to gain ground, in order to secure a prompt retreat, I did not cease to advance on my adversary, who, astonished at being so vigorously pushed, still retreated. We arrived at the entrance of a walk which appeared spacious; and there I quitted him abruptly, and endeavoured to escape. My adversary, as courageous as he was unskilful, pursued me; and the darkness not permitting me to run fast, he soon overtook me. I turned round, and our swords were again crossed, but my enemy's being wielded by too weak a hand, I gave it a blow which carried it ten paces distant. The two women ran out, and seized the vanquished; I, the vanquisher, slipped behind the hedge, and escaped.

I ran by the wall, to search for the breach of which Madame Desglins had spoken to me; I found it at length, I passed through it, and

—behold me in the premises of her neighbours, the magnetisers!

As it is necessary to interest the compassionate reader, I ought not to omit a circumstance which then augmented the danger of my situation. You no doubt remember my complaining of the bitter piercing wind about a quarter of an hour back? It was now still more powerful; and, to add to my misfortune, it snowed fast and thick, and my shirt was but a poor defence against it. Have pity, fair ladies; have pity on a young man, who could be reproached with nothing but the excess of his love for you: think at what a time of night, and in what a costume he was reduced to take such painful promenades from garden to garden.

I found my progress in the yard of the magnetisers stopped by a gate, which was fast. I immediately began to rattle the gate with my sword. The noise which I made roused a dog, whose barking resounded through the neighbouring building, and relieved me from my prison, where I might otherwise have remained until the morning, though not perhaps alive. A man ran out and opened the gate.—Oh, here is another of them! exclaimed he: How

strangely he is dressed for winter: And then, that fine blade! does he think to kill flies with it in the month of November? But what an odd whim to sleep standing, as if our ancestors had not invented beds to lie down on. Get you gone, Monsieur Somnambulist, get into your dormitory again, and leave a poor porter to take a little rest. There, go along with the others.

While I was considering about a reply, a woman came out and abused the porter, saying that I could not find the staircase without a candle, and should break my neck.

I mounted, at all events, and searched for some corner sufficiently convenient and solitary to repose my wearied limbs. I proceeded, until I arrived at the second story, where, in a large hall, lighted by lanterns, I discovered long rows of beds, but none of them appeared to be empty. At last I discovered one which was unoccupied, and pulling off my necessary garment, I jumped instantly into it. I placed my sword and all my treasure under the bolster. I took my shirt off, as it was quite wet, and hung it on a chair, wiping my body with a corner of the bed-clothes. I felt myself more comfortable on

my hard mattress, than in the superb bed of M. de Valbrun; so true is the vulgar adage, that pain begets pleasure. Yes; but frequently, when the moment of most poignant grief is past, a crowd of minor troubles attack you, and the pleasure is instantly destroyed. As soon as the warmth caused my blood to circulate, as soon as I could move my limbs without pain, mental anxieties succeeded the fatigues of the body, and I reflected with terror on the dangers which surrounded me, undoubtedly pursued without, and perhaps my life menaced within. I knew not to what kind of a house my destiny had led me, nor what sort of people inhabited it; but how was I to remain there? or how get out? and, above all, how was I to satisfy my craving appetite? for, during the whole of the preceding day and night I had taken nothing but a cup of chocolate. Oh, my Sophia? without doubt thy fate demands my tears! Thou groanest, separated from the object of thy tenderness; but, at least, thou knowest the prison in which thou languishest, and art not deprived of victuals and clothes. Thy unhappy husband is still more to be pitied! How can he preserve himself for thee without nourishment?

How can he come to thee without linen, without clothes, and without shoes?

I remained a prey to these painful reflections, until several persons entered abruptly, and immediately surrounded my bed. What was I to do in this perilous situation? Since I had no means of flight, I determined to shut my eyes, and pretend to be in a profound sleep, of which luxury I was very far from tasting. Imagine to yourself the alarm I must have been in when, to examine me more minutely, they held a candle close to my eyes; and think what must be my astonishment when I heard four or five persons discoursing tranquilly, as follows:

I do not know him.—Nor I.—Nor I.—Nor I.—Nor I, said a female voice; but stop, I think I do recognise him.—It is a newcomer. What, to-night?—Yes.—So much the better.—He has not a bad countenance.—By no means.—Indeed it is a very good one, but a little fatigued.—That is not to be wondered at; have you prescribed the necessary medicines for him?—Yes, replied she.—And the diet?—Undoubtedly.—Is his sleep natural?—We have only to

ask him.—Yes, if he will tell us.—Well, try him.

My dear youth, said the female, do you sleep well?—He does not answer—put another question to him, madam.—Young man, continued she; why are you come here?—Come along, he will not speak a word.—Well, let us perform the operation on him, madam.—I think it will be proper.—And I am of the same opinion—I agree perfectly with you.

At the word *operation* I shuddered, and a cold sweat came over me when I felt them lift the bed-clothes.—Ah! good God! exclaimed she, throwing them back again, he is quite naked?—He is quite naked, repeated they.—See, here is his shirt on this chair—it is all wet—as if it had been soaked in water!—So much the better, it shows he has perspired—it is the effect of a crisis.—A very happy crisis.—If it had not been for us, he would have had an inflammatory fever.—Putrid—or an apoplexy.—Or a catalepsy—or a palsy in the chest—or a sciatica in the head.—And he ran great risk!—He would have been lost!—He would certainly have been dead.

During more than a minute, and while I

was beginning to take courage, they continued to repeat in chorus—"He would have been dead."

One of them interrupted this dismal chorus, saying, it is, nevertheless, to you, madam, that the honour of this cure belongs.—In truth, I believe it, replied she.—Since it has gone on so well, why not begin again, replied she: most willingly; but put him on a shirt.

After they had put me on a shirt which was brought immediately, they raised me in my bed, in such a position that I found my two feet, which at first hung down, supported on the rail of a chair, upon which sat the lady whom they begged to commence the operation on me. She immediately began by pressing my two legs between hers, and running her hand (which I found very familiar) over several parts of my body; and in a very delicate manner, rubbed her two thumbs against mine. Too prudent to testify how much this operation pleased me, I feigned to be still asleep.—What a very obstinate sleep! exclaimed someone.—Yes, 'tis like a lethargy; said a second.—So much the better, it will the more surely bring on the somnambulism.—Let us try if he will speak

now.—You had better interrogate him madam.

Charming young man, said she, does the magnetism act upon you? I did not reply a word, but I thought the question almost impertinent. To ask if the magnetism acted on me; on me, whose imagination is so quickly on fire, and whose blood is so easily inflamed!—The waggish female who put these malignant questions to me, could not be ignorant of the effect of magnetism on me. With a single glance of her eye she perceived proofs, by no means equivocal, that it had taken effect; for all at once she exclaimed in a tone of triumph to those around her: Gentlemen, in eight days, or a little better, I will guarantee the radical cure of this young man. I will return and question him in about a quarter of an hour, and I will undertake that he will be then in a state of somnambulism, and will reply to me.

As soon as the physicians were retired from my bed, I opened my eyes to look at the young lady, who, before she left, seemed to squeeze my hand. Her voice was by no means strange to me, but I could not recollect where I had heard its sweet accents. Unfortunately for me

the lady turned her back, but I could not help thinking even her elegant figure was familiar to me.

I kept my eye on her until they came to inform her that Madame Robin wished to see her. She ordered her to be shown up, and then turning to those who were about her, said: Gentlemen, Madame Robin is an excellent lady, there is every reason to believe that it is she who sent us that fine turkey and truffles this evening, with which we shall regale ourselves to-morrow.

Alas! at a time when I would have been happy with a morsel of dry bread, they were talking of a turkey stuffed with truffles!—Good evening to you, Madame Robin; said she to the lady who entered.—The other replied: Your most obedient, Madame le Blanc.—You come, Madame Robin, to see your beloved daughter!—Yes——yes, madam.—Walk into my chamber.

This closet was in the front of my bed; they left the door open; I listened and heard: Are you asleep, Mademoiselle Robin?—She replied in a gentle and mysterious tone: Yes.—You speak, nevertheless?—Because I am a somnambulist.—Who has initiated you?—The proph-

etess, Madame Le Blanc, and the Doctor D'Avo.—What is your complaint?—The dropsy.—What must be the remedy?—A husband.—A husband to cure the dropsy? replied Madame Robin, the mother.—Yes, madam, a husband; the somnambulist is right. A husband in less than fifteen days, resumed Made-moiselle Robin; for if I remain a maid any longer I am lost. A proper and capable husband; I know many who only bear the name. None of your old beaux—thin, dry, infirm, grumbling fools and cripples.—Peace, hussy! said Madame Robin, you must have what is chosen for you.—Hold! said Madame Le Blanc; whatever the somnambulist says, we must hear and say nothing. These worthless wretches, continued the young lady, have no other merit than to take a young girl without a dowry; they make a poor virgin tremble when they talk of marrying her. But a young man of seven and twenty, with brown hair, fair skin, black eyes, round face, vermilion lips, fresh complexion, five feet seven inches high, well-made, active, and lively!—Ah! said Madame Robin, it is the exact portrait of our neighbour Kill-bullock's son, who is a poor devil.—Ah! my

child, If I had but a fortune to establish you.—A noise was heard, and all at once Madame Le Blanc said: “Silence! the God of Magnetism has possessed me, and I feel inspired with his holy flame! I read the past, the present, and the future! Silence! I see in the past, that Madame Robin has sent us this evening a turkey stuffed with truffles.—It is true, replied she.—Peace, then, Madam.—I see then, that within a fortnight, you wished to marry your daughter to some decrepit old fop—A very amiable man, nevertheless—Peace, then, Madame Robin.—I see that your daughter has fixed her eye upon the young Killbullock, five feet seven inches, well-made, active and lively.—Yes, but so poor!—So poor—Peace, Madame—I see in the present, that Madame Robin conceals, in the bottom of her drawers, five hundred double—My God!—Do not finish—Five hundred double Louis in twenty bags.—Why have you let it out?—Peace, then, Madame Robin.—I see in the future, that if Madame Robin, does not, within a fortnight, dispose of eight bags—Eight bags!—Peace, Madame Robin.—Of eight at least, for the establishment of her daughter with the son

of her neighbour Killbullock; I see—the future frightens me!—poor Madame Robin! poor Mademoiselle Robin, what an unfortunate couple! Oh, how I pity you!—They will open the drawers of the mother, and break the heart of her daughter; they will steal the money of the mother, and ravish the virginity of the daughter; the mother will die of grief at being robbed; and the daughter will go into some foreign country to be delivered of a boy!”—Ah! cried Madame Robin, seized with terror, I will marry her; I will marry her next week, she shall espouse the rascal Killbullock. Madame Robin having thus made her determination, retired, and one of the doctors attended her politely to the door.

What a scene was I thus accidentally rendered the witness of! On one side what a compound of impudence, extravagance, and charlatanism; and what ignorance and imbecility on the other! It is true, then, that men are but great children.

I went on moralising to myself; but, as a starving man is not the most rigorous casuist, I began to blame myself for not turning their knavery to my own account. Why had I not

replied to their interrogatories? It was very hard to escape from the fury of the elements to die of hunger in an hospital, instead of making use of my ingenuity and address, in order to procure me a repast, which was so necessary, and, perhaps, also an agreeable night. It must be agreed that the obliging prophetess assisted me wonderfully in the execution of this laudable project. I am certain that Madame Robin could scarcely be at the bottom of the staircase, when Madame Le Blanc told the doctors to return to my bed. I closed my eyes at their approach, and the prophetess commanded silence; and, affecting an imposing and oracular style, said: Some Superior Being transports me above the skies! I soar in the immensity of space! I can take in the universe at a glance! My knowledge embraces the past, the present, and the future! I see in the past that the young man that lies here has always been inclined to libertinism and good company; that, not content with having, at the same time, a beautiful lady and a pretty girl, he has even dared to chouse the Baron, his honoured father, out of a most amiable nymph. I behold in the present that this spoiled child is called *Blasfau*.

I divine, as to the future, that he will not be long ill, and that he will presently be in a state of somnambulism, and reply to my questions.

At the sound of my real name, which the prophetess disguised by the simple transposition of the two syllables of which it was composed; on hearing the history of my amours, of which she made an abridgment: and, above all, the little secret anecdote which she so malignantly brought to my recollection, I at length recognised—do you know who? No; Well! I will not tell you yet. I wish you in the first place to hear the answers I made to the questions of Madame Le Blanc.

Charming young man! are you asleep?—Yes; but I speak because I am in a state of somnambulism.—Who initiated you?—The most amiable of women, she whose pretty hand I hold, the prophetess.—What is your malady?—Excessive fatigue and uneasiness in the morning, and in the evening a most voracious appetite.—What must we do to you?—Give me, as soon as possible, a bottle of champagne, and some turkey stuffed with truffles.—Ha! Ha!—And that in the apartment of the prophetess,

whom I beg to grant me a private interview.
Ha! Ha!—I will reveal to her several things
very essential to the propagation of——Mag-
netism——Ha! Ha!

END OF VOL. II.

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