

DE MONTMORENCY:

A N O V E L,

FOUNDED ON

A R E C E N T F A C T:

I N T E R S P E R S E D

With the Translation of an

O R I G I N A L M A N U S C R I P T,

F O U N D I N T H E

B A S T I L E.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

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M D C C X C.

[Five Shillings sewed.]

TO HIS
SERENE HIGHNESS
THE
DUKE OF ORLEANS.

May it please your Highness,

AT a time when your countrymen are setting an example to surrounding nations, by their noble struggle in favour of the natural rights of mankind, when there is every reason to conclude their efforts will be crowned with success, and that you will shortly have the pleasure of seeing your own country as free as that which you have now chosen for your present residence, I hope your Highness will not be offended by an Englishman's presuming to congratulate you upon the glorious occasion.

Although those who now compose the National Assembly are arduously and meritoriously employed in new-modelling and framing a Constitution that shall, at least, have the promise of securing happiness to succeeding ages, and upon that account will be entitled to the thanks and praises of those who shall enjoy the blessings their labours will bestow; yet how much more is due to those who, in the first instance, stood forth, at all hazards, to check the strides of Despotism and unfurl the banners of Freedom; by that step Liberty was invited to take up her residence on the Gallic shore, and every Citizen promised a participation in her blessings—those names will form a proud list in the Historian's page, nor will they receive a small addition to the honour of being recorded as their country's best friends, by that of Orleans appearing at the head of them, as the day your Highness, the Nobles and Clergy united, must ever be considered by the people of France as the day on which their emancipation from a state bordering on slavery began to dawn, and that independent band the phalanx which effected it.

There are not wanting those who still think your Highness ought not to have quitted the scene of action until the glorious work was complete, while others, and by far the greatest number, reflecting upon your near connection with the Sovereign on the throne, the discontents of many tools of power who find their interest affected by the Revolution, and how easily popular prejudice is established when the public mind is inflamed and the populace unruly, candidly admit, that your retreat was proper in the eye of Prudence, and may be justified by the voice of Reason; and happy would it be for Great Britain if some of her leading men had as fair a claim to real Patriotism as has been clearly evinced by the actions of your Highness.

This Address, dictated by a stranger even to your Highness's person, could not be suspected of breathing the spirit of adulation though it had borne more the appearance of panygeric, for it would not then have exceeded the limits of truth—He who has thus presumed conceived that nothing which tended to expose the evils from which you, in part, have been the happy means of rescuing your country could be objectionable to your Highness; that was his sole motive for prefixing this to the following pages—To point out

the miseries that arose from the Bastile is the intention of De Montmorency, and to attempt doing justice to him who was foremost in abolishing them that of, may it please your Highness,

your Serene Highness's

most obedient,

and very humble servant,

The Publisher.

DE MONTMORENCY.

CHAPTER I.

Family Anecdotes—A scheme to gain riches overturned by love, and a marriage the cause of retirement.

A LONG train of illustrious ancestors could Hubert de Montmorency boast of—He could recount the many glorious actions that had been performed by them for their country—He could shew many standards which they had taken from the enemy in battle,—and he could exult in the knowledge that the honor of the Montmorencies had never been sullied by an unworthy action.—But this was all—the fortune of his ancestors had been wasted away, by their endeavours to support the splendor of their birth, and nothing was left for him but the ancient family seat, and a very small territory round it.

Hubert de Montmorency had endeavoured when young to remedy this want of fortune, and for that purpose had entered into the army.—He had not disgraced the name he bore—his country had acknowledged the obligations she owed him—his Sovereign had conferred on him the CROIX DE ST. LOUIS—but he obtained no more—instead of increasing his fortune, he had lessened it—for it was expected that a Montmorency should support the lustre of his name, by a proportionable expence, and by being unwilling to deceive those expectations, he had spent more than his small patrimony would allow.

Finding, therefore, that as a soldier he could not obtain the favors of fortune, the idea started into his imagination to seek them by an alliance with the daughter of some wealthy nobleman, to which the dignity of his birth gave him a sufficient claim.

Had his breast been a stranger to the tender passions he perhaps might have succeeded—but tho' courageous as the lion, he was also gentle as the lamb.—He could feel for the unhappy, he could shed a tear for the miserable.—It is in such hearts that love delights to fix his residence.

He became acquainted with an old officer, the descendant of a noble family, but like himself—poor.—He had an only daughter, De Montmorency saw her and immediately his prospects of increasing his fortune by marriage vanished, and his resolutions were all forgotten. He loved her, and that love was sincere, as it was ardent; for dishonor and De Montmorency were names which were never joined together.—Their love was mutual, and they were married. De Montmorency found himself as happy as mortal could be—but his expences were increased, and he experienced, that to remain in the army, would only reduce him to poverty—He laid therefore his commission at the foot of his sovereign, and retired to Montmorency, the seat of his ancestors, possessed of an amiable wife, and the Croix de St. Louis.

In this retirement, enjoying happiness and tranquility they lived; though a sigh would often escape Hubert, at the thoughts of a Montmorency being thus buried in obscurity, and as it were forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

A Birth—a Death—and a Resolution broke by the calls of Nature.

IT was his constant wish that he might have no children, and the knowledge of his not being able to leave them sufficient to support the dignity of their births occasioned this wish—He was, however, disappointed.

Madame de Montmorency, a year after their marriage, was delivered of a son,—ominous of future misfortunes was his birth, for the exertions used in giving him life, occasioned his mother's death.

De Montmorency's happiness was centered in his wife—He had not rendered the idea of her death familiar to his mind—it came, therefore, with increased effect.—He was delirious, and shutting himself in the chamber where she died, vowed never to stir out of it, or to behold another human creature—he adhered to this resolution for some time.—An old domestic, whose silver locks betrayed a long and faithful servitude,—had tried all means to entice him from his solitude—they were ineffectual.

He hit, however, on an expedient, that at length succeeded, and recalled De Montmorency to himself, and to the world. He begged leave to see his master for the last time, in order to take his leave of him.—De Montmorency granted his request—the old faithful servant dropping on his knees to his master, and shedding a flood of tears, begged him not to indulge a grief that was even impious.

He reminded him how incompatible it was with his birth and the name he bore—and last of all drew his infant son from under his garment, and asked him if he wished his offspring should be left friendless and unprotected—or, if he thought he had no claim to his tenderness and instructions. De Montmorency had remained unmoved by the first part of his domestic's speech, but the last, touched him—he looked at his son, whose uplifted hands seemed to beg protection,—turned away his head in order to conceal his emotions, but finding it impossible wept aloud.

When he was somewhat recovered, he took the child in his arms and kissed it, “Yes, my son, said he, I will live for thee”—and immediately De Montmorency gave up his intentions, and returned to his former way of life.

He resolved to employ his whole time in educating his son, in forming his mind to noble and virtuous pursuits,—but the house in which he lived brought to his mind the remembrance of his wife too tenderly—It called his attention from his son. He therefore removed from it, and with his boy and the old faithful domestic retired to a kind of hermitage in the recesses of a wood, at the extremity of his estate.

CHAPTER III.

Advice for a Soldier.

CHARLES De MONTMORENCY, the name he had given his son; grew up apace—he was the exact image of his father—tall, perfectly well made, and with a dignity of countenance, equal to the lustre of his name.

The instructions of his parent were not thrown away upon him—He discovered a great facility of comprehension, but his favorite study was military tactics.—Often would he make his father repeat the actions of his ancestors, his face glowing, and his eyes sparkling with rapture when any glorious achievement was mentioned—frequently, in the middle of the recital, would he on a sudden start up, and with a peculiar emphasis of voice and look, intreat of Heaven to place him in a situation to prove himself not unworthy of bearing the name of Montmorency. Hubert by these early symptoms, discovered that his son had a prepossession for a military life, and he was resolved not to disappoint him.

When he had attained his twentieth year, he determined that he should enter into the army. The intelligence made the heart of Charles bound with rapture, nor could the approaching departure from his father, or the dangers he was going to encounter, damp the transports of his mind. The day of departure at length arrived, and Hubert desiring his son to come and receive his last instructions in his closet, spoke to him in the following words. “My dear boy, you are going from me, to enter into a world, which you will find unjust, cruel, and oppressive—into a way of life, in which your ancestors have eminently signalized themselves before you—all the advice I shall give you, is, to remember that you bear the name of Montmorency, a name, which has been, which is, renowned throughout all Europe.

If you forget not that, I think, you will neither act dishonestly as a man, or unworthily as a soldier—Here my boy, is the very sword with which your grandfather obtained all his glory—take, and use it as nobly as he has done—take also this letter; present it to your sovereign—He cannot have forgotten the actions of your ancestors, and will provide for you accordingly.—And now farewell!—The god of battles dispose of you as he thinks fit; if it be his pleasure that you should fall, oh! may it be covered with honour and with glory,—and I shall not murmur at his decree—Farewell, my boy, for the last time, and again and again I beseech you to remember that you bear the name of Montmorency.”

Charles, whose spirits had not been damped before, could not restrain a tear which fell down his cheek—this he quickly wiped away and after having promised to conduct himself with honor, and having received the blessings of a father, he departed for Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

A change of Life and a reverse of Fortune.

DE MONTMORENCY when he arrived in the capital, presented his father's letter to his sovereign, who received him very graciously, and gave him a commission in a regiment which was on the point of sailing for America.

This could not but be agreeable to a young soldier who burned with impatience to draw his sword in defence of his country—He joined the regiment, which embarked immediately.

The winds were prosperous, but Charles complained of them, and was impatient to tread upon the shores of the new world.

His wishes were at length accomplished—They arrived at their destined port, and the first who leaped on the beach, was De Montmorency.

Every thing seemed to favour his desires.—The regiment in which he served was ordered, soon after it arrived, to attack the English.

When Charles was informed of it, his heart danced with joy—"Now, said he, to himself, will I convince my father that I am not unworthy of the name I bear—now will I prove, to him that I am a Montmorency"—but as the soldier's fate is uncertain, the evening before the battle, he wrote the following letter to his father.

"Sir,

"We are now in sight of the enemy's camp—The soldiers are preparing for battle, and to-morrow we are to attack the foe.

"From the duties of my station, as a soldier, I have stolen, for a moment, to discharge my duty as a son—you will wish to know how I feel—I assure my father that I am calm and composed—that I am determined not to sully a long illustrious line of ancestors by an unworthy and a cowardly behaviour, or to disappoint the expectations of a tender parent.

"In the breast of him alone who "directs the arrow, and who points the dart" is my fate—perhaps I may fall—if I do let it be some consolation to my father, that his son fell not unworthy the name of

DE MONTMORENCY."

Solemnly and slowly retreated the night, as tho' unwilling to let the cruel day begin its reign, and light mankind to shed the blood of one another.

The feathered creation seemed for once to enjoy the blessings of reason and humanity, and far from the tented field flew with abhorrence and disgust—all but the savage vulture—he alone remained behind, and with a grim pleasure hovered in the air, beholding the preparations for battle and for slaughter with secret rapture and delight.

De Montmorency was up, and in his post the first—the drum beat to arms—The whole regiment was soon in readiness, and began their march—The enemy were not

behind hand—They advanced to meet them. Midway between both camps, both armies halted,—a pause! a solemn stilness prevailed for a moment, such as pervades the air before the earthquake begins, or the tempest rages. It was but the harbinger of horror.—The battle began with fury on both sides—a dreadful carnage ensued. Their ammunition being expended, both armies advanced with their swords drawn, and their bayonets fixed. It was now that De Montmorency displayed his courage. He was in the post of danger, and behaved nobly. He fought like a lion—his valour animated the troops—they performed wonders—but victory was not theirs.

The English forced them to retreat off the field.

De Montmorency was in despair, he could hardly be prevailed upon from throwing himself into the thickest of the enemy's troops, and when he returned to his camp retired to his tent, overwhelmed with sadness and with sorrow.

The Colonel who had beheld his courage, sent for him to his tent, bestowing on his behaviour the most flattering encomiums, and raised him to the rank of captain.

Our young hero was so overjoyed, that he could only answer by a low bow—he retired to his tent to acquaint his father with his new dignity, and with the approbation he had been honoured with by his colonel.

The next day the enemy struck their tents and began their march. De Montmorency with a chosen body of men was ordered to harrass them—He obeyed with alacrity, and proceeded silently 'till he came to a wood close to a narrow defile, through which the enemy he knew must pass; here he planted his men in ambuscade, and as soon as they advanced poured a whole volley of shot in upon them,—this occasioned a dreadful slaughter—He bade his men charge a second time and fire, and then thought it most prudent to retire.

He had almost gained the extremity of the wood, when the enemy on a sudden surprised him and hemmed his little army on all sides. Our hero was desperate—he drew his sword, and bidding his men fix their bayonets, resolved to fight his way through the enemy's ranks.

The English received his attack with spirit—De Montmorency and his soldiers were overpowered, forced to lay down their arms and submit—He was immediately conducted to the Colonel, to whom he delivered his sword with a silent and dejected air.

But the Colonel who could admire courage even in an enemy, returned it him again, bestowing at the same time many encomiums on the courage he had shewn.

The English were going to join the grand army, and De Montmorency, as a prisoner of war was forced to accompany them—to Charlestown, where he remained some months, 'till it was thought proper to send the French prisoners to their own country on their *paroles d'honneur*.

He then set sail for France, penetrated with gratitude at the friendly manner in which he had been treated—and after a short passage arrived safe in native country.

CHAPTER V.

Excessive joy the parent of transcendent grief.

HE stopped not at Paris, but immediately set off for the abode of his father. His horse he left at a neighbouring village, resolving to walk the rest of the way, and to hit upon some method in order not to surprise his father with his presence too suddenly.

Hubert de Montmorency had found the hours pass slowly on, since the departure of his son,—he engrossed all his thoughts, and he found it impossible to pursue his former studies with perseverance.

The morning of our Hero's arrival, Hubert was indulging himself with a walk on the road which led to the Village—He saw his son at some distance—He thought it was a delusion, and that his eyes deceived him. Charles, who was buried deep in thought, beheld not his father 'till he had got almost close up to him—he lifted up his head—the author of his existence stood before him—He sprung to his embrace—this was too much for Hubert to bear—he pressed his son feebly in his arms, and fainted away.

Charles was almost distracted, and ran about like a madman for assistance—none could be found—He returned to his father, still he lay senseless on the ground—In this extremity the thought of breathing a vein fortunately occurred to him—he felt in his pocket for his penknife, and laid hold of his parent's arm, but his hand trembled so, that he was forced to let it drop—summoning, however, all his resolution, he took hold of his father's arm a second time, and opened a vein.

At first the blood came but in drops, it flowed soon freely, and at length Hubert opened his eyes.—De Montmorency was transported with joy—he kissed the hand of his father, who looked with inexpressible affection on him, and binding up his arm, lifted him from the ground, and supporting him, they proceeded slowly home.

Hubert was with difficulty prevented from fainting, through excess of joy, a second time—Charles, however, tried every method to reason him into calmness and moderation, and at length succeeded.

They were met at the entrance of their dwelling by the old faithful domestic, whose joy at seeing the son of his master safe returned, was very near as immoderate as Hubert's—He fell at his feet, kissed his hand, invoked every blessing on his head and declared that to be the happiest day he had ever known—Charles, penetrated with this instance of gratitude, raised him up, and enquired very tenderly after his health, thanking him at the same time for his good wishes.

As soon as De Montmorency had partaken of some refreshment, Hubert desired anxiously to know what had occasioned his return to his native country so soon.—Our Hero immediately relieved him from this anxiety, and convinced him that his son had not acted unworthy of his father.

Hubert heard him with delight, again he embraced De Montmorency, and again returned thanks to Heaven, for having bestowed on him such a son.

Soon as the transports of pleasure, occasioned by returning to his father, had subsided, our hero found the time pass rather heavily—day succeeded day in same uniform dullness—nothing to cheer the lazy-pacing hour; nothing to employ his time nor engage his attention—His active mind could not be contented with the gloom of solitude

or indolence of retirement—He longed to be again employed in the busy camp, but from this his *parole d'honneur* prohibited him. He therefore resolved to apply himself with unwearied diligence to his favorite study, in order to render himself at some future period more capable of discharging the duties of his station, as a soldier, with ability and applause.

CHAPTER VI.

A Ramble—an Accident the Introduction to a New Acquaintance.

BUT though he pursued with unwearied diligence his military studies, there were others which he did not neglect.

Of Poetry he was very fond, and when he had fatigued his mind with mathematical demonstrations, would fly to the productions of the Poets with alacrity and pleasure—of these the sonnets of Petrarch afforded him most entertainment.

It was on a still summer's evening, when the setting sun tips the mountains' tops with radiant gold—when the black-bird from the distant grove pours the liquid note upon the bosom of the gentle zephyrs, who enraptured with the harmonious sound scarce breathes upon the trembling leaf,—that De Montmorency was wandering through the windings of the wood with Petrarch in his hand.

In the midst of one of his charming sonnets to Laura, his attention was suddenly arrested by a violent scream—he listened again—another followed—not doubting but that some one was in danger, he flew to the place whence they proceeded, and at the extremity of the wood, beheld a female lying on the ground apparently senseless—he approached nearer—never did he behold such beauty—such engaging softness—For a moment he was struck dumb with admiration, but quickly recollecting himself, raised the lady in his arms, and carried her to a spring just by, there laying her head gently on his knee, he sprinkled her face with water, and rubb'd her temples—This soon brought her to life again—she opened her eyes gently, fixed them with the most bewitching softness on De Montmorency, and with an engaging confusion on her countenance tried to disengage herself from the posture in which she lay.

De Montmorency saw her wishes, and immediately presented her his hand to rise.—After having, in a flattering voice, returned him thanks for the service he had rendered her, the lovely maid would have retired, but De Montmorency would not permit her.—Suffer me, Madam, said he, to conduct you to my father's house—It is but just by—you have not yet strength enough to walk home.

Attributing her silence to consent, he gently placed her arm within his, and they proceeded to our hero's home—Never did he find himself so awkwardly situated before, he wished to speak, but his tongue denied its office—Whenever he attempted to cast his eyes on her face, he felt his own glow with confusion—nor was his lovely charge in a more enviable situation—her hand, which De Montmorency held, trembled excessively; and her languishing blue eyes fixed on the ground, betrayed her extreme confusion.

It was well for them that they had not far to walk—when they had arrived at Huberts', De Montmorency introduced her to his father, and relating to him the manner in which he found the lovely female, she was received by him with the greatest politeness, and the old domestic was ordered to bring some refreshments.

When her spirits were a little recruited, she told them, that taking the air on horseback, her horse took fright at a viper that laid in the road, and ran away with her—unable to manage him, she screamed out, and thinking it better to run the risk of hurting herself in the fall than trust herself longer on his back, disengaged her foot from the

stirrup, and threw herself on the ground—again she cast her eyes on De Montmorency, and thanked him for the service he had done her—and again De Montmorency declared his obligations to Fortune, in having thus put it in his power to be of service to her.

Imagining that her horse might return to her father's and alarm the family for her safety, she expressed her wishes to return home, and rising up, politely thanking Hubert de Montmorency would have departed alone, but our hero would not suffer her, and begging her permission to let him escort her, which she granted with some confusion, they set out together.

There are certain situations, which though we pray devoutly to be placed in, involves us in a kind of confusion, which almost make us regret that our wishes are accomplished.—De Montmorency felt himself in such a predicament, and it was some time before he recovered from his confusion.

In their way home, it was necessary that they should pass by the place where the lovely maid had fallen from her horse; they stopped to recapitulate the accident again, and that recapitulation introduced a repetition of thanks and acknowledgement on both sides.

De Montmorency now grown more bold, ventured to enquire the name of the Lady whom he had had the honour to serve. Her answer discovered it to be ELISE de ST. CLAIR—she, in return requested to know the name of her deliverer—Our hero informed her, and they now proceeded to talk on common topics of conversation 'till they arrived at the young lady's home.

It was a large Chateau, situated in the midst of a delightful Park—as they walked up the avenue of trees that led to it, they met Monsieur and Madame De St. Clair, to whom Elise introduced our hero, as one who had rendered her a great service, recounting at the same time the accident that had happened to her.

Overjoyed at their daughter's safety, De Montmorency was received with the greatest civility, and they insisted on his accompanying them home—nothing could be more agreeable to him—the invitation was accepted, and they all returned to the Chateau, whence it was not 'till late in the evening that our Hero returned to his father's—nor could he do it even then without regretting the rapidity of time which rendered their separation necessary—As he passed from the Chateau, scarce did he take three steps without turning back to bless the angel (for such she appeared in his eyes) that dwelt within, and thank his stars for the day's adventure.

CHAPTER VII.

The Domestic.

WHEN De Montmorency got home, there was no one up but the old domestic who was waiting for his return—Our Hero was not inclined to retire to his chamber immediately, he therefore sat down in the parlour, and taking up Petrarch, desired the old domestic to go to bed—but he refused, and alledged as a reason, that he was as little inclined to sleep as De Montmorency, whom he feared from his manner had met with some mishap.—To satisfy his affectionate inquietude he related what had passed—The relation being concluded the old man sighed deeply, and upon our hero's enquiring the cause.—“Alas, my master, (said he) I see you desperately attached to a woman, and am grieved to think whether that attachment may hurry you—experience has long so fatally convinced me that the Hyena is not more destructive to her prey, than women are to the objects that adore them.—Perhaps you will not think this observation so erroneous, when you have learnt a short detail of the events of my life, which, if you are not too fatigued to pay attention to, I will now relate.

De Montmorency declared he was not; after a short pause, therefore, the old domestic began his narrative in the following words,—

“My real name is BERNARD *de TOUIS* though I have always hitherto gone under the appellation of JACQUES *de CALLIER*.

My ancestors, time out of mind, rented a small farm in the province of Bretany, which they always found sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of their family—Out of eight children which my father had, I alone survived; I believe the grief of having lost so fine a family, was the chief cause of my parent's death, for they died within a month after the decease of my sister, and left me, then about two and twenty years of age: I was afflicted very sensibly at the death of both my parents, but time soon effaced the traces of sorrow from my mind—I continued in the farm which they held, and cultivated it myself—My affairs went on prosperously enough, but fool that I was, I thought they would improve if I married, and therefore I looked about me for a suitable match—I soon pitched upon a young maiden of nearly my own age, pretty and very good natured—she was called ANTOINETTE—Oh! would I had never seen her.

The girl, I thought, had some affection for me, for she preferred me to all the lads of the village, and in every rural sport, chose me for her partner.—I was deceived by this shew of affection, and courted her for my wife—The time of courtship was merrily spent, and from that I predicted increase of happiness in an alliance with Antoinette—silly fellow that I was not to know that the days of courtship are the happiest of our lives.

After a few months spent in this manner, I thought it high time to be married—we were so—and I was, in my own conceit, completely happy—My Farm improved under her management, and for some months after we were as happy as the first day of our courtship—The Lord of the Village came every half year to collect his rents; when he came for mine, he praised my choice, and seemed much taken with my wife, I was pleased with his approbation, and loved my Antoinette the more for having been approved of by our landlord—He came several times afterwards, and often made us little presents—I suspected no harm, and thought myself highly honoured by the attention and

marks of friendship, which raised the envy of our villagers—had I not been a simpleton, I might have known that a superior never takes notice of an inferior, but with some interested design. Still did our affairs flourish, and I was in a fair way of becoming a man of good substance and wealth—It was my custom twice a year to carry my corn to a certain town where there was a fair, to dispose of it.—I prepared now to set out, but rather reluctantly—nevertheless, knowing it was for our mutual advantage, I embraced my Antoinette and set out on my journey.

I made all the haste possible to settle my business, and at the end of five days completed it—I had sold my corn at a good profit, and full of the fond ideas of again embracing my Antoinette, I set out homeward, intending to reach it by night fall, I rode a good round pace, and was got very near our village, when I met one of my neighbours whom I asked how my wife did, and he replied: ‘Perfectly well, Bernard,—you need not doubt of it, when our Lord takes such good care of her.’—This was said with a kind of sneer that confused me—I felt, for the first time, that torturer Jealousy.

Altering my resolution, I resolved not to ride directly home, but to wait ’till the middle of the night, and having the key of a private door behind the house, I resolved to let myself in, and surprise her with my presence too suddenly to be able to secrete our landlord, if he should be with her.

I loitered, therefore, about the fields ’till midnight, when leaving my horse at an inn in the village, I walked home.—There was a light still in my wife’s chamber—I approached with all silence; lifting up the back room window got in without making a noise, and with a heart heaving with apprehension I stole up stairs—When I had got to my wife’s chamber door, I was almost afraid to open it, and a hundred times was retreating down stairs.—At length, the door being unlocked, I opened it gently and went in—nobody heard me—I approached to the bed, and undrew the curtains—but; good heavens! what were my sensations when I beheld my wife fast locked in the arms of our landlord, and both of them asleep?—I staid not a moment to give reflection power to direct me—I listened only to the transports of my rage—seizing a short sword that hung over the fire place, I rushed to the bed-side—With an inconceivable fury I plunged the sword first in the landlord’s body; and without waiting a moment plunged it afterwards into the body of my wife; exclaiming at the same time—‘traitors receive from me the just reward of your abominable crimes’—I knew that there was no time to be lost in making my escape; taking, therefore, all the money I could find in the house, I made the best of my way out of it—I went to the Inn where I had left my horse, had him saddled instantly, and mounting him, rode off with as much speed as possible—Before morning I found myself out of the province of Brittany, and then resolved to stop and take some refreshment.

I debated within myself what I should do, I was not long in determining, I resolved to change my name, and enlist myself in some regiment which was employed in the wars of Germany. I had money enough in my pocket, and therefore immediately took shipping for Germany.—After a short passage I arrived there, and immediately enlisted in the regiment in which your father was captain—I was so fortunate as to obtain applause, and he appointed me to the post of sergeant—I endeavoured, by every means to shew my gratitude to him, and entreated Heaven to put it in my power to be of service to him; Heaven granted my request. In a bloody Battle I saved his life—This was a decisive battle, and the last—We were ordered home—I entreated your father to suffer me to

accompany him as a servant, he consented, and I have ever since remained with him.— Judge, now, Sir, if I have not reason to be disgusted with the sex.”

Our hero acknowledged it, but said that he hoped all women were not equally bad with his Wife. Bernard shook his head, and it being very late, he attended his young master to his apartment and they then separated to invoke the refreshing influence of balmy Sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Man in Love.

DE MONTMORENCY retired to his apartment, but sleep was a stranger to his eyes,—his bosom was filled with new emotions,—the image of the lovely Elise presented itself to his imagination—he sighed, and from his sensations, found that he was certainly in love with her.

The discovery did not alarm him—he indulged the delightful idea,—he found himself less than ever inclined to sleep, and therefore as soon as Morning with her mantle grey appeared on the mountain's height, he arose.

Full of the events of the preceding day, he wandered through the wood to the spot where Elise had fallen; he recapitulated her looks, her attitude, and in a transport of love threw himself on the very place that had been pressed by the lovely maid.

A certain author says “that men in love are fools,” unwilling to enter into a contest with him at present, I will suppose that he has spoken the truth; and granting that he has, I maintain that the generality of men had rather attach to themselves the appellation of fools for being enthusiasts to the charms of beauty, than be thought wise men for possessing a cold indifference.

Elise de St. Clair had felt herself strangely prepossessed in favour of our hero at quitting him, and when she retired to her apartment, had found herself as little inclined to sleep as he had.—It was her usual custom to rise early, and walk before breakfast; but this morning she rose more so than usual.

Is it unnatural to suppose that with such sensations she should walk to the place where she had first seen De Montmorency?

At the moment while he was pressing the spot where she fell, Elise arrived there.—Hearing a noise, he started up—she started too—involuntary blushes filled both their cheeks, and it was not without hesitation and confusion that they reciprocally exchanged the salutations of the morning.

De Montmorency finding himself unable to converse on common topics with ease, asked Elise if she was fond of the Italian language; being answered in the affirmative, he pulled Petrarch out of his pocket, and changed the conversation to his sonnets, which she confessed herself unacquainted with.

They had walked to an old oak tree, round which was a rustic seat,—they sat down, and Elise requested De Montmorency to read one of the sonnets—he complied, and chose that which relates the difficulty of declaring his Love for Laura.

De Montmorency's voice was clear and musical—he read the sonnet with feeling and with proper emphasis.—Elise held down her head and blushed—De Montmorency, having concluded the sonnet, shut the book and sighed.

He asked Elise if it was not a delightful sonnet, her assent was conveyed in a trembling voice, and they remained silent for some time.

Recollecting, at length, that the hour of breakfast was not far off, she took her leave to return home alone, but De Montmorency could not be prevailed upon to quit her, 'till she had almost got to the Chateau, when bidding her adieu, he returned home, his whole soul being filled with the lovely girl he had just parted with.

CHAPTER IX.

Female charms superior to parental advice.

OUR hero now neglected his studies, and no longer pursued them with diligence and perseverance—they became irksome and disagreeable—of Petrarch, of those books which treat of love he became more enamoured, and they accompanied him night and day.

His father remarked this change, and attributed it to the right cause—he was alarmed—and disclosed his apprehensions to his son.

Unused to deceit or denial, De Montmorency owned that they were just; that he was deeply in love.

Hubert had formerly known the father of Elise—He told our hero, that he was of low origin, had raised himself to the rank of *Fermier General* by meanness, and in that station had acquired a large fortune by oppression and injustice. He advised him, therefore, to conquer his attachment to Elise, as a connection with that family would disgrace the blood of the Montmorency's—our Hero heard him with attention—He promised to try to overcome his love——“Ah! (said he to himself) though Monsieur de St. Clair may be unworthy of our esteem, is that a reason why Elise should be despised also?—oh, no!”—he found it therefore impossible to comply with his father's wishes.

Discretion, reason, what are ye to Love.”

Alas! the result of all his efforts to obey his father was, that he loved Elise with more ardour than ever.

CHAPTER X.

A rural fete upon a son's return—A declaration of love, and an interruption.

OUR hero had received for the service he had rendered their daughter, a general invitation from Monsieur and Madame de St. Clair, of which he failed not to avail himself often.

Many were the opportunities he had of disclosing his passion for Elise, but invincible modesty tied his tongue; he would have preserved an eternal silence, but for the following event.

Young de St. Clair, who had been some time on his travels, arrived at the chateau, to the great joy of his parents, who were resolved to celebrate his arrival by a *fete champetre*.

De Montmorency had been introduced on his arrival—he had conceived a dislike for him at first sight.

His appearance was haughty and his manners insolent—our hero's congratulations upon his return he received with a mark'd indifference, and his acknowledgements were couch'd in a stiff formality that rendered them rude and disgusting.

To this splendid entertainment, springing from parently joy, all the young and gay of the neighbourhood were invited, and among the rest De Montmorency, who had the inexpressible happiness of being honoured with the hand of his lovely Elise for the evening—an honour personally bestowed on him by her father as a testimony of the sense he had of the service which had been rendered her by him.

The *fete* was celebrated on a lawn before the house, over which hung a canopy of blue silk drawn into festoons and bordered with a deep gold fringe—the whole was supported by the trees that skirted the lawn, and which were decorated with garlands of natural flowers entwined with variagated lamps so as to make the whole have a pleasing and enchanting effect.

De Montmorency and Elise commenced the dancing with a minuet—the elegance of her movement acted as an inspiration on him, and as he was more than ordinary assiduous in his exertions so was he more than ordinary successful in his execution—every eye was delighted while they were engaged in the dance and every tongue was employed in their praise when they concluded—Several other minuets followed, many of which were executed with grace and judgement, but still Elise and De Montmorency were unanimously admitted to have shewn an infinite degree of superiority.

The minuets continued until the guests were invited to partake of an elegant collation—it was serv'd up in another part of the Park equally superb and fancifully decorated as that in which they had been enjoying the dance—De Montmorency found his spirits elated; Elise was equally gay and inspired—they chatted, laughed, sung, and exchanged a thousand tender glances.

The luxuries of the table were however insufficient to detain them long from the fascinating sports of Tyrpsichore—the younger part of the company returned to partake of the pleasures of the country dance—De Montmorency still enjoyed the happiness of

Elise's hand—delighted with each other they kept up the spirit of the company for a considerable time, but at length Elise complained of heat and fatigue—our hero immediately led her to an arbour at some distance from the company.

Exhilarated by the evening's entertainments he felt himself possessed of courage sufficient to declare the impression her charms had made upon his heart—He cast his eyes upon her with a look that plainly spake the conflict of his soul, and preparing to tell his tale an involuntary sigh stopped the story of his tongue—the emotions of her bosom were evident in the deep blushes that glowed upon her cheek—she turned her face from him—He took hold of her hand and tenderly pressed it between his—she rose from her seat in confusion, and scarcely knowing what she said begged to return to the company, as their long absence might be taken notice of—upon this she would have quitted the arbour but he still holding her hand and pressing it to his breast prevented her, at the same time panting with fear lest she should be offended at his temerity, he replied, with a voice scarcely audible, "Leave me not, Elise! one moment spare to me."—She trembled, blushed and sat down—He dropped upon one knee, and his eyes sparkling with gratitude for her condescension he proceeded, "No, Elise, think it not too much to let me enjoy your company a few moments longer—I have something to communicate—it is of consequence to my happiness—I have wished to tell you, have repeatedly intended it, but doubt and apprehension have as constantly prevented me—let me not then lose this moment and Heaven grant it may prove a propitious one—Look not with contempt upon me, most lovely Elise, when I say that I love and adore you—my happiness or misery depends upon you—you are the mistress of my fate—I know the weakness of my claim—your equal in fortune I am not, in birth I——"

"Heyday, Monsieur!" (cried young St. Clair, who at this moment broke in upon them, and surprised De Montmorency on his knees) "you are wonderfully gallant; but come it may as well subside for the present the greatest part of the company having missed, and been enquiring for you."

The sudden and unexpected appearance of St. Clair, together with the sarcastic manner of his address had such an effect that our hero look'd silly and confus'd and Elise had some difficulty to prevent herself from fainting.

They arose and again joined the company and the dance, but their mirth had been effectually put an end to by St. Clair's interruption—They were both chagrined and disappointed—De Montmorency however took an opportunity in the course of the evening to ask Elise if it would not be too presumptuous to expect her in the morning at the oak tree—she blushed her consent—and the rest of the evening passed away without that pleasure and satisfaction which the former part of it had promised.

CHAPTER XI.

A mutual Vow.

DE MONTMORENCY, when he returned home, which was not till late, revolved in his mind the transactions of the day—St. Clair's interruption he thought was not accidental, and he predicted that from him much unhappiness would certainly ensue.

Such inauspicious thoughts kept him from being able to obtain one moment's sleep, and he arose with a countenance pale and his spirits dejected—he nevertheless proceeded to the place of appointment, where he had not been long when Elise joined him—her presence revived his hopes and cheer'd that gloom which had o'erpowered his spirits and sunk him almost into despair.

De Montmorency, after making his acknowledgements for her thus indulging him, resumed the conversation of the preceeding evening——

“Oh, Elise, said he, though unequal in fortune, I am descended from ancestors that will not disgrace you—and though small the gift of fortune I enjoy, I have enough for the necessaries of life—I ask not wealth, but love—Oh, answer me, then Elise, say that I am not disagreeable to you.”—He paused for her answer.

She remained silent—the tear trickled down her cheek, and her bosom heaved with a thousand emotions.

De Montmorency pressed her hand gently to his lips and continued——“Why those tears, my Elise, am I to consider them as falling, because you are unable to give me your love?—if so—if some happier man possess your affections—Oh! may you be as happy as the wishes of De Montmorency can make you.—He may be, he must be unhappy, for his love for Elise can never cease—but he will bury himself and his passion in silence and obscurity, and never shall his presence give a pang to the bosom of her, whose happiness is a million times dearer to him than his own.”

De Montmorency finding his spirits exhausted, laid his head gently on Elise's hand, and burst into tears.

She had been unable to speak during the latter part of our hero's speech; her emotions prevented her—The attitude, the tears of De Montmorency affected her—she begged him to rise—she hid her face with her hands.

“If I err, said she, Heaven and De Montmorency I hope will forgive me—let him not afflict himself—let him think that Elise has said what he would wish her.”

De Montmorency lifted up his head in a transport of joy—“Do I hear right—sure I dream—did my Elise say she loved me—Oh! bliss unutterable!—oh! happiness too much almost to bear.”

Elise was overwhelmed with confusion, she dared not look De Montmorency in the face—almost delirious with rapture he started up, and catching her in his arms, imprinted on her lips an ardent impassioned kiss—“Oh, my Elise look up, be not ashamed at having thus made me happy—you do not repent at having raised De Montmorency from the depth of despair?”

“Oh, no, no, Montmorency!” replied Elise, in a voice more soft than the gentle Zephyr's, when on some still evening, he whispers through the trees, “Oh, no, Montmorency!” and she reclined her head on his shoulder.

Our hero was intoxicated with delight, and scarce could believe the evidence of his senses—Recollecting her situation she withdrew from his arms—the tint of modesty flush'd in her cheeks, she trembled lest she had o'erleapt its bounds, but conscious innocence soon dissipated all her terrors and she again sat herself down on the bench.

De Montmorency was lost in a maze of joy—Elise was melted into softness—they remained silent for some time, but a thousand looks which spake more forcibly than any words passed between them—a language in which all lovers converse and which all lovers instantly understand.

It was time that they should part—Elise would be missed if she staid any longer—De Montmorency knew not how to part with her—it was requisite they should not be seen together, yet he would attend her to the avenue of trees, and there they separated, but not until he had drawn from her a promise to meet him again at the same place the next morning.

An hundred times did she turn her head to take a last look at him as she walked up to the chateau, and as repeatedly did he kiss his hand to her as a tender and parting adieu.

CHAPTER XII.

A retrospect with some requisite information.

IT will be necessary to the future elucidation of our history to make the reader somewhat more acquainted with the motives that influenced and disposition that guided young St. Clair.

During the entertainment which, as before observed, was given for joy at his return, he thought he observed something more than common civility in the attention and demeanour of our hero to his sister, he was resolved therefore to watch them narrowly, and discover if possible whether affection had sprung out of their intimacy.

By keeping them constantly in his eye he observed De Montmorency lead Elise from the company during the country dances—he followed them at a distance, saw them take their seats in the arbour, and by turning down another walk contrived to conceal himself among some trees behind it, where he heard the first part of the diffident lover's address—finding his suspicions thus verified, yet not deeming it proper at that moment to take serious notice of his endeavouring to win the affection of Elise, he was determined to surprise them as by accident, rally them with seeming goodnature, and prevent any farther explanation taking place for the present.

By adopting this method his cunning led him to imagine he should effect something more.—He knew the credulous temper of his sister, and did not doubt but he could easily become her confidant—herein he was mistaken, nor could all his industry worm out the secret from her—being deceived in this he was determined to watch her narrowly and discover that which he was convinced she was desirous to conceal.

Full of this determination he became a spy upon her steps and actions, and while he was thus employed he communicated his suspicions and what he had seen to his father—he likewise hinted how he intended to act—his father approved the plan and agreed with him in every particular—nor was this wonderful for the one was the exact resemblance of the other, and both were proud, insolent, haughty and avaritious.

Between them a scheme was concerted and arranged to entrap these unsuspecting lovers, and a plan determined upon if it should be found that any serious affection subsisted between them—but what this plan was, and however impatient the reader may be to know, we are not at liberty to declare at present.

CHAPTER XIII.

An unwelcome intrusion.

DE MONTMORENCY thought himself the happiest of men, beloved by Elise, his days rolled onward sweetly and swiftly—he looked not, he thought not beyond the present moment, the happiness of which he fondly hoped would be continued to successive ones—ah! how uncertain are all human enjoyments.—The day of life how delusive!—ushered in by the Sun of Happiness the Morning dawns—we look around us, every thing is cheerful—the sun unsullied by a single cloud shines upon us—we are happy, and imagining our happiness will be permanent, press onward with firmness, and with rapture—at Noon we look round us again, and the scene appears not so cheerful as formerly; we perceive a gloominess in it, dark clouds arise from the horizon and obscure the sun—it grows dark, the rain descends upon our heads in torrents—the Evening approaches, the former beauty of the scene is forgotten in the present dreariness—and Night arriving, finds us weary, unhappy, and discontented.

At the usual hour each morning Elise failed not to meet De Montmorency at the old Oak—there would they exchange a thousand mutual vows of love and tenderness—talk with fondness of future scenes of enjoyment, and promise themselves in retirement, endless happiness and pleasure.

One morning they had talked over these scenes with more than usual tenderness—De Montmorency on his knees had called Heaven to witness the sincerity of his affection, and Elise in the same posture had uttered the same invocation.

They were seized with a mutual melancholy—De Montmorency sighed—Elise wept—her head was reclined on his shoulder, while he was employed in kissing off the pearly drops that trickled down her blooming cheeks—The world, every one, but themselves were forgotten.

In this tender attitude—in this melting softness, a voice from the adjoining wood called out to Montmorency, and by the title of villain, bade him desist—he started up, and looking round, beheld young De St. Clair with his sword drawn—Elise shrieked, and running to her brother, fell on her knees—She held up her clasped hands to him, and tried to speak—her tongue refused to perform its office—she fainted away.—Regardless of St. Clair's threats or his sword, De Montmorency rushed to her assistance, and lifted her up in his arms to carry her to a neighbouring brook—De St. Clair would have prevented him, but De Montmorency pushing him aside, carried her to the side of the stream, and sprinkled her face plentifully with water this soon recovered her—she opened her eyes, and looked round for her brother “Oh, hide me, save me from him, De Montmorency.”—and she hid her face with her hands.

De Montmorency promising to protect her, she put her arm within his, and walked slowly out of the wood; they there met St. Clair, who with a furious air bade our hero draw—De Montmorency seeing that Elise trembled, and was ready to faint, whispered De St. Clair he would meet him next morning, with which he thought fit to be contented, and walking by the side of Elise, suffered our hero to support her home.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Duel.

DE MONTMORENCY and his Father lived more like friends, than a father and a son—this produced a mutual openness which prevented our hero from ever concealing the least thing from him—What a blessing, as well as advantage to society, would it be, did but all parents and children live upon the same footing.

Consequently when De Montmorency returned home, he communicated to his father what had happened, and his appointment to meet St. Clair the next morning.

To Hubert, who loved his son with the extremest tenderness, this was afflicting intelligence; but the sense of honour was stronger in his breast than any other sensation.

He advised his son to keep the appointment by all means, and promised to attend at a distance unseen, in case his assistance should be necessary.

De Montmorency employed himself all the remainder of the day in writing a farewell letter to his Elise, and in trying to make his peace with Heaven.

He retired to rest, but sleep was a stranger to his eyelids—The image of his Elise mourning his absence, perhaps his death, presented itself to his imagination, and tortured him so, that he arose long before the dawn of day, and prepared himself for the approaching contest.

Hubert was as little able to sleep as his son—he arose also, and they were at the place of rendezvous some time before the hour of meeting.

St. Clair, attended by his servant, whom he commanded to wait at a distance, at length appeared, and advancing to our hero, drew his sword—De St. Clair attacked him with fierceness—Montmorency cool and collected, found it no difficult matter to evade his furious assaults, and though he had St. Clair's life many times in his power, from his want of skill, and the fierceness with which he fought; the idea of his being the brother of his Elise, prevented him from taking the least advantage of him, and he therefore only acted upon the defensive.—St. Clair was enraged at his adversary's superior skill, and began with increased fury.

In the midst of the combat, a female appeared on horseback at a full gallop—as soon as she came near to the combatants, she threw herself with a distracted air off her horse, and ran between them—It was Elise.

“Oh! Montmorency! (said she) will you kill my brother?—Oh! Brother! will you kill my Montmorency?”

Our hero was preparing to sheathe his sword, as a token of his unwillingness to injure the brother of his Elise, but St. Clair, regardless of her tears and entreaties, still pushed with fierceness at our hero, who resolving to put an end to the combat, by a dexterous jerk disarmed his adversary, and snapped his sword in the middle.

He then advanced to the trembling maid, and assured her, it was not his intention to injure her brother, and that he only acted defensively.

Elise looked her thanks, and her approbation of his conduct; but St. Clair, enraged at being thus overcome, seized his sister rudely by the hand, and without deigning to thank our hero for his life, helped her to mount her horse, and bidding his servant bring his, rode off, and left De Montmorency struck dumb with astonishment.

Hubert advanced now from the wood, and on his knees returned thanks to Heaven for having made the event of the contest so consonant to his wishes.

They then retired—Hubert, who saw many ill consequences would arise to his son, if he continued this connection, employed the whole day in trying to persuade him to overcome his attachment, not with that stern authority, which parents often use to their children, and which generally defeats the end intended, but with the gentleness of an affectionate friend.

De Montmorency, though he acquiesced in the truth of his father's observations, was convinced that not to love Elise would be impossible; nevertheless he promised never to act contrary to the wishes of his father, with which Hubert was satisfied.

In the evening a Peasant brought a letter for De Montmorency—It was from Elise—kissing it with ecstasy, he opened it, and read the following contents:

“Oh! my Montmorency! I fear it will be long 'ere we shall meet again—my father has forbade me stirring out by myself, and my brother has been in close conference ever since the morning—what the purport of it is, I know not—but my forboding heart tells me it is inimical to the happiness of De Montmorency and Elise.

Yet, oh, yet, let us not despair—let us live in the fond hope that futurity has many happy days in store for us.

In the mean time, let De Montmorency depend on the affection of Elise, as Elise does in the love of Montmorency.

Adieu,

ELISE.”

De Montmorency read it over a hundred times he kissed the dear morsel ardently, and placing it in his bosom, found it afforded him comfort, and some degree of pleasure.—Elise's promise of constancy obliterated the idea of separation; happy at the security of her love, he for a time could see no father—Nothing in his thought but the object of his wishes he took out again her note, and again perused it—but how different were his sensations?—it now appeared a farewell epistle:—‘it will be long ere we meet again’—“Good Heaven's!” (ejaculated he, in the utmost anguish) “can I live without the presence of her I love?”—he went on—‘inimical to the happiness of De Montmorency and Elise’—This was a shaft that pierced the inmost recesses of his heart;—“my own wretchedness, (continued he) I could have borne, but to be the cause of rendering her miserable whose happiness I should think cheaply purchased with the loss of life, is more than I can bear!”—He perplexed himself so much with these fancied ills, that he became almost frantic, but at length proceeding to her conclusion, he was more calm;—her expressions of affection were words of comfort, and he resolved to take her advice and copy the promised example of his divine mistress—live in the fond hope that Futurity would bring happiness in her train nor give way to the insinuating artifice of Despair.

CHAPTER XV.

A change in appearances by an unexpected offer of friendship.

SCARCE had De Montmorency reconciled himself to the ill-fortune which the letter of Elise gave him reason to apprehend was in agitation when young St. Clair was announc'd at the Hermitage to pay him a visit.

From what had already passed, and the suspicions he was now impressed with, our hero could not entertain a doubt but that his visitor came on some hostile errand, he therefore received his salutations with a cold indifference and a stately politeness—of course he was much surprised when St. Clair, approaching him, took hold of his hand and requested his pardon for his late indefensible behaviour.

As De Montmorency easily forgave those who offended him it was not probable that the brother of his Elise should apply in vain—St. Clair's apologizing for his conduct entirely banished all enmity from his mind, and upon a requisition that their future days might be mark'd with an unshaken friendship it was most cordially acceded to.

For some time they conversed together with the greatest familiarity, talked over their former pursuits, and what particular places they had visited during their absence from home, and so pleased did they appear with each other that St. Clair pressed De Montmorency so eagerly to accompany him to his father's he was forced to consent, and they sat off together for his chateau.

Upon their arrival he was received with more than usual kindness by Monsieur and Madame de St. Clair; and need we say by Elise with pleasure and delight.

De Montmorency was amazed at this extraordinary change of behaviour, he fear'd it was too flattering sweet to be substantial; yet he hoped and thought it was possible to proceed from a conviction of having behaved improperly to him, and for which they were now desirous to make reparation.

When he was about to depart they insisted upon his remaining and spending the day with them—it was the habitation of Elise and how could he refuse?—Upon rising from dinner Monsieur de St. Clair requested his guest to favour him with his company, and taking hold of his hand led him to his study, where in the most friendly manner he entered into a serious conversation with him—wondered how a young gentleman of his active disposition could bear to live a life of idleness and inactivity; and, upon our hero's protesting it was absolutely contrary to his inclinations but that at present he knew not how to change it, he voluntarily offered to use his interest (and which he did not doubt would be sufficient) to procure him a post of honour and employment at court—it would not, he said, be conferring a favour but merely discharging a debt of gratitude for the preservation of his child.

De Montmorency was astonished at this singular and unexpected instance of kindness and friendship, for which he thanked Monsieur de St. Clair in the handsomest manner, but observed he was not at liberty to accept the proposition without consulting his father, whom he promised to acquaint with it immediately upon his return home, and inform him of the result in the course of a few days.

The parent of Elise was satisfied with this—her lover was elated at being so much in favour, and the point being settled they quitted the study.

De Montmorency wished for an opportunity to acquaint Elise of this proposal of Monsieur de St. Clair's, in order to hear her opinion, that appearing to him of as much consequence as the determination of his father—Not finding her in the saloon at their return he wandered into the garden where he soon discovered her seated in an arbour, apparently in deep contemplation.

He approached the place, and after some mutual congratulations told her of her father's proposal, at which she was equally astonished with him, but advised that by all means he should accept of it.

De Montmorency heaving a sigh and fixing his eyes upon Elise—"Is my love, (said he) aware of what she advises me to do? Does she not know that she bids me part with her perhaps for ever?"

"No, (replied she with a smile) it is but to make love, for a short time, give place to interest."

"And can Elise, (returned De Montmorency) treat our separation with so much indifference?—My hours will be tedious and my days burthensome when I am divided from her—and I had hoped she would sometimes have honoured my absence with a sigh—but why should I wish her to be miserable?—no, I do not—may her days pass over in delightful tranquility and may she ever be a stranger to the poignant pangs that in such a case I should inevitably suffer."

"Oh, Montmorency! (replied the lovely maid) do you think Elise will not feel the separation as sensibly as you can? Alas! too sure she will—but would she prove her affection by wishing him to sacrifice to her fondness so great a prospect of his advancement."

De Montmorency was satisfied—he was more—he was enraptured—pressing the blushing maid to his bosom he repeated his vows of constancy and that her image alone should reign in his heart wherever Fate should lead him, and however great the distance might be between them.

The expressive looks of Elise made an equal promise—her eyes sparkled with pleasure at his assurances of love and constancy, and she almost bless'd her father for his proposal, notwithstanding it tended to divide them, since it had produced such ardent testimonies of De Montmorency's affection.

While they were sitting thus happy in each other's love they were joined by the St. Clair's—Monsieur and Madame with much affability protested they had been all over the grounds to seek for them, and young St. Clair rallied them with perfect goodnature for having again stolen into an arbour—thus jocund they returned back to the chateau together, and the young lovers spent the remainder of the day with that ecstasy which always attends mutual confidence and affection.

CHAPTER XVI.

Family pride subdued by fatherly affection.

AS soon as De Montmorency returned home, he hastened to seek his father—he found him joyful as usual at the sight of his son—little hesitation therefore was necessary to inform him of the proposal he had received from Monsieur de St. Clair.

Hubert had a very proud spirit, the pride of a long line of noble ancestors, and being now unable to confer he was unwilling to receive favours from any one.

As soon as his son had informed him of the advantageous offer of Monsieur de St. Clair, his countenance assumed a gravity, and he remained for some time silent—He felt it as a matter worthy consideration—On one hand he thought it would be a degradation to the illustrious name of Montmorency,—on the other the future advancement and welfare of his son appeared the natural consequence; this, added to the probability that by accepting the proposal he might establish his fame, and be able to support the name of Montmorency in its former splendour, totally silenced every sentiment of pride, and he consented that his son should submit to accept the patronage of a man to whom riches alone gave interest and importance.

His father determining in its favour, and Elise being an advocate for it, De Montmorency could not think of objecting to again quitting home—to exchange the society of those he loved for the busy scenes of court;—honour and assiduity, he thought, would lead him to fame and fortune, and the beloved object of his heart become his glorious reward.

The ensuing morning, therefore, he walked up to Monsieur de St. Clair's, and informed him of his father's consent, and his readiness to accept his promised recommendation—The information was received with pleasure, and assurances of the greatest exertions for his advantage followed.—Delay was considered as improper, and therefore the end of the following week was fixed upon for his departure for Paris.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Farewell.

THE nearer the day of his departure approached, the more reluctance De Montmorency felt to his intended journey—The preparations were stabs to his peace, and his heart sickened at the idea of separation.

It was often in his thoughts to decline the proposal altogether, but this his pride constantly opposed, and prevented him from putting into execution—To be considered as a weak and unsteady character was his aversion, and to be suspected not to possess a wish to merit his Elise not to be borne.

The day preceding that on which he was to set out on his journey, he was invited to spend at the chateau; to take leave of his friends and bid adieu to his mistress.

To him and to Elise it was a melancholy one indeed—continued farewells glanced in their looks, and the tear of affection sparkled in their eyes—While the rest of the family seemed overjoyed at the intended journey of De Montmorency, he cursed the want of fortune, and the charms of riches which alone created this fatal necessity, which forced him to tear himself from all he held most dear.

At length overpowered with the continued conversation of his departure, the lovely Elise wept, and De Montmorency, but for shame, could have accompanied her—To prevent particular notice she withdrew 'till dinner was served up, of which she partook but little.—The fineness of the day tempted them to rise from table much sooner than customary, for the purpose of enjoying a walk in the gardens and pleasure grounds round the chateau.

De Montmorency wished to be alone with Elise, he panted for an opportunity to take a tender farewell of her, he contrived therefore to draw her, as he imagined unperceived, from the rest of the company—mistaken, however, as he was in that point, they did not think proper to oppose or prevent it.

When they had wandered to the end of a serpentine walk far from the sight of any one, De Montmorency found it impossible to conceal his emotions any longer.

He caught the lovely maid in his arms, and pressing her affectionately to his bosom burst into a flood of tears—Elise could not support this mark of tenderness without being equally affected—she wept in concert with him—Thus overcome with sympathetic grief at parting, they remained some time in silence—neither of them were able to give utterance to a single word.

De Montmorency was ashamed of this unmanly behaviour—Was it for a soldier to give way to womanish weeping—He saw the lovely Elise almost sinking beneath the weight of woe—he felt it his duty to comfort her, and summoned up his resolution accordingly. He withdrew from her embrace, and kissed the drops that fell in abundance from her lovely eyes.

A seat was in view, to that they repaired, and after resting some little time he endeavoured to persuade her to master a grief which he was unable to conquer himself.

“My Elise; my love—do not give way thus to sorrow—be comforted—let us not despair—we shall meet again, and that shortly—let my sweet girl consider that her

faithful De Montmorency is only going for a little time from her, to prepare for those future scenes of bliss, which Heaven will permit us to enjoy together.”

“Alas, (replied Elise) I know it is impious to despair—I try not to do it—but I find it impossible—I have a fixed melancholy, a fatal forboding about my heart, that tells me we shall never, never meet again.”

The lovely maid burst a second time into tears, and De Montmorency felt himself chilled to the soul by those last words of Elise—he could not reply a word, nor could he restrain the tears from again trickling down his cheeks.

However unwilling they were to separate, reflection again told them it was now time they should return to the company—Elise pointed out the necessity, and she bid him a last farewell.

De Montmorency throwing himself on his knees, and clasping his hands together, in an emphatic tone of voice, and looking up to Heaven——

“Father of all, (said he) oh! hear!—oh! grant me the accomplishment of my wishes!—endue my Elise with fortitude to bear the absence of her De Montmorency.

Oh! make their separation short;—suffer them to meet again with transport, and permit them to enjoy many many years of happiness together!—but if, (oh! yet avert this dreadful event!) we are to meet no more—oh, pour upon her head blessings unnumbered: and, when he is no more, may the image of De Montmorency never intrude upon her remembrance to cause one painful thought, or excite one tear of anguish.”

Having concluded his heart-felt address to Heaven, he arose from his posture of supplication, but was obliged to the assistance of a neighbouring tree for its support, or his anguish would have laid him level with his mother earth.

Elise, who had been almost convulsed with grief, during De Montmorency’s pathetic prayer, now dropped down also on her knees, and in a voice interrupted by tears, uttered the following emphatic ejaculation:——

“To Thee, who alone can bestow peace and happiness, an afflicted female sues—oh! save her De Montmorency from danger—protect him in the day of trouble—and after a short separation, return him to the arms of his faithful Elise, constant and affectionate as ever—but if, oh! if we meet no more!” she could not proceed, her emotions were too violent and acute, her nerves became enfeebled, and she sunk upon the ground in a swoon.

De Montmorency raised her in his arms, and upon her recovery they interchanged a hundred mutual vows of never ending love and truth, bade each other a hundred times farewell for the last time, and still returned to embrace each other for the last time once more.

At length, perceiving some of the family crossing the walk at a distance, they were obliged to part—“Farewell, oh, farewell, (said De Montmorency) doubt not we shall meet again, fate cannot be so cruel to prevent it—oh! fear, fear it not.” Saying this he presented Elise with a miniature portrait of himself, praying her to wear it for the sake of the original, which she received with pleasure, and kissing it, placed it in her bosom, where she promised it should remain her chiefest delight until his return.

“Adieu, my dear, dear De Montmorency, (continued Elise) remember how long thy Elise will think each hour of separation, make it, therefore, as short as possible—delay not, but return with all speed to her who lives but in your presence, and may the Almighty bless and protect you.”

Again he folded her in his arms, nor did she through coy modestly fail to return his embrace—his present she amply repaid, by presenting him with her own miniature, which he received on his knees, kissed it ardently, and vowed it should accompany him through every danger, and to the last hour of existence.

With another last kiss, another last embrace they at length summoned resolution to tear themselves from each other's arms.

“Adieu, my dearest Elise! (said De Montmorency as he quitted her) may the guardian angel of innocence and virtue attend your steps, enrich your days with joy and crown your nights with peace!”

Upon this they separated and returned by different paths to the house, in order, as they fondly imagined, to avoid the suspicion of having been the whole time of their absence together.

De Montmorency, it is true, again joined the company—it is equally so that he endeavoured to assume the appearance of being in spirits, but in vain; he found the evening long, dull and unentertaining, and glad was he when it drew towards a conclusion.

The hour no sooner arrived in which he thought he could depart with propriety than he intimated his intentions to Monsieur De St. Clair, who taking him aside, presented him with a letter, which he accompanied by an assurance would procure him the interest of a powerful nobleman, and wishing him every possible success and happiness, bade him farewell.

Our hero thanked him in the warmest manner for his kindness, took a polite leave of Madame and young St. Clair, and mounted his horse to return home.

Fortunately at this moment Elise was not present, and he had not again to undergo the painful task of taking leave of her—indeed she purposely took an opportunity of retiring to keep out of the way, sensible that they should both have betrayed symptoms that were much better concealed.

As he was proceeding down the avenue of trees, he turned his head back to take a parting look at the dwelling of Elise, and beheld her at a distant window—She waved her lovely hand to him—De Montmorency would have returned but he knew it could answer no purpose, nor would he be enabled to speak to her—leaving therefore his whole soul with her, kissing his hand and bowing most respectfully, he with a slow pace continued on his way, but not without continually looking back at the window while it was in view, where Elise still remained to take a last, last farewell sight of him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The departure.

THE taking leave of Elise was not the only severe trial De Montmorency had to undergo—he had still to part with his father!

Once before had Hubert known what it was to be separated from a son whom he loved with the utmost affection, and who constituted his sole happiness—it was then a hard task; but his filial duty and attention since his return had now rendered his presence so inestimable that the idea of losing his endearing society was almost too much for him.

When alone Hubert gave way to his sorrow upon the occasion, but determined within himself that his son's spirits should not be damp'd by any intrusion of his grief—yet, in spite of his endeavours, when the trying moment came the tears trickled down his aged cheeks and all his firm resolves melted into nothing.

All was prepared and De Montmorency was to set out for Paris in the morning—Hubert, therefore, upon their preparing to retire to their different apartments, folded his arms round his son intending to recommend him to the care of Heaven—at that instant all the fondness of a parent came upon him and he found himself incapable of uttering a single word, or bestow a blessing upon him—his looks, his manner spake the excruciating conflict of his soul—De Montmorency felt his father's anguish—his heart was almost rent in twain!—and bursting out with a wildness bordering on distraction:

“Cruel, cursed Fortune! (exclaimed he) to follow whom we are forced to tear ourselves from parents, from every endearing connection! from all we love! while thou, fickle goddess! often mockest our pursuits and refusest to recompence us for the sacrifice we oblige ourselves to make thee!”

“Oh, my son! (cried Hubert, recovering himself as much as possible) let not the weakness of old age damp your youthful ardour in the glorious career—the name of Montmorency has heretofore stood high in the annals of our country—go thou and rescue it from its present obscurity—that people who have boasted of the talents of a Montmorency; that king who has been proud of his services, will hear your name with joy, and encourage your merits and virtue with pleasure—serve them truly, and ever think the esteem of your country, and an honest fame the greatest good on this side Heaven.”

De Montmorency promised to obey—the sentiments were congenial to his own—honour was the idol of his worship—nor did family pride reign more predominant in Hubert's breast than in his—With reciprocal symptoms of affection, it being late, they retired to rest; the son happy in being honoured with the advice of such a father, and the father rendering thanks to his heavenly Creator for such a son.

So much affected was our hero with what had just passed that he was determined to set off as soon as the morning dawned, in order to spare his father and himself the pain of another parting—With this view he arose at the second crowing of the cock, and stole softly down stairs—passing by Hubert's room he observed the door was not fastened—he was tempted to see his father once more; and hoping he might do so unperceived and without disturbing him with tip-toe step he ventured in and approached his bed-side.

He was asleep—upon his pillow was a prayer-book, out of which he had been praying for the prosperity of his son, and from an handkerchief lying by there was evident reason to believe that tears had accompanied his prayers.

De Montmorency felt himself affected—he could willingly have fell upon his knees, but the apprehension that he should awaken his father prevented him; lifting up his eyes to Heaven he ejaculated an ardent though silent prayer and then retreated out of the room—when he got down stairs, early as it was, there he found the attentive old domestic already up and waiting his young master's commands—He desired his horse to be instantly got ready, which being done the faithful creature followed him to the door with tears in his eyes—our hero observed it, and taking hold of his hand wished him many days of happiness, thank'd him for his honest attachment, and desired to be remembered in his prayers.

The poor old man bathed his hand with his tears, but he could not speak—De Montmorency therefore shaking him again by the hand, and casting up a glance to his father's apartment, mounted his horse and proceeded on his way.

As he went on, without company and destitute of spirits, a thousand distressing ideas agitated his mind—thought roll'd on thought with quick succession, nor had he time to decide upon one before another came—he had not however gone any great way before one struck his fancy which he was resolved to put in execution—it was to ride within sight of the chateau, and take another look at the window where he had last beheld his adorable Elise.

There are some minds so unacquainted with the delicate emotions of a lover's heart that the idea of looking at an unoccupied window will appear trifling and ridiculous—such beings our hero would not have considered worthy a moment's thought, and such the records of his early days are not likely to please; while others of more refined sensibility, knowing what it is to love, will overlook the extravagance of a lover, nor think meanly of him for adopting such a resolution, nor weakly of us for considering of it as deserving relation.

Turning his horse therefore he rode towards the chateau, and stopped exactly opposite the window at which his dearest Elise had stood—all was hush'd, and scarce did the verdant leaf tremble on the yielding bough—for a while he gazed with silent rapture and form'd her beauteous image in his mind—he knew the dwelling held his soul's idol, and on that account it was an object dear to his sight. At length roused from his reverie by a noise at a distance:

“Amiable Elise, (said he) dear, lovely maid! thou seekest that repose, which, oh, may thy pillow always afford thee!—far off, though thy Montmorency is wandering, still shalt thy image be present to his imagination—thy assurances of affection for him shall ever be remembered—thy vows of constancy shall never be forgotten.

“Each night shall he not retire to rest till he has petitioned the throne of Heaven to watch over thy slumbers and secure thy happiness!—and may those prayers reach the All-Divine and Merciful ear, and prove as fruitful to thee as they are sincere!”

He now prepared to retire from the bewitching spot, and turning his horse's head for that purpose was surprised with the appearance of young St. Clair, and who was advancing towards him—confus'd at having his weakness thus discovered he would gladly have shunned the meeting, but it was now too late—he was unable to form a pretence for having wandered so far out of his road; in short he dreaded being an object

of ridicule—Conscience however acted upon our hero in this instance, as she is daily felt to do by others, and magnified a trifle into an evil when no evil was near; for upon St. Clair's approach he merely testified a surprise at seeing him thus early prepared for his journey, and after the common salutations proceeded with:

“Why this early stirring proves an inclination to be gone—but the activity of De Montmorency's mind and his persevering spirit must ensure success to all his undertakings—this particular respect to our family in coming round this way will be sensibly felt by us all, and sorry am I that my father is not yet up to make his own acknowledgements for the honour, as such he was certain it would be felt and considered.”

Such was the turn this terrific meeting in appearance took—De Montmorency declared he thought it no more attention than was their due for the many favors he had received at their hands—should have been happy to have seen Monsieur de St. Clair, had he been stirring, but as it was begged he would make his most profound respects to the whole family—upon this they parted, young St. Clair to the chateau and De Montmorency on his way to Paris, towards which with a mournful and heavy heart he proceeded.

CHAPTER XX.

A trifling accident the cause of a new acquaintance—a tale—two lovers made happy—and a reception.

HIS reflections on the road were of the most poignant kind—he revolved within himself his present pursuit—he conceived, that for an unsubstantial prospect, he was leaving a real good, and for the lurements of wealth, he was forsaking scenes of happiness—these considerations would have certainly induced him to return home, had it not been opposed by the dictates of pride; this made his great heart swell with indignation at his own weakness, and urged him onward towards the capital.

As he was passing through a small Village, thus perplexed with conflicting passions, and the most melancholy thoughts, his horse's shoe came off, and he was forced to alight at a little neat cottage, to stop till another could be put on—The cottage was inhabited by an old woman, and a beautiful young girl, her daughter—her whose countenance was simplicity itself—but a certain air of dejection, threw a cloud over it, and frequent sighs, declared that she was not happy—De Montmorency, who felt for every one in distress, was resolved to enquire the cause—the maiden at first betrayed an unwillingness to own she was unhappy, but at length, by perseverance, our hero drew from her the following confession.

ANNETTE'S TALE.

“AN’T please you, Sir, William and I were brought up here in the same village from our infancy—we used to play and dance together—he preferred me to all the girls in the neighbourhood, and I thought him the most blithesome lad I ever saw—he said he loved me, and I confessed I did the same for him, and we both promised to love one another all our lives—as we grew up, our resolutions were the same, and every body in the place thought we should certainly be married—and so we should had it not been for some soldiers who came to our village—they, at first artfully enticed William into their company, and at length, prevailed on him to resolve that he would go for a soldier—I tried all in my power to persuade him against it, but it would not do, he said he was bound by duty, to serve the *Grande Monarque* whenever he wanted soldiers, he wanted them now, and go he would—‘Alas, Sir, what is the *Grande Monarque* to us poor villagers?—he does not know us, he cannot care for us’—and so I told William, begged him, with tears in my eyes, to stay at home, and by care and industry we might possibly get a little vineyard of our own in time, but I could not prevail—he would go—Alas, no one knows, Sir, how I mourned his absence for two long, long years—It came afterwards into my head that he would be killed, but these thoughts I always checked, because they were wrong—the Almighty, says I, who is the father of us all, and loves us, will not take my William from me, for that would be cruel, and contrary to his goodness—so I bore his absence as patiently as I could—at the end of two years, the wars being ended he came home again—oh, Sir, how happy did I feel myself at his return!—but, alas, my happiness

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was soon changed!—instead of that love and tenderness he had always shewn me before he went away—he is now totally indifferent, and scarcely ever comes near me; as I love him as dearly as ever, it is his slighting grieves me so—I am sure I shall never be happy again—but I should not so much mind if I could only work as I used to do, towards supporting my poor mother, who is unable to do it herself, and who will most probably be starved, should William's inconstancy be the death of me."

The artless simplicity of the poor girl, touched De Montmorency, and he resolved to do her all the service he could—he sent for William—William was a comely healthy looking lad—as soon as he came into the room, and saw Annette, he blushed.

"William, (said De Montmorency) how comes it that you have broke your promises to your Annette? why have you ceased loving her?"

"An't, please you honour, (replied William) I love her now as well as ever, but when I was in the army, and used to talk about her to my comrades, they would laugh at me, and call me fool for being constant to her, as they were certain she would not be so to me; by this means they made me ashamed of talking of my Annette while I was with them, although I gave no credit to what they said against her; but when I came back to our village, I was told all they suspected was right, and that she had not been true to me—and this, your honour, is why I have neglected her—had she been faithful to me, I should never have forsook her, and though her inconstancy has made me do it, it has cost me many a heart ach, God knows."

De Montmorency saw that William's neglect proceeded not from inclination, and as Annette protested her innocence, he acted accordingly—"William, (said he) who told you Annette was inconstant? for whoever told you so, I am sure, told you false—they deceived you, for some wicked purpose—you shall not make Annette unhappy—consent to marry her, and I'll give you a hundred livres for her portion."

William was too much pleased at the sincerity of his Annette to refuse, and De Montmorency taking her by the hand joined it to his, and he received it with pleasure—preparations were instantly made for the marriage of William and Annette, and our hero did not depart from the village, without the pleasing reflections of having been the means of making two harmless creatures happy.

His horse's shoes having been replaced in the mean time, he again set off for Paris, where he arrived in a few day afterwards, without any particular circumstance happening—Having taken the necessary rest after the fatigues of his journey, he drest himself, and went to deliver Monsieur de St. Clair's letter as directed.

The Nobleman read it several times over, eyeing De Montmorency all the time with peculiar attention, and at length said, that he would fulfil the wishes of his friend Monsieur de St. Clair, but as some days would elapse before he could execute them, requested our hero to favour him, in the mean time, with his company at his house.

De Montmorency drew a happy presage from this reception, and returning the nobleman thanks for his politeness, complied accordingly.

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CHAPTER XX.

A religious ceremony interrupted—Reason subservient to love, exemplified in the History of St. Julian and Arabella.

THE interval between our hero's arrival at Paris, and the time fixed by the nobleman for fulfilling the request of Monsieur de St. Clair, he resolved to employ in viewing the most remarkable places in Paris with more attention than on his former visit he had leisure to do—he was the more especially induced to fill up his time in that manner from imagining, that besides being some employment and satisfying his curiosity it might in some measure detach his thoughts from his dearest Elise, and obtain some suspension of the corroding pangs of separation—to eradicate the beloved object but a moment from the mind how difficult was it to De Montmorency! how nearly impossible is it to all those who love sincerely.

Absence can possibly decrease an affection which is not founded upon truth and sincerity, but serves only to make it stronger when the heart is forced to acknowledge an esteem for the object of its wishes is more deeply rooted there than any passion whatever.

De Montmorency resorted to the gardens of the Thuilleries, they were beautiful; he was obliged to acknowledge it: but still would he say to himself, with a sigh, "How much more so would they appear was my charming Elise here to view them with me!"

The gallery of Luxemburg was magnificent—but still to him there wanted one addition to render it a perfect spectacle—had Elise been there he would have readily admitted nothing could possibly be more grand.

While he was passing his time in this manner, visiting every place that was likely to engage his attention or kill the idle hour, he hapened one evening in a solitary ramble to come to the Convent of St. —, where he beheld a concourse of people crowding in—on enquiring into the cause of such an unusual circumstance, he was told a young lady was then going to take the veil—this was a ceremony he had never beheld, and therefore curiosity, or rather a desire to amuse his thoughts, led him to mix with the people that was about the place and proceed with them into the Convent, and being got into the chapel of which, he took his seat in one of the galleries without any person's interrupting him, and where he thought he should be able to see the whole proceedings with the greatest advantage.

The chapel was ornamented in a superb manner—the priests were arranged in order and anxiously waiting to receive their devoted victim—at her approach being announced they prepared for their official duties with pleasure sparkling in their eyes—A solemn silence ensued, for although the assembly was numerous yet each being intent upon the ceremony and anxious to observe all that passed scarce a breath was to be heard—She entered at the bottom of the chapel and proceeded up the aisle towards the altar with a slow and steady step—Six nuns with each a taper in their hands and singing an occasional hymn began the procession, they were followed by some little boys, walking also two and two, and joining in the chorus, after these came the devoted victim—for such sure in the eye of reason must all those unfortunate females be considered, who from prejudice, superstition, or family policy, have been thus cut off

from the first great principle of their creation, enjoying the comforts of, and becoming useful members to, Society—The one whose appearance for the inauguration had drawn this assembly together, was majestic in stature, beautiful in person; her dress, as is usual upon these occasions, was white satin, being emblematic of innocence, and was displayed with taste and elegance; her hair was ornamented with a sprig of white jessamine, and in her left hand she bore a small slip of willow—there was an air of deep melancholy in her countenance which was inexpressibly sweet and alluring—it might plainly be perceived her heart regretted bidding adieu to the world, nevertheless she seemed to bear her fate with resignation and to have summoned up all her fortitude to enable her to undergo the important sacrifice she was now about to make.—As soon as she advanced up to the altar the solemn service began—an introductory prayer was followed by a grand chorus, accompanied by a deep-toned organ, whose awful sounds were peculiarly impressive—Another prayer, in which the young lady took part with the priest, succeeded the chorus, at the conclusion of which an hymn was sung by two of the nuns, the music was slow and melancholy, not much unlike that which is played as a requiem to departed souls.

The unhappy fair one supported her spirits, during the whole ceremony, with much fortitude, until the priests came to that part of the service which pronounces that all further communication with the world is at an end for ever—upon that being repeated she burst into tears—every spectator was affected—for every one, excepting the religious order, seemed to acknowledge a pity for the occasion which either induced or compell'd her to abjure the joys of friendship, love and society—a general glow of sympathy o'erspread the audience, they felt for her situation and wept in concert with the hapless devoted beauty—De Montmorency's breast, softened as it was by his own sorrows, could not behold her distress unmoved—he wished to administer peace and relieve her afflictions, but he knew not how any interference on his part could render her any service, he was, therefore, of necessity forced to remain, what he had hitherto been, a silent though not unconcerned spectator.

This scene of sorrow passed unnoticed by the priests—custom, as it is truly said, makes all things easy; the surgeon amputates a limb without a sigh, and he who is familiarized to brutal deeds knows not the soft sensations dictated by humanity—The ceremony proceeded; the brotherhood seemed in haste to add one more to the number of those hapless wretches which they had already assisted in immuring from the world—They were beginning the prayer immediately preceding that which when finished the poor female cannot retract her promise—that being ended she is stripped of her worldly ornaments, esteemed as initiated in the order, and habited in nun's attire—at the moment the priest had began this prayer a confused noise was heard at the bottom of the aisle which attracted the attention of every one present—A voice loud and vociferous was urging the people to make way—the croud separated—a handsome youth, with frantic looks burst through them—his dress disordered, his air distracted—Regardless of the place or persons he flew like lightning up to the altar:

“I am not too late, (said he) the fatal ceremony is not yet finished! kind Heaven I thank thee!”

Seizing the trembling maid by the hand and falling upon his knees he went on; “Oh, my Arabella, what means this desperate act? behold thy St. Julian—” the agitation of his spirits prevented him from uttering any thing more.

This unexpected intrusion was too much for the already oppressed Arabella; she seemed ready to sink with the weight of her emotions—after some little struggle within herself she assumed a degree of spirits, and addressed him with—

“Ah, why does St. Julian interrupt me in these sacred moments!—has he not distressed me enough already?—Depart St. Julian—oh! do not thus expose me in such a situation—attempt not by a shew of tenderness to shake my resolution—leave me, I say; nor seek to prevent my making this sacrifice to Heaven with composure and fortitude.”

“It must not, can not, shall not, be; (rejoined he, with a look of distraction) Heaven will not listen to your pretended, perjur’d vows—oh! repent ’ere it is too late, nor rashly plunge yourself into ceaseless misery!—the ceremony is not yet finished—let thy St. Julian snatch thee hence—he has not been faithless, he will convince his Arabella he has not.”

This disjointed application had its effect—she melted into tears and replied in a softened tone of voice—“Ah, wherefore! it is too late—Leave me, St. Julian; leave me to my sorrows.”

“O, never! never will I consent to your being immured within these horrid walls.”

Proceeding to lead her from the altar, to which she did not appear averse, the priests interfered; they endeavoured to come between them, but failing in that, they resorted to threats for intimidation. “Young man, (said one of the most austere) how darest thou, thus profanely interrupt our sacred rites? instantly depart, nor draw down vengeance on your inconsiderate head.”

“Never, (replied he, with a voice like thunder) your threats are in vain for never will I depart without my Arabella!—Never, (continued he, at the same time pushing the priest rudely aside, and taking her again by the hand) will I leave this hand more—if thou wilt renounce the world and me, thou shalt first behold my blood stream upon the altar.”

“Oh, St. Julian, (interrupted the dejected maid) shock me not with such horrid sounds—save me, save me from such terrific ideas, for they rive my heart.”

The priests began to be alarmed for the security of their victim, and were proceeding to interfere with violence, in order to separate them, upon which St. Julian drew his sword, and threatened the first with instant death who should molest him—this struck them with consternation—he pressed Arabella to quit the place—she appeared inclined to consent, but afraid to recede from the task she had undertaken—her eyes were alternately fixed on the priests, the altar, and her lover—her affection got the better of her resolution and she began to retreat—The servants of the Convent were now summoned to make use of force against this bold intruder.

De Montmorency who had seen the conflict of the lovers with pity, and the conduct of St. Julian with rapture, felt himself unable to contain any longer from endeavouring to assist them; for this purpose, without any farther hesitation, he leapt from the gallery into the aisle, and drawing his sword united with St. Julian in threatening destruction to any one who should dare to interrupt their retreat with Arabella—With such a supporter St. Julian had nothing to fear—placing the not unwilling Arabella between them, the people with the utmost cheerfulness making way, they were speedily out of the chapel, and quitted the Convent without any other molestation, leaving the brotherhood astonished at their sudden departure; vexed and chagrined at the loss of so beautiful a nun—the audience, though disappointed in witnessing the conclusion of the ceremony, were yet pleased at the devoted victim’s being thus rescued from a life of

miserable idleness and corroding despair, except a few enthusiastic devotees, who considered the conduct of them all as sacrilegious and deserving eternal punishment.

A carriage which St. Julian had had the foresight to procure stood ready to receive them, they stept into it with all possible dispatch, and drove off full speed to a distant part of Paris, where St. Julian had a friend in whom he knew he could confide.

When they arrived at his friend's residence, agreeable to his expectations, they were most cordially received—he related as briefly as possible all that had passed and had the satisfaction, in return, to have assurances of friendship and assistance—When they had recovered from the agitation which the recent scene had naturally thrown them into, St. Julian approached his Arabella and returned thanks to Heaven for having brought him in sufficient time and enabling him to prevent her being cut off from the world for ever.—He would have taken her in his arms and pressed her to his panting bosom but she drew back and assuming a serious air desired to know why he had treated her with such cruel neglect, and how he could justify his late conduct towards her.—St. Julian declared himself ready to obey her injunctions, not doubting but he should prove that he deserved her pity more than her condemnation—nor should he (he said) hesitate to blend his whole history with his answer to Arabella, as it might render some little satisfaction to our hero who had acted so noble a part towards him—he therefore began his story in the following manner, deducing it from the time of his birth, in order that De Montmorency might be acquainted with the whole of it.

*The HISTORY of A R A B E L L A and
St. J U L I A N.*

“GENEROUS Stranger! ill should I deserve the friendly assistance I have this night received from you, were I capable of disguising any thing, I will therefore open to you all the secrets of my life, as willingly as I would disclose them to my Arabella, was she alone—she claims a knowledge of the conclusion, and you are entitled to every particular that may tend to explain my late, perhaps unaccountable behaviour.

“My father lives in a distant province of France, where he is possessed of a large estate—on account of some disappointments in his favourite pursuits, he retired there with me, his only son, and a young lady, to whom he was guardian.

“Without any thing material to relate, I passed the years of my infancy—as I grew up towards manhood, and had almost attained that period of our lives, when the heart is ‘tremblingly alive to love,’ my father took care to inform me, that the young lady, to whom he was guardian, was the daughter of an intimate friend—between them it had been stipulated, in our tenderest infancy, that which ever parent died first, the other should be guardian to the orphan child—and that when arrived at a proper age, I was to be united to his friend's daughter, who, if she married me, was to have a considerable portion; but which on failure of this marriage, if that failure was occasioned on her part, was to devolve to a distant relative, and she be entitled to only a small annuity for life.

“I should first have told you, that this ward of my father's name was Eliza, her person was neither remarkable for beauty or deformity—in disposition she blended all that was disagreeable, proud, haughty, fractious, fond of quarrels, and amazingly jealous of every thing and person she was by any means connected; unfortunately, she had early conceived an affection for me, and from the manner of our being brought up as designed

for each other, she was at no pains to conceal it, but took every opportunity to testify how ready she was to comply with her father's commands—her love became troublesome, for I found it impossible to make her any return, and her fondness became disgusting, and rendered her my aversion—I was in hopes repeated and studied neglect, would have alarmed her female pride, and subdued her disagreeable attachment, but I was disappointed, and had the misfortune to find, the more indifferent I was, the more fond she grew.

About this time, an old friend of my father's, persecuted by the frowns of fortune, and plunged into the utmost distress, died of a broken heart, leaving this lady, an helpless, almost friendless orphan behind him—the circumstance was represented to my father, and his heart was too open to the calls of humanity not to listen to her distress, and hold out his hand for her protection—generosity is the leading feature of his character, although when once he has set his mind upon a thing, his obstinacy is not to be shaken—I had so much of one female orphan, that I heard his resolution of bringing home another with disgust; nay, I had the hardiness to oppose his giving succour, at least in his own house, to my adorable Arabella—but he was deaf to any thing I could say—he understood she wanted protection, had promised to give it her, and that promise was not to be broken—She was sent for, and home she came—for several days she was in the house before we met, and this was easy to happen, as I took every possible means to avoid her—crossing an avenue in the garden early one morning, I was struck with what appeared more than mortal—it was my Arabella—From that moment, as you may suppose, instead of avoiding, I took every opportunity to be in her company.

Whatever antipathy I had formerly to Eliza, it now was doubled, for my Arabella soon taught me what it was to love—I loved her without knowing it at first myself—I loved her a longer time without telling her so—I found concealment preyed upon my spirits, and injure my health—Arabella, I flattered myself, did not seem to possess any aversion towards me, and I was therefore resolved to disclose my passion to her—For some time I watched in vain for an opportunity; Eliza was constantly in the way, but meeting her one morning in the garden, I prevailed on her to enjoy the pleasure of the place from a summer-house, which is delightfully situated—she consented, and I soon found means to acquaint her with the sovereignty she held over my heart—she listened to my tale, and I had just (nay, blush not my love) brought my Arabella to confess that I was not disagreeable to her, when my perpetual torment, Eliza, burst into the summer-house, and found me upon my knees, pressing my beloved's hand to my lips, and thanking her for raising me from despair—Eliza started as if she had been adder stung, but said not a word, with a sneer and a toss of the head she turned from us and retreated towards the house—from that day, her behaviour was changed, she behaved to me with the utmost scorn, and took every possible occasion to insult the gentleness of my Arabella, with her poverty, and unprotected situation.

I expected nothing less than that she would have related the circumstance to my father and prevail upon him to remove Arabella, for I knew he had fixed his mind too strongly upon our union, not to be averse to every thing that was likely to prevent it—these thoughts tormented me for some time; for although day passed after day, without any notice being taken, yet, I was too well acquainted with her disposition, to encourage an idea, she would suffer my preferring Arabella, without meditating some revenge—In this uncertain state, however, time passed on for some two or three months without any

thing farther than her taking more than ordinary care that we should not be a single moment alone together—her vigilance was nevertheless ineffectual, and I had frequently the happiness of avowing my love for Arabella.

About six months after the event happened, my father told me he had procured me a commission in a regiment abroad, to join which, I was to set out the next day—my baggage being already on ship-board—I was thunderstruck, and could not say a word; which indeed was but of little consequence, for had I been able to have expostulated against it, he would not have heard me—I retired to seek my Arabella, and disclose my father's views to her—she counselled me to obey him by all means—we mingled our tears together, and vowed eternal constancy and affection—Without deigning to take leave of Eliza, I departed for my destination next morning—with a heart almost broken I join'd my regiment—I was ordered soon upon service, and that somewhat relieved my troubled mind—Arabella and I had promised to correspond—I wrote immediately on my arrival to her, (Arabella started) and by every post (again she started)—In due course of time I expected to hear from her—no letter came (Arabella turned pale) a second, a third post, and I received not intelligence from her—I was distracted—I imagined she was ill—dying—perhaps dead—these thoughts tortured me beyond bearing—I was resolved to return—I gave up my commission—and sailed for France—I arrived to the great surprise of Eliza and my father at home—Without deigning to account for my sudden return, the first thing I did, was to enquire for my Arabella—Eliza told me, with a smile, she had resolved on a religious life, and for that purpose was going to take the veil; this information came like a shock of thunder; yet, as she would not tell me in what convent, I could not give it credit; but soon learnt from the servant who had used to attend her, that it was too true—she knew not, however, the name of the Convent, to which my Arabella was gone, and I thought I should have ran distracted. I flew about the house making enquiries of all I met, but they all were or pretended to be ignorant—while I was thus acting like a madman, the girl whom I just now alluded to, brought me a letter of Eliza's, which she said she was to have sent away the preceding evening, but had forgot to do it, and it might very likely let me into the secret—I took the letter with much eagerness, and without paying any attention to politeness or propriety, I instantly broke open the seal, and found it to contain these contents:

'Dear Girl,

You have often complimented me on the fertility of my invention, without having, as yet I think, any great reason for so doing; for prithee, Girl, what peculiar talents did you ever know me to possess that way more than all women do; are we not all fertile in imagination and contrivance?—but I may now give you one little instance of my exertion—having got St. Julian sent out of the way, I have taken the most effectual method of separating him and Arabella for ever—Since his absence, all the letters from him to her, and from her to him I have stopped, and none have either of them received—Arabella, poor meek soul, took this in dudgeon, pined at his inconstancy, and was easily worked up to believe that he had abandoned her—to effect this I spared no pains, and was the more easily enabled to do it, from being perfectly acquainted with their sentiments, by means of the letters which I had got into my hands—at last I wound her up to such a pitch of distress that she declared in favour of a religious life—this was the very thing I wished for—she entreated me to prevail on old St. Julian to let her take the veil—a charming office!—I did so, and succeeded, but not without some difficulty—he was so

averse to it, that he would not interfere in the business: a lucky circumstance also for me, as by that means I had the transacting of every thing myself, and was enabled to prevent her dying swain from having the least intimation of it; and so well has the matter been conducted, that to-morrow she will be initiated among the sisterhood, at the Convent of St. ——’

“I could read no more—it was unnecessary—I had already read sufficient to perceive my fate hung upon the decision of a moment, and that moment was arrived—I instantly quitted the house, and took post for Paris; frantic at the seeming tediousness of the horses all the way—when I arrived, I just stopped to secure a carriage in case I should prove successful, and flew to the Convent, where I found my Arabella, and what followed it is unnecessary for me to relate.”

Arabella, by her looks, plainly shewed she was satisfied by the account St. Julian had given; she permitted him to take her in his arms, and they again renewed their vows of eternal constancy—De Montmorency was delighted at their having so fortunately met again, and complimented them upon their present prospect of happiness; but he, as well as St. Julian’s friend pointed out how dangerous it would be for them to remain in Paris; it was therefore agreed upon, that he and Arabella should retire to a small estate he had in Picardy, to be there united, and then write to implore his father’s forgiveness; which, if he refused, they might remain where they were, and make love and affection supply the place of riches and superfluity.

De Montmorency was invited to accompany them, but which his present engagements would not (nor his desire of beholding Elise, if they would have done so) permit him to accept.

After having taken some refreshment, St. Julian prepared for his departure, as he was convinced it would be most prudent to convey Arabella away from Paris as soon as possible, it being by no means improbable that the superiors of the Convent would make it a serious business, and apply to the commandant to assist them in recovering the noviciate, and punishing the offender—in such a case, their total separation would be inevitable, as the clergy are not remarkable for their forgiveness or humanity—his father too might possibly arrive, and add his authority to their interference—enquiring, therefore, our hero’s name, and with wishes for his happiness, which De Montmorency returned with interest, the happy couple set out post immediately for Picardy, and our hero returned to the nobleman’s hotel, highly delighted with his evening’s adventure.

CHAPTER XXI.

*A ministerial levee—a singular character—
politics a crooked path to fame—and a sudden
removal to an unwelcome habitation.*

FROM the indulgent reception of the nobleman and the short period which he had fixed for fulfilling the wishes of Monsieur de St. Clair, De Montmorency presaged the most favourable conclusions, and flattered himself that they were certain omens of his soon being enabled to re-visit his home, his father, and his Elise.

It was the pleasing reflections produced by such thoughts as these that cheer'd his anxious heart, and enabled him to support the pangs of absence with any degree of patience and shew of fortitude.

His imagination would frequently lead him to the pleasing talk of planning future scenes of happiness with the mistress of his heart—it was a delightful subject, upon which Fancy could revel in her full career, uncheck'd by the reins of Reason, bound over the limits of Probability, and dwell with transport on conceived delights that never could be realized—nay, it would sometimes carry him so far as to make him almost fix the day when he should have completed his pursuits, be hastening back, on the wings of love and duty, to the arms of his father and Elise, even before he had made any farther progress than obtained the vague promise of a courtier.

Previous to his setting out upon this expedition he had promised Elise and his father to be constant and unremitting in his correspondence, and to omit no opportunity of sending to them—to be enabled to fulfil which he employed a great share of his time, always keeping letters ready for dispatch whenever occasion offered—in fact it was the only portion of his time that he spent in ease and comfort, therefore neglect was not likely—to see, to speak, to live with them, was the height of felicity—so to convey his thoughts was a satisfaction to his mind, convinced, from the knowledge of their affections, that their replies would bring harmony to his soul.

The Come de——'s hotel (where and with whom our hero resided) was constantly crowded every morning with persons of various descriptions—some dancing attendance for their own promotions, while others were doing the same for their friends and relations.

Among the number of these daily visitants, was an aged officer, whose singularity of manner very forcibly struck De Montmorency—he was constantly present, was always among the first who came and the last that went away, yet never address'd himself to, or held conversation with, any person present—most, even of the first rank apparently knew, and always paid their respects to him—to some few he would return the compliment, but by far the greatest number he would only look them full in the face as if he did not understand what they meant.

This kind of behaviour riveted the attention of our hero, insomuch that at last the old gentleman noticed it, and taking an opportunity when they were close together, asked him, in a peremptory tone, why he was made an object of his circumspection.

De Montmorency felt that he had acted improperly, look'd confus'd, and begg'd pardon for his seeming impertinence; declared it was without any intention of giving

offence, as nothing could be more distant from his thoughts, and hoped he would believe as much.

“You are a stranger, then?”

“I am.”

“And your name is——”

“De Montmorency.”

“De Montmorency! (repeated he, with a seeming degree of transport) Gracious Heaven, what a name!—it was a De Montmorency that raised this kingdom to a pinnacle of glory—and who knows but a De Montmorency may save it from ruin, and rescue it from the hands of those whose ignorance, not to say worse of them, will soon bring it to destruction.—And pray, young man, what is your business here?”

“To serve my country, if I can—I came recommended to Comte de——by Monsieur de St. Clair.”

“St Clair!—I don’t like St. Clair—he is a knave!—but it is knaves only that have interest at court, now-a-days. And so he sent you to this blessed counsellor of the King’s for him to give you a place?”

“He presumed upon his interest with the Comte to flatter me with hopes of employment.”

“Well, and what kind of reception has he given you?”!

“The most polite and indulging.”

“Aye, there’s no doubt of his civility—I have known him treat a man with a smile when he had a *lettre de cachet* against him in his pocket, and issue it the moment he was out of sight to take him to the Bastile.”

“But he has promised me faithfully.”

“Then suspect him—for although he is my nephew, he is one of the greatest hypocrites that lives—St. Clair!—to be sure St. Clair may do much—it often happens that a knave has influence over a rascal, and I believe my scoundrel of a nephew dare not—yes, I say dare not refuse the application of your patron—but it hurts me that a De Montmorency should be ushered in to the service of his country by a *Farmier General*—how became you acquainted with this fellow, and by what means did you acquire his countenance?”

“His residence is near to my father’s retirement!”

“What! is your father alive?”

“Heaven forbid the contrary—I left him so a few days since.”

“How durst he, a Montmorency too, be spending his days in indolence, while his country stands in need of his service—Sir, Sir, it is the duty of every honest man to sacrifice his private ease to the public good—what, though folly has been countenanced, merit discouraged, is that a sufficient reason for retiring in disgust? I say no, on the contrary, it ought to act as a stimulative to stand up boldly for the rights of men—for when a King falls into the power of ignorant or designing counsellors, every true patriot will risk his all to rescue his King from their machinations, and save his country from inevitable ruin.”

“My father, Sir——

“Well, no matter, he must be an old man now, and may possibly have been doing good, by instilling proper principles into his son; if so, have a care they are not poisoned by the connection you are about to make—if you are a stranger to your ancestors, read

their deeds, and then you will know what you owe to your name, what you owe to your fellow subjects—I hope the Comte will keep his word, but of which had you been recommended by worth and integrity, I should have had my doubts—farewell! some other time I may wish to spend an hour or two with you.”

Surprised as De Montmorency had been at the singular behaviour and appearance of this old gentleman, he was much more so, by the discourse that had taken place between them—he felt his breast expand at the glorious idea of acquiring fame, and his whole soul glow’d at the patriotic sentiments which his new acquaintance had uttered—Glory had now found a passage to his heart, and he longed for an opportunity to shew he dared do all that was consistent with honour, and gain the wreath, or perish in the attempt.

In the field, he knew the path was strait before him—a soldier’s courage must obtain, and his integrity secure it—that was a line most suited to the mind of our hero, and in which, his career would be swift and certain, but for the unlucky capture, which compelled him to let his sword rust in idleness—to seek for it in the crooked way of politics was ill suited to his open and candid disposition, especially under the auspices of those of whom he had just heard so unfavorable a description—but still he was determined to proceed with Honour for his guide, and Integrity for his companion.

“With such assistance (said he, as he ruminated by himself) how is it possible I should fail—if I do no wrong, who can be offended, or condemn me—if I execute my trust justly, I must be approved by them who employ me, however negligent they may be in the discharge of their own: and no one will attempt to make me a tool, or accomplice in his villainy, while my own actions are tempered with justice and marked with propriety—there must at least appear an inclination to vice, ere Guilt will venture to entrust its confidence—then what have I to fear—my pursuits are laudable—my success I cannot doubt—and, Oh, Heaven! grant my dearest Elise may be my great reward.”

With these conclusions De Montmorency thought himself in the direct road to happiness—his bosom experienced a cessation of grief, and his mind was blessed with serenity—but how often does sorrow arise from the accomplishment of what we wish! and how often are we deceived in our gayest prospects!

About a week after his arrival at Paris, as he was amusing himself in the garden of the Comte de —, he perceived a small party of soldiers—they soon came up with him—the officer very politely informed him they were sent to conduct him to a place appointed for his reception.

De Montmorency started with surprise—that surprise made him retreat, and to have the appearance of a wish to avoid them; upon which, before he had time to say a word:

“That gentleman, (said the officer, pointing to him) is the person.”

De Montmorency stared with astonishment—The soldiers advancing immediately with their bayonets fixed, surrounded and claimed him as their prisoner, began to march, and commanded him to accompany them.

Our hero was so totally confounded at being thus taken into custody, that he could not utter a single word—he had no doubt but that the officer had mistaken him for some other person, yet, as all resistance would, he knew, be absurd against their prejudice and so much force, he suffered himself to be conducted to a coach, into which some of the soldiers entered.

After a short ride, they stopped at a large gate; here entrance was demanded, and through which, when opened, they proceeded into a court yard, where the soldiers alighted, desiring him to do the same.

De Montmorency, who was somewhat recovered from his astonishment, in the course of the way, ventured to ask one of those who were in the coach with him, to what place they were carrying him; this requisition was answered by one of the soldiers, in a surly tone:

“To the B A S T I L E.”

It appeared to him a voice of thunder, for at the mention of that name so horrible to human nature, a sudden cold sweat seized him, and pervaded his whole frame.

“Pray, Sir, (said De Montmorency) can you inform me for what I am sent thither.”

“That, (replied his guard) is no business of mine;—my orders are to take you there, so go you must, and get out again how you can.”

“But surely I shall not be confined, as I am certain of my innocence.”

“Innocent!—yes, a man must be very innocent to be sure, when the King has signed a *lettre de cachet* against him.”

This brutal indifference of his guide, together with the name of the Bastile, had such an effect upon his spirits, that he was, in a manner, stupified with horror, and suffered himself to be taken out of the carriage without uttering a word of complaint, and to be delivered to the Governor by the commander of the soldiers, as a prisoner of the state.

The Governor received the orders and our hero with a bow, and immediately conducted him to a large hall, where a ponderous volume, full of the lives and deaths of the unhappy captives was opened, and his name added to the number; his pockets were then searched, and every thing in them taken away, put in a small cupboard, and carefully lock-up—At the moment of this transaction, a young lady was with the Governor, seemingly his daughter, whose countenance wore an air of concern at the unfortunate fate of our hero.

De Montmorency perceiving the tear of pity steal down her fair cheek, assumed courage to request her to ask the Governor if the officer was not mistaken in his person, and if not, for what crime he was to be confined there, being totally ignorant of having committed any act deserving the censure of government.

She complied with his request, but the Governor whispering something in her ear, she replied to De Montmorency, that as it was *de par le Roi*, her father, was bound, by his oath, to secrecy.

Our hero thanked her for her condescension with a low bow—he could no more—the guard retired, and he was immediately conducted to the inside of the prison, where all was gloom and horror—all was silent, his attendants spoke not a word, until they came to the door of a cell into which they bid him enter—he obeyed, and found himself in a small room, about six feet square into which the light was conveyed by a small aperture, (it did not deserve the name of a window) strongly grated with iron bars—a flint and steel, with a candle, being delivered to him, three doors

——on whose hinges,

Grated harsh Thunder.

were instantly closed upon him, and here was he left to ruminate upon this sudden change

of fortune, and conjecture, if possible, what had occasioned it, and brought him to this gaol of tyrants, and grave of the living.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Bastille and its concomitant horrors.

THERE needs very little rhetoric to impress the idea that our hero now considered himself in the most hapless and deplorable situation—Deprived of liberty—excluded from all converse and communication with the world—torn from the parental affections of the best of fathers—cut off from all hopes of experiencing the tender endearments of his beloved Elise—secluded from society, the world, and every possible comfort, perhaps *for ever!*

In such a situation how poignant must be his feelings! how exquisite his sensations!—You who have been imprisoned in that wretched place, nor tasted, through a series of long, long years, one moment's ease, one moment's respite from despair!—you must best, you can only know what he suffered!—your sympathetic hearts will pity his situation and pant for his deliverance.

As soon as the door of his cell was lock'd, and he found himself the inhabitant of a dungeon, he fell almost into a state of stupefaction, surveyed the bare walls and traversed the utmost limits of his prison house over and over again.

This, as it may perhaps not inaptly be term'd, oppressive gloom of sullen woe at length subsided, Recollection reassumed her seat, and then his miseries became more keen—they stung him to the quick, and set his brain a madding—a sudden fury seized him—he raved with the utmost violence until he was quite exhausted—then falling on the bare ground he repeatedly dash'd his head against the stones—he tore up his hair by the roots, gnash'd his teeth with vehemence, uttered the most horrible imprecations on himself, and in the first transports of his rage vowed to put a speedy termination to his miserable existence.

Nature being quite exhausted by these unusual and violent exertions he sunk lifeless upon the floor, in which state he remained several hours—when he came to himself his delirium had in a great measure subsided and he grew more calm—he raised himself from the floor, and sitting himself down by the side of a wretched bed which lay in one corner of his horrid dwelling, his thoughts wandered to those scenes he had partook of with delight, and for the renewal of which he only wish'd to live—this was more than he could bear, his manly fortitude melted away, and all his mother's weakness came upon him—tears ran from his eyes in incessant torrents—he neither could nor even attempted to stop their course until grown dry with constant weeping not a single tear remain'd to ease his aching heart.

Thus melancholy he sat pondering on his weight of woe, fearful to look forward, nor daring to look behind—Grief, in the end, gave utterance to his tongue, and falling upon his knees;

“Tell me, (said he) good Heaven, how I have merited this dreadful punishment!—what hideous offence have I unknowingly committed! for unless love be a crime I am unconscious of any wrong, but if that be so, I am guilty indeed.—Oh, my Elise! will not thy Montmorency's loss affect thy peace! shouldst thou learn that he is shut up in the cursed Bastille will it not destroy thee!—my father too!—Oh, thou Supreme! thou great disposer of events! whose decrees mortals cannot question! however it may be thy

gracious will to dispose of me, grant, oh! grant them fortitude to combat my loss, nor let them be destroyed by the weight of my afflictions!—And shall I never see them more?—Oh, never! never!”

Again he burst into a paroxysm of despair—again his tears began to flow—again he was seized with fury bordering on madness, until quite exhausted, when he again threw himself on the floor and remained in that situation for some hours stupified with grief and horror.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

DE MONTMORENCY: A N O V E L,

FOUNDED ON

A R E C E N T F A C T:

I N T E R S P E R S E D

With the Translation of an

O R I G I N A L M A N U S C R I P T,

F O U N D I N T H E

B A S T I L E.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.

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DE MONTMORENCY.

C H A P T E R XXIII.

The effects of absence.

ALTHOUGH Elise had strongly pressed De Montmorency to accede to her father's advice and accept of his recommendation to Court, yet he was no sooner gone than his absence had a visible effect upon her—she became a prey to fancied ills and was entirely o'erwhelm'd with imaginary misfortunes—her spirits and vivacity were destroy'd by a fixed melancholy, and the lily gain'd sole dominion over those cheeks whose tints, but a few days back, could vie with the rose's bloom.

She numbered the hours of his absence, and thought the day would never arrive on which she expected to hear of him from Paris—it came at length—even upon quitting her downy pillow she found her spirits much elated—With anxious care she watch'd the avenue to the chateau—the messenger arrived—she received a letter—read her De Montmorency was well—read an account of his flattering reception, and what was more than all the rest, read an undisguised assurance of his everlasting love—again she was happy.

Her first epistle was soon followed by a second, the second by a third—While she was in the habit of hearing thus from De Montmorency Elise was satisfied—if at any time her spirits fail'd she knew where to find comfort—his letters were an antidote to sorrow.—Soon however a cloud of disappointment dimn'd this sunshine of happiness—three days passed and no tidings from De Montmorency; Elise was alarm'd—another three, and still no news; she grew dejected—another three destroyed Hope and she suffered Melancholy to be her constant guest. For some days she had watch'd the gate, and observed that no messenger had arrived from Paris even to her father; there was some little comfort in this—At the end of about a fortnight from the time she received her last letter as she was sitting pensively at her usual window, she beheld a courier coming full speed along the avenue with a packet of letters—she flew down stairs to receive them.

“Without doubt, (said she to herself as she approach'd the man) there is one for me, and I shall again hear some intelligence of my beloved De Montmorency!”

She was deceived, they were all for her father—this was a sad disappointment—however she summoned up all her resolution and carried them to Monsieur de St. Clair, in hopes she might possibly learn some information of our hero from him—Here too she was disappointed, for he perused the letters without taking any notice of their contents, except recounting some trivial circumstances which had occurred at Court.

Elise could contain herself no longer, she retired to her own apartment, and there gave free scope to her grief—her throbbing heart beat in quick vibrations at her love's neglect; her panting bosom heav'd in anxious woe at this apparently cruel indifference—after some time tears came to her relief, and gave ease to her labouring breast.—She recollected his vows of constancy, and her own faithfulness induced her to believe that he would not break them—with this conclusion she determined to wait with patience the arrival of the next courier, as by that De Montmorency might account for this seeming

neglect, and convince her that in doubting his truth she had given way to unjust suspicions—thus can the flattery of Hope sometimes prove a balm to heal the pains of an agonized mind.

In a few days after, agreeable to her wishes and expectations, another courier came—again she flew to him, again was disappointed, he had no letter for Elise—She was now almost driven to despair, but still her tenderness got the better of her suspicion, and no sooner did she get by herself than with the tears streaming from her lovely eyes, she burst out in the utmost anguish;

“Some fatal accident has surely befallen him!—he cannot; O, no! I’m sure he cannot forget his poor Elise! will not, no, I know he will not forsake her!—Soon, perhaps too soon shall I hear the dismal tidings of what has happened, and have more reason to lament the cause which prevented his writing, than to condemn him for not having done so!”

Days and weeks moved on with leaden steps without bringing the lovelorn maid the least intelligence of her regretted De Montmorency—distracted with suspense she ventured to seek occasion to mention and enquire after him of her own family, which she thought she might be enabled to do, in the way of common conversation, without any notice being taken—she made the experiment, but without any degree of satisfaction, for her mother knew nothing about him, her brother had not heard, and her father could not tell—Defeated of her hopes, as she was in these attempts, still her restless inquietude was upon the watch, and still conjecturing means to obtain information—Ruminating what step she next should take, it occurred to her mind that perhaps his father might have heard of him—she wondered how it was possible she should not have thought of him before—the more she thought of applying to Hubert, the more morally impossible did it appear to her but that he must have had intelligence of his son—from these ideas she was resolved to seize the first opportunity and walk up to the hermitage.

Having formed this resolution she could find no peace until it was put in force, therefore rising somewhat more early than usual, she proceeded to the dwelling of De Montmorency’s father—the old man received her with the greatest cordiality, shewed her the letters he had received, but, alas! there was none of later date than her own—this was a severe stroke upon her sensibility, and she felt the force of her disappointment in proportion to the certainty of her expectations—This was a stronger proof that she had condemned him unjustly, and that he had fallen a victim to some cruel misfortune!

“His silence (said she) cannot arise from inconstancy; for were he faithless to me, surely he could not forget he has a father.”

Hubert had suffered no less by not hearing from his son than had the gentle Elise—he was affected by her manner and for some time they sat and indulged their distress in silence—Hubert felt a kind of parental love for the fair mourner—she loved that son, on whom he doted, and she was beloved by him—was it then unnatural that Hubert should feel a parental affection for her?—they mingled their tears together, and together tried to account for having received no intelligence from him; they were both too well convinced of his love and attention to encourage the smallest idea of its having arisen from wilful neglect—something must have happened to prevent his continuing that correspondence he had so faithfully began, and they trembled at the thought of what that something might be—perhaps, dismal as was the conclusion, perhaps he was no more!

Hubert had for some time felt the natural infirmities of age come fast upon him, a slight fever had rendered their effects more perceptible, and which, together with pining for the absence of his son, had reduced him to a weak enfeebled state, yet as the result of their conference was, that some accident had befallen our hero, he resolved the moment his strength would permit to set out for Paris, seek into the fact, and no longer be kept in suspense.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A family alarmed by a fever.

UPON Elise's return from the Hermitage, she found herself very much indisposed—she every hour grew worse, and was obliged to be conveyed to her chamber, where she was confined for some time with a violent fit of illness.

The whole family were in a consternation—they were alarmed for her life—a Physician was sent for, who gave them but little comfort, by declaring her disorder to be a fever of a very dangerous nature.

Six days did it rage with the greatest violence, and on the seventh she became delirious—the name of De Montmorency was continually in her mouth—she repeated it without ceasing.

As Monsieur and Madame de St. Clair stood by her bedside, she would entreat them, in the most melting manner, to fetch De Montmorency to her, for that she should not die contented if she did not see and take a last parting farewell of him.

The ninth day the delirium ceased, and the fever abated—the physicians pronounced her out of danger—the goodness of her constitution overcame the disease, and she recovered but very slowly.

As the disorder of her body abated, that of her mind encreased—she pined in secret for her De Montmorency, and from the fixed melancholy painted in her countenance, seemed as if it would end but with her life.

Her parents were apprehensive, that by indulging her languor, she would bring on a relapse—they suspected the cause—to engage her attention appeared the only way to disappoint their fears, but how this was to be done, required some consultation, as she industriously avoided all company, and every day seemed to give way more and more to the preying of her melancholy.

Young St. Clair was particularly distressed at his sister's situation—with all his peculiarity of disposition he had a serious regard for her, and besides which he had always considered that her beauty and the fortune with which her father could give her, would certainly ensure some noble alliance—his whole soul was bent upon being connected with the great, and he was ready to sacrifice every consideration to gratify that one principle, of rustivating himself from the commonalty, and being considered as a sprig of nobility—for this he was ready to give up his brotherly affection, for this he was willing to sacrifice his sister.

CHAPTER XXV.

A journey to Paris, and a visit to a nobleman.

THE resolution which Hubert had made after the conference between Elise and him, he now proceeded to put in execution—his health was not perfectly established, but anxiety to know the fate of his son, made him set out weak and feeble as he then was—The old domestic would have opposed it, but Hubert De Montmorency was determined—The journey was a long one—above two hundred miles—The aged Hubert's narrow circumstances would not allow him to travel otherwise than alone—he had encroached upon his income to enable his son to appear with credit and respectability.

Before he set out, however, he resolved to go once more to the castle, though he felt it as a forlorn Hope, to learn if they had there heard any news from Paris and his son.

He went, and as he was passing up the avenue of trees, he met old St. Clair, walking in a solitary thoughtful mood towards the end of the Park—at sight of Hubert he started and turned pale.

“An unhappy distressed parent has taken the liberty, Sir, (said Hubert) to come and ask if any of your late dispatches, which have arrived from Paris, has brought any intelligence of his son.”

“They have not.”—replied Monsieur de St. Clair, without ever looking at his interrogator.

“Perhaps you have not heard lately from your friend to whom you have recommended him; or he perhaps would have noticed whether his success was probable or not.”

“Very likely—but our correspondence is not so frequent as it used to be.”

“I hope my son has not occasioned any difference.”

“No;—I am certain he will do all I requested for him, that is, unless his own conduct prevents it—but I know nothing at all about him at present.”

Without saying a word more, the aged Hubert took his leave, bowed, and measured his way back to his own cottage, where he only stopped to give some necessary directions to his faithful attendant, and then with an aching and anxious heart, began his journey.

It were unnecessary to enter into a detail of the inconveniencies and difficulties which a weak and enfeebled old man must suffer, in making so long a journey without any attendants, especially to one who had so long retired from the world, and in his youth had known better days, suffice it, therefore, to observe they were many and various; and that the wretched Hubert had well nigh sunk under them—He arrived, however, at length, at his journey's end, and having learnt from his son in what part of Paris the nobleman lived to whom St. Clair had sent him, he instantly bent his way thither—he enquired for him, and after some delays, usual among the servants of the great, he was admitted to his presence, where he no sooner came than,

“An unfortunate father (said he) is come a long journey to seek a son, whom he loves beyond description—to you he was recommended—'tis to you alone I can apply for information, his name is De Montmorency—can your lordship inform me where I may find him.”

The Comte was struck at the name—his cheeks assumed a deadly paleness, and after pausing a moment—

“Is he your son?”

“He is, (said Hubert, with a momentary transport) he is my boy, (his tone of voice immediately changing) but where my lord, oh! tell me where he is?”

“Is it possible you do not know—I should have thought a father the most likely person to have enquired of for the residence of his son—What made you apply to me?”

“Was he not recommended to your lordship by Monsieur de St. Clair?—he told me—

“O, yes, I do remember something of the name—Montmorency; you say!”

“Yes, that was he;—O tell me, pray tell me, my lord, what is become of him?”

“He left me, (replied the Comte) a few days after he came to Paris—and I have never seen him since.”

“Never, seen him since!—(rejoined Hubert) Alas! then, some hapless fate must certainly have befallen him—Oh, merciful Father where shall I seek him now—where shall I find the prop and comfort of my age!”

Without saying a word more, he arose and taking leave of the Comte de —— walked, with an aching heart, out of the hotel, unknowing where to turn his search, or which way to direct his steps.

CHAPTER XXVI.

*A journey interrupted, and the vicissitudes of life
exemplified in the story of Guillaume Dupne.*

THUS disappointed, Hubert was distressed in the extreme; he resolved not to return home, 'till he had made every possible enquiry.

Several weeks did he wander from street to street, and from almost house to house in search of his son—but still his endeavours were fruitless—no tidings could he hear.—Concluding, therefore, that he must certainly be murdered, he set out for the purpose of returning to his humble home, overwhelmed with the most torturing anguish—there, he thought, he should soon bid adieu to a tormenting world, and resign his breath in peace—But Nature, which had held out pretty well till now, because Hope had always attended her, could not longer endure such an aggravated weight of misery.

Hubert had not proceeded far on his journey back, when a violent illness, brought on by grief and despair, attacked him—All at once he was seized with a giddiness, and could proceed no farther—There was no house nigh, except a cottage, small, yet neat in appearance—here he was under the necessity of seeking relief—hesitation was in vain, for he found himself grow worse, and approaching the door, with a view to request assistance, all power forsook him and he sunk oppressed on the ground.

This circumstance did not happen without being noticed by the inhabitants, who flew to his assistance—they instantly conveyed him into the cottage, and rendered him every relief in their power; it was sometime, nevertheless, before Hubert recovered—his swoon gave way to their attention, and when he came to, he found himself in a bed, with two young women watching anxiously over him.

Being a little recovered, he thanked them for their kindness in the best manner he was able, and begged to know to whom he stood indebted for such tenderness.

“We are daughters (replied she, who appeared to be the eldest) to Guillaume Du Prix, our father is out at work, but when he comes home, I am sure he will be pleased at what we have done.”

On that instant their father entered—He was much advanced in years, yet healthy and robust, with an indscrutable dignity of countenance—Advancing up to Hubert, he welcomed him to his cottage, with frankness and sincerity, and assured him, that although he could not promise the attendance of Elegance or Wealth, yet Plenty and Content would be his certain guests.

Hubert was surprised at the elegant manner, and polished diction of his host, so much superior to his habitation and appearance.—He had a great curiosity to know what had reduced him to this situation, for reduced from former splendor Hubert was certain he must have been, but his present weakness rendered him at this time unable to make any enquiry.

His kind host, and his daughters, treating him with the greatest tenderness Hubert recovered, by degrees, his health, and was soon able to leave his bed-chamber, and associate with this generous family.

One evening as they were sitting together in deep conversation on the various vicissitudes of human life, Hubert expressed his surprise, at seeing a person of such

superior ideas and enlightened mind, in such a reduced situation; at which, the old man sighed deeply, and said, his was a tale of sorrow indeed, but as no incidents of his life, though humble, were disgraced by vice, he would relate them to his guest, if he could think them worth his attention—Hubert bowed, in token of his approbation, and the old man began.

The STORY of GUILLAUME DU PRIX.

“As near as I can remember, it was about forty years ago, that my father met with an unexpected calamity, that reduced his circumstances so low, as to oblige him to carry my mother, my sister, and myself to a seat he had in Brittany, where he had not resided long, when one day, calling us together, he addressed us in the following words.

‘My children, you now see your father reduced from affluence, to a bare subsistence; we are now no longer able to live as formerly—we must accommodate our minds to our condition. You, son, addressing himself particularly to me, are arrived at years of discretion—at an age, when you are able to provide for yourself—chuse some profession—The little we have left will not permit us to keep up the family name—It is my intention to change it to Du Prix, which name I desire you will bear also—Having said this to you, my boy, make choice of some profession—you may by pursuing it be of some use to your parents, and be also a protector to your sister when we are gone.’

“I did not take much time in deliberating, but chose instantly the profession of a soldier—Taking therefore a tender leave of my father and mother, and giving a little advice to my sister, I set out for Paris, and entered myself in the old regiment of Picardy, as a volunteer—By assiduity and attention, I received the praise of the Colonel of our regiment, who would have advanced me to a subaltern officer’s rank, but I refused, alledging, as a reason, that I thought myself superior to that rank already, and would never accept of any other situation, but that of a full commissioned officer—he stared at me, and went away without saying a word.—Not long after, however, he sent for me, and put into my hands a commission—I was penetrated with gratitude, yet wanted words to thank him—He received my attempts, and telling me he had my interest at heart, put into my hand a draught on his banker for 500 livres, as, he said, I should want some necessaries now I was advanced to my new rank.—I could not speak my sense of the favour, my heart was so overwhelmed with gratitude—he saw it, and to relieve me walked out of the tent.

“From that day the Colonel took particular notice of me, and made me his constant companion.—To gain his confidence the more, I related to him the history of my life, not disguising from him my real name—This, though it increased not his friendship for me, increased his respect, and he considered me in birth, as his equal.

“I made under him many campaigns, and had already advanced to the rank of captain, when we were ordered on a secret, and a very important service, what soldier’s term, a forlorn hope.—The night before we set out on our march, the Colonel spent with me, in giving me directions how to manage his affairs in case of his death, at the same time presenting me with his will, told me he had appointed me his executor—I was flattered with this mark of distinction, and in return, requested him, should it be my lot to fall, to take the trouble of acquainting my parents with it. He promised to do it, and we

spent the rest of the evening in conversing on our intended expedition, which we agreed would certainly deprive us of the flower of our troops.

“The next morning early, we began our march, and about set of sun, arrived near the destined place, where we halted, and rested upon our arms for that night—At dawn of day we began our march, thinking to surprise the enemy asleep, and thereby gain a victory without much loss of blood—we were disappointed—passing through a narrow defile, the enemy on a sudden burst upon us, and hemmed us in—Surprise, for a few minutes, struck us motionless—sensible however, that something must be done and that quickly, the Colonel looked at me, and gave orders to charge the enemy sword in hand, and cut our way through them—we did so—the engagement was fierce and bloody, for we had superior numbers to contend with—However, we accomplished our ends, though with the loss of a great number of men. The enemy still harrassed us in our retreat, and by a well directed shot, wounded our Colonel mortally—he fell from his horse—I instantly ran up to him and placed him on my knee,—he was on the point of death—the ball had penetrated the coats of the heart—he looked with much affection on me, pressing my hand fervently, and saying, Remember what I told you, expired in my arms—my grief was unutterable—I know not to what ends my rage might have led me, had not the soldiers forcibly conveyed me back to our former station—when a little recovered from my distraction, I remembered the dying request of my friend, and going into his tent, broke open his will, in the presence of three brother officers—It bequeathed the bulk of his effects, which were not very considerable to his only daughter, leaving her in my charge, and to me also, bequeathing a very handsome present.

“After paying the last tribute of friendship to the memory of my departed friend, I proceeded in the duties of my station, ’till the end of the campaign, when I requested leave of absence from my quarters, and proceeded to Aix le Chapelle, where his daughter was, to communicate to her the distressing intelligence of the death of her father.

“The Colonel had placed her for safety, and for cheapness, in a Convent, whither I directed my steps—I was easily admitted to her, and thought at the time, I had never beheld before, so enchanting an object—my bosom, which ’till then had been a stranger to the emotions of love, felt them now, for the first time, and I was so struck, that I could not articulate a word for some time—recollecting at length the purport of my visit, I ventured by slow and gentle degrees, to disclose the melancholy news—giving her, at the same time, a letter, which the Colonel had desired me to bring her—she had not strength enough to read it, but fainted away instantly on the floor—ringing the bell, I disclosed, shortly, the nature of my visit, and left the distressed maid to the care of the people of the Convent, leaving word, that I would call again soon—However, I thought it most prudent to let the first emotions of her grief be over before I went, which I did, at the expiration of a week.—I found the dear girl in deep mourning, lovely in her tears—she received me with great sweetness, and informed me, that her father, in his last letter to her, had appointed me her guardian, paying me at the same time, some compliments, which I will not be vain enough to repeat.

“In this visit, she asked my advice, relative to her future conduct—I gave it her, and in order to divert her melancholy, advised her to suffer me to accompany her to Paris, for the winter—after some little hesitation, she agreed, and we set out as soon as the necessary preparations could be made.

“Why should I tire you with a repetition of the trifling occurrences which happened during our journey—it is true, they were pleasing to me, and I still think on them with pleasure, but suffice it to say, that we arrived at Paris in safety, and that by degrees her grief insensibly wore away. We had not been long there, before I found myself deeply in love with her, and which induced me never to be out of her company.

“The world began to reflect on her conduct, in being with me, and putting herself under the controul of a young man—this hurt my pride, for intending no injury, I could not bear to be suspected, and to prevent it in future, I took an opportunity to disclose my passion, which I did in the warmest and most faithful manner in my power, and pressed a return from her, by hinting at the ill-natured insinuations of the world—she received my declaration with indulgence, and we were soon after, united to each other by the tenderest ties.

“The regiment to which I belonged was soon after this period disbanded, and I among the other officers put upon the half-pay list.—This was such an essential difference to my income, that I found it not only necessary to retrench my expences, but even to adopt some mode of living with the utmost frugality—for neither of us had any family expectations, and our own might encrease.—With the little property therefore left by my wife’s father, I purchased this cottage, and a small quantity of land adjoining.

“Here we lived in perfect happiness a number of years, during which time we were blessed with the two daughters you have seen.

“I should have informed you, that on my return from Germany to France, I made many enquiries, after my family, and learnt, that my mother had died some time before, and that my father had gone to Paris, where he died also—my sister, for ought I know followed them to the grave, for I never, from that day to this, could learn any tidings of her although I have repeatedly made all the enquiries possible.

“Well, Sir, we lived here for some time, happy, contented, and satisfied with each other, we regretted not the lurements of the giddy world.

“After a number of years passed in the utmost harmony, it pleased Heaven to afflict my wife with an illness, which proved fatal to her—She died—her endearments were so essential to my repose, that I still regret her loss; and since that time, I have worn out a miserable existence in wishing that it would please Heaven to provide for my two daughters, and then join me for ever to the deceased partner of my heart.”

Hubert made his host a profusion of acknowledgments for his story—“But, (said he) you have withheld from me your real name; may I, without being considered guilty of impertinence or intrusion, enquire what it is.”

“Most undoubtedly, (replied the old gentleman) my real name is De Velancy.”

“De Velancy?” exclaimed Hubert. starting up.

“It is—why are you surprised?”

“And your sister’s name?” added Hubert.

“Henrietta de Velancy?” replied Monsieur de Velancy.

“By Heavens! the very same—The brother of my dear lamented wife! he whom we so often sought after in vain.”

De Velancy was surprised at this ejaculation, and requested an explanation—Hubert briefly gave it by relating—that he had been acquainted with Monsieur de

Velancy, his father, and married Henrietta while they resided at Paris—shortly after which period, her father dying, he removed into the country, where his wife had been torn from him in child-bed.

After this explanation, each paid a tribute of a few tears to the memory of the wife of Hubert, and Monsieur de Velancy introduced his daughters to his guest as their uncle.

The cause of Hubert's journey, and his distress at the loss of his son was now communicated with more freedom, as he found in their breasts a sympathetic feeling for what he suffered, and an endeavour, by their actions, to sooth his woe.

In this family, who paid him particular attention, Hubert recovered his strength; which he had no sooner acquired than he determined to leave this happy cot, and steer his course homewards, in hopes he should reach the Hermitage before he died, that his bones might be laid near those of his departed wife.

Monsieur de Velancy would have prevailed on him to have staid longer, but anxiety to know if any news had arrived concerning his son made him the more resolved on departing, which he did, after strongly pressing Monsieur de Velancy to bring his two daughters, and remain with him for some time at the Hermitage;—but the old man, attached to his cottage and his books, could not be prevailed upon to leave either.

After a painful and tedious journey, Hubert arrived at his own house, to the great joy of his old servant—No news, however, had been received from his son, and Hubert de Montmorency felt himself not more easy about the fate of his boy, than before he had undertaken his journey—that he was dead he was fully persuaded of, and though sometimes a ray of Hope would break in upon his mind, and tell him that he might yet live—the fond idea lasted but a short time—Reason soon resumed her seat, and told him that the suggestions of Hope, were but unsubstantial and delusive.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The opening of a pre-concerted plan.

THE endeavours of the St. Clairs for the recovery of Elise were by no means destitute of effect—they were constantly contriving to lead her into scenes of amusement, and had the satisfaction of seeing her health daily improve—the strength of youth enabled her to surmount the fever's rapacity, and by the peculiar tenderness of her parents together with keeping her constantly engaged, counteracted the anxiety of her mind, and although it would not eradicate De Montmorency from her heart, nor heal her feelings for his loss, yet in a great measure it softened the poignancy of her distress and sooth'd her throbbing breast into a settled calm.

Monsieur de St. Clair was perfectly acquainted with the cause of his daughter's indisposition therefore the name of De Montmorency was never mentioned, nor the least notice taken of her attachment, least it might keep her passion alive and defeat the plan he had so long had in agitation—and for the success of which he had proceeded so far in having the principal obstacle removed—as it must now plainly appear it was his letter to the Comte de ——— which had occasioned our hero's being conveyed to the Bastile.

This was the plan which was before hinted at as suggested by young St. Clair, and so instantly acceded to by his father: the principal motive that induced the St. Clairs to form this plan and put it in force was a proposal which the Comte de Valgrave had made for the hand of Elise, and which they were sensible could not be obtained without the previous removal of De Montmorency.

Matters being thus circumstanced, as soon as Elise's health was tolerably established her father thought it time to begin his plan of operations—the Comte was accordingly apprised of this resolution, and invited to come and remain some time at their house—this invitation was accordingly accepted and he very shortly after arrived.

He was received by the family with much pleasure and by Elise with politeness—as a guest of her father it was what he was entitled to—It was but a small space of time that she was left to consider him in that character, being soon made acquainted with the real intentions of his visit.

The Comte, who was rather advanced in life and could boast no personal attractions to recommend him, was connected with some of the first families in France and had a serious attachment for Elise—in conformity with the violence of love was he constantly pestering of her with a declaration of his passion—his love was not only odious and disagreeable to her in itself, but rendered ten times more so, when she drew a comparison, which it was not in her power to avoid, between him and her beloved De Montmorency, whose image still presided in her heart, and whose memory was still as dear to her as ever.

The aversion that Elise entertained against the Comte de Valgrave did not escape the attention of Monsieur de St. Clair—he beheld it with the utmost vexation—he had set his mind upon the match and was determined that it should take place—wishing, however, that it should have the appearance of her own approbation he endeavoured to conquer her dislike by having recourse to persuasion and intreaties; finding these kind of auxiliaries had no sort of influence, he next applied to commands and threats, but with no

better success, for she remained totally deaf to every thing that was urged in his favour, and positively refused even to endeavour to entertain a thought in his behalf—the more she was pressed the more strongly did she adhere to her resolution, and at length assured them that she would take refuge in a Convent rather than consent to the union, and should prefer being a Nun to a Comtesse.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A proof of falsehood, the cause of an unwilling consent.

AS Elise was wandering a few days after the Comte de Valgrave's arrival to the old oak tree, to which she walked every day, to recall past happy hours to her mind, she was met by Hubert de Montmorency's servant, who informed her that his master had heard from his son, and had sent him with a letter from him, which he delivered into her hands.

Elise was near fainting with delight at this intelligence, she took the letter eagerly, and with trembling haste breaking the seal, read to her inexpressible surprise, the following contents:

"Madam,

"I have been prevented by perpetual engagements from writing to you and my father before.—Monsieur de St. Clair informs me, that he fears you are prevented from acceding to his wishes by some promise to me, to satisfy him, therefore, upon the subject, I take the liberty of addressing you, with the assurance, should such be the case, that I forego all my presuming pretensions, and release you from the bonds of any promise you may have made me, and wish you every happiness.—You will, I hope, pardon me for leaving off so abruptly, when I inform you that I am particularly engaged, and am this moment going with a party to the Comtess de Vieuville's assembly.

"I have the honour to be,

"Madam,

"Your most devoted servant,

"Charles de Montmorency."

Elise was struck dumb with astonishment—such an epistle from her De Montmorency!—impossible!—she read it again—and again would she flatter herself, that it did not come from him, but the hand writing was too well known, and convinced her too fatally.

Bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed, "Oh! and are all my vows disdained!—is then my love forgotten!—faithless, inconstant De Montmorency—but, (continued she, summoning all her pride to her aid) but thou shalt not triumph over me! thou shalt not force a sigh from my bosom—yes, I will obey thy cruel wishes—an opportunity offers, and I'll refuse no more!"—With these sentiments she returned home, and going instantly to her father,—"Yes my dear parent, (said she) I will accede to your wishes—I will marry the Comte de Valgrave—and though I cannot give him my love, he shall have no cause to complain of the want of it."

Monsieur de St. Clair was overjoyed, he flew to the Comte de Valgrave with the pleasing news—the Comte was in raptures.

The day was fixed, and every individual of the two families, except the hapless Elise, was transported at the approaching nuptials—to her it appeared a day of certain misery—but De Montmorency, on whom her virgin affections had been rivetted—he was false!—he had betrayed her!—she yielded therefore to the wishes of her father, that the union should take place as soon as the preparations could be made, which the Comte insisted upon having executed with the utmost magnificence.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Employment in a prison.

DE MONTMORENCY in Prison without one human creature to speak to—in the Bastile, where solemn silence reigns unbroken, save sometime by the hollow groan of the wretched, perhaps departing captive—he prayed incessantly to Heaven to enable him to support with fortitude, his hapless situation.

His prayers were granted—his horror at being thus unjustly confined, though it preyed on his heart, and often dissolved him into tears, did not occasion a continuance of that fury which had seized him during the first part of his imprisonment.

Books nor article of any kind were allowed that he could amuse himself with—this want of employment rendered his hours exceeding tedious, even when he became a little familiarized to his dungeon, at least when custom had blunted the edge of the horrors of the place—to turn his thoughts from the cruelty of his fate, was not more devoutly wished for than he found difficult to effect—Why he was confined he had long since given up as a fruitless conjecture; yet for want of amusement it would frequently torment his mind—to obviate this he turn'd his thoughts to a thousand things, but there was always something wanting to enable him to put them in practice—at last he therefore determined to have recourse to Poetry.

It has been observed that he was exceedingly fond of the poetical productions of others—He had not, however, invoked the Muse himself before—his forlorn situation tempted him now to try if he possessed any poetical genius, and though debarred of pen and ink, yet necessity taught him invention, and he scratched out his attempts against the wall of his cell, and the result of his first poetic endeavour, was the following lines; which, if they have no intrinsic poetic merit, possess some claim to attention, from being actually written in the Bastile.

ODE to HOPE.

O THOU!

Who, on some rough rocks height,
Woo'st the propitious gale,
And fit'st with straining sight,
To catch the long expected sail!
With eyes fixed on the Horizon's verge,
Where bellowing loud the swelling surge,
To kiss the Canopy of Heav'n, high heavens,
Which seems to meet the wave, and its salute
receives.

While flattering Fancy pourtrays oft the sail,
That from the distant billows seems to rise,
Which (soon withdrawn the dear deluding veil)
No longer meets thy eager eyes:
What tho' thy heaving breast,
By the full swell of grief be rent,
Still dark Despair is not thy bosom's guest.
Still forward are thy eyes expecting bent.

O Thou!

From whose full train,
Despair with hollow eye,
And pinching Poverty and Pain,
And mirth-contemning Melancholy fly.

Hail! Oh Hail!

For often hast thou sooth'd this Breast,
And when my Heart wou'd give full sway,
And the dark dictates of despair obey,
Thou, HOPE, hast bid my bosom's tumults
rest.

Yet not to any clime alone
Is thy soothing sway confined;
Where'er I fling my eye, 'tis known,
Thy power is felt by all mankind.

The Captive, on whose form, no grateful gale
Has deigned to blow for many a longing day,
Who long has ceased the voice of friend to hail,
Who long has ceased to feel the solar ray.

Yet still, unhappy wretch! tho' in his breast,
Swoln Sorrow dwells, and slow consuming
Grief,
Hopes, as at night, he lays him down to rest,
Returning day light will afford relief.

The Love-lorn Damsel, whose dear swain afar,
Is seeking Honour on the tented plain,
Feeds with fond hopes, her bosom, that from war,
Safe to her arms, he will return again?

And should he not return?—and should he fall!
To woe-dispensing War, a victim given,
Still hopes she, hence, when Death at length
shall call,
To meet him in the blissful bowers of Heav'n.

Oh! now then o'er my aching mind,
HOPE, thy lenient balsam pour!
And bid me happiness expect to find,
Beyond the present hapless hour.

Oh! from my bosom drive despair!
Nor wonder, HOPE, at this unusual prayer!
For have I not full cause to sigh?
And pour the hot tear from my eye?
For does a Friend's sweet soothing strain,
Rob me of one, one moment's pain?
And am I not of Liberty bereft?
And have I not a faithful maid,
Beneath the willows solitary shade,
To mourn my long, long absence, left?

And does not a lov'd parent mourn,
(Adown his cheek, the trickling tear,
Bending quick its sad career)
A Son, who to his arms shall never more
return?

Oh, HOPE! then o'er my aching heart,
Now thy lenient balsam pour!
And bid me Happiness expect to find,
When this heart heaves, this bosom throbs
no more!

CHAPTER XXX.

Memoirs of a Prisoner in the Bastile.

THESE attempts at poetry, it is true, amused his mind for a while, yet a continuance in the same horrid place, filled his bosom with ennui—Other amusements he could not enjoy, for the malice of government seemed with increased violence to be directed towards him—He was not allowed, as many other of the prisoners were, to attend mass in the chapel, or to enjoy the open air in the court yard, nor, as I have before said was he suffered to have books to read, from the library.

Elise was a constant guest in his mind and frequently would he spend hours together, in supplicating Heaven to shower down blessings upon her head—his poor unhappy father too, he would join in those prayers, and entreat comfort for the distress, which his fate must have brought upon the good old man's declining years—These prayers would often lead his mind to those happy days he had passed, and remembrance would almost enable him, as it were, to pass over his life again; but pleasing as were these hours of reflection, they invariably ended, in being brought to the Bastile, where nothing dwelt but misery and woe.

In defiance therefore of all his fortitude, Despair, with her train of horrible attendants, advanced with a quick pace, and he had certainly sunk under her influence, but for the following event.

Walking, one morning in a silent solitary mood, up and down his dungeon, his coat caught hold of a nail, drove in one of the stones in the wall, and drew it out.

De Montmorency turned round to disengage his coat, and lifting up the stone, beheld, under it, a packet of papers, which he laid hold of with a kind of greedy rapture, and tore them open. They contained the following.

MEMOIRS of a PRISONER, confined in the TOUR *de la* BAZINIERE of the BASTILE, addressed to whoever should have the misfortune to be the inhabitant of the Dungeon, after him, and should find them.

“HOPELESS, that ever within these walls, happiness again will reach me, I write my unhappy life, for the instruction of him, whose wretched fate it may be to be confined hereafter in this abode of misery and horror.

“Yet, before I relate what my treatment has been in this dreary prison, it is necessary that I should first discover the cause of my confinement in it.—Although, in so doing, I must recall to my imagination, scenes which will draw tears of blood from my aching heart, but the relation of them may be of use to thee, who art unfortunate enough to be in the way of discovering these papers, and I will give it.

“Early in life, I entered into the service of my country, without many friends, and with little money—However, I did not despair of promotion, and like every other soldier of fortune, fondly flattered myself, that merit would ensure its own reward.—Two or three, who were beneath me in rank, and I thought, not superior in military knowledge, or courage, being advanced over my head, soon convinced me, I had reasoned like a fool—perhaps I acted as one—for disappointment in my warmest wishes, induced me to resign

my commission, disgusted with a profession, where merit is considered of little consequence, and the least recommendation for advancement in the eyes of the great.

“A small sum of money I had saved—that I ventured in commerce, and sailed as supercargo of a ship, bound to the West Indies.—In this pursuit I was more successful, Fortune smiled on my endeavours, and upon my return, I married a young lady, whom I had long loved—

“Oh! permit the fondness of a husband, to pay her here, a small tribute of affection—

“Thou, my departed Anna, never gavest me one, one moment’s pain—thy conduct was such as a saint might envy, and Heaven look upon with admiration—E’en now though the cold grave has long since torn thee from my arms, my affection is still the same—still do I reflect with rapture on those days we spent together, and that thought which tells me that we shall meet again, is happiness even here and makes me defy the miseries of this dismal mansion—thou art an angel in bliss, and may I soon be with you!

“But to proceed—In many succeeding adventures, I was still successful—my property encreased—happiness smiled around me, and I began to think, that fortune had selected me as one of her greatest favourites, and on whom she meant to be lavish of her bounties.

“While I was going on thus prosperously, one of the companions of my youth, and with whom I had constantly lived in the habits of friendship, became, by misfortunes very much reduced.

“In this situation he applied to me for succour, and as I was at that time in need of some person to assist me in my business, I thought I could do no less than take him, nor did I suppose I should be able to find any other in whom I could repose equal trust and confidence—I took him home to my own house, and from our former intimacy made a point of treating him more like a friend than a clerk—he was attentive, assiduous, and gave me repeated instances to conclude he had my interest very much at heart—oh, Deceit! who, can guard against thy fallacious appearance!—We went on in this manner for some time, and his conduct had gained such an ascendancy over me, that I could readily have entrusted my life and property in his hands.

“Being taken very ill on a sudden, and unable to attend a ship that was ready to sail, and on board of which I had very largely ventured, I felt no hesitation in sending this friend, and investing him with as much power over my property, with respect to its disposal, as I possessed myself.

“In due time I began to reckon upon his return—The ship arrived agreeable to my expectations, but no friend—the captain told me he was gone for England; at first I could not conceive for what purpose, but supposing he had met with an opportunity of disposing of my homeward bound investment to greater advantage there, I was not very uneasy at his not returning with the ship according to my orders; although I could not but think it very singular he had not sent me a letter of advice upon the occasion.

“Six months—a year elapsed—but no friend returned, or a single line of intelligence received—I began now to suspect I was the dupe of a villain—I communicated my apprehensions to my Anna, who, instead of alleviating, rather confirm’d them, by replying she had long considered him as such—A declaration so pointed from those lips, which were never opened by anger or complaint, struck me with astonishment, and I begged her to be more explicit—upon this she informed me that this

friend during my absence, had had the temerity to make her a declaration of love, and avow a guilty passion—the manner in which her virtue made her behave upon such a daring insult, had so great an effect upon him, that he had instantly intreated her forgiveness, and promised she should never hear of it again—in this he had certainly kept his word, and she never thought it worth mentioning before, because it might have made me uneasy, and she was in hopes he had repented of it.

“I had risked so much in this adventure, that by the villainy of this false friend, my circumstances were greatly affected—I still possessed a sufficiency, but the vexation I felt at being thus imposed upon, and disappointed in my ideas of accumulated wealth, brought on a fever, which had almost sent me to the grave—ah! why did it not?—I unfortunately recovered, but my wife, who had never left my bed-side during the whole time of my illness, caught the disorder from me—to her it was fatal, and, alas! she died—Her death had such an effect upon me that I suffered a relapse, and was deprived for some time of my reason—it pleased Heaven, however, that I should recover—my cup of sorrow was not yet full—upon that recovery I found myself unable to support my misfortunes with becoming fortitude—these accumulated woes drove me to determine upon retiring from all communications with the world, and made me resolve to put that determination instantly in practice.

“Thus bent upon retirement, I purchased a beautiful little spot in the province of Narbonne, and removing to it, resolved to spend there the remainder of my days—one pledge of the fond affection that subsisted between my Anna and myself alone remained—a daughter, the exact image of her mother, for her the world had still some charms; for her I would have remained in it; but she, knowing my wish, accompanied me willingly, and even with pleasure to this seat of retirement and seclusion—that thou, who perusest these sheets, may form an adequate idea of the beauty of the place I had chosen, I will describe it to thee, for still, tho’ years are past since I beheld it, it is ever present to my tortured imagination.

“In a remote part of the province, about four miles from the little village of ———, are two nearly adjoining hills covered with a very thick wood—a small serpentine path alone leads the traveller to a vale between them—at the end of this path, which is of a considerable length, a lawn, beautiful as the imagination can paint, presents itself to the sight—different clumps of trees dispersed around with an effect so charming as to prove that the sports of Nature are far superior to the efforts of Art, and from the top of each hill a delightful hanging wood descends to the bottom—in a small aperture of the wood a stream of water is seen to flow from the top in rapid torrents into a reservoir below, from whence it continues its course in gentle dulcet meanders along the vale—the lawn is bounded by a small grove of trees, in the midst of which a most pleasing little cot was situated, surrounded with a romantically laid out garden, and its front entirely covered with jessamine.

“Having as I thought been so peculiarly fortunate to meet with this spot at the time its owner was inclined to part with it, I cheerfully made the purchase, and fixed upon it as the place where I would pass the remainder of my days, which I then imagined would be spent calmly and serenely—how vain has proved the flattering thought!—how woefully did I then deceive myself!

“To a man enjoying the full scope of pleasure and hourly tasting the sweets of life, the idea of seclusion may appear with horror; but to one inured to misfortune by a

repetition and disgusted with the busy scenes of the world by deceit and disappointment, it will appear to him, as it did to me, that such a retirement must be delightful.

“To this spot, almost instantly after my purchase, my daughter and I removed—to her it appeared little less pleasing than it had done to me, at least her filial affection made her appear perfectly happy, nor could all my penetration discover that she felt the smallest regret in quitting the gay giddy scenes of the metropolis—In our retirement we were accompanied by one faithful domestic who had been several years in my service, and a female who had attended my child from her infancy, and whose attachment to her was so strong that she rather chose to undertake an additional and more subordinate employ than suffer a separation.

“Such was our little family when we took possession of this secluded dwelling, and where though our society was small and removed from any social intercourse with the world, we were neither vapoured by the heaviness of time, nor visited by the lassitude of any ennui, for we carefully divided the day into different avocations and pursuits.

“In the morning, after repeating our prayers and thanksgivings to our heavenly Creator for his mercies towards us, and whose wonderful bounties to mankind we could now more than ever behold and contemplate, we constantly proceeded to attend our live stock, and having fed them, walked to view the progress of vegetation in the garden, and here in general we passed our time until the hour arrived appropriated for breakfast—that being over my daughter and I separated till about an hour before dinner, she to attend to the domestic concerns of our little family and I to my study, which I had previously taken care to furnish with some of our most celebrated authors—upon our meeting we again walk’d until our man inform’d us dinner was ready to be served up—by this exercise we obtained an appetite to our meals, and by their frugality preserved our healths entire—After dinner it was our custom either for me to amuse her by reading some instructive book while she was employed with her needle, or for her to entertain me by playing on the guitar or harpsichord, both of which she had been reckoned to touch with great execution, and to accompany by her voice with much taste and judgement—Another ramble generally succeeded, unless the length of days would not permit, in which case we reversed the latter part of our arrangement and took our walk the first; in some such manner our time was occupied till supper time, after which we again assembled to pay our duties to our Maker, in which our domestics always took a part, and then retired early to our apartments to enjoy a calm and undisturbed repose.

“Think not idly of me, gentle reader, if I here break the chain of my story and pause a moment——

“The sad comparison between those happy, happy days and the present wretched ones, rushes too forcibly on my mind; in this dismal place I cannot avoid ruminating on my former days, nor check the impulsive career of recollection—it will point out the difference! it will shew me the horror of my present situation!—nor is that all, for my daughter—oh, my beloved child! thy remembrance still pierces me to the heart, but, alas! my sorrow’s dry, my tears have ceased to flow!—Stranger, whoe’er thou art, if thou hast children!—if torn from their embraces!—if thou hast cause to fear, yet art kept in ignorance of their fate, then wilt thou be able to judge of what I suffer, and cordially sympathise in my distress, for then will thy feelings be as acute, as torturing as those which now rend my breast and almost rack my lab’ring heart to pieces.

“But to intrude no longer on your patience let me proceed—Three years of uninterrupted tranquility did we enjoy in this sweet spot—Why; alas! was not that happiness permitted to continue?—or why did not Heaven when it thought proper to put a period to it, at the same time put a period to my existence?

“Some few days after the expiration of the third year, which we had spent cheerfully and undisturbed, as my daughter and myself were enjoying one evening the serenity of the scene, observing the departing majesty of the setting sun, and promising ourselves many future days of equal pleasure and enjoyment, a violent scream from the adjoining wood alarmed us—At first we debated whether we should venture to the spot from whence it proceeded—the dictates of humanity prevailed over every other consideration, and we directed our steps towards the place with all the dispatch in our power.

“For some time we search’d in vain, nor could discover the sign of any person near—we stopp’d and after listening a few moments we heard a piteous moan vibrate from the bottom of the hanging wood; thither we went and there found a gentleman extended at his length senseless and apparently dead—his face was covered with blood and his dress, which denoted him a person of some consequence, was much disordered and torn—By examining his pulse I perceived there was still some remains of life, therefore I dispatched my daughter for our man servant in order to render the unfortunate object every possible assistance; I was totally unable to account for his being in such a situation, it was plain that he had not been set upon by robbers as they would have stripped him, nor was it probable that had his murder been premeditated, the parties concerned would have left him until they had completed their intentions—whatever circumstance had brought him to stand in need of relief I was resolved to give it him, and upon the arrival of my man we immediately conveyed him up to our house for that purpose, where, by administering some cordials and letting him blood, he very shortly began to shew signs of returning life, and soon crown’d our endeavours by opening of his eyes.

“Upon examination we found one of his wrists was sprain’d and one knee dislocated, his head was bruised in several parts, and there was a small contusion on the left side from which, although it did not appear to be dangerous, a large quantity of blood had issued—upon coming somewhat to himself he looked round him and surveyed us with manifest astonishment in his countenance—to prevent any ill effects from surprise we as briefly as possible explained to him in what manner we found him, and begged that he would endeavour to compose himself a little while, nor hazard the bad consequences of fatiguing his spirits by unnecessary exertions until he was more ably recovered.—He bowed assent and we left him for more than two hours—at the expiration of that time I thought he might be in want of refreshments and therefore went up with some to him—When I came into the room I found he was astonishingly recovered—he thank’d me in the politest manner for my care and attention, and apologized for the farther trouble which his weakness made him apprehend he should still be under the necessity of giving—that I assured him was my least concern, happy in having had the power to rescue him from such a state of imminent danger, a state in which I confessed my curiosity led me to wish to know how he could be involved.

‘Benevolent stranger, (replied he) the person whom you have laid under such eternal obligations to you is the Comte de S——; my estate lies round this

neighbourhood, and I have a house at no great distance, at which, being exceedingly fond of shooting and there being plenty of game in the vicinity, I frequently reside for the pleasure of enjoying the sport—this morning; eager in my favorite amusement, I wandered farther than usual, and the game led me on to the brow of a hill where I had mark'd my birds to settle—with some difficulty I obtained the summit and was preparing to take aim, when by an unaccountable accident my foot slipped and I rolled to the very bottom, where I know not how long I remained before your kindness discovered and induced you to lend me your assistance, and without which I must certainly have perished—you've sav'd my life, and may hereafter command it.'

"The Comte de S—— made daily advances in his recovery, yet, though he did not keep his bed above a week, he was nevertheless unable for some time to go out of doors—We, therefore for a while, departed from our usual mode of living, in order to render his confinement as agreeable as possible.

"During that time, his attention to my Ella, was too particular to escape observation; whenever she spoke he listened to her with pleasure, and was continually bestowing the greatest praises on her proficiency in music, excellence in voice, and taste of execution.

"My daughter was not displeased with these flattering compliments, and to deserve which, she took more than usual pains.

"It plainly appeared to me, that a mutual attachment was kindling in their breasts: I own I was rather pleased at the discovery, and did not discourage its progress—it had often occurred to me, that from our present mode of life, my child might be exposed to a variety of inconveniences and dangers at my death, I therefore flattered myself that this instant affection, increasing on both sides, would end at length in an alliance between them, and thus save my dearest child from those evils I apprehended might possibly occur.

"Presumptive as these ideas may perhaps appear to the reader, I cannot still think they were either very romantic or ill founded, for my daughter, though inferior in point of fortune, could still boast an alliance with families equal to his own, and her person was loveliness itself—e'en now in imagination the dear girl stands before me—Her auburn hair in luxuriant curls fell artless and unconfined down her back—her face was that kind of one, from which Painters would wish to copy the countenance of sensibility—her shape was perfect symetry—her person neither too slender nor too much en bon point—in short, in the eyes of a fond parent she appeared all perfection, and if those eyes were not wrong in their judgment, was it at all extraordinary that I should think her worthy of an alliance with the Comte de S——.

"Though sufficiently recovered, the Comte betrayed an evident reluctance to leaving us, and gave as a reason, the beauty of our house, and its situation—He admired our mode of living, and wished himself equally happy—These kind of speeches, were, I saw intended for my daughter, whose blushes convinced me that she was not in the least ignorant of their intended meaning.

"At length the Comte, having no farther excuse for remaining, declared his intentions of leaving us the next day—information had been sent in the first instance to his villa, of the place of his residence, and his servants were ordered to attend early with his carriage.

“This intelligence gave us a sensible concern; I felt a regret at losing his society, and Ella was unusually serious the whole day—her wonted spirits had quite forsaken her, nor could she conceal her sorrow for his departure.

“I had imagined that the Comte, if he possessed any serious affection for my daughter, would have disclosed it to me—nevertheless, in the evening I left them by themselves, resolving, however, from an adjoining chamber to know what the intentions of the Comte were.

“I had scarcely got out of the room, before he gave me a convincing proof that my conjectures were not ill-founded, and that he merely wanted an opportunity to make a declaration of his love to my daughter, by addressing her in these words:

‘Let me, most charming Ella, (said he) seize this moment which fortune seems to have thrown in my way, to acquaint you with the power you have over my heart—your beauty is sufficient to form the chains of love, and your virtues to rivet them—my eyes were not insensible to the one, nor my heart proof against the other—to see you is to admire, and to be acquainted is to love—I yield to the soft influence you have assumed, and thus upon my knee, make you a tender of my heart.’

‘Pray, my Lord!—I beseech you—quit that unseemly posture’—“stammered out my daughter.

‘Not, (returned the Comte) until you have indulged me with some hopes that I shall not sigh in vain—I adore you, lovely Ella,—and to be possessed of your heart, I would reject all the crowns of the universe—tell me then how I shall obtain it, and judge of my passion by my readiness to obey your will—I would cheerfully hazard my life to obtain that jewel, and having obtained it, the study of my future days should be to preserve it.’

‘This is a kind of discourse, my lord, that I——’

‘Must listen to—must did I say!—pardon my abruptness, consider that tomorrow I leave you, and perhaps your father may return in a few minutes, this, therefore, is the only moment that I have a chance of knowing my fate—of knowing whether I shall have reason to bless or curse him, for having preserv’d a life, which your determination must make happy or miserable—let me therefore conjure you to decide upon my doom; yet, ’ere you do it, hear me vow in the presence of Heaven, that my love is as pure as sincere, and sincere as profess’d.’

‘Although I have no reason, my lord, to doubt your sincerity, yet prudence tells me that my pretensions to such an honour as you suggest, are much too slight to expect a performance—reflect but a moment upon the inferiority of our births, fortunes, and situations—consider how many ladies of superior persons to me, and equal rank with yourself, would think themselves honoured by your alliance—consider, what is still more, what your family and connections would say were you to yield to the dictates of a sudden impulse, and how soon you would find reason to regret your folly.’

‘Call not that a folly, which the whole world must admire as a proof of my understanding—who can choose better than where he finds virtue, beauty, and good sense combined—such a combination art thou, my lovely Ella!—and art thou not the daughter of the man who saved my life? that part of my family, therefore, who are pleased that that is saved, must applaud my choice of you, even upon the score of gratitude alone—your objections upon my account, only prove your delicacy, but have no weight—yield then to my entreaties, and bless me with your consent.’

“Thus pressed to acknowledge what her heart approved, yet virgin modesty checking the avowal, she faltered in her voice, and appeared ready to sink with confusion—The Comte conceiving those to be flattering symptoms in his favour, persevered in his vows and entreaties, until he at last drew from her a confession of a mutual esteem, and a promise of never-ending love—this declaration of returning love threw the Comte into raptures—he blessed his stars for having kindled a reciprocal flame in her breast, thank’d her with enthusiasm for her kindness, and applauded her generosity to the skies. In this rhapsody he continued for some time, declaring it would be impossible to live without her—yet, tho’ possessed of her consent, he had his doubts, his fears, his apprehensions—something might interfere to rob him of such a blessing—her father might oppose his wishes—he therefore began to entreat her to consent to be his at once, and by going off privately with him in the morning, put it out of the power of fate to prevent their happiness.

“At this proposition my daughter took the alarm, and charged him with wishing to impose upon her credulity; but he replied with protesting he meant nothing more than to prevent a separation.

‘If you, my Lord, sincerely speak your sentiments, and wish me to be your’s, (replied my daughter) where is the need of any concealment? or why should I attempt to fly clandestinely from my father?—a father who lives but for my happiness, and therefore will not refuse any thing that is likely to be essential to it—no, my lord, I will conceal nothing from him—his tender affection has ever been such as to make me determine that he shall never have cause to complain that his daughter has acted towards him with duplicity and deceit.’

“This steady and dutiful declaration of my daughter’s appeared to have its proper effect, and the Comte protested that nothing but his fear of my refusal could possibly have induced him to make such a proposition; he extoll’d her resolution, but confess’d he should still want courage to apply for my consent lest I should not only refuse but forbid his visits, which he assured her should be frequent, as to be in her presence would constitute the happiness of his future days.

“I now thought I had left them sufficient time by themselves—upon my return I observed my Ella’s countenance was o’erspread with a crimson glow, nor was the Comte without some marks of confusion—this I noticed not, and we shortly became as good company as ever.

“In the morning, agreeable to the Comte’s order, his servants came with his carriage, and after expressing the high sense of the obligation he felt for what I had done, he left us, to regret the loss of that agreeable addition his presence had been to our little society.

“A very few days after the Comte’s departure I began to perceive my child grew discontented with her former pursuits—his absence I saw created a vacuum in her heart which not all the charms of our sweet spot, or my endeavours could fill.

“Notwithstanding the Comte made us a faithful promise on his departure that we should shortly see him again, a month had near elapsed and we had heard nothing from him—my poor Ella grew every day more and more uneasy—the roses faded from her cheeks and she began to droop—she would sedulously contrive to be alone, where often did I discover her drown’d in tears.

“Although I perfectly knew the cause of her grief it was requisite that I should learn it from herself before I attempted to administer any advice—after some importunities she related to me all that had passed between them, and confessed that it was his neglectful absence alone that gave her so much uneasiness—to dispel which I took every means I could think of, but the power unfortunately belonged not to me.

“Alarm’d at her encreasing sorrow, and to prevent its taking too deep possession, I proposed quitting our retirement and once more entering into the bustle of the world— but to this she steadily and invariably objected, nor could I, by any persuasion, draw her consent.

‘No, my father, (she would say) a little while bear with me and I will conquer this silly attachment—’tis very plain the Comte no longer thinks me worth his notice—he neglects, he slights me!—This consideration will soon rouse my pride, and enable me to remember him with no other emotions than contempt for having pretended an attachment he must have been a stranger to.’

“It was sometimes her custom, of an evening to walk to the end of the lawn, alone, while I was amusing myself in the garden.—I frequently observed she wished to indulge her reflections uninterrupted after what had passed, and therefore, at those times I offered not to accompany her.

“One evening, having taken one of these rambles, by herself, she staid later than common—being busily employed I noticed it not at first, and when I did, it was without any kind of alarm, as I supposed she might have walked further than usual—Nevertheless I proceeded to take a turn across the lawn, with a view of meeting her on her return—It began to grow late, and I had got to the usual boundaries of her evenings rambles, without being able to see any thing of her.

“The sun had been set some time, and Night was now beginning to draw her sable mantle over the face of the creation—I continued walking on until I had got a considerable distance out of the vale—Still I could not see her I repeatedly called, as loud as possible, but did not receive any answer.

“I now began to be seriously alarmed, and imagined some accident had happened—I knew not which way to proceed as most likely to find her, but as no time was to be lost, I mounted to the top of the hill, from whence I could see around me for a great distance, but not a single person appeared in sight—I called Ella again and again—but still no answer.

“With precipitation I descended the hill, and returned quickly home—On the way, I indulged myself with the fond supposition, that she might have returned by a different way; but too soon I found I was deceived—she was not there—almost distracted with grief, I dispatched my man to the neighboring village, to enquire if any one had seen her—and though it was quite dark, our trusty female would seek for her beloved mistress, nor could I think of resting a moment from the search of her.

“I trod every path around the vale, for many miles, calling on her name as frequent, and loud as possible—my search was successless—yet I returned not home again ’till the dawn of day.

“Wearied, and almost frantic at her loss, I now proceeded to enquire whether my servants had met with better success; the female had not; my man was not returned—at length he came, and brought intelligence, that no one had seen her, nor had any person

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passed through the village but the Comte de S——, and a lady in his carriage, in their way to Paris, from his country seat.

“A sudden horror seized me, and the suggestion, that the Comte had forced her from me, flashed like lightning upon my mind.

“Summoning all my fortitude to my aid, I debated within my self, what I should do—I was not long in making my determination, and resolved to set out instantly for Paris. Giving my servants, therefore, a strict charge to make every enquiry they could, lest my suspicions should be groundless, and that she might still be near home, in a similar situation to that from which we had relieved the Comte, I proceeded with every degree of dispatch to follow him.

“My journey, as it may naturally be supposed, was a melancholy one indeed—The idea of what the sufferings of my child must be, perpetually occurred to my aching heart, and almost drove me distracted.

“After a long and tedious journey, I arrived at Paris; and notwithstanding I was nearly exhausted, yet I could not think of allowing my self a moment’s rest, but instantly began to make enquiries in what part the Comte lived, and whether he was then at Paris.

“I was soon directed to his Hotel, towards which I bent my weary steps, but upon my arrival, was informed he was not there—stating, that I had an affair of consequence to communicate, (for I was afraid to hint at the cause of my application, lest his servants might inform him of my being there) they told me he was gone to his villa, at ——, about eight leagues distant, where I should be sure to find him—This intelligence was sufficient to induce me to set off for that place immediately; but although I used all possible speed, I did not arrive at my journey’s end until it was too late to make any enquiries, as all the family were retired to rest.

“As there was no other house near, and it was quite dark, I was forced to take up my abode on the humble bed of turf—sleep that had long been a stranger to my eyelids, did not condescend to visit them on my lowly pillow, and I spent the night in thinking what methods were best to obtain admittance to the Comte, and to recover my child.

“Cold and comfortless I arose, with the break of day, and walked about, at some distance, ’till I judged the Comte would be risen, not deeming it adviseable, that he should have any knowledge of my approach—I then bent my steps towards the house.

“The servants, on my enquiring for the Comte, said I must send up my name and business, as was customary with those who came there to their master—This I refused to do, but desired they would tell him a person attended, who had business of the utmost consequence to impart—upon this they went up with my message, but as guilt is ever fearful—the Comte returned for answer, that he would not see me, unless I sent up my name—Exasperated at this treatment, and sensible my name would not obtain me admission, I drew a pistol from my pocket (of which I had provided myself with a brace) and threatened his servant with instant death, if he did not conduct me immediately to his master.

“The fellow, frightened at my menaces and resolute air, obeyed—I followed him up stairs, and upon his opening the door, entered the room with the pistol still in my hand.

“The first object that presented itself to my view, was the Comte at breakfast—at sight of me he started from his chair, and turned pale with conscious guilt.

‘Well, villain, (said I) well mayest thou shrink from an injured parent—Where is my daughter?’

‘Your daughter, Sir, (replied he, affecting an air of surprise) I hope no ill has befallen her!’

‘The worst of ills—she is basely stolen from me!’

‘Indeed!—what made you apply to me?—perhaps to assist you in discovering to what place she is conveyed!—that I will with the utmost cheerfulness—but is it possible you can have lost her?’

‘Insulting wretch, (continued I) dost thou, thou who hast basely deprived me of her, ask me if I have lost her?—Yes, ungrateful monster, I have—Thou hast torn her from my arms—Thou, even thou, whom I received into my house in the hour of danger, whom I restored to life, thou hast committed this action horrible to human nature.’

‘Still he persisted in his innocence, and put on an air of concern for my situation.

‘Insolent, as well as base, (exclaimed I) dost thou add pity too—but thou shalt not escape the vengeance of an injured father—there, take this pistol, and give me instant satisfaction.’

‘Surely, (returned he, taking the pistol) this is the height of madness—what proof have you that I have taken your daughter? or what right have you to behave in this manner to me without some proofs?’

‘The people in the adjoining village saw you pass through with a lady in your carriage.’

‘What, is there no other lady in the kingdom but your daughter?—ridiculous!’

‘returned he with a contemptuous smile, and at the same time laying down the pistol.

‘Instantly tell me where I can find her, where I can recover my child—else take up the pistol again, or you are a dead man.’

‘He did so with seeming agitation, and tremblingly desired me to consider what I was about—but I was deaf to any thing he could say, and was just preparing to fire, when the door on a sudden burst open, and with hair dishevelled, and distracted countenance my dear, dear child flew into my arms.

‘Those only who have been in a similar situation can judge of my feelings—they were such as no language can describe, no words can paint. I strained her to my heart, and after the first transports were over, I enquired how she came there—Pointing to the Comte——

‘Ask that monster, (said she) demand of him—he best can tell.’

‘The insolent falsehoods the Comte had told me, added to the injury and made me desperate with rage; and I should at that instant have put an end to his existence, had not I dropped my pistol at my child’s entrance, and which he had artfully secured.

‘All this time he remained silent, observing our transports.—Again I embraced my daughter, and hanging over her with parental fondness, wept with joy at having once more recovered her to my fond embrace—when these emotions were somewhat subsided I prepared to lead her from the hated place.

‘Come, my dearest child, (said I) let us leave this villain to the torments of his own reflections, and quit his cursed dwelling.’

“Taking her by the hand for this purpose, conceive what must have been my astonishment at his getting between me and the door, and saying with a peremptory voice and insolent manner:

“The first object that presented itself to my view, was the Comte at breakfast—at sight of me he started from his chair, and turned pale with conscious guilt.

‘Hold, Sir! that lady shall not quit this house without my consent—nor shall you, for your arrogance, carry her away.’

“Looking at him with the utmost contempt, for such I felt for his menace—‘And who shall dare to hinder me’—said I.

‘Why, he who dared to bring her hither.’

‘I know, thou disgrace to human nature, thou would attempt much, but I claim my child with a parent’s right, and will not depart without her.’

‘Having proceeded thus far, my Heaven, neither her obstinacy, nor your insolence, shall induce me to part with her—therefore, begone thou wretch, nor compel me to use compulsion.’

“I smiled with disdain at his threats, and was proceeding to take my child with me, when he summoned his servants, and ordered them to turn me out of doors—I was rendered desperate by this command, which his tools of greatness, used to offices of cruelty, prepared to obey.

“Though unarmed, my rage and despair gave me strength—I resisted a considerable time—my child, my injured child clung to me—her shrieks pierced my heart—she knelt to the monster—but neither her cries, her tears, or supplications could melt his harden’d breast, nor change his resolution; at length numbers overcame me—they tore her from my arms with much violence, and thrust me out of the house, shutting the door in my face, against my feeble resistance.

“I know not now what extravagances I was guilty of—I threw myself on the ground—beat my head against the stones—uttered the bitterest imprecations against the ungrateful wretch, who, in return for having saved his life, had plunged me and mine in endless misery.

“The suggestions of despair, at length, gave way to those of deliberation—I endeavoured to obtain admittance again by intreaties, bribery, and force—they were equally ineffectual.

“Disappointed in every attempt, I resolved to proceed instantly to Paris, and lay the whole transaction before my sovereign—Hope flattered me that by so doing I should be certain of redress—I put this resolution into instant practice, but not without frequently turning back, and heaving many a bitter sigh at being thus compelled to leave the present fate of my defenceless child in the power of such a monster.

“When I arrived at Paris, I found no difficulty in procuring admission at Court, and laying my case at the feet of his majesty—I was so fortunate as to receive a promise of my grievances being relieved, for such did I construe, the Comte’s being ordered to appear and answer to my charge.

“A day was appointed for examining into the merits of my complaint, and though every hour was an age when I considered the situation of my Ella; yet, in full hopes of redress, and that I should then have her restored, I waited with patience for the important day.

“The morning previous to that on which the cause was appointed to come on, as I was sitting at breakfast, three soldiers entered my apartment, and presenting me a paper, told me it was de par le Roi—I bowed and thought it was something relative to my case, but was soon undeceived by one of them, who appeared somewhat superior to the rest, telling me I must follow them—I obeyed, and they conveyed me to the Bastile, where they delivered me to the Governor.

“This was a stroke of fate that I was not in the least prepared to encounter—to the villainous Comte I felt I was indebted for being sent to this place, whose name alone is sufficient to chill the soul with horror—my wrongs I found had given way to his power, and justice was once more to be smothered within the walls of a dungeon—the thought that he would now have my daughter unmolested in his power was anguish in the extreme—I grew frantic—cursed him—the king—myself—every body—The Governor appeared very much astonished at the violence of my rage, and shook his head—he said nothing, but entering my name in a large register, and taking away every thing I had about me, except my money, conveyed me to a dungeon called the Tour de la Baziniere.

“Once more, courteous reader, I must request permission to pause awhile—The exertions I have used in bringing my story to this period, have rendered me unable to proceed on the instant—thou too may wish some respite from my tale of woe—take it then here while I compose my deranged mind, when I will again resume my story.

The M E M O I R S *Continued.*

“AFTER I had been searched and my name entered, as I before related, during which time I never ceased from the ravings of despair, two men were ordered to conduct me to my apartment, for such did they term this horrid place, and I was obliged to attend them through the gloomy mansion, until stopping at a door they opened it, and pointed for me to enter—I obeyed, for I too fatally felt that all resistance would be fruitless—on my entrance to the dungeon a tinder-box with a flint and candle were delivered to me, together with a bottle of water and a small loaf of bread.—after which the inexorable jailor without the appearance of the least concern, or uttering one single word, slam’d to the iron doors of my prison, whose hollow and tremendous sound struck terror to my very soul, the horrible echo having died away, I could hear him secure the doors with several ponderous locks, bolts and chains.

“To you, whose unhappy lot it is to be in the way of finding these papers, it is needless to relate the agonies of mind I at first indured, for thou wilt too sensibly have experienced the sensations that oppress the bosom of a man shut up in this horrid place, without the least prospect of ever being restored to liberty again.

“That small aperture for light which now barely enables thee, in this woeful dungeon, to tell the day from night, was just sufficient, when I came a little to myself, to shew me, in one corner, a kind of wretched bedstead formed by planks, placed across bars of iron strongly fixed in the wall—upon this a bundle of straw was laid, and this was my only bed.

“Just as I was regretting the departure of cheering Day, who was hastily retiring before the approaches of Night, I heard a noise at the door of my cell—I felt alarm’d—for awful and terrible were the clang of its tremendous fastenings—I knew not but my death might be thought requisite and that the moment was now arrived which was to put an end to all my misery—these thoughts I was, however soon convinced were idle, for upon the door being opened one of those men who had taken me to the cell came in with my supper—I attempted to enter into conversation with my stern jailor, but he put his finger in his mouth, as I supposed in token of being enjoined to silence—on my shewing

“The first object that presented itself to my view, was the Comte at breakfast—at sight of me he started from his chair, and turned pale with conscious guilt.

a disinclination for any food, he took it away with him, and with the same mortifying silence went out and again closed the doors of my prison upon me.

“The sameness of my prison and treatment from those who came near me, during the first part of my confinement leaves me nothing farther to relate upon that head—having remained in this situation about the space of a week, my jailor told me I must go with him for the purpose of being examined by the Governor and some other officers of the Bastille—I followed him into a spacious room where I found several persons sitting in a kind of council—they immediately proceeded to my examination and by threats and entreaties endeavoured to draw from me a confession of the offence for which I had been put into their custody.

“Upon this I attempted to inform them of my whole story, but the moment I began to be a complainant against the Comte they would hear no more but interrupted me with frequent interrogations respecting my own guilt—finding they would pay no attention to the truth, and conscious that I had committed no crime, I disdained making them any farther answer, and was soon after ordered back to my dungeon.

“The governor and his assistants, appeared very much offended and disappointed at what they call’d my obstinate silence, from which I concluded that I had acted wisely, as those extorted confessions I apprehend can only be productive of dangerous consequences to those who were prevailed upon to make them—of this opinion I am now the more convinced therefore let me advise thee, unhappy stranger, if these papers fall into your hands previous to your examination, let it be thy utmost caution to answer no interrogatories, to sign no artfully drawn up papers.

“After I had been before the Governor my keeper became relaxed in his austerity—would sometimes converse—I very much wished for pen, ink, and paper, but which for a long time were not allowed me—at length earnestly requesting them, and putting a Louis d’or into the hands of the Port-clef, as I afterwards understood the jailors were called, he brought them to me.—The next indulgence I obtained was permission to walk in the open air, when one of the Port-clefs always attended me—this permission to view the face of Heaven was not granted me more than once a week, and even then I was not suffered to continue more than an hour at any one time.

“I had been near a month here when I was summoned to the council-hall, a second time, and examined as before—previous to which, the Port-clef told me, that he had heard, if I made confession, I should be released. When I came before the Governor and the rest, they also assured me, that the King would be merciful, if I made an open avowal of my guilt. To this I replied, that I had no doubt of his mercy, but as I was sensible of no offence against him I had nothing to confess.

“This, they declared to be the height of obstinacy, and for which I must expect no favour—it was a reflection of the blackest sort upon the Grande Monarch and his counsellors, to suppose any man was ever sent to the Bastille without being guilty of some heinous offence—it was possible their wisdom could not penetrate the whole plot to the bottom, and therefore, they were always inclined to shew mercy to those who first made the discovery—To this, and a variety of similar kind of arguments I remained silent, having nothing to acknowledge, or any one to accuse but him who had done me so manifest an injury, and by whose artful villainy I had been sent hither—my silence they construed into stubbornness, and with many bitter threats and reproaches, I was conducted back to my dungeon again, after being told, that hereafter I need expect no lenity.

“About six months after I had been in this horrid place, my Port-clef seemed all at once, to relax in his behaviour towards me—He would sometimes talk with me upon indifferent subjects—at others, listen to my tale, and express his pity for my sufferings, and sorrow that there was no prospect in being relieved from my misery—in this manner he continued to behave until I was fairly deceived.—I thought I had won him over to my interest, and full of the pleasing hope, I one day asked him whether it was possible for a person to make his escape from the Bastile—he readily answered my question, by replying in the affirmative—and related to me, by what methods one prisoner had escaped.

“This explicitness on his part gave me some confidence, and I now thought I had an opportunity of making one effort, therefore, slipping ten Louis d’ors, into hand, I asked him if he would help an unfortunate, innocent old man to effectuate his liberty.

“He seemed to hesitate—which I looked upon as a good omen, and proceeded to persuade him to consent, with all my rhetoric—this apparently succeeded—for he promised at last, to render every assistance he could, but observed, I must wait with patience for an opportunity.

“Not many days after, he opened my doors, one morning, with cautious silence, and with an air of secrecy, beckoned me to follow him—I did so, with a heart beating with fear, hope and joy—I had got to the bottom of the tower, in which I was confined, and had crossed the court-yard, without hearing or seeing a single soul, when all at once, two soldiers laid hold of me, from behind, and demanded where we were going—My Port-clef made no reply, but was out of sight in a moment—I remained still and silent, being too much surprised to utter a syllable, and from their not pursuing him, was fully convinced, that the whole was a premeditated scheme, and the Port-clef was a traitor.

“The soldiers seizing, carried me instantly to the Governor, who reprimanded me sharply, for my, as he termed it, villainous attempt; an attempt which, he said, nothing but conscious guilt could have dictated, and he had now no doubt but it would shortly be discovered, and that I and my accomplices would meet that fate we merited, he would therefore advise me once more to make confession, and save myself by giving up them, as they had one already who might not be so tender of me, and then it would be too late.

“Even wounded as I was by my disappointment, I could not forbear smiling within myself at this last piece of intelligence, whose falsity was too gross to need a moment’s reflection, and which, I knew could only be made use of by the Governor, by way of intimidation, and to drive me to impeach myself, or some other of any crime, it did not matter what—finding his efforts were ineffectual, he ordered two of his men to re-convey me back to my dungeon, and secure me more strongly than before.

“Whoe’er thou art, that finds these papers, and consequently will be then in that melancholy situation I now am suffering in, let me counsel thee never to be so far deceived, by salacious artifice, as to think these Port-clefs will ever favor your escape—They are taught by the Governor to pretend sorrow for your sufferings, in order that thou mayest, by being taken in the act of escaping, be prevailed upon to make confessions of guilt.

“To obtain these confessions, every artifice is tried, and many here, as upon the rack, have been tortured into the confession of crimes they never knew, in hopes by that means they should escape from pain, and be relieved from despair; but which, will never fail to produce consequences equally dangerous and fatal, as they will instantly make

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your own words a condemnation of yourself, and an excuse for putting an end to your existence.

“From that time, I never saw the Port-clef who had betrayed me; different ones have attended me at different times, but his baseness has taught me to be upon my guard, and though several seeming attempts have been made, I had neither the means or will to be caught again.

“Since my second examination, I have had no more summonses to attend the Governor and his officers, nor heard any thing farther of them.

“Once a week I am permitted to hear mass, and twice a week I walk out in the open air—There, I often see those, who I suspect are unhappy prisoners like myself, but we are never suffered to come near, or speak to each other, even an inclination of the head, would be construed into an offence, and perhaps exclude you from enjoying that little indulgence for a considerable time.—Once a month I have been constantly visited by a surgeon, in order to know if I am in health—A lingering fever held me some time, from which circumstance, I am enabled to advise thee, unhappy stranger, to pretend illness often, as it procured me many indulgences.

“I have now been in this horrid place, as near as I can calculate, turned of eight years, though from its tediousness it appears eight times eight, during all which time, my treatment has been the same—No information have I ever been able to obtain of what is passing in the world, nor any intelligence of my dear child—many times have I solicited permission to send a letter to her and the Comte, but in vain, as any communication from this place is expressly forbid.

“I once asked permission to write to my sovereign, not supposing they would dare to refuse my application, nor doubting he would give me justice, but that they told me was a permission they were strictly enjoined never to grant.

“Perhaps, stranger, it may be my hapless fate never to be released from this mansion of misery—It may be thy happier fate to be restored to liberty again—oh! if it be—comply with the earnest request of a miserable old man, who entreats thee to endeavour to find out his daughter, to relate to her the fate of her father, to convey to her his blessings, his wishes for her happiness—perhaps, though, our merciful Creator has taken her to himself, as the means of saving her from the excesses of her brutal ravisher, and she now shines in Heaven, hovering over the dreary dungeon that holds her hapless father—perhaps, she too like me, is doom’d to pass a life of anguish and has been inured to all the miseries of want and wretchedness—but no, I will not distress myself with such horrid ideas—it cannot be—she knew not guilt, nor will the Father of all mercies withhold his protection from innocence.—I have been forced to write this at different times, and to be very careful in concealing what I had written, lest my inexorable Port-clef should find it out—whenever I applied to him for paper, he as constantly asked me what I wrote, and I have always shewn him some scraps of paper, on which I had written some trifling sentences for the purpose of deceiving them some of which he would at times take with him, and I really believe my supply would not have been so easily acquired, but from an idea, they should at some time or other gain information from what I amused myself in writing.

“Since I have nothing farther to relate of importance, either with respect to myself, or my place of confinement, I shall conclude these Memoirs of the wretched writer with a sincere wish that, (although misfortunes must have brought you to the same

place) you will be speedily restored to your friends and society; nor know what it is to count over the tedious minutes that pass over in eight years within, I had almost said, the petrifying walls of the BASTILE.”

“The first object that presented itself to my view, was the Comte at breakfast—at sight of me he started from his chair, and turned pale with conscious guilt.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A timely discovery.

WHILE De Montmorency was thus amusing himself with the Memoirs of his predecessor in his dismal abode, and which he was obliged to peruse by the greatest stealth, lest his keeper should discover and take them from him, the preparations for the marriage of Elise went on with alacrity.

No expence was spared to render the preparations as elegant and beautiful as the artists could invent—a costly and superb entertainment being thus prepared the polite part of the neighbourhood for miles round were invited to attend the celebration of the nuptials, nor were the peasantry to be excluded from their share in the approaching joy and festivity.

As the wedding-day approached nearer Elise felt her spirits began to fail and her melancholy encrease.

The image of De Montmorency upbraiding her for her inconstancy would frequently present itself to her tortured imagination, and she would lament having given her consent—but then the remembrance of his letter would drive these tender sentiments from her mind and make her fully determine to adhere to her resolution of marrying the Comte de Valgrave.

While Elise was suffering under the contention of these opposite sentiments, the day previous to the one appointed for her to give her hand to the Comte arrived—she was more than ordinarily dejected—with a view to shake it off she proceeded to take a walk in the pleasure grounds, where she wandered about in a solitary manner until she came in sight of the arbour in which De Montmorency had first avowed his passion for her—at the sight of which she stopped—all his tender protestations of love and vows of constancy rushed at once upon her mind.

“There (said she to herself) there is the spot in which the dear deceiver first attempted to assail my heart, impose upon my credulity, and animate my breast with a real, by the most bewitching vows of a feigned passion—O Montmorency, what offence had I committed that thou should take such pains to rob my soul of peace!—O fatal accident that brought me to thy acquaintance! and O rash folly that made me suppose you lov’d Elise!—why did I listen to his artful tale! or rather why do I now indulge the recollection?—Hence from my mind you vain reflections! and thou fatal spot, where I first gave ear to the false deluder and now remindest me of him, both now and henceforth with the utmost dread and caution will I avoid thee.”

So saying she turned from her intended way, and went up a walk that led behind the arbour, in which she had not proceeded far when the sound of different voices arrested her attention—she stopped—the name of De Montmorency vibrated on her ear—this was sufficient to induce Elise to listen, and she soon found it was her father and brother in conversation together—she drew towards the spot, and heard the latter of them distinctly say;

“But do you, Sir, mean to keep him in the Bastile after Elise is married to the Comte?”

“Certainly (replied St. Clair) as it will effectually prevent your sister and him from ever meeting again—especially as I do not consider De Montmorency’s presence likely to encrease her happiness.”

Elise had heard enough to make her completely wretched, yet she was determined to make every possible exertion to hear the remainder of their discourse; in doing of which she heard her father congratulate himself on his invention and happy success in having so well counterfeited De Montmorency’s hand, as to that, and that alone, could they attribute the sudden change in Elise’s sentiments, and her consenting to marry the Comte de Valgrave—Monsieur de St. Clair was not unacquainted with his particular knack of imitating hands, and it is generally supposed that in his profession of *Farmier General* he had not suffered so useful a qualification to remain dormant.

Thus, as it were, by accident was Elise informed of the deception that had been played her—a deception that had very nearly duped her into an union with a man she detested—Having learnt thus much she had no desire to hearken for more, and to prevent being discovered and suspected of having overheard their conversation, she hastened into the house and instantly retired to her own apartment, for the purpose of contemplating on the discovery she had made.

Here, being alone, she could give full scope to her reflections—all she had heard rush’d at once upon her mind and in the fullness of her heart, exclaim’d with rapture—“My De Montmorency then is still faithful!”—this swell of joy was only momentary, a sudden dampness seized her, and bursting into tears; “But, ah! said she, he is in the Bastile! for loving me he is shut up in a horrid prison! and shall Elise then break her vows to thee?—O never! never! perish the injurious thought!”

How to avoid the marriage with the Comte de Valgrave now engrossed her whole soul—it was appointed for the morrow—there was no time to be lost—necessity made her bold, and there appearing but one expedient she resolved to put it in execution.

“The first object that presented itself to my view, was the Comte at breakfast—at sight of me he started from his chair, and turned pale with conscious guilt.

CHAPTER XXXII.

*A marriage stopp'd for the want of the
Bride.*

THE morning came which was fondly imagined by the St. Clairs' would complete their wishes, and prove a day of rejoicing at the castle—every thing was prepared, and they arose with the lark.

The Comte de Valgrave also was already up and dressed, waiting with fond expectation for his charming bride—Elise alone was wanting—she not coming, her woman was ordered to hasten her down stairs to the company, who were already assembled in the saloon.

She went for that purpose, but speedily returned with the intelligence that Elise was not there—this appeared strange, but they thought it possible she might have taken a walk in the garden—they sent thither accordingly to seek her—The servant came back with the information that she was not there.

“Not there?” exclaimed Monsieur de St. Clair, petrified with astonishment.

The Comte de Valgrave appeared much affected at the intelligence, and the whole company were alarmed at her unaccountable absence—they each resolved to partake in the enquiry, and immediately set out different ways in the Park to seek for her—their search was in vain—she was not to be found.

Monsieur de St. Clair was convinced she had eloped to avoid the marriage; he was choaked with rage, nor could any one persuade him to listen to reason—he ordered his horse to be saddled, determined to pursue and bring her back—his son was ready to accompany him, and they set off together—After riding a considerable time, and making a thousand fruitless enquiries, they were under the necessity of returning without her—The wedding was of course deferred—the rejoicings were turned into sadness, and the various preparations were found useless and unnecessary.

This disappointment of his fondest wishes made Monsieur de St. Clair almost distracted—he cursed—he swore—and regardless of the number of persons present, imprecated a thousand curses on the head of his daughter.

The company were disappointed of their promised entertainments; yet, they seemed by their looks not sorry for the disappointment, and returned to their respective homes, applauding the spirit of Elise in refusing to sacrifice herself to the Comte de Valgrave, who was universally disliked for his haughty temper, and severe disposition.

The whole family of the St. Clairs' were overwhelmed with confusion—different sensations agitated their breasts for the loss of Elise—Madame trembled lest some misfortune had happened to her child—young St. Clair's pride was wounded at being defeated in an alliance with nobility; and her father was raving for vengeance at being discomfited in his favorite plan—They, however, determined to neglect no means to find out what was become of her; the servants were ordered to disperse themselves different ways, while father and son retired to consult upon what would be the best plan to adopt themselves.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A trial of constancy.

THE Memoirs which De Montmorency had found and perused, increased his fortitude—he had not suffered a moiety of the misfortunes as the writer of them, and perhaps it might never be his unhappy lot to bear such accumulated woes. To peruse these papers was his constant amusement—to read them and sigh for his father and his Elise was all he had to do or think of—as he was pondering over them one evening, the doors of his dungeon were silently opened, and a letter was thrown into him—the person who threw it in, shut the doors again so suddenly, as to prevent his seeing who it was—surprised at this action, he broke open the letter, and read the following few words:

“Stranger,

“To that person who should procure thee thy liberty, could'st thou be grateful?—Write thy answer; I have enclosed thee pencil and paper, and will come for it to-morrow morning—It will be your own fault if you sleep the next night within these walls.”

De Montmorency was astonished at its contents—he would not believe that he read it right—when he was convinced of this, he suspected some treacherous design—such a one as the old man, in his memoirs, bid him guard against—again he thought this was very unlike to his adventure—it might possibly be intended to grant him his liberty, and should he now decline it through over-caution, it might never happen again; therefore, in the end, he resolved to believe that the writer of the note was his friend, and treat it accordingly—Having come to this resolution, he immediately wrote the following answer:

“Benevolent Stranger,

“Would thou procure me the enjoyment of that invaluable blessing, my life should be devoted to thy service—I cannot be ungrateful.”

The next morning early the prison doors were opened with the same caution and a hand put in, which conceiving was for the purpose of receiving the answer, De Montmorency gave it—upon which the doors were immediately shut, without his being able to see the person that took it.

Anxious and impatient our hero counted over the lingering moments, which seemed to move with more than common slowness—Night, which he had never before coveted, now seemed unwilling to shroud the face of day—it came at length.

At the dead hour of midnight, when silence with all the gloomy horrors reigned, he heard soft footsteps on the stairs—they advanced to his dungeon—a tide of joy rushed into his bosom—the doors of his dungeon opened, and some person entered—he was all terror and agitation, for the darkness of the night prevented his discovering who was his guest, until a dark lanthorn was produced, and then, to his inexpressible astonishment, he beheld the lady whom he had addressed on his first coming to the Bastile, and whom he then thought to be the daughter of the Governor.

A modest blush of confusion prevented her at first from breaking silence which De Montmorency observing he fell upon his knees and invoked a thousand blessings upon her for this extension of her goodness and humanity. Roused, in some measure, by this address from her apparent confusion.

“The first object that presented itself to my view, was the Comte at breakfast—at sight of me he started from his chair, and turned pale with conscious guilt.

“Stranger, (said she) thy sufferings have moved me—I am resolved to end them—but the escape will be attended with some hazard—it is however in my power to conduct you a way which promises every probability of success.”

“O, most generous maid, (replied De Montmorency eagerly) instantly conduct me to it, and Heaven will reward you for such exemplary goodness.”

“A moment stop—thou must be convinced that thy escape would involve me, should I remain behind, in the most imminent danger, it will therefore be absolutely necessary that I should accompany you.”

“O do not hesitate, but let us fly this moment!”

“I am not surprised, at your impatience, yet it is requisite to act with some caution on my part, for the moment you are extricated from these walls it is possible that you might abandon, and leave me to take care of myself—I must therefore have one solemn promise, before I can consent to release you—I blush to demand it, but the time is precious and I will be brief—from the first moment my eyes beheld you my heart felt new and tender sensations—succeeding days brought you and your misfortune of being confined here more strongly to my mind, and from which I was resolved to deliver you if it was within human possibility—it is now in my power, and I will this moment put it in practice, provided you first swear by every thing that is sacred that, in return for my quitting family and friends for the purpose of procuring your liberty, you will be united to me for life as soon as we have got to a place of safety—swear this and instant freedom awaits thee.”

De Montmorency’s heart was filled with unutterable grief at these words—After some little pause.

“Alas, madam! (said he) you know not how impossible it is for me to comply with your conditions—demand any thing beside and I will most readily obey—my future life shall be dedicated to your service and protection, nor shall I think I can ever sufficiently evince my gratitude—but—but—

“Thou refusest me, then, (replied the lady) nor will accept of liberty if clogg’d with my officious love?”

“Pardon me—I will own it ingenuously—I cannot—my heart is devoted to another.”

“Farewell then!—enjoy thy boasted constancy in prison, where for me thou shalt remain for ever.”

Without waiting for his answer, or saying another word, she burst out of the dungeon, locked the iron doors, and departed, leaving our hero almost petrified with surprise, sorrow and astonishment.

De Montmorency’s expectations had been sanguine—he thought the prospect of liberty had been opened to his view and in one moment it had been shaded over with the cloud of disappointment and by which all his former wretchedness came upon him—the flattering hope that if she did really feel any affection for him she might relent and not leave him to perish in that dismal place gave a momentary cessation to his grief—he knew not, alas! how far the resentment of a slighted woman would carry her—in short she came no more—a deep despondence now took possession of his spirits—not a glimpse of hope or comfort could he draw to his mind—he gave himself up entirely to the suggestions of despair, and incessantly prayed that his existence might find a speedy termination.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

*Prison walls yield to the spirit of Liberty—A
restoration to freedom—and a meeting as happy
as unexpected.*

IT was about this time that the people of France conceived their monarch had encroached upon that power with which their ancestors had thought proper to invest their sovereign—this they were determined to submit to no longer—nay they considered the original power too much and were resolved to partake of that glowing liberty which is the natural right of all mankind.

This, though it may be construed into rebellion by those who bask in the sunshine of royal favour, and consequently draw their riches and importance from supporting kingly power, was nothing more, in the eye of Reason, than what they had an undoubted right to effect—for this determination was not the clamour of the unenlightened rabble, but the firm resolution of some of the first men in the kingdom, supported by all ranks and descriptions, and countenanced by a prince of the blood royal, whose conduct, on that memorable occasion, must be remembered with admiration wherever Freedom erects her standard, or Liberty dispenses her blessings.

That some should be found ready to obstruct this glorious struggle will not be a matter of surprise as long as Interest is known to bear sovereign sway in many breasts—nor that some excesses should be committed by the lower order of a people emerging into freedom from a state bordering upon slavery at all astonishing, the wonder will be to after ages, how so great a Revolution was obtained at so cheap a rate.

To enter into the particulars of their various struggles is a pleasing task for the future historian's pen, to him we leave it, and if he has a spark of liberty glowing in his soul he cannot fail of doing justice to their cause.

The Montmorencys had long been celebrated for their patriotism, and well known as the friends of their country—at this period, and on this trying occasion the name was not forgot—enquiries were made after Hubert's retreat, and being known messengers were instantly dispatch'd to request he would join their cause and aid it with his presence and assistance.

Hubert had long given up all worldly considerations, and the recent loss of his son made him much more indifferent than ever—nevertheless this flattering application of his fellow-subjects to join in their emancipation from monarchical tyranny roused his dormant spirits—he resolved to comply with their wishes and it afforded him exquisite satisfaction to be thought able, at the close of his life, to be of service to his country and to be judged worthy its confidence—his life could not be ended to more advantage.

Quitting therefore his retreat once again he hastened towards Paris, and was received with open arms—his name was a tower of strength and he was honoured with a considerable command in the national militia.

It was his advice and assistance that put the finishing stroke to despotic power. The Bastille he had always look'd upon with aversion—he beheld it as inimical to justice, and a disgrace to his country. Such being his sentiments he felt no hesitation in assenting to its destruction—four hundred men were immediately sent to take possession of it—

“The first object that presented itself to my view, was the Comte at breakfast—at sight of me he started from his chair, and turned pale with conscious guilt.

they arrived before its gates and summoned the Governor to surrender—a flag of truce was displayed from the walls, and the draw-bridge let down for their admission—this ready acquiescence was a pleasing circumstance to the Patriots who were highly delighted with the idea of taking so important a fortress without any bloodshed—Upon the gates being opened forty of their party were ordered to enter, which they had no sooner done than the gates again were closed, the bridge drawn up, and their dismal groans gave notice to their friends of their cruel massacre.

Information of this infamous conduct of the Governor was instantly dispatch'd to De Montmorency, who enraged at so base an action, and determined to revenge those who had been so cruelly betrayed, immediately put himself at their head resolved to take it by storm—he was speedily joined by several thousands who being all actuated by the spirit of liberty, bid defiance to every resistance and soon compell'd the Governor to submit—the bridge was again let down, the gates thrown open, and in rush'd the populace like an impetuous torrent—Their first pursuit was to find out the Governor and those whom they had beheld active during the massacre of their fellow citizens, these they put to instant death—During this action Hubert De Montmorency was busily employed in releasing the unfortunate prisoners from their miserable dungeons—that which confined our hero was among the foremost they opened—he soon learnt the occasion of the bustle, and felt a more than ordinary inspiration to join the glorious cause—as he was proceeding to shew his eagerness to assist in releasing the remainder of the prisoners he heard the voice of his father—Hubert caught the sight of his son—their joy at this unexpected meeting was beyond description, they rushed into each other's arms, and for a moment were lost to every other consideration—but the clang of heavy chains, echoes of hammers bursting ponderous bars, and acclamations of the people upon rescuing some wretched sufferer, roused them from their transports, and made them quit their own to join the common cause—it was not now a time to enquire or relate how or why our hero had been sent to the Bastille—they proceeded by each other's side to explore the various cells which cunning ingenuity had invented to torture our fellow-creatures—the variety of wretched objects they met with were not more terrible to behold than they would be shocking to describe—In some parts of the floor they discovered trap-doors, fastened down with strong bolts, which when forced open they found to contain iron cages in which many a poor creature had been starved to death, the skeletons of whom were still remaining in several of them—Small gratings resembling the mouths of caverns closely riveted up were also found in this horrid mansion, from one of which

they released a Major W.—when brought out of the cell he stared with wonder and amazement—the sight of the sun, of which he had been deprived for near forty years, astonished him—his hair was a silver white and his beard hung down to his middle—when questioned as to the time of his being there, and for what offence, he looked amazed at the sound of their voices, and answered in a language which no person present could understand.—From another of these places they drew a poor fellow who had been confined a length of time for merely saying the figure of the Virgin Mary was too tawdrily dressed.—Another whom they released had been confined upwards of ten years—his name was La Garoux, and had been sent to the Bastille through the intrigues of the Marquis de C——, whose daughter he had privately married.

In the course of their exploring this cavern of misery De Montmorency and his father came to the door of a dungeon which with the assistance of those about them they

forced open—at the farther end of which they beheld a youth sitting in a melancholy posture—he seemed not to comprehend what they were about, or consider them as his deliverers—upon being required he however came out, and judge what was our hero's wonder, joy, and astonishment when under this disguise he saw and knew his beloved, his adored Elise—regardless of the numbers present they flew into each other's arms:

“It is, it is my Elise! (exclaimed he as he pressed the enraptured maid to his breast) now kind Heaven amply rewards me for all that is past! this happy moment cancels an age of pain. But how, my dearest Elise, how came you thus disguised?—how was it possible that I should find you thus in confinement?—O! I have a thousand things to ask and tell you of since I saw you last—but since we thus have happily met we now will never part again.”

Notwithstanding Hubert partook of his son's felicity, he thought it prudent and necessary to put an end to their tender congratulations for the present—for which purpose he reminded him of the glorious cause in which they were embark'd, and charg'd him never to forget, when engaged in the service of his country, that his own private concerns merited but a secondary consideration.

De Montmorency felt the force of his father's remark and instantly resumed his share in completing that task they had so successfully began—Elise persisted in following the steps of her lover and keeping close by his side during the whole business, while her presence made him proceed with more than ordinary animation until every dungeon was searched and every captive released—the gates and every fastening being destroyed Hubert prepared to retire with his followers, leaving the utter demolition of the walls to the enthusiastic spirit of the populace; who unanimously joined to undertake the laborious task.—That glorious work being atchieved which after ages must admire and applaud, our hero again took his beloved Elise to his arms, and then presented her to Hubert, who now received her with great tenderness and affection—they both felt a strong curiosity to know how it was possible she should have become a prisoner in the Bastile, yet as the place was by no means appropriate for entering into a long detail they forebore any farther enquiry until they arrived at the Hotel where apartments had been prepared for the residence of Hubert.

Here, after taking some refreshment, of which they stood much in need, De Montmorency informed them of all that had happened to him from his leaving home to his being conveyed to the Bastile, the reason for which he had never been able to develop—this drew Elise to her part of the story, and though she felt some compunction in exposing the cruelty, not to say villainy, of her father, she could not conceal any thing from her lover who had been so basely treated on her account—she therefore related how she had been imposed upon, by what means she discovered the imposition and learnt that he was in the Bastile—not only ashamed at having consented to marry the Comte de Valgrave she was resolved to avoid it—this she found could only be done by quitting her father's house, and to accomplish that she found much difficulty, at length, trusting her attendant whom she had ever found faithful, she procured that man's attire—rising very early in the morning and putting it on, by the assistance of her maid she got to the next village and from thence proceeded post to Paris—if any pursuit had taken place after her the disguise effectually prevented her being discovered. To see De Montmorency, from what she had heard of the Bastile, she feared would be impossible—she resolved however to partake of his fate—this was not difficult—a few treasonable words spoken in

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a public place procured her a lodging in the Bastile—when in confinement she had fondly hoped her prison might be near De Montmorency's—in this hope she had frequently repeated his name, thinking if he heard he would know her voice and comfort her by the sound of his—but no pleasing response confirm'd those hopes, nor gave her reason to believe her complaints were heard—she felt she was disappointed—Hapless as she certainly must be in such a situation, she assured them that it was an infinite degree of consolation to her that she had escaped marrying the Comte de Valgrave, and that she shared in that captivity which had been inflicted upon De Montmorency for no other crime than an unfortunate attachment and constancy to her.

This relation of Elise had a visible effect upon our hero, his eyes sparkled with rapture at this generous avowal of her love, and singular instance of affection—he pressed her to his enraptured bosom and imprinted an ardent kiss upon her ruby lips—nor was the treacherous conduct of her father capable of making the least abatement in his sincere regard for the lovely maid.

It was sufficient for Hubert that his son appeared in the road to happiness, yet he could not withhold his approbation of her heroism—to prevent, as far as possible, their separation in future, he acceded to the entreaties of his son, and consented to their marriage, but not without insisting that every proper respect should first be paid to Monsieur de St. Clair—upon which it was determined that Elise should write to her father to request his consent to their nuptials, the which if he refused they were immediately to be united without it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A compliance with a request of the dead—and a visit to a Convent.

IN the mean time, our hero recollected the earnest request of the old Prisoner, and resolved to make all the enquiries possible—He proceeded first to the Comte de S——: On enquiring for him he was informed that he had been long since dead, having been killed in a duel with the brother of a sister whom he had debauched. His widow, however, was living, and De Montmorency supposing that some information might be gained from her on the subject, begged to be introduced to her—He opened his business in as delicate a manner as possible—The Comtesse pleased with his address, gave him all the information in her power, which amounted to this—That among her husband's papers she had found a short memorandum, which led her to suppose, that the lady he wished to find out had made her escape from his house, and retired to a Convent. Our hero thanked her for the information and instantly retired—It was now his care to enquire at every Convent in Paris—He did so, and at last his endeavours were crowned with success—There was a lady of the description, he pointed out, in the Convent of St. Catharine's.

He begged to be introduced to her on business of the utmost importance—she came—a pale melancholy was fixed in her countenance, which still was lovely in the extreme—De Montmorency being satisfied, from her answers to his interrogatories, that this was the old man's daughter, proceeded to execute his office in as gentle a manner as possible—By degrees he prepared her for her father's death, and then presenting her the packet, he had found in the Bastile, took his leave.

The next day he called again—She was ill, and confined to her bed, but begged to see him—She thanked him for his kindness, and related to him the events that had happened to her since her father's confinement. That almost distracted at the treatment her parent had received, she had fallen ill—On her recovery, she endeavoured by every means to escape—This she found very difficult, at first, but at length she effected it—after experiencing a variety difficulties she got back to their villa in Narbonne, from which the Comte de S—— had forced her away—There she remained in the most torturing suspense a whole year, and no intelligence being received of her father, she settled all her worldly concerns—left the servants in the house, and gave them directions, should any news ever arrive from her father, where to find her—She then retired to the Convent, and resolving to spend the remainder of her days there, took the veil—Exhausted with the exertions used in speaking, our hero took his leave—A few days after he enquired respecting her health and was informed that her father's account of his distresses had made such an impression upon her that she expired the day after he had given her the papers.

“Peace to thee, hapless maid, (said he, as he returned home,) a happier lot awaits thee, no doubt, in a better world than this!—where thou wilt find rest and peace from all thy sorrows.”

“The first object that presented itself to my view, was the Comte at breakfast—at sight of me he started from his chair, and turned pale with conscious guilt.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Conclusion.

FOR some time the lovers waited with the most anxious expectation for Monsieur de St. Clair's answer—Elise's affections were riveted upon De Montmorency, she resolved to be his at all events, yet her heart panted to be reconciled to her parents—At length the wish'd-for letter came, but its contents were very far from adding to Elise's felicity, for it contain'd her father's keenest reproaches, and denounced his heaviest curses on her head if she did not return instantly home.

Although Elise was conscious that her wishes had far out-ran her hopes yet she could not help feeling some disappointment at this cruel epistle of her father's and letting fall some tears at the harshness of his epithets.

De Montmorency, however, was no otherwise displeased with the letter than its giving him some little apprehension lest it should shake the resolution of his Elise, for he wanted an opportunity to prove that his attachment to her was disinterested and that——

He loved her for herself alone.

The opportunity was now fortunately given him.

“Well, my Elise, (said he) since your father peremptorily refuses his consent to our happiness, let us shew him that we can be so without it—that our felicity is in ourselves, and our minds above the allurements of riches—let us be a living example that that there is as much, if not more, true happiness in an humble cot as in a sumptuous palace.”

This tenderness on the part of her lover was a soothing cordial to Elise's troubled breast—she felt herself delighted—nevertheless the tears continued to flow from her lovely eyes, but they were no longer the tears of grief but those of joy—De Montmorency quickly kissed them away, and by his tender assiduities soon effaced all traces of her father's alarming threats and unkindness from her mind.

Hubert too well knew the inconveniencies arising from the want of fortune not to regret Monsieur de St. Clair had refused his consent—he had also fondly hoped that his son would have restored the former splendor of the De Montmorencys, which hopes would, in a great measure, be destroyed by his marrying Elise under the present circumstances—it is true his family pride was much gratified by the recent summons of his countrymen to aid the cause of freedom, and he doted too much upon his son to give him willingly one moment's uneasiness; agreeable therefore to the promise he had made previous to their application to Monsieur de St. Clair he consented to their nuptials, and they were married the next morning.

Hubert was himself warmly attached to Elise and he considered it as a happiness that he could boast of two such children.

De Montmorency's joy was in the extreme, united to Elise he would have considered it a degree of heresy to suppose he had a wish ungratified—nor need we dwell upon the observation that she who had forsaken her parents and home for the sake of her lover was perfectly happy when she had made him her husband.

During this time neither Hubert nor his son were inattentive to the duties of the glorious cause in which they were engaged—they resolved not to quit it while their

country required their assistance—The standard of Freedom being once firmly erected they determined to pay a visit to Mons. de Valancy, and then return to Hubert's delightful cot—in its pleasant shades intending to spend the remainder of their lives, and to partake of that unutterable bliss which alone proceeds from mutual affection and esteem—a bliss, which neither the possession of wealth, titles, or power can of themselves bestow.

T H E E N D.

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