The Banished Man

Charlotte Turner Smith

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VOLUME I.

" Et de vrai la nouvelleté couste si cher jusqu'a cette heure a ce pauvre Estat (et je ne scay si nous en sommes a la derniere enchere) qu'en tout et partout j'en quitte le party."

MONTAIGNE.

PREFACE.

THE Work I now offer to the Public, has been written under great disadvantages and, might I quote in my apology for the defects of so trifling a composition as a Novel, the expression used in regard to his great and laborious work by Dr. Johnson, I might justly plead in excuse for those defects, that it has been composed *"amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow"* at a time when long anxiety has ruined my health, and long oppression broken my spirits at the end of more than ten years (a very great portion of human life), during which I have been compelled to provide for the necessities of a numerous family, almost entirely by my own labour and when I am yet to look forward to no other prospect for the future but a repetition of exertions on my part; of injustice and evasion on the part of those who have detained the property of my children from them, or even to greater inconvenience and distress for them, when, quite worn out by my sufferings, *I* shall no more be able to assist them.

By my friends I have often been congratulated, on the power I have possessed of warding off, in a great measure, the shafts of adversity from my children; but whatever gratification that reflection may afford, it is embittered when I consider that *I* have toiled only that others might rob and that the more struggles I have made for their support, the greater has been the facility with which their trustees have given up their property to be plundered by others.

Had I known ten years since, that instead of rescuing them from the mismanagement, it was the purpose of these Trustees to expose them to more direct malversation had I known that instead of disposing of the property as the will of their Grandfather directs, it was these gentlemens' determination to let their agent put the produce into his own pocket from year to year, without question, and without account could I have foreseen that the creditors of their Grandfather's estate to a very great amount, would have *defied*, instead of paying them, I should have done

wrong to have attempted raising such a family as a *gentleman's* family I should have been wiser to have descended at once into the inferior walks of life, and have humbled them and myself to our fortunes: but, when I have been told, from year to year, that their property would be restored; when I have been conjured to have patience yet a little longer, on this, or on that pretence, of unavoidable delay it has seemed a part of my duty to continue my efforts for them; till at length every evasion being exhausted, and their affairs being more embroiled than when their trustees engaged in them, I am sent to Chancery by the very men, who ten years since, undertook the trust for the express purpose of saving them from that expence; and who have been telling me repeatedly, that such an appeal would be ruinous to my hopes of a speedy settlement. I am now to wait the tardy justice of a Court, which to avoid, I have suffered ten years of poverty and deprivation.

The insults I have endured, the inconveniencies I have been exposed to, are not to be described but let it not be a matter of surprise or blame, if the impression made by them on my mind affects my writings. In the strictures on a late publication of mine, some Review (I do not now recollect which) objected to the too frequent allusion I made in it to my own circumstances I might quote in favour of this practice, the example of two of the greatest of our poets; but I will make no other defence than that which is lent me by a sister art: The History Painter, gives to his figures the cast of countenance he is accustomed to see around him the Landscape Painter derives *his* predominant ideas from the country in which he has been accustomed to study a novelist, from the same causes, makes his drawing to resemble the characters he has had occasion to meet with, Thus, some have drawn alehouse−keepers and their wives others, artists and professors and of late we have seen whole books full of dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies *I* have "fallen among thieves," and I have made only sketches of them, because it is very probable that I may yet be under the necessity of giving the portraits at full length, and of writing under those portraits the names of the *weazles , wolves*, and *vultures* they are meant to describe nay, even to detail at length the unexampled conduct of these persons who have completed me, being "Perplexed in the extreme,"

to have recourse to my pen for a subsistence, and at length "My downright violence and storm of fortune "To trumpet to the world "

"When a man owns himself to have been in an error," says Pope, "he does but tell you that he is wiser than he was." Thus, if I had been convinced I was in an error in regard to what I formerly wrote on the politics of France, I should without hesitation avow it. I still think, however, that no native of England could help then rejoicing at the probability there was that the French nation would obtain, with very little bloodshed, that degree of freedom which we have been taught to value so highly. But I think also, that Englishmen must execrate the abuse of the name of liberty which has followed; they must feel it to be injurious to the real existence of that first of blessings, and must contemplate with mingled horror and pity, a people driven by terror to commit enormities which in the course of a few months have been more destructive than the despotism of ages a people who, in place of a mild and well−meaning monarch, have given themselves up to the tyranny of monsters, compared with whom, Nero and Caligula are hardly objects of abhorrence.

For the rest, I have in the present work, aimed less at the wonderful and extraordinary, than at connecting by a chain of possible circumstances, events, some of which have happened, and all of which might have happened to an individual, under the exigencies of banishment and proscription; but I beg leave to add, that my hero resembles in nothing but in merit, the emigrant gentleman who now makes part of my family; and that though some of the adventures are real, the characters are for the most part merely imaginary.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.July 30, 1794.

CHAP. I.

To me, nae afer, day or nicht

Can e'ir be sweet or fair
But sune, beneath sum draping tree
Cauld death fall end my care.

HARDIKNUTE.

IT was a gloomy evening of October, 1792, the storm which had never ceased the whole day continued to howl round the castle of Rosenheim; and the night approached with ten fold dreariness. The Baroness de Rosenheim and Madame D'Alberg her daughter, and their attendants and servants, tho' wearied by anxiety dared not think yet of repose. All day they had been listening to the sound of cannon, which a strong wind brought from the French frontier, whence they were seventeen miles distant. In the course of the last twenty−four hours they had received undoubted information that the French army, were following the Austrian and Prussian troops in their retreat, and would soon be in the dominions of the Emperor. The Baron de Rosenheim, a general in the Imperial service, was at Vienna; and being detained there by his personal attendance on the Emperor, Madame de Rosenheim knew she had little reason to expect his return, whatever might be the danger to his private property. Unwilling however to spread alarm by her example, or to abandon the castle to the care of servants, yet equally unwilling to await the arrival of the army of the enemy, she had sent off a courier to her husband several days before, requesting his directions how to act. She now hourly expected the return of the messenger, which could hardly be delayed longer than the present evening, unless he had fallen into the hands of the French, which was far from being improbable. Time wore away, but no courier returned, and fear and dismay gained every moment on the inhabitants of the castle of Rosenheim, where, besides the usual number of domestics, as many peasants were admitted, as could be spared from their families in the village beneath. A regular guard was mounted within the walls; while as night approached, each questioned his comrade as to the probable events of the next day. Some affected a contempt of the danger which they were far from feeling; and others apologized for the fears they could not conceal, by relating the cruelties that according to their apprehension, would be exercised by the French on their prisoners. The castle, situated on an eminence, and once strongly fortified, could make a but a feeble resistance now against the troops that had compelled the armies of the emperor and the king of Prussia to retreat; and it was whispered by some of those who apparently had undertaken its defence, that if the French appeared before it, it could not be too soon surrendered.

Madame de Rosenheim, a woman of strong sense, who had seen a great deal of the world, possessed unusual presence of mind; and was not moved by the variety of fears with which people around her perplexed her. She knew she had taken every precaution possible against the evil that threatened her; and having done so, she awaited the event with all the fortitude of an elevated mind. Her daughters, from different motives, listened with apparent composure to the terrors of her women, and the fears of the vassals and domestics. Her soul, absorbed by the idea of the danger of her husband, a Lieutenant Colonel in the retreating army; she was too wretched to be much affected by any alarm for her personal safety. The hope that he might be safe, and soon return, or that, as he passed thro; the country, she might at least hear he was living and well, had hitherto sustained her; but the last information gave her reason to fear that he was among those who had fallen victims to disease on the desolated plains of the Champaign. No letter arrived from him, tho' she had fired a peasant who undertook to convey a letter to him wherever he was. The man, who had engaged to return many days before, had not yet been heard of; and the clamours of his wife and his mother, who were several times at the castle lamenting themselves in the course of the day, had quite overwhelmed the spirits of Madame D'Alberg. It was in vain that her mother, Madame de Rosenheim, endeavoured to direct her thoughts a moment from the father to fix them on the children. The more dear they were to her, the more she feared the loss of their protector. They were yet too young to be sensible of their situation; yet the innocent questions of the two little girls, who were twins, and almost three years old, had served to harrass harass and affect the spirits of their mother, thro' the day. Her son, yet an infant at the breast, was a still dearer object; but even to the preservation of them all, she was unable to attend, and leaving it to the

Baroness, she passed the time of this dreary and portentous evening, in walking from room to room. Now sitting down a moment near her sleeping children; now, at every interval when the storm admitted it, listening for the arrival of the storm admitted it, listening for the arrival of the courier her mother had dispatched to Vienna; but with infinitely more solicitude for the return of the peasant.

The Baroness de Rosenheim renewed her exertions to chear the spirits of her dejected daughter, as in the great gothic hall, where they usually eat, they took their melancholy supper. The almoner of the castle was their only companion, who, while Madame de Rosenheim endeavoured to find every earthly source of hope, bade her with more piety than tenderness, divest herself of earthly anxieties, and fix her mind on spiritual happiness; which was, he assured her, the only way fortify herself against the fears that now assailed her. Teized by the unfeeling manner in which he gave this advice, and by its importunante repetition, Madame D'Alberg answered at length that she was very glad he had discovered the efficacy of this entire resignation, and trusted it would prevent his feeling in future any alarms, whatever might arrive. Very certain it was, that on the confirmation of the French troops, no person in the castle had endeavoured to conceal their apprehensions with so little success as the Abbé Heurthofen. As the Baroness went herself around the courts, and saw every body at their posts every night, Madame D'Alberg took leave of her as soon as supper was over, under pretence of retiring to bed. Her mother earnestly recommended it to her to do so; for her pale and languid countenance alarmed her. Madame D'Alberg, to quiet her mother's tender apprehensions, promised to endeavour to compose herself; and going to her own apartments, which consisted of a large anti−room from that where her children were, the bade her woman, who slept in the latter, go to bed, saying she herself should not to night sit up to read, as was very frequently her custom. As soon became still about the castle; but Madame D'Alberg yielding to the anxiety that tormented her, and which she found it impossible to appease, could not determine to go to bed. There were three large and high windows in her bed−chamber; two of them looked into the great court of the castle. She opened the casement of one, and thro' the darkness of the tempest, discerned the light from the lantern of the sentinel who was posted under the gateway, as it glimmered faintly on the opposite wall, and served to render darkness more dreary. The rain coming on again with redoubled violence, and driving that way, the shut the window, and without exactly knowing why, but still in the faint hope that her messenger might yet arrive, she went to the other, which was in that part of the building defended by a very deep fossé, and a parapet behind it. The torrents of rain which had fallen, and had been collected from the higher grounds near the castle (for a mountainous tract lay behind it) now murmured in the fossé, and added to the noise of the wind among the battlements. In that torpor which long−baffled hope frequently creates, Madame D'Alberg remained a moment or two at the window, when at length she fancied she heard a groan as of a person in pain. Alarmed, she listed more attentively; the wind was a moment hushed, and the rain ceased to beat. An instant or two passed, and no return of the same sound alarming her again, she concluded that it was merely the creation of fancy, or that some of the watchmen or persons in the house had made some noise which her fears had magnified into a sound of anguish and complaint. Cold and desolate the left the window, and from an unaccountable restlessness, and a persuasion that she should not sleep, she could not resolve to get into bed; bit made up the almost extinguished fire in her stove, by adding a few pieces of wood to it, and lay down in her clothes. Fatigue of body and mind conquered in a few moments the restlessness and inquietude with which she had been tormented; but she had rather dozed than slept for about a quarter of an hour, when she started! being awakened as she imagined by the same hollow groan more loudly repeated. She sat a moment in consternation; then recollecting herself, began to appease her terror, by believing it to be a dream, the effect of disturbed and unsound sleep; but when she had nearly reasoned herself into this belief, she heard it again so loud as to leave no doubt of its reality. A human voice uttering a few words low and sorrowful, now certainly was heard. These sounds seemed to come from the fossé, at the bottom of the castle wall. She hurried in breathless apprehension to the window. She looked down, but it was too dark to distinguish any object. The water still murmured loudly, and if any person was there, they must be in danger of drowning. She endeavoured to cast a light on the ground from the casement; but the distance between the window and the fossé, made all beneath her appear in chaotic darkness.

Now, however, she more certainly heard the voice of one complaining faintly, as if exhausted by pain, while another person, in all the agonies of apprehension for the sufferer, seemed to be endeavouring to assuage the

anguish he deplored; and at length Madame D'Alberg heard distinctly pronounced in French, " If there is any person within hearing, I entreat them to send some assistance to my father." Madame D'Alberg speaking as loudly as she could, endeavoured to assure the person who spoke, that some assistance should be immediately sent. She then rang a large bell by her bed side; but fearing she should not be soon heard by the men servants, who lay in a distant part of this large edifice, she took a candle, and passed into the room where her woman and a nurse slept, with the children. With some difficulty the awaked one of these women, who, notwithstanding the fears she had expressed the preceding night, was sunk into a profound sleep. "There are Frenchmen under the castle wall," said Madame D'Alberg. the servant, awakened thus suddenly, and hearing the word Frenchmen, concluded that the Sans Culottes were in the castle; and staring wildly, she began to cross herself, and to call upon all the saints in the calendar for protection. "You are needlessly alarmed," cried Madame D'Alberg, "these persons appear to be in great distress, and to require our pity, rather than raise our fear; get up, therefore, and endeavour to make the men in the house go down to join the watchmen in the assistance of those unfortunate people, who it is amazing to me they do not hear." "I, Madame," cried the woman, "go through the castle alone to awaken the men! Lord! not for a thousand worlds! I'll ring the bell, if you please, for certainly the watchmen ought to be alarmed. I dare to say they are asleep, and we shall all be murdered." "Grant me patience!" exclaimed Madame D'Alberg; "while you are hesitating from these selfish fears, perhaps some unhappy man is expiring. Good God! D'Alberg himself may, for ought I know, bet this moment in the same situation." By this time the woman who had the care of the children was awakened, who being more reasonable and humane, put on her clothes, and undertook to rouse some of the men. While she was gone, Madame D'Alberg, returned to the window. "I have, I hope, sent you some assistance, my friends," said she. "May I ask your names, and by what accident you have been thus distressed?" "May heaven reward you, Madame, whoever you are," replied the same voice that had spoken before "and may your generous intentions be immediately executed, or it will be too late, Alas! my father is already cold and senseless! I do not know whether he lives to receive your bounty." The manner in which this was spoken was so expressive of the grief and agitation of the person that spoke, that Madame D'Alberg, more than everybody seemed yet ready to go to the relief of the strangers, went herself to the door of her mother's apartment. The Baroness de Rosenheim had too many anxieties on her mind to suffer her to be in a very calm sleep, and starting at the first summons, she immediately arose and unbarred her door. Madame D'Alberg related as briefly as she could, the reason of her disturbing her; and the Baroness, who saw that whatever these strangers might be, prudence and caution was necessary before they were admitted to the castle, immediately put on a night gown, and told Madame D'Alberg she would be down herself. "We must," said she, as she went down stairs, followed by her daughter, "we must however be cautious. This may possibly be some feint, made by an enemy to obtain admittance." "It may undoubtedly," replied Madame D'Alberg; "but these people appear to me to be gentlemen, from the voice and the expressions; and in such extreme distress, which can hardly be feigned, that I am sure we cannot acquit ourselves as Christians, without going to their relief."

The sentinel at the castle gate, to whom the Baroness, attended by two servants, now spoke, was of a different opinion. He was a rough Fleming, with a decided aversion to men of every other nation, tho' he cared for only one individual of his own, and that was himself, he remonstrated against the danger of opening the gates at such an hour. "How do we know," cried he, "but that the enemy may be in force without, ready to rush in upon us?" "You ought to know they are not," cried Madame D'Alberg, offended at his unfeeling suspicions, which she thought favoured equally of cruelty and cowardice, "since you have been upon the watch for the last four hours. A large body of the enemy could with difficulty approach at night, without being hear, whatever caution they might use; but *you* it seems have not heard even the cries of these distressed people." "Well, well," said the Baroness, who felt the impolicy of weakening her little garrison by apparent distrust, "let us, since now they are heard, endeavour to succour them, if they really suffer, without however losing sight of a proper attention to our own safety." By this time near thirty people, servants and men who had been admitted for security within the castle, were assembled with their arms; the Baroness directed three of them to go to the place where the wounded persons were supposed to be; but seized with the same fears and suspicions as had been expressed by the first sentinel, there was only the steward who would determine to go. The rest, without refusing, hesitated; and each endeavoured to find some unanswerable reason why it was hazarding the general safety of the castle. Madame D'Alberg, who had now followed her mother to the guard house, notwithstanding the storm which still blew, at

intervals, became impatient. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed she. "while we are deliberating, these unhappy men are perishing! What can there be to fear from two wanderers, wounded, and perhaps doing? Give me a light," added she, taking a lantern from one of them, "and I will shew you, that woman as I am, I should blush were such pusillanimous apprehensions to prevent my trying to help a fellow creature in distress." "No," said the Baroness, "that must no be, Adriana. You already hazard your health too much. Come," continued she, "If I have no fears, surely, my friends, you will feel none. Let three of those who dare do as I do, follow me." She then directed the porter and his companions to unbar the gates and let down the bridge. Reluctantly the men obeyed her, some of them murmuring loud enough for Madame D'Alberg (who stayed behind at her mother's earnest entreaty) to hear them. "Strangers and foreigners," muttered one of the domestics, "and especially Frenchmen, always interest our ladies; a German might not fare so well with them." "You are wrong there," cried Madame D'Alberg; "It is my endeavour always to do by others, as I wish them to do by me; and I represent to myself Count D'Alberg, imploring perhaps at some other door, the mercy which you would have here refused to these forlorn strangers." This idea froze her blood, the image of her husband, wounded and dying, was almost insupportable. Four or five armed men had been ordered to place themselves at the gate to secure a retreat for the party without, should any danger really threaten them. Madame D'Alberg went out among them to the footsteps of those who traversed it were heard, tho' there was again a pause in the wind. She looked down across a hollow glen filled with old tress, which lay to the left, and which trees had been ordered to be felled, since there was reason to apprehend an attack of the castle. All was now black and hideous, and spectres seemed to flit along the drear obscurity. How different from what it once was, when in a walk, she had herself directed to be made thro' it, D'Alberg, in the early days of their affection, used to walk by her side, and gather for her the wild flowers that were profusely scattered among the rocky hollows, where a little weeping rivulet trinkled down among the old roots, and was lost in the larger stream that came from the hilly grounds beyond the castle. This comparison of the happy past, with the miserable present, she had hardly made, when a very quick step was heard. The party on guard recoiled; some looked terrified, and others endeavoured to look brave; when a young peasant, one of those who had followed the Baroness, appeared breathless with haste. "What is the matter?" cried a number of voices at once, "are the enemy at hand?" "No," answered the lad, as soon as he had breath to speak, "but a mattrass or a bed, must be carried out for the wounded gentleman or dead gentleman: for my part I believe its all over with him. Make haste! my lady the Baroness is impatient." Madame D'Alberg now hurried herself into the castle, and in a moment contrived what seemed a convenient means of conveying the unfortunate stranger into it. Her benevolence of heart, allowed her not any longer to think of the weather, or of the hazard which the people again attempted to make her apprehend. She did not attend to their remonstrances, but ordering three of her own servants to attend her, and the peasant to return with her, she went forward guided by him to the spot, where she found her mother, and where a very affecting scene presented itself. She beheld a young man of about twenty seated on the ground whose features were disfigured by blood and dust, and who, tho' faint and exhausted, supported on his breast the head of a venerable looking man about sixty, who seemed dying. His face, of a clayey paleness, appeared covered with the old dews of death: His looks were turned towards the face of his son: He attempted to speak; and as it should seem, to bless him; awhile the inarticulate blessings of the latter were addressed to the Baroness, who was applying spirits to the temples of the father, and made him swallow a few drops; which had so far revived him that he now opened his eyes, and seemed by the expression of his countenance to be sensible, tho' he could not speak. "Not a moment wasted, before this poor wounded gentleman is removed into a warm bed. Go back, dear Adriana, and let one be prepared, while we endeavour to convey him as easily as can be." "May Heaven reward you," said the young Frenchman, "but how to move him! if the wounds should bleed a fresh! The coldness of the night, rather than my awkward endeavours has staunched the blood. Upon the least motion they will bleed, and my father will expire."

"Where is the Abbé Heurthofen?" enquired the Baroness, "he has some knowledge in these cases; why do I not see him here? Let him be called, but in the mean time let us endeavour to convey your father to the house."

The men, however, accustomed to scenes of distress, as the military part of them were, could not behold the countenance of the dying stranger, nor the agonizing solicitude marked on that of his son, without feeling interested for both. As their apprehensions of a stratagem of the enemy were now subsided, they yielded to the

impulse of humanity, and each, encouraged by the Baroness and Madame D'Alberg, exerted themselves to place the old officer on this temporary bier, and while his son, holding a handkerchief to the wound in his father's side, hung over him, they began to move on; though the young man. As he attempted to step forward occupied in this would have fallen, if one of the people who was disengaged, had not supported him on the other side.

The mournful procession soon reached the guard−house, where the beir was set down, and the son threw himself upon his knees by its side. "Speak to me, dear sir!" cried he in an eager voice. "Tell me you are revived! "Thank God! the blood seems staunched, since the motion has not made it stream again. He knows me!" added he, wildly addressing himself to the Baroness, but he is speechless!"

By this time Madame D'Alberg returned to say a chamber was ready, and the Baroness directed her patient to be removed to it, with the same precautions as before.

"Where is Heurthofen?" again enquired the Baroness when they arrived there. "If he is not already up, tell him I desire his attendance." The Abbé in a furred night cap and a wrapping gown as well lined, now made his appearance. "Charity, my good Abbé!" said the Baroness, "has not been active with you, methinks. Here is a wounded gentleman to whom you must endeavour to be useful."

The Abbé cast a look of dissatisfaction on the sufferer, who remained on his mattrass on the floor. "If these events happen often, Madame," said he, "we shall soon have occasion for a person in the castle better skilled in surgery than I am. If gentleman is a French royalist, as I suppose he is, from the order I see at his breast, we are doing him no service, and incurring an additional risk ourselves, by admitting him into the castle. The patriots will be upon us in another day. Nothing in my apprehension can equal the frenzy of our staying here, unless it be admitting people who must encrease our danger." "Go, Sir," said Madame D'Alberg; "if you have these fears, take care of your own safety. The Priest and the Levite we know are but too apt to turn away from the wounded traveller." Strung by this remark, the Abbé, who dared not answer as he was disposed to do, prepared to assist the patient, who still continued insensible; and the ladies left the room; while with great difficulty and very slowly he was conveyed to bed.

CHAP. II.

Exposed and pale thau see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near.

COLLINS.

UNABLE themselves to return to their repose, while they were uncertain of the fate of their apparently dying guest, the Baroness and Madame D'Alberg waited in the great hall, where several of their people were again assembled. The almoner at length came to them. Madame de Rosenheim enquired anxiously after the wounded officer. "He is alive," replied the Abbé; "but he will hardly live till noon. His wounds, I believe, would not have been mortal, had they been attended to; but he has lost so much blood, and appears so greatly exhausted, that his recovery seems impossible." "And the young man, his son?" said Madame D'Alberg. "He has refused any assistance," replied Heurthofen; "tho' he has, I understand, a cut thro' the arm, which has made him suffer considerably. He desired me to ask if he might wait upon you, ladies, to thank you for your humanity to his father."

"Poor young man!" exclaimed Madame D'Alberg, "how much his affection interests me for him. Had we not

better visit him, Madame?" added she, turning to her mother, "and prevail upon him to have some attention to himself?"

To this proposal the Baroness assented, and went up together to the chamber. The door was open. The curtains of the bed undrawn, and by its side knelt the younger of the strangers, listening to the faint voice of his father, which could hardly be heard, they distinguished, however, his reply. "My father! have pity upon me, if you have none on yourself. All may yet be well!"

"Never, never!" sighed the unhappy father. "The barbeddart of ingratitude tears my heart. Your cruel brother; it is he, D'Alonville! It is he, rather than these wounds, that has destroyed me."

"Think not of it, Sir," answered D'Alonville. "Let me conjure you to drive from you mind all these cruel reflections, and endeavour to live."

"Ah, wherefore to live! banished and a beggar! At my time of life, D'Alonville, to become a wandering fugitive; No. Fayolles has no longer business in this world. But you may, unhappy boy! you, whose life opened with prospects so different!"

"For God's sake, Sir, forbear. If you indeed love me, would you not endeavour to preserve a life so precious? Ah! ladies!" continued he, perceiving the Baroness and Madame D'Alberg; who, greatly affected, had by this time softly approached him; "generous humanity has saved my father, if he will but endeavour to live; but he gives himself up to despair, and I shall lose him still."

"Compose yourself, dear Sir," said Madame de Rosenheim. "You are now in a house where every thing that we can do for you, shall be done. Let me beg of you to be calm, if it be only that this young gentleman may be prevailed upon to attend to himself for a few moments." The Chevalier D'Alonville turned towards her eyes, which expressed more powerfully than words, all the anguish of his soul. "I cannot thank you, Madame," was all he could utter. "My almoner tells me you are wounded, Sir, added she; "Now that your father is so far recovered, let me entreat you to have some application to your wounds; and that you will go yourself to bed."

"A mattrass on the floor by my father, if you please, I will accept of; for I feel myself, indeed, exhausted; but I cannot leave him. As to my wound, I am not sensible of it; it is nothing. I had forgot it."

Madame D'Alberg left the room to order for him the only accommodation he seemed disposed to accept and as his head was now pressed to the hand of his father, as it lay on the quilt, the Baroness for some moments stood by him in silence. D'Alonville starting, as if suddenly recollection himself, said in a low voice, "Have you had any information, Madame, to−day, from the French frontier? Do you know how very near the wretches, who assume the name of patriots, have advanced to this place?"

"Speak lower," answered Madame de Rosenheim, perceiving the eyes of the elder stranger, already glazed by approaching death, were languidly opened as these words were uttered; "Speak lower; or rather think only of the immediate evil." Her own fear, however, prevented her following the advice she gave, and she immediately added, "Surely they are not so near as to make it probable that they will be here tonight!" The young stranger answered, "We were with a party of Austrians which engaged their advanced guard, not fifteen miles off, at twelve this morning." A deep sigh from Monsieur de Fayolles recalled the thoughts of the Baroness to him. "If you would favour me with a moment's conversation in the adjoining room, Sir," said she to D'Alonville. De Fayolles faintly waved his hand for him to go, and arose to obey. By this time Madame D'Alberg was returned with two servants, who were making up a bed on the floor. The Baroness, unwilling to alarm her daughter with the detail of an encounter in which the might be but too nearly interested, left her, and attended her guest into the next apartment. She there learned, that in an affair which had been fatal to almost all the French royalists who were in it, and to many of the Germans, the Viscount de Fayolles had been wounded and left for dead on the field;

that his son, the Chevalier D'Alonville, who was with another party a little farther on, that had not been engaged, no sooner saw the small remains of the troop that had retreated, join them without the Viscount, and understood he was left wounded or dead behind than he returned to seek him, attended by two servants. The Sans Culottes had already gone forward; but the wretches who follow armies for the sake of plunder were stripping the dying and the dead, with which the field of action was strewn. D'Alonville, in describing this scene of horror, seemed a new to feel all the emotions he had at the moment experienced. "I had not," said he, "gone twenty paces, before I saw my father. He was living, but extended on the ground; he raised himself on his arm, and was looking around him; when at the same moment that I approached him on one side, two of those hideous women came towards him on the other; and one of them without regarding me, or rather, perhaps, thinking I was one of their own party, prepared to stab him; for they saw he was an officer of distinction, and mercy had no place in their savage hearts. I was not aware of their design, for this was my first campaign; and I knew not that such wretches in the human form disgraced the earth! Alas! I soon saw what I had to dread, for the poor remains of a life so precious. I threw myself before my father and with one of my servants, for the other had already deserted me, delivered him from the hands of those monsters. I made him sensible of his situation we led him off the field, and I placed him on horseback, and supported him till I hoped we were out of danger. We concealed ourselves for some hours among the reeds and alders in a morass; intending to remain there till evening, and tied up our two horses in a place where we hoped they would escape the parties which we continually heard pass; but in this we were deceived. As soon as it grew dusk, as we distinguished no longer any hostile sounds, we dispatched the servant to seek the horses; for my father was so weakened by loss of blood, hunger, and fatigue, that I found he must perish if I did not procure him some assistance: he had swallowed nothing but a little water, and his exhausted form could support itself no longer. Alas! the feeble hope that I should have been able to convey him to some place where he might have his wounds taken care of, and be restored by nourishment and repose, now escaped me: for my servant returned, but not till I despaired of seeing him anymore. He returned pale, aghast, and trembling. He told me that the horses being gone, he had hoped that they had only broke away to feed, and that he should find them in some neighbouring fields, or in a wood that was not far from thence, whether he crept as silently as he could, for he observed smoke to raise from its skirts, and was afraid of falling again among a party of Sans Culottes of marauders. Approaching under cover of brush wood and surze, he saw our two horses tied up with four or five others; and notwithstanding his precaution, was himself in the most imminent danger; for on all sides of him were scattered small parties of three or four soldiers, and women, who were preparing to pass the night under the shelter of this small wood; and some were putting up pieces of canvass and other contrivances, while others were preparing their repas. There seemed to be about thirty of them; who, wandering about in every direction to collect fuel for their fires, my servant found the utmost difficulty in escaping them, by crawling on his hands and knees among the rough ground, where he was, which being covered with fern bushes and brush wood, saved him from the view of these formidable people, more dreadful than an open and regular enemy; such as I knew them to be, however, and such my affrighted servant described them. I doubted whether I would not be better for us to throw ourselves on their mercy, than for me to risk what seemed, indeed, otherwise inevitable; seeing my father expire thus exhausted and desolate. Hardly was he, I thought conscious of the hurried narrative my servant had been giving: but when I began to debate with this faithful fellow, whether we had not better hazard all that could befall us, than suffer him to die without an attempt to relieve him, his recollection and strength seemed to be suddenly renewed. He eagerly grasped my hand, as I on my knee prevented his head resting on the ground, or rather the marsh, for it was half under water. He grasped my hand and making an effort to speak, tho' he could only whisper, he said, "No, D'Alonville, never, never! I had rather die! far rather, than owe my life, even if it could now be saved, to these infamous monsters. Death, honorable death, I welcome! Let me die my son, in your arms; but do not let the last moments of my life be embittered by the sight of these execrable beings, the refuse of my ruined country; these base instruments of superior villains who have destroyed us. "Promise me," added my father, grasping me still harder, tho' with a convulsive effort, "promise me that you will let me die here. It will not be long first, D'Alonville! and then that you will attend to your own safety. Promise me!" "I do, my father; I promise." This I said, almost without knowing it; but as if satisfied. My father sunk into a stupor, which I believed to be the fore runner of death. He was apparently easy, however; he did not seem to suffer. I still sat on the ground supporting his head. I took off my coat to spread it over him, for the night was cold and wet: my servant, quite worn out with fatigue, famine, and despair, lay down near us. He offered me his clothes, but I absolutely refused

them. His bodily sufferings seemed greater than mine. But it was not either him or myself who were the objects of my concern. My father alone engrossed all my attention.

It was now dark; all was quiet around the spot where we were: the wind alone, sighing among the reeds, or the rain that sometimes fell, tho' not very heavily, were the only sounds that broke the dreary stillness which reigned in this desolate wilderness. I turned my eyes to Heaven; I implored its mercy on my father. I distinguished thro' the gathering tempest of the night, a few stars; and I invited the great governor of the universe. I supplicated him to hear a son in behalf of his dying parent. I had now time to reflect on the sad situation in which we were; and my reflections served only to convince me, that if my father survived till morning, we must inevitably fall into the hands either of that party from whom my servant had escaped, or some other of the same description, who were scattered.

over the country in such numbers, that there was no chance of avoiding them. I had time enough to revolve in my mind every plan that occurred to it, but none appeared practicable; my father, however, seemed insensible of his present sufferings. I was under the necessity of remaining, without making any attempt to snatch him from the dangers which I knew the morning would bring with it.

I believe it was about nine o'clock, but I could not distinguish the hour on my watch, when I thought I heard, thro' the silence of the night, footsteps among the reeds. I listened, and was convinced of it. I found they approached, tho' slowly; and that the step was like that of one who either desired to surprized, or feared to be surprized. The former of these was much the most probable; and I prepared to defend my father as well as I could; tho' certain that any resistance I could make, would be otherwise useless, than as it was desirable to fell our lives as dearly as we could. I speak of myself only, because my father was so incapable of any effort, that he could hardly be said to live; and my servant, from excess of fatigue, had fallen into so sound a sleep, that I found it impossible to rouse him, without making more noise than was prudent; since it was possible, that whoever were the persons or person (for I now thought there was only one) who approached, they might not discover us, if I remained quite; for in the dark, the reeds beaten down by our having made our way among them, could not betray us, as probably would happen in the morning I looked around me as much as I could, but besides that the reeds which concealed us were in most places above my head, it was now too dark to distinguish objects. Still I heard footsteps more and more near; and at length a woman's voice, who speaking low to another, said "Here I believe is the place;" and suddenly I saw before me a female peasant, who held in her hand a small lantern which she had concealed, and with her was a boy of twelve or thirteen years old. More alarmed at the sight of us, than I was at seeing her, she stood a moment amazed. I took advantage of it to offer her money, and to entreat that she should lead us to a place of shelter, and procure some sustenance for my father. Tempted by the money I shewed her, and by my promises of more, she seemed willing to assist us, tho' she assured me, that far from being able to promise an asylum, their cottage had already been visited, and that they had bid what they had been able to save from the rapacity of the plunderers, in this marshy spot; whence she and her son now came to fetch it, intending, as they were every day liable to new inroads, and violence more destructive, to take refuge with what little property they could secure, in some of the fortified towns. They cared not under which party they put themselves, if they could only be sure of protection.

As the sum I was able to offer her, was more than equal to any risk she could run of loss, and as the lives of herself and her family were nearly all that they could lose, the woman hesitated not to assist me and my servant in leading my father, or rather bearing him along among us to her small abode, which, as it was at the distance of more than a mile, we accomplished with difficulty. More than once during this long and painful march, he seemed at the point of death; and his wound, to which no proper application had yet been made, threatened again to baffle, by its fatal consequences, all my endeavours to save his precious life.

On a miserable bedstead, where a few rags supplied the place of a bed or mattrass, which had been taken or burnt, my father was placed; and such nourishment as the cottage in its present state could afford, was administered to him he eat of this food and seemed to revive: fatigue and languor of body deprived his mind of the acute feelings

which would have shewn him the horrors of his condition: he dozed rather than slept; and seemed insensible rather than easy. The dawn of day arrived without any material alteration. He breathed, I thought, more calmly; when I spoke to him he knew me; and received such nourishment as I could procure for him, which was only a little bad wine and black bread. But this pause from from actual suffering renewed my hopes of saving him, if I could but convey him to a secure asylum. Towards noon he appeared considerable better, and I hardly doubted of his life. But my sufferings on his account were far from being at an end. An alarm from the neighouring peasants, who in their flight announced the French were approaching, compelled them to hasten the resolution they had before taken to seek their safety in flight. To remain where we were, was to give ourselves up to certain destruction; yet how remove a man in such a state as my father was? As soon as he understood the cause of the alarm around him, he called me to him, and exerting all his strength, ordered me to leave him. "Go, my son," cried he; since our evil destiny thus pursues us, seek your own safety, and suffer me not wholly to perish. In you, D'Alonville, I shall still live and the miserable remains of my existence are not worth a thought. As an emigrant, I shall be put immediately out of my pain, by the wretches who will soon arrive. Let me have the consolation, my son, of knowing you are out of their power; and detestable as they are, I shall submit to die by their hands without a murmur." I positively refused to leave my father; and all that remained was to attempt conveying him away. Every thing we had left about us, except my arms and a cutlass, which I would not suffer my servant to part with, was the price of a miserable half starved horse, on which, with the utmost difficulty, we at length persuaded my father to suffer himself to be placed and we sat out with several unhappy beings, who were quitting their homes to wander they knew not whither. Mothers with their infant children! Daughters with infirm parents! Our sad group sensibly diminished as we moved along. Some could go no further from mere weariness, and others remained in the expectation of finding refuge among their acquaintance who lived by the way; for us, who were strangers in this part of France, our only hope lay in reaching before night−fall, some town or village in the dominions of the emperor; but when I cast my eyes on the pale and exhausted figure of my father, and saw with what extream difficulty he sat upon his horse, despair again took possession of my soul. However, slowly we yet moved on. About a mile, as near as I can guess from this place, my father assured me he could go no further, and entreated me to suffer him to lie down and die quietly. I looked around me for some place where I might hope to find shelter from the storm which had been beating upon us all day, but now seemed to be coming on with redoubled violence; but I saw no place of shelter. The roads were almost impassable from the incessant rains; and the wretched horse, who' I had endeavoured to spare him as much as possible, seemed quite disabled. Around us were thick enclosures terminating in woods; and had there been any village near, I knew it would be difficult or impossible for us to distinguish it. Thus circumstanced, I had no choice, but was compelled to yield to necessity, and choice, but was compelled to yield to necessity. We left then the road we were in, and struck into a coppice, where the leaves that yet remained offered us but little shelter; and where I saw from the situation in which my father was in, that he must inevitably perish before morning, unless assistance were procured. To procure it however seemed impossible. Terrible were my reflections! If I left him to seek some help, I feared he would expire in my absence; and it was a very great chance whether I found him again. My servant, tho' honest and faithful, possessed neither courage nor sagacity sufficient for such and undertaking. He was besides dispirited by hunger, fear, and fatigue; and hardly able to support himself, was little in a condition to be of use to me in a talk so difficult as seeking a place of shelter in a country totally unknown, at such an hour, and at such a season. Not finding, however, any better expedient, I determined to send him, after an hour's rest, in search of some place where we might remain for the night, at least, under cover. He was more willing than able to go. I divided with him the morsel of food with which I had provided ourselves; and he left us, promising to return in two hours, if he either found a shelter, or could not meet one within any distance that it was likely we could reach; and he assured me he would endeavour to make such remarks on his way, as should enable him to return to us. Two hours passed away; a third had nearly elapsed, and we had no tidings of him. In darkness and tempest, with a father expiring in my arms, what a situation was mine! Assured that if we remained where we were he would die in a few hours, I determined to make one effort more to save him, by returning into the road we had left, where it was barely possible that some human beings might pass; and to fall into the hands of the enemy, dreadful as it before appeared, now seemed preservable to the lingering horrors of the death that was otherwise inevitable. I had, however, the greatest difficulty to persuade my father to remove from the place where he was. "Let me die here, D'Alonville," said he; "why should I be longer a burthen too you; why risk the loss of your life, to prolong mine

for a few miserable hours. Take from my breast this mark of many years faithful services to my now undone country, that you may deliver it to my sovereign; it will be an honorable mission, my son! Heaven grant you may soon fulfill it. Endeavour to live to preserve at least the memory of de Fayolles from more disgrace than already overwhelms it by the conduct of your brother, and take with you my blessing, all I have left to give!"

As I now gave up all expectation of the return of my servant, despair lent me courage to renew my entreaties to my father. I gave him all I had reserved of our miserable provision; I put him once more on horseback, and regained the high road, from which we had not wandered far; but having done so, I seemed to have obtained no advantage. We were equally desolate and forlorn, with hardly a probability that chance would befriend us.

"We had not been more than three quarters of an hour on the road side, when listening in the passage of the storm in the faint hope of hearing the return of my servant, I heard voices not far off, and horses and men approach. It was too dark to distinguish objects, but our condition admitted not of deliberation. Without waiting therefore to enquire whether they were friends or enemies, I called aloud as soon as they seemed to be near. They stopped and came up to us. I knew not at this moment what they really were, but plunder appeared to be their object. I represented our situation to them, and entreated, that if they could not themselves grant us the refuge of which we were so greatly in need that they would point out to us some place where we might obtain shelter for the night. One of them, who seemed to have the most authority, answered, that they were country people travelling to their houses at a great distance, and could not assist us otherwise than by suffering one of their number to conduct us to the next village, but for this they must be paid. As I knew they could, and was well convinced they would, take from me my pistols and sword, since I was entirely in their power, I thought it best to agree with them to give them these arms, as the price of a safe conduct to the village of Rosenheim, where I might probably be received. I was afraid by their manner that they would seize the price without performing the conditions. I was compelled, however, to take my chance as to their integrity, and having resigned to them all I had left, and agreed that they should also have our miserable horse on our arrival at Rosenheim, one of them dismounted, and placing my father before him, while I followed on horseback, we reached group of houses which I could just distinguish through the gloom, and which were, he told me, a part of the small hamlet in question. He then prepared to take leave, as having fulfilled his agreement; but I entreated him to remain till we could obtain admission into some house. To this I could not, however, persuade him. He left us! my father was yet alive, but that was all! for every moment threatened to be his last. In despite of my entreaties and representations, our unfeeling guide had made so much haste that the motion of the horse had occasioned the wound to bleed afresh, and I saw the moment when all my efforts appeared totally useless. We were, however, within hearing of human beings, and I still hoped for succour before it was too late! I seated my expiring parent on the ground, and approached the door of the nearest cottage; but all my attempts to make the inhabitants hear, if indeed there were any within it, were to no purpose. I left it and proceeded to a second, where, after calling and rapping at the doors and windows for a considerable time, a woman appeared at a fort of hole in the thatch, and with a voice strongly expressive of terror, demanded my business. I endeavoured to explain to her what we wanted, and to move her compassion by relating the situation of my father; but without attending to me, she hastily closed her wooden shutter, and disappeared, leaving me to make the same experiment on two other houses with little more success. At one I was told that they knew me to be an enemy, and would fire upon me if I did not immediately leave the place at the other, a woman said, that it was impossible for its inhabitants to admit a stranger, but that if I really was the person I called myself, and in the distress I represented, I should be sure of obtaining admission and relief at the castle above. I entreated her to shew me how I could find the castle? "There is a rising ground a little to the left," said she, "from which you may distinguish the lights at the castle, and that will be your best guide." I ran forward, and in effect I discovered from the place the mentioned, lights on the woody hill above the village. As there seemed no probability of procuring admittance at any of these cottages, I determined to attempt reaching the castle. With infinite difficulty, and at the hazard of seeing my father expire every step he took, we reached as it were by miracle the castle wall; but I mistook the path that led to the gate, and found we were in a part where a ditch filled with water from the mountains, and an high parapet, precluded all hopes of our being heard. The bitterest despair now took possession of my soul! I saw the death of my father was inevitable, and I repented that I had only lengthened and encreased his sufferings. In this dreadful condition we were, continued the Chevalier D'Alonville, when you, Madame,

providentially heard, and most generously succoured us.

The young stranger having thus related the events that had brought him and the Viscount de Fayolles, his father, in such a situation, to the castle of Rosenheim, was prevailed upon by his generous hostess to retire to the mattress that was prepared near the bed of his father, who remained nearly in the same state of hopeless depression.

CHAP. III.

"Sad spectacle of pain,
"The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
"To fill with scenes of death these closing eyes."

THE almoner Heurthofen, who had been present during the latter part of this narrative, had fixed on the countenance of Madame D'Alberg his keen enquiring eyes, as if to penetrate into the effect it had on her, and what interest she took in the narrator. Her mother had left the apartment to give some further orders for the accommodation of her unfortunate guests, but Madame D'Alberg remained pensively leaning against the wainscot; nor did the move from her reverie till the almoner cried, "A very affecting story indeed! This young Frenchman, it seems, is quite a modern Eneas!" "I know not" answered Madame D'Alberg, what you mean by an Eneas! he is certainly a young man of fashion; and from his filial affection highly interesting." "Oh! yes," repeated Heurthofen, "highly interesting, certainly." "His unfortunate situation," said Madame D'Alberg, "should surely move every good mind in his favor, even if he were without merit." "Undoubtedly," replied Heurthofen, in the same sneering tone; "and the inhabitants of this house particularly, who ought to feel for misfortunes they are so soon likely to share. Probably before to−morrow evening we shall be visited by his countrymen, and turned out to meet such adventures as he has related. There being two emigrants, known to have been in arms, found in the castle, will probably add something to the hostility of the treatment we may expect." "And would you, therefore," said Madame D'Alberg indignantly, "have refused admittance to these unhappy fugitives?" "I would have every body," answered he, "consult their own security first; it is the first law of nature." "Go then, Sir," cried the lady," consult yours by quitting Rosenheim; and know that with *me*, at least, a man of sentiments such as yours, can at no time be a welcome resident."

Madame D'Alberg then left the room, and returning to her own, endeavoured to obtain some repose after the alarms of such a night; and to acquire strength to encounter those which the next day threatened to bring with it; but to sleep was impossible. The certainty the Colonel D'Alberg was in an army which, after having suffered very great hardships, was retreating before an enemy intoxicated with unexpected success, was alone sufficient to have distracted her; but the animated account given by the young stranger had awakened more acute anxiety, by placing before her eyes all the variety of misery to which he might be liable. Descended from and connected with military men, she had learned from her earliest recollection to suppose man born only to acquire honor or die gloriously in the field; but when she now saw the reality of the evils of war, of which she had before been accustomed only to the parade and the splendor, and when to these evils the husband she adored was actually exposed, when she imagined him at the present moment wandering alone amid the tempest of the night, and perishing without the consolation of dying honorably with the arms in his hand; all other calamities of life seemed comparatively small, and even the danger which Heurthofen represented as so immediately approaching her mother, her children, and herself, lost much of its effect on her mind.

Madame de Rosenheim was, however, more sensible of the hazard they were in, but equally undecided what to do to escape from it. She redoubled the guard around the castle, though she knew that to resist a regular force was impossible. She then visited her unhappy guest. The Viscount de Fayolles had again fallen into the stupor which accompanies extreme weakness. His son, in the fear that every sigh he heard might be his last, could not attempt to obtain the repose he so much wanted, but with eyes strongly expressive of the anguish of his soul, he watched the pale and convulsed countenance of his father, by the trembling light that was near him. The Baroness de

Rosenheim in a low voice entreated him to take some rest; but he only shook his head in mournful silence. She thought it better to leave him; and being assured he had every thing near him that could contribute to the ease of the languishing patient while he yet lived, she went to her own room: it was, however, so near day, and her mind was in a state of such perturbation, that she did not attempt to sleep, but keeping two of her women with her, she directed them to make up the fire in her stove, and remain with her, while she employed herself and them in putting up, in such a manner as would enable her the most easily to remove, the most valuable effects in the castle. Engaged in this employment the melancholy morning found her, and she was preparing to go to her daughter's room, for whose health she was very solicitous, when the Chevalier D'Alonville met her in the gallery leading from her chamber. His swollen eyes seemed no longer able to distinguish the objects around him; his countenance was wild and his manner eager. He caught her hand, apparently unable to speak, and led her into his father's room. Madame D'Alberg was already there, gazing on the expiring object in the bed; for the Viscount de Fayolles was evidently dying, though he was still sensible, and the almoner, Heurthofen, had administered the last sacrements. Nobody else spoke. D'Alonville was apparently unable.

This mournful solemnity over, de Fayolles seemed to collect all his strength to express his gratitude to Madame de Rosenheim, and to give his last blessing to his son; but hardly in a low, broken, and tremulous voice, could he articulate his thanks to his benevolent host, his anguish at leaving his unhappy son. "But for the rest," said he, "for the rest, I quit with pleasure a world where I seem to have no longer any business and I perish under the ruins of France. D'Alonville," added he turning to his son, "I die in the consciousness of never having violated the allegiance I swore to my king. Remember, that to whatever fate you are destined, you father's last hope is, that in you, his name will not be disgraced." His voice then totally failed. The ladies, unable to bear so sad a spectacle, retired; and in a few moments the Viscount de Fayolles breathed his last.

Hardly had this mournful event drawn from the eyes of Madame de Rosenheim, and her daughter, those tears which a fate so deplorable excited, when their own danger became too pressing to allow them to indulge their humanity. The messenger who had so many days been expected form Vienna, returned without his despatches, and by his appearance bore testimony to the extreme difficulty with which he had returned at all. He had been detained several days by a party of Sans Culottes, among whom he had fallen, who had plundered him of every thing; and escaped only in consequence of a skirmish, which allowed them no time to attend to their prisoners. Since which he had fallen in with the advanced guard of the French army, who, believing him a peasant, as he was on foot and unarmed, had suffered him to pass unmolested. Madame de Rosenheim eagerly enquired what were the orders of the Baron, which, though his letters were lost, she hoped the messenger might have been acquainted with from himself. The man answered, that the Baron charged him to tell Madame, that he would be at the castle within ten days; but that if any thing during that interval should make her removal and that of her family necessary, she must act as she saw of her family necessary, she must act as she saw occasion. The Baroness then asked how near the army was, and what were the numbers of that part of it among whom he had fallen? He answered, "that of their number he was no judge; but that it seemed to be very considerable; and that they were then within eleven miles, and rapidly advancing. That they did not molest those who appeared willing to adopt their principles; and pretended great moderation and generosity towards all who would receive them. Heurthofen, who listened to the account of the messenger with evident symptoms of terror, ventured, as soon as he heard this, to advise that, instead of making any resistance, which he said was only inviting certain destruction, they should prepare to receive as friends, those who they could not repel as enemies. "Let us send," said he, "proper persons to meet the commander of this advanced guard. Let us represent that we are willing to receive him, and a part of his men; and let us desire him to send proper persons to take possession of the castle, to secure it from the unlicenced soldiery." Madame de Rosenheim regarded him while he spoke with a look of astonishment; while the countenance of her daughter expressed contempt mingled with indignation. "Is this really your advice, Sir?" said the former. "Really," replied he, "and what other circumstanced as we are, can you follow?" "I had much rather perish" replied Madame de Rosenheim, "under the ruins, than entertain in the castle of Rosenheim the men who have rebelled against their king, imprisoned him, and murdered under various pretences number of innocent persons! The men against whom my husband, and my sons are in arms; and who have been, for aught I know, the death of some for those dearest to me upon earth!" "Let the Abbé Heurthofen go, Madame, to meet these

monsters," cried Madame D'Alberg, "and be the ambassador who shall treat for his own safety; but let us endeavour to defend this place against them." "No," answered the Baroness, "let us leave it to them, since it must be so! The Abbé Heurthofen is at liberty to provide for his own security in any way that he may prefer. Come, Adriana," added she, "let us think of the children, and of our people. Not a moment is to be lost." She then hastily left the room; and Madame D'Alberg was going out at another door, when the Chevalier D'Alonville met her. "What are the intentions of the Baroness, Madame," said he; "Can I be of the least assistance? Employ me, I entreat you, and give me the consolation of dying in the service of the only persons who now are interested for me on earth." "We are going instantly," replied Madame D'Alberg, "but I know not whither." "Will you not suffer me;" cried D'Alonville, in a voice equally agitated, "Ah! "will you not suffer me to attend you! Give me" added he, pausing and recollecting himself, "give me a moment only. The last mournful duties to my father are not paid. I cannot leave his ashes to the mercy of his persecutors. Will not your charity, best of women, give him a little ground?" His voice here failed him; Madame D'Alberg, distracted by her own apprehensions, could not be insensible to such sorrow; but she had no consolation to offer, and was not in a condition to attempt it. "Go to my mother," was all she could say. She knew Madame de Rosenheim, with equal sensibility for the unhappy, had more presence of mind. D'Alonville obeyed her, though hardly knowing what he did. He found Madame de Rosenheim seated in the midst of her people giving, with apparent composure, the necessary orders to every one. When most of them had departed D'Alonville advanced, and throwing himself on his knees, he seized her hands and bathed them with tears. Greatly afflicted, the Baroness spoke to him soothingly, and would have bade him expect happier days, but her voice refused to articulate words of comfort to the hope of this her mind refused to admit. D'Alonville, sobbing, attempted to speak; "I would ask" said he "permission to bury my father, and then to follow you, Madame, if I can be of any service if my feeble arm if I may be employed." He could not go on; yet, after a short pause regained his voice: "You have been more than a mother to me, Madam, in my extreme distress. Alas! I have now no parent; let me now call you my friend, my parent. Yet, why, why should I burthen you with my miseries. A wretched outcast it is fit I submit to my fate! without a home, without even a country, without even a spot of earth in which I may lay the cold remains of my father!" Grief again overpowered him. Madame de Rosenheim summoned all her resolution. "You are welcome, dear Sir," said she, "to remain with us wherever we may be, so long as it may be consistent with your own safety. Do not yield to despair, which unfits you for its preservation. Take any of my people to assist you as hastily as you can, for time presses, and let the last mournful offices be performed as decently as the circumstances admit. I will order my almoner to attend you." Madame de Rosenheim then left him, and D'Alonville returned to the room where the corps of the Viscount de Fayolles lay. In the clothes the Viscount had on when he arrived at the castle, and wrapped in a sheet, the unhappy D'Alonville, assisted by some peasants who were in the house, carried these poor remains into the garden, where as deep a grave being made as the time admitted, they were laid in the ground; Heurthofen muttering a service reluctantly over them. He then retired with the peasants, and the grave getting filled up, D'Alonville threw himself upon it, and gave way for a few moments to excess of grief. He then arose from the ground, and looking round him marked the place. A few paces beyond it was a long row of elms, now half leafless, and a few old firs. The immediate spot was marked by two or three laurels. "I shall revisit this place again," cried D'Alonville; "I shall again shed tears of eternal regret over the earth that conceals the reliques of the best of fathers!" He would have relapsed into one of those agonies of grief which render the sufferer incapable of attention to the circumstances of his own situation, but he was awakened from the indulgence of unavailing sorrow by a messenger from Madame de Rosenheim, desiring to see him, and informing him that they were ready to depart. He hastened into the house, and found the reluctant party arranged in order for their departure. An horse was provided for him, on which he followed, together with Heurthofen, and several domestics, the coach that contained Madame de Rosenheim, Madame D'Alberg, two female servants, and the three infant children.

CHAP. IV.

On either side my thoughts incessant turn
Forward I dread, and looking back I mourn.

POPE's Odyssey.

THE heavy loaden German coach proceeded very slowly, in a country where to proceed fast is never possible; and which was rendered now more difficult to travel in, by the long continued rains that had laid many leagues of the country, on the banks of the Moselle, under water. D'Alonville, to whom a pair of pistols and a sabre had been give on his leaving the castle, rode pensively after the carriage, having no inclination to converse with Heurthofen, who, from time to time, cast towards him glances sufficiently expressive of the little goodwill he bore him. Dislike is usually reciprocal; and though in the agitated and distressed state of mind in which D'Alonville had lately been, he had given but little heed to the ungracious manners of the almoner towards him, the want of humanity and feeling towards his father, which Heurthofen had evidently betrayed, had not escaped him, and the sight of him now raised only uneasy recollections. No conversation, therefore, arose to call off, even for a moment, the thought of D'Alonville from his own situation; a situation that appeared insupportable the moment he began to think of it steadily. Hither to solicitude for his father, his faint hopes, his destracting fears, had absorbed every consideration for himself: but now he had lost this object of his anxiety, and all the horrors of his destiny rushed upon his mind.

"What am I, and whither am I going! What will become of me; and what right have I to the friendship of these strangers! How long ought I to receive obligations which I know not that I can ever repay, even if they are willing and able to continue them!" Such were the reflections that crouded on his mind; and the pain they inflickted was so acute that he was almost unconscious of what passed; but drooping under the weight of his sorrows he went mechanically on, because he had once set out. The weather, which in the morning seemed to clear up, darkened again as the sun declined. A tempest of rain and wind made their progress so tedious, that it became impossible for the coach to proceed to the place where Madam de Rosenheim had intended to dine; nine miles beyond a very large wood, which they were now in, and in which, towards is extremity, a miserable hovel, with a sign that announced it entertained travelers offered them an asylum against the furiously driving storm that had threatened, for some moments, to tear up by the roots the trees under which they had been passing, and had even scattered many large branches around them. Madame D'Alberg was alarmed for the safety of her children who were fatigued and restless, and the horses were unable to proceed without some rest. Into this humble cabin then it was determined by the ladies to go, and to take there some refreshments which they had brought with them; while the horses in a shed near it, were placed to take the food and rest of which they were too evidently in need. There was only one place in this wretched hovel that could be called a room, below stairs, and another above; into this upper room the ladies, the children, and the female servants, retired; while D'Alonville, Heurthofen, and the men, assembled in the other but Madame D'Alberg, who had not only goodness of heart which always makes misfortune interesting, but that delicate of mind which tries to blunt the arrows of affliction so acutely felt by those who have been in superior life, no sooner saw her mother and her children a little recovered from the fatigue of being shut up so many hours in a coach in rugged and tedious roads, than she descended the something between steps and a ladder which went to the lower room, and enquired for the Chevalier D'Alonville.

The Chevalier D'Alonville, though his clothes were wet through, and though he certainly needed refreshment as much as any of the party, had been so little forward to ask it, that the men, each eager to take care of himself, had failed to recollect his, but were assembled round Heurthofen, eating, drinking, and asking his opinion of what would happen in the village of Rosenheim, and what he thought would be their own destination, for it was not yet known among them that Madame de Rosenheim had determined to go to Coblentz for immediate safety, and from thence to Vienna, if, as was but too probable, she could not return to the castle. Neglected by Heurthofen, the only person from whom he had a right to expect the civility that one gentleman usually shews another; D'Alonville, with his back against a hole in the mud−wall which was intended for a window, and through which the rain beat, though he seemed not sensible of it, with folded arms, and eyes fixed, was meditating on his deplorable destiny, or rather seemed to meditate; for his mind was in reality in a kind of pasty. He started, however, at the sound of

his name and to the enquiries of Madame D'Alberg he answered, that he was doing well.

"Doing well!" exclaimed she "I fear not. Have you had any refreshment? or," added she supposing he might be hurt if she seemed to group him with her servants, "perhaps you had rather partake of the less substantial meal which we women are going to make above. Come, Monsieur Heurthofen, we have room for the Chevalier and you above. You will come up and share our repast." "I believe," answered Heurthofen, very evidently displeased, "I believe there will be but little time to think any more of repasts, unless you intend, Madam, to sleep as well as eat here." "If we do," replied Madame D'Alberg, "I suppose the inconveniences of the place, whatever they may be, will not be greater for you, Sir, than for us." Then turning from him without attempting to conceal her disgust, she again addressed herself to D'Alonville, and, in the voice of friendship and kindness, invited him to share their apartments, such as it was. D'Alonville, afraid of intruding upon her kindness, would have excused himself; he tried to speak, but he could not articulate; and the soothing manner in which Madame D'Alberg spoke to him, roused him from the dreary torpor of despair, but to feel his fate more acutely, and to a sense of something like adoration for the lovely woman who took so generous interest in that fate. "Come, come," said Madame D'Alberg, forcing an appearance of cheerfulness which she was far from feeling; "Come, my young friend, consider me as your elder sister, my mother as your's; and let us in those characters have a right to preach to you a little. Follow me," continued she, giving him her hand "and we will lecture you into a little more fortitude." D'Alonville in the most respectful manner lifted to his lips the hand she gave him and followed her in silence.

Madame de Rosenheim received him with that kindness which she had shewn from his first introduction to her; she invited him to partake of the repast they were going hastily to eat; and spoke cheerfully, though in fact her disquiet was extreme; and it was only by the utmost effort of resolution, that she concealed from her daughter and attendants the real situation of her mind. D'Alonville, unwilling to appear insensible of her civilities, yet unable to answer them, could only testify by his looks the impression her kindness made upon him; he drank the wine she poured out for him, and endeavoured to swallow the food she put before him. In turning his eyes on her countenance, and remarking the looks with which she surveyed her daughter and little ones, he perceived the uneasiness she felt for them, and was sensible of all the value of that real goodness of heart, which, at such a time, extended itself towards a stranger, who had no other recommendation than his misfortune.

D'Alonville had not been many minutes in the room before Heurthofen, though he seemed to have declined the invitation Madame D'Alberg gave him, stalked up; and while he did more justice than D'Alonville to the provisions on the table, he remonstrated with Madame de Rosenheim on their stay, though it had yet been little more than a quarter of an hour. "I merely stay" said Madame de Rosenheim, "Till the violence of the storm is abated, and till the men and horses are a little refreshed." "As to the storm," answered Heurthofen, with less civility than he had ever ventured to use towards Madame de Rosenheim, "there is little chance of staying it out, for you see it is more violent than ever; and as to the people and the horses, they are as well able to go on now as they will be half an hour hence: Unless, therefore, you or Madame D'Alberg have any reasons for wishing to pass the night here, it is *my* humble opinion that you cannot too soon give directions for departing. Night is almost come. If we do not hasten on, what place can we reach before it is quite dark; where we have any chance either of getting beds, or of procuring horses that may carry us on?"

There was something in the manner rather than in the matter of this speech, which Madame de Rosenheim thought very extraordinary; but the present was not a time to repress the impertinence of Heurthofen, which she had sometimes been compelled, on other occasions, to do. He might now be necessary; and his ill−humour would contribute to the discomforts of a journey already disagreeable enough; and his ill−humour would contribute to the discomforts of a journey already disagreeable enough; there was besides the appearance of truth in what he said; and therefore, however she felt hurt at the little respect with which he said it, she contented herself with coldly desiring him to hasten the people, as she and her daughter were ready. Heurthofen, casting a malignant look towards D'Alonville, which did not escape the observation of Madame de Alberg, then left the room; and notwithstanding the rain was as violent as ever, the horses were harnessed, and they left the miserable cabin in the same order as they had entered it; but before they had gone on a mile it was so dreary dark, that Madame de

Rosenheim almost repented not having stayed under the shelter it had afforded, wretched as it was; she knew the road they had to pass was yet worse than what they had passed already; and that with horses so fatigued, it was impossible for them to reach the place where, at their first setting our they had proposed to dine, before it would be quite dark. No remedy however appeared; and the only hope she had was, that as the night advanced the clouds might break away and that the moon, which she found rose about eight o'clock, might afford them light enough to guide them to this place, without their meeting with other inconveniencies than those of roads, tedious and rough, but not dangerous while they could discern their way.

The quantity of water and mud which, from the violent floods, covered these roads, had so unusually fatigued the horses that drew the coach that ever step they took seemed to be the last that they could take. Heavily, heavily, they moved on; then their drivers were compelled to stop; again proceed half a quarter of a mile, and then stop again. Thus, they hardly went a mile in an hour; and half their weary way was not made, when they were stopped by the overflowing of a small river, or rather brook (for in summer it is no more) that empties itself into the Moselle. The extent of the flood appeared, as far as they could discern, to be much greater than any they had yet passed; but the men seemed to think they could safely go through it; and Heurthofen, who rode forward to the coach−window, assured Madame de Rosenheim that he had passed the place often when the waters were equally high, and that there was no danger. Madame de Rosenheim, however, could with difficulty be persuaded of this, and the alarm of Madame D'Alberg was still greater. The former said it would be better to wait till the moon, which now appear faintly, should afford them light to see the marks which, in such places, are generally made to direct travellers through the floods. To this the men, and particularly Heurthofen, reluctantly consented but as the wind and rain seemed to contend which should render their stay the most comfortless, they soon became impatient, and again represented the possibility of passing in perfect security. Madame D'Alberg by the light of the moon, half−obscured by dark clouds, looked across the troubled extent of water, which the wind drove up against the wheels of the coach, and trembling at the idea of trusting her children to it, entreated her mother rather to remain where they were than to venture across it. D'Alonville, who saw her extreme distress, now advanced, entreated that Madame de Rosenheim would give him leave to ride through it first. "If I arrive on the other side without danger, I can return and guide the coach; if not, I shall have given up in your service a life which to me is merely a burthen." "No, Sir," cried Heurthofen rudely, "you know there is no danger, you see by the appearance of the water that it is not deep; your knight errantry therefore is perfectly useless, and can answer no other purpose than to waste time and encrease our difficulties. Go on, positillions; and encrease our difficulties; I am sure it is perfectly safe." "No, no," cried Madame D'Alberg, :"do not go on; I will not pass the water unless I am more convinced that we can pass it in security than I am by the positive assertations of Monsieur Heurthofen." "Since you are so very clear as to its being safe, Heurthofen," said Madame de Rosenheim, "I have no scruple in desiring you to go through it first, to satisfy my daughter's fears; you have a tall horse, and you say you are perfectly aquainted with the road; you can, therefore, have no objection to going forward; and being once secure that the passage is safe, you can holloo to us to follow you, when you reach the place where the water ceases to be deep.

To this Heurthofen, after a pause which shewed how little he approved of the proposal, answered, that he would go: to be sure he would go: that is, if he thought it necessary; but he could now discern the posts set to mark the height of the water, and he was perfectly sure that the coach might, without the least risk, go across. "Well," answered Madame de Rosenheim, "however, Heurthofen, if my daughter consents to go, do you go on first with two of the servants, and the Chevalier D'Alonville, with the two others, will keep close to the carriage behind." Madame D'Alberg still expressed extreme apprehension; yet as the moon by this time afforded considerable light, and as not only Heurthofen, but the positillions and one of the men declared they now knew the way perfectly, she at length, though reluctantly, consented, Heurthofen with two servants went on first and for a considerable way the coach proceeded along a fort of causeway raised about a foot above the low marshy ground, which extended on each side of the rivulet for near a quarter of a mile. Heurthofen now nearly at the end of this causeway, and believing that he had a right to triumph in the propriety of his advice, and in the prowess he had shewn, spurred his weary horse to gain at once dry land, when he plunged in and disappeared too late, however, to obviate the danger to the coach, which he had been sent forward to prevent; the two leading horses instantly fell into the same

gulph; and as there was neither time nor thought enough to cut the traces the other two almost as immediately followed, and the coach was overturned in the water.

It was at this moment of extreme peril that D'Alonville seemed to recover at once his resolution and presence of mind; regardless of any danger to himself, he threw himself from his horse, and cut with his sabre the leather of the carraige, which was not quite half under water; he then seized the first object he found: it was the infant son of Madame D'Alberg he gave the child instantly to one of the men, who, seeing him in the water, had dismounted also D'Alonville then snatched out another of the children The nurse, with the third in her arms was dragged out by the men; and while they carried them to the shore, D'Alonville endeavoured to extricate the Baroness and Madame D'Alberg; another servant was still in the coach, who, as the first law of nature operated strongly upon her, scuffled so well for herself, that the disengaged herself, and sprang into the stream, whence she walked to the bank but the two ladies were more than half dead when with the assistance of all the men about them, except Heurthofen, who did not appear, they were both carried on shore the deepest part of the place into which the coach had fallen, not being over their shoulders. The extremity of the danger to which his benefactresses were exposed, had lent to D'Alonville spirits and strench, that threatened to forsake him when he thought these exertions useless, and that they were lost Without any means of assisting them, he gave himself up to despair, and ran about for a moment like a mad man. The Baroness's woman, who had suffered the least, seeing, herself in safety, began to think of her mistress; and while the woman who had the care of the children was busied in recovering the only one who had swallowed much water, the servant of the Baroness endeavoured to render her lady and Madame D'Alberg such assistance as occurred to her. Madame de Rosenheim was the first restored to her senses, but was yet unconscious of her situation; and believing herself still struggling amidst the current, she faintly cried, "Save my daughter and her children:" As soon as her woman heard her speak, she renewed her efforts to restore her to her senses, and exhorted her to recollect herself, assuring her Madame D'Alberg and the children were safe. She soon was more restored; but when she saw her daughter lying by her apparently dead, her reason, feebly returning, threatened again to forsake her; roused, however, after a moment; by the danger of beings so dear to her, she began herself to attempt assisting her daughter, and the little creatures, who, though saved from the immediate danger of drowning, were likely to perish with cold. "Gracious God!" exclaimed she, "what will become of us. Where shall we obtain help. Is there no house near!" The moon now high lent her light in vain. Madame de Rosenheim beheld a dreary moor where no human habitation appeared. Madame D'Alberg continued insensible, though the breathed; and her mother alternately pressing the children to her agonized heart, believed the death of them all inevitable, and that she had only seen them snatched from the water to perish more miserably on shore. At this moment the cast her melancholy eyes across the marsh, and beheld a light moving at a distance it soon approached nearer; and D'Alonville, with five peasants, three men and two women appeared; they brought with them what such people in such a place could collect. The hands and temples of Madame D'Alberg were chased with brandy; and one of the men collected together some pieces of rotten wood, to which he set fire; and the warmth had an almost immediate effect on the child for whom they were most apprehensive; Madame D'Alberg too became suddenly sensible. She started attempted to speak, but could not; while her mother, re−animated with hope, renewed those exertions which had effected this change; and not doubting now but that she should save her daughter if she could be place in some house, she eagerly enquired whether there was any kind of shelter near. The female peasants, impressed with high notions of the rank and consequence of the ladies who it was their good fortune to succour, answered that their cottage was about a mile distant, concealed behind a small rise. The question was, how to convey thither Madame D'Alberg, who was certainly unable to walk; however, as there were six peasants and D'Alonville present, their deliberations were soon ended, by the declaration of one of the men, that they could without difficulty carry Madame D'Alberg among them. This they immediately executed, and Madame de Rosenheim, though from her faintness and the weight of her clothes drenched with water, she proceeded slowly, yet exerted herself so well that she arrived at the cottage, though not till after her daughter, who was already placed before a fire, had recovered her senses, and was now embracing her children, and now eagerly asking for her mother, of whose safety she could not be convinced, till she appeared. Tears relieved them both; the mother and daughter wept a moment in each others arms; the former then regaining her usual serenity, began to contrive how they might pass the night; and with the assistance of the women, dry clothes, and a mattrass for the children, spread before the fire, was immediately

obtained. When they were provided for, the Baroness and Madame D'Alberg, instead of attending to themselves, enquired for their people, some of whom they feared might be lost; but they learned that all the domestics had appeared; and the women servants, began to be very eloquent in praise of D'Alonville, to whom they declared the preservation of the family had been entirely owing; describing, as well as the confusion they were in at the time, had allowed them to remark, how he had saved them all. "It was dear little master he took first, as I held him up as high as I could," said the nurse. Madame D'Alberg kissed her son, and involuntarily blessed his preserver. "Excellent young man!" cried her mother; "how infinite are our obligations to him; but where is he? It would ease my over burthened heart to thank him!" The men had retired from the room, but one of the women informed her, that when the Chevalier D'Alonville had seen them all safe in the house, and likely to do well, he had gone back to assist the men in getting up the coach, which was not an easy task, as from the struggles of the horses to disengage themselves, it had been dragged farther, and was more entangled than when they quitted it.

At length D'Alonville and the men returned with the coach, which they had dragged out with ropes, and by the aid of other horses; and on a muster made of the whole party, it appeared that none were missing but Heurthofen, who, they all concluded, was drowned.

CHAP. V.

Long were to tell
What I have done; what suffer'd with what pain
Voyaged the vast unbounded deep
But I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forced to ride
Th' untractable abyss.

MILTON.

EARLY the next morning the suffering party, their equipage being repaired enough to carry them to a town about five miles distant, proceeded thither, drawn by such horses as the peasants could furnish them with. The ladies had suffered more from terror than from the water; but the children appeared to be restored; and as they went along, Madame de Rosenheim spoke of nothing but the gallantry and presence of mind that had been so fortunately exerted by the Chevalier D'Alonville. Madame D'Alberg said less; but appeared equally sensible of the obligations they all owed to the young stranger. The women were loquacious in his praise; and while they spoke of his merits, did not forget to dwell on his personal beauty. "Such a sweet young man!" cried one of them. "Such a genteel pretty young man!" echoed the other. Then "what an affectionate son! Poor dear gentleman, how he wept for his father! A good creature, I'll answer for him." In making this eulogium on the living, these good women had lost all recollection of the dead; and the unfortunate almoner Heurthofen was as much forgotten as if he had been already buried seven years. He had never, indeed, been a great favourite in the family, though he had lived in it some time. He was originally a dependant on a minister of state at Vienna, who, from an ancient attachment to his mother, or for some other reason, had educated him in France, the language of which country he spoke as well as his own; but his protector being displaced, his views of preferment had been disappointed. A situation of trust at the castle of Rosenheim, which his patron procured for him by his interest with the Baron, was, with a small annual stipend from the bounty of his first protector, thought an eligible post of for him, till something better occurred. Three years he had unwillingly submitted to bury, in the dull routine of mere business in the Baron's private establishment, talents which he thought entitled him to move in a very different sphere, when he was supposed to have ended his short career. The natural goodness of Madame de Rosenheim's heart prompted her to think well of every body, till they had given her some very good reasons to change her opinion.

Heurthofen was not a man for whom she could feel much esteem; yet as whatever his failings were, he had contrived to keep them from her observation, she contended herself with repressing the only fault she discovered in him as desire to govern and dictate in the absence of the Baron; and thought of him generally with her usual candour. His death therefore gave her very great concern, and more particularly as it seemed to have been owing to his having gone forward by her desire. Madame D'Alberg acquiesced in her mother's expressions of pity; but with a degree of coldness, which seemed to say that she felt less for the death of Heurthofen, than one would have supposed she would have done for that of a perfect stranger, perishing as it were before her eyes. The spirits of the whose party revived on their reaching the town where it had been their intention to stop in their first days journey. There they prepared to pass the night. Madame de Rosenheim remarked with real uneasiness the looks of D'Alonville, who appeared absolutely sinking under the excessive fatigue of so many days of suffering and of exertion, and had just placed him by her at their early supper, and prevailed upon him to eat something, when one of the men servants entered the room, and informed his lady, with more appearance of surprise than satisfaction, that the almoner was alive and coming up stairs. Heurthofen immediately entered, and was received by Madame de Rosenheim with great satisfaction. The rest of the party were silent, listened to the narrative he gave of his escape, without seeming to take much interest in it; while the almoner, either from remarking this coldness, or because he really thought himself injured, continued to tell the miracles of his involuntary voyage, interlacing his narrative with the expressions of "when I was thus abandoned;" "when thus I was left to struggle alone." "In this distressed condition, without any hope of saving my life," said he, "I was carried down the stream for some time upon my horse; at length collecting all my presence of mind, I imagined it would be best to abandon the animal, who was nearly exhausted. I disengaged myself then, and leaving him to his fate as I had been before left to mine, I endeavoured by swimming, in which I was a tolerable proficient, to gain the shore; but the current into which I had thus inadvertently plunged, in obedience to your wishes, Madame, was too rapid for me; and imagine what were my sensations, when I heard the rush of waters, which I knew to be the torrent of a mill−stream." "It is singular," said Madame D'Alberg, "indeed that among this mighty rust of waters, you should distinguish the noise of a mill−stream, from the stream you were struggling in." "Not at all, Madame," answered Heurthofen. "I was convinced I should be driven through the mill race and perhaps dashed to pieces. Succourless as I was, and enfeebled by having so long contended with the boiling torrent, I gave myself up for lost, when as a last effort, I hallooed as loud as I could; fortunately my voice was heard; a miller came forth with a lantern, he extended a pole towards me, on which I seized with difficulty, for the man was less able than willing, I was dragged on shore I mounted my horse." " Your horse!" said Madame D'Alberg, "I thought he had been drowned in the first setting out." "No, Madame," replied Heurthofen, "I did not say so though he was left, it did not follow that he was drowned. He he swam ashore higher up; and was I know not by whom caught." "But would it not have been better," said Madame D'Alberg, "since you were so nearly exhausted, and had suffered so much would it not have been better to have gone into the mill for refreshment?" "I could not," replied Heurthofen after a moments pause; "for no sooner had the man who had assisted me to the river's boundary, and another who came out his aid, surveyed my figure, than they declared I was a spy, and they had some inclination to precipitate me again into the raging cataract!" "A spy!" cried Madame D'Alberg, "what extraordinary notions these people must have of spies, to imagine that one of them would proceed on his mission by water at such a time of night!" "I cannot answer for their notions," said Heurthofen, "but I know, Madame, that owing to his absurd notion, I narrowly escaped greater inconveniences even than those I had passed through." "Poor Heurthofen!" said Madame de Rosenheim, who, though she knew he was rhodomontading, had compassion alike for his late escape, and present confusion "Poor Heurthofen! your perils do indeed seem to have been greater than ours." She good naturedly wished to turn the conversation, but her daughter was not disposed to let him off so easily. "Well, but inform us, Sir?" said she, "since you have so far excited our curiosity inform us if you please, how you got out of the hands of these injudicious persons." "I escaped them on horseback," replied Heurthofen, who had by this time recollected himself; "and making the best of my way from them notwithstanding the impervious darkness of the night. "Nay, nay," cried the inexorable Madame D'Alberg, again interrupting him, "it was not so very dark neither; there was a moon you know;" "Nothing could be darker, however," answered Heurthofen, "than were the woods into which I plunged." "To what purpose?" enquired Madame D'Alberg. "In endeavouring to find my way back" replied he, "to the fatal place where I had left the coach, in the hope, feeble as I own I was, to save the family. "Ah! you were very kind indeed, Sir," answered the lady. "Fortunately for us the Chevalier D'Alonville

was nearer at hand, to whose activity and resolution we all owe our lives, which but for him would undoubtedly have been lost, before your plunging into woods and emerging out of boiling torrents would have permitted you to have come to our assistance." Heurthofen cast an angry and indignant look at D'Alonville; but what his mind suggested in answer to information evidently unwelcome to him he had not time to express, a servant at the moment entering the room, who said a person desired to speak to the Abbe Heurthofen. He was not much disposed to move, and enquired rather peevishly who could possibly have any business with him? The servant said the man looked like a miller; and Heurthofen without farther hesitation went down; Madame D'Alberg gravely remarking as he left the room, that she was afraid it might be one of the men who had mistaken him for a spy, and was now come in pursuit of him.

"You are too hard upon Heurthofen," said Madame de Rosenheim to her daughter when he had left the room; "you see, my dear, he has a mind to make a merit of his sufferings." "He does wisely, certainly," returned Madame D'Alberg, to excuse as well as he can his desertion of us; but he lies so aukwardly awkwardly that it provokes one." "I own" answered her mother smiling, "he has forgot himself, as Cervantes did about Sancho's ass; but I dare say he has suffered considerably." "I have no pity," cried Madame D'Alberg, "for his selfish sufferings. After the danger is over, and we are is safety at an inn, he finds us out, and with a round red face, as if he had eat or slept the whole time, insults us with an impossible story of dangers he ran, which never happened, in an attempt that he was now too wise to make. I am very sure, if we knew the truth, we should find that he scrambled out of the water, and found his way to some house, which he probably knew of before, as he is well acquainted with this road; and that all these whirlpools, and enemies, and Cimmerian woods, existed no where but in his own head, and were created only to excite our pity." "You judge too hardly, Adriana," said the Baroness.

"You will find I am right, Madame," answered her daughter. The almoner did not return, and the party separated for the night; D'Alonville undertaking, at the instance of Madame de Rosenheim, to give early directions for a more complete repair of the coach, and to procure horses for their journey.

When Madame D'Alberg retired to the room that was prepared for her, her woman, full of the events of the past days, began to descant upon them. "Surely never had any family such a narrow escape," cried she "I am sure, now I came to think upon it coolly, my blood quite curdles as it were in my veins It is a great mercy we are alive to tell of it." "It is certainly," answered her mistress. "But have you heard the more miraculous story of poor Heurthofen, and how near he had been lost in attempting to come back to us?" "*He* lost," exclaimed the woman; "Has he made you believe so, Madame?" Madame D'Alberg then related all the hair−breadth escapes which the almoner had described. "Well!" exclaimed the woman "if I am not amazed at the assurance of some folks! So far from his having been in all this danger, I am very sure he scrambled out but a little way beyond where he blundered into the hole, which, after all his boasting, he ought to have known of; though I believe indeed he was pretty well frighted, and glad to find himself safe. He took special care not to get into danger again by trying to help us; but trotted off to a mill a mile or two lower down, where he told the people that he was benighted, and had narrowly escaped drowning: they took him in and gave him a warm bed and a good supper: The man that took care of his horse not being in the way when he sat out from thence this morning, came here by chance to−night with flour, and hearing that the Abbé Heurthofen was at this inn, he sent up to ask for money for the trouble he had taken with his horse. The poor beast it seems was in a bad condition, having been hurt in scrambling up an high bank; but as to the Abbé himself, he was a great deal more frightened than hurt the miller has been telling our men all about it." "I wish," said Madame D'Alberg, "the man could be made to repeat the story to us as we get into the coach to−morrow; my mother will hardly be brought to believe that Heurthofen, instead of attempting to return to our assistance, went prudently off, and consulted his own safety." "Ah! madam," replied her woman, "I am sure he richly deserves to have the truth known; but my good lady the Baroness is so backward to believe any ill of him a sly fellow: as to this time he has taken care to send the man off, and so we shall never hear any more of the truth than we know already, and he will have credit for all his boasting." "Heurthofen," said Madame D'Alberg, "seems to be no favourite of yours." "No, indeed," answered the woman; "I have not much cause to love him." Madame D'Alberg was too much fatigued to enter this evening into the causes of disgust that Heurthofen had given her servant; she dismissed her, therefore, and endeavoured to quiet

her spirits, and to obtain the repose the so greatly wanted.

The next day the proceeded on their journey, and the day following reached Coblentz; nothing occurring worth remark, unless it was the encreasing ill humour of Heurthofen, whose evil disposition towards D'Alonville visibly encreased. D'Alonville cared very little for his displeasure, and was indeed hardly conscious that such a man existed. Madame de Rosenheim and her daughter found some difficulty in procuring lodgings in a town already crowded with persons, who, driven from the frontiers, had taken shelter there. A female friend whose husband was absent made room for them in her hotel; but D'Alonville, who would be no longer troublesome to them resorted to his own countrymen, among whom he found a distant relation of his mother's a Mareshal de Camp, who, though by no means in high affluence himself, having saved very little, supplied him with money for his present support, and received him into a small apartment in the same house.

It was natural for him to pay the most assiduous attention to persons to whom he was so infinitely obliged; and gratitude, as well as the esteem which their characters inspired, attached him every day more and more to the Baroness de Rosenheim and her daughter. He considered the former as his mother, the latter as his sister; and attempted not to conceal the affection he felt for them, or that the only alleviating circumstance he at present found for his misfortunes, was being admitted on the most friendly footing to visit them; while on their parts they were both equally pleased with him, and as they knew more of him, felt a stronger interest in his fate. The younger lady, who had now received assurances that her husband was safe, and would soon be with her, re−assumed her usual serenity, and waited without uneasiness the instructions that were expected from the Baron, as to their future measures. Madame de Rosenheim seemed to be persuaded that he would direct them to go to him at Vienna; and as she wished to continue to be of service to her young French friend, she had held several conferences with her daughter, on means of retaining D'Alonville with them, without shocking the pride, which his high birth and exalted notions of honor, had very properly inspired. Heurthofen, whose hatred of D'Alonville he did not even attempt to conceal, was very seldom of the parties which the Baroness collected round her; he contented himself with a cold and sullen performance of his duties in the family, and passed almost all the rest of his time in societies of his own; but to the servants he openly expressed his disapprobations of the Baroness's conduct in encouraging around her so many of the French emigrants, and avowed his hopes, that they should soon go to Vienna, and shake off these coxcombs; for a softer name he could not find for men whose superiority, though he felt it, he was too proud to allow. Heurthofen was a man of a singular character, of which pride and self consequence were the predominant features. Thrown by his birth at a great distance from the eminence he desired to aspire to, and apparently condemned, by having taken orders in the Catholic church, to remain for ever dependant on his patron, or to become the pastor of some German village, his ambitious spirit soared above his obscure lot, and he had neither feelings or principles likely to check any means, however daring or however immoral, which that spirit might prompt him to use for his exaltation. With a cool head, and a callous heart, he had none of those passions which so often baffle and betray the schemes of the politician. Incapable alike of friendship or of love, he had yet so much personal vanity, that he was persuaded his abilities gave him a general command over the minds of others; that no man could detect him whom he determined to deceive; no woman resist him whose affections he desired to appropriate. He had not that degree of taste and discrimination which would have led him to admire the talents, virtues, and graces of Madame D'Alberg; but he had tried to ingratiate himself with her, in hopes to have the glory of discovering, that even a woman of understanding so superior, could not resist his art and his eloquence. The haughty repulse that he had always met with, and the pointed dislike towards him, which Madame D'Alberg always expressed, had mortified and piqued him without curing him of his presumptuous folly. He was till persuaded, that only opportunity and perseverance were wanting to obtain a more favorable reception; till her acquaintance with the Chevalier D'Alonville alarmed his pride, by shewing him, that while he was treated with haughty reserve, and kept at a disdainful distance, this young man, of whom nothing was know but his misfortunes, was received and considered like an equal, while he appeared at the parties of the Baroness only as a dependant. Rage and hatred boiled in his bosom, and stimulated his intriguing and malignant spirit to punish the authors of the pain he felt, while he fought himself above the humiliating situation, where his dependence seemed to counteract perpetually the ascendancy of talents, which he believed would be under other circumstances, irresistible.

CHAP. VI.

Il n'est point de peril, que je n'ose affrontu,
Je hazarderai tout.

VOLTAIRE.

THE family who had been driven thus precipitately from the castle of Rosenheim, had no sooner been safely settle at Coblentz, than the Baroness sent off a messenger to Vienna to acquaint her husband of their being in a place of security, and to ask his future directions. The messenger returned in the due course of time, with a letter from the Baron de Rosenheim, in which he expressed his satisfaction, that his family were in safety after so many perils, and assured them, that he would soon be with them. He added, "I am almost afraid to enquire whether, under such circumstances of haste and terror, you thought of those papers and deeds that were in a closet in the wall near the chapel, of which Heurthofen ought to have, and I hope has, taken care. He knew they were there, and he knew that infinite consequence they are to me, and still more to my daughter: they are indeed so material, that it would be a less loss to me to have Rosenheim destroyed, than to lose them her's and her children's succession to a great part of my property depends on these deeds. I had so little idea of any in road from the French patriots when I left Rosenheim, that I gave no charge about them; but I sent you the key of the iron door which secures them, and charge to you to take care of them, by the messenger, who was, I find, robbed on his way back a circumstance that, together with your not naming them among the effects you have carried with you to Coblentz, makes me very apprehensive that these very material deeds may have been forgotten; but even then, as it could answer no purpose to the banditti, who have perhaps plundered my house, to take or to destroy such things, as the small iron door is very little observable, and could not but with great difficulty be opened there is such a chance of my recovering these parchments, that, if they have unfortunately been forgot, I entreat that some of the servants who know the place may be sent back to attempt to recover them. If, as I have reason to believe, there is a French garrison at Rosenheim, I should not hesitate to write to the commander; or even to offer money for leave to take away these papers, which they cannot make the least use of not a moment is to be lost in attempting to recover them, should my apprehensions of their having been neglected by well grounded; and I entreat you to exert yourself in doing so; and that you will remember how very much depends upon it. It is very distressing, that my private and public duties are at this moment so incompatible, that when you most want me, I cannot be with you.

On the perusal of this letter, Madame de Rosenheim, to whom the importance of these papers were well known, was struck with consternation and concern she sent immediately for Heurthofen he was not to be found; but the Baroness was but too well assured that he had taken no care to secure these papers. When he arrived, he answered her enquires with great coldness; he said, that he had been too much hurried and occupied by her commands to attend the dying emigrant and his son, her young friend; and that if she pleased to recollect what passed on their precipitate retreat, she must do him the justice to acknowledge, that she did not allow him time to execute his duty to the Baron. That he had not the key; and never having been in habits of having the care of these parchments, it was not wonderful he should overlook the charge, in a time of so much confusion. Madame de Rosenheim, in great perplexity, then enquired of him whether he could point out any person who was fit to be entrusted, and would undertake the task of endeavouring to regain them; but he with the utmost sangfroid declined interfering and said that he could not in conscience recommend it to any man who valued his life, to undertake so perilous, and in his opinion, so useless an exploit. Madame D'Alberg came into the room, attended by D'Alonville at this moment; she immediately saw the uneasiness under which her mother suffered, and already detesting Heurthofen, she could not let pass this opportunity of expressing her impatience and disgust. "I am surprised, madam," said she addressing herself to Madame de Rosenheim, "that you should find any difficulty in

this matter; undoubtedly Monsieur Heurthofen, who is so bravely adventurous; he who dared so heroically to brave the raging flood in order to our rescue, will readily return to snatch from the invaders these papers, of whose consequence he is aware; besides, continued she (throwing still more irony into her manner), "he may perhaps have interest with Messieurs les Sans Culottes, whose principles, if I am rightly informed, he does not altogether disclaim." Heurthofen evidently struggled with his confusion and rage; he bit his lips, and seemed to repress with difficulty the answer he was tempted to give. Madame de Rosenheim, however, vexed by the loss of the papers, and by the little hope there appeared of recovering them, was more disposed to be angry with herself than with Heurthofen, whom she dismissed, desiring him to consider what could be done; and then she gently intimated to her daughter that she thought her too severe upon Heurthofen, "who, after all, my dear," said she, "was not so much to blame as I was; it was I who ought to have thought of those papers; and if we never recover them, which it is very improbable we ever shall, it is only I, who ought to be reproached with all the disagreeable, indeed ruinous, conseqences consequences that will follow." D'Alonville, who was yet ignorant of the subject of this conversation, now asked if he might be indulged with an explanation. The Baroness read to him that part of her husband's letter which related to his fears for these valuable papers, and she spoke of the reproaches she made herself for having forgotten them. D'Alonville recollected, that amidst so many cares for her own family, and in an hour of such danger and distress, his father's and his own situation had engaged so much of her time and thought; and he was affected almost to tears, when he found how much her generous pity for the calamities of strangers, was likely to injure her family. D'Alonville, however, was not a man to lament the misfortune of his friends, without making some attempt to alleviate those misfortunes; and the persuasion that he had himself been in a great measure the occasion of that which his benefactress now deplored he felt an irresistible impulse to attempt recovering these papers, and he could not help instantly expressing what he felt; declaring with great warmth, that if they would only furnish him with such instructions as should enable him to find the place, he would go himself, and endeavour to repair the loss of which he knew himself to have been the cause. Madame de Rosenheim, thought struck with the generosity of his offer, and the zeal with which he expressed it; but it appeared to her so hazardous in the attempt, and so doubtful in the success, that she besought him to mention it no more. She kindly endeavoured to persuade him, that her omission had not been owing to her attention to his father or himself, and while he remained with her, she affected to make light of a circumstance he, which notwithstanding saw, gave her the greatest uneasiness. The Baroness having left the room for a few moments, D'Alonville obtained from Madame D'Alberg an avowal of the truth. She told him that, in consequence of her father having no male heir, a very considerable part of his property would have gone after his decease, to a distant relation, had it not been for these deeds, executed by the grandfather of the present possessor, who had taken precautions to preserve it to his own posterity, whether male or female. A power, however, which the relation in question was so much disposed to dispute, that he had been actually at law with the Baron; and the whole cause must turn on these parchments. D'Alonville, more than ever confirmed in his resolution to attempt regaining them at whatever risk, forbore to express his thoughts to Madame D'Alberg; but left her in a few minutes, and went in search of Heurthofen. Heurthofen, as usual, was not to be met with. He seemed to have found a new set of acquaintance, with whom he constantly associated; and was only seen at the hotel inhabited by Madame de Rosenheim, at those hours when it was necessary to appear as her chaplain. At their supper, therefore, the Chevalier D'Alonville met him; and without being deterred by the supercilious coldness with which Heurthofen affected to treat him, he followed him out when he left the house, and accosting him in the street, desired to have a moment's conversation with him in a coffee−house not far from thence. "With me? Monsieur le Chevalier;" replied the almoner, "I should not have supposed it likely you could have any business with me: whatever it is, it is probably slight enough to be settled where we are, and let it be quickly, if you please, for I have an engagement, and am in haste." D'Alonville despised the priest too much to resent his impertinent and repulsive manner; but entering immediately on the subject, he desired Heurthofen to inform him of what he knew as to the size and number of the parchments which were of so much consequence, and to describe to him, as nearly as he could, the place where they were to be fought by any person who attempted to recover them. "Attempt to recover them!" exclaimed Heurthofen, "And *who will* attempt to recover them?" "I will attempt it," answered D'Alonville. "You! Monsieur le Chevalier," replied he; "Indeed! I have always had reason to venerate and admire your fears of gallantry in the service of the ladies; and, in truth, thus undertaking this adventure, proves you to be a most daring and adventurous knight, whose prowess, or *boast* of prowess, will, I dare say, meet with the usual reward in such

cases, The smiles and favors of the fair."

"What do you mean, Sir?" D'Alonville, who could no longer command himself "I ask of you information which may be material to the family in whose service you are." Heurthofen interrupted him by repeating, indignantly, the word "service!"

"Yes, Sir," cried D'Alonville, with increased warmth "I say service You are, according to my apprehension, a domestic in the family of the Baron de Rosenheim; and as such you are obliged by your duty give me the information I demand."

"And who are you, Sir, and by what authority do you demand any thing of *me*; or by whose desire trouble yourself with the affairs of the Baron de Rosenheim? I shall give you no information, Sir I know nothing of you You may or may not be the man you call yourself You say you are a French noble."

"If I were not so," said D'Alonville, interrupting him, "If I could for a moment put myself upon a level with such a person as you are, you would the next moment feel the chastisement you deserve for your insolence. Even as it is, I dare not trust myself to talk to you longer, left I should degrade myself, and forget the respect I own to Madame de Rosenheim, whose servant as such, is exempt from my vengeance; but you must not imagine this matter is to end here." "Wherever you please, Monsieur le Chevalier," replied Heurthofen, as he walked another way. D'Alonville felt almost irresistibly tempted, to follow him and knock him down; but however warm and impetuous his passion was at this moment, he had good sense enough to remember that the cause in which he was engaged would profit nothing by his giving way to the emotions he felt; and that it was neither proper for him to strike a man who belonged to the household of Madame de Rosenheim, nor a time for an individual of his nation to engage in the streets of Coblentz in a broil, the real cause of which could not be explained. D'Alonville, therefore, suffered the priest to depart without carrying with him any of those marks of resentment which he so well had deserved; but he was extremely vexed in reflecting that he had been baffled in his enquiry by the insolence of this man, for who he felt a decided antipathy, and that he had gained nothing as to the object of his enquiry. He would not, however, at that time yield to the indignation and resentment he felt, but began to consider whether it was not probable that some other of the domestics might supply him with the information he wanted. He had observed that the woman who attended Madame D'Alberg was talkative and communicative; extremely attached to her lady, and possessed of a good understanding. He knew, that as she was a young and rather an handsome girl, he should make himself liable to suspicions very wide of the truth, by attempting to obtain a private conference with her; but this he was determined to hazard. The next day he was early at the hotel inhabited by Madame de Rosenheim's family; and as he sat reading in the room where they usually assembled after breakfast, Madame D'Alberg sent down her femme−de−chambre for the very book he happened to have in his hand; D'Alonville eagerly seizing the opportunity, addressed himself to her; and telling her he had something very material to say to her, entreated her to sit down and hear him. The young woman, whose name was Bessola, being somewhat of a conquest, affected the utmost surprize; "Dear Sir," cried she, trying to disengage her hand which D'Alonville had taken; "I wonder what you can have to say to me It is quite impossible for me to stay Sir I must desire you to let me go There! I declare my lady calls me Do pray, Sir, give me the book." "I will," replied D'Alonville, "if you will tell us where I can have half an hour's conversation with you." "Good gracious, Sir," replied Bessola, "it is impossible you can have any thing to say to me, Sir: besides, Chevalier, my lady would take it so ill of me, and if she would not, dear me! how is it possible for me to meet you, when I am sure she would never perhaps forgive me, if, when we are all as it were banished from our own homes, and in such troublesome times, I should desire to go out for pleasure. I never go any where but to vespers."

"And you will be at vespers to−night my pretty Bessola, will you not? At the convent hard by where your lady goes? It is there you pay our devotions?" "Sometimes," replied Bessola; "but now and then I go to the Cordelier's church on the other side of the Grand Place." "And it is there," interrupted he eagerly, "you will be to−night?" "Dear goodness," answered she, "how you do worry one. I cannot tell; perhaps I may. There! my lady wonders, no doubt, why I stay so long." A footman entered the room, and Bessola taking the book from

D'Alonville, said artfully, "I'll inform my lady, Sir, that you have done with the book." D'Alonville vexed at the delay, and not being sure that she either meant to meet him, or if she did, being uncertain whether he could obtain from her the intelligence he wanted, went to his lodgings; but more mature reflection confirming him in his design, he resolved, at whatever hazard of misrepresentation, to meet Bessola, who, if not able to give him the information he wanted, might, he thought, put him in a way how to procure it from some of the other servants, who might be better acquainted with the particulars he wished to learn.

CHAP. VII.

Principio muras, obscuraque limina porte
Qita greffum extuleram, repeto et vestigia retro
Observata sequor per noctem, et lumine lustro.

VIRG. Æneid, II.

AT the time appointed D'Alonville attended at the place where Mademoiselle Bessola had artfully hinted to him that he might meet her. He found her there, and prevailed on her at the door of the church to make with him a tour round another part of the town; and did not keep her long in suspence as to the purport of his business with her. Bessola, who had expected a declaration of love, seemed to be very much mortified at finding that the Chevalier merely meant to enquire after a parcel of old musty parchments; and when he expressed his concern, that he could not learn any thing that related to what was of so much consequence to her lady, she replied, "I am sorry, Sir, too, as I with my lady well; but I dare say these deeds, or whatever your call them, that there is such a racked about, are only the old Baron's pedigrees of twenty mile long, that carry back his quarterings beyond the flood, as they have told me. If that is all I suppose there will be no great harm if they are never found again. The Abbe Heurthofen has told me sometimes in confidence that, in his opinion, these great families are no better than we ourselves, and that the subjection we are in to them " "The Abbe Heurthofen!" exclaimed D'Alonville, interrupting her, "*He* holds these doctrines, does he?" "Oh Lord, yes, Sir," replied Bessola, "and a great many others, of which you have very little notion; why Sir, he has been telling us lately " D'Alonville listened eagerly to hear what Heurthofen had been inculcatin, when the damsel was interrupted in her discourse by Heurthofen himself, who suddenly came out from the door of an obscure house near which they were passing, as little wishing to be seen, as those who met him; but he was so near them that neither could escape. He spoke with some warmth, and without immediately regarding the persons who were thus in his path, to two or three strange figures enveloped in mantles, who hurried away. Heurthofen too, casting a significant glance at D'Alonville and his companion, concealed himself from their farther observation by hastening down a dark passage near the place. D'Alonville, who knew that his conference with Bessola might be misinterpreted, was only concerned on her account; and he was the more concerned, as she herself seemed to be much alarmed, and very apprehensive of the construction Heurthofen might put upon her, being thus observed traversing the streets of an evening with the Chevalier D'Alonville. Disappointed, equally perhaps on both sides, they parted before they reached the hotel of Madame de Rosenheim. Bessola, whom D'Alonville had flattered into some degree of good humour promising before she left him, that she would endeavour to gather from the childrens' maid, who had lived longer in the family, such particulars as she could recollect relative to the subject of his enquiry. With this promise D'Alonville was compelled to be content for that night; and his Quixotism had by this time determined him to set out the next day at all events. A wish to revisit the spot of earth where his father lay buried, mingled itself with his eager desire to shew his gratitude to the family of Madame de Rosenheim; and these two motives were strong enough to make him disregard any dangers that might threaten him, in the execution of his design. He was, however, too solicitous for its success to omit any precaution that might enable him to get through it; and early in the morning he set about procuring the dress of a Flemish peasant. This was easily had, and he had just returned to his

lodgings, after making the purchase, when that servant of Madame D'Alberg's, who usually attended on her children, entered his apartment. This woman, who was older, and of a very different disposition from Bessola, gave him a great deal of information; she said, that having been often attending on the two little girls of whom the Baron was passionately fond, she had sometimes followed them into his room, when he had been busied among papers, and as the children ran about after him, she had seen him deposit papers in a strong closet in the anteroom to the chapel, which communicated by a private passage with his study; of which closet he always kept the key himself. The room was hung with coarse arras, which concealed the closet; but from her account, and the marks she made upon a card he gave her, he thought he perfectly understood where to look for it, and even hoped from her description, that if the castle of Rosenheim was, as there was reason to believe, in possession of the French patriots, this place might have escaped their plunder. The woman having told him all she knew, began to exert her powers of speech in describing all the dangers of his undertaking. He answered, that she was mistaken, in supposing he had determined to go himself, but that it was true, that being aware of the consequence the recovery of these deeds were to a family he had been so much obliged to, he was thinking of every method likely to contribute to that end. And he requested his eloquent informer to say nothing to her ladies of his enquiries, as he should explain to them himself his reasons for making them, witthout without which explanation they might appear extraordinary. The woman, with whom D'Alonville had always been a great favourite, promised too observe his directions, and withdrew full of admiration for the "brave pretty creature," who she was persuaded meant to throw himself again into the midst of his enemies. As she went home, she pondered on what he had said to her; and determined, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, to inform her ladies that she suspected the Chevalier D'Alonville had some intention of returning to the castle of Rosenheim; and this information she failed not to give; relating much that he had said to her, and more that she had fancied. Madame de Rosenheim was convinced, that should D'Alonville do this, he would go to his death and without being of the least use to her, sacrifice a life which might hereafter be useful to his country and honorable to himself; she therefore consulted with Madame D'Alberg in what way to prevent his rash attempt, and they agreed, that it would be proper to beg immediately to see him. But as their messenger was leaving the hotel, a letter was delivered to Madame D'Alberg, together with a small box. The letter was as follows:

MADAME,

"When you read this, I shall be some miles on my journey towards Rosenheim. I could not learn how much the interest of your family was concerned in the recovery of those papers, which your generous solicitude for my father and me certainly occasioned your leaving there without feeling it an indispensable duty to attempt regaining them. If I fail, I fail in a cause which will consolate me in imprisonment, or even in death; If I succeed, I shall at least have made one attempt to express more than in mere words, the everlasting gratitude of my heart, and the respect and veneration with which I have the honor to be, Madame, your most obliged, and most devoted servant,

LE CHEVALIER D'ALONVILLE."

Coblentz, 9th Nov. 1792.

P.S. "The box I take the liberty to leave under your care, contains the croix worn by my father, and a small locket set with diamonds, of little value, which I used to wear round my neck precious to me, because it contains a lock of my mother's hair. As it is necessary for me to go in the disguise of a peasant, I will not risk being discovered by carrying these things about me In your hands they will be safe; but, if I do not return in two months, you may conclude that my attempt has failed, and that my unhappy life is at an end In that even may I entreat you, should it be possible, to send these memorials of a brother and nephew she loved, to Madame de Mount Basil, the only sister of my father."

The perusal of this letter filled the Baroness and Madame D'Alberg with concern. The former had an affection for the young and interesting stranger, as if he had been her son; and she could not think without terror and regret of the danger to which he exposed himself. Madame D'Alberg, though she said less, felt equal concern; but there was no remedy; and they were obliged to wait the event with patience. A few days after the departure of D'Alonville, Count D'Alberg arrived; and the whole family, Heurthofen still being one of it, removed to Vienna. Madame de Rosenheim related to the Count on his first arrival all the circumstances of their precipitate retreat from Rosenheim, and the danger they encountered on their way. He listened with the generosity and sensibility natural

to his temper, to that part of her narrative that related to D'Alonville. He expressed himself much interested for a young man who had shewn so much tenderness to his father, and so much resolution in the service of his friends, and most heartily concurred in wishing his safe return, when he assured Madame de Rosenheim he would use all his interest in his favor. But after a day or two he seemed to have lost all these favourable impressions. He received with coldness and even with dislike every mention of D'Alonville, and at length became evidently impatient when ever Madame de Rosenheim spoke of him; while Madame D'Alberg perceived this change, and who perhaps guessed from whence it arose, ceased to speak of him at all. The Baroness, however, whom no caprice of others could divert from what she felt to be her duty towards her young friend, left at the hotel where she had lived at Coblentz directions where she was to be found at Vienna, together with a most pressing invitation to him to come to them there, and assurances that the Baron de Rosenheim would have infinite pleasure in being of service to him.

D'Alonville in the mean time journeyed on foot and alone towards Rosenheim. He had been at the college at Doway, and afterwards in garrison at Lisle, and he knew the patios of the peasantry of the French and German frontiers. Animated even to enthusiasm by the hope of succeeding in his enterprize, the difficulties with which it was attended served only to make him pursue it with equalardour and caution. The second day brought him into the country where the soidisant patriot army was encamped. He continually fell among parties of them, but passed as a peasant, not without frequent attempts on their part to enlist a young man, whose height and figure made him so fit for a soldier. After two or three of these recountres he was perfectly master of their jargon, and telling some plausible story to each as he was interrogated, he passed without any adventure that materially retarded his course, till he arrived about noon on the fifth day at a village, which he thought he remembered, as being the first they had passed after they left Rosenheim. It was here that the country bore the most dreary aspect and presented all the horrors of the seat of war. The borough or large hamlet where he now was, had been just evacuated by a party of Sans Culottes, who had left to the miserable inhabitants hardly any other possession than their lives; and consternation and dismay appeared on the countenances of the few, who could not quit their ruined houses, because they knew not whether to go. D'Alonville, overcome with fatigue, and desirous of obtaining some information of the state of the castle before he proceeded thither, obtained leave of an unhappy widow, who with her children had remained in their plundered dwelling, to lie down for a few hours on the floor of one of her rooms, on a little dirty straw, the only bed that was left to her and her family. He told her, that he only requested her indulgence for a few hours till he was able to go on, and would pay her whatever he could afford for the accommodation she granted him. This amounted to nothing more than the straw bed, a piece of black bread, a few roots, and water; with which, however hunger and fatigue enabled him to make an hearty meal. His hostess, of whom only he ventured to enquired, informed him that the village and castle of Rosenheim were near two leagues distant; that she had heard the French had a detachment there, but she knew no more; and had probably found it so hard to support her own portion of calamity, that she had no time to enquire into what had befallen others. D'Alonville slept for two hours, and then, as he determined approach Rosenheim in the dusk of the evening, he paid for his coarse fare, and proceeded on his way. The evening came on before he got to the end of the first league; but was not yet dark, unless among the woods, which are here extensive; he followed the high road through them, but he met nobody: on his coming out of the last, he had just light enough to discern that the plain on which he entered had lately been the scene of skirmish. The bodies of men, to whom neither the conquerors or the conquered had afforded the rites of sepulture, and many horses lay scattered over the ground; the dreary silence was broken only be the hollow cries of the owls from the wood; and there was just that degree of light that served to lend artificial to the real horrors with which D'Alonville was surrounded, for the objects appeared indistinct, and uncertain. Near the middle of the plain, which was a fort of common field of about a mile over, he paused, and looking around him, endeavoured to recollect where he was. He though the remembered such a place within sight of the castle of Rosenheim; and casting his eyes towards the quarter where he supposed its scite was, with higher grounds behind it, he fancied he was right, though the hills and woods upon them appeared now only a mass of shadow, in which he could not distinguish the spires and towers of the castle; but the persuasion that he was so near the place he fought, gave him spirits to proceed with redoubled activity; and he walked another hour, by which time the few stars that could pierce the gloom of a November night, were his only guides. He found, however, without much difficulty, the road which, striking out of that to the village, led up among the woods to

one of the castle gates. Though he was now within two hundred yards of the castle, and it was not yet a time of night when its inhabitants, whoever they were, were likely to be retired to rest; all was so perfectly quiet that D'Alonville began to believe, that if the enemy had been masters of it, they had abandoned it, and that some of the inhabitants of the village below had again taken possession of it for their ancient lords. In this flattering hope, which promised him the easy execution of his design he walked on. He arrived at the area of the castle, if castle that might be called which had been reduced by fire to an almost shapeless mass of ruin. The strong wall within the fosse had been beat down; the fosse was so far filled with the materials, that it cold be passed over the towers and battlements, half fallen, exhibited only a scene of desolation. The ruins yet smoked; and a dull heat and smell of smothered fire proceeded from them; the smell indeed had struck D'Alonville a considerable way off; but he imputed it to the burning of some village, which he supposed had, like too many others, been fired by the contending armies.

A moment he stood amazed and aghast; hardly believing what he saw: for all around him had the gloomy uncertainty of an horrible dream. He listened to hear if the fire yet crackled beneath the smouldering walls; but it had exhausted its rage, and only the low murmurs of the wind that groaned among the hollow ruins, and the water that rippled around the fosse, interrupted the dreary stillness. D'Alonville turned his eyes towards that part of the castle which had overlooked the garden, where he had so lately deposited the sad remains of his only parent; but from the place where he was broken buildings, and the dim light of heaven appearing through dismantled windows, and walls perforated by fire.

Without much reflecting on his purpose, he would have made his purpose, he would have made his way to the garden side; but a path which had formerly led round on that part which had formerly led round on that part of the hill, was now choaked with impassable masses of fallen stones; he saw no way of getting to any other part of the ruins, than by descending the way he came, and attempting the high road from the village on the other side; for, without much discrimination as to the reason or utility of what he was about to attempt, he felt an invincible desire to explore the crumbling remains of this venerable edifice; though he was convinced his mission was now hopeless. In pursuance of this wish, he returned by the same road that had brought him thither, arriving at the foot of the hill, turned into that which he imagined must lead him to the high road that passed through the village. Thither he found his way, but the houses, though not in ashes as he expected to see them, seemed to be almost all deserted. Desolation in its various forms appeared to have swept away at once the household of the seigneur, and the humble families of his vassals. D'Alonville recollected how, at a former period, and in still greater distress than he now felt, he had wandered among these cottages, entreating shelter for his father and that he was then repulsed; yet he forgave the people who had at that time denied him assistance, through fear of the very evil that was since come upon them; and he wished to hear the sound of a human voice. He thought he might obtain some information relative to the destruction of the castle above, if he could find a peasant yet in the village; but he knew that to attempt entering houses, whose inhabitants, if any still remained, were probably in unceasing alarms for their lives, the only possession which remained to them, were in vain. while he deliberated, what to do, he saw a faint light from the lower windows of the very cottage where he had on is former melancholy journey received directions how to reach the castle he approached the door he listened and fancied he heard in a flow in a particular cadence, a woman's voice as if lulling a child to sleep, or attempting to soothe it. Being after a moments pause confirmed in this conjecture, he ventured to rap softly at the door; the same voice enquired who was there; and D'Alonville answering in the language of the country, "a friend," was bid to come in. He entered the cottage, or rather cabin, and saw sitting near a few dying embers, a woman, who held one infant on her knees, while another lay sleeping on the ground on a few shreds of woollen that had once been a blanket; a rush light was fixed to the side of the chimney by an iron, and the whole appearance of the miserable room presented ideas of famine and despair. The woman, who seemed wholly occupied by the child in her arms, did not immediately look up, but when D'Alonville approached her, she turned, and seeing a stranger, shrieked; and in a tone of piercing anguish exclaimed that the enemy were returned. D'Alonville made haste to re−assure her; he protected that he was an unhappy young man, who had himself been driven from his home, who had lost his father, and was now He stopped, however, on recollecting that it would be better not to say for what he was come; he therefore added, that he was come thus far to regain if he could his own country; and requested her to inform him whether he was

likely to proceed to the edge of the French frontier in safety.

The woman, whose fears were immediately dissipated by his youth and candid appearance, as well as by the probability of the story he told her, then began in her turn to relate her distresses. She told him that the French republican army had over run the country, and finding no resistance, had for some days established an hospital for their sick at the castle of Rosenheim. They had first, she said, paid for what they had, and been less sanguinary and ferocious than the inhabitants of the country expected; but on the arrival of a deputy from the assembly, they suddenly determined on an immediate removal, and as their sick and wounded were by this time in a condition to be moved, they had sent them into France; and the commissioner, or deputy, having learned that the castle belonged to an Imperial general, Baron de Rosenheim, and that Count D'Alberg was his son−in−law, he ordered the castle to be plundered and then fired; "and we," continued the poor woman, "we have suffered because we were my lord the Baron's vassals. Ah! my friend, we have suffered indeed my husband, my poor husband, whom the good god knows if I shall ere see again, has been compelled by them to drive their waggons towards France, leaving me and these children, whom he never left before, destitute of every thing; for the little we had since my good ladies left us, has been taken away!" "Your ladies were good ladies then," said D'Alonville, "and you regret them?"

Ah! that we do indeed," replied she; "never were better masters than ours, or ladies so charitable; ah! my poor little Ulric," addressing herself to the infant she held, "you would not now be sick as you are, and without help, if Madame D'Alberg and my lady the Baroness were here; folks may say what they will of all people being upon a footing; but I am sure one such good house as our castle above was, is a thousand times better for the poor than all these new notions that have brought us no good yet."

D'Alonville having listened to the female peasant till she had nearly told her tale of sorrow, began at length to make more minute enquiries into the state of the castle; for on reflection he thought it possible that what he came in search of flames. The woman told him that some parts of the building were as she understood less injured than the rest, but that the little she knew was only from the report of her neighbours; "for I have never had the heart to go up there myself," said she, "and for these four or five days, since I saw it all in flames, and just upon my husband was forced to go, my trouble has been so great that I have been as it were out of my senses." D'Alonville now determined to visit the ruins in the morning, and to stay till then where he was, if his new acquaintance would permit him she readily agree to allow him to remain in her house and by her fire, which was all the accommodation she had to offer him; for her mattrasses, she told him, had been carried away for the sick men when they were removed from the castle, and she had no food in the house, having subsisted for the last two of three days on the charity of such of her neighbours as had been lucky enough to conceal some of their provisions from the plunder of the Sans Culottes. D'Alonville assured her he would thankfully pay her for the liberty of remaining near her fire, where wrapping himself up in his coarse peasant's coat, and seating himself in a corner near the chimney, the fatigue he had undergone prevented his feeling the want of a bed, and gave him up to a few hours of repose.

CHAP. VIII.

One only lest; in these disastrous hours
"The sad Historian," of the ruin'd Towers

AT the dawn of the morning D'Alonville hastened to satisfy his hostess for the shelter he had obtained under her roof, and to secure himself the same accommodation for the following night, if he should have occasion for it, and then, rather to indulge a melancholy imagination, than with any other fixed purpose, he took his way to the castle of Rosenheim. The appearance of the building, dismantled, and in many parts so much injured as to threaten to fall with every wind, was even more dismal now that it was distinctly seen, than it had been when it seemed only black and broken ruins, by the dim light of the evening before. He entered what had once been the guard−house,

in the outward area, and passed through the court among piles of stones and immense beams half burnt, to the remains of the great hall, of which only the walls were now in being; D'Alonville made his way through it, and among piles of fallen bricks, towards that part of the building where he believed, from description, for he had never seen it himself, that the chapel had been; and that anti−room, whether, if it had still existed, his search would have been directed. Slowly and with difficulty he proceeded along he proceeded along to a door−way, which he found so choaked with stones and rubbish, that he meditated a moment whether he had better return to find a passage round another way, or endeavour with his hands to remove the impediments which prevented his passing by this, when he was surprised by a deep sigh, which seemed to come from the pile of ruins before him; he listened attentively, heard it a second time, and without farther reflection he forced away the sones around the door way, and entered the space whence it seemed to proceed.

He saw, sitting on a mass, of bricks and rubbish, and old man, whose grey locks fell over his hands as they supported his head, with his elbows resting on his knees. The noise D'Alonville made seemed not to have roused his from his melancholy reverie, but glad to see any one who might give him information, D'Alonville spoke to him he looked up, and discovered an honest open countenance, deeply sorrowed by the hand of time, but where that of recent calamity seemed to have fallen more heavily "Are you of this place, my friend," enquired D'Alonville, when he had obtained his attention: "Of what place?" replied the old man; "Do you mean of this castle, or of the village below?" "I would enquire whether you belonged to either?" "And who are you, young man?" "One," answered D'Alonville, "who most sincerely deplores the ruin of this noble mansion, and the injury sustained by its excellent owners." "I should know your voice," said the old man, "but my memory is quite gone; where have I ever seen you before?" "Perhaps," rejoined D'Alonville, "You were a domestic here." "I *was* once so," answered he, "but of late years I had retired to a small house in the village, given me by the Baron, my good master; but when the Baroness was afraid of an attack, I went into the castle, for old as I am now, I was a soldier once, and I could at least instruct the younger men aye, and I could have used a sabre once more!" D'Alonville saw that his ancient companion having once began to talk, he should hear all he wanted to know. "But the Baroness and her daughter left us," continued he, " and in two days afterwards the French poured in upon us!"

"And did you attempt to defend the castle?" enquired D'Alonville.

"I would have attempted it, and there were two or three others of the same mind; but what were two or three? The greatest part were cowardly enough to desire nothing but their own safety, they opened the gates to the French and they sent hither their sick and wounded, and made," added he with a deep sigh; "they made an hospital of the castle of Rosenheim."

He paused a while, as if to recover from the painful recollection of a circumstance which filled him with indignation.

"The rascals remained here almost three weeks," resumed he, "and by that time they learned to whom the castle and the village belonged. The names of Rosenheim and D'Alberg were well known to them; and when they removed, they sent away their sick, set fire to the caste, and plundered the village."

"I fear then you have lost all your property," said D'Alonville. "Every thing I had in the world," replied the old man. "All that the bounty of my lord had given to make my latter days comfortable; but it is not that which grieves me no! I have but a little while to live, and I can die in the empty shed that is yet left me. But to see my master's house a heap of ruins! Ah! that is what I find it hard to bear. It is now near forty years since the Baron took me to be his servant; I served under him in the year 1757, at the siege of Leipsic, where he had an arm broke in two places. I attended him during his tedious recovery; and afterwards, when the death of his son afflicted him so severely as to occasion a dangerous illness, it was only my attendance that he would allow. Madame D'Alberg too, my dear young mistress!" Grief for a moment impeded the simple, melancholy narrative; but making an effort to recover himself, he went on.

"All is over," said he. "I have heard that Count D'Alberg is killed; my lady and the countess her daughter are driven away; and they and my lord the Baron will return no more, if indeed so many is fortunes do not kill them."

D'Alonville would have consoled the venerable mourner, and have offered to his view brighter prospects; but he had none to offer. The desolation around him, the evident injury that his friends had sustained, the sad scenes that had passed when he had first sought their hospitality, combined now to depress him. If he who had youth and health, could see little else before him but despair; and to an old man, the ruin that had overwhelmed his master's house, to which alone he was attached, was possibly as afflicting as those misfortunes that D'Alonville suffered in his own person; neither of them seemed disposed to break their sorrowful silence; at length D'Alonville enquired if every part of the castle was as much injured as that where they now stood.

"Nearly, so," answered the ancient domestic. "I will shew you," added he, "if you desire it, round on the other side, where I think the walls less are damaged, and some left are standing, from their thickness, though the fire has destroyed all the wood−work. D'Alonville silently followed the old man, who feebly and with difficulty made his way among the fragments of broken stone, which in some places yet smoked. When they came to what was a state apartment, he stopped, and pointed to a mass of iron which had once been a magnificent stove, but was now partly melted by the violence of the heat. He stooped and picked up a piece that was broken; "It was my lord's arms," said he, "cast in iron ; it belonged to the ornaments of the stove, and see how little it is injured." D'Alonville at that moment recollected that the strong closet, in which was left the deeds he came to recover, was described to him as being lined, or secured with iron. This old man, so long a confidential servant of the Baron's could probably point out the place. Animated once more with the hope of recovering them, he determined to disclose himself, and the purpose of his visit to his conductor. "*A hectic of a moment*," passed across the languid countenance of the old servant. Timid and cautious, from sufferings and from experience he hesitated for an instant after D'Alonville ceased to speak; but it was impossible even for the cold caution of age to look at a countenance so ingenious, or listen to a narrative so clear and simple, without soon losing all doubts of the integrity of D'Alonville. "I know," said Rodolph, (which was the name of the old servant) "I know, Sir, all the importance of the papers you speak of but is it possible that my lord when he went to Vienna, or the Baroness, when she was driven from hence, should have neglected to have secured these papers?" D'Alonville briefly re−counted what had happened to himself at the castle when the family were compelled to leave it, and accused himself of being in some measure the cause of this unfortunate neglect. Rodolph then recollected him, "Ah! yes, Sir," said he, "I now remember you I knew I had seen you before, and not long ago. In that dismal day when my dear good lady left us, she employed me, because she knew she could trust me, in packing up some of the valuable articles; I saw many papers, and rolls of parchment, which I thought might be those deeds, and therefore I never reminded her of them; indeed I did not certainly know they were in the castle, for I supposed my lord might have taken them to Vienna when he last went thither about the law suit. If they should be lost, "continued he, "it will be nearly as detrimental to my lord as the burning of his house." "It was represented to me," answered D'Alonville, as being much more so; let us see then what we can do towards regaining them, my good old friend." "Ah! Sir, " said the old man in a trembling voice, "could *I*, before I die, be of any service to my lord" "Shew me the place," said D'Alonville, "and let us try what can be done."

They now arrived where an arched passage had led to the anti−room immediately before the chapel; but towards the end the wall had fallen in; "We must go round," said Rodolph; "There is a better chance of getting through the chapel." There indeed the difficulties were less, for there being only a roof above and no range of apartments, as over the other parts of the edifice, the area was less obstructed by what had fallen. With an anxious heart D'Alonville followed his conductor to that end which led to the anti−room. It was arched with stone, which had preserved part of it; but the rubbish that had fallen from the other part was higher than the place, which the old man pointed out as the iron−lined closet. "We must remove these stones," said D'Alonville, "or we shall never know whether the place we seek has escaped the fury of the flames." It was an arduous task; for the ruins that rose above them threatened them with destruction, and the wind as it muttered around the broken wall, seemed to menace them as if blasts a little more violent would overwhelm them beneath the tottering fragments. Feeble and dispirited, and trembling with age and sorrow, the faltering hands of the honest old domestic were but of little use;

but D'Alonville, whom the hope of success roused to the utmost exertion, laboured with such diligence and effect, that in about an hour the bricks and stones were removed; the iron door, which had probably been concealed from the plunderers by the arras with which the room was hung, was now visible; but the wood work was destroyed that had encompassed it, and the rubbish had broken in. D'Alonville, at the risk of bringing the wall down upon him, forced it open; it gave way; for the hinges were loosened by the weight of the bricks above. He saw a leathern sack, which the old man assured him contained what he was in search of; D'Alonville eagerly seized it. "Are there any more papers," enquired he? "Let me not fail now for want of an exact search. He found two other small parcels enveloped in paper; and nothing more remaining, he retired precipitately; and breathless with the satisfaction he felt, hurried into the chapel "Never more," said he, as he sat down on a broken pillar; "Never more will I complain of my ill fortune. Oh! my worthy old friend, how shall I make you any acknowledgment adequate to the service I have received from you. *I* , alas! who am more reduced by fortune than you are!" "All I desire," replied the faithful veteran, "is to hear these papers are safe in the hands of my masters but I shall never hear it," added he, dejectedly; "No, never! I am too old to go to them, and they will never come back here I have nothing to do but to go die in my cold shed."

To recur thus to self is but too natural to the old and helpless; Rodolph forgot the success of D'Alonville in behalf of his lord, in reflecting that he himself should not personally partake of the satisfaction such a circumstance would occasion in the family. "You shall not die," cried D'Alonville, in your cold shed. "I am very sure that when the Baroness knows what has happened for yet you know she is ignorant that the village has been plundered and the castle burnt; when she knows what has happened, she will order you to be removed near her, unless indeed you rather wish to continue here, and to have your house refitted." "Continue here," answered Rodolph, "what, in the seat of war! No of I had been able I would have crept after the Baron to Vienna; for with one so old and helpless it would not have been reasonable to have added to the troubles of my lady, who knew not whither to be herself." "And what hinders you," enquired D'Alonville from going now with me. Have you a wife or any other connection that you cannot leave?" "Alas! no," answered the old man. "My wife has been dead many years; she left me a daughter, who married the valet of a French nobleman that came about five years ago on a visit to my lord. She went into France with her husband; and it is very long since I have heard of her. I have no child left to help me; and my sister, who since my daughter married, kept my house, was so terrified on the arrival of the French army in our village, that being old and sickly before, she grew worse upon it, and died ten days ago."

D'Alonville listened to this narrative of sorrow, with as much interest as he could feel on any subject that did not immediately relate to the means of conveying safely to such a distance, what he had so miraculously recovered. The old man had ceased speaking long before he had formed any plan that appeared feasible. The present question, however, was to secure these papers in some place of safety in the village; for he considered, that if he were seen thus loaded, he might incur suspicions injurious to himself and hazardous to his charge. He thought it best, therefore, after a moment's reflection, to divide them; to fill the pockets of the old man and his own, which he immediately did; but as these conveyances were not sufficient for all, he secured others under his waistcoat. Having done this he dismissed Rodolph to his cottage, assuring him, he would himself be with him immediately, and that they would talk farther of his going to his ancient master. The honest old servant seemed to be arrived at that period of life, when hope but faintly warms the human heart; he felt that, like the faithful dog of Ulysses, he could do little more than look upon his master and die at his feet; and he seemed half unwilling to move from the place where he had seen better days, only to linger out a few miserable months among strangers; but D'Alonville was persuaded he should render an acceptable service to his generous benefactors, in rescuing their ancient domestic from the calamitous situation to which he was reduced.

Having dismissed his companion, D'Alonville thought of gratifying the mournful inclination thought of gratifying the mournful inclination he felt to visit the place where his father was buried. He found his way with some difficulty to the spot. The heat of the fire had withered the shrubs that grew around it; but from their remains, and his former observations, he found the very place where he so lately wept over the remains of his only parent. Those sensations of sorrow were now renewed; yet when D'Alonville reflected on all he had since suffered, and looked forward in mournful presentiment to what was probably still to come, he hardly wished his father had

lived to struggle with the bitterest evils of life; poverty and exile. To mourn over the dereliction of principle which had estranged him from his eldest son; the convulsions that had imprisoned the sovereign to whom he was attached, and the overthrow of the government he had sworn to support. "The dead are happy," cried he; "in the grave they have not the storms that shake to its centre the miserable kingdom of France! Oh my father! would I too were in peace; but my feeble arm may yet be called for in the service of that country for which you died. I remember your last injunctions, and I will endeavour to obey them." The unfortunate young man now returned to the village; and after many projects, on which he consulted old Rodolph, it was agreed, that they should proceed together in a little cart to Coblentz, and pass for an old peasant and his son; concealing in the boards of their humble vehicle the papers they had so fortunately obtained. In every plan they formed there appeared hazard and difficulty; but after examining them all, this seemed the least objectionable. The old domestic, who could not have undertaken such a journey on foot, seemed in the expectation of reaching once more the protection of his ancient master, to be sensible of the only gleam of hope that could cheer his forlorn and melancholy existence; and awakened in some measure from the torpor of despair, to which he was before resigned, he set himself about the preparations for their journey with such earnestness, that he obtained an horse, and with the aid of a neighbour got a light cart of his mended, in which, after depositing what they judged of the most consequence in the safest place, D'Alonville and Rodolph began their journey. They were stopped twice by straggling parties of French, who now were in possession of many leagues of the country through which they passed; but Rodolph managed his story so well, that they seemed so perfectly what they represented, that on the fourth day after leaving Rosenheim they arrived safely at Coblentz.

CHAP. IX.

"No wound that warlike hand of enemy
"Inflicts by dint of sword, so sore doth light
"As does the poisonous sting which calumny
"Infixeth on the name."

SPENCER.

IT was late in the evening when D'Alonville reached the end of his journey. Fatigued not so much by travelling in so uneasy a vehicle, as by the solicitude of his mind, and the care of which his old and helpless companion required of him Having seen him provided for an an inn, D'Alonville hastened to the hotel where he expected to find his friends, and delighted himself with thinking that these deeds being saved, would mitigate their vexation for the destruction of their castle; but he had the mortification to find, they had left Coblentz the next day but one after his departure from Rosenheim; and that they were gone to Vienna. Thither indeed he was cordially invited in the letter Madame de Rosenheim had left for him; but he felt himself hurt and depressed by this unexpected absence; and retired uneasy and sorrowful to his former lodgings; nor could he till after some consideration, determine whether to go to Vienna, or send thither, charged with his successful commission, his ancient companion, while he himself sought to join some of the corps of emigrant French that were again forming. The next day he met the same friend who had formerly supplied him with money, and for whose advice, from his age, and the friendship his father had borne him, D'Alonville had a great respect. This nobleman, the Marquis de Magnevillier, advised him by all means to go to Vienna; where after he had seen his friends, he might take such measures as the circumstances required; and either enlist himself under the Prince of Conde, or in despite of the late decrees against emigrants, endeavor to return into France; a part which Monsieur de Magnevilliers himself meant to take, though well aware of all the hazard that attended it. He was of Picardy, as well as D'Alonville; and persuaded himself that they might by returning, raise yet a party in favor of the unhappy monarch, whose cruel and unjust imprisonment would, he thought, estrange from the usurped tyranny of the men who had inflicted it,

many who now shrunk under their power and submitted to their government. But, whoever ventured to return must do it singly and with artifice and caution, Monsieur de Magnevilliers, without pressing his friend to accompany, or even to join him, contented himself with informing him in confidence, what he informing him in confidence, what he intends himself, and thought best for him, but not till he had visited his German friends, whose regard was of too much value to be neglected. Monsieur de Magnevilliers then gave D'Alonville another small supply of money, who received it without scruple; and the next day set off for Vienna, with Rodolph, by the diligence, already crouded with French, who, dispersed and uncertain what to do, were travelling, some towards the capital of the German empire, and others towards Italy. D'Alonville felt not that consolation which arises from the contemplation of fellow sufferers in calamity; on the contrary, his heart sunk in reflecting on the sad condition to which so many brave men were reduced, and the deplorable state of the country whence they were driven, for no other crime than adherence to the king whom they had sworn to defend, and to a government which, however defective, was infinitely preferable to the tyrannical anarchy which had, under the pretence of curing those defects, brought an everlasting disgrace on the French name. Among his fellow−travellers were the aged and the helpless, who knew not where to find shelter for their weary heads; and who seemed to repent that they had not submitted their necks to the stroke of the executioner, rather than have been driven forth to linger out, in foreign countries, their few and miserable days. Women, who had been accustomed to the elegancies of life, were now accompanied by helpless children, wandering round the world without the requisites of existence; some deploring the death of their fathers, brothers, or husbands; others uncertain what was become of those most dear to them, and dreading to be assured.

The mind of many seemed to have been so shaken by the storms that had so heavily fallen upon them, that they had no longer strength to contemplate what was yet before them, but sunk helpless and resistless under the weight of their sufferings; others with more fortitude accommodated their spirits to their fallen fortunes, and attempted to bear with calmness the evils they could not escape; while another description of persons, and principally young military men, were full of projects for the re−establishment of their affairs, and sanguine in the success of those projects. D'Alonville, who had formed no scheme for his future proceedings, listened to those of his countrymen with dissidence, but saw none which seemed to have a more reasonable foundation. than what had been proposed to him by Monsieur de Magnevilliers. He hoped, however, to receive council and consolation from the friends to whom he was going, and believed that in the old Baron de Rosenheim he should find a second father.

He hastened immediately on his arrival to pay his compliments to the family of Rosenheim, and with all the eagerness of youth and inexperience, anticipated as he went, the cordial reception he should meet with. He found the family at home, and was introduced into a room where the Baron, his wife, his daughter, and Count D'Alberg, with three German officers and several ladies, were engaged at play. Madame de Rosenheim was the only person who arose to meet him, and expressed pleasure at his coming. Madame D'Alberg was so changed in her manner, that he felt no inclination to address her. The Baron indeed spoke to him, with the ease and politeness inseparable from the address of an old military courtier; but Count D'Alberg, who was standing near a table where others were playing, hardly bowed when Madame de Rosenheim introduced him, and surveyed him in a way which it required no great knowledge of manner and countenance, to discover to to signify approbation.

It has been generally said, that no set of young men on earth were so presuming, or so apparently satisfied with themselves, as young French officers; and this has been repeated by their own writers, and echoed by ours, till we, who judge only from what we read (and that frequently in books of mere entertainment, where all the characters are overcharged) have taken it for granted, that every young military man in France, is, (or, perhaps it should be said, was) a coxcomb. That a very great number were so; that their manners were more frivolous, and their appearance more effeminent, than the most frivolous and most effeminate among us, cannot be denied; but as under these blemishes and follies, personal bravery, and a punctilious sense of honor, is acknowledged to have existed, the candour of other nations would not be too much extended, if credit were given them for many other virtues, which, however, appearances were against them, they certainly possessed in as great a degree, at least, as the military among any people. D'Alonville was undoubtedly an exception to the prejudice that indiscriminately condemns them all, for he was so far from being vain or presumptuous, that his dissident sensibility had

frequently been the ridicule of his young companions; and much more so of his elder brother, who was of a daring and ambitious spirit, and had at an early period thrown of that parental authority, which in France was more and longer respected than in England; and having a considerable fortune independent of the Viscount de Fayolles, his father, he had long thought and acted for himself. He had decidedly taken the republican party, quitted his name, abjured his rank, and adhered to the men who, not contented with limiting the power of the king, and humiliating the nobility, had now imprisoned the monarch, and massacred the few nobles who remained around him. It was this conduct in his eldest son that had driven to despair the Viscount de Fayolles; it was this conduct in his brother that had cruelly wounded the sensible heart of D'Alonville, and depressed his spirits more than the misfortune of his exile; of that if ever he had indulged any degree of warmest hours of youth, affluence, and prosperity, it was not now that any symptoms of it remained. Count D'Alberg, to whom he had been described as assuming and *avantageuse*, surveyed him as if he was convinced of his being so; and hardly shewed him those external marks of civility which one gentleman owes to another. No man was more easily repulsed than D'Alonville; and so much was he hurt by the manner in which he was received, particularly by Madame D'Alberg, that he determined to take his leave; to write the information he had to give, and to bid adieu for ever to friends from whom he had certainly expected a continuation of the kindness they had shewn him, before he had done any thing to deserve it.

He, therefore, after remaining a few moments in the room, (where Madame de Rosenheim went on with her play as soon as she had spoken to him) approached the table where she sat, and told her in a low voice, that as he saw this was not a proper moment to trouble her with an account of his commission, he would do himself the honor of writing to her the event, and would deliver to the care of her people the pacquet of papers which were below and which he found it was not now a fit time to restore to her. The Baroness, however, accustomed to command herself, changed countenance, and betrayed emotions that seemed to D'Alonville perfectly unaccountable. Then recovering herself, she gave her cards to gentleman who was near her chair, and saying with a forced smile, that she had business with her young friend the Chevalier D'Alonville, she left the room. D'Alonville bowing to the party who remained in it, followed her.

Madame de Rosenheim passed into a lower apartment where preparations were making for supper; she sat down, and desired D'Alonville to take a chair by her. He silently obeyed.

"My amiable friend," said she, "thinks, I fear, that our reception of him is not such as he deserves. I am not at liberty to account for it; I dare tell him no more than that the Baron does not know the service he so generously undertook; and Count D'Alberg, unhappy from the circumstances of the late retreat, which he thinks disgraceful to the armies of the emperor, his master, Some disagreeable events too that have befallen himself The situation of public affairs In fact, my dear Sir, the best men are liable to have their tempers ruffled by the perverse accidents of life; and though there is not in the world a husband more fondly attached to his wife than Count D'Alberg

Madame de Rosenheim hesitated like one, who, sensible that an apology is necessary, seeks for that least likely to hurt the feelings of him to whom it must be made. D'Alonville interrupted her.

"My dear Madam," said he, "I beg of you not to distress yourself and me, by accounting for what certainly needs no apology. I am a stranger to Count D'Alberg, and have no claim whatever upon his friendship, or on that of the Baron de Rosenheim. The obligations I owe to you, Madam, are such as no time can efface from my remembrance? but does it therefore follow, that I am to tax the kindness of all our house? Surely no! I ought not perhaps to have intruded upon you at all; but charged as I was with a commission which, though you did not give it me, I felt myself powerfully impelled to fulfil, I was unwilling to trust any thing to chance. If you will now permit me," added he, rising and going into a sort of hall next the room where they were, "to put into your possession these papers, and to wish you and your family every felicity, I will trouble you no more." The vexation and distress of Madame de Rosenheim visibly encreased, when D'Alonville put on a chair near her, the deeds about which she had shewn so much anxiety. "Is it possible," said she, "you can have succeeded? What hazard you must have been in! And what a reception you have met with in return. I am, indeed, obliged to you more than

I can find words to express! I shall not be easy till I know in what way I can be greatful grateful! The patriots then are not in possession of Rosenheim?"

D'Alonville, from the manner of the whole family on his first appearance, had taken up a notion, that from common fame, or by means of some of their vassals, the fate of their habitation was known; and that, as is often the case, in misfortune, they were sullenly resigned to their loss, yet half disposed to quarrel with the world around them. Having entertained this idea, he was surprise at the question put to him by the Baroness, and embarrassed how to answer it; but after a moment's pause, he determined to relate, in as concise a manner as possible, the circumstances of this journey. Madame de Rosenheim heard the account of that destruction which had overwhelmed her noble habitation, with the firmness of an elevated mind. Great as the loss was, considered in a pecuniary light, the reflected how much greater it might have been, but for the assiduous gratitude of D'Alonville, in rescuing from the ruins, the deeds which, at least, secured to her family the lands of their ancestors; and looking on him, she remembered how much more *he* had lost; how many of his countrymen were driven from more splendid palaces to wander over the world; and having made these reflections, it appeared unworthy of her heart and understanding, to lament deeply her own loss. But D'Alonville, while he admired the calm dignity with which she listened to a detail, which would have agitated many women with vexation and rage, yet saw that something more embarrassing than how to relate this event to her family, hung upon her mind; and fancying that his stay only added to the solicitude she seemed suffer, he arose to take his leave. The Baroness, as he was repeating his wishes for the happiness of her and her household, while his voice faultered and tears were in his eyes, suddenly followed him. as he was opening the door, took his hand and said eagerly "We must not part so, Chevalier! Why am I not at liberty to explain to you! But you do not immediately leave Vienna?" "Immediately," said D'Alonville. "I had no other business than to deliver into your hands, Madame, the papers I have been so lucky as to recover, and to acquit myself of a little, a very little, of the great debt of gratitude I owe you; having done so, I go."

"Whither?" cried Madame de Rosenheim "where can I hear of you? "Whither, tell me, do you propose to go?" "Alas! Madame," replied D'Alonville, mournfully, "you ask me a qustion question which it is not possible for me to answer; alone upon this earth, I know not to what part of it chance or fatality may lead me, to perish in the cause of my unfortunate king; but the vague schemes I have hitherto formed, have tended to France."

"You cannot surely mean it certain destruction awaits you there," said Madame de Rosenheim.

"And certain misery every where but why should I communicate it to you, Madam, or give you one thought for a being who is, believe me, indifferent what becomes of himself."

"Only tell me," cried the Baroness, with a degree of eagerness as if some body was coming, who she foresaw migh might interrupt their conversation "Only tell me where I can write to you to−morrow; you will surely pass to−morrow at least Vienna?"

"Certainly I will, if you have any commands for me."

"I have; and entreat your stay and your address."

D'Alonville then drew from is pocket a card on which he had written his name, and that of the hotel where he lodged, to leave, should he not have found his friends of Rosenheim at home. The Baroness received it, and said in a low voice, "you will hear of me, Chevalier, to−morrow." She then went back into the room and D'Alonville, in greater depression of spirits than he had ever felt since his father's death, took his way to the inn.

Those who ever felt that delicious sensation which fills the bosom, when we hope we have paid in some degree a debt of gratitude to friends we love, and when we are on a point of meeting them after such a service, and after a long absence, may also have experienced the blank and sullen gloom which follows a cold repulse, instead of the

cordial reception anticipated. D'Alonville at this moment experienced it, in all its bitterness, and never till now had he though himself wholly desolate and wretched. In the dreadful hour when his father died in his arms, he seemed to have found another parent in Madame de Rosenheim, and in her daughter a sister and a friend. The delicacy with which they bestowed the favors he was compelled to accept, softened the sense of his reduced and humiliating situation; and expelled as he was from his country, deprived of his father and his fortune, he had yet found in these generous and amiable friends a connection which reconciled him to, or at least enabled him to bear, the calamities of life. But they had now withdrawn this consolation from him, and he seemed to look around him in vain for hope, no where to be found. His pride was cruelly hurt by the coldness, and the something like disdain which was evident in the behaviours of Count D'Alberg; and in the courtier−like civility of the old Baron, he saw nothing but the undistinguishing manners of a person who received every one alike, whom he had no immediate interest in conciliating, and who was generally polite, but who, if he never saw him again, would forget he had seen him at all; while the unaccountable change in Madame D'Alberg, who instead of teaching him to call her sister, seemed desirous to forget even their acquaintance, was infinitely more mortifying conscious that he had done nothing to forfeit the esteem she had so lately professed for him, he could no otherwise account for her change of behaviour, than by imputing it to the motives that greatly lowered in his opinion, a woman who had before seemed the most amiable and perfect of her sex. Such were the irksome reflections which D'Alonville carried to his uneasy pillow; he was roused from it at a very early hour the following morning, by receiving a letter, which one of the men who waited in the inn, informed him, had been left by a person, who said it required no answer. These were its contents:

"I never recollect being so much at a loss what to say, as I now am, when it is necessary to account to you, for a reception so little like what you had a right to expect, my dear Chevalier, even though you had not succeeded in the commission which you so generously undertook. It is difficult, indeed, because I ought to be, I must be ingenuous, and ingenuous I connot cannot be, without imputing to two of the best men in the world, the only errors and prejudices that detract from the general excellence of their characters. The Baron, whose life has been passed between the court and camp, is an excellent husband, father, and master, but out of his own family he has no attachment, and very little sensibility. This will undoubtedly appear strange to you who have not yet had an opportunity of observing the various shades of characters, which in a longer life you will meet with. The Baron de Rosenheim is passionately attached to his daughter and her children, and he would see nothing extraordinary in all the rest of the world, being equally interested for *them*; yet for one of his friends who had a daughter or a son in sorrow or distress, he would feel no concern; but turn to indifference matters with the most perfect composure, even while the sufferers were yet before his eyes. I have often seen instances of this temper with concern and wonder, in the younger part of my life, indeed it has frequently hurt me so much, that it was necessary to recollect all the other qualities of my husband, before I could reconcile myself to this apparent hardness of heart; this tendency towards selfishness, and self consequence, blemishes for which hardly any virtues can make amends ; gradually I have become accustomed to it, and as I see other men with faults so much more pernicious to their families and to society, I have learned to pass by this defect, (for a defect I must ever think it) in a character otherwise irreproachable; nor should I now have named it, but to account for the coldness and indifference with which the Baron de Rosenheim may receive a service so important as that you have rendered him. I have not yet told him of it, nor did he know that you had undertaken it; but as, for particular reasons, I said in general terms that measures were taken to repair my neglect of these papers, he will probably but too probably, receive the material objects you have recovered, as a matter of course; as he heard, without expressing any interest in your future destiny, the detail I gave him of your first destiny, the detail I gave him of your first arrival at Rosenheim, the death of the Viscount de Fayolles, and the activity and address which you had so happily exerted when our lives were in such imminent hazard on our way to Coblentz. He listened without any apparent emotion, to what appeared to me so interesting and affecting; and when I said I had given you an invitation to come hither, did not even say that he wished to see, and thank you for the preservation of his family.

"My son in law, Count D'Alberg, who is of a very different disposition, has received I know not what unfavorable impressions, I fear from Heurthofen. He passed the early part of his life in France; and from some circumstances that happened to him there, with which I was never perfectly acquainted, has entertained such ideas of the

libertinism of the young and highly−born of your nation, that he believes no young married woman can admit one of them to her friendship, without the greatest risk of losing her character, if not her honor. My daughter, whose warmth of heart and conviction of your worth led her to speak of you in terms of the highest praise, perceived at once that her husband did not willingly hear her; persisting, however, in declaring sentiments which did her honour, sentiments as pure as those of angels, she found after a few days, and after the Count had passed some hours shut up with Heurthofen, that not only general prejudice, but particular suspicion, operated against you, in the mind of her husband, and for the first time since her marriage, she found that jealousy and mistrust, the banes of felicity, had touched the heart of the man whom she almost adores. I know not whether her pride or her love have suffered most; but I know that her distress has been extreme; and that she has her distress has been extreme; and that she has rescued every thing but the future repose of her life, to convince Count D'Alberg how cruelly he injured her tenderness and your honor. On this subject he hears not with patience, a woman whose wishes were till now his law; and he had told her, that however ill founded his notions of the dissolute manners of the French may be, he expects she will pay him the compliment of yielding to them *her* prediction, (for more he knows it is not) in favor of a stranger, who *may* be an exception; but who, with at least equal probability, may be as loose in principle as the rest of his countrymen. Far from considering your fortunate exertions, when you saved us from the most imminent risque of drowning, as an obligation, he believes we exaggerate the danger, to exaggerate the value of the service, and is persuaded by Heurthofen, that what hazard we were in, were incurred by our preferring the rash advice of a young man, unacquainted with the country, to his, who would have directed better. This Heurthofen, whom I never esteemed, I am now convinced is a villain; and I have in my turn insisted on his being dismissed from my family. The Baron has promised that he shall; but his is not a moment, he says, in which he can dismiss a man who is acquainted with the affairs of his estate, which the unfortunate events of the campaign have thrown into confusion. To this reason I have been compelled for the present to yield, but I have declared, that in whatever else the Baron or Count D'Alberg may chose to employ this man, he shall never fill that of almoner to the family, while I am at the head of it. He is now sent by the Baron on business, I know not whither, and I am thus delivered from his hateful presence; but the mischief he has done is irreparable.

"It is so delicate a matter to interfere between married people, and the happiness of Adriana is so dear to me, that I have not ventured to speak to Count D'Alberg on this subject, so decidedly as on any other I would have done. I dread lest he should believe my daughter has complained of his groundless prejudice, and unworthy suspicions; and that by remonstrating with him, I may rather irritate than conciliate. Had I less dependence on the nobleness of your nature, my amiable young friend, I should not have written all this; but I think; am not mistaken in supposing, that whatever resentment you may feel towards the Count, for the hasty, undeserved, and I must add, illiberal opinion he has formed and in regard to you, you will sacrifice it to the tranquillity of a family you honor with your esteem such a being as Heurthofen is altogether beneath your regard, and excites contempt rather than anger.

Be assured, my dear Sir, that though our acquaintance is thus interrupted, though I cannot, as I intended, make my house your home, and shew you all the little kindness in my power; (all would, alas! have been infinitely short of what you have a claim to) yet no time, no circumstance, will erase from my memory, and that of my daughter, the obligations we owe you; and if you would not render us both more unhappy, allow us still, in such manner as may yet be in our power, to continue our acknowledgments of esteem and of gratitude. I would have requested again to have seen you, rather than to have troubled you with this long letter, but I am conscious that I could not meet you without pain, and should probably communicate some part of the regret I feel. I had better, I believe conclude here, requesting only to know, by a messenger I will send to day, whither you go on quitting Vienna. Do not write me; you may intrust the person charged with my commission, with any message with which you may oblige,
Dear Sir,
Your most sincere friend,
and faithful servant,

WILHELMINA ULRICA,
Baroness de Rosenheim."

CHAP. X.

"Success and miscarriage have the same effect in all conditions
the prosperous are feared, hated and flattered
The unfortunate avoided, pitied and despised."

S. JOHNSON.

D'ALONVILLE had read the Baroness's letter only once over, execrated the man he before despised, and began to consider how he ought to act, when a woman, muffled up in a close cap and hood, was shewn into his room; in whom he recognized his old friend Theresa, the faithful attendant on the children of Madame D'Alberg. "I am sent by my lady, the Baroness, Sir," said she, as soon as she sat down. "Without my saying so, you must thing think it very strange that I make you such a visit, especially after what has been said."

"Tell me, my good Theresa, what has been said? I understand, indeed, that I have been strangely misrepresented in your family; and I suspect to whom I owe those misrepresentations."

"Yes, Sir, for I'll venture to say there was only one person who could make them. A false monster! I believe I should be almost ready to tear his eyes out, were I to see him at this moment. But, however, other people have not been quite free from false dealings, neither. There is Bessola: I cant say I ever thoroughly like her a vain conceited thing! It has been told to the Count, Sir, for as to my lord, the Baron, he troubles himself very little with what does not immediately concern his own family; but it has been told to the Count, that you were frequently seen in deep conference with Mademoiselle Bessola at undue hours; which they pretended to believe, forsooth, was to prevail upon her to carry letters to my lady. I declare such infamous insinuations put one out of the patience as if you ever thought of such a wicked thing as winning my lady's affections away from the Count."

"Never," cried D'Alonville, with vehemence, "Never, as there is honor, truth, or gratitude in man." "I do believe you, sir, said Theresa; " and how the Count, who never before shewed the least disposition to jealousy ever since he married my lady, should get such abominable nonsense into his head now, without the least ground, is to me unaccountable. For my part, I believe he is bewitched."

"There is nothing extraordinary in it, however, my friend," answered D'Alonville, "if he is weak enough to listen to such a fellow as Heurthofen, and narrow−minded enough to entertain those prejudices, which affix to different nations different characters of vice. I am sorry it is so, Theresa, as it deprives me of almost the only happiness I reckoned upon, being allowed to call myself the friend of those generous and amiable women, the Baroness de Rosenheim and her daughter. But my hopes, dear as they were to me, must be instantly sacrificed to their repose. For Count D'Alberg, I know him not, nor shall I ever seek to know him I believed him to be a soldier and a gentleman. I wish there was now less difficulty than there will be, in my learning to respect him as the husband of your excellent lady; as such only I will endeavour to think of him; but with his chaplain, if I am so lucky as to be able to meet with him, I must renew my acquaintance on terms somewhat different from those on which we last met."

"That is the very circumstance Madame de Rosenheim is apprehensive of, Sir" said Theresa; "and one of the principal things she charged me to entreat of you was, not to speak to Heurthofen, if you happen to meet with him. She says she has the most urgent and particular reasons to request this of you, and she hopes you will not refuse her; remembering, that towards a priest you cannot shew the same anger as you might to another person. Besides, if you were to say any thing to him, it would be known that somebody had told you of the ill−office he

had done you, and the mischief would be greater than ever. My lady and the Baroness both charged me to ask you to promise them, upon your word of honor, that you will not seek Heurthofen."

"I will not," answered D'Alonville, "since *their* commands ought to be my laws. I will not seek this villainous fellow, *but* if I meet him!"

"You must pass him by; indeed, Sir, you must; your resentment you cannot properly shew; and he is of that disposition, my lady says that it is one of his highest gratifications to know he has been successful in mischief. If he can but make himself of consequence, he care not by what means; and his maxim is, that next to the pleasure of being beloved, is that of being dreaded."

"In truth, my dear Theresa, the family of Rosenheim have chosen an admirable spiritual counsellor. But to put an end to all solicitude on my account, for what right have I to give them the least? Assure your ladies of my obedience to dare venture to promise this, because I am sure they will order nothing that shall be inconsistent with my honor."

"*That* I am sure of too, Sir," answered Theresa; "for as to the Baroness, I declare I believe, that if you were her own son she could not love you better. I don't know when I have seen her so vexed as she has been at the Baron's indifference, and the Count's almost rude treatment of you. Indeed she hardly knows how to conceal her vexation; but she puts it all to the account of the burning of Rosenheim. Well, Sir, and so what I had farther in commission from my lady the Baroness, to say, that as she understood you meant immediately to leave Vienna, she entreated to know whither you intended to go, hoping, of all things, it was not to France. She cannot, she says ask you to write to her, for reasons that are too obvious; but if you would be so good as now and then to contrive to let her hear of you, by writing to me, if you would not be above such a condescension, both she and Madame D'Alberg indeed, charged me particularly to tell you, that however, from her behaviour last night, she may appear, she can never forget the obligations she owes you, and must always recollect with sisterly affection, a gentleman who she must consider as the saviour of her children, and of her fortune; for she knows, and I believe she only yet, that it is you who have almost by miracle, recovered these papers. Ah! Sir, the Baron is a very good man, but has been always too much disposed not to consider others enough, and to fancy all the world made for him." D'Alonville sighed deeply, for among a thousand painful thoughts, he remembered how very lately he was in a situation of life equal, if not superior, to that of the Baron de Rosenheim; by whom his services were now only thought of among those due from a dependent to their lord.

"But do not, my good Sir, be cast down," resumed Theresa; "depend upon it the day will come when you will see all right again; and when you will see your friends happy and be happy yourself. Yes, yes! Heurthofen will be found out, for the villain I know him to be. Oh! Chevalier, I could tell you such stories of him; but I dare not stay any longer, and therefore must hasten to obey my last orders. The Baroness, Sir, gave me this," continued she, "taking out of her pocket a small dear box, sealed with four seals, "and she directed me to deliver it to you upon receiving your promise that you will not open it till you are forty miles from Vienna. Chevalier, do you promise me?"

"I cannot indeed," replied D'Alonville, "made any such promise, unless I knew the contents of the box. I cannot even receive it."

"You must, however," said Theresa, " for I assure you I shall not take it again. The Baroness ordered me to tell you, that if you refused to receive this box, which perhaps contains her picture, she shall think you have renounced her friendship; and that nothing in the world can make her more unhappy. No, no! Chevalier, you must not distress Madame de Rosenheim by refusing it. Adieu, Sir! may you be as happy wherever you go, as from my heart I believe you deserve to be!"

Theresa then hurried to the stairs, trying to conceal her tears and stifle her sobs. D'Alonville, uncertain how he ought to act, followed her, and begain began again to argue with her; but the public inn, was certainly an improper one for such a conference. Theresa reminded him of it:

"Oh! do think, Chevalier, what would be the consequence, should any one pass who knows me to be the servant of the Countess D'Alberg, and what is so likely!" D'Alonville, struck with the remark, immediately acknowledged the justice of it; and pressing the hand of Theresa, in losing whom he seemed to lose one of his last friends, he suffered her to depart, and hurried back into his own apartment.

He then took up the box; it was light, and might, he thought, contain that memorial of the friendship of Madame de Rosenheim which Theresa had intimated. But whatever were the contents, he could not return the box without offending a woman he so highly respected; not could he do it, without hazarding to disturb the peace of her family. Nothing indeed seemed to remain for him but to quit Vienna as soon as possible, and he began anew to consider whither he could go "*The world was all before him where to chuse choose ,*" but no part of it offered to him, "*a place of rest.*" A man of his age, however, seeks not rest; his wish was rather for the means of signalizing himself, or in dying in the cause which he had promised his father till his latest hour to defend. In pursuit of this object he went among those of his countrymen who were at Vienna, and found some with whom he was acquainted; but in their consultations how to proceed, all was yet confusion and doubt. Some were disposed to assemble under the princes of the blood; but without the assistance of foreign powers they could not long keep themselves embodied; and of that assistance they had no certain assurance. The cheerful and sanguine temper, so much the general character of the nation, supported many of these gallant unfortunate men amidst difficulties and mortifications, under which men of any other European nation would have sunk; but others, who had not only suffered the loss of fortune and the miseries of exile, but who were torn from their dearest connections, for whose fate they suffered more than a steady eye any prospect that was offered them; while there were those of a third description, who attached, from their former situations, to the fallen family of their king, were rendered desperate by the continual reports that arrived of the unmanly and unjustifiable treatment of the ill−fated prisoners in the Temple; and in their councils were rather actuated by frenzy than by reason, rashly insisting on plans impossible to execute, even had all circumstances been at this period as favorable as they were evidently otherwise.

D'Alonville saw with extreme regret that the difference of opinions, the innumerable variety of lights in which every important object was seen, and the heat and vehemence with which every man pursued his own ideas, in meeting where none had any right to dictate to the rest, was an almost invincible obstacle to the adoption and steady perseverance in any plan likely to be successful. A thousand vague reports, mistrusts, and misconception, were continually baffling or distracting the best imagined schemes; and sometimes these mistrusts were found but too well some were discovered to be the emissaries of the republicans, who not only betrayed the councils at which they assisted, but spread among the German towns the principles of their party; and while the estranged the minds of the inferior classes, occasioned among the higher, suspicions of the real principles of all the French.

In this cause, as in every other, success determines more than sense or justice; and many who had shewn the greatest zeal for it, when the Austrian and Prussian armies marched towards France at the opening of the campaign now looked on with discouraging coolness, and discountenanced what they had once applauded. Some affected to fear the dissemination of principles inimical to the tranquillity of the German states, and others to declare against the French as a nation; and to hint at the propriety of their being forbidden to assemble in other countries.

D'Alonville, after having passed a day or two, listening to fluctuating opinions, and impracticable propositions, found none which he thought better than that recommended by his friend; and he had nearly determined to return immediately to Coblentz, where he thought he might yet arrive in time to accompany M. de Magnevilliers, when he met at a coffee house the Marquis de Touranges, a man of his own age, whom he had know at a military academy at Paris about two years before the revolution, and with whom he had at that time had some degree of intimacy. The Marquis de Touranges informed him in conversation, that he was the next day going with his friend

and former tutor, the Abbé de St. Remi, to Berlin, by the way of the Prague. "The Abbé de St. Remi," said he, "has a niece married to a Prussian of high rank, and she offers an asylum to her respectable uncle, which I have advised him to accept; and as I have not yet determined whether I shall go myself, I have taken the resolution to travel at least so far with my ancient preceptor." D'Alonville felt an inclination to make a third in this party; the proposal appeared extremely agreeable to de Touranges. He introduced D'Alonville the same evening to the Abbé, whose mild manners immediately prejudiced him in his favor. It was agreed that they should proceed on horseback, or in the public carriages of the country, as economy, an equal object to all, rendered most advisable, and at an early hour the next morning they left Vienna.

CHAP. XI.

Il n'est, je le vois bien, malheureux sur la terre
Qui ne puisse trouvre plus malheureux que foi.

LA FONTAINE.

HEAVY with fogs, and cold and dreary was the morning on which D'Alonville with his two friends took leave of Vienna. United in general calamity, each had his particular sorrows. The Abbé de St. Remi had long passed his fiftieth year; and at his time of life the fatigue of a long journey, and the uncertainty of what would be his reception when he arrived at the end of it, were likely to be considerations more oppressive than they were to younger men, who could more sanguinely indulge hopes of brightening prospects and better days: the Abbé, however, instead of being the most depressed, was the most cheerful of the three.

The Marquis de Touranges, one of the first order of nobility, was about four years older than D'Alonville. Inheriting an immense fortune, from a long line of illustrious ancestors, he had never till the period of the revolution known a wish he could not immediately gratify; at that time he was rapidly approaching the highest posts of honor and profit that a military man could obtain about the court; and hardly twelve months before the time when his sovereign was compelled to dismiss from the place he held about his person, he had married a very lovely woman. Thus forced from all that had rendered him happy, he was now one of the most miserable beings upon earth; and profiting but little from the friendly or pious remonstrances of his ancient tutor, the thoughts of what he had been and what he was, agitated his mind almost to frenzy. He now vehemently cursed the very name of liberty, which had been used only as a pretext to effectuate the change he execrated; now swore eternal vengeance against the people, the instrument used to produce it, and now sinking into the sullen dejection of despair, remained whole hours apparently unconscious of what was around him: and, reflecting on the past, dared not look forward to the future,

From this state of melancholy, as it was better than paroxysms of rage, the Abbé de St. Remi seldom endeavoured to rouse him, and either talked to D'Allonville D'Alonville , whose character less violent and impetuous, gave his reason more time to operate; or gibing way to reflection, he himself remained silent; and the three travellers, during their first days journey, which they made on horseback, with a servant belonging to de Touranges, and a postillion to bring back the horses frequently rode several miles without exchanging a word. In the morning, when they first left the walls of Vienna, D'Alonville could not help looking back towards them with regret. In leaving the habitation of those friends who he had once flattered himself would alleviate to him the loss of his relations and of his country those relation and that country seemed to be a second time lost. As the morning mist cleared a little away, he turned his horse, and from a rising ground, looked earnestly and mournfully towards the public buildings of the city, which were still visible; and though silently, he seemed to take so melancholy a leave of it, that the Abbe de St. Remi, who observed him, imputed his concern to sensations very different from those by

which he was really affected. The Abbé might indeed have discovered causes enough, in common with his own subject of concern, for the depressed spirits of his new acquaintance; but he imagined, that in addition to the general cause which so sensibly affected them both as Frenchmen, Vienna contained some object from whom D'Alonville was divided, without any hope of ever seeing her again; and this persuasion, together with that mild, yet manly character, which he already remarked in his young friend, created in the breast of this worthy man a warm interest in his behalf, and urged the friendly attempts he made to administer to the wounded spirits of D'Alonville consolation, which the more turbulent and irritated mind of de Touranges was not yet in a condition to receive. Late on the evening of their first days journey they arrived at a small post house, where travellers seldom remain longer than while they change horses; but though nothing could be more desolate and discouraging than the appearance of the house, situated in a wide and uncultivated plain, where the deep and barren sands hardly produced the ragged furze and scanty heath, now equally withered and brown; yet as de Touranges took it into his head to remain there all night, and the Abbe de St. Remi was enough fatigued to consider even such arresting place as considerable, D'Alonville, who cared not at any time where he lay down to sleep, readily consented. He was glad indeed of this opportunity to examine the contents of the box Madame de Rosenheim had given; he was now near forty miles from Vienna, and could open it without a breach of the promise which, though he had not given it, had been understood when it was left in his possession. De Touranges, who was not disposed to take any refreshment would have retired immediately and alone to one of the wretched rooms the house afforded; but in such a temper of mind the Abbé de St. Remi would not consent to leave him. He went with him, therefore, and by his usual humane and friendly attention endeavoured to soothe the anguish which every hour seemed to render more acute to this unhappy friend. D'Alonville sat down by the sad light of a lamp placed against a wall, and inspected the present that had been forced upon him. A valuable diamond ring, with the cypher of Madame de Rosenheim's name, was wrapt in a bill of exchange of the vallue value of two thousand flrorins florins . D'Alonville was sensible of that delicacy with which the Baroness had at one paid the debt of gratitude that she believed was due to him, and supplied his necessities. Conscious that those necessities were owing neither to vices or follies of his own, and believing that to such a woman as Madame de Rosenheim he might be obliged without shame, he thought not of returning a present so useful, and which relieved him from the painful apprehension of being reduced to degrading exigencies in a strange land, or of being compelled to accept pecuniary assistance from his countrymen, so little able to spare it. In leaving Vienna, he hardly knew why he had preferred so long a journey through Germany, rather than adhering to his original plan of returning into France; but undecided and unadvised, his wavering resolution had been influenced by the earnestness with which de Touranges had solicited him to join the Abbé and himself in their journey to Berlin, and afterwards determined by the serious manner in which the Abbé de St. Remi had exhorted him to accompany the Marquis, even adding, when they were for a moment alone, that it would be of the most essential service to his old friend; and hinting that the circumstances of de Touranges, reduced as their were, would easily admit of his making to the Chevalier D'Alonville the difference of expence, certainly very considerable, between this journey, and what he had slightly spoken of as his intended rout route . D'Alonville had, however, declined any assistance of that sort, assuring the Abbé that he should not have occasion for it. This was in fact true, as far as related to his traveling expences. He had more than sufficient to carry him to Berlin; and what was to become of him afterwards he had not yet steadily reflected. The friendly present of the Baroness de Rosenheim put an end to all anxiety of that sort; and far as such a circumstance could alleviate that pain of heart which he had for many months sustained, he became more easy, and having now nothing to hope from the friendship towards which he had so fondly looked, (since he dared not even write to thank the Baroness of her present) nor any thing to fear for the immediate necessaries of life, his solicitude was of course decreased, and though he was not happier, he was more tranquil.

This was a fortunate circumstance for the Abbé de St. Remi, who after an hours absence came back into the room where D'Alonville waited for him to partake the slender supper they had bespoke, with a countenance which so forcibly expressed uneasiness, that D'lAonville D'Alonville eagerly enquired the cause. "Ah! my dear Sir," said the Abbé, with a deep sigh, "this poor friend of ours breaks my heart. In the severe trial under which it is the will of heaven that I should suffer in common with the whole body of French clergy, I have never yet resigned my fortitude as an individual; but the sight of de Touranges, while his mind seems every moment likely to lose its balance; while I see him now on the verge of frenzy, and now of suicide, would be so afflicting to me, that I know

not if I should undertake to endure it at all, but for the assistance I hope for from you. "There are times," added he, in a tone yet more melancholy, "when I seem to have lost all the influence which my long attachment to him, and the sincere affection he knows I bear him, had given me over his mind. His situation is indeed afflicting; but it is the trying scenes of adversity that a spirit like his ought to exert itself an inferior mind might find in unworthy dejection, but of the Marquis de Touranges should rise superior to the events of life. Religion, alone my dear Chevalier; religion alone can enable any of us to do this. Yet my friend, once so well instructed in *his* , has trusted rather to that fallacious, that pernicious philosophy which has undone us all; and alas! what does it do to console him in this hour of bitterness?"

"I have hardly acquaintance enough with the Marquis de Tourange's affairs since we last parted," said D'Alonville, "to know why *he* feels in the present moment more severe affliction than so many thousand others, who are like him driven from their possessions and their country, and have in the course of those convulsions that have distracted that country, lost some of their dearest friends by death, and have seen others estranged from them by the accursed spirit of the party, or the allurements of ambition or avarice. In these misfortunes, the most dreadful perhaps that humanity can suffer, every native of France who has refused to join in the system now called republican, must, more or less, have partaken. Every man bears his share as he can. Perhaps that of our friend may be rendered less supportable than that of the generality, by some circumstances to which I am a stranger, and which may well excuse that acute sensibility that you lament for otherwise, from what I have formerly known of Touranges, he must be greatly changed if he now shrinks form the common lot, without common fortitude."

"All is by comparison, Chevalier," answered St. Remi. "You have, in common with thousands, abandoned your country, and seen your fairest hopes of returning thither baffled; you have lost an excellent father, and you have seen your brother disgrace the name he has quitted; all these are great and severe afflictions, but they are less grievous, because you know their extent. Alas! de Touranges knows not the worst that may have befallen him, yet he knows of calamities greater even than yours."

"You have excited at once my concern and my curiosity," said D'Alonville.

"Perhaps then," resumed the Abb , "you do not know that Madame de Touranges, the mother of our friend, was among the unfortunate prisoners of the second of September. She was an attendant on the female part of the royal family that was her only crime. Dropping with the blood of her fellow prisoners, she twice saw the murderous dagger of the assassins at her throat, and twice she was saved as it were by miracle. By the mockery of a trial, in which she was acquitted with the same caprice that had condemned numberless other equally innocent, she was released, and under the protection of a tradesman who had received many favors from her family, she was carried more dead than alive to her house her house was deserted; for her servants, fearing to share her fate, had quitted it, when they heard she was imprisoned. Heart struck, the unhappy Madame de Touranges now entreated her conductor not to leave her alone, exposed to the fury of ruffians, whom a desire of vengeance, or of plunder, might engage to seek her in her house and destroy her: but when the man enquired what he could do to secure her safety, or whither he should conduct her, she knew not what to answer. Her first idea was to go to a country house of her son's near Orly, four leagues from Paris, where the young Marquise de Touranges, near the time of her delivery, had for some days expected her; but the barriers were shut, and so strictly guarded, that to execute this was impossible, at least at that time. To find shelter in a convent, where she had many friends, and where she had occasionally resided, was the next hope she formed; but the person in whom she was obliged to confide, declared to her he believed that at the present juncture, any other place was more secure than a religious society, since against those, the popular vengeance was directed. In this destracting debate so much time was wasted, without her being able to form any resolution, that her protector, who was a municipal officer, told her with great concern, that it would be impossible for him to stay with her, and hardly knowing what she did, she entreated him to afford her the protection of his house, till she would find some asylum more permanent. To this the man agreed she put her house with all its valuable contents into his power, and by favor of the night went with him to his own house in Rue Columbier, where she remained several days, and then, when after those dreadful massacres which

have filled every heart with terror and abhorrence, the general alarm had somewhat subsided, and the barriers were less strictly guarded, her humane host (who with his wife and family had shewed her all the attention in their power) conducted her in a disguise, but not without considerable hazard to himself, to the villa near Orly, where she hoped to have found her daughter−in−law, and to have consulted with her on the means of securing their mutual safety. Alas! on her arriving a Beaurepaille near Orly, she found it deserted; only one of the tenants and his wife were in it, who informed Madame de Touranges, that the young Marquis had been so much alarmed on hearing of what had passed at Paris, that notwithstanding the extreme danger of undertaking a journey in such a situation, she had immediately dismissed all her servants but her own maid and one valet, and had taken post for Mante where, the man who gave this account heard, she was stopped by the municipal guard: but he knew no more; nor could the unfortunate Madame de Touranges obtain any other intelligence. Partly in the hope of overtaking her daughter, and partly with a view to her own safety, the elder Marquise de Touranges followed the same route, and wrote to her son from Mante, where it was said the younger lady had been arrested. This appeared not to have been true; but it was too certain that from thence she could not be traced. My poor friend has received no other letter from his mother, nor has he ever since heard of his wife. He has written he has sent a servant bribed by almost half he saved, to under take a perilous research after these two ladies, but hitherto with out success; and he would have returned at the most imminent hazard of his life, for it is certain that he is so well known that is is impossible he could escape, had not the command he held rendered it for some time impossible; and since the retreat of the army, my earnest exhortations with held him. I have represented to him the great improbability of his finding his mother and his wife, and if he found them, the impossibility of his affording them any protection. Ah! it is far more probable that he would perish in the attempt, and draw down on these unhappy women severer calamities than they have yet experienced. It is possible they may have escaped from France, under the protection of an uncle of the younger lady's, who about the same time disappeared from the neighbourhood of Rouen, and is known to have proposed seeking an asylum in Holland or England. A nobleman of the same name, as what he has been said to have assumed, is at Berlin; and on this slender hope, aided by the conviction that by returning to France he should throw away a life that may yet be useful to them, I have prevailed upon his to begin this journey; but I now doubt whether he will ever complete it. Tormented incessantly with the most dreadful fears for the fate of his wife, his infant, and his mother, he is now half resolved to execute his first resolution, and to rush upon certain destruction by returning to France; and now he is tempted by the corroding anguish that preys upon his heart to put an end to his life and sufferings together. Unhappily he has been but to conversant with those pernicious broachers of what is falsely called Philosophy, who have for these last twenty years been fashionable; and when I recall to his mind the precept I once inculcated, and as I fondly hoped with so much success, I am answered by a quotation from Rousseau, or from some German writer whose works he admires. However I am not discouraged, and I hope much from a temper which, though not without faults, has many perfections. I hope more from that high sense of honor that he possesses, and which surely must make him consider, that his quitting life, while his religion, his country, and his family demand it, would be an act of cowardice as unworthy his personal character as of the great men from whom he derives his descent; which is indeed as illustrious as that of any man in France."

The Abbé de St. Remi here ceased to speak; and D'Alonville, impressed with the deepest concern for his unhappy friend, whose misfortunes he allowed to be greater than his own, could only assure the Abbé, that what little he could do, during their journey, to soothe a heart thus torn with the most afflicting uncertainties, he would most cheerfully endeavour to do. The Abbé than gave him some hints of the sort of conversation he wished him to hold with de Touranges, and they soon after parted for the night, being early the next morning to set out on their second days journey towards Prague.

AVIS AU LECTEUR.

THERE was, an please your honor," said Corporal Trim, "There was a certain king of Bohemia, who had seven castles."

A modean modern Novelist, who, to write "in the immediate taste," has so great a demand for these structures, cannot but regret, that not one of the seven castles was sketched by the light and forcible pencil of Sterne: for, if it be true, that books are made, as he asserts, only as apothecaries make medicines, how much might have been obtained from the king of Bohemia's seven castes, towards the castles which frown in almost every modern novel?

For my part, who can now no longer guild chateaux even en Espague, I find that Mowbray Castle, Grasmere Abbey, the castle of Rock March, the castle of Hauteville, and Rayland Hall, have taken so many of my materials to construct, that I have hardly a watch tower, a Gothic arch, a cedar parlour, or a long gallery, an illuminated window, or a ruined chapel, left to help myself. Yet some of these are indispensibly necessary; and I have already built and burnt down one of these venerable edifices in this work, yet must seek wherewithal to raise another.

But my ingenious cotemporaries contemporaries have fully possessed themselves of every bastion and buttress of every tower and turret of every gallery and gateway, together with all their furniture of ivy mantles, and mossy battlements; tapestry, and old pictures; owls, bats, and ravens that I had some doubts whether, to avoid the charge of plagiarism, it would not have been better to have *earthed* my hero, and have sent him for adventures to the subterranious town on the Chatelet mountains in Champagne, or even to Herculaneum, or Pompeii, where I think no scenes have yet been laid, and where I should have been in less danger of being *again* accused of borrowing, than I may perhaps be, while I only visit "The glympses of the moon."

On giving the first volume however to a friend to peruse, and hinting at the difficulty I was sensible of in finding novelty from my dark drawings, he bade me remember the maxim so universally allowed "Que rien n'est beau que le vrai."I asked him how it were possible to adhere to le vrai, in a work like this. But I believe I shall be better understood if I relate our conversation in the way of dialogue.

Friend. "I do not mean to say that you can adhere to truth in a book which is avowedly a fiction; but as you have laid much of the scene in France, and at the distance of only a few months, I think you can be at no loss for *real* horrors, if a novel must abound in horrors; your imagination however fertile, can suggest nothing of individual calamity, that has not there me exceeded. Keep therefore as nearly as you can to circumstances you have heard related, or to such as might have occurred in a country where murder stalks abroad, and calls itself patriotism; where the establishment of liberty serves as a pretence for the violation of humanity; and I am persuaded, though there may be less of the miraculous in your work; though it may resemble less A woman's story at a winter's fire Authoriz'd by her grand dam,

SHAKESPEARE.

yet it will have the advantage of bearing such a resemblance to truth as may best become fiction, and that you will be in less danger of having it said, that Fancy still cruises, when poor Sense is tired.

YOUNG.

But I have another remark to make on the book I have read. Give me leave to ask if you are going to make in it the experiment that has often been talked of, but has never yet been hazarded; do you propose to make a novel without love in it?"

Author. Certainly not.

Friend. Then I am really in greater pain for you for I am afraid you will again incur the charge of immorality, and intend to make your hero in love with Madame D'Alberg, a married woman.

Author. I have no such design.

Friend. Well, I really am at a loss then to comprehend your plan; for I have now read the greater part of the first, volume, and except your Adriana, your Madame D'Alberg, I see nobody who can possibly be intended for your heroine.

Author. Alas! my dear Sir! if you had yourself ever seen much of that part of the critical world who descant on novels, you would be aware of the extreme difficulty of the task that a Novelist has to execute: besides that the number of strange situations under which the heroes and heroines have been represented, are so numerous as to leave hardly any new means of bewildering them in difficulties, there are such objections continually made to some part or other of our fabricated stores, as have continually reminded me of the fable of the Man, his Son, and his Ass. I have been assailed with remonstrances on the evil tendency of having too much of love too much of violent attachments in my novels; and as I thought in the present instance, the situation of my hero was of itself interesting enough to enable me to carry him on for some time without making him violently in love, I was determined to try the experiment.

Friend. I am afraid it is an experiment you must not carry too far. I do not believe that the generality of novel reader, and it is to those you must look, will agree with you sage advisers, who were, I suppose, ladies far advanced in life.

Author. They were indeed. One was an authoress; one who is herself above all the weaknesses of humanity, and whose talents give to her character a peculiar hardness, which is all placed to the account of her understanding.

Friend. And the others?

Author. Were women no longer young, and who now assume a sort of stoicism quite opposite to their former sentiments and habits of life.

Friend. To such I should listen without any great deference, and when they discover that the stories you have invented turn too much on the passions of love, ask them what are the subjects of those books of mere entertainment, which are now classics? Ask them while they put into the hands of their daughters novels that have for years been considered as written in the cause of virtue, and by which our mothers, I suppose, set their minds, whether they can seriously object to any one page of your five−and−twenty volumes, as immoral, or even improper, in the imagination of the most prudish censurer. But on some future occasion I may give you more fully my opinion of English novels. I speak not of the trifles which issue every day from the press to satisfy the idlest readers of a circulating library, but such as deserve to be read by persons who have other purposes in reading than to pass a vacant hour, or escape for a few moments from the insipid monotony of prosperity, by adventures; of fables, that only a distempered imagination can produce, or a vitiated taste enjoy.

Author. I shall be extremely obliged to you for your opinion, which cannot fail to entertain and edify me; though I believe, as far as relates to the business of novel writing, I shall never have occasion to avail myself of your judgment.

Friend. Why so?

Author. Because I think I have taken my leave for ever of that species of writing.

Friend. Your imagination then is exhausted?

Author. Perhaps not. In the various combinations of human life in the various shades of human character, there are almost inexhaustible sources, from whence observation may draw materials, that very slender talents may weave into connected narratives; but in this as in every other species of composition, there is a sort of fashion of the day. *Le vrai* which you so properly recommend, or even *le vrai semblance*, seems not to be the present fashion. I have no pleasure in drawing figures which interest me no more than the allegoric personages of Spencer: besides, it is time to resign the field of fiction before there remains for me only the gleanings, or before I am compelled by the caprice of fashion to go for materials for my novels, as the authors of some popular dramas have lately done, to children's story books, or rather the collection which one sees in farm houses; the book of apparitions; or a dismal tale of an haunted house, shewing how the inhabitants were forced to leave the same by reason of a bloody and barbarous murder committed there twenty years before, which was fully brought to light.

Friend. Well! but if you should change your mind, I can furnish you with *such* a ghost story.

Author. I thank you but I have no talents that way; and will rather endeavour, in whatever I may hereafter produce, (if I am still urged by the same necessity as has hitherto made me produce so much,) to remember, whenever it can be remembered with advantage, Que rien n'est beau que le vrai.

CHAP. XII.

"I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise."

BRAMSTON.

IN the capital of Bohemia the three wanderers remained no longer than was necessary to refresh themselves after the fatigues they had passed, and to enable them to undertake those which were to come in their way to Dresden. De Touranges, whose sufferings were of that sort for which time itself can apply no remedy, was, during these few days, in a state of mind that gave the greatest concern to his two friends; and the Abb de St. Remi hardly ever left him so apprehensive was he that his fortitude would yield to his despair; while D'Alonville, either from his milder disposition, or because he knew the worst that could, as an individual, befal befall him, bore his misfortunes with greater calmness, and applied himself to soothe his more unhappy friend. Yet could he not offer hope he did not himself feel; and was conscious in this case of the inefficacy of all those common topics of consolation which are so generally dwelt upon, but of so little use in alleviating real affection.

There were many French arrived at Prague before them, and some who had left France very lately. The accounts these persons gave of the situation of affairs at Paris, their conjectures and apprehensions, were by no means calculated to appease the solicitude that tortured De Touranges. He fled, therefore, as much as possible from their society, and seemed relieved when with his two friends he again set forward on his journey.

Though no complaint escaped him, it was easy to see that the Abbé de St. Remi had suffered very much from the fatigue of travelling the greater part of the way on horseback between Vienna and Prague; D'Alonville, therefore, who already entertained the sincerest esteem for that excellent man, took some pains to procure for him a more commodious conveyance; and at length found a man who engaged to carry two persons and part of the baggage of the whole party to Dresden, in a kind of cabriolet, drawn by two horses, which he was to drive himself. For his own conveyance D'Alonville hired an horse of the same person, and another for De Touranges' servant. Matters being thus arranged, they left Prague five days after their arrival there.

From the time when the retreat of the combined armies from Champaign, had given so fatal a blow to the hopes of the French royalists, until the present hour, D'Alonville had been so much agitated by solicitude, or overwhelmed by sorrow; so continually suffering in his own person, or for those he loved, that he had never had time to look back on past events with coolness, or steadily to contemplate the prospect before him; but now, as slowly, and often at a distance, he followed the carriage in which his friends were seated, through the deep sands, and over the mountainous forests of Bohemia, the dreary stillness of every thing around him, the heavy gloom of a December sky, and the dark solemnity of the woods of fir through which the road often lay for many miles together, were united to produce reflection, retrospection, and regret.

His thoughts naturally reverted to those happy days of which fortune, rank, youth, and health, flattered him with a long continuance; when his father considered him with affectionate pride, as the second hope and support of a noble house; and beheld with exultation the world around him, eager to do justice to the early promise of merit in a beloved son. He could not but recollect many scenes of former felicity, which were passed for ever; a few months only had elapsed, and now, without any fault of his own, he was an exile, and in comparison of his former situation, a better, wandering in the woods of Bohemia, without any certain purpose, and by no means assured of what he was to expect at the end of his journey, or indeed where that journey was to end.

In mournful contrast to the brilliant prospects of his youth, the miseries that had been crowded into the short space of two years, and particularly those that had marked the two last months, recurred to him in all their horrors. The defection of his brother, and the anguish it inflicted on the Viscount de Fayolles; the precipitate journey his father had made to the frontiers to join the Austrian and Prussian armies; their retreat, and all the horrors that followed it; the dreadful nights he passed between the time that his father was wounded, and his deplorable death; the castle of Rosenheim, and its inhabitants; their eventful journey to Coblentz, and his return to Rosenheim; with his subsequent mortifying disappointment in being dismissed from the friendship of the Rosenheim family, through the infamous arts of Heurthofen, all passed through his mind as an uneasy and distressing dream is recalled after a restless night; but with this melancholy difference, that all these events, which a little time before would, if they could have been prophesied, have appeared more improbable than the wildest fiction of a disordered imagination, were now too real; and, while to look back was thus afflicting, the future was hid in hideous obscurity. What had happened, had so baffled every conjecture that might from experience or analogy have been made on the probable courses of human events, that the most sanguine mind could distinguish, in what was to come, nothing on which it might rest with hope. The most timid could hardly be accused of yielding too much to fear.

Lost in these contemplations, D'Alonville often lingered behind his friends, and arrived at the places where they stopped, some time after them. As the same horses were to draw them all the way to Dresden, and the man to whom they belonged had bargained that he was to take his own time, they were to be four days in reaching that town from Prague, though it is not much above seventy English miles. On the the third of these days D'Alonville had walked with his two friends up a steep ascent in order to relieve the horses. The Marquis and the Abbé had again entered their chaise, and were descending on the other side, where D'Alonville rather chose to walk, as his horse was fatigued, and the road slippery from sleet which was still falling; when arriving at an angle which had before concealed the road from him, he saw a past chaise which, in descending also, appeared to have been overturned by the fall of one of the horses; and two strangers and their servants were endeavouring to get the horse up. D'Alonville saw the cabriole in which his friends were, stop, and the Abbé de St. Remi was already out of it, to lend what assistance he could to the travellers. He hastened on himself as fast as the road would allow; and when he came near the carriages tied his horse to a tree and went forward to offer his services to the gentlemen, whom he now learned from a servant who could speak French, were Englishmen, travelling in their own chaise with post horses to Dresden, on their way through Germany from Italy to England. These gentlemen, one of whom appeared younger than the other, though neither of them were above six or seven and twenty, were employed in disengaging the suffering animal, who had in failing dragged the chaise over him, broke the shaft, and seemed to be stunned if not killed by the violence of the all. D'Alonville understood, and could speak a little English; and while he lent what help seemed in his power, he could not avoid remarking how differently the two travellers proceeded. He who appeared the eldest of them, in every strong term which the English language so

copiously affords, cursed all foreign postillions, post horses, and post masters. He swore that on the whole Continent there was not one of any sort of these worth a damn; and that a man had better go to the devil at once, than put himself in the way of having any thing to do with such hellish cattle and such infernal scoundrels. All this eloquence was entirely lost on the German postillion, who, without moving a muscle of his broad face, and with his short pipe still in his mouth, had very calmly taken off the other horses, fastened them to a tree, and now began with equal composure to unbuckle, untie, and unstrap the intricacies of the harness, entangled around the fallen horse; intricacies of which he alone was probably master. The furious gentleman was for cutting them without hesitation; and his companion seemed only solicitous to deliver the poor animal as immediately as possible from the painful situation in which he lay, to which the violence and noise of his friend seemed by no means likely to contribute. An English servant, under the directions of the former gentleman, appeared to act with the most intelligence, while and Italian valet stood aghast, and without undertaking to help or to advise himself, seemed to be addressing his favorite saint for assistance; till a volley of oaths from the other Englishman, who called him a macaroni son of a b h, and asked him what he stood quivering there for; roused him from his pious appeal; and though he did not understand the force of the exhortation, urged him to spring forward. But here again he was wrong and for this misapplied zeal received only a repulse "Why you landsided rascal, get out of the way, and be cursed to you. Don't you see that here are more already than do any good? Come, you Monsieur, (addressing himself to the Marquis's servant) here, lend us a lift on this side. Pooh! damn it, not so here, this way. I'll be cursed if he or any of his countrymen, know the head of a horse from the tail!" By this time the horse was so far released that he could have got up had he been able; but it appeared he was so much hurt that he could not rise, and was at all events disqualified from proceeding. There were three, however, left, which were sufficient to take the carriage to the next post−house; but much yet remained to do before it could move. The shaft was to be spliced, and one of the wheels damaged in the fall to he put in a condition to perform the rest of the journey. *"Dire were the oaths and deep the cursings"* from the mouth of the apparently irritable Englishman, before this could be accomplished. And, notwithstanding the discouragement of his rough manners, for which his friend repeatedly apologized to D'Alonville, and to the Abbé de St. Remi, in French as soon as he found that one of them understood English, they both staid and lent every possible assistance till the vehicle was put in a condition to proceed with safety. The Abbé, who from his age and character might well have executed himself from taking any trouble at all, where there were so many others, then slightly touched his hat and returned to his own chaise, where the Marquis de Touranges, who did not believe his interference necessary, and who had formed no very favorable ideas of the travellers, from what little he understood of the conversation of one of them, had remained a quiet spectator of the bustle; and was indeed in a few moments after it began so entirely absorbed in his own sad reflections, that nothing but the loud voice and furious oaths of one of the strangers could have made the least impression upon him. When the Abbé however returned to take his feat by him, the younger of the two Englishmen followed him, and in polite term renewed his acknowledgments. The Abbé in return, assured him he was glad he had been of any service, and wished him a good journey. The cabriole then proceeded, and De Touranges said, "one is surprized to hear French, and even good French, if it were not for the vile accent it is spoken with, form the mouth of those half−savages."

"Who do you qualify," enquired the Abbé "with the name of half−savages?"

"Those Englishmen," replied De Touranges.

"And why so?" enquired St. Remi.

"Because I can consider them no otherwise," answered the Marquis.

"I think you wrong, however," replied the Abbé. "I know no nation of Europe more enlightened, more respectable, at least so they appear to me, even from the little I know of them, by the translations we have of their best authors; for thought I read English, it is hardly fluently enough to enable me to enjoy them in the original."

"You might as well judge of the wit of the Spaniards from a French version of Don Quixote. The Spaniards, however, have as little of what is properly called wit, as the English of any kind of genius. As to the latter, they are a nation to whom we owe almost all the evils that war has brought upon France; and the greatest of all evils, that which has now destroyed her."

De Touranges the sunk into one of his mournful reveries. and though the Abbé undertook to defend the nation for whom he pleaded from the imputation, and proceeded with equal reason, eloquence, and method; the dialogue became a monologue, for de Touranges had ceased to listen, and gave no other answer, than that he thought the English a proud, ferocious, and hardly civilized people; and that the man they had lately seen was a just specimen of the nation.

While the unfortunate de Touranges was thus indulging national prejudice, roused and embittered by peculiar calamity, D'Alonville remained in conversation with the two English gentlemen, though only by one of them he could make himself understood in his own language, for the elder, whose name was Melton, could speak no language but English, though he was now on his return from the tour of Europe. His friend, however, informed D'Alonville, that they had not travelled together the whole way, but that they met by accident at Turin, Mr. Melton coming last from Naples, and himself from Geneva, where he had been since France had became an uneasy residence for strangers. Mr. Melton receiving intelligence there of the death of two dowagers, who had kept him out of the moiety of a very large fortune, and sick of scenes for which he never had any taste, was returning to England. The young man who spoke, a younger brother of the name of Ellesmere, had agreed to accompany him through Germany, in the intention of visiting some of the German courts, and particularly Berlin; and having some thoughts of entering into the army, wished to understand more than he now did the tactics of a nation, who, under their last monarch, were the admiration of Europe. This conversation passed as D'Alonville and Ellesmere walked together down the hill; Melton had wrapped himself in his great coat and was replaced in the chaise. é when it stopped at the bottom for Ellesmere to get into it, he thanked D'Alonville in warmer and civiller terms than before, for the assistance they had received form him and his friend in their little dilemma; and added, that as they were travelling the same way, he should be glad if any opportunity offered of renewing their acquaintance. The post chaise in which these gentlemen were, notwithstanding it moved now only with three horses, proceeded faster than D'Alonville could do on the miserable and thoroughly−tired horse he was furnished with; they soon therefore left him behind, and passed the cabriole in which were the Abbe and De Touranges. Melton had till then been silent, but at the noise the postillions made in passing each other he seemed to be roused form his reverie, and speaking to Ellesmere, said, "well Ned, what did you do with your Frenchman?"

"Nothing," answered Ellesmere, "but thanked him for having tried to help us, which methought was the more necessary, as you were not too civil in abusing the man's country all the time he and his friend were standing in the rain, and helping us as well as they could."

"Pooh! damn it," replied Melton, "they did not understand me."

"Pardon me," said Ellesmere, "the younger of them understands English perfectly, though he does not speak it much; and even the elder one, whom I take to be a priest, seems to know at least what is said."

"Oh! what the fellow with a round black patch upon his scull, as if he had got a plaister for a broken head? Well! and what if he did? Who was that stately gentleman that was perched up in their rabbit−cart, and hardly put his nose out of his frizzled and furred great coat to peep at us? I suppose he was master of the other two."

"I did not observe him," replied Ellesmere, "but whoever he might be, I do not believe the other two were servants. The young man with whom I conversed, seemed to be very much of a gentleman; and from the appearance of the whole party, I fancy they are emigrant French, who are seeking in some other country, an asylum against the tyranny and injustice that is executing in their own."

"A fine hand to be sure they have made of their liberty," said Melton. "What the devil had they to do to think of being free? I suppose they will now over run every country in Europe. For my part I cannot love them, nor ever did."

"But it does not appear, my friend," rejoined Ellesmere, "that Italians please you better."

"Oh! damn them squeaking, fiddling, scraping, persidious rascals."

"Or Germans?" added Ellesmere.

"Humph! Yes they are a little better. I think they have a little more of Englishmen about them."

"Or Spaniards, or Portuguese?"

"Oh curse them; I hate them, though I know very little of them. They are fellows one knows hardly any thing about."

"Or Russians, or Swedes, or Danes, or Dutchmen?"

"Dutchmen! Hah! the most cheating money−getting, narrow−souled, bargain−driving scoundrels! No, damn me, a Dutchman is worse .."

"Worse than a Frenchman?" cried Ellesmere.

"No, nothing *can* be worse; but I think they are *almost* as bad."

"Not one nation of Europe then has the honor of being held in any degree of esteem by you; but my good friend, might you not be enabled to judge better of their characters, if you could speak their languages?"

I don't wish to speak their languages; what good does it do an Englishman? When I go to my estate in Gloucestershire, now for example, which I intend to do now the gentlewomen are both gone to earth, d'ye think I shall ever see any of these fellows? And among my neighbours and tenants d'ye believe we shall find occasion for French and Italian?"

"Why then," said Ellesmere, "did you go among them at all professing present dislike, and having no view of subsequent improvement?"

"Why! Nay faith I can hardly tell. I had lost a pretty round sum among sharpers."

"Englishmen, I suppose?"

"Aye, Englishmen, some of them, but others of them were Irishmen; so as I hated to hear about it from my aunt and my grandmother, and did not know very well what to do to get out of their way, I was persuaded to try the tour, as it is called, which it seems a man of fortune is expected to make. but I pique myself upon returning to England as entirely British as I sat out And unless my mind alters strangely, I shall live and die a thorough Englishman."

"I do believe you," answered Ellesmere; "and who but must rejoice, that there are still any of that excellent breed left, and that we are not wholly degenerated?"

They now arrived at the inn where they were to remain that night. The other three travellers, who were obliged to submit to the convenience of the proprietor of their horses, reached not so far, but remained at a village three leagues behind on the road.

CHAP. XIII.

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.
This wide and universal Theatre
Presents more woful pagents than the scene
Wherein we play.

THE evening of the following day D'Alonville and his companions arrived at Dresden. The Abbé de St. Remi had some acquaintance there, to whom he immediately went; and who, as soon as they knew he had two friends with him, sent to desire they might see them also, as they were people of very high rank. De Touranges with some difficulty was prevailed upon to accept the offered hospitality; but D'Alonville, who wished to see the town, of which he had heard much, excused himself, as being confined to the hours of a private family, would have interfered too much with his design of visiting whatever was curious or worth seeing. The Abbe left him with reluctance, to wander alone round Dresden for the little time he stayed; but his solitary excursions were hardly begun on the morning after his arrival, when in one of the squares he met his English acquaintance, Mr. Ellesmere, who seemed glad to renew their acquaintance. This meeting produced another; and every time they met the mutual liking they had conceived for each other encreased; and after the third such a degree of confidence was produced, that D'Alonville gave to his new friend a brief sketch of his melancholy history.

Ellesmere had almost all those good qualities of the heart which the English are too apt to believe exclusively their own, because they undoubtedly possess a greater share of them than any other people; so far at least can be judged either from their private or public history. Ellesmere was candid, generous, humane, and good−natured; with notions of honor which more men of the world would call romantic, and ideas of friendship which such men would condemn as ridiculous. His father, a Baronet of an ancient family but a small fortune, had wasted much of his life and more of his property in attending on a court, where, for a few years the sacrifice of his time and his independence was rewarded with an employment, which, though lucrative, was not more than adequate to the different manner of living which it obliged him to adopt. On a change of ministry he lost his place, and retired to his family seat in Straffordshire, leaving his eldest son to sustain the family consequence, by becoming in his turn a statesman, to which his ambition urged him, as well as the necessities of his family, for he had married a young woman of very high fashion, without fortune, and had already several children; but as unfortunately the lady's connections were all among what is called the opposition, he had espoused a party in which no present advantage was offered; and as virtue is too often its own reward, the elder Mr. Ellesmere derived from his politics no profit, and only partial glory, since what was by his own friends called patriotism, was, by the other and more powerful party, stigmatized with the name of faction. This circumstance affected his father, Sir Maynard Ellesmere, very sensibly; for though the family of Lady Sophia, his son's wife, assisted in the support of a man so nearly allied to them, and who was in some measure the victim of that alliance, yet their power was by no means so extensive as to enable him to appear as his connections and prospects demanded; without such assistance from his father as compelled him to live himself with the most rigid economy, and to confine within very narrow bounds the expenses of the younger branches of his family, which consisted of five other children, two sons and three daughters. Of these, D'Alonville's new acquaintance was the eldest. He had been designed by his father for the law, had passed three years at the university to apply to that study, and afterwards went to the Temple; but on a nearer view he became disgusted with the rugged features and incomprehensible manners of English jurisprudence; and Sir Maynard, who could very ill afford the expence of supporting him till the period when his pursuit of the law would become productive, yielded to his son's wishes of quitting it entirely, and embracing the profession of arms. But as Sir Maynard saw no immediate prospect of getting his forward in this line, he had consented to his travelling to acquire the European languages, so necessary to a military man. With a very limited

allowance, he had been eleven months on the Continent; and now, on the probability of a war, was returning to England.

Yet unhackneyed in the ways of men, and unspoiled by prosperity, the sensible heart of young Ellesmere was extremely affected by the relation D'Alonville gave him, and he soon felt the most earnest desire to alleviate the sorrows of his new friend. Little was in his power beyond advice and good wishes; but those, so sincerely offered to a man, who was far from all those, from whom he could claim the soothing offices of friendship, were invaluable. D'Alonville felt that they were so; and once more his heart, chilled and depressed by his late disappointment, was expanded and cheered with the hope of having found a friend. Melton, who professed to travel, because he knew not what to do with himself at home, till he could give more unbounded scope to his turn for some sort of expence, had not the least inclination to seek in any capital town, other society than Englishmen of the same description afforded him. There were several at Dresden, with whom he associated, and among them one with whom he had formerly been much acquainted, and who was going post to England. An immediate return to his native country was by this time become, in the opinion of Melton, a desirable circumstance, and he entered into an agreement to join this his acquaintance, and to leave Dresden three days sooner than he had originally proposed with Ellesmere; to whom he began a blunt apology, and was giving the reasons he had to change his mind. Ellesmere, who, rather felt himself released than offended, besought him to set his heart at ease in regard to him; and adjusting their account of expences, they took leave of each other with all imaginable good humour, but without the least degree of friendship. Ellesmere reflecting with wonder on the little activity of Melton's mind; which with every power that fortune and situation gave to acquire information, sunk into puiescent ignorance, Melton not reflecting at all. The jolly party he soon after he might have had respecting his want of politeness, and great rudeness towards Ellesmere he passed a jovial evening, and, without going to bed, fat out on his journey by the break of the day. Thus left to find his way to Berlin alone, or in any company he liked, Ellesmere sought his French friend, with an intention of offering himself to join his party. He was directed at the hotel, where he had before enquired for him to another, where, on sending for him, D'Alonville came down, and telling Ellesmere he was with some of his countrymen, who would be a very happy if he would favor them with his company, he introduced him to the Marquis de Touranges, the Abbé de St. Remi, and two old French noblemen, who received him with that politeness for which men of their rank were so justly distinguished. The Abbé de St. Remi too, who though a priest had no illiberal prejudices, was pleased with the appearance of the young Englishman; De Touranges alone maintained a cold reserve and while the others were engaged in conversation, seemed to suffer his mind to be entirely engrossed by thoughts of sad import, which conversation had no power to soothe.

When the party broke up, D'Alonville proposed to Ellesmere to go with him to his lodgings; where, when they arrived, he related to his English friend the purport of some dispatches which the gentlemen he had just left, had received from France; they were extremely unfavorable to their hopes, ad D'Alonville sighed as he concluded the detail. "These accounts," said Ellesmere, "are indeed discouraging, yet with how much philosophy or resignation do your friends whom we have been with endure this accumulation of evil tidings I mean the Abbe and the two oldest gentlemen the younger does not, I think, seem to have learned so well the difficult art of appearing cheerful when anguish is corroding the soul If I were to indulge myself in remarks on national character, I should say, that he is affected more life an Englishman than a Frenchman."

"If you knew what he suffers as an individual," said D'Alonville, "the want of fortitude, which you justly remark, would appear more excusable, yet perhaps the Marquis de Touranges has more than his share of pride, allied to the first houses in France, and boasting of blood, second only to that of royalty, it is more difficult for him than for most others (and we have none of us found it very easy), to submit to the innovations that the revolution has made. At its commencement de Touranges was among those who resisted, with the most resolution, the concessions demanded of the nobility; when they became inevitable, he still remained near the king, to whom he was personally attached; but as he could neither approve of the continual diminution of power which he had been taught to consider as sacred, nor conceal his detestation of the democratic faction that was making such rapid strides towards the total destruction of monarchy, he soon became so obnoxious to these men that his stay was injurious to his master, and dangerous to himself; and after the 20th of June this was so evident, that he was at

length prevailed upon to retire. All this is but the same destiny we have almost all of us experienced, varied only by local or domestic events; and in these respects de Touranges has particularly suffered."

D'Alonville then went on to relate what had befallen Madame de Touranges, the mother of the Marquis, and the distressing circumstance of his being unable to learn what was become of her, or of his wife and her infant. The sensible heart of Ellesmere was touched by this narrative; he not only blamed himself for having so hastily conceived some dislike to the Marques, on account of what he mistook for the reserve of haughty superiority, but felt a most earnest, though ineffectual wish to soothe the suffering of these unhappy strangers. The idea he had at first conceived of de Touranges, had deterred him from proposing to join their party; but as the cause of his apparent reserve was now explained, his inclination to do so was renewed, and he mentioned it to D'Alonville, who expressed the utmost satisfaction in the prospect of having the advantage of his company. He hastened immediately to settle their journey with two friends. The Abbé was pleased with the acquisition thus made of another travelling companion: de Touranges neither approved or opposed it; D'Alonville therefore, to whom it was left to arrange their conveyance, settled it, by hiring a sort of coach that held four persons, with conveniences without for their servants and baggage; and in this they set out on their way to Berlin, somewhat less than an hundred miles from Dresden.

Nothing worth noticing occurring on their first day's journey Ellesmere became continually more prejudiced in favor of his young friend; and for the Abbé de St. Remi, he learned to feel veneration and esteem, without, however, being influenced by the conversation of either, or by the pity he felt for their ruined fortunes, to alter his original opinions, as to the errors of the former government of their country, or the propriety of those reforms, which, had they been carried on by reason and justice, would have rendered France, under a limited monarchy, the most flourishing and happy nation of Europe. His thorough conviction of what it might have been, only encreased the concern and disgust he felt in reflecting on what it was; but if ever any conversation on this subject arose, he concealed the former of these sentiments form his unhappy friends when they were altogether, and particularly from de Touranges, who, on their first day's journey he had observed to be so much irritated and inflamed by discourse of such a tendency held at a table d'hote, by a German who dined in their company, that a quarrel of the most alarming nature would have ensued, but for the interposition of the Abbe de St. Remi and an old Prussian officer Ellesmere fancied that de Touranges looked upon him as a man who from the government under which he had been brought up, could not but be favorably disposed towards democracy; and he felt too much concern for the sad reverse of fortune under which De Touranges was suffering, not to make every possible allowance for him, and forbore to press any argument that might render more irritable a wounded mind.

On the second day the weather was so unfavorable that their progress was slow; and towards evening a storm of wind, with snow and rain, made it so disagreeable, and indeed dangerous (for it was quite dark before they were within three leagues of the post−house where they proposed stopping,) that they consented rather to remain at a little alehouse where they had taken shelter, than expose themselves to the danger of being overturned, in the obscurity of such a night, in a wild and mountainous country. There were in this place no beds for them; but the Abbe remarked with a smile that it was part of the vow he had taken to sleep on boards de Touranges cared not where he laid his head, and D'Aonville D'Alonville had not been of late too much used to hard fare of every kind, not to be indifferent about a transient inconvenience. Ellesmere very justly concluded that he should not be more incommoded than his friends; and they retired in their clothes to some bundles of straw which their servants had carried up into a place which might rather be called a granary than a room; it just afforded, however, a shelter from the wind and water, and the travellers preferred it to the only room below where they could have stayed, because that room was crowded with people, among whom were some strange figures, whose occupation seemed at least equivocal; and agree in nothing but in smoaking, that room was on many accounts less eligible than the loft they had chosen.

Towards morning D'Alonville, who was impatient to get forward on his journey arose from his straw, and found his way down a kind of ladder. He went out, and, though it was a dark and dismal morning, he roused the men who slept in the stable, entreating them to get ready as soon as they could, for he apprehended a fall of snow from

the change of the wind, and was afraid that the longer they staid the more difficult they might find it to depart. Having given these orders, he returned with a design to hasten his friends; but as the ladder−like stairs, that led to the place where he left them, received very little light, and towards the top branched off in two directions, he hesitated a moment to recollect which he ought to take then imagining he had guessed right, he proceeded to mount four or five steep steps, and opening a door, or rather a few old planks nailed together to supply the want of one, he was struck by the sight of a woman kneeling by the side of a wretched bed, where lay a human figure, on which her eyes were fixed with a look of hopeless despair. Through the disorder of a white wrapping dress, and her hair that hung loosely over her face and shoulders, D'Alonville distinguished that she was very young and not of the common rank almost without reflection he stepped towards her; she turned towards him a countenance pale and emaciated, but still lovely, and looking surprised to behold a stranger, spoke to him in a very soft and affecting voice, but in a language of which he did not understand a syllable. The expressive tones of distress, however, needed not words to make vibrate an heart which, like D'Alonville's, had been accustomed to suffer. He hastily approached the bed, and distinguished the person who lay on it to be a man between fifty and sixty, who appeared to be extremely ill. He addressed to the young woman an enquiry in French, whether he could be of any use, or in what he could serve her. She seems to understand that he wished to assist and relieve her, and burst into tears.

The sick man, whose half closed eyes had been fixed on her face, was roused by this expression of sorrow; she spoke to him in her own language, and he turned his faint looks towards D'Alonville, who, now seeing that he noticed him, and answered in the same language, imperfectly indeed, yet so as to be comprehended, that he was a native of Poland that having taken an active part in the late attempt of that country to regain its freedom, he had been marked for the vengeance of the powers who had now the ascendancy; and would have been imprisoned for life, if he had not, with his daughter made a precipitate escape with what little property they could save, of the greater part of which he had been robbed by a servant; and that they were now travelling towards Vienna, where they had relations; but that fatigue and anxiety having thrown him into a fever, he had lain above three weeks in this miserable house. His fever, he said, was gone, but he had lost, through weakness, the use of his limbs, and feared he should never be able to quit that place which, for himself he should not lament; but that his daughter's desolate condition

He could not go on, but D'Alonville perfectly understood what he would say. Here then was a being more miserable than even his friends and himself an exile too like them the victim of a contention, like that which desolated their country; but who had taken a different art in it. He was not less an object of compassion to the generous mind of D'Alonville; who feeling the same sentiment that actuated the gallant Sidney, as he gazed on the unhappy object before him, would have said,"Thy necessity is greater than mine."

He immediately began to assure the Polish gentleman, that whatever he could do to amend his situation should instantly be done. The voice of pity, so soothing to the sick heart, seemed to have an almost immediate effect on the unfortunate Polonese. He tried however in vain to express his gratitude, and his daughter could only weep D'Alonville was afraid of abruptly offering money; nor did ne indeed well know in what way to administer the assistance these two unfortunate wanderers seemed so greatly in need of; but telling them he would wait upon them again in a few moments, he went to find his friend Ellesmere, whom he met upon the stairs somewhat disquieted at his absence, having been for some time vainly in search of him.

When they descended the ladder, which was not a very convenient place for such a conference, D'Alonville related in a few words the extraordinary adventure he had met with. A lovely girl weeping over her expiring parent, in a miserable German cabaret; that parent the victim of his principles! It was a story exactly calculated to acquire a sudden interest over the romantic mind of Ellesmere, on whom beauty in distress had always a most powerful effect; and who, though he detested the present Anarchists of France, and was impatient to draw his sword against them, had an heart attached to the true English principles, an heart detesting tyranny and injustice under whatever semblance they appeared, and ready to side with every man who dared honestly resist them. He took fire at the sketch D'Alonville gave of the melancholy scene he had been witness to; and taking it for granted

the people of the house had been cruel to their unhappy guests as soon as their money had failed, he went back into the kitchen to enquire about them.

The woman of the house answered him coolly enough that the *man* and the *girl*, as she called them, had had what they wanted; but for her part she had a large family of her own to look after. They were taxed high, and were devoured by soldiers; and she could not be burthened with strangers. She was sorry for the gentleman, if he was a gentleman; but she though folks who had no money, or but little, should stay at home in their own country, and not run about to be burthensome to other people."

D'Alonville did not understand this harangue, which was delivered in German, so well as Ellesmere, who was more master of that language. He did not, however, warm as he was in his zeal for the suffering party, exclaim against the inhumanity

of his German hostess, and conclude that therefore all German hostesses were inhuman; but he reflected on a much more evident truth how nearly *the people* of all countries are alike. Such he knew would probably have been the language of an alewife between London and Harwich, and of la Cabaratiere, at any little auberge between Calais and Paris. His solicitude however for the Polonese gentleman was encreased, and he entreated D'Alonville to introduce him when he returned to his chamber, that they might together discover what could be done for him. Time pressed for the Marquis de Touranges and the Abbe were by this time earnest to depart. The former heard the story with so little sensibility that Ellesmere could only apologize for him, by supposing true what has often been asserted, that uninterrupted prosperity and great insensible to the distresses of others. Had he known more of De Touranges, he would have discovered that he was not naturally unfeeling, but that the word *liberty*, a word to which he imputed all the evils under which his country groaned, had a power over him like that of the fabled shield of Minerva, and turned his heart to stone. The Abbe de St. Remi had more Christian charity; he offered not only to lend the the sick man any spiritual advice which might console him, but to contribute what little was in his power to his personal necessities; and to exert the skill he had acquired in medicine towards his recovery. Ellesmere heretically thought these two last−mentioned offers the most to the purpose; but he agreed with D'Alonville that they would accept only the last; and in this no time was to be lost. D'Alonville therefore immediately returned, and proposed to the Polonese, a visit from the Abbe. It was gratefully accepted; and though it lasted but a few moments, was highly satisfactory; for the Abbe, on his return to the two young men, assured them, that the danger in which he believed his patient to have been, was over; and that though he was still extremely weak, his recovery was retarded, by what had occasioned his illness mental anguish; and by that hopeless lassitude which a long course of suffering occasions, even to the firmest mind. The dread of leaving his daughter desolate and unprotected in a strange country, had been so great, that he denied himself even the few comforts he could have obtained, because he desired to reserve the little money he had left to send her back to Warsaw, where he hoped the relations of her mother would receive her, when he himself, whose politics had estranged them from him, could offend them no more. But she had positively refused to leave him and the contention between his anxiety for her, and her tenderness for him, had affected him so much, just at the moment when accident introduced D'Alonville into the room, that it gave him the appearance of being even in a more languid state than he really was.

This account redoubled the solicitude of the two young men, who now became extremely impatient to set at ease the anxious heart of a father for a daughter so deserving, by enabling him to secure her return to Warsaw. This however would probably require more time than De Touranges would be willing to spare; and when they recollected that at Berlin he had hopes of gaining some intelligence of his wife, his child, and his mother, they forgave impatience, which in any other case would have indicated want of humanity.

After a short consultation between Ellesmere, D'Alonville, and the Abbe, they agreed that the latter should go on with De Touranges to the next post town, about nine miles distant, whither they would follow in two or three hours; and that if in that time they did not come up with their friends, the Abbe and De Touranges might still proceed. D'Alonville and Ellesmere had no doubt of overtaking the carriage, by the superior speed of post−horses,

on the following day; or at least before it reached Berlin.

CHAP. XIII.

Non tamen irritunt
Quodenque rentro est effiet; neque
Dissinget, infectumque reddet
Quod sugiens semel hora vexit.

HOR.

THE friendly interest which men of another country, and of other principles, took in his fate, and in that of his daughter, had almost an instantaneous effect on the depressed spirits of Carlowitz. When Ellesmere was by his friend D'Alonville introduced, they found him risen from his miserable couch, and sitting on his side, but too weak to support himself; he leaned against his daughter, who hung over him with the tenderest solicitude. While D'Alonville endeavoured to put an end to the attempts he made to express his gratitude, Ellesmere approached, and would have spoken to his daughter; but he was so struck by her figure, and by the expression of her countenance, that he could only murmur out a broken sentence, which he forgot she could not understand. Her father spoke to her in the Polish language; and though Ellesmere knew not what he said, he imagined he bade her attempt to speak French. Her faded cheek was for a moment tinted with a faint blush; and turning towards D'Alonville, she made an unsuccessful effort to express herself; but Ellesmere was tempted to envy him, what seemed almost a preference, and would have been himself the person in whose favor the attempt was made.

"Alexina," said her father, addressing himself to them both, "Alexina is a very young scholar in your language, gentlemen, (for he did not distinguish Ellesmere's country;) but though she is unable to say how much she is obliged to you, believe me she is sincerely sensible of you kindness. "He then again spoke to her; and quitting him, she took up a cloak with a large hood which lay in a chair, and wrapping herself in it, so as to conceal her face as much as possible, she left the room.

Ellesmere followed her with his eyes and knew not how to help offering to assist her down the stairs or rather ladder but fearful of offending, he continued to gaze at the door through which he had passed; and it was the repetition of her name only, that drew him from his admiration of her form, to attend to her interest, which D'Alonville already began to discuss with her father.

"Yes," said Carlowitz, "it is only on account of Alexina that my heart has failed me; for myself, I fear not death. I have affronted it in the most hideous forms; but my Alexina! I wished to place her in the projection of the only relation I have at Vienna and then if I live, do not imagine that I mean to pass the rest of my life in inactivity. While I have any remains of strength I must use it, though my country exists no longer."

He was proceeding with all that vehement enthusiasm which the cause that he had been engaged in defending, inspires, when recollecting the probability there was, that the principles of the persons to whom he was speaking were very different from those he was thus declaring, or perhaps reading in the countenance of D'Alonville some dissent from his opinions, he stopped and said, "but perhaps I am speaking to those who are themselves suffering from a very different cause."

"You judge rightly," answered D'Alonville, "as to me. My friend is an Englishman; but I am, like you, an exile from my country. We will not talk however of our politics. If every man should consider his fellow man as a

brother, the tie is surely strengthened between unhappy men. If I can assist you, then, your opinions will not lessen my zeal to do so. Had I been a Polonese, I might have thought and have acted as you have done. Had you been a native of France, you would have seen her monarchy exchanged for anarchy infinitely more destructive and more tyrannical, with the same abhorrence as I have done." This candid discussion of a subject which has but too often divided the most sacred connections, by the warmth of the contention it has raised, soon set the new friends mutually at ease with each other; a little plan for the conveyance of Carlowitz and Alexina to Vienna on the return of the carriage which was going on to Berlin, with D'Alonville and his friends, was soon adjusted, which, with about the value of ten guineas English, was all Carlowitz could prevailed upon to accept. To this Ellesmere insisted on contributing half, and the noble Polonese gave them an acknowledgment for it, and in order to receive it at Vienna, by bill of exchange, of which he peremptorily demanded their acceptance, as the only terms on which he would receive the money. Fatigued as he was by a long conversation, Ellesmere fancied that, under all the disadvantages of illness, and of speaking with difficulty a foreign language, there was in the countenance and manner of this stranger an uncommon portion of sense and spirit. Their business being arranged, Carlowitz expressed a wish to see his daughter, and Ellesmere with extreme eagerness flew down to find her; while D'Alonville, whom he seemed to fear had the same project, accompanied him but with a different intention. He went to make interest with the hostess, whose manners were much softened towards her sick guests, to prepare for them all a little repast, and to intercede for a better room for his Polonese friend, the little time he was still to stay at her house. While he was thus negotiating, Ellesmere had gone out in search of Alexina, who he was told had walked out. Within fifty yards of the house that stood alone near the foot of a steep hill, began a wood of birch and pine trees, with which that and the surrounding mountains were covered. A path led thither, and Ellesmere followed it, because the shelter the firs afforded made it most likely that it had been taken by Alexina. He saw her within a few paces of its entrance, leaning against a tree, her face almost veiled by her hood, and her figure by her long cloak; but yet he thought he never saw a form so graceful. He approached and spoke to her; she put aside her veil, and discovered in the opinion of Ellesmere a face where sorrow and resignation irresistibly lent charms to feature perfectly lovely; and which acquired, by visible dejection, a grace which more than compensated for the bloom of health. Ellesmere made her comprehend that her father wished to see her. A faint and melancholy smile told him she understood him, and she walked towards the house. Ellesmere attended her, and offered his hand as he ascended the stairs. When they reached the door of the room he would have retired, but Carlowitz saw him, and entreating him to come in he obeyed.

Alexina eagerly approached her father, who gave her his hand, which she held a moment between both her's, while he spoke to her in her native language; and, as Ellesmere imagined, related the arrangements that had been made. Her answer, from the expression with which it was accompanied, he translated to be, "I shall not go back to Warsaw, and leave you, then, my father?" Her dark eyes were filled with tears, yet she turned them towards Ellesmere, seemed to wish she could explain how much she thought herself obliged to him, and then sat down, uttering one of those deep drawn sighs which appear to relieve the heart after the sudden removal of any oppression.

Carlowitz looked at her with so much concern and tenderness, that Ellesmere felt more than ever gratified by the reflection, that he had assisted in relieving from the anguish of threatened separation, a father and a daughter so fondly attached to each other; yet his heart was conscious of an acute pang, when he recollected that in a few moments he should lose sight of Alexina, and probably should never see her again. Carlowitz now entered into conversation with Ellesmere, as well as he could, in French (of which he was by no means master), on the happy constitution of England, and the flourishing situation to which she had arisen, even after a war which had threatened her destruction. He touched on the hopes the people of Poland had entertained of assistance from the English; and could not help remarking, how soon he had forgot the conduct of the empress of Russia towards them in their war against America; and the impolicy of her being allowed now to encrease her enormous power by the acquisition of so large a share of Poland. Ellesmere, who had never till then felt the least interest for the fate of a country which has so little influence on the politics of his own, had never considered the subject; the merits of which however Carlowitz was endeavouring to make him comprehend, when D'Alonville returned, followed by the hostess, who with much civility enquired whether they would remove into the best room she had below. This

civility, the weak state of Carlowitz compelled him to refuse. He made some apologies to his friends, and besought them not to confine themselves to his room; they refused however to leave him, and a better dinner than the place seemed likely to afford, was served up. During which, Corlowitz Carlowitz gave them a slight sketch of his life, and of the events which had occasioned his expulsion from his country. As he spoke, his pale countenance became animated. His eyes flashed fire as he uttered the eulogium of the king of Poland; and his whole countenance lost its languor, while he uttered sentiments of which D'Alonville had till then had not idea, and which he found himself but little disposed to acquiesce in; while Ellesmere, to whose opinions they were more congenial, looked upon him an oracle; and felt from that, or some other cause, encreasing regret from the reflection that they were so soon to part.

Above all Ellesmere was impressed with veneration for that indifference to life which Carlowitz professed, who declared that his fears only for Alexina had tempted him to submit to flight; but that the agonies in which he saw her, the horror and dread she had of outliving him, and becoming a dependant on relations who had basely betrayed him, for their own security, had determined him to sacrifice to her, a life which could now indeed be of no use to his country.

"And when I feel the ignominy of my condition," cried he, "I will look again at Alexina, and I shall think myself again ennobled as her protector. When the idea of all I have lost recurs to me, I will remember the struggle I made to preserve it; and what I *have been* , and *ought to be*, shall console me for what I am, or may be." D'Alonville could not help remarking to himself, that the effect on his mind, of banishment and loss of property, was exactly the reverse; and, that it was what he *had been* and *ought to be*, that embittered to him every reflection on what he was, or might have been. As neither the father nor the daughter occupied his thoughts or his eyes so much as they appeared to do those of his English friend, his mind was gone back to Vienna, and he was musing, as was become his custom when left a moment to himself, on his strange destiny, when the lateness of the hour suddenly occurred to him. He had not a watch, but he requested Ellesmere to look at his, who declared, with some surprise, that it was past two o'clock. He had hardly fancied it noon. It was time to go, if they did not design to let their companions proceed quite to Berlin without them. Carlowitz was sensible of the inconvenience they had already put themselves to on his account, and entreated them to avoid those of darkness and tempest, which might too probably overtake them on their way, should they be under the necessity of following on horseback, farther than the next post−house. D'Alonville pressed their departure; but Ellesmere seemed unable to determine to go. At length, as no excuse remained for his stay, and the horses were ready at the door, the moment of bidding adieu to his two new friends could no longer be avoided. D'Alonville, who was really interested for their fate, as much as it was possible to be for persons of whom he knew so little, begged to hear of their arrival at Vienna repeated the good wishes he had before expressed; and in a polite and easy manner took his farewell of Carlowitz, who expressed anew the warmest gratitude for all his kindness. He next approached Alexina, and with equal ease and civility took leave of her, kissing her hand and wishing her every felicity. D'Alonville then went to his horse, leaving Ellesmere to manage his adieus as he would; they were so long, that D'Alonville became impatient, and was on the point of returning to hasten his lingering friend, when at length Ellesmere appeared, and silently mounting the horse that was waiting, proceeded for a league almost without speaking. D'Alonville took the occasion of their going slowly up an hill to mention the friends they had left, and by Ellesmere's answers, he thought he discovered more plainly what he had before suspected that the fair Alexina had made an impression on the heart of the young Englishman; but supposing it would be no more than one of those *gouts passageres*, of which he had been accustomed to think so lightly, he took and opportunity slightly to rally Ellesmere, who answered him in raillery; but though it seemed as if he wished to escape from the subject, and to laugh it off, his long fits of gravity, and the deep sighs that escaped him were not calculated to destroy the notion D'Alonville insensibly led the discourse to the arrangements he had contrived for the conveyance of Carlowitz and his daughter to Vienna and Ellesmere then said, "there is in the character of that man something very singular he has an *originality of mind* that I have never met with her before. I wish I could have cultivated a farther acquaintance with him."

"And with Mademoiselle his daughter too. I fancy my dear friend she has her part in that wish."

"I do not deny it," answered Ellesmere; "and though I cauld could not converse with her for want of language, she has, if there be any trusting to the expression of countenance, a soul as elevated as her father's, softened by the feminine virtues did you ever see a more intelligent, a more lovely countenance?"

"Would you have me answer honestly?" replied D'Alonville. "Why then I own, that though I think Mademoiselle Carlowitz hansome, and allow her to have a very fine and graceful form, yet I have seen women, of whom the countenance was more lovely, and equally intelligent."

"My dear Chevalier," cried Ellesmere, who seemed at least as much pleased with his dissent, as if he had appeared equally fascinated, "your eyes have been accustomed to French beauty, till you have lost all taste for the great simple. I am persuaded now you would have thought Alexina perfectly lovely, had she first been pointed out to you in a box at the opera at Paris as being a foreign beauty, whom it was the rage of the day to admire. Her unadorned loveliness is in too simple, too grand a style, if I may so express myself, to please a taste vitiated by the false glare of rouge, and the fantastic aid of fashionable dress. And thus I have often observed among most men who effect *ton* in England, and among almost all descriptions of men in France, that their taste is governed by fashion. A woman who is cried up as the beauty of the season, is declared to be, "divine absolutely without equal." In a few months her novelty is gone; another matchless creature appears; and the first glides imperceptibly into oblivion, unless by some daring singularity, of dress of conduct, she can support herself a few months longer."

"You will recollect, my friend," answered D'Alonville, "that I was never regularly initiated into the great world at Paris, having only passed a few months there, at a time when the French were thinking more of politics than of the frivolous distinction of which I believe you justly enough accuse them. To what happens in London, I can still say less; but permit me to make one inequity, and let that be, whether the fair Alexina does not derive some of the extraordinary charms you find in her, from the distresses that surround her; and whether a lovely nymph, wandering amidst woods and wilds, in not peculiar charms in the eyes of my friend, who is a *little*, perhaps a *very little*, romantic?" To this Ellesmere answered, "You sometimes say to me, my friend, when I hazard a reflection or a sentiment which appears which appears to you uncommon" *'Il faut être bien Anglois pour avoir une telle pensée;'* so I now reply, 'que c'est être bien Francois que d'avoir une telle idée.' No; though it is certain that the sweet attachment of Alexina to her father gives me the highest opinion of her heart and understanding, and though she has one of those graceful and attractive forms, which is suited to adorn a landscape where nature puts on her awful and commanding features, yet I think, nay, I am sure, that the impression Alexina has made upon me, is not owing to any local circumstance. Wherever it had first been my chance to meet her, I should have been equally struck with her."

"You are really and absolutely in love, then, with this northern beauty, after an acquaintance of four or five hours?"

"In love! Oh! no not in love I hope neither if I made indeed as light of the matter as, "vous autres," I might say I was, "courant d'amour," but in the sober sadness of an Englishman, I must go no farther than declaring that if Alexina has the mind she appears to have, and if I was a man of fortune, and could marry, I should prefer her to fill up my scheme of happiness before any woman I ever saw. But alas! as it is a younger brother, whose portion is the sword, the pulpit, or the bar; and who, according to the equitable maxim adopted both in your country and mine, must scramble through the world as well as he can, that the elder branch may transmit the family estate, with only the burthens he shall himself place upon it to posterity; a younger brother has no business to think of a wife." "And so," added he with a sigh "we will talk no more of Alexina, at least for this time." At the end of the stage D'Alonville and Ellesmere, contrary to their expectations, overtook their companions, who had waited for them and they proceeded altogether without any occurrence worth noticing till they arrived at Berlin.

CHAP. XV.

Ma tu non ti lasciar si sieramente
Vincere al tuo dolor; vinci te steffo
Si vuoi vincere altrui.

GUARINI.

HOWEVER changed might be the spirit of the government since the death of Frederic the Great, long established modes of life, and the actual preparations for another campaign, which might repair the errors of the last, still gave to Berlin the appearance of a great garrison, rather than of the capital of a kingdom. D'Alonville was soon weary of a scene which presented little else than"Man and steel; the soldier and his sword

."Many families, of whom the father's or husband's were gone or going to the army, had retired from Berlin to pass the time of their absence in the country, and among these was Madam Lewenstirn, the niece of the Abbé de St. Remi, whose husband had received orders to depart immediately for Flanders with a regiment he had raised, and who had already taken leave of his wife, and was on the point of quitting Berlin when the Abbé and his friends arrived there.

This, though it was what he might well have expected, was a severe mortification to the Abbê who had depended upon the open and generous character of Colonel Lewinstirn, for the most cordial reception of de Touranges, as well as of himself; and in his power he thought it might be to procure, for his unhappy friend, the information they were so anxious to obtain relative they were so anxious to obtain relative to a Count de Remesnil, who was said to have been at the Court of Berlin, and who, there was reason to believe, was the uncle of Madame de Touranges, under an assumed name. In the hurry of the moment in which they found him, Colonel Lewenstirn could do no more than recommend the Abbé and his friends to the hospitable attentions of a relation of his own, who the next day accompanied them to the persons who were the most likely to give them the information they wanted. They soon learned that an old French nobleman, calling himself the Count de Remesnil, had resided or a short time at Berlin. He had two or three ladies belonging to him; but these even the French, who knew by sight the person calling himself Remesnil, had never seen, nor could they tell of what ages the ladies were, or by what names they were called. The description they gave of Monsieur de Remesnil himself, resembled that of the person they sought; but this was not very convincing evidence, as there was nothing remarkable enough about him to assure them, that many other men of the same age might not answer the same description. Distressing, however, as this uncertainty was, such was the distracted state of mind into which de Touranges was replunged, by his hopes of finding his family being thus delayed, if not baffled, that the watchful and indefatigable friendship of the Abbé would immediately have pursued the track of this Count de Remesnil, on the uncertain vague light they had thus acquired; but on closer investigation they could not discover which way he had gone when he left Berlin. To some of the French, with whom he had been slightly acquainted, (for none had known him before they saw him there) he had talked of going to Holland; others declared he had frequently spoken of seeking an asylum at Petersbourgh; and two or three had heard him enquiring about England. But whither he had directed his course, none had enquired for, every man occupied with troubles of his own, or schemes to escape from them, few thought of asking the intentions of a person whom they had never seen before, and might never see again. De Touranges, who had in an hundred instances acted with the same indifference himself, was now so irritated as to be ready to quarrel with every man of his country whom he met, because they had failed to procure the information which could not interest them. He felt disposed to accuse them of want of feeling, and of want of

regard for their native land; and as they were so little attentive to emigrants of rank, he was certain that many of them were Jacobins, whom he was therefore inclined to run through the body. The remark is generally just, that sorrow softens, but despair hardens the heart. De Touranges experienced but little of its power to render the mind flexible: its power to irritate and inflame, he felt with but too much force. He was "angry alike at those that injured, and those that did not help; careless to please where nothing could be gained, and fearless to offend *where nothing farther was to be dreaded*

." In this disposition of mind, the soothing friendship, or the calm reasoning, of the Abb , equally lost their effect, and his attachment for the unfortunate de Touranges was often put to the severest proof. It was in vain he represented to his distracted friend, that the paroxysms of passion to which he thus yielded, might encrease, but could not alleviate his calamities; and that a plan regularly pursued, would be infinitely more conducive to the object so near his heart. But after being embroiled in two or three quarrels, and exposing himself to the disagreeable probability of receiving an order to quit Berlin, he took the sudden resolution of returning to Vienna, and throwing himself into some of those corps of French which yet remained on the frontiers. He found that the Abbé de St. Remi had received an invitation from his niece Madame Lewinstirn, to make her residence his home, and that nothing but his reluctance to quit him, prevented his accepting such an offer. A young woman, in the absence of her husband, could not prevail upon the Abbé to leave him, after long arguments upon the subject, he resolved at least to put an end to his friends difficulties on his account; and having appeared for a day or two more calm, and to be debating on what he should do, he suddenly departed in the night with his servant putting into a packet directed to St. Remi, more than half the money he had left, together with a long letter, in which he declared to him, that any pursuit of him would be in vain, but that he would write where ever he might be. The excellent heart of St. Remi was extremely affected, both by his friend's departure, and the reasons he gave for it; but he had only to acquiesce, knowing the disposition of the Marquis too well to have attempted to pursue him, had the means been in his power. D'Alonville and Ellesmere did whatever was possible to console this respectable man, who was not insensible of their attention. In a few days after the departure of de Touranges, Madame Lewenstirn came to Berlin on purpose to carry her uncle with her to her retirement. He was then compelled to bid adieu to his two young friends. To D'Alonville he gave much excellent advice for his future conduct, and found him more willing to receive it, than the impetuous and irretable irritable de Touranges. He made D'Alonville promise to write to him; and parted him with concern truly paternal. When he was gone, Ellesmere and D'Alonville, who had no longer any motive to stay at Berlin, prepared to depart also. The latter had again the whole world before him, without any particular motive to determine him to any part of it; unless it were those which had for some time made him wish to hazard a return to France. His English friend, Ellesmere, was the only person who now seemed interested for his fate: with him he canvassed every project for the future as it arose in his mind; and every conversation ended with Ellesmere's persuading him to go with him to England. "If you afterwards determine to go to France," said he, "though to me it appears the wildest and most impractical scheme imaginable from whence can you go with so much convenience as from England? though I have not, my friend, an house to offer you, being only a younger brother, and not knowing what is to be my own destiny, yet it may be in my power to be of some use to you; and if events should turn out more favourable than they at present promise, you may not be sorry to pass a few weeks in England on you way back to your own country." D'Alonville shook his head sorrowfully. "Ah, my dear Sir," replied he, "you should not hold out to me visions so flattering, and so little likely to be realized. Once indeed I thought to have visited England as a traveller, for pleasure and instruction. Now, as what am I to appear there? As one of those unhappy strangers, whose numbers, notwithstanding the generosity of your country, are already a subject of complaint." Recollections of those happy days, when every object wore for him aspects so different, now crowded on his mind; but Ellesmere, whose friendship for him was equally warm and sincere, would not leave him to these melancholy reflections, but appeared so sincerely desirous of their remaining together, and offered so many reasons why he should go to England, that D'Alonville at length determined upon it. After staying about ten days at Berlin, they quitted it, and took their road to Hamburgh, where they intended to embark for England. On their way the conversation frequently turned on the Polish friends, of whom Ellesmere as frequently expressed the utmost solicitude to hear absence, and the little probability there

was that he should ever see her again, had not diminished the tender admiration that he felt for Alexina; and when he indulged himself be talking of her in a rapturous style, D'Alonville frequently rallied him on the figure he would make among his country women, should it be known of him, that he had left his heart with a Polonese, whom he met wandering in a German forest. Ellesmere, in his turn, accused his friend of insensibility; "or rather," said he, "you deny the existence of those charms in Alexina, which surely no man can deny, because you have in your memory all resemble. Ah Chevalier! you are not I believe exempt from that taste in gallantry that has been imputed to your country. This charming Madame D'Alberg this Adriana of whom I have heard you speak Confess my friend, that for this imperial beauty, you feel that preference which you wonder at my feeling for the lovely pilgrim.'

"No, upon my honor," answered D'Alonville very gravely, "I never was so ungrateful, or so much of coxcomb, as to think of Madame D'Alberg otherwise than as a sister, to whom I owe the greatest obligations nor do I recollect calling her by the familiar name of Adriana, unless when I have been repeating to you, conversations between her mother and her, or her mother and me; and I assure you, my dear Ellesmere, you might as well suspect me of a penchant for the respectable Baroness de Rosenheim, as for her daughter."

"But this Theresa, to whom I saw you writing the other day?"

"Theresa is the confidential servant of Madame D'Alberg. It is by her means only, that my friends can hear of me. Their generous solicitude for my safety, induced them to propose my writing, by directing my letters to her. I have obeyed them but only once since I bade them adieu. I do not mean often to avail myself even of this permission, left it should be attended with inconvenience to them." D'Alonville, however, never renewed the mention of his German friends without a sigh; and Ellesmere, though he forebore to repeat his suspicions of his being attached to Madame D'Alberg, when he saw those suspicions really gave him pain, could not help continuing to believe, that his young friend had given to the German Count more cause of uneasiness than he was willing to allow.

Ellesmere sometimes talked of the persons to whom he hoped to have an opportunity of introducing him in England. "We will go down together to the old hall in Staffordshire," said he; "for my father and mother are worthy kind of folks enough, and are always glad to see me, and any friend I bring with me for a month or so. As to my sisters, they are good girls not very handsome; and they had been educated, except the eldest, almost entirely in the country; so that they are not of the *haut ton*. You, who have lived, I suppose, among women of the first style in France, will be in no danger of falling in love with them, even though you are not by your predeliction in favor of some other, secured from the attractions of my fair country women."

I might be in imminent danger," answered D'Alonville, if that were all my security, and especially as I have heard so much of the beauty of English ladies; but alas! my friend, the unfortunate exiles who now seek an asylum in your country, are not likely to engage in gallantries; or whatever others may be, I believe *I* dare venture to assure you, that *I* shall never so far violate the laws of hospitality in the house of my friend's father, should I be admitted there. Every woman will have my respect; but none, whatever may be their charms, will, I trust, occasion me to forget what I owe to the confidence and hospitality that admits me." "You take the matter too seriously," replied Ellesmere. "If the girls were handsome, I don't know why you should not like them as well as another; or why you should not say so; but perhaps you are determined, my friend, to shew an uncontrovertible instance of what has been often asserted within these two years, that the French and the English nations have changed characters you, a volatile Frenchman, seem at one−and−twenty to be a stoic; I, phlegmatic Englishman two years older, am falling desperately in love every step I take, with some nymph or other."

"The change, if it be one, "answered D'Alonville, "is easily accounted for; at least as far as relates to us, as individuals; you may freely indulge the fallies of your imagination, for you are secure of being received, after all you *egarements*, by family who love you, in a country where security and prosperity await you; but I must be indeed more naturally volatile, than the most volatile of my countrymen ever were even in the proudest days of

France, if the reverse of fortune which I have experienced, did not check my levity. I had a father, a brother, fortune, friends, and prospects of a still more brilliant destiny. I now blush to be called a Frenchman; and if ever I enter that country again; what shall I be destined to behold!
"Dans des fleuves de sang, tant d'innocent planges
"Le fer de tous cotés dévastant cet empire
"Tous ces champs de carnage."
Such," continued D'Alonville, are the spectacles which continually haunt my imagination and I own to you, embitter my existence so entirely, that it is hardly worth having." Their journey passed without any remarkable occurrence. They reached Hamburgh on the last day of December, and embarking on board a merchant ship which lay ready to sail, arrived in the usual course of time, and without any remarkable occurrence in the Thames where, quitting the vessel, they took a post−chaise, which in a few hours set them down at an hotel in London.

CHAP. XVI.

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other: Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

COWPER.

THE avenues that lead from the banks of the river to the immense capital of the British empire, are ill calculated to impress a stranger with the idea that he is entering the first city in the world. It was almost night−fall when D'Alonville passed through the city; and at such a season of the year, and such a time of the evening, every object appeared to him as dark and dreary as his own destiny. Though accompanied by Ellesmere, he had, on his landing experienced some of that behaviour by which the lower class of people in England disgrace themselves in their conduct towards foreigners and while the mob had abused both D'Alonville and Ellesmere as Frenchmen on their going on shore, the authorized enqueries of the Custom−house, evidently indicated unusual suspicion and mistrust. It was at the period when every foreigner was suspected of being a Jacobin, and when there were undoubtedly many agents of that society sent round Europe, at once to inform their club of the disposition of other countries, and to blow up every spark of spirit, resembling that which had occasioned in their own so dreadful a conflagration. To the antipathy which the inferior class of the English have been taught to entertain against every other nation, but particularly against the French, together with the numbers that had lately taken shelter in England, was now added doubts, left every foreigner was an incendiary; and the assurances of Ellesmere, on behalf of his friend, were hardly sufficient to secure him from molestation. To a stranger, so imperfectly acquainted with the language, as to be unable to follow their rapid dialogue, the loud tones, and rough language used on such occasions, seems doubly harsh and menacing; the specimen of national hospitality with which D'Alonville was greeted on his first touching English ground, was not very flattering, no much calculated to raise his depressed spirits.

The unceasing attention, however, of his friend, who would not go to his usual lodgings, but remained at the hotel with him, and the cheerfulness and neatness of every thing around him, a good supper, and an excellent bed, reanimated in some degree the weary wanderer; and the next morning, while Ellesmere wrote to his friends in Staffordshire, D'Alonville found himself disposed to give to the Abbé de St. Remi, a much more favorable description of England and Englishmen, than he had been inclined to do the evening before.

It was at this period, that the cruel mockery of trying the injured and insulted King of France was carrying on at

Paris; and though nobody then imagined that the Convention would have been so impolitic as to have committed an action which, without answering any possible purpose, made enemies of every considerable power of Europe; yet, while the master to whom his father's life had been dedicated, to whom he had himself sworn allegiance, was suffering the ignominy of being arraigned as a criminal, and while public expectation fearfully waited the event. D'Alonville did not think it consistent for one of his nation, and in his situation, to appear in public places; he declined therefore the pressing instances of Ellesmere, who was eager to shew him whatever was most worth seeing in London, and when his friend at his earnest entreaty left him of an evening to join his acquaintance, he remained at the hotel, where he had but too much time to meditate on his situation.

Every day indeed in which he passed through the streets of London, gave him occasion for "meditation even to madness." He saw numbers of his country men thrown from every comfort of life, on the bounty of a nation, which, by an effort of generosity, conquered, or at least concealed, their ancient enmity, to send them assistance. Yet while the English with one hand rescued, with the other they seemed disposed to draw the sword against a whole people, of which the mass appeared to be sullied with crimes unknown before in the history of mankind. To the common people of England, who have little means of distinguishing, all foreigners were formerly considered as Frenchmen. They now heard of the atrocities committed by the French as a nation, and having still less the power of discrimination, involved every one of that nation in universal condemnation; adding to their long rooted national hatred, the detestation raised by these horrors, of which every day brought some new detail. This made London an abode extremely uneasy to D'Alonville. He knew that of the English nation, it now might be said, in respect to its conduct towards his countrymen, as was side of one of its most illustrious literary characters, of whose tenderness of heart and harshness of manners so much has been related

"If all he says is rough, all he does is gentle."And that while he was hissed and insulted in the streets of London, there was hardly an opulent, or even easily−circumstanced family in the houses that formed those streets, but what had contributed to relieve the necessities of the French, who had been thrown destitute on their shore; yet was there so much pain in every reflection dejection every hour encreased; nor could he sometimes help asking himself, as he sat alone of an evening. What he had to do in England? What he had to do in London?

Alas! these questions served only to introduce another "What had he to do any where?" Nothing, in truth, but to return to the Continent, and enter again into the army, or to endeavour to get into France, disguised and unknown; there to join those, who, revolted by the infamous measures that had lately been taken, were secretly endeavouring to re−establish their dethroned monarch.

This last part appeared to D'Alonville the most desirable: he wrote, therefore, to the Marquis de Magnevilliers, (for the communication between the two countries was yet open) couching his letter in such terms as he thought least likely to be understood, should it be intercepted; directed under a feigned name; and giving him, with the same precautions, an address where he might be heard of in London; and determining to wait no longer in England than till he could obtain an answer, which might serve as a guide to his future conduct, he readily accepted the continual invitation of Ellesmere, (which was warmly repeated in letters his friend received from Sir Maynard and Lady Ellesmere;) and agreed to go with him to the family seat in Staffordshire.

D'Alonville had been introduced during his short stay in London, to Mr. Ellesmere, the elder brother of his friend, and his wife, Lady Sophia. But though they were well bred, and spoke French like people of education, D'Alonville was never tempted to renew the visit, though he received a civil common place invitation. Mr. Ellesmere seemed emmersed in politics, and gave very little attention to whatever passed that had nothing to do with his pursuits. His wife was a fine lady, and rather a prettyish woman: she passed her mornings in going form shop to shop, occupied in the study of uniting two objects which do not easily assimilate shew and economy. It was necessary for Lady Sophia to be well dressed, to have every thing in the most fashionable style, and even to be quoted as a model of elegance for the imitation of others; but as the finances of her husband, (though the whole

family were sacrificed to the splendor of his establishment,) were by no means equal to the disbursement necessary to this end, if it were to be obtained only of the most expensive devisers of fashion, Lady Sophia condescended to encounter, several times in the week, the thick atmosphere of the City, or Holborn−hill, and the materials thus purchased, were, by her own ingenuity, aided by that of a female cousin and her own maid, so well arranged, that for appearance, she was allowed to rank high in the list of fashion. But as from his pursuits, her husband had acquired a set of ideas peculiar to the persons he lived among, Lady Sophia had *her* head filled with the names of warehouses and millenary rooms, cheap hosiers, and places where contraband dealers secretly disposed of the articles of their illicit commerce. Such speculations were so constantly in her mind, that she had hardly time to qualify herself for the small talk of the day; but this was usually supplied for her by the female cousin, who possessed every talent and every accomplishment; who was the model of fashion and the oracle of wit, understood all sciences and all languages, and lived only among people of the very first world, and foreigners of distinction. D'Alonville did not happen to meet this combination of all that was admirable and attractive; but heard from Lady Sophia, how concerned she was, that Miss Milsington was engaged that evening to dine with her aunt, the Duchess of , to meet the Duke of , and a long list of ambassadors and plenipos. D'Alonville cared very little for the disappointment, nor did he recollect the name, when talking with his friend Ellesmere, as they travelled together towards Stafford, of the days they had passed in London, and the people they had seen. Ellesmere exclaimed against the generality of the women. "What moppets they are," said he. "Is there one among the dressed dolls we met the other day at dinner at my brother's, or those who formed the circle in the evening, that a man who has five ideas, can never think of a second time? Can any human being be less rational than my sister−in−law, Lady Sophia? And yet these women are what are called accomplished."

"And I dare say they are so," replied D'Alonville; "and surely some of them many of them must be allowed to be handsome."

"Yes, your French taste perhaps may call them so; and that my dear friend is the very fault I find with your taste. Their beauty is mere gilding and painting, like the fitting up of your rooms; and for their accomplishments the very name of them disgusts me."

"Really, my good friend," answered D'Alonville, "if I did not know you so well as I do, I should suspect that, in this dissenting from the general opinion, you affected singularity. What are then the accomplishments which you admire?"

"Oh! not what are called so by courtesy; not playing a dozen lessons on a harp or piano−forte, which interrupt all conversation, and tire the unfortunate hearers to death; not painting a rose an hearts−ease, which, if one did not know them by prescription, might as well be a piony and an auricula; not speaking a few phrases of French with a broad English accent, and calling every foreigner *Mounshere,* as I heard one of those Miss Westwoods call you; girls that are said to be well educated, though I think them hateful, little, formal, conceited things!" Oh! deliver me from such accomplishments!"

"Well," said D'Alonville, "but this Mademoiselle whose name I did not hear enough to remember the lady of whom Lady Sophia said so much."

"Aye, Miss Milsington. What, your curiosity was raised, my good friend, by the mention of Miss Milsington! No, I will not attempt it, for it is impossible to describe her; nor would I diminish, by giving you a foretaste of what she is, the pleasure it must, I think, give you to see, for you will probably see her one day or other, a non descript in the female world."

"But is she handsome?"

"Beauty you know depends upon taste."

"Let me put the question in another manner. do you think her handsome?"

"She is not very young," answered D'Alonville, smiling, and evading the question; "but that if you retain the taste established not many years since in France, may diminish none of her perfections in your eyes."

"The lady," said D'Alonville, "appears to be not more a favorite than those we have already canvassed."

"Yet her *accomplishments* I do not deny," continued Ellesmere. "She certainly speaks your language like a native of France; understands and speaks Italian; is so much mistress of music as to compose; and, as far as I know, executes every other lady−like science, in their respective lines, like an artist. Yet you see that, highly allied, and living always among people of fashion, and tout paitrie, to borrow an expression which my own language does not furnish, with all these graces, Miss Milsington is unmarried; a proof that I am not singular in my opinion of her, though I believe I am extremely singular in having the courage to own it."

"In a word" said D'Alonville, "she is not at all like the beautiful Polonese, Alexina?"

"Alexina!" replied Ellesmere, "Alexina! by heavens there is no more resemblance between them, than between the Midecean Venus, and one of those cherry−checked figures, clad in red and green, which a Jew carries about on a board."

"La comparison est un peu fort," cried D'Alonville.

On their arrival late in the evening, at Eddisbury−Hall, the seat of Sir Maynard, they found a group assembled of very different characters from those that Ellesmere had treated with so much severity.

Sir Maynard Ellesmere was now turned sixty. In his person he resembled the idea given in the old Ballad of "The old Courier of the Queens ;" and in his manners he observed much of the formality and ceremony now so generally exploded. Though he had been disappointed in his views of aggrandizing and enriching his house, by some of those comfortable sinecures which make up to so many noble families for the prodigality or unrequited zeal of their ancestors, he was still the most loyal of country gentleman, and held in utter abhorrence, all who did not implicitly believe in the infallibility of powers and princes. His detestation of all such persons was supposed to be considerably augmented, since a neighbouring estate, larger than his own, had been purchased by a rich Dissenter, who, from a very humble origin, had risen to great wealth, by being concerned in a manufacture in an adjoining county. Though no intercourse had ever subsisted between the two houses, so great was the enmity Sir Maynard bore the proprietor of this estate, that he would not suffer his family to notice any persons around them, who visited this obnoxious Presbyterian; and dismissed the apothecary, whose ancestors had for two generations felt the pulse of the Ellesmere family, because he had been too assiduous in paying his court to the new comers, and had made his visits at Eddisbury Hall, during a fit of the rheumatism, to which Lady Ellesmere was subject, with less alacrity, as Sir Maynard fancied, than he used to do when his attention was not divided with this opulent patient. In other respects, Sir Maynard was a good neighbour, and affected popularity. His table was more hospitable than his fortune could with prudence allow; and he made a very respectable figure as chairman of the sessions, and foreman of the grand jury. He was a good master, and his servants grew old in his service and as a husband and a father, he had through life acquitted himself well: the only error he had committed being perhaps sacrificing too much to have no favorable effect on the destiny of his five other children. Lady Ellesmere was one of those women to whom might be applied, with great truth, the epithet which usually means nothing that of a *very good sort of woman*. She had been handsome in her youth without being vain; and though she brought Sir Maynard a good fortune, being a co−heiress, she had resigned with great cheerfulness her house in town, and, when it became necessary to retrench their expences, retired to the country, where she had supplied, as well as she could, to her three daughters, the deficiencies which inevitably happened in their education from want of masters which only London could supply. But though she had been well educated herself, she was not a great proficient in what are called accomplishments; and the instructions she gave were rather useful than ornamental such as were

likely to make her daughters good wives to country gentlemen, if country gentlemen had been what they once were. For such wives, however, it did not appear that there now existed any demand. Miss Ellesmere was in her twenty−seventh year without being very handsome she had an agreeable countenance, and a genteel figure; but there was an air of melancholy about her, which was imputed to a disappointment she had met with a few years before, when a marriage between her and a young clergyman had been broken off upon Sir Maynard finding it impossible to fulfil, in regard to her fortune, the engagement he at first seemed willing to enter into on behalf of his daughter. Miss Mary, the second daughter, a year younger than D'Alonville's friend, was a sprightly girl of two and twenty; who did not take much pains to conceal the reluctance with which she should wither on the virgin thorn, only that her elder brother might have a few thousands less to pay out of the family estate. Though she was not hansome, there was something smart and piquant in her whole appearance; and at the public meetings of the country, where she had within the last eighteen months been seen (for Lady Ellesmere kept her as long as she could from coming out, as it is called) she had been enough the object of admiration to make her long to try her fortune in London. For this purpose she had imagined a little plan to procure an invitation from Lady Sophia; but she had failed, as Lady Sophia seemed not to like either the trouble of expence of introducing her husband's sisters into circles, where their appearance could not be supported by their father, but by lessening his allowance to his eldest son. Miss Mary, therefore, was compelled to remain the belle of rural balls; and to limit her present hopes of conquest to the very few young men who were within twenty miles. Her younger sister, Theodora, was about eighteen; but being not tall, and very fair, she passed for at least three years younger; and was dressed and treated as a child. The younger brother of the family, who was designed by Sir Maynard for the church, had been just entered at Oxford on leaving Eaton College; but he was now at home, for the festivals of the Christmas recess, and those which celebrate the commencement of the new year, were not yet over, when Edward Ellesmere introduced to the family thus described, his friend the Chevalier D'Alonville.

CHAP. XVII.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR Maynard Ellesmere received the foreign friend of his son with the hospitality of an English gentleman, and the politeness of a courtier of fifty years ago. He had almost entirely forgotten his French; but he tried in favor of D'Alonville's supposed ignorance of English, to recover such common phrases as he could recollect, which did not however much accelerate the conversation. There was a native and simple civility about D'Alonville, which had not yet been spoiled by the affectation of the day. He neither wearied his friends with bows and fine speeches, or, as is now more usual, sat absent or yawning. Sir Maynard was pleased with his manner, and what Edward Ellesmere had related to him of his tender and affectionate attendance on his father confirmed this empression in his favor. When, therefore, Sir Maynard discovered that he understood English, he found great pleasure in conversing with him; expressed his approbation of his political sentiments; and the first day at dinner made him drink eternal confusion to all Dissenters, Roundheads and Sans Culottes. D'Alonville had no very clear notion of what the two first were; but imagining by their being joined to the other, that they might be the English species of the same genius, he swallowed as much wine as Sir Maynard thought necessary to direct, towards their extirpation. When these potations were at their height, Edward Ellesmere contrived to glide off, for though Sir Maynard did not *drink*, according to the English meaning of the word, yet there was sometimes a period after dinner, when he became extremely eloquent, and insisted, somewhat at large, on his great services to government; the sacrifices he had made, and the hardship he thought it, to be discarded after a life so loyally passed, and duties

so ably fulfilled. All this was very true; but Edward Ellesmere had heard it so often, that he left his friend, to whom it had at least the advantage of novelty, to listen to it alone, and went up to a little study which had been fitted up for him near his own room, where his second sister presently came to him.

"Well, Mary," said he as she entered, "have you examined what I have brought you from London? Tell me, have I fulfilled all my commissions well?"

"You are a dear soul," answered Miss Mary; "and the things, particularly the bonnets, are divine. What a sweet cloak you have brought mama only I think it too young for her."

"Oh! as to that, it was no affair of mine, you know. Lady Sophia did condescend to order that; but for your millinery, and Elizabeth's, and Theodora's, she declared that she could as soon fly, as give any attention to all those things; for she was in the midst, not preparing herself for the birth−day (for you know she does not go to court) but of superintending the dresses of I know not how many Lady Frances's and Lady Caroline's, whose names she ran over. There was the Miss Milsington with her, and I would not have staid five minutes longer in the room to have been made a peer; so I even took D'Alonville with me, and we went about among the smart milliners, and chose your fineries ourselves. I believe we have exceeded my order a little in point of expence; but if my mother should think it too much, I must manage the difference as well as I can, though I assure you, my dear Molsy, I am come back the poorest traveller in the three kingdoms." "Oh, Ned," answered Miss Mary; "you are such a good creature, that I want to have you rich and I want to send an heiress for you. Do you know we have been all fancying you might carry off this little nabobess that has just now made her appearance. She is really pretty she is to be at the ball on Tuesday, and we long to have you contrive to engage her."

"Chimeras!" cried Ellesmere. "I promise thee, my sweet Mary, that I shall never marry a nabobess, or an heiress of any description. A pair of colours, and the honor of being shot at by Messieurs les Patriots, is, I believe, my decided destination; but you don't tell me what you think of my friend is he not a very fine young fellow?"

"Y−e−s," answered the lady slowly, and only as half assenting; "he is hansome that is, I should think him a very handsome man, perhaps, if he were not a Frenchman." "And does that single circumstance," cried Ellesmere laughing, "change your opinion of his person? Alas! my sister is it not a little owing to the circumstances under which you see him, rather than to his country, that makes him appear in a light so little advantageous? I would not have D'Alonville's figure, and a French dukedom, in your way, Mary." "No, " said she, hesitating, "'tis not that I assure you but somehow, I don't like foreigners."

"Your somehow," replied her brother, "is a word of great force and effect; but however we will not argue this matter any farther, Molsy, for I do not want my friend to be in love with you, nor you in love with my friend. We men are no great judges of one another, it is true; but I assure you, that had I a favourite nymph, without your happy prejudice of not liking a foreigner *somehow*, I should not introduce to her my friend D'Alonville; nor should I have brought him down hither, had I not known that there was nothing to fear for you my cold pensive nun Elizabeth; for who are looking out for a fortune and a title, and besides do not like foreigners *somehow* nor fort he little snow−drop, Theodora." "Theodora! indeed," exclaimed Miss Mary "It is curious to name that child, as thinking of, or being thought of by a lover Mama would be mightily delighted to have such stuff put into her head she is safe indeed yes, I think so!"

"Nay be not angry, sister Mary; Theodora shall have *no* lover till she is forty, if you are not disposed of first so let us be friends again, and go down to tea in my mother's dressing room."

On their arrival they found D'Alonville already seated between lady Ellesmere and her daughter, and assisting the latter to make tea. Lady Ellesmere endeavoured to shew him all the civility in her power; for her heart, naturally good, was interested for every body in distress; she had at length been made to comprehend that he was a gentleman who had left his country in hopes of returning to re−instate his dethroned king; and seeing his situation

in this light, she felt for him pity and respect; but to the strange scenes that had been passing for so long a time in France, her curiosity had till now been very little directed. She was one of those women, who content with an home prospect, never risk the sobriety of their understanding, by attempting the giddy heights of science. Kings and politicians occupied her attention no otherwise than when she read of the places they had to give; she wished her son Ellesmere, the great object of her ambition, had one of them; but of despotic government, of limited monarchy, or republicanism, she had not a single idea; and never knew from whence originated the revolution in France, of which, without ever attending to it, she had been hearing for four years. Sir Maynard had told her several times, *but she always forgot*; " and was indeed as much a poco curante, as Mrs. Shandy herself, in a thousand things about which half the world was running mad.

But however indifferent she might be to what passed at a distance, in the scene immediately near her she took the liveliest interest. She bore the most perfect good will to the generality of her neighbours, except always the rich Presbyterian, whom she hated as much as it was her nature to hate any one; though why she was to hate him, except that he was rich, and an upstart of yesterday, she never understood; for of the tendency which Sir Maynard supposed this man, and all his sect, had to republican principles, she had no notion but thought it quite a sufficient cause of dislike, that such a man, who was only a tradesman, had a large house, a fine estate, and all the luxuries which ought exclusively to belong to people of birth; every other family around them paid them some sort of deference; and Lady Ellesmere had pleasure in promoting meetings, where her daughters were the first in rank, and looked up to as the leaders of fashion. As the obnoxious neighbour was from these sociable parties carefully excluded, none disputed with the Ellesmere family the prominence in birth, beauty, elegance, or wealth; and the young ladies usually returned satisfied with every thing but the chance these meetings gave them of changing their names year after year they had passed in the same dull succession. The same dances, the same faces, the same conversation, had regularly been danced, looked at, and heard, since Miss Ellesmere was fourteen. Her unfortunate attachment had been formed during a visit in Oxfordshire, and it was now the source of that languor and indifference which gave her the appearance of being haughty and reserved: Miss Mary, younger and more sanguine, was already wearied by the same scene but now the calling out of the militia, the arrival of the only daughter of a rich East Indian on a visit to a neighbouring family, and some other strangers coming among them, together with the return of her second brother from abroad, contributed to animate her spirits, and to reconcile her to another winter passed in the country, while her mother, who began to fear that her eldest daughter might never marry, was very anxious to have Mary appear to the best advantage; and was now occupied in the various arrangements necessary for a ball at a neighbouring town, which was to take place on the following day save one.

Lady Ellesmere had heard that all the French were great dancers, and she concluded that D'Alonville would be very happy at a ball. She talked therefore to him of this great event, as if it had been an affair of weight enought enough to interest all the world; and observed, albeit unused to observe, that he heard her without any expressions of satisfaction. She was still more surprised, when Ellesmere told her, his friend had no intention of going, not thinking it proper for a native of France to appear at a place of public entertainment, while so many of his countrymen were exposed to the greatest distress, and his sovereign arrigned arraigned before a tribunal of his subjects. Of these kind of sentiments Lady Ellesmere had no idea. She could not be made to understand, why a young man should shun an amusement, when his doing so could not remedy the evils he lamented: she did not consider, that to a stranger, an assembly of people who he never saw before, and might never see again, was wholly indifferent but thus it is, that those who are not in habits of reflecting, or of mingling in various scenes of life, nothing is so difficult as to enter into the sentiments of others, and consequently nothing so rare as to see people do as they would be done by. Lady Ellesmere, though nothing would have alarmed her more than to suppose a young man situated as D'Alonville was, and of another country, and another religion, should presume to think of one of her daughters; yet was not pleased that he shewed no ambition to recommend himself to them. Miss Mary, though she would have preferred a young Ensign in the militia, who was heir to a good fortune, for a partner, was yet mortified that she should not have an opportunity of shewing the handsome foreigner to the neighbouring Misses, and of shewing too that her charms had equal influence on men of all nations. But being no more able to comprehend than her mother, that a man of D'Alonville's age and figure would decline an

amusement without some very good reason, she took it into her head that he had conceived partiality for her sister Theodora, and had an intention of passing the afternoon with her. Her indignation was roused by the very idea and she determined, if such was his project, to defate it, by directing the servants to send the French gentleman supper in at eleven o'clock and procuring from her mother a strict charge to the old woman, who had acted at once as nurse and governess in the family to the younger children, not to let Miss Theodora go down. D'Alonville handed the ladies into their carriage, and returned with great punctuality, the low bows and solemn apologies which Sir Maynard made for the indecorum of leaving him while he shook his friend Edward by the hand, and in French, in an half whisper, he bade him try to find in the fortune of the young heiress, about whom his sisters had been rallying him, a panacea for the wound which he had received from a certain pair of dark eyes in the woods of Bohemia. When the carriages drove away, D'Alonville returned melancholy and pensive to his friend's little book−room, where he desired he might pass the evening. It was the first time he had been alone for some weeks, for he could hardly fancy himself so in the noise and hurry of London, where, though nothing amused him, every thing distracted his attention. He felt relieved by being now for a few hours left to his own reflections: for the extreme civility of Sir Maynard, the questions of the ladies, and even the attentions of his friend, were sometimes oppressive to him; and since his three days residence at Eddisbury−hall, he had once or twice almost involuntarily repeated, "Encore si je pouvois libre dans mon malheur,"
"Par des larmes au moins, soulager ma douleur."

He was no sooner alone, than he drew from his pocket a letter he had that day received from the Abbé de St. Remi. It gave a most melancholy account of the situation of many French with whom D'Alonville was acquainted, and particularly of the unfortunate de Touranges, who had written to him, the Abbé, in a manner so expressive of the state of his mind, "that I am," said the good man, more than ever uneasy about him; and though I possess her the tranquillity which I cannot hope for, if I return again to the seat of war, it seems to me, my dear Chevalier, to be my duty to follow the fate of my unhappy pupil. He has been engaged from the faults of a temper naturally impetuous, and now irritated by misfortune and disappointment, in two or three quarrels, which are not only of very ill consequence to himself, but injurious to the emigrant French in general who are every where received with suspicion and mistrust, and who cannot be too careful not to offend even the prejudices of the nations whose hospitality they claim you will not suspect me of a disposition to blame my own nation, yet less to discover faults in the character of a man, to the forming of whose youth I have dedicated so many years of my life, and of whose maturity I formed such sanguine hopes; but adversity so unexpected and so heavy, how few can sustain? You, my dear Chevalier, are one of those that, disappointed as I am, in beholding the ravage it makes on the mind of de Touranges, I still believe will nobly sustain the severest trails and to you, assured of being heard, I will say, in the words of Cicero,

"I would not omit this opportunity of entreating and exhorting you to bear your afflictions as becomes a man of your distinguished spirit and fortitude: in other words, let me conjure you to support with resolution those common vicissitudes of fortune, which no prudence can prevent, and for which no mortal is answerable."

"The time must come, my friend, when heaven shall avenge its cause. Dark as our prospects now are, the clouds will disappear even the cruel persecution of our unhappy monarch, will produce a favorable change in our affairs the power usurped and abused, that has brought him to a trial, must, whether it acquits of condemns him, find it has gone too far. They will find it impossible to imprison him and his family for their lives; and that they dare not consummate their crime by taking his life, lest the indignation of the people should conquer their fears; for be assured that by terror only the populace has been restrained, and that the atrocities that have been committed have so astonished and intimidated them, that they have suffered pass as their actions, the villainy of a hired bandits . That calm dignity with which Louis XVI. endures the unworthy treatment these monsters load him with; and their failing, as they evidently do, in supporting the most material of those charges which in this mockery of a trial they bring against him, will have its effects.

Our king has been sometimes ill advised The softness, or if you will, the mild indolence of his temper, occasioned his yielding too easily to the judgement of people, whose understanding was inferior to his own; and

to opinions given almost always from interested, and generally from wicked motives; but to repeat an expression, which an Englishman used to me the other day from his favourite Shakespeare, he is "A man more sinned against than sinning."He never meant ill to the people; he was no tyrant, as he has been absurdly called. The fortitude with which he has borne reverse of fortune beyond example, proves that his conscience acquits him for what, my friend, can in such bitter moments lend courage to the sufferer, but the consciousness of not having merited the evils under which we suffer? I quote on this occasion some lines from an author; do not love, but they are applicable."Quand le ciel en colere

"De ceux qu'il persecute a comble la misere
"Il les foutient souvent dans le sein des douleurs
"Et leur donne uncourage egal a leur malheurs."

After all this, my young friend, which should serve as a preparation against the worst news you can hear as an individual, I venture to tell you that I know from undoubted authority, your brother, who ought to bear the respectable name of De Fayolles, and to be any where rather than where he is, is now one one of the most violent leaders of the faction who are deluging with blood our unhappy country, and appears under the name of La Fosse. These are times when men of sense must make up their minds to bear domestic as well as public misfortunes. Alas! the former are almost always the necessary consequence of the latter.

"I believe you have regard enough for me to bear with a little egotism; I will tell you, then, that after some deliberation, I have determined to rejoin my unhappy pupil de Touranges, and even to follow him back to our devoted country, if thither he persists in returning. Though, if it be attended with danger to him, I, who probably shall still less escape danger, my say, "Neque vero tum ignorabat, se ad crudelissimum hostem, et ad supplicia prolisicisci . Write to me immediately, my friend, and give mean account of yourself and our fellow travellers, whose liberality of sentiment and amiable manners, have left on my mind the most favourable impressions. I cannot conclude my letter more properly than by recommending to your constant recollection, these often quoted, and admirable lines of our great poet ."Celui qui met frein a la furent des flots,
"Scait aussi des mechans, arreter les complots
"Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte
Je crains Dieu cher Abner, et, n'ai point d'autre erainte."

Notwithstanding the excellent doctrines of fortitude and resignation which this letter contained, D'Alonville found his heart sink under the reflections it occasioned. His brother's apostasy, above all, disturbed him, and all his father had suffered from it arising forcibly to his recollection, gave him now a much pain as when it had first happened. He felt sensibly for the unhappy de Touranges; while the disinterested and preserving friendship of the Abbe de St. Remi, strengthened all those sentiments of respect and affection which he had, from their first acquaintance, felt for that excellent man. He sat down to write to him, and that employment engaged himself till a late hour; not at all suspecting that his declining to join in the gay scene of the evening, had created in the mind of one of his friends' sisters, suspicions and dislike: and that his coldness and been construed into designs which never once entered his imagination.

While he was occupied in expressing to the Abbe what he felt at the situation of his king, his country, and his friends, some of the domestics of Sir Maynard were giving their opinions of the foreign gentlemen. An old butler, who acted also as house steward, and was high in the favor of Sir Maynard, was chief orator. The young ladies maid, who had lived just long enough in London to make her unfit for the country, began the conversation, as she took her tea in the housekeeper's room, by declaring, that "she *must* say, that if the gentleman was not a foreigner, and such like, she should think him an handsome genteel person" an opinion to which, without any reservation, the housemaid, who was that evening admitted to the party subscribed. "Why, what do *you* know Martha," said the butler, "of handsome and genteel? Do you consider, child, that this here young fellow is, as one

may say, a natural born enemy to us, and our king and country? What d'ye talk of handsome and genteel. Did any body ever see a Frenchman like one of us? No, never I'll answer for it. For my part, what I wonder at is this: that my master, Sir Maynard, encourages master Edward in his liking of these here people not natives of Great Britain, for what is the upshot? Why, by little and little he gets into such a fancy for 'em that he gives them a preference before his natural countrymen, which never can do him no good: seeing it is his own countrymen, honest heart of oak Englishmen, he is to live among, and not these soup−meager chaps, who only come here now, as far as I can find, to live upon us, because they've made their own country too hot to hold them. For my part, I always had, from a boy, the greatest dislike in the world to them, and I can't abide to heart Master Edward and this here Mounseer gabble together; for somehow, though I don't understand it, I always think they are talking about we English. Aye they'll spoil our young master if he gets so much among 'em for I've heard tell, that they are all as treacherous as so many devils, and have the art and the cunning of Belzebub himself."

"When I lived with the Honorables Mrs. Compton, in Welheck−street, near Cavendish square," said Miss Ellesmere's maid, "you must know we had a French Vally−de−Chamber, and my lady and master never spoke English when they was together; so that I might have learned the French tongue, I believe, especially as Bruffy, the vally, was always a wanting to teach me. But I used to laugh so at the queer words he made me repeat, and he had so many odd ways, just like a monkey, that I never could help being ready to die a laughing when he began So, I made nothing of it, which I have been sorry for since; for I find ladies like to have their women speak Erench French , and I might have got better wages and a higher place, perhaps. Indeed the Honorable Mrs. Compton would have taken me abroad with her, when she went to Rome, in Italy, if I could have spoke the language; but she told me she must have a person that could; so she hired a Swish young woman, as Madam Gaggleganni, the Genese Ambassador's lady, and Miss Milsington together, recommended to her, and by that means I lost my place, and so I was obliged to take"

An old upright virgin, who had waited on Lady Ellesmere from a girl, heard this harangue with great disgust. She had already taken two pinches of snuff while it lasted, with an air of disdain, and now sniffed up the third with uncommon vehemence; while speaking through her nose she interrupted the orator " *obliged* to take, indeed! Truly you may think it a happy thing to be received in such a respectable family as this. I should not have thought, indeed! I'm sure many young gentlewomen of good patronage and education, would be happy to be situated as well; and as to French, and such sort of things, I'm sure people in your station, Mrs. Kitty, may well dispense with it. No good comes of over knowledged, or of high notions. I'd have you remember, Ma'am, that Sir Maynard Ellesmere's family is as respectable as any of your Honorable mistresses this and that, that you're always telling of people that live away for a little while and never pays, and then away they go to France and Italy. Those that ar'nt content in a good Baronet's family, like ours, had better have gone with them." The asperity with which Mrs. Kitty (who deeply resented the disrespect of not being called by her surname,) was about to answer, was happily, for the peace of the house put an end to by the entrance of Miss Theodora herself, who, gliding down from her solitary room, while her old Duenna dosed after her tea, which was usually qualified with a few spoonfuls of brandy, to prevent its affecting her nerves, entered with a mournful and languid step, and addressing herself to Mrs. Packer, her mother's woman, entreated that some of the maids might go up and play cards with her. "'Tis so dull," said the poor girl, "to be shut up with old Griffin, from one day's end to another, when mama and my sisters are gone out; and I do so think of the ball! Height−ho! I was ten times better off when I was quite a child; for then I used to be suffered to go to Mr. Boulanger's ball once a year, but now never, never am I allowed to go out of the house." Mrs. Packer answered, with a very sour face, that it was not for her to interfere with Mrs. Griffin's business. If *she* chose to have the maids up, 'twas very well; but *she* knew what her lady's orders were, and therefore would have nothing to do with it. She then walked away very majestically, and Theodora exerted her eloquence with so much effect on Mrs. Kitty, otherwise Mrs. Parry, that she persuaded her to go with her to a game of all−fours. Their was lay up a stair−case, which led through a long passage by the room where D'Alonville sat, which was the study of his friend. "Lord," cried she, what fun it would be to rap at the door and frighten the Frenchman! How he'd jump! Perhaps he'd think it was a spirit." "For heaven's sake don't!" said Theodora, "Mama would never forgive such a thinking." "There would not be the least harm in it, though," cried Kitty; "I've a good mind to peep through the keyhole to see what he is about. I wonder what he's thinking of

now It would be much more polite, methinks, if he'd come and play at cards with us, and I dare say he'd be amazing pleased if we were to ask him."

Theodora, though not very prudent, and having certainly received, by being left at home with the servants, impressions far less eligible than might have been given at a country assembly, that there would be a great indecorum in what Mrs. Parry proposed; and with some difficulty prevailed on her to go quietly to her room, where they found Theodora had not been missed by good Mrs. Griffin; and where they passed their time in yawning over a pack of dirty cards, or listening at intervals to some of Kitty's stories of pranks played by "young Mr. Compton from Westminster school, when he used to come visit his brother the honorable Mr. Compton in Welbeck−street, near Cavendish−square," till the hour arrived when Mrs. Griffin, being heartily tired of herself, saw her young charge to the chamber within her own, where poor Theodora, unable to sleep, lay listening for the return of the happy party from the assembly, and longing to hear who her sisters danced with, and whether Miss such a one, and Miss such a one, and her cousins from Warwick, were there, and whether Miss Ann had a partner, and how she was dressed. For all this interesting information she was under the hard necessity of waiting will the next morning.

It has been said of prisoners long accustomed to darkness, that the eye at length becoming habituated to want of light, they can distinguish objects around them without it, and feel an interest in the habits of the animals or reptiles that inhabit their dungeon. Thus it seems to be with the human mind. People who from choice or necessity live very remote from capitals, where knowledge is more amply diffused, and science is surrounded with all its splendors, form around them a world of their own, and become as seriously interested in the history of the next market town, as those of more enlarged views are in that of the universe Of this order of beings was Lady Ellesmere; who while she could never give more than "poor man," or "very astonishing indeed!" to the monarch whose melancholy fate she heard every body deprecating, or the kingdom of France so strongly convulsed, could enter with the liveliest interest into the history of *Mr. Samuel Harrison, an attorney, who had been discarded by Miss Fanny Pinkney, an apothecary's daughter; and wonder for an hour, that Mrs. Grisby, or the doctor, should suffer the Miss Grisbys to dance with those two officers, both of whom were strangers, and one of them an Irishman.* These important points, and many others of the like nature; such as the dress and conversation of the evening, furnished ample matter for discourse at breakfast the next morning, to Lady Ellesmere and her two eldest daughters, and continued during the following days, long enough to disgust Edward Ellesmere, who, though he loved his mother extremely, was though he loved his mother extremely, was often put half out of humour by her attachment to insignificant things and insignificant people; and the little attention gave to D'Alonville, who, as he could not enter into their amusement, soon sunk into a cypher, hastened his visit to an uncle who was partial to him, and who longed to see him after his return from abroad.

CHAP XVIII.

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst: nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the edge of Reedwood−forest, and about seven−and−twenty miles from the residence of Sir Maynard Ellesmere, lived in a small freehold of an hundred and fifty pounds a year, his younger brother, who had changed his name to that of Caverly, for an estate of which he had long since parted with the greater proportion but he

still retained enough to live comfortably, for he had the half pay of a lieutenant added to his farm, which he occupied himself. His domestic arrangements were not unlike those of *Columella*; but with so many oddities about him as to acquire the name of a *humourist*, he had an excellent heart; and though he professed himself a misantrope, much of his time, and all the money he could spare, were given to the distresses of his neighbours, by whom he was extremely beloved. Though Sir Maynard and Captain Caverly were always on the most friendly terms, he seldom went to Eddisbury−hall. He hated the forms he was expected to observe there; and though he did not express it very openly, he was disgusted by the unwarrantable partiality Sir Maynard shewed to his eldest son in preference to his other children, all of whom he thught thought as deserving, and Edward who was his favourite, infinitely more so. When his niece Elizabeth lost her lover, the honest Captain was so much concerned for her, that her offered to mortgage fifty pounds a year of his own little property to assist in raising the sum that was demanded by the father of the young man; and he was continually endeavouring to represent the cruelty of sacrificing a whole family to its elder branch. It was owing to his encouragement that Edward Ellesmere assumed courage enough to declare his dislike to the law; and he had assisted him to the utmost of his power during his travels. To such an uncle it was natural for Edward to wish to pay his respects as soon as he could, after his return into Staffordshire, and at the end of then he set out on horseback, with D'Alonville, and at the hour of Captain Caverly's dinner, they arrived at Fernyhurst, which was the name of the farm where the honest veteran resided.

Captain Caverly was half a mile from his house, in a field that looked into the hight road, watching the arrival of his nephew; and he no sooner saw him approaching, than he got over the style that was between them, as fast as some remains of his last fit of the gout, and half a dozen greyhounds and pointers would let him and greeting young Ellesmere by the name of "dear Ned," he cordially shook him by the hand as he sprung off his horse, and bade him heartily welcome then with an equal shew of good humour, made his rough but honest compliments to D'Alonville; apologized for not being able to speak to him in his own language " but tell him," said he to Ellesmere, "tell him, will you, that I am a rusticated old fellow now, though a few years ago I was as militaire as the best of us; and I have seen his country−men in the field with other guess looks, though I am heartily glad to see him here now, with such as I have." Ellesmere set the Captain's heart much at ease, by assuring him, that his foreign friend knew English enough to be sensible of his civilities without an interpreter; and they went into the house together; D'Alonville feeling himself already relieved in having escaped a while from the formal splendors of Eddisbury−hall, and already prejudiced in favor of the Captain from the *bonhommie* that he appeared to possess.

their dinner, though very simple, was so well dressed and so neatly served, that the superintendance of some women well versed in domestic arrangements was very evident. The Captain was so gay and good humoured, that both his guests were delighted with him; and the evening passed in his hearing the account of Ellesmere's tour, in which it seemed that his uncle, who had once made it himself, took great interest. He spoke, in his turn, on the affairs of France, like a man of sense; and expressed his wishes that he could go out against the cursed fellows, who were base enough to use a woman, and pretty woman too, as they had treated the Queen of France. "But this wound in my neck," said he, "which plagues me cursedly once or twice a year; and the gout which hinders my marching, will compel me, I fear, to send thee, my dear Ned, as my substitute. Why what is the old Baronet, my worthy elder brother, about, that he does not get thee provided for in the army?" Ellesmere informed his uncle of all that had passed on this subject since he come home; and the discourse took another turn.

When they retired for the night, the Captain shewed them into their respective rooms, which were furnished with such simple neatness that D'Alonville could not but remark it. Beyond that designed for him, was a large light closet full of books, many of which were in his own language. "This is your apartment," said Captain Caverly, "as long as you will, my good Sir, and remember that nobody in my house is to be under the least restraint, whenever we talk too much, or drink too much for you, come up here for as long as you will. Apropos, Ned and I are going a hunting to−morrow with Lord Aberdore's hounds. The weather to−night promises well; Ned says your horses will do it well enough if not, I will manage to mount ye both what say you? Have ye a mind to see how we "*allez a la chasse dans Angleterre* ; " D'Alonville expressed his readiness to be of the party, and nine the next morning was named as the hour of their setting forth.

The morning was favourable, and the sport, they said, good; D'Alonville, however, did not enjoy it, for besides that the fox−hunting in England is altogether different from that in France, to which he had been accustomed, his heart was unusually heavy. The echoes among the woods, however, when the fox broke cover were very fine, and at any other time might have animated him to some degree of that enjoyment which seemed to be felt by the people around him. Several gentlemen passed, who understanding him to be an emigrant, a friend of Edward Ellesmere's touched their hats with civility enough, but none of them spoke to him; the grooms hearing he was a Frenchman stared at him, and longed to see how he would sit his horse when they should have a sharp burst, being very sure that a Frenchman could not ride.

D'Alonville, however, gave them no opportunity to criticise his horsemanship; he followed the hounds for some time at a distance; then losing the sound, and finding himself in the forest whence he knew nothing of his way out, he slackened his peace, and forgetting for what purpose he was there, began one of his usual meditations on France. The wood he was in brought to his mind those of his native country; and insensibly along the winding paths, his horse, from a gentle trot began to walk, and at length hardly moving, began to brouze on the vegetables that a mild winter had left under the shelter of the luxuriant hollies , which serve as guides to the forester in his way through these wild−wood walks; D'Alonville musing, let him do almost as he would till he found it grew late, and not knowing how far he was from the house of Captain Caverly, he thought it time to endeavoured to find his way back. He stopped his horse, and listened; for it was possible that the cry of the hounds might yet come from at a distance to guide him to his friends; but no sounds were heard save the melancholy chirping of the birds, whose winter notes seemed rather to solicit food than express pleasure, and the sullen sighing of the wind among the listless branchess branches. It seemed to have changed its quarter since the morning, and to have got round to the north, giving to the sky that cold gloomy appearance which precedes snow. After listening at several intervals, D'Alonville hearing nothing that could direct him on his way, touched the idle old hunter, to make him move somewhat faster in the tract they were in; and soon found himself out of the forest, and in a green lane, which he conjectured, from the traces of horses and carts with which it was worn, led to at least some large farm, if not to a village; and he meditated on the English sentence it would be necessary for him to utter, to obtain from whoever he should meet, the information he wanted to direct him to the abode of Captain Caverly, which could not, he thought, be more than seven or eight mi es miles distant.

His conjectures were just, as to the road he took; it led him to a village where several cottages were scattered in groups along a sort of a common, with two or three farm houses. He looked around for some face which might encourage his enquiry, but the inhabitants of the hamlet were most of them out at their work he rode up to a group of boys playing near a pool of water; and having arranged his expressions as well as he could, asked them how he could find the road to Fernyhurst; for he had a memorandum of the name in his pocket−book. The boys ceased their play, and approached him: but though he had repeated his enquiry in every form he could imagine, it was totally fruitless. The eldest of the boys stared at him, scratched his head, and cried. "*Anan?*" an expression which D'Alonville understood as little, as they did his question. Baffled in this first attempt, he went towards a farm, where in a barn was a thresher, who supposing him to be of the hunt, had suspended his labour to answer him; but here D'Alonville's unfortunate accent occasioned his disappointment. The churl either did not, or would not understand his enquiry; and muttering to himself "humph, a Frenchman! I wonder what he does here!" began to thump on the threshing floor, without affording him any farther attention. D'Alonville flattered himself that from the softer sex he might obtain a more favourable hearing and returning back to what might be called the village street; he accosted an old woman, the only woman he saw; and taking off his hat, endeavoured to the utmost of his power, to make her understand his question. The woman stopped, and fixed her eyes upon him, set down a bucket she was carrying and appeared by her countenance, to wish to understand him Encouraged by her attention he redoubled his endeavours, but still it did not appear that he gained ground. At length she came close to his horse, and putting back her hat and cap, cried, in a very shrill and distinct voice, "Speak louder, your Honor, I am hard of hearing." D'Alonville comprehended she was deaf, and cantered away towards a young man who was mounted on a cart−horse, and driving two others before him. "How must I do," said he, speaking slowly, and, as he supposed extremely plain, "how must I do, to go to Fernyhurst?" the man stopped his horses D'Alonville in the same words repeated his question "why as well as you can;" repeated the clown; "But

which way must I go?" said D'Alonville, putting his enquiry into another form "Follow your nose," replied the brutal rustic "and that will be to the devil, I hope; for I wish all Frenchmen there with all my soul, and be cursed to them for 'tis they that be the cause of our taxes, and our being drawn for the militia." D'Alonville, though far from entering into the spirit of this reply, comprehended it to be abusive; and at the same moment perceiving a little farther on an house or two of better figure than those he had passed, he pushed on his horse towards them. He soon reached the door of a brick mansion, of neat appearance it had three windows in front, a little bow at one end; the door, to which led a short walk, paved with brick through a turfed court, was painted, as well as the paling before it, of a bright green; the knocker was large, and of resplendent brass; and over the door a morter, gilt more resplendently, confirmed the information given by certain singularly−shaped and lettered vases in one of the windows, that from hence the blessings of Esculapius were dispensed to the surrounding country which indeed D'Alonville might, on a near inspection, have read over the door, where the name of Sanderson and the three branches of the profession in which Mr. Sanderson practised, were displayed also in green and gold.

Here then, thought D'Alonville, is a house where perhaps I may make myself understood, for it seems to be inhabited by some of the decent Bourgeoises. He left his horse fastened to a hook evidently placed for such purposes on the rails, and entering the court, rapped gently at the door; a red−headed boy of fifteen or sixteenth sixteen, with an apron on, opened it, and seeing a young and genteel looking man, invited him in, and asked what he pleased to want. Once more D'Alonville enquired the way to Captain Caverly's to a place called Fernyhurst. The lad, who seemed to have his ideas occupied by the drugs he was mixing, understood no more than the rest had done what D'Alonville wanted; but in a loud voice bidding him sit down and wait a moment, and he would call miss, he went out of the shop, and shut the door after him. D'Alonville sat down, as he was bid, near another door which was a jar, and from whence he heard indistinct noise of sobs and deep sighs, as of a person distressed, or in pain and with some surprise he heard another person endeavouring to appease the anguish of the sufferer in language which persuaded him it was that of a woman of his own country. His attention was now deeply engaged; he eagerly listened, and heard a dialogue which convinced him both the speakers were French women, and both suffering under some terrible and recent misfortune. He was tempted, by an almost irresistible impulse, to break through common forms, and seek the room where they were, so powerfully was his sympathy and his affections awakened; the agitation of his mind was visible in his countenance, when his attention was called off to a figure, who now addressed him from the other side of the counter gay as shewy printed cotton a scarlet sattin sash, and a blue bonnet put over one ear could make her. Miss Sanderson, the sister of the gentleman whose name the door exhibited, appeared, and gratefully curtseying and sweetly smiling, desired, in soft tones, the honor of the gentleman's commands.

So many roses adorned the dimpled cheeks of this rural Belle, and so insinuating was her address intended to be, that at any other time D'Alonville would have been amused, and for a moment engaged by her; but now he hardly knew to whom he spoke, or recollected what he wanted to ask. So indistinctly indeed did he repeat the question of "which was the way to the house of Captain Caverly" that it was not at all surprising his fair auditor did not understand him. The Lady, however, was not one of those who trust to personal attractions only. She had attended to the embellishment of her mind, and had cultivated as much as her opportunities allowed her, the knowledge of the French tongue, which she acquired at a boarding school; of this knowledge she was not a little proud, and being delighted with every occasion of shewing it, she said, "*Monsieur J'apprereoive que vous ate un etraunger Put ater que vous ate un parang de les dames qui loge dans notre maison ." D'Alonville seizing at once an opportunity so favorable to his wishes of discovering who these ladies were, replied (in rather better French), that "he was not a relation, but a person much interested in the fate of those ladies." He hesitated, considering a moment what he should say to obtain an introduction to them; and fearful of discovering that he had no right to it than what he could claim as their countryman; when the good−natured young country woman, who was afraid he might suspect what was really the fact, that she did not understand him, was determined to convince him she did; and therefore, without waiting for any farther explanation, she cried; "Oui, Monsieur, c'est bain verrai cette un chose bian terrible tout le monde est en dessespair?" D'Alonville on the rack, and knowing that if she continued to speak French, he should never know what she meant, acquired recollection and English enough to say, that though he was a native of France he was fortunate enough to understand a little English; and begged*

she would have the goodness to flatter his predilection for that language, so far as to converse with him in it. The lady who could not have gone on in any other, obligingly condescended to his request, and "So Sir," said she," as I was saying, the ladies, our lodgers, are as may be supposed, in the greatest affliction; and I am sure, though I did not hear them say they expected you, that they will be heartily rejoiced to see you. I will tell them if you please that you are here Who shall I say Sir, is the gentleman that desires to see them?"

D'Alonville recollected that it would be better to write than to trust to a message, which strange in itself, might be yet more strangely delivered; he therefore took a pencil and wrote in his own language "The Chevalier D'Alonville, younger son of the deceased Viscount de Fayolles, hearing by accident that some ladies of his country are in this house, entreats the honor of being allowed to offer them his respects." The obliging Miss Sanderson took the note when he had folded it up, and after an absence, which D'Alonville's impatience made him think would be eternal, she came back with another small folded note, to this effect:

"The ladies who inhabit this house, though they have not the honor of knowing the Chevalier D'Alonville, yet recollecting the name, and having no doubt of his having quitted France from the same unfortunate cause as drove them from it, cannot decline receiving the favor he offers them; it being some consolation in the present moment of their affliction to mingle their sorrows with those of one of their countrymen, *whom they can yet call so*." The style of this note redoubled the impatient solicitude of D'Alonville, who with sensations as if he were sure of being introduced to two of the most interesting women he had ever seen, followed Miss Sanderson into a small parlour, where he found a woman of between fifty and sixty, in whose faded face there was an uncommon expression of penetration and sense, not unmingled with an air of haughty superiority. Her form and manners were such as instantly impressed the idea of her being a person of high fashion she stood to receive D'Alonville, who made a speech he hardly knew what, expressive, however, of his gratitude for being permitted to "offer her his homage." She answered him with perfect ease, though in a tone of voice the most mournful he had ever heard; and turning to a lady who sat near the fire, her head leaning against the wainscot, while a bonnet with a deep veil concealed her face, she said "You will pardon, Sir, my daughter's rising to receive you she is too ill the news of to−day has too much over−powered her." A very deep convulsive sigh from the daughter was all that intimated, on her part, her having heard what the elder lady said. D'Alonville expressed extreme concern, and added, that he was almost afraid to enquire whether the painful news of which Madame spoke, was of a public or private nature.

"Is it possible, Sir," said the elder lady, by whom D'Alonville was now seated, "that you cannot have heard it?" She then related, in terms which forcibly expressed all the sorrow and indignation she felt, the fatal event of the 21st of January.

D'Alonville was struck with horror and consternation, which, for a moment, deprived him of words; while the younger lady, by a burst of tears and sobs that seemed to shake her delicate frame (for eminently delicate it seemed to be attracted the attention of her mother to soothe and console her. It would be difficult to relate the whole conversation that now passed. On the part of the elder lady the desire of vengeance continued to weep, and D'Alonville attempted in vain to offer to them that consolation he himself wanted. He no longer knew how time passed, and had no recollection of the reason of his first entering into the house. Nor would the conversation, vauge vague as it was, have been soon interrupted, if a female French servant had not entered the room, holding in her arms a beautiful boy about seven months old; at the sight of him different passions seemed anew to agitate both the ladies. The grandmother, with her eyes animated with all the energy of her character, expressed a wish that he was old enough to draw a sword, that he might assist in extirpating the banditti who had disgraced his country for ever, by so foul a crime; while the younger lady, his mother, then first lifting up the lace that had before concealed it, shewed a very lovely, though pale, countenance, and eyes dimmed by tears the infant held out to her his little hands she took him, and pressing him fondly to her bosom, a tear fell on his cheek, as she whispered, "O mon petit emigre que deviendra tu ?" Never in his life had D'Alonville felt himself so affected; he could not determine to go; he wanted to enquire if his new friends were as comfortably placed as there circumstances admitted, though he saw they had been accustomed to situations very different. He wanted to be of

some use to them he wished to make them friends among the English ladies of fashion with whom he was acquainted, the mother and sisters of his friend Ellesmere.

But if he became thus warmly interested for them, while he only knew them as women, who were, like him, unhappy in being torn from their connections, and compelled to wander helpless and desolate in a foreign country, his zeal to serve, befriend, and protect them to the utmost of his power was redoubled, when he learned that he had been conversing with the mother and the wife of de Touranges, a man for whom, though he could not love him, he felt the tenderest compassion; and who was entitled to every office of friendship; though it were only on the account of the Abbé de St. Remi. The rest of the day after this interesting discovery was passed in his relating to the elder Marchioness (while the younger retired overcome with the violence of her emotions) what he knew of her son; yet even to her, strong as her mind appeared to be, he did not then venture to disclose the purport of the last letter he had received from the Abbé. It was a conversation which neither party were disposed to end. Madame de Touranges had a thousand questions to ask; and D'Alonville had no longer any recollection of the necessity of going back to the house from whence he came; but when it was settled that D'Alonville should see the ladies again the following day, it occurred to him, that it was then night; and that if he could not find his road to Fernyhurst in the light, it was somewhat improbable he should do it in the dark. This consideration compelled him to have recourse for advice to the fair Miss Sanderson (for her brother was not yet returned;) she seemed to have conceived the most flattering opinion of him. Indeed he was so very handsome a figure, and had a countenance so well corresponding with it, that Miss Sanderson, who was deeply read in novels, and who called herself Suzette, for unhappily her name was Susannah, (and it was impossible to make any thing of it in English,) really fancied him the subject of some famous story Tancard of Normandy, or some chivalrous knight sung by the Troubadours. She had read, and even translated, some of the tales of D. Florian, and there was not one of the heroes to whom she did not compare the adventurer, who now, with more humble pretensions, solicited her to find for him, in the village, a man who could serve him as a guide to the habitation of Captain Caverly. This, as all the inhabitants were gone to bed, was by no means easy; and was the perplexity of the fair and generous Suzette; who did not dare send out her brother's apprentice, or the horse which always stood in the stable ready to carry him out on those nocturnal visits to which he was so frequently summoned but after a long prequisition, a man was found, who, for a crown D'Alonville readily promised him, mounted a cart horse, and led the way through many intricate windings and cross roads to Fernyhurst, at the distance of near six miles. D'Alonville did not arrive there till past eleven o'clock; but by his arrival he communicated great satisfaction both to Ellesmere and the honest Captain, who having in vain hunted for him in the woods will it was dark, had returned home in hopes that he might have got thither before them; but not finding him, they became uneasy, and had sent out people in search of him, who just before he came back had returned, without any tidings of him. On his appearance, their apprehensions being at an end, the Captain began to rally him on his long absence but Ellesmere easily perceived that gaiety was misplaced. At that moment he recollected the melancholy news which their newspapers had only that day informed them of; and apologising to D'Alonville for his uncle's ill−timed levity, he was disposed to mingle his tears with those which he perceived in the eyes of his friend.

CHAP. XIX.

Like the lily;
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head and perish.

WHEN Ellesmere learned the circumstances that had happened the evening before, he became as eager as D'Alonville, or if possible more so, to offer to the unhappy strangers every service he could render them. He proposed for this purpose a thousand projects in a moment. He would write to his mother and sister he would carry the two ladies to Eddisbury. D'Alonville, who was not so sanguine as to the reception they might meet with, felt all the generosity of his friend, but did not seem in haste to avail himself of it. He readily, however, assented to Ellesmere's wish of going with him to wait on them; and with a melancholy smile bade him beware of the

fascinating eyes of the younger Madame de Touranges. "I know the influence of beauty in distress, my friend," said he, "and I assure you, you will not find that of the young Marquisse less dangerous that that of your fair Polonese."

"Probably it might be much more," replied Ellesmere "were I a Frenchman; but I have not been accustomed to consider married women as objects of gallantry, having had neither a foreign nor a fashionable education."

"Well, then, let us go," said D'Alonville, "for though I hope and believe that this wandering family of our luckless acquaintance de Touranges, is not so distressed as to need pecuniary assistance, yet it cannot but be advantageous to them to be known by people of consequence in England. They seem extremely sensible of the kindness they have received from a family of the name of , I cannot now recollect the name but I understand them to be related to the nobleman with whose hounds we were out, and to live about two miles from the village. It was this family who found the lodging for them, and who have with unwearied kindness visited them since. I am sorry I cannot recollect the name."

"Relations of Lord Aberdore's are they," answered Ellesmere. "I do not know any family of that description, but indeed this is a part of the country with which I am very slightly acquainted; and I only know Lord Aberdore by sight. If he has relations so liberal minded I am glad of it, for of his own liberality of mind one hears but little."

"Suppose," added Ellesmere, " that I tell my uncle whither we are going. He would do any thing in the world to serve women in distress and is a perfect knight−errant in their cause."

"Perhaps it would be better," replied D'Alonville, "to see the Ladies de Touranges first ourselves; your uncle has no woman in his family, and perhaps we may only, by engaging his good humoured endeavours, be troublesome to him, without deriving any benefit to the parties for whom we are interested." "I fear," added he, "that in this country, people of mine, hate nothing to hope but protection and subsistence; for the great evils they suffer, the most generous efforts of strangers can do nothing to relieve. These poor women, who are now hid in a little lodging in a solitary village, have been accustomed to the highest degree of affluence. The elder of them has passed her life at court; the younger, with all the advantages that beauty and youth, fortune and birth could give her, was just entering on a most spendid splendid scene of life, all is vanished! but that they no longer are surrounded with whatever can glatter the imagination or gratify the taste, does not seem to be to them the subject of regret. It is de Touranges for whom his mother trembles, it is de Touranges that draw continual tears from the eyes of his wife, and the dreadful fate that has overwhelmed our country, and now our lamented monarch. The general evil, indeed, cannot be repaired, but their individual misfortune may. Would to heaven I knew where de Touranges is." D'Alonville now fell into a reverie, which lasted till they reached the hose they were going to, and Ellesmere did not interrupt him.

On their entering the shop they were received by Mr. Sanderson, to whom Ellesmere was known; and who, on their eager enquiry after the two French ladies, shook his head when he mentioned the younger. "The sweet creature," said he, " is so ill, so nervous, and, in short, her whole system so deranged, that Susy and I have been up all night." "I hope," said D'Alonville, extremely alarmed, "that there is no danger." "I assure you I dont don't half like the symptoms, and that languor and giving herself up, which she does to an excess I never saw. But however, our young ladies from Besthorpe will be here by and by, and I hope that this company, which always does Madame the Marchioness good, and seeing you Gentlemen, her friends, will altogether be of more use than my drugs."

"And who," enquired Ellesmere, "are the ladies from Besthorpe?" "The Denzil family," replied Sanderson, "perhaps, Mr. Ellesmere, you may know them. Excellent, worthy people, I can assure you they are, and nearly related, as I understand, to the Aberdone family, though how I cannot make out. Somehow though, the connection came by the late lady, though that you know" continued he, nodding significantly, "does not recommend them to the house now; but indeed the noble family is so seldom down, that I don't imagine Mrs. Denzil and the family

took a place in this neighbourhood on that account, so much as because it suited them in other respects. It was by their means that I was induced to let my house to these foreign ladies. I was at first rather averse to it; but on reflection, I thought the Denzil family would not recommend people the least improper; and Susy, who loves any thing that is uncommon, was mightily for receiving them. I cannot say I have repented it. The elder lady, who, I am told, lived always with the Queen, in her own country, is, to be sure, what we in England call haughty; but for the youngest, she is, as her confessor sometimes says, half an angel. A man must be a savage who would not undertake almost any thing to do her good. I assure you, she is too pretty and amiable not to be very dangerous; even a country apothecary, like me, who has enough to do to think of his patients, and to ride round the country from six in the morning to twelve at night, can find out that there would be no living near her without being in love with her, if it were not for the difference of religion and country, and her being married already, as I told her confessor."

"Her confessor," said Ellesmere, "and who is her confessor, is he here now?" "He is a French priest," replied Sanderson, "who came over with them, and has been with them ever since they have been here, but he is now gone to London on the business of his order. A very honest, simple, good sort of man he seems to be. For my part, I am free to own, I had conceived a sort of a prejudice against Catholic priests. One has heard all on's life time, ugly stories of them; but I am free to confess, that this gentleman seems to me to be as worthy a man as any clergyman of the church of England." While this dialogue was passing, D'Alonville, who had received a message from Madame de Touranges, that she would be glad to see him in a few moments, stood meditating on the strange reverse of fortune. The woman, who so lately had the most brilliant circles around her that Paris or Versailles could boast of, was now an object for the pity of a country apothecary. Whoever recollects the distance at which people of high rank in France were accustomed to keep even the most respectable professional men in that line, will pardon a remnant of involuntary pride in D'Alonville, who, notwithstanding the good−humoured manner in which Mr. Sanderson spoke of his guests, felt shocked that he should name them so familiarly; yet, in a moment remembering to what condition Marie Antoinette of Austria was reduced, he corrected himself, and was ashamed of the transitory emotion he had felt; and had he ever read Spencer in ours, or had he at that moment recollected any thing to the same purport in his own language, he would perhaps have said in the sense, if not in the words, of the author of the Fairy Queen.

"Such is the weakness of all mortal hope;
"So fickle is the state of earthly things,
"That, e'er they come into their aimed scope,
"And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings
"Instead of comfort which we should embrace.
"This is the state of Keasars and of kings.
"Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
"Too greatly gravest his unlucky case."

Miss Sanderson now came and informed D'Alonville, that Madame de Touranges desired to see both him and the gentlemen his friend; they entered the small parlour he had been in the evening before, where only the elder lady appeared.

Perfectly mistress of herself, from her long intercourse with the world, she received Ellesmere as if she had known him from his infancy; and spoke of their affairs to D'Alonville with the same unreserved as if a stranger had not been present." "My daughter," said she, "has been so affected by what we have heard from the Chevalier D'Alonville, relative to our poor wanderer, though I endeavoured to alleviate the pain such intelligence must give her, as much as possible, that she is too ill to leave her bed. Had I not expected the favor of seeing you, my good Chevalier," continued she, addressing herself to D'Alonville, "I believe I should have got our hosts here to have sent to you, for my daughter is restless, because she did not herself hear all the particulars relative to de Touranges, which she believes you can tell her. I endeavoured to evade this painful recital, but she persists in it; and will perhaps be easy when she has seen both you and this gentleman, your friend, who is the same, I conclude by his name, that passed through Germany from Vienna to Berlin, with Marquis." Ellesmere bowed, and Madame

de Touranges again spoke:

"As you have travelled," said she, speaking to Ellesmere, "and as you," addressing herself to D'Alonville, "are of a country where such things are customary, I shall make no apology to either of you, for desiring you to attend my daughter in her bed room − − − for I have insisted upon her not leaving her bed. I believe we may now go up." Madame de Touranges led the way, and Ellesmere and D'Alonville followed.

In a small neat room they found the beautiful French woman in her bed, with her infant boy sleeping by her. If D'Alonville had thought her extremely lovely and interesting from what he had seen of her the day before, she now appeared infinitely more so: yet there was nothing studied, or coquettish, in her dishabille. Ellesmere gave D'Alonville a look, which seemed to say "you might well tell me there was danger in this service;" while the glance D'Alonville returned, intimated a sort of half−triumph, which expressed "have I then always a taste adulterated by French notions? Is here not a woman of *my* country, who is truly and *simply* beautiful." The elder Marquise began the conversation, and did not wish that either Ellesmere or D'Alonville should conceal any part of what they knew as to the state of mind in which they had seen the unfortunate de Touranges, or his abruptly quitting friendly monitor St. Remi; and even by her own questions she drew from D'Alonville what he thought it necessary to conceal from them both the purport of the Abbé last letter.

This conduct D'Alonville thought strange, after the fears Madame de Touranges had expressed for her daughter's health and life; and still more was he hurt, when having asked this letter of him, and then gave it to Gabrielle, as she sometimes familiarly called her daughter. Gabrielle did little else but weep she tried to read the letter, but could not; and she was so visibly overcome, that is seemed almost cruel to remain with her. Far from seizing it with avidity, on the hopes that her husband would be restored to her, with which some how or other her mother−in−law had contrived to flatter herself, she seemed to consider the state of mind in which the Abbé de St. Remi described him to be, as tending to the most fatal consequences. She saw him rushing on destruction, by going back to France already, perhaps he was the victim of his own despair, and the inhumanity of savages, who seemed to delight only in blood. Her own desolate situation affected her not; but when she spoke, her conversation expressed an inclination to abandon the asylum they had found in England, and go back, at all hazards, to France. The persuasion that she should there meet de Touranges, or death, was strengthened by what she now learned from the Abbe's letter.

When it seemed better to leave her than to make any farther attempts to console her, D'Alonville and Ellesmere took leave; but both were too much occupied with their new acquaintance, to have the power of thinking of any think else. "What can be done, my dear friend?" said Ellesmere, as he rode away from the door "how can we relieve the anguish of this charming woman?" "I do not know, indeed," answered D'Alonville, if she is determined to give herself up to despair. Her project of going to France is wildness and insanity, and must not be listened to; but all circumstances considered, though these poor women cannot go, I know who can." "Aye, indeed!" answered Ellesmere, who did not comprehend him; "do you know any one whose going will be of use to *them?*"

"Yes," replied he, "I believe I do I think my going will be of use to them; and in a few, a very few days, I shall take leave of you, my dear Ellesmere, and of this hospitable island." "But how," cried his friend, "on what plan? In what character would you go?"

"Do not ask me yet," said D'Alonville, "for yet, I hardly know myself but I find it impossible not to go."

"And I," answered Ellesmere, "shall find it as impossible to stay inactive in England. We will cross the water together, Chevalier and should you go to France, which, however, I hope you will not do; I will go as a volunteer into the army on the Continent, if I do not procure a commission in our own troops.

On their return to Fernyhurst, Ellesmere, who could speak and think of nothing else; with the permission of D'Alonville related to his uncle the little melancholy romance of their two ladies, Captain Caverly, who retained gallant and eccentric ideas enough to have revived the age of chivalry, if its world; was, as his nephew had foreseen, immediately seized with the most ardent zeal to serve and protect these interesting strangers; and it was with some difficulty that Ellesmere could prevent his setting out immediately, to offer them an asylum in his house. "You are very good," said he, "my dear uncle but I am afraid our friends could not with propriety accept your generosity;" "And why not, pray," answered he, "propriety! non−sense! will they hear the remarks that are made by the *wife gentlemen* of the neighbourhood, or have they not so much sense as not to care for them if they did; what is propriety in this country, to women of another; and pr'y thee tell me, dear Ned, whether any of the prudes who might find out this want of propriety would have the generosity to prevent its neccessity, by receiving these unhappy women themselves, or even shewing them the least countenance? not they indeed illiberal−minded, selfish, odious cats, half of them yet it is to such that one is expected to make all kinds of sacrifices."

Ellesmere knew there was a great deal of truth in what Captain Caverly said; but he knew also, that there were other insuperable objections to which the warm−hearted veteran, in his first ardour to succour the ladies in distress, had not sufficiently attended. Ellesmere gently hinted at these, and Caverly immediately seemed to retreat into himself, and soon after turned the conversation, which he no more renewed on the same footing; but he still professed so much inclination to befriend the Mesdames de Touranges, that the two young men were extremely happy to find they had secured them a warm advocate and protector; for it seemed to be agreed, in their short consultation hitherto, that the two ladies could no where be better situated than where they were, will some intelligence could be obtained of the Marquis de Touranges, or some favorable event restore them to their country. Alas! such events seemed more distant than ever.

CHAP. XX.

"Ricca sol di se steffa
"E delle grazie di natura adorna.

GUARINI.

IT was now become impossible for the two friends to find any enjoyment in hunting, or any other of those amusements which they meant to have engaged in during their stay with Captain Caverly. No pretence was necessary to excuse their repeating their visit to the house of Mr. Sanderson; for the elder lady had declared that nothing gave her so much satisfaction as to see them; and besides that general invitation, it was merely a matter of common civility to enquire after her daughter−in−law, whom they had seen the day before so much indisposed. They set out together, therefore, about ten o'clock; having persuaded Captain Caverly to postpone, till another opportunity, the introduction he was so desirous of obtaining; not only because they believed Madame de Touranges was too ill, not to be incommoded by the presence of another stranger, but because he had complained the evening before of some symptoms of the gout, which early in spring generally attacked him with great severity. But though he could not now pay his respects to the foreigners for whom he felt so generously interested, he charged his nephew and D'Alonville to offer them, on his part, all manner of service, and sent them, from his own garden, some of the productions of his hot−beds, on which he greatly prided himself.

He was not happier in thus exercising his benevolence, than his nephew was in being its messenger; and D'Alonville, though far enough from happiness, felt at this moment that it was yet worth while to live; yet the satisfaction he felt in the certainty of being of service to his new friends, was at present as disinterested in regard

to the one as the other of them.

On their reaching the village, Ellesmere stopped to speak to a tenate of Sir Maynard's whom he met in the road; and D'Alonville entering the house of Sanderson alone, was shewn by the apprentice immediately into the parlour, where he saw the younger Madame de Touranges, with her little boy sleeping on her lap; and by her sat a young person who appeared to be about seventeen, and who was employed in some kind of work for her friend. She was in a very simple morning dress. The little powder that had been scattered in her hair, had almost been blown away in a windy walk a black beaver hat, which alone had confined it, lay in a chair by her; but the disorder of her head−dress lent peculiar charms to a face, which though not perfectly handsome, D'Alonville thought the most interesting he had ever seen. Madame de Touranges, who already considered him as an old friend, held out her hand to him, and with a melancholy smile, bade him welcome, she bade him to thank her for introducing him to her fair young friend, Miss Denzil; who was come, she said, to pass the morning with her D'Alonville made one of those speeches which are usually made on such occasions; and when Madame de Touranges enquired for his companion, enquired in his turn for the Marquise who by this time appeared; and soon, as was usual with her, engrossed the conversation. Soon after Ellesmere joined them, and yet it did not become more general for some time; the younger Madame de Touranges (whom for distinction sake we must henceforth call Gabrielle,) being accustomed to let her mother−in−law, for whom she felt an awe almost approaching to fear, take the lead in all companies. Ellesmere was engaged in listening to her; and the eyes and thought of D'Alonville were entirely engrossed by the young stranger. He suffered Ellesmere to say what he would of his projects and intentions; and to acquaint Madame de Touranges of his resolution of the night before, to set out for France; a resolution which she highly approved. D'Alonville heeded not, though he heard their discourse, and considered at this moment nothing but how he might induce Miss Denzil to enter into conversation with him. He had hardly heard the sound of her voice, before he wanted to know if she spoke French fluently, and whether her understanding corresponded with the intelligent sweetness of her countenance. Madame de Touranges, though she had no longer any claim to the attraction of youth and beauty, was one of those women, who, from being long accustomed to adulation, expect it equally every where and believe that the influence of superior understanding ought to continue to them the ascendancy which time may have diminished, in robbing them of their personal charms. While she lived in a court, she had too much interest to feel the decline of those attractions that she had eminently possessed in the morning and noon of life; and now, amidst the sad reverse of fortune, and after all the calamities she had experienced, the habit she had acquired of demanding attention, did not forsake her; D'Alonville's evident distraction, therefore, when she addressed herself to him, did not please her; he listened to her, indeed, and assented to all she said; but there was no longer that respectful deference, that marked attention, and that ready acquiescence, which the day before had so enchanted her in her young compatriot taking, however, for a settled resolution, the scheme of his returning to France; she laid down, what was in her opinion, the safest plan for him to pursue; though of that it was impossible she could be a judge; and offered him letters to a friend of her's in London, who being one of the last men of consideration who had emigrated, and who had lately passed through Britanny, could give him better information than almost any other person on the present state of that province. D'Alonville accepted of her offer, without however, feeling much inclination to be introduced to a person who had lately emigrated; for such he had learned to consider as persons who had been too much connected with the men and measures of the first revolution.

Near an hour had passed thus: Miss Denzil engaged by the work she was about hardly looked from it, unless to speak in a low voice, to Gabrielle. D'Alonville listened with the most eager attention; but the sharp and loud tones of Madame de Touranges, who sat immediately close to him, prevented his distinguishing what she said. At length it seemed as if Miss Denzil had enquired the hour of the day; for she arose in some haste, and putting on her hat, she took from a work−basket a large gauze handkerchief, with which she carelessly tied it under her chin, and then asking if she might borrow Agatha to go over the common with her, she kissed the baby which still remained sleeping in its mother's arms; and tenderly pressing the hand of Gabrielle, said, "Jusqu à demain ma chere amie, adieu!" She then courtsey'd with grave respect to Madame de Touranges, and, with the distant civility one owes to a new acquaintance, to Ellesmere and D'Alonville; and Agatha (who was Madame Touranges's French maid) appearing ready at the door of the room, she was quitting it; when D'Alonville found it impossible

to part with her thus, without knowing whether he should ever see her again; and ventured to say, "You are going, then, Mademoiselle? Is it not permitted me to wait on you part of the way?" A transient blush arose on the fair cheek of the beautiful stranger, while she answered that she should be sorry to give him so much trouble, and could not think of taking him from his friends. D'Alonville, unwilling to take this as a refusal, turned to Madame de Touranges, and requested her permission to see Mademoiselle to her home "You have my permission," answered the lady, "but my woman must go with her also. Her mother entrusted her to come hither with a servant, who, being obliged to go another way, could not stay to escort her back. I promised to let some person see her over the common, which brings her within sight of her mother's residence. As I was not aware of your gallantry, and am not at all sure that my friend, Madame Denzil, will approve of it, I must, whether you go or no, Chevalier, still perform my engagement, and send Agatha with her." "I will, however," said D'Alonville, "accept of the honor of waiting on the young lady on any conditions you shall annex." Madame de Touranges ordered her maid to attend Miss Denzil; and nodding to D'Alonville, in a way that said "you may go with her if you will," he hastened away to overtake her, followed by Agatha.

Miss Denzil had already crossed the village street; and passing a low style, had taken a path that led through some cottage garden to the heath, over which her way lay, when D'Alonville overtook her. Though the quickness with which she had awaked, and some surprise at the perseverance in attending her, from a young man with whom she had not exchanged half a dozen words, had raised the lovely glow of her cheeks, D'Alonville flattered himself that he read in her beautiful blue eyes no displeasure. He found that she spoke French imperfectly, and with extreme dissidence but there was even in this defect a nameless enchantment; and her voice was so sweet, that whatever she said acquired a thousand charms only from the tone in which it was spoken. The walk, though really of near three miles, almost two of which were over a dreary common, appeared to him but as a quarter of a mile; and his countenance, had it been examined, would have betrayed what he felt, when his beautiful companion said, "I am now Sir, only a few paces from my home; and I should be sorry to give you the trouble of coming any farther, unless, indeed, you will do my mother the favor of walking in." D'Alonville hesitated a moment. This might perhaps be the only opportunity he might ever have to make up acquaintance in a family to which this charming girl belonged; but how might he be received? Her mother might be displeased, or alarmed, at his introduction. She might be prudish, she might be proud or ignorant; and the very means he took to obtain some farther acquaintance, might possibly shut the doors of her house against him for ever. It was better not to venture it. He therefore told Miss Denzil, that, "he could not take so great a liberty as that of intruding on Madame *Sa Mere*, without her permission." Yet he could not determine to bid adieu to *Mademoiselle sa fille*, without eagerly enquiring when he might hope to see her again. "Oh!" replied she, with the ease of unsuspecting innocence, "I am continually with my friend, the Ladies de Touranges; and my mother, when her health permits, almost as often as I am. You do not live far off," added she. "I live!" replied he, "Alas! Mademeiselle Mademoiselle , I live no where! I had once," continued he, with a deep sigh, " home and a country! but now I am, as well as the ladies for whom you are so generously interested, a wanderer upon the earth. Ah! if you knew how infinitely amiable you appear, as the friend of these strangers! But I beg pardon for detaining you. Do you think I shall, indeed, be so happy as to see you once again, before I leave England; never, in all probability, to return?

Miss Denzil seemed hurt by the evident melancholy and dejection with which he said this, and embarrassed how to answer it. Her natural candid simplicity, however, got the better of any artificial reserve, which would, perhaps, have taught her to conceal the concern she felt "I hope we shall meet again," said she, "I am sure I wish it, and I hope if you do leave England, Sir, it will not be to return to France; for such a journey must be attended with danger, which one is shocked even to think of." "Wherever I go," replied D'Alonville, "whatever becomes of me, it is flattering to believe that *you* will deign to recollect me." He was conscious that he was going too far. They were at a gate which opened into a little shrubbery that surrounded her mother's house. It was time to tear himself away. He felt that the longer he continued this dangerous parley, the greater would become the difficulty of ending it; he therefore repeated his hopes of seeing her again, his acknowledgments for the honor she had done him in permitting him to attend her home; and then, as she went in at the gate, he left her, Agatha waiting on her into the house.

D'Alonville returned hastily by the path he came. On a rising ground, two or three hundred yards from the gate, he turned to see in there was yet a glimpse, at the door, of the fascinating figure he had just parted with; but she had disappeared. He surveyed the house. It was an irregular and low house, half concealed by the trees which crowded round it, and did not seem to have been originally intended for the residence of a gentleman's family; an involuntary sigh escaped him as he lost sight of it, and almost mechanically he followed the path which led back to the house where he had left his friends.

He found Ellesmere as attentively listening to Madame de Touranges as when he had left him; she had never given him time to consider how time passed, or that his uncle expected them back to a late dinner; nor did the appearance of D'Alonville rouse to recollection either the narrator of the listener. Madame de Touranges, indeed, was giving Mr. Ellesmere a very circumstantial account of the scenes she had passed through at Paris the preceding September, and they were too extraordinary not to engage his attention. Gabrielle appeared to shudder with terror, and to wonder how her mother could speak with so much firmness, of what she had seen and suffered, even at this distance of time. D'Alonville thought it want of consideration in Madame de Touranges to dwell so minutely on such descriptions before her daughter, whose health was visibly affected by the sad recollection. He sat down near her, and began with her some conversation on topics less melancholy: he mentioned her young friend, who was indeed the subject most immediately in his mind. "Is she not a very charming girl?" said Gabrielle. "Indeed the whole family are very amiable; and we are infinitely obliged to them for a number of little kindnesses, that have made much more commodious than it would otherwise have been, this retreat, which, when my health made my stay in London impossible, Mrs. Denzil herself found for us." D'Alonville longed to ask an hundred questions about them, and would have hazarded some, but Ellesmere at this moment recollected that it was more than time to return to Fernhust Fernyhurst; he reminded D'Alonville of it, and they departed; Ellesmere having first obtained permission to introduce his uncle in a day or two. They left Madame de Touranges in better spirits than she had been for many months. She had not only made friends, from whom she hoped to receive considerable assistance and protection during the involuntary residence of herself and her daughter in England, but she had somebody to talk to, who seemed willing to allow her the quality of a woman of superior understanding; a claim which, among the generality of the English, she was in great danger of losing. Besides these consolations, she formed the most sanguine expectations from the voyage proposed to be taken by D'Alonville, whom she had no doubt would procure for them intelligence of de Touranges, and restore to her a son for whose fate her pride was as much interested as her love. He was the last of his family, save only the infant whom he had never seen, and whose life had begun amidst the dispersion and ruin of his family: on these two lives, one of which was exposed to such imminent peril, and the other to all the diseases which in early infancy beset a human creature, depended that happiness to which Madame de Touranges looked forward from amidst the depression of exile that of seeing the house of de Touranges restored to its original splendor, and trampling in the dust the party to whom it owed its being eclipsed.

CHAP. XXI.

Exiles, the proverb says, subsist on hope;
Delusive hope still points to distant good,
To good that marks approach.

EURIPIDES.

ELLESMERE had been talked to till he had no inclination to hear even the sound of his own voice, and D'Alonville was still less disposed to speak; they rode near a mile together before this silence was broken by Ellesmere's checking his horse suddenly, and asking his friend whether he thought Captain Caverly would not

have something to undergo for having suffered them to keep his dinner waiting so long? D'Alonville, who by no means understood the question, asked an explanation. "Why don't you know, my friend," said he, "that our good uncle, who never could be prevailed upon to submit to the yoke of matrimony, of which he entertained the most formidable ideas, is under the dominion of an housekeeper, who governs him with more severity than the most imperious dame of family would probably ever thought, of exercising. As she does not love me much, for she has taken up, I know not how, a notion that I make the honest Captain restless under her authority, and as she always suspects I may come in for a share of his fortune, for which she has provided other claimants, she has made several attempts to shut me out from ever appearing in her little despotic government; in this instance, however, our old soldier has stoutly resisted her tyranny; out the knowledge that it gives her an opportunity of teazing him, always shortens my visits, and renders them less pleasant to me while they last. Heaven knows, that to possess, or even to share, the little fortune of Capt. Caverly, never made any part of my scheme of life, but I love my uncle, and wish he had made out for himself a happier destiny." "I beseech you," said D'Alonville, "if our delay is likely to be the occasion of a moment's uneasiness to him, let us make more haste." "No," answered Ellesmere, "it is not so much that which just now struck me; for though a dinner spoiled is a very serious grievance, yet with a few hours grumbling and pouting it may be got over; but what led me to think and to speak of my uncle's governante, was, the difficulty he will have to escape from her wrath, when it is known that he is about to make an acquaintance with these French ladies, and even proposed receiving them into his house."

"Permit me one remark," said D'Alonville. "You English accuse the French (I speak of the French as they were) of dissolute manners and as being a nation wholly unprincipled in their gallantries; yet in my short acquaintance with England, I have observed several instances of arrangements which, in my country, would appear extraordinary examples of want of principle, or rather what we call of *bien seance* , than any thing that usually occurs in France."

"A truce with your moralizing comparisons, my dear Chevalier. Notwithstanding the solemn airs we English give ourselves, your remark is just enough; but there is nothing so blind as national prejudice and national presumption. That Miss Denzil," added he, changing the conversation, "is a good fine girl, D'Alonville?"

"I think her," answered he, "not only the most lovely woman I have seen in England but during my whole life."

"Yes," said Ellesmere, "I saw you were taken with her, which I should not have expected; for after all, it is but a little uncultivated rustic, and surely rather shewy than handsome, I should have fancied thee, my good friend, much more likely to be charmed with the fair Gabrielle."

"What the wife of my friend?"

"Cela n'empeche rien, Chevalier, as you know very well; but left it should be really likely you should be *espris* with the simple charms of the nymph of the wilds, let me put you upon your guard, by telling you, that I understand she is the second or third daughter of a numerous family, and that, by I know not what strange combination, they are robbed of the greatest part of their property, and are compelled to live in great obscurity. I could only obtain a very vague and in−complete account from Madame de Touranges, who is too much occupied, as may well be supposed with her own affairs, to attend much to those of others; besides that I think foreigners hardly ever comprehend the domestic history of the English; which is owning, perhaps, to our manners being so different form theirs. What I clearly comprehended, however, was that Mrs. Denzil has nothing to give her daughters, and that they are in circumstances very far from fortunate."

"I grieve to hear it," answered D'Alonville; "not because more brilliant fortune would give me a chance of being favorably received in the family of Mademoiselle Denzil, for to such an happiness I could not in any case pretend; but because, if credit is to be given to the exterior indications of an amiable and ingenious mind, there are not many young persons who deserve an happier destiny than her of whom we have been speaking." D'Alonville sighed so deeply as he concluded this sentence, that Ellesmere could not but remark it. "Is it even so?" cried he.

"What! is my invulnerable friend touched at last? He on whom the graceful vivacity of France, the majestic gravity of Germany, and even the celebrated charms of English women, have hitherto made no impression?" D'Alonville turned off this raillery as well as he could; and they soon after arrived at Fernyhurst, where they found the poor Captain in some concern, much more indeed than a spoiled dinner seemed to deserve from a man who was not particularly attached to the pleasures of the table. Ellesmere lamented the derangement he had been the occasion of, though he shewed by his appetite that it was not a matter of much consequence to him. D'Alonville was dejected and silent. The face, the figure, the tone of voice of the beautiful Denzil were present to his imagination, and he seemed to have discovered that there was in the world one being for whom it was worth while to wish to live; and that England contained one object which made him wish to remain in it.

He was not, however, so much fascinated by this infant passion, as not to be perfectly sensible of the folly of indulging it; yet had he not so much command over himself as to refuse the opportunities of seeing Miss Denzil, which, after this first accidental meeting. Ellesmere seemed purposely to throw in his way. The next day he contrived to get his uncle to wait on Madame de Touranges; and interested him so much in her favor, and so much more in that of her daughter−in−law, that braving all the domestic storms he incurred, the old Captain became their most assiduous visitant. His farm and his garden were made to offer their best productions for the table of these strangers; and parties were made for them, first at the house of Mrs. Denzil herself, and the elder Madame de Touranges being present, malice itself could find nothing in such society to offend the most inveterate prudery. D'Alonville must have been unlike every other man of his age and country, or indeed of any other country, if, when he continually saw the object who had by this time acquired so decided a preference in his heart, he could have concealed from her that preference; yet whenever he was alone, and ventured to examine his own conduct, he reproached himself; for he was conscious that, situated as he was, he ought not to think of engaging the affections of an innocent girl, of whom he must soon take an everlasting adieu. Alas! when he saw Angelina, (for by that name a romantic mother had called her third daughter,) he forgot all that reason and prudence suggested, and his real disposition, which was warm and impetuous, predominated over the artificial character that adversity and sorrow had given him. He fancied that the soft and expressive eyes of Angelina understood the language of his; and when he spoke of his ruined fortune, of his being a wanderer and a fugitive, those charming eyes were filled with tears. Once he ventured to begin a sketch of the melancholy circumstances that had attended his father's death; but his voice faultered as he would have described the scene at the castle of Rosenheim, and Angelina entreated him not to go on. At this instant her mother, who had left the room a few moments before, returned, and very naturally enquired what was the occasion of the tears she saw stealing down the cheeks of her daughter. D'Alonville got up, and went to the window; but Angelina, without hesitation, answered, "Oh! my dear mama, the Chevalier has been telling me so many sad particulars of what happened to him before he came to England, that it breaks one's heart!" I beg your pardon, Madam." said D'Alonville, "I was not aware how much the sensibility of Mademoiselle Angelina might be excited by the story of distresses, with which, as they are without remedy, I do not generally trouble my friends; I know not indeed how I now came to be betrayed into the weakness of unavailing complaint." Mrs. Denzil seemed to hear this apology with as much interest as her daughter had attended to the story that had given occasion for it; and answered with a pensive smile; "Don't you know, Chevalier, that we always listen with patience, and even with sympathy, to the relation of sorrows, of which we have ourselves tasted? Alas! Sir, my children and I have also been wanderers and exiles. I know not whether we may not still be called so; for the victims of injustice, oppression and fraud, we are now banished from the rank of life where fortune originally placed us; and England, with all its advantages, is not the country where such a change of fortune is much softened to the sufferer. "But come," continued she, in a more cheerful voice, "we are only making one another melancholy let us find some conversation less infectious."

These parties were made every day during the first ten days of the residence of the two friends at Fernyhurst; a nearer way was found, which made the distance hardly four miles from thence to North−Feldbury and Besthorpe, the villages in which Mrs. Denzil's and Mr. Sanderson's house stood; and Captain Caverly was so moved by the eloquence of one of the French ladies, or the beauty of the other, (though the former he did not clearly understand, and the latter he dared not openly admire) that for him the age the chivalry seemed indeed to be revived. He had a post−chaise, which, that he might not pay an heavy duty for what he seldom used, he had for some time shut up in

a wood house, where it had remained almost forgotten; the lining had suffered from time and moths; and though there was not *bend sinister* on the pannels, to mortify the genealogic pride of the Ellesmere's or the Caverly's, yet the blended arms of those two ancient and respectable families, which had originally been blazoned on them, were nearly effaced by mould. Some difficulties had occurred as to a conveyance for Mesdames de Touranges, on the first venturing to Fernyhurst; to obviate these against another time, Ellesmere undertook to inspect this long neglected vehicle; and, not withstanding this long neglected vehicle; and, notwithstanding such strong opposition on the part of the Captain's governante as greatly hazarded the peace of the establishment, the lining was brushed out and darned, and the old post−chaise, drawn into the sun on a favorable morning, was in a great measure restored to its former consequence. Two of the handsomest and best matched cart horses carefully trimmed, and a smart boy in his Sundays clothes, made altogether an equipage which far from being contemptible, and greatly facilitated the benevolent and friendly endeavours of Captain Caverly to restore the languid spirits of the fair Gabrielle, who, from a state of the most melancholy depression, now began to look forward to brighter prospects; so easily do the sanguine eyes of youth turn from the rugged path of adversity, to contemplate the fair landscapes which hope then displays before them.

Of the delicious infatuation of hope D'Alonville was another instance a thousand enchanting visions now appeared to him, rather as waking dreams than as sketches with which the steady hand of reason had any thing to do. Mrs. Denzil, far from appearing to consider him as an adventurer, whom she ought to fear, or an alien, who she should for that reason despise, treated him with particular kindness, and a very few interviews with her charming daughter convinced him that he had obtained an interest in her young and innocent heart, which worlds could not tempt to relinquish; but the future happiness of Angelina was dearer to him than worlds and yet he was about to sacrifice that to his own selfish and inconsiderate passion.

Yet, why selfish and inconsiderate? Was his fortune always to remain as desperate as it now appeared? Was he always to be an exile, without property, friends, or home; and was every effort against the anarchists and murderers of France to be fruitless, because one campaign had been unsuccessful? To believe so would be to mistrust the justice of Providence. If the house *should* arrive, which would restore him to his country, should he not have it in his power to place the woman he loved in a situation of life superior to what, from the misfortunes of her family, she was likely to fill in her own country? This thought led to the most flattering train of ideas and he determined to pursue, and to obtain the object, without whom he was convinced his being restored to his country, and enjoying there the most unclouded prosperity, would not make him happy. At length he had dressed up a set of future possibilities of colours so bewitching, and by th sophistry of love had so far subdued every objection to their bein arrange as his ardent imagination had place them, that he ventured, whe Ellesmere touched himself on the subject of his evident attachment, t mention his plan of seriously making proposals to Mrs. Denzil.

Far from repressing such a project with the cold phlegm of a sober−bloodied Englishman, Ellesmere not only encouraged him in it, but offered him every service in his power towards its success; and it was determined that, as D'Alonville had already secured the approbation of the daughter; he should take the first opportunity of declaring himself to the mother, from whom every observation he had lately made persuaded him he had very little reason to apprehend a repulse. This determination was taken after a most delightful day, passed in such society as is not often met with; Madame de Touranges was hardly ever so agreeable. Her daughter, always interesting was now almost cheerful; and Mrs. Denzil, on a small but excellent piano forté with an organ stop, had been playing some simple airs, while her daghters daughters sung, till Ellesmere, who was passionately fond of music, declared that he was in danger of being as much in love with Olivia, the second sister, as D'Alonville already was with the third. A declaration which was answered by D'Alonville, by reminding him of his prepossession for the fair Polonese, towards whom he laughingly accused him of infidelity. Ellesmere answered by declaring, that he had never yet seen a woman whom he liked so well as he did Alexina; at which D'Alonville, who did not believe him serious, and thought it almost impossible he should ever see her again, only laughed. They then went on to plan another party, which should be as agreeable that they had just left; and they met the next morning with the expectation of realizing this project, when a packet of letters, brought by a servant whom Sir Maynard had sent over on purpose, put an end to it. Ellesmere found it necessary to return to Eddisbury immediately, and D'Alonville, though with an heavy heart, took leave of his generous host, and of the

neighbourhood, which was become so interesting; and though they both promised themselves they should find an opportunity of revisiting Fernyhurst in a few days, they returned with almost equal reluctance to the dull round of long stories from Sir Maynard, and inspired anecdotes from Lady Ellesmere, with the formal and tedious dinners and solemn suppers that awaited them at Eddisbury.

CHAP. XXII.

"Can cunning justify the prood man's wrong,
"Leaving the poor no remedy but tears?"

COWPER.

AS Mrs. Denzil and her family will frequently appear in the subsequent part of this history, a sketch of some of them may not be unnecessary and this may perhaps best be given in a letter of her own, in answer to one she had received from a friend, who remonstrated with her on the restless temper she had lately evinced, which had induced her more than once to change her residence, a circumstance that occasioned her prudent correspondent to represent to her the expence of frequent removals, and to interlard her friendly sermon with many proverbs of great authority; at the head of which appeared that excellent axiom, "that a rolling stone gathers no moss:" her answer to which, and to much other stationary wisdom, was in the following terms:

"There is always, my dear *****, so much real friendship in your severity; you mean so perfectly well, that with you I shall, without scruple, enter into a defence of those parts of my conduct which you seem to disapprove; and let this be a testimony of my real affection for you; for to the greater part of those who still do me the honor to call themselves my friends, I am content to let my conduct justify itself, conscious of the rectitude of my intention, and certain hat nothing is so difficult, even to minds the most liberal and the most enlightened, as to judge of the actions of another, when the motives of those actions cannot be known.

You think I do wrong in again proposing to move, when you imagine me so pleasantly, and as you express it, so *snugly* situated in this house fitted for an own uncle of Lord Aberdore's very certainly an house fittted fitted up for the *own* uncle of a lord, must be a great acquisition to me, who am not one of those poets who have a house and who ought to be glad of so great an advantage as being admitted to live, as you observe, "rent free" in a mansion, which I do verily believe would bring in my children's noble kinsman five, or, for ought I know, six−in−twenty whole pounds a year, which, to a man who possesses about twenty thousand annually of his own and about *seven* in places, I allow to be a very considerable object.

But are you, my dear ******, who, fortunately for you, have seen very little of such people as those I am connected with are you aware, that there are more ways than one of paying for such advantages? Alas! it is almost a pity to give you, who have so much philanthropy, a true idea of men as they are, especially of those who we call *great men*, and who you consider, I know to be *indeed* what they ought to be, from the superiority of their education, as well as their greater power of benefiting mankind.

But now, as a matter of self defence, I must tell you, that there are not only two ways of doing a favor, but that one of those ways entirely annihilates the obligation, while the other doubles it.

Now my good Lord of Aberdore knows only the first of these methods and he contrived to accommodate me by his house here, with so much parade of the obligation I owe him, to clog it with so many ceremonies, and to tell so often to all his satellites, how very good he has been to "poor Mrs. Denzil and her family," that I, who have had

all this repeated to me, who have found since I inhabited the house many conditions annexed to it, which I never dreamt of when I was induced to enter it, and who am neither dazzled by his nobility, nor feel myself degraded by my own poverty, have at times, had very great inclination to return his house to the old man and woman who inhabited it heretofore, and with "*une reverence tres prefonde*" for all past favors, to pack up my children and my books, in which consist all my riches, and, like a female Prospero, set forth for some desert island or any island but this dear England of ours, which I acknowledge, however, to be the very best of all possible countries for a thousand things. There is no such place in the world for fat beeves, and rich pastures, fine horses, fine meadows for them to live in, and convenient furniture fine servants in fine liveries, and fine carriages for them to ride behind, and fine public places to shew them at: fine places for those who have great talents, and admirable sinecures for others who have only great interest excellent laws to defend the property of those who can pay for being so defended a brave army, and the first navy in the world. Of all these excellencies there is no manner of doubt, together with many others "too numerous to mention;" nor am I disposed to point out, as our favorite poet

does, on another occasion, " a spot or two,"Which so much beauty would do well to purge."On the contrary, I will praise the disinterested characters of our statesmen, the self denial and humility of our divines, the integrity and dispatch of our men of law, more particularly those thrice worthy members of it yclept *attornies* by the vulgar, but by themselves called *solicitors*. See now if you can with reason accuse me of insensibility towards the many great blessings we enjoy; so for from it, that the consciousness alone of those blessings (together with some other trifling reasons) compels me to stay in "This land, that from her pushes all the rest;and among others there is one very cogent one, viz. that I have lost in it evere every thing *but my head*, and should I now venture out of it, I think I should be in some hazard of being deprived of that should be in some hazard of being deprived of that also, my sole remaining poossession possession, with which, *grace a Dieu*, I have been enabled to supply the want of those, which the very worthy and honest relations of my children have taken from me; and have verified, at the expence indeed of my health, (and sometimes of temper) the truth of that excellent adage, that "Learning is better than house or land:"When house and land is gone and spent,"Then learning" or, as my housemaid's edition reads, "Larning is most excellent." Now, as this commodity on the way I possess it would not be marketable in any other country, seven if my head remained on) you see, my dear friend, that while I must live by it, that is, while the worthies above named choose to keep me and my children entirely out of the property that belongs to us, I must remain in England, notwithstanding my rattle about my voyages. Thus circumscribed

"To one small island, and but half an age."do not wonder If I want to move about in my prison, and have a horror of being planted here, like a cabbage, to grow white−headed and hard−hearted. You, who are one of very few people who shrink not from the couch of pain and sickness when friendship or duty calls upon you to attend it, have seen how uneasy is the sufferer who seeks rest but finds none Every part of his bed is tried, and all are alike strewn with thorns Allow something like this to accompany a mind ill at ease, a mind overwhelmed with present troubles, and future dread for the fate of my children Driven from my home twelve years since, with a large family wandering without any fixed plan, was long a matter of necessity and may now, for aught I know, be grown into habit, and be a fault of temper. Be it so I do not prerend pretend to be without faults and as a poet, I might plead imprudence by prescription. Alas! dear ****, how little can the generality of the prosperous world judge of a situation to unlike their own. Many of my *ci devant* friends, for many I have dropped by the way, (I beg pardon, they have dropped me) were born to the same prospects of easy competence as I was; and their subsequent destiny ah! how unlike mine has *not* believed the early promise of affluence. These ladies have always had a father, an husband, or a brother, to order all their peculiarly concerns. The morning arose only to awaken them to some pleasurable party abroad, or some chosen amusement at home their winters have passed, and, for aught I know, pass still while they are in London, in shopping or visiting in a morning or by such as are literary, or are told they ought to be so, in examining new pamphlets, peeping into reviews to form

their opinions, listening to that of "Dear Mr. Such a one the most charming man in the world, who writes sweet verses himself;" in entering some *delightful* lines into a book, or following a celebrated preacher, or attending philosophical lectures Others, of less mental accomplishments, frequent auctions or exhibitions, or drive into the Park, or walk in Kensington Gardens. The former set (the literary ladies) return to dress for a late dinner, then go to some conversation, where there is "The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."or by their interest with some favorite actress they get places when others are refused, and from their severer studies unbend at a celebrated performance. The less enlightened, the beauties, or rather those who insist upon being still noticed as such, dress with more eclat, though not with more care they dash at new fashions to leave the *vulgars and ruffs* at an immeasurable distance dine at eight o'clock go to the opera; set up half the night at deep play talk loud about it the next day as they stop in Bond−Street, to some idle man who affects fashion. If they happen to be women whose connections were originally in the city, they take care to talk a great deal to, and of lords and ladies, Sir John and Sir Frederick, and to exceed in their follies and their expences these new acquaintances. Such are the lives persons lead, who "are very sorry for poor Mrs. Denzil, but cannot help saying they think her quite wrong in many things to be sure she has some talents, but nothing so extraordinary; and if she had, it is a thousand pities to use them in attacking people of consequence, who really wished her well and then to have any opinion of politics is so extremely wrong! There can be but one opinion on those things among 'les gens comme il faut' why then offend them by differing from them, when *they* only can be of use in promoting the interest of her large family." Such are the charitable comments on the conduct of "poor Mrs. Denzil," who leaves her bed in a morning, when her health permits, to go to her desk, from whence she rises only to sit down to a dinner she cannot eat, waited upon by an awkward boy, or a strapping country girl, who stare at madam "bin as how she writs all them there books that be on the shelf." From this delectable repast, during which the authoress "Chews the food of sweet and bitter fancy,"rather than any thing else, she is not unfrequently called on by an honest gentleman, in a brown rough great coat, corduroy breeches, boots, and green boot garters, his hair curling naturally in his pole, to the great advantage of his shining face, who with that sort of half bow which a substantial trade sman tradesman sometimes makes, as much as to say, "Humph! for all you are a lady, I know you are poor and in debt" pulls out a little square wafered letter, of which the contents peradventure run thus

"Mrs. DENZIL.

"Madam,
"My neighbour, Mr. Thomas Tough, coming your way, I have desired him to call to receive of you the sum of sixty−two pounds nine shillings and eleven−pence, due as per bill delivered for your young gentlemen, I having sent up the same, as desired, Messieurs Ramsay and Shrimpshire, who answer they have no effects in hand for discharge of ditto; wherefore hope you will please immediately to pay the same to bearer, whose receipt will be sufficient for,
Madam,
Your humble servant,
HUMPHRY HOTGOOSE.

"N. B. Madam, I hope you'll not fail herein, as I have a great sum to make up next Wensday, and hope you'll give me no furder trubble; but if shoud, must put it into a lawyer's hands."

From the tète−á−tëte with Mr. Thomas Tough, she goes to her desk again, and begins to write, "With what appetite she may," in the forlorn hope of procuring from her bookseller part of the money she has been compelled to promise to the said Thomas's peremptory demands on the behalf of Mr. Humphry Hotgoose precious recipe to animate the imagination and exalt the fancy!

The evening comes, however, and finds her so employed. After a conference with Mr. Tough, she must write a tender dialogue between some damsel, whose perfections are even greater then those "Which youthful poets fancy when they love," and her hero, who, to the bravery and talents of Caesar, adds the gentleness of Sir Charles Grandison, and the wit of Lovelace. But Mr. Tough's conversation, his rude threats, and his boisterous

remonstrances, have totally sunk her spirits; nor are they elevated by hearing that the small beer is almost out; that the pigs of a rich farmer, her next neighbour, have broke into the garden, rooted up the whole crop of pease, and not left her a single hyacinth or jonquil. She knows remonstrance to be vain; or if it were not, that farmer Duckbury cannot restore her bed of sweet flowers, on which she depended for the amusement of a few solitary moments in the spring. Melancholy and dejected she recollects that once she had a walled garden well provided with flowers; and the comforts and pleasures of affluence recur forcibly to her mind. She is diverted from such reflections, however, by hearing from her maid, as she is assisting her to undress, that John Gubbin's children over the way, and his wife, and John his−self, have all got the *scarlot favor* ; and that one of the children is dead on't, and another like to die. She is ashamed of concern she felt a few moments before for a nosegay, when creatures of the same species, and so near her, are suffering under calamities infinitely more severe. She enquires what attendance these poor people have had; and finds that farmer Duckbury has sent the doctor, (Hired by the parish to attend the poor at so much a head) and that he says the favor's very catching and he's afraid to go nist um. Compassion for these unhappy persons is now mingled with apprehensions for her own family. A malignant fever raging in a dirty cottage not an hundred yards from her door, gives her but an unpleasing impression to carry to her pillow, where "The churlish chiding of the winter's wind" does not lull her agitated mind to repose. Sleep flies from her eyes; or if it visits her a moment, the figure of that animal, "Hateful to gods and men," a Dun, appears before her disturbed imagination; or she sees her sick neighbours expiring around her. With the earliest dawn she sends her servant (her nose well stopped with rue,) to enquire at their door how they do? The scene of exquisite misery, even as described by the unadorned account of her maid Betty, excites her commiseration. She buys her wine by the dozen, not having been for a long time rich enough to purchase a pipe, and she sends a man and horse ten miles to fetch it; but all she has in the house is now sent to supply the pressing occasions of John Gubbins and his family, for whom she knows it will do more than medicine, especially such as is sent in to be paid for by farmer Ducksbury, as overseer, at so much a head. The rest of the day is passed as before; her hero and her heroine are parted in agonies, or meet in delight and she is employed in making the most of either; with interludes of the Gubbins' family, and precautions against importing the infectious distemper into her own. The farmer arrives towards evening, who had been to the market−town, and had undertaken to bring her letters. He delivers her two, of which the contents are probably as follows:

"No. 4, Thaives−Inn, Feb. 23, 17

"Madam,

"The trustees have received your's of the 9th past. I hereby acquaint you from them, that they will not, for the future, correspond with you, or answer any questions you may ask. They are suprised at the abuse you throw upon them about Mr. Prettythief, their agent. You have already been informed that the trustees have written to him to know what he has done with the 650l. &c. and for his accounts so long ago as five months. Have no doubt, as he is a very honest man, that he will give, in due time, a true account thereof. Mean time, as for money for your children's support, the gentlemen have none in hand; but if they had, it would make no difference, they being determined not to pay a farthing without an order from Chancery.

I am, Madam,

For Mess. Ramsay and Shrimpshire,

Your humble servant,

ANTHONY LAMBSKIN."

LETTER II.

"Madam,

"Am much surprised at your not sending up, as promised, the end of the third volume of the new novel purchased by me. The trade expects it at the time I notified to them that it would be ready; and the printer informs me he shall stand still if not supplied immediately. Must insist on having a hundred pages at least by Saturday night; also the Ode to Liberty, mentioned by you as a close to the same: but I shall change the title of that, having promis'd the trade that there shall be no liberty at all in the present work; without which asshurance they would not have delt for the same. Hopin to receive the manscrip (as you have had money thereon,) at the time before−named, remain,

Madam, your humble servant,

JOSEPTH CLAPPER.
"194, Holbourn,
Feb. 22, 17 ."

Such, my dear *****, are the delights that her existence now affords to Mrs. Denzil, mingled and varied with others, of which she will forbear to give a description, because you are not ignorant of some, and others would only give you pain.

But to cease speaking in the second person Do not *you* , my friend, add *your* censure to that of the unfeeling triflers I have before described, and to many others whom I *could* describe. Do not add your censure if I find it always impossible to submit, without murmuring, to so dreary a fate; and let others, if I find it always impossible to submit, without murmuring, to so dreary a fate; and let others, if they can a moment divest themselves of selfish prejudice, ask their own hears whether *they* could acquit themselves better in circumstances like mine than I have done.

All, however, I could have borne, because I *must* because I felt a degree of self−approbation in stemming a tide of adversity under which the generality of women would have sunk. All this I could have endured with less disposition to murmur, did I not see, as I proceed in this rugged way, that those who now and then threw a flower before me, drop off as I go along some from the mere weakness and caprice of human nature; others because I will not consent to consider it as proper to give up my understanding to their disposal; and some, alas! by death. You know how tenderly I was attached to one friend, thus torn from me; and if you love my attempts in poetry, as well as you once did, though perhaps those attempts are not what they were once, you may possibly have a melancholy satisfaction in reading the lines that occurred to me a few evenings since, as I was wandering alone, watching the rising of the moon above the plantation on the hilly common behind the house here, and recollected that it was twelve months since I lost the friend who supplied to me the many relations and connections that calamity has robbed me of some by distance, and some by that estrangement which policy imposes on the sage and the prudent.

Like a poor ghost, the night I seek,
  Its hollow winds repeat my sighs,
The cold dews mingle on my check,
  With tears that wander from mine eyes.
The thorns that still my couch molest,
  Have robb'd those heavy eyes of sleep;
But long depriv'd of tranquil rest,
  I here at least am free to weep.
Twelve times the moon that rises red,
  O'er you tall wood of shadowy pine,
Has fill'd her orb, since low was laid,
  My Harriet, that sweet form of thine!
While each sad month, as flow it pass'd,
  Brought some new sorrow to deplore;
Some grief more poignant than the last,
   But thou canst calm those griefs no more.
No more thy friendship soothes to rest,
  This wearied spirit, tempest tost;
The cares, that weigh upon my breast,
  Are doubly felt, since thou art lost.
Bright visions of ideal grace,
  That the young poet's dreams inflame,
Were not more lovely than thy face,

Were not more perfect than thy frame.
Wit, that no sufferings could impair,
Was thine; and thine those mental powers
Of force to chase the fiends, that tear
From fancy's hand her budding flowers.
O'er what, my angel friend, thou wert,
Dejected memory loves to mourn;
Regretting still thy tender heart,
Now withering in a distant urn!
But ere that wood of shadowy pine
Twelve times shall yon full orb behold,
The sickening heart, that bleeds for thine,
My Harriet! may, like thine, be cold!

And this is, in my opinion, my dear ***** "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Yet when I look at my children, particularly my girls and my little boy, I blush at my cowardice, and resolve that I will not even *wish* to desert my post, terribly untenable as it frequently appears.

But what amends can be made me by the men, who, under pretence of serving, have undone us? If there is justice either on earth or in Heaven, they will have a dreadful account to answer to both. In the mean time, notwithstanding your exhortations to moderation, I shall endeavour to shew what they are to a world who is already but little disposed to think well of them And *you* will see it really may happen in this very happy land, that men who are rich may commit, with impunity, crimes infinitely more unpardonable, because they are committed with less temptation, than those for which "little villains" suffer everyday crimes which involve in their consequences the most fatal events. I dare not trust myself longer on this subject, for my temper and health suffer from it. Farewel, my dear *****; while I exist, I must, however, or wherever situated, remain your most faithful and affectionate servant.

CHARLOTTE DENZIL.

VOLUME II.

" Et de vrai la nouvelleté couste si cher jusqu'a cette heure a ce pauvre Estat (et je ne scay si nous en sommes a la derniere enchere) qu'en tout et partout j'en quitte le party."

MONTAIGNE.

DUBLIN:

CHAP. I.

The famous Gratian, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himself at Court, advises his reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it to those who push their interest in the world.

ADDISON.

THE family at Eddisburgh were, when Edward Ellesmere and D'Alonville arrived there, so occupied with the expectations of seeing Mr. Ellesmere, Lady Sophia, and their son, who were to be with them the next day, together with Lady Sophia's inseparable friend, Miss Milsington, that hardly any body seemed to perceive the return of the two friends, unless it was Sir Maynard, who had sent for Edward, and who now required his attendance in the library, where he was shut us above an hour with his father. D'Alonville was entertained while he remained with the ladies by being told of the consequence of their elder brother; the elegance and his fashion of Lady Sophia; and the uncommon accomplishments of Miss Milsington. D'Alonville listened as well and as long as he could and endeavoured to prevent their perceiving that his mind was occupied by objects very different from those that had in their eyes so much importance.

He retired as soon as possible, under pretence of writing letters; and excused himself from supper, where, however, his friend was compelled to attend, and to hear and answer numberless questions from his mother and sisters, as to *what* he had done with himself; and *who* he had seen at Fernhurst Fernyhurst . "I cannot imagine," said Miss Mary, "what you could do with your French friend he seems tired to death here; and what must he be at Captain Caverly's? You are always saying, you know, brother Edward, that foreigners prefer the society of ladies; but I see no signs of that disposition in this friend of your's. Perhaps, though, he may meet with *ladies* at the Captain's who suit him better."

"Fye, Mary!" cried lady Ellesmere. "Surely, child, you forget yourself."

"Mary is perfectly right;" answered Edward. "We *did* meet with ladies; not indeed at my uncle's, but in his neighbourhood, whom we both thought, not *more* agreeable indeed than those we left at home, but, however, very agreeable."

"Aye, pray who? I did not think that part of the country had produced any thing extraordinary. I suppose the Aberdore family are hardly in the country at this time of the year," said lady Ellesmere. "There is a family of the name of Denzil," said Ellesmere, "settled in the neighbourhood, distant relations, it seems, of Lord Aberdore's; a lady and several sons and daughters." "Oh!" cried Miss Mary, "I recollect hearing something about them. Sister Elizabeth, those Misses are the girls that Mr. Sedgemoor and Mr. Wilkinson talked so much about, the end of last summer. They saw them at some assembly; and *bored* us to death with telling us I know not what about them. I asked Mr. Wenman afterwards, whether there was any thing so extraordinary about them, and he said, "no; that they were tolerable, but by no means what Mr. Sedgemoor (who is always wild after any new people he happens to meet with) described them."

"Denzil! Denzil!" said Sir Maynard; "the name is a respectable one."

"Yes, papa;" interrupted Miss Mary, with quickness, "but I assure you these Misses are nobody of any consequence; and they are related very, very distantly, quite an hundred and twentieth cousinship to the late Lady

Aberdore; and so as they were extremely distressed in their circumstances, my Lord lent them one of his farm houses just to save their paying rent; but I heard that they hardly ever went to Darleston Park in the little time the family are down; and when they do, that it is quite in the style of dependants."

"You know more of them, I see, than I do;" said Ellesmere, "I rather wonder, Mary, how you come to be so well informed."

"Because these two men," answered she, "that silly booby Squire Sedgemoor, and Wilkinson his echo, and his led Captain, quite surfeited me with the fulsome praises they gave these miraculous Misses; and I was determined, whenever I saw Wenman, whose estates are just by, so that he knows all the people of the country, that I would make him tell me about them." Ellesmere convinced that his sisters would give still less credit to his French, than to his English acquaintance, let the conversation drop, and entered into the sort of discourse which they usually held when only their own family were assembled.

It was near seven the next evening before Mr. Ellesmere, Lady Sophia, and her friend arrived; for though they slept on the road, the ladies had no notion of getting to Eddisburgh before dinner, D'Alonville now saw for the first time the prodigy of talents and taste, of whom he had heard so much. In her person there was not much attraction: she was very tall, bony and masculine; and had features so coarse and large, that rouge, however judiciously applied, rather added to the strength than to the beauty of that expression of countenance on which she piqued herself. Her voice, naturally loud and hollow, she softened into something between a murmur and a whisper, by speaking through her half−shut teeth. The childing gaiety of her dress, which was always in the extremity of fashion, with some little fanciful variation or addition of her own, would have been less remarkable in a girl under twenty, than when it was assumed by a woman whose age she herself allowed to be a *little* turned of thirty. There were indeed some ill−natured old folks who affected to recollect her first appearance in the world, and who scrupled not to affirm that she *might* have added twelve or fourteen years more to the account, without over−stepping the modesty of truth. The little, slight, made−up insignificant figure of Lady Sophia, was an admirable contrast to the stupendous elegance of her friend, who engrossed much of the conversation, and talked of fashions, and news: what was doing among people of rank in towns; and what the Duke said; and how Lady Georgina was dressed when she was presented: how Lord M won his wager; and how much the connoisseurs approved of the solo which Sir G. F composed himself. All which, however heterogeneous, was so rapidly detailed, that nobody who could be entertained with such anecdotes, could possibly think the dinner tedious; though both Edward Ellesmere and D'Alonville were convinced that it lasted above three hours. When Miss Milsington had exhausted the first collection of news and anecdote, the conversation was taken up by Mr. Ellesmere, who was solemn and sententious; and putting on a look of profound sagacity, spoke of alarms and apprehensions; of disaffected spirits, and turbulent partizans the French had emissaries the presbyterians were insidiously at work, and should be repressed in time a sentiment in which Sir Maynard heartily concurred; and began to relate to his son with a degree of vehemence, which no other topic could excite, all the new reasons he had to detest his neighbour of that persuasion; whose recent offence was, having purchased another estate close to the Park paling of Eddisburgh Hall. Sir Maynard denounced them all; and hoped to hear that means would soon be taken for their total extirpation. En attendant however, the news which his eldest son took the earliest opportunity of communicating, was the most gratifying he could now hear; for it was a confirmation that his long depending negotiation with ministry was at length settled. He was to be brought inte into the House of Commons; to have a pension of six hundred a year, and a cornetcy of horse for his brother Edward; on condition only of the most perfect acquiescence in politics, whatever turn they may take; and he declared with great solemnity, that his interest, and his conscience, went hand in hand. Sir Maynard, who was happy beyond his hopes at this favourable turn in his son's affairs, and who foresaw from the talents he believed him to possess, the greatest probability of his rising to some very exalted station, was only concerned to know how he could acquit himself to the noble family to whom he was allied, the father, uncles, and brothers of Lady of Sophia; but he understood with extreme satisfaction that the whole house of G were make their terms, and would very soon join the party towards whom he had made the first advances, as a fort of avant courier. Sir Maynard, in whose bosom ambition only slumbered, was now elevated with the most sanguine hopes; and nothing could be more flattering to those hopes,

than the preliminary article *A cornetcy of horse for Edward* which had been slightly hinted at in Mr. Ellesmere's letters; and which was the subject of the conference held with him the evening before. Sir Maynard had then found his second son extremely anxious for the appointment; and he had now the pleasure of being assured, that little more remained to secure it to him than the king's signature, which would probably be procured in a few days. "But there is one thing, my dear Sir," said the sagacious elder brother, " which you will allow me to touch upon. These are times when persons in *our* rank of life, and situated and connected as *we* are, should be particularly cautious; forming no friendships in any degree equivocal; making no alliances which may however remotely, call into question the correctness of our own principles. My brother is young, unguarded, and of course not aware, it may be, of all this. You will therefore understand my reasons for saying, that in *my* opinion, and according to the view I have taken of the matter, he is wrong in connecting himself so much as it appears he does, with French emigrants. They *may* be the people they call themselves: men of fashion in their own country; and of good principles; but they may not. People, as I observed before, cannot be too much upon their guard. Jacobin emissaries are about; and are so artful, that it is hardly possible to detect them. I *hope* Edward knows his acquaintance yet I understand he picked him up on the road. I gave him indeed a hint or two, when I saw him with him in town, how proper it was to be well secure of this Monsieur D'Alonville, which I understand is a French name not very much known; but Edward either did not, or would not understand me."

Sir Maynard, by whom the wisdom of Solomon, and the politics of Machiavel, would have been despised, when the wisdom or the political sagacity of his eldest son were in contemplation, agreed with him entirely. "He said that the same thing had occurred to himself. That Edward was too fond a great deal of foreigners, and of new acquaintance; and though certainly this young Frenchman appeared very inoffensive, yet there was no knowing; and it was a nation celebrated for deceit."

Sir Maynard therefore agreed to give Edward an hint the first apportunity opportunity, that his hospitality to the chevalier D'Alonville, had extended far enough; and on the other hand, the profound Mr. Ellesmere engaged to find out, by means of Miss Milsington, who he really was. "For Miss Milsington," said he, "is so much acquainted with all foreigners of fashion in and about London, that when she comes to talk to him a little of people of a certain rank in his own country, it will be impossible for him to escape detection, if he is not what he calls himself."

In pursuance of this plan, D'Alonville was beset the next day by Miss Milsington, who soon discovered, or pretended to discover, that he was a man of real fashion, and of the most respectable connections. He was indeed eminently accomplished; and notwithstanding all the ridiculous affectation which disgusted as many as dared think for themselves, Miss Milsington was really qualified to judge of those accomplishments. Insensibly, from being engaged to find out who D'Alonville was, she discovered that he was very amiable; and became so fond of him that she could not conceal her partiality. Personal beauty might possibly have its effect; and the unassuming manners of D'Alonville, who, though he was master of almost every science, was contented to listed to the dictatorial theories of the universal Miss Milsington, flattered her vanity, and gratified her ambition of being considered by her wondering friends as omniscient. This experiment was far from giving pleasure to the sapient Mr. Ellesmere. The man whom he had before suspected as an imposter, he now disliked because he was applauded; and though Mr. Ellesmere's attention was directed to very different acquirements, he had a mind so narrow, that he hated to see any man excel, even in what he had never himself attempted.

D'Alonville, though wearied to death, was civil enough to attend whenever he was summoned to the harpsichord, where he could accompany at sight the most difficult lessons; and Miss Milsington, who was really mistress of music, contrived to keep him so constantly engaged, that he had very little time to observe the cold and supercilious manners of Mr. Ellesmere towards him: but his friend Edward remarked it, and remarked it with impatience; and though many reasons concurred which made him desire to hasten his journey to the continent, and he proposed with D'Alonville to quit Eddisburgh in a few days, his generous spirit made him wish to have his arrogant elder brother understand, that he did not take his friend away one day sooner, for his illiberal dislike to him. An opportunity of telling him so, failed not to offer itself. The two brothers were left alone after dinner, Sir

Maynard being called out upon business; when the elder began such an harangue about forming troublesome connections, and the imprudence of youthful friendships, that Edward did not affect to doubt his meaning; and the subject was canvassed with so much asperity, that they parted in mutual displeasure. Edward resolutely adhering to his friend, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms; and his sage brother assuring him, with a magisterial air, and an affectation of cold and tranquil policy, "That as he got on in life, those boyish ebullitions would subside. What is this friendship," said he, "about which you declaim, my good brother Edward? Have men of a *certain grasp* of intellect, a certain turn for business; men, I mean, who aim at making a figure in the superior walks of like have they any private friendships? No. We see that all these attachments, nay, even what are called the ties of blood, are immediately dissolved on any political exigency; or if it happens otherwise, if by some unusual circumstance, a man so embarrasses himself, as not to be able to shake off these inconvenient adherents, don't you see the eagle entangled, and often compelled to descend from his daring flight, by the serpents he has wound around him?" "I know nothing of your eagles, and serpents, Sir," replied the younger brother; "but I know that a man who is incapable of feeling any real friendship for any human being, may be fit for a statesman, or to make such fine speeches as you made just now, if he can get to be heard in the House of Commons; but that I should never desire to sit there, or any where else with him; for I shall always believe such a man capable of being a rascal, and only wanting temptation and opportunity." "That sort of boyish heat," cried the other, rising and stalking aong along the room, "will never do you any good, Mr. Edward Ellesmere "as a man of business." "I hope I shall never be what you call a man of business, Sir," answered the other; "for I think a highwayman as respectable a character. "You can never even expect to rise in the army, I assure you, Ned," added the elder contemptuously, "with notions fit only upon my word I know not for what they are fit Friendship! stuff! as a soldier, Sir, (since men of business you do not honour with your approbation) as a soldier you will learn to rejoice at the death of your brother officers. Poor such a one, cry they, after a battle; poor Harry such a one; and honest Will such a one: well, they are gone, but we shall have a move in the regiment. Did you ever hear of an instance of personal regard superseding self−interest? Why should it?"

"Good evening to you, Mr. Ellesmere," said Edward, as he quitted the room, on finding his patience likely to fail, "We shall never agree. Your humble servant." He then went up to his mother's dressing room, where he found D'Alonville chained to the side of Miss Milsington, who was playing and singing a tender Italian air, to which she was teaching D'Alonville the second. After one rehearsal, they both executed their parts so well, that the lady, flattered by the proficiency of her scholar, desired to go over it again, and they began it with great success; but unfortunately, the only son of Lady Sophia, a pale, spoiled, sickly boy of eight years old, whom his mother had for sometime kept quiet, by letting him rummage her netting box as he sat on the sopha, now became tired of his employment, and running up the harpsichord, he dashed his hands among the keys, and squalled out "Miss Milsington, then Milsington, I say have done with that nasty tune I won't have it played any more; I don't like it; I will have you play an English dance, or something pretty." All remonstrance was in vain; Master Ellesmere had never been contradicted in his life; and Lady Sophia, in her still, mawkish way, said, "Fie, Seymour; my dear, you should not do so! but I dare say Jemima will oblige you. Jemima, love! will you let this air alone, till to−morrow, and do as my poor Puggy desires?" Jemima, with a meek resignation that might recommend her to the most honourable servitude, though internally vexed at the interruption, began a country dance; and Mr. Ellesmere just then entering, Lady Sophia related, probably as an instance of her son's wit, his insisting to have a lively English tune. "The dear boy is in the right," said the father, "he knows how to appreciate things; I *augur* well of his genius." The boy is in the right," said the father, "he knows how to appreciate things; I have been severely checked, and sent to bed, and Edward Ellesmere could with difficulty restrain himself from saying so. But D'Alonville was very glad to be released; and his friend retiring in disgust to his own book−room, he soon after, not withstanding the expressive glances of Miss Milsington, who looked most kindly on him, took an opportunity of following him.

CHAP. II.

Mais que fait−je Grand Dieu! Corbé sous la tristess,

Est−ce a moi de nommer les plaisirs l'allegresse?
Eh! sous la griffe de vautour
Voit−on la tendre tourterelle
Et la plaintive Philmele
Chanter et respirer l'amour?

(LE ROI DE PRUSSE.)

IT was in this friendly conference that the two young men canvassed their future projects. Ellesmere, whose ingenuous and sensible heart swelled with indignation when he believed D'Alonville insulted on account of his country; still more, when his unhappy situation seemed to call forth the sneering arrogance of unfeeling prosperity; was prompted to conceal from him as far as he could, what he flattered himself he might not perceive. D'Alonville, too tremblingly alive to be deceived, was perfectly aware of the supercilious flights which the elder Mr. Ellesmere evidently designed for him; but he saw too, that such circumstances gave great pain to his friend, and therefore he determined not to appear to perceive them. Edward Ellesmere now, for the first time, acquainted him that his appointment was fixed; and that he meant to go to Captain Caverly's in the next day but one, and to return home only a few hours to take leave of his family before he went to London, from whence he should immediately return to the Continent. D'Alonville knew that every consideration of propriety and duty urged him to adopt at the same time his original plan, and to return to France; but to leave, and probably for ever the only woman to whom his heart had been truly attached, could not thought of but with exquisite pain. He sat silent for some time, till Ellesmere who had been arranging some papers which lay before him, suddenly said, "And there will be some degree of kindness, my dear Chevalier, in your going before our poor friend becomes more ridiculous; she is already very far gone."

"What are you talking of, my friend?" enquired D'Alonville. "Don't *affect* to be blind," answered Edward, "because it is quite impossible for you *not* to be conscious that the *fair* , the *young*, the gentle, the accomplished Milsington is more than half in love with you. But, however, to humble you a little, and lest you should be too vain upon it, know, my friend, that to love, is necessary to the amiable Jemima. I do not see much of her, but I have heard at least ten persons who have been the objects of her fond attachments; most of them men of high rank, whom she thought had hearts tender enough to consider how sad it was, that a creature so accomplished should languish in vain; and could be urged by the knowledge of her being in love with them, to remove her from the inconveniences of a very narrow fortune, to affluence and rank. Hitherto, however, she has not succeeded in this plan of attack, though she has by no means relinquished it; but as its success may yet be remote, she has no objection, *ehimin faisant* , to the gentle attentions of any handsome young fellow who maybe disposed to coquet with her." "Oh! n'en parlons pas," answered D'Alonville, "Don't let us talk of her. Heavens! that you should chuse such a subject of discourse, when my thoughts are busied with one so different." They then renewed their conversation on the family at Besthorpe; and Ellesmere agreed that D'Alonville who was impatient to renew his visits there, should go the next day to Captain Caverly's, who would be happy to see him, and that Edward Ellesmere should follow him as soon as he could; taking leave at once of his family instead of returning to do so, as he had proposed at the beginning of their conversation.

"Yes," cried he, after having talked it over, "it will be better to go at once, I think not that there will be much pain felt at my departure. You see how my father is absorbed in considerations for the aggrandisement of his eldest son; and fancies, poor good man, that in doing so, he is consulting the prosperity of all the rest of us. For he believes Mr. Ellesmere has such political capabilities about him, that if once he gets into the right line, he will rapidly attain an eminence of power that will enable him to provide for all his family. It may be so. I only know that I should not greatly venerate a group of statesmen, in which such an understanding as my honoured brother's

would have any weight. He was the most formal specious dunce in a great school. A hundred times I have tried to get him into scrapes, but if ever his prudence slept, its succadaneum, cunning, was always awake; and he contrived to vindicate himself, and leave us poor impolitic wights in the lurch. His character is now exactly what it was then."

"And precisely the character," said D'Alonville, "I suppose to make as much progress as your father imagines; at least such a man would have made his way infinitely faster than a man of lively imagination, and brilliant talents; and I belive believe it to be true, that all courts are alike. If I were in a habit of laying wages, a l'Anglais, I would hazard something considerable, that you will see your brother high in place, and by his means become a Colonel." D'Alonville then fell into a reverie on the different fate which probably awaited himself; till he was roused by a long letter from the Abbé de St. Remi. The servant who was usually sent for letters to the neighbouring post−town having been detained by accident, and that moment only returned.

D'Alonville eagerly opened it. It was dated from Merol in Britanny, where the Abbé had the courage to return in disguise, and to rejoin his unhappy pupil; who, in the habit of an inferior tradesman, had contrived to remain for some time in that town, and to have collected a party which every day became more formidable from the numbers who were disgusted by the wickedness and folly of the Convention, and wearied by the alarms, the want, and the tyranny, they were every day exposed to. The Abbé who wrote all this under another name, and in terms which rendered it difficult to be understood by any but the person to whom it was addressed, added, that they had established a correspondence with the count de Magnivillers, and that all at present had a favourable appearance. He described the nightly rendezvous at an estate of De Tourange's, at the extremity of the province, about three leagues from the town, a part of the country which D'Alonville was not acquainted with, though his father had a small property there, and concluded with expressing the most sanguine hopes of their final success; his greatest doubts of it arose from the disposition of De Touranges. "Though he has hitherto," said the Abbé, "had so much command over himself, as to act a part so very difficult, he undertook it at first in the flattering expectation of learning in his native country, some news of his wife and mother, who after long enquiries, he fancied he traced thither. Disappointed in this, he has since submitted to continue the difficult dissimulation, because he sees no other means revenging the evils he has sustained. The long, long misery of being separated from all he holds dear; and, as he now believes, separated for ever, for he thinks his mother, his wife, and his child, have perished; and the agonies, amounting almost to alienations of mind, which the sad retrospect of this loss inflicts upon him, make me fear, left , in some of the paroxisms of despair, he should betray himself" The Abbé, without directly expressing a wish that D'Alonville would join them, let it be clearly understood: for he told him, it was know that the dependents and peasantry on the property of the late viscount his father, were disgusted with Monsieur du Bosse, whom they considered as an apostate, and that they were much more disposed than they dared avow themselves, to return to the original form of government, and to vindicate the honor of their ancient lords, the last of whom had been so much their benefactor that his name was particularly dear to them" Tears arose in the eyes of D'Alonville as he read this. "I must go," sighed he to himself, "the sacred shade of my father calls me. Yes! I ought to go, though certain that death awaited me there, and that in England I might be the happiest of men the husband of Angelina." Ellesmere wished to know as much of the purport of the Abbé's letter as D'Alonville chose to communicate. D'Alonville put the letter into his hand, and his friend could not but allow the propriety of the resolution he had formed. "Yet I will tell you very honestly," said he, "my dear Chevalier, that I wish you could take this Angelina with you." "Heaven forbid," replied D'Alonville, "take her to share such dangers, or even to see such scenes as I shall probably see! No; rather than expose her to the slightest hazard, I would tear myself from her forever, and entreat her to forget me." "All that is very well," answered Ellesmere, "and I believe you would do as you say perhaps ought to do it; yet I have made up such a romance for you in my head, that I shall be very sorry not to see it realised. Happiness is so rare, that when once it presents itself, it should never be suffered to escape, left it disappear for ever." "Oh, seducing epicurean;" cried D'Alonville, "do not inculcate doctrines to which I am but too wiling to listen. I must fly from them, my dear Edouard; indeed I must; and whatever it may cost me, take shelter under the religious stoicism of the Abbé."

Such were the generous resolutions of D'Alonville, when, after taking a formal leave of the family at Eddisbury−hall, he set out the next morning for Fernyhurst. As to the family at the Hall, Sir Maynard received his acknowledgments for the hospitality he had received, with great politeness and great indifference: Lady Ellesmere, with still more coldness, and less habitual civility. Lady Sophia just got off her seat as he made his bow; and the three young ladies wished him a good journey with much formality; but Miss Milsington was not disposed to part so easily with the only person whose presence promised to make a fortnight's stay at such a place as Eddisbury tolerable. She felt herself extremely mortified that after all the advances she had made, he should prefer going to old Caverly's, to remaining where he was, so evidently making a rapid progress in her good graces; and some very unequivocal signs of her sentiments. Though the lady was very little to his taste, D'Alonville might, at any other time, have shewn greater sensibility; but he could now think of nothing but the interesting object that he hoped to see the next day, and the misery to which he must, in a very short time afterwards, condemn himself, that of bidding her a long adieu!

But more severe trials awaited him than he was yet aware of.

Captain Caverly received him with as much as good humour and hospitality as formerly, and expressed great delight that his nephew Edward was at length decidedly a soldier; "though I heartily wish," said he, "the commission had been procured for him by any other means than by that formal consequential fellow his brother, whose pride, always insufferable enough, will now be more offensive than ever. Luckily I seldom see him; for, when I do, we hardly agree ten minutes. He expects from me the same homage he receives from the rest of his family, which I never pay him, but venture to contradict him when he parades with a long string of solemn nothings, which my poor brother, Sir Maynard thinks the very quintessence of all wisdom. So Mr. Ellesmere and I hate one another heartily; and that insipid little flimsy puppet of high blood, his wife, has nothing attractive about her, to counteract the repellent qualities of my decisive nephew." D'Alonville then asked after the two ladies De Touranges; "Oh," answered he, "we do not meet so often now as we did while you and Ned were here; but they are well, and the young one is quite an angel. I rode over to look in upon them two days since, and I found the Marquise, I mean the mother, quite delighted with the good fortune that she had that morning heard was likely to befall her friend's Mrs. Denzil's family."

"Good fortune!" repeated D'Alonville in a tremulous voice, "I am very glad "

He hesitated and the Captain in his blunt way proceeded:

"Yes: it is what is *called* good fortune you know, to get off a daughter, without any fortune, to a man of six or seven thousand pounds a year." "One of the mademoiselle Denzil's then is going to be married," said D'Alonville, changing colour, and not having the courage to ask which. "Why so 'tis understood, I think; but, bless my soul, Chevalier! why I ought not to have told you this so abruptly, for I remember you seemed to be over head and ears in love yourself with Miss Angelina."

"It is Mademoiselle Angelina, then?" said D'Alonville faintly.

"Even so, I am afraid, my young friend; therefore I hope the wound is not very deep. By the bye I think you and Ned know the man. Did not you tell me that you came part of the way through Germany with a Mr. Melton of Gloucestershire?"

D'Alonville answered, "Yes!"

"Well, then, that is the lover. There was a ball at the house of one of our neighbours about ten miles on the other side the country the Denzil's were asked, and there this Melton, who is a relation of Mr. Jennings', and at whose house they were, saw and fell violently in love with your pretty Angelina. He contrived to see her again a day or two afterwards, and, in short, after the third interview, he made his proposals to the mother."

"Which are accepted?" said D'Alonville very dejectedly.

"Of course," answered Caverly, "we don't, in our country, my dear Sir, reject a man with five or six thousand a year, even though he had all the plagues of Pandora about him, and his form should be that of Caliban. However, I find this Mr. Melton is a young man, about seven or eight and twenty, and with a very good person."

"Oh! what a cruel sacrifice," thought D'Alonville, "the man is an absolute savage and to such a man is Angelina to be sold!" He sunk into the deepest despondence, and could hardly speak, while Caverly, totally unconscious of the pain he had inflicted, continued to talk on indifferent matters. He had indeed observed, in D'Alonvill's D'Alonville's former visit, that he had been particularly attentive to Angelina Denzill Denzil , but that this impression was so deep as to occasion, to a volatile young man, any great degree of regret on hearing she was to be married to another, never occurred to the honest Captain. Nothing is perhaps more insupportable than to be under the necessity of appearing calm, when the heart is bursting with anguish; of being called upon to attend to the detail of common and uninteresting occurrences, when misery of our own usurps all our thoughts. D'Alonville answered yes, and no, he knew not what, to his host, who had many questions to ask about the family at Eddisbury − hall; at length the hour of repose came, and the unfortunate wanderer, with very different sensations from those with which he had last quitted it, retired to the same room that had been before allotted to him.

He there began to call himself to account for the folly he was guilty of having thus indulged a passions so little likely to be fortunate, and enquired of his reason how it could have slumbered so far as to have betrayed him into hopes so salacious. "The moment such a young person is seen, it is impossible not to suppose that she must be admired, and the first man of fortune that proposes is accepted. Yet I thought there was something about the mother of this charming girl, that seemed to indicate a mind superior to those considerations that would urge her to sacrifice her daughter, and such a daughter! to a man whose only recommendation must surely be his wealth. Perhaps, however, Angelina may like him. There *was* a time when in fortune I should have been his equal, in birth his superior; but now, an unknown exile of a country that is disgraced and held in abhorrence how can I oppose my pretensions against those of this fortunate Englishman? I thought that both Angelina and her mother had given me encouragement, but this brilliant prospect had not then opened to them. Now I shall be repulsed, perhaps, with contempt. I will not expose myself to it. It is better to quit the country without seeing he. I will merely communicate to Mesdames de Touranges the account that interests them; inform them of my resolution to go into Britanny, and then waiting only to see my friend Ellesmere, take leave of England for ever."

Many reasons suggested themselves during a restless night to confirm D'Alonville in this resolution. The morning found him in the same disposition. At breakfast he communicated to Captain Caverly his intention of seeing the French ladies. Caverly was engaged another way, and D'Alonville set out alone, and by choice, on foot.

When he arrived at the lodging of Madame de Touranges, his unexpected appearance, and his melancholy looks, alarmed both h her daughter, who, as is natural to the unhappy, fancied that every one who appeared dejected had evil to communicate to them. It was some time before D'Alonville was suffered to explain himself. At length, as in such a case he did not think himself authorised to make use of any reserve, he gave the Abbé de St. Remi's letter to the marquise, who, having gone over it herself, read it a second time to Gabrielle. Seizing with avidity on all that it promised, and willfully escaping from all that it threatened, Madame de Touranges appeared delighted with the contents, and highly elated with D'Alonville's assurances that he intended immediately to set out, and at all hazards to attempt reaching Merol. In doing this, and Madame de Touranges would not suffer herself to suppose he could fail, he would put an end to the greatest cause she had for uneasiness, the impatient grief of the marquis on the supposed loss of his family. And so great did this object appear, that in contemplating its attainment, she wholly overlooked the dangers that were in the way for D'Alonville, and talked of his going to Merol, and what he was to say and do when he got thither, as if he could reach the place from England with as much ease as it might have been done seven years before. Gabrielle was less sanguine, though not less affected by the recent intelligence thus received of her husband; but younger, and less accustomed to believe that the world was made only for her accommodation, she did not so entirely forget that much must be undergone by the person

on whose exertion the marquis's hearing of her depended. Her mother, however, would not suffer an idea of this nature to be started; though it was long before D'Alonville could find an opportunity to introduce any other conversation. Madame de Touranges persisting in talking over his journey, as a think that was to take place immediately, and undoubtedly succeed.

A pause, however, at last gave D'Alonville leave to ask after his friends on the other side of the heath, though he felt himself change countenance as he made the enquiry. "Oh!" cried Madame de Touranges; "I have half quarrelled with my friend, and shall quarrel with her quite, if she continues so unaccountable." D'Alonville dreaded to ask; but it required no great patience to attend for an explanation to Madame de Touranges, who was a quick and decisive talker. "You know," said she, "that prettiesh girl that you Chevalier admired the third of Madame Denzil's daughters well; since you have been gone, a man of fortune, vastly beyond what she could expect for you know my good friend has a thousand children, and they are never likely to get any part of the little fortune they are entitled to. This young man, I say, took a fancy to Mademoiselle Angeline, and a day or two afterwards (for it has all passed within a week), he made proposals. My friend, Madame Denzil, who does not want sense, certainly has suffered the simple girl to refuse him."

"To refuse him!" repeated D'Alonville."

"You may well be surprised," resumed the lady. "But Angeline, who was here this morning but a few moments before you came, assured me, with all the simplicity in the world, that she, last night, by her mother's permission, gave her rich lover his final dismission and for so ridiculous a reason!"

"What reason?" said D'Alonville, in a voice hardly articulate.

"Oh! *you* would not guess it, Chevalier, in a thousand years; for in France, if girls were ever consulted in the disposal of themselves, such a reason would not be listened to a moment it was because she did not *like* the man."

"And has he taken this answer?" asked D'Alonville, trembling "And is he gone?"

"I find he is very angry," replied the lady, "and of course, sufficiently mortified to be refused by a little country girl; but he is still in this neighbourhood at the house of a friend; and if he is a man of any perseverance, he will not be so easily repulsed, but will try his fortune again." The heart of D'Alonville, which had for a moment been elated with hope, now sunk again into despair; and his countenance so plainly expressed the emotions he felt, that Gabrielle, who had observed him attentively during the whole conversation, had no doubt of his attachment. The impossibility of its ever being successful, made her look at him with peculiar concern; and she wished to have an opportunity of speaking to him alone, for her awe of Madame de Touranges was such, that she hardly ever ventured in her presence to express her real sentiments. This opportunity, however, did not offer; and D'Alonville returned to Caverly's as anxious as he had set out, though he now flattered himself, that his fate was not yet decided. While the woman, to whom alone he had ever been conscious of a wish to dedicate his whole life, remained unmarried, he believed, that the idea of one day being authorized to address her, would sustain him in whatever trials it might be in the mean time his fate to experience; but should that distant hope disappear, life would have nothing to induce him to take the trouble of living amidst national disgrace, and the loss of his property, and his friends. During his conversation with the ladies De Touranges, he could not obtain any information when he was likely to see any of the Denzil family; and the keen and penetrating eye of the marquise were too constantly fixed on inquisitorial questions, for him to venture to make it, left his countenance should betray that he took more interest in whatever related to them, than she would approve. For he fancied it visible that Madame de Touranges saw his partiality, though affecting not to see it; because she thought any pretensions he could form too wild and romantic to be a moment attended to; and he was very sure she would be his enemy, though he was also sure she would not be so from disinterested *motives.*

CHAP. III.

O gran contrasto in giovenil pensiero
Desire di laude, ed impeto d'amore
Nè chi piu vaglia ancor si trova
Chi resta or questa, or quel superiore.

ARIOSTO.

WHEN D'Alonville arrived at the house of Captain Caverly, he had the satisfaction of finding Edward Ellesmere; who had left Eddisbury two or three days before he had originally intended. He had taken a final leave, he said, of every body at home; and D'Alonville could not forbear enquiring how he could so soon disengage himself from a family, who must undoubtedly feel distressed at his departure. Ellesmere answered, "You should recollect, my good friend, that my father has his politician to console him; and then little Master, who is so fond of English tunes; circumstances that, of course, abate his regret at parting with a younger son who is no politician at all."

"But your mother, said D'Alonville, "she certainly must be made extremely unhappy, thus to part with you; and to see you enter a profession, attended with so much danger." "My mother!" answered Ellesmere. "Oh, yes! poor dear woman, she wept a little, and gave me a great many blessings, and some good advice; but as to ideas of danger, she has none. She has not a mind capable of figuring what she never saw. Imagination never oppresses her with its visionary terrors; or if it did, the most terrific drawing would soon be erased by the home scenes around her; and she would think more of what had happened at the next market town. Such is the effect of living always in a narrow circle, without any change of ideas." In this instance, however, it is happy, my friend. Your sisters, were undoubtedly greatly hurt to part with you." Ellesmere smiled. "My eldest sister," said he, "is in love, you know, which is a wonderful defence against any collateral distresses. A young lady, Sir, thus circumstanced, sees no object in the universe but the dear youth. As to Mary, she is too happy about herself just now, to make it reasonable for me to expect her to feel much concern for me. This revolution in the politics of the elder branch of my family, has made a revolution in their economy. Mary is going to London with Lady Sophia. She expects to come down with a lover of immense fortune, if not with a title. In such cases, a brother more or less makes no difference. As to my poor little Theodora, who is not yet allowed to come out of the nursery, she is as sorry as if she had lost any other of her play−fellows, but she thinks no farther. However, I have prevailed on my mother, I hope, to consider Theodora no longer as a child; Heaven knows, my dear Chevalier, whether I shall ever have an opportunity of making her another request." Ellesmere seemed affected for a moment by the thought of having taken, perhaps, a last leave of his whole family; though their partiality for a brother who had nothing to recommend him, but the circumstance of having been born a few years sooner, had left him, in quitting the paternal seat of his ancestors, much less to regret than he would have had under other circumstances. But immediately regaining his usual gaiety, he turned the discourse to other subjects.

In this conversation, all that D'Alonville had heard since his departure from Eddisbury, in regard to the family at Besthorpe, was of course mentioned. Ellesmere learned with wonder, that his old acquaintance, Melton, was the man whose offers had been refused; not that he thought the refusal wonderful, but he had not imagined Melton to be a man who would think of marrying a young woman that was without fortune, and whose family was in some measure in obscurity, for a sort of minor ambition. A desire to be thought of consequence in his county, and to have his name forward on all occasions, had been one of the most leading features, that, in their short acquaintance, he had remarked. Melton had a high opinion of his own country; of the particular province of the country which he himself inhabited; and his own set of friends; and last, not least, of himself, whom he loved with the tenderest solicitude. An affection which so much engrossed him, that he seldom thought it worth while to

consult the pleasure or opinion of others. That nothing could have induced him to do a generous action Ellesmere was so well convinced, that his disinterested impartiality for the unportioned, unknown Angelina, amazed him, till he recollected that he sought her only to gratify himself. Still it appeared a matter of some wonder that he should prefer beauty, to fortune and interest; or that he did not unite these objects, by chusing some one whose alliance could add brilliancy to his family, and whose rank might give her precedence, which his denied.

After some conversation on this matter, Ellesmere asked D'Alonville, if his attachment to Angelina was such as he himself believed would be permanent. "Tell me, my friend," said he, "if you really believe, that this passion for my fair countrywoman, is of a nature to resist absence, and what may be much more fatal, the vivacity, and the various attractions of the women of France?"

D'Alonville protested that he believed, nay he was persuaded, it was so firmly established, that nothing could remove it. "And if you were restored," said Ellesmere, "to your country, to your prospects, Is it an Englishwoman, a woman of another religion, without fortune, and though of a gentleman's family, educated in a remote village; is it such a woman you would prefer?" "Upon my honour," answered D'Alonville, very solemnly, "I should prefer Angelina Denzil to every other woman; to every advantage that alliance or fortune could bring me." "If those," said Ellesmere, "are you sentiments, what hinders your availing yourself of the partiality she has certainly shewn in your favour; and though it may not be prudent, on her account, to marry immediately, why should you not endeavour to brighten your future days by securing the person whom your heart has elected?" This kind of conversation and much more to the same purpose, was too flattering to D'Alonville not to be eagerly listened to we are easily induced to believe what we wish and Ellesmere succeeded without much difficulty in persuading D'Alonville, that he had less reason to fear a repulse, than he had himself imagined, considering all the disadvantages he was under.

From circumstances which are not immediately necessary to the story, this was really found to be the case. Whether romantic or reasonable (for it might be thought either, according to the different disposition of those who sit in judgement on this part of her conduct), Mrs. Denzil was certainly singular enough, not to oppose her daughter's giving herself to a native of another country; to a man professing another religion; and to one of those who, as emigrants, have been spoken of by some persons in England with contempt, for adhering to their king, and by others blamed for having quitted him; (though it is evident by what has happened since, that their remaining would only have hastened the catastrophe they deplore, without its holding out any hope of future redress, as far as redress in such cafe is possible). The few days that D'Alonville and Ellesmere remained in the neighbourhood, were passed almost entirely at the house of Mrs. Denzil. The evening before the day fixed for their departure, they were surprized there by the entrance of a lady in the neighbourhood, a distant relation of Melton's, who very seldom condescended to visit the Denzil family, but who had now taken the pains to avail herself of the moon to come five miles, to pay her compliments at an house, where, if one might have judged from the countenances of those she favoured with her company, the honour would have been most willingly dispensed with. The good old gentlewoman, whose name was Risby, was one of those very sensible persons, who assume a right to dictate to all their acquaintance, and to satirise most unmercifully, as well those who listened to their decisive opinions as those who dared to have opinions of their own. Though the younger part of her life had not been celebrated for peculiar discretion, she had so much profited since, either from experience or observation, that she seemed to believe herself qualified for the dictatorship of the universe. She stalked very majestically into the parlour of Mrs. Denzil looked around her; and, paying a cold compliment to Ellesmere, with whom she was slightly acquainted, she cast her eyes towards D'Alonville, with a look which said, "Humph, it *is* true then what I have heard!" the conversation was cold and languid, for Mrs. Denzil seemed very little inclined to support her share of it. Mrs. Risby blamed four or five of their mutual acquaintance for some faults they had committed, of which Mrs. Denzil had never heard before ridiculed half a dozen others for some personal or acquired defects; and, having nearly exhausted her provision of malignity for the evening, she begged to speak with Mrs. Denzil alone, and they went together into another room. It was there, that snorking and drawing herself up, she made a slight apology to Mrs. Denzil for what she was going to say, and then asked if what she heard was really possible; that one of the young ladies, for all of whom she professed herself much interested, could have refused a man of

Mr. Melton's fortune, with a design to give herself to a foreigner, an emigrant. She was going on to distinguish D'Alonville by very appellation that she thought contemptuous and despicable; when Mrs. Denzil stopped her, by saying "I really do not know, Madam, how I and my family have deserved that you should interfere in our affairs. However, if it be any satisfaction to you to gratify your curiosity in a matter so little worth your enquirey, I have the honor of assuring you that my daughter *has* refused Mr. Melton; with my approbation refused him. What may happen as to any other person I do not consider myself at liberty to explain, as any event of that sort must be remote and uncertain I believe it is unnecessary to detain you longer." Mrs. Denzil then led the way back to the apartment they had left, which Mrs. Risby entered with a greater elevation of head than she had when she quitted it. She rang almost immediately for her carriage, and hardly noticing the persons for whom she pretended to be so interested, and passing Ellesmere and D'Alonville with a contemptuous toss of her head, she retired. In a moment it was forgotten that her visit had been made, for very different contemplations occupied the party she had left.

One great objection to novels is the frequent recurrences of love scenes; which readers of so many descriptions turn from as unnatural, or pass over as fulsome; while, to those who alone perhaps read them with avidity, they are said to be of dangerous tendency. The conversations then which decided that D'Alonville was an accepted lover, by the woman he adored, and the parting of persons thus mutually attached, when on e was going to a country from whence there were so many chances that he might never return, shall be passed over, as well as less material occurrences, till Ellesmere and his emigrant friend arrived in London, where the former entered immediately on the business of preparations for his departure; and the latter, though he could not divert his thoughts a moment from the object he had left, was glad to engage in giving such assistance as he could to his friend, to call off his mind as much as possible from its sad reflections. He had also commissions to execute for the ladies De Touranges; and persons of his own country to visit, to whom they had given him letters; and he had letters of his own to write to France. By incessant occupation he endeavoured to appease the regret and anguish that preyed upon his mind, and to conquer in the sever struggle which while he remained on English ground, he knew must continue between his inclination and his duty.

Ellesmere alone was witness to what it cost him to determine on following the dictates of that duty; and with the most generous attention he endeavoured to soothe the pain of his friend's mind, though his own was far from being at ease.

Every thing was settled for their setting out the next day on their journey to Ostend, where they were to part. Ellesmere had made all his purchases, and D'Alonville obtained such information as could be had in London, as to the measures he should take in the perilous adventure he was about to encounter.

D'Alonville, during his former short stay in London, had refused to go into any public place; but now, at the earnest entreaty of Ellesmere, he agreed to go to a play with him to see a celebrated actress; and, as he believed himself by this time able to understand the declamation of the English stage, he felt as much curiosity about this performer as any object could now excite. Partial as he was to the very different style of French acting, he could not but attend with pleasure to the great dramatic powers of the actress in question! and his attention insensibly attracted, was rivetted to the scene, when a person entered the same box whom D'Alonville at first did not observe. Ellesmere was gone to another part of the house, and in his seat the stranger put himself.

At the end of the act, D'Alonville turned to see who had taken the place which he expected his friend every moment to return to; and, after a moment's recollection as to where he had before seen the face that now presented itself, he recognised that of Mr. Melton.

D'Alonville saw by the air with which he was surveyed, that Mr. Melton recollected him, for arrogantly and contemptuously he eyed him looks which D'Alonville, whose pride was now roused, returned with interest. The man who had aspired to the hand of Angelina could not but be an unwelcome object to D'Alonville. Melton, though he had quitted the pursuit very indignantly, had heard that a preference to this foreigner had been the cause of the mortifying refusal he had experienced; and, as he could not, in the insolence of prosperity, bear the idea of

a rival, whom he considered as every way his inferior, he felt an unconquerable inclination to shew his displeasure by insulting D'Alonville. While he meditated how to do this, which he thought the situation of D'Alonville authorised him to do with impunity, the last act of the play began, and D'Alonville though no more about him, but again applied himself wholly to the stage. In a few minutes Ellesmere entered, and seeing a gentleman in his place was about to speak to him, when he recognised his travelling acquaintance to whom he addressed himself with civility; and, as a seat behind D'Alonville became vacant by a gentleman's going out, Ellesmere, without asking for his own, placed himself in it. The play ended, and Ellesmere was preparing to quit the theatre, having an appointment for the rest of the evening, when Melton entered into conversation with him, by looking with a contemptuous smile at his hat: "So," said he, "I see you are become one of our brave defenders; pray how is that reconcileable with your principles, and your connections?"

"Principles and connections!" cried Ellesmere, in much surprise "Pray what do you allude to principles and connections!"

"They are common words enough," replied Melton, "and require, I think, no comment."

"As *you* use them," said Ellesmere, rising into warmth, "they, in my opinion, require a very explicit one, which you will be so good as to give me."

"By principles," answered Melton, "I mean the flaming red hot notions of liberty, and such stuff that I have heard you talk of in a way that I though more likely to place you in the chair of some of your *reforming societies* than to put a cockade in your hat; and by connections I mean your acquaintance with foreigners Frenchmen Jacobins Sans Culottes whatever they are pleased to call themselves." As he said this he fixed his eyes on D'Alonville, who could not fail to hear and to understand what it was evident was said that he might hear and understand.

"And who, Sir," said Ellesmere in great anger, "shall dare to say to me that I have any such connections?" "The affront," cried D'Alonville in French, "is so pointed at *me*, that you much allow *me*, my friend, to take it. This gentleman will be pleased to inform me where I shall find him at his own hour tomorrow."

"I have nothing to say to *you*, Sir," cried Melton, "I never engage either in friendship or enmity with persons of whom I am not sure that they are gentlemen." This was a little too much, though D'Alonville was of a temper remarkably mild, he was violent when thoroughly provoked, and he now thought himself cruelly insulted; insomuch, that from the expression of his countenance, Ellesmere was afraid he might on being farther irritated, strike Melton. Well aware of the disagreeable consequences which might arise to his friend from such a quarrel in such a place, he caught his hands "My dear chevalier," cried he eagerly, "I insist upon your leaving this matter to me: be assured no man living shall insult my friend with impunity. *You* will understand, Sir," added he, turning to Melton, "that I expect to hear, at an early hour tomorrow, where this matter may be more conveniently talked of."

Melton, who seemed by his countenance to have no particular relish for this discussion, and not thoroughly to have considered the consequence of his brutality before he ventured upon it, now answered sullenly, "Here is my card, I will meet you where you please." Ellesmere hastily made an appointment to which Melton agreed, and then walked away with the affectation of composure which he was far enough from feeling; and the two friends went together for Ellesmere's lodgings, where D'Alonville insisted, in the warmest terms, that he only ought to meet this man, who had evidently intended to insult him; and he declared he could not bear the safety of Ellesmere should be hazarded, while to himself like was so little desirable that possibly the most fortunate thing that could happen to him would be to lose it. Ellesmere answered by representing to him the noise such an affair would make, the various ways in which it would be represented, and the great injury it might do to the French who had taken refuge in England; and he ended with declaring that as Melton addressed his conversation to him, it was he who was pointedly insulted, and to him alone it belonged to chastise the aggressor. They parted without

having decided the generous contest; but early the next morning, as Ellesmere was preparing to attend his appointment, and to call on D'Alonville in his way, he was stopped by a Mr. Southgate, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and whom he knew to be friend of Melton's. This gentleman came to say, that having heard of the foolish affair that had happened at the playhouse the night before he desired, as the friend of both parties, to be allowed to interfere, in the hopes of getting it settled without their coming to the extremities that were threatened. He said that Melton seemed sorry for the turn the matter had taken, for that he had no intention of affronting Ellesmere, for whose family he had a respect; "And upon the whole," said Southgate, "I find Melton Sir, it is but a silly business. Melton was, to my knowledge, more than half drunk when he left the house where he dined; and he is a man that has got, I don't know how, a habit of saying rude blunt things; but he means nothing by it, and nobody minds him."

Ellesmere did not think this apology sufficient "If Mr. Melton, " said he, "uses himself to say rude, blunt things, it is time he was cured of so insufferable a custom; and I intend to give him a lesson that shall help towards this cure not for his own sake for I hold him not worth the trouble that it should take to give him the liberal sentiments of a gentleman), but for the honor of my country; for a nation is disgraced by the savage manners of an individual towards foreigners." Mr. Southgate continued to remonstrate, and Ellesmere to insist. The fact was, that Melton heartily repented of the experiment he had made, since it had brought his person into danger, and Southgate was employed to settle the business as well as he could without bloodshed. At length he wrote a sort of apology, which he undertook that Melton should sign; and this Ellesmere, rather to avoid the noise the might be made by the quarrel to the prejudice of his friend, than for any other reason, consented to accept. Melton, who found that Ellesmere and D'Alonville were about to quit England immediately, hoped the affair would not transpire, and well pleased to find himself in no personal danger, he signed the paper, which Southgate immediately carried to Ellesmere. This unpleasant business being settled, nothing remained to detain him and his friend in England; and their baggage being all ready, they set off the same evening for Dover, where they arrived just as a packet was going out, which landed them at four o'clock the next morning on the continent.

CHAP. IV.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned lies; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her sallow lees
The darnel, hemlock, and rank sumitory
Doth root upon.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE regiment to which Ellesmere belonged, had landed a few days before him; and was now ordered on immediate duty: here then the two friends were to part, and they both felt severely the necessity of parting.

It was very improbable, however sanguine they might be in their hopes of success on the various lines in which they were engaged, that they should meet again, and to hold any correspondence was impracticable. They mutually promised, however, to write to each other whenever occasion served, and to send these letters by such opportunities as might occur, even among the perils with which they were both likely to be surrounded.

D'Alonville's heart revolted as the execution of his scheme approached. To enter his native country in disguise; in the mean garb of a peasant and representing one of the persons whose politics he detested, appeared to him so

degrading, that he was sometimes tempted to renounce his plan of seeking De Touranges and St. Remi, and enter a volunteer in one of those corps of emigrants that were now assembling, and which were to be paid by some of the combined powers; but the advice of Ellesmere, and the solemn engagement with Madame de Touranges, and still more with her daughter, which he though himself bound to fulfil; together with a belief, that if parties could be formed in the interior of the kingdom, it would be of more effectual service than any attempt without conquered his repugnance, and he determined to pursue his first intention.

He had a long journey to make through the whole of Picardy and Normandy; and every precaution was necessary to secure his reaching the place of his destination. To appear as a prisoner escaped from the Austrians, seemed to be the least objectionable means of making his way back to his own country. He found that there were prisoners confined at Bruges; he went thither, and found it easy to procure a sort of certificate from one of them, with his name, and that of the national regiment in which he served. He made himself master of the circumstances that happened when this man and a party of French were taken prisoners; and arranging the story h should have to tell, he furnished himself with a number of small assignats, which he place in the linings of his clothes; and depositing what other money he had in safe hands at Ostend, he departed thence on an evening, and took the road to Dunkirk. His former walk to Rosenheim had given him considerable experience, and he reached Dunkirk without any difficulty. The examination he underwent there, was more strict than he expected: but certain of not being personally known, and having taken every precaution against being suspected for a gentleman, he answered the enquiries that were made, with so much clearness, that he was believed, and was offered either the permission of returning to his own province, which he said was Normandy, or to enter into any of the regiments at Dunkirk. He told a very plausible story of an old mother; and of his other brothers being all killed in the service; which was also believed, and he even received a certificate from a commanding officer of the town, granting him a furlough for six weeks, and describing him as Jacques Philippe Coudé, serving heretofore in such a regiment; lately escaped from imprisonment; who had desired leave to revisit his family before he returned to the service of his country. Thus provided, and having well studied the cant of the day, he embarked at Dunkirk, in a small sloop for St. Maloes. The first two days the voyage was prosperous; but on the third they were chased by an English privateer, of which a few were already fitted out; and D'Alonville, as the easiness from the apprehension of being taken, and carried to an English prison under circumstances so degrading, that it would be almost impossible ever to vindicate himself to his English friends. When he had for more than an hour suffered an alarm, that he dared not avow, it fortunately abated by a change of the wind, which enabled the sloop in which he was, to run into Cherbourg; and D'Alonville, thinking himself most fortunate to escape *such* a return, to a country where his only hopes of happiness were fixed, would not again subject himself to the same danger, but quitted the sloop, and hired a small boat under pretence of dispatch, which he knew must keep along shore; and the master of which agreed for a very small consideration to land him at St. Maloes; from thence to the town of Marcheneuf, which St. Remi had named for the place of their rendezvous, was about five−and−forty or fifty miles; situated on the extreme edge of the province of Britanny.

It was in an afternoon, towards the middle of March, that D'Alonville went on board a long fishing−boat, rowed by an old but athletic inhabitant of Cherbourg. With the assistance of a lad of thirteen they kept as close to the shore as possible; and as night came on hauled still nearer to the rocks; as they intended, in case of bad weather, to land: but the evening was calm and serene: and the owner of the boat, who appeared to have some other business at St. Maloes, besides conveying D'Alonville thither, was disposed to make the most speed in his power; and the wind was fortunately in his favour, and filled his little sail with a steady breeze. D'Alonville, who had taken his passage as a man from the northern army, who had been a prisoner escaped to Dunkirk, and was now sent by the commander to St. Maloes on public business, had been so fatigued by the repetition of this fiction, and so reluctantly acted the part it imposed on him, that having once given this account of himself to his conductor, he did not wish to enter into farther conversation; being but too well assured, that in answer to any question he might ask, as to the state of the country, or the disposition of its inhabitants, he should hear nothing but what would add to the painful sensations with which he approached it.

It was midnight; a few stars, and a waning moon already fading in the distant waves, afforded all the light they had. The old seaman kept at the helm, frequently fortifying himself with a cordial of Eau de Vie, reinforced with repeated quantities of tobacco. The boy was sleeping on a bench that crossed the gun−wales; and the silence of the night unbroken, save by the roar of the surf on the beach, which they were near enough distinctly to hear in a dull and hollow murmur. Uneasy as were the thoughts of D'Alonville, this monotony of sounds, and the fatigue he had for so many days gone through, together with the supposition that he was now at least in temporary security, induced him to indulge the heaviness that was coming upon him. Since he had escaped any suspicion far on his way as Cherbourg, he had there ventured to purchase a small pair of pistols, which he concealed within his waistcoat. He knew his companions thought him unarmed, and he was not sorry to be provided with these as a defence; not that he suspected him of any intention to take advantage of that circumstance, but there was a sullen silence about the old man that did not altogether please him; and he had more than once occasioned to remark, how much since the revolution the character of the lower class of the French people were changed. Notwithstanding the little confidence he had in his boat−man, he put on the red cap with which he had provided himself, and wrapping his coarse coat round him, he soon fell asleep; from which he was after some time suddenly startled, by the noise of fire arms, which appeared to be so near him, that he sprang upon his feet, and looked round him; but all remained just as it was before forgetfulness overtook him; except that the vessel was immediately beneath the high cliffs that bound the land. The old seaman was at the helm, but he had lowered his sails; and the boy paddled the boat along, while he guided it slowly among some high pointed rocks that seemed to rise here perpendicularly out out of the water, which was deep, and still around them.

D'Alonville asked, hastily, where they were? And what was the noise they heard? The man answered, in a mournful and reluctant sort of way, that they were close under the town of Granville, on the western coast of Normandy: "And for the noise," said he, "they are at the old business, I suppose, killing some of the people, who happen to have said or done any thing against the new government." This opinion seemed to be founded in truth; for the cries of the victims, and the shouts of the executioners, were distinctly heard after another volley of fire−arms. D'Alonville shuddered, yet felt half impelled to leap on shore, and throw himself among the demons who were busied in this work of death. "Are you going to land!" enquired he as the boat still seemed to get near the shore. "Have you any business in this town?" "Who, I?" replied the man: "No, thank the bon Dieu, I have no business there, and I assure you, no mind at all to be among them." "Are they then bad people in this town of Glanville?" What! are they royalists, my friend? Are they enemies to liberty?"

"Liberty! liberty! muttered the man, with an oath half stifled Liberty! but you have been in the midst of all, it seems and like it, I suppose though one would think you must have had pretty near enough of it Sacre Dieu but one must hold one's tongue."

"Why, how is this?" said D'Alonville, agreeably disappointed in the principles of his sea−faring companion. "Why are you not a friend to the republic to our glorious new privileges? Why is it possible you can speak thus of our constitution, of our liberty?

"Bah!" cried the old man, peevishly. "tell me what good we have got by it."

D'Alonville enumerated the advantages that have been held out, in all the parading terms with which they have been dressed to catch the multitude. "Ah! yes, to be sure," answered the sailor; "Now, I'll tell you what I have got by all this, mort dieu! I have been out of luck, sure enough, if so many blessings were going about, to have caught none of them; but, on the contrary, diable! I've had nothing but plagues and sorrows; but I suppose, if I complain to you, Monsieur le Soldat, I shall be clapped up in prison as soon as you catch me on the shore."

"If you think so, friend, don't trust me with your confidence; but I assure you, though I am a soldier, and have been at the army, that I don't want to hurt any man for his opinions."

"I don't much care," said the man, "I'd as soon go to the guillotine, I think, as not, unless times mend." "I am sorry," cried D'Alonville, "they are so bad with you; but what have you particularly to complain of?"

"Why in the first place, I had four sons grown up, fine young men as ever I saw; the shortest of them was as high as you are, and stouter; the eldest of them belonged to a merchant ship that traded to the islands he was killed by the black people at St. Domingo. The second was in the King's service an excellent sailor he was forced, whether he would or not, to sea in a republican vessel; and it is only a fortnight since I have known that he has been taken by the English, and is now in an English prison, poor lad! and they say that the English, who, when I was a prisoner among them in the last war, treated us very well, and even gave me my parole, so that I suffered little, are now grown very severe, and endeavour to make confinement as bad as it can be; so I think I shall never see my son again."

"You served then in the last war." said D'Alonville; "Yes," replied the old man, "and was in two or three engagements; in the last I was a boatswain, by favour of my commander, who, when we were exchanged, and went back to France, took me particularly under his protection; and my wife was received into the family of his lady, who brought up my daughter; my poor dear girl!"

"You have not been unfortunate in regard to her too, I hope?" said D'Alonville.

"Ah!" cried the sailor, with a deep sigh, "that is what hurts me most of all but I will tell you how it happened: my third boy, a fine fellow of nineteen, was taken when he was quite a child into the service of my commander, and brought up to be his servant. Alas! he was with him when he was seized and carried to prison on the fatal second of September; and he perished with him in the Abbey. The fourth, who was but a year younger, was so enraged at this injustice and cruelty (for what had Michel done that deserved death?) that he quitted the revolutionary army where he had entered, and went to serve under the Princes in Flanders; where, I believe, he fell the end of last year in the retreat, for I have never heaad heard of him since."

The poor man was so affected, that his voice failed.

D'Alonville, however fearful of betraying himself, could not conceal that he sympathised with this unfortunate father. "Perhaps," said he, "your fears may be groundless; though you have not heard from him, your fourth son may survive."

"I have no hope," replied he, "had he not been dead, I am sure he would have found some means of letting me hear of him; for he was a dutiful boy, and knew what his mother and I suffered about his brothers Ah! no; I have none left now, unless Pierre should survive a long imprisonment: I have none left but that lad you see there; and as soon as he is old enough to carry arms, he too will be put under requisition, and be compelled to serve, whether he likes it or no."

"But your daughter," said D'Alonville

"My daughter," resumed the poor man; "My daughter was the hope of my life; my commander's lady took her, and brought her up to be about her person; and she was pretty, and every body admired her: a reputable tradesman at Paris would have married her, but Madame de Blanzac, her mistress, thought her too young, and desired her to stay a year or two, till her lover was got a little forwarder in the world. She was at Paris at the dreadful time when her poor brother was murdered; she was not indeed in prison, but remained with her mistress at an hotel, where she saw four people killed before her eyes; she was so terrified, as to be immediately deprived of her senses, and was rather, I fear, a burthen, than of any use to the lady she served when she found means to escape to England, after the murder of her husband. During the voyage, my poor girl recovered some recollection; but on the vessel's arriving in the port of Pool, where the were to land, the cries of the sailors, and the loud voices of the people who surrounded the ship, brought so strongly to her mind the noises she had heard at Paris during the massacre, that in

the frenzy which this terror occasioned she flew upon deck, and before any one was ware of what she intended, she threw herself into the sea.

A dead silence ensued for a moment, the old man could not proceed.

D'Alonville, at length said, "And was there no attempt made to save her?"

"Oh! yes," replied he; "and she was saved from the water, but her senses were quite gone. I do not know how Madame de Blanzac, distressed as she was herself, was able to sustain the additional burthen of my poor girl, in such a condition; but she promised never to forsake her, and she kept her word. Some ladies in England, to whom her melancholy story became known, were very kind to my unfortunate daughter, and tried to get her restored to her senses, but it was all in vain; they were irrecoverable; and she is now in one of the public hospitals of London, where lunatics are received."

The laborious life to which the old sailor had been injured, had not hardened his heart Nature had still a powerful influence; and his voice bore testimony of the tribute he paid it, as he thus concluded his mournful narrative.

D'Alonville would have spoken comfort to him, but he could find none. For these wounds to domestic happiness he knew there could be no cure. He remained silent, therefore, reflecting on the dreadful havoc that civil war had made in his country within so short a space; and he shuddered when he trusted his imagination for a moment with the horrors that were yet to come. He was now ashamed of having suspected his conductor of designs against him, and of having mistaken the sad silence of sorrow, for the sullen mediation of the assassin. They were, by this time, at some distance from the place where the report of fire arms had been heard; and D'Alonville, endeavouring to shake off the melancholy impression his companion's history had left on his mind, enquired why he had kept his boat so near the shore as they passed under the rocks of Granville?

The sailor replied, "that there were frequently centinels placed on the cliffs, to prevent those from escaping who were called disaffected; and that had the boat been discerned, or heard, they would have been fired upon with very little ceremony; but that under the cliffs they were less likely to be perceived.

D'Alonville then entered into conversation on the present appearance of France, and received an account of the desolation that reigned throughout the northern provinces, which, when he landed, and surveyed the state of the ground, did not appear to have been exaggerated.

Without hazarding too much be confidence in his boatman, they became much better acquainted before they had finished their voyage; D'Alonville discovered, in the course of their conversation, that his conductor would more willingly put him on shore at any place near St. Maloes than in the port; and D'Alonville was much more willing to land in some more remote part of the coast. They therefore perfectly agreed in their plans, and keeping at some miles distance from land the whole day, as if they were engaged in fishing, as night approached, they drew towards the shore, about five miles to the west of St. Maloes; where, in a small creek, formed by projecting rocks, they might land, and by a winding path gain the country.

The wind, which had hitherto been extremely favourable, still blew to the shore; but it had risen as the sun set, and the water, curling and whitening as it rolled towards the beach, threatened an approaching storm. The vessel, therefore, could carry no sail; and the old man taking in his canvas, rowed slowly and laboriously towards the point where they had agreed to land. As the boat mounted the dark waves, or sunk between them, and as the coast before him rose indistinctly, or wholly disappeared, D'Alonville could not help reflecting on his strange situation, returning thus to the land of his ancestors. The cliffs, whose rugged forms were distinguishable through the gloom of evening, were the boundaries of Brittany! Once before he had seen them in returning from an excursion of pleasure, when in his early youth he had with his father visited Brest, and gone back by water with several ladies

and friends. He recollected all the parties; not one, perhaps, now survived, unless it was his brother, of whom he dreaded to hear; but with whom, in the part of Britanny to which he was going, he comforted himself that it was improbable he should meet. At length, with very painful emotions, he saw himself once more on shore on the coast of France. He paid his conductor more than their agreement, and took his name, and the name of his son, whom he supposed to be a prisoner in England. There was a possibility that should he ever return thither, he might find the young man living, and relieve the anguish of his unfortunate father, to whom, however, he forbore to hold out an hope that might never be realised.

It was about four in the morning when he parted with the old sailor; and hastened to leave the coast, scrambling along as well as he could till he gained a beaten road, which he concluded led to some village, or small town. As the encreasing light made the objects distinct around him, he surveyed, with a mixture of regret and satisfaction, the uncultured ground, where little or no labour seemed to be going forward, though this was the season when the plough should have been most busy. A few women, and decrepit old men, were feebly exerting themselves here and there, to supply the deficiency of hands more able; their work was such as necessity only drove them to undertake, and they seemed dejected and unhappy, though some of the women and girls concealed their reluctance by the wild ribaldry with which they attacked D'Alonville, and by singing their patriotic songs.

The better to conceal himself, he answered them in their own way; and at length, from one group, obtained a direction to a village which was, he found, about six miles from the shore. He there entered a cabaret which was tolerable for that country: where, as the story he told, seemed to be from troublesome enquiries. And he resigned himself to short repose, intending to resume his journey towards Merol the evening of the following day.

CHAP. V.

I come, from exile come,
Revisiting my country; Thou "dear" shade
At whose "lone" tomb I box; shade of my father!
Hear me, Oh Hear!

Potter's Eschylus.

IN apostrophizing the spirit of his father, in looking back with painful recollection on the past, and with uneasy conjectures towards the future, D'Alonville continued his way, avoiding, as far as was possible, towns, and even villages; and as night came on, seeking shelter in the lone cottages of the peasantry, many of which he found deserted by all their male inhabitants; while the women and children who remained, were suffering the severest extremes of poverty. "And these," cried he, frequently as he witnessed scenes of want and woe, as he saw the human figure deformed by famine, and the human character rendered ferocious by despair, "these are the boasted blessings of that liberty for which they have been four years contending infatuated, misled people! The taille, the gabelle, the corves, even the feudal services, however heavily imposed, what were they when compared to the oppressions under which you now labour! If ye had burthens under the government of an arbitrary monarch, ye danced gaily under them; but the yoke ye have put on yourselves weighs ye down to the earth its iron points are stained with blood, and dipped in poison!" Such were the reflections to which the desolate state of his country gave rise in the breast of D'Alonville; and such reflections were natural to a native of France. An Englishman would perhaps have beheld the same scenes with different sensations an Englishman might have thought the experiment right; and that the attempt to shake off such burthens as the taille, the gabelle, the corvés, and vassalage, was a glorious attempt, and failed only because the headlong vehemence of the French national character, and the impossibility of finding (in a very corrupt nation, and among men never educated in notions of

real patriotism) a sufficient weight of abilities and integrity to guide the vessel in the revolutionary tempest, has occasioned it to fall into the hands of pirates, and utterly to destroy it. A coarser Briton, a plain John Bull, would say "Those French fellows have not sense enough to be as free as we are;" and both would unquestionably agree in deprecating, in regard to his own country, any attempt at change, if the most complete reform was to be purchased by one week, or even one day, of such scenes as have been exhibited in France. They would, most undoubtedly, unite in declaring that even if the constitution of England had not proved itself to be the most calculated for general happiness, as it undoubtedly has, if its dilapidations from time were greater, and its defects more visible, yes, that since there must be faults and errors in every human institution, it is far wiser "To bear the ills we have
"Than trust to others that we know not of."
Without any accident worth recording, for he was fortunately unsuspected the whole way, D'Alonville at length arrived at Merol, where it was probable he might undergo a stricter examination. In these small towns the lowest of the people had emerged into municipal officers; and in every country it is equally true that no set of men are so offensively insolent as those who have acquired unexpected fortune, or unexpected authority.

Of this D'Alonville had soon a proof. Not many hours after his arrival at Merol, he was strolling through the streets in hopes of meeting St. Remi, or some other person he knew, when he was addressed by one of these newly−elected magistrates, who seeing in the national uniform a man who did not belong to that department, and whose air perhaps betrayed him not to be of the class of common soldiers, he stopped him and rudely enquired, whence he came and whither he was going? and it was not till he had gone through a very rude interrogatory, and even been confined two hours in the guardhouse, that he was released on telling the same story he had before told, and producing his certificate as Philippe Joseph Coudé, that he was released from the impertinent enquiries and vulgar insults of this guardian of French liberty. It was, indeed, with the utmost difficulty that he conquered the indignation he felt at being questioned by such a low−born mechanic, and of being compelled, by self−preservation, to descend to the mean evasions of concealing his name and falsifying conduct, in which he gloried; while the blood of a long line of illustrious ancestors, whom he had been taught to number till they were lost in the remote royalty of Merovingian kings, rose indignantly, and tempted him to spurn, rather than to conciliate citizen Careau the white−smith.

This was but an ill omened beginning. He found, that to continue at Merol would be unsafe; yet should he quite it without meeting the party that had induced him to go thither, he knew not where to seek them, unless at the Castle of Vaudrecour; which the Abbé de St. Remi had informed him, was something more than two leagues from Merol; but from the vague directions he had received, either from Madame de Touranges, or in the obscure description of the Abbé, he doubted whether he should find his way to the place; and he feared to enquired, left his purposes should be suspected. Melancholy, and uncertain how to act, he continued to wander about the streets of his small *bourgh* ; examining every face that passed him but he saw none that he knew in many, he thought he observed marks of reluctant acquiescence under the present government in other, expressions of stifled rage and resentment. The people in whose house he had taken up his temporary lodging, were extremely poor: the man had kept a little shop at Rennes; but since the revolution, his business, which depended on the assembling of this parliament, that tow, on the persons who at that time frequented it, had failed. One of his sons had taken, much against his consent, a commission in the national army; and the other, who had been his assistant in his business, had emigrated. The father and mother, ruined in their circumstances by the loss of their former customers, and the heavy tax they were condemned to pay for their emigrant son (from which the patriotism of the other did not exempt them,) retired, quite broken−hearted to Merol; where they possessed a small house; and where they sought, in devotion, for the consolation which the world seemed to withdraw from their old age.

When D'Alonville applied to them for a lodging, it seemed as if they received him rather through fear, as he had the appearance of a soldier, than because they wished for any such inmate in their house: but the ingenuous countenance, and mild manners of their guest, so little resembling what they had been accustomed to set of late among the young men who had adopted the enthusiasm of the times, soon reconciled the ancient couple to this stay with them; the mistrust, with which they had at first considered him, was changed imperceptibly into

kindness; and the old Sieur la Barre, often looked at him as if he regretted to see him in the uniform he wore; at least, such was the interpretation that D'Alonville put on the pensive and sorrowful expression his countenance wore, when he fixed his eyes upon him, as he sometimes, did, for many minutes together. Other interpretations, however, might be put upon his behaviour: La Barre always scrupulously avoided all conversation whatever, on the state of public affairs; and whenever D'Alonville seemed disposed to lead the discourse to that subject, he only shrugged up his shoulder, and uttered a short ejaculation of pious resignation to the will of *Le bon Dieu!* so that D'Alonville could not discover what were his real opinions, and was afraid of trusting him: though after a few days, this fear would have worn off from his being almost convinced, that the sentiments of his house were the same as his own, had he not observed something of mystery about the whole house, which he could not comprehend. The only servant these poor old people kept, was a girl about seventeen, who was their orphan relation. This young person seemed often in confusion and terror; and once, when D'Alonville was sitting with La Barre and his wife, partaking rather a better dinner than they generally had, which he had purchased for them, the girl cam in as pale as death; and trembling so that she could hardly speak, told La Barre, that she had just heard there was a search going to be made throughout the town for refractory priests. La Barre changed countenance; but recovering himself, answered, "Well Denise, *we* have no such persons you know Monsieur here, who is certainly no priest, is our only lodger." His tranquillity, however, seemed to be much disturbed by this intelligence; he could not finish his dinner, but hurrying it over, went out on pretence of business; and his wife retired to her devotions; at which she passed great part of every day: she had often told D'Alonville that she had a little Oratory at the top of her house; and all these circumstances, together with footsteps he had heard in the night, over the room where he slept, now made him entertain a strong suspicion, that some unhappy priest was hidden by La Barre, even at the risk of his own life, from the rage of his persecutors; perhaps St. Remi himself, or some one from whom he might learn where to seek the friends he so anxiously desired to find. Still, however probable this appeared, it was not certain; but D'Alonville, whose impatience became hourly greater, was determined to be satisfied, and examine from whence came the low noises he had heard of a night, at a time when he was almost sure La Barre and his wife were in bed.

Sleep had never been very propitious to him since he had had so many subjects of anxiety, and he was not little disposed to indulge it. The clock at the town−house struck one; and all had long since been quiet in the house of La Barre, when D'Alonville thought he heard light footsteps pass near his door; but the stair−case was of brick, and the sound did not echo as from wood. A door, however, was softly opened above him; and (as he thought the moment was now come to satisfy himself, as to the real principles of the man whose house he was in) he arose from his bed, where he had thrown himself without undressing, and went as softly as possible up stairs, till he came to a door which opened into a room over his own; he saw a light through the crevices, and pushing it gently, it opened. His appearance threw into the most extreme consternation a venerable pale figure, who sitting at the foot of a very mean bed, was eating from a few pieces of board placed on tressels before it, some of the remains of La Barre's dinner of the day before; while Denise, the servant of the house, held a candle near him. The old priest on the appearance of a stranger, and a stranger of D'Alonville's appearance, gave himself up for lost: he cast his eyes to Heaven, as in submission to its decrees; and endeavoured to prevent Denise, who threw herself at D'Alonville's feet, as he yet remained at the door, and implored his mercy for Le bon Prieur and for them all She would then have flown down stairs to call for the intercession of her master and mistress, but D'Alonville detaining her by force, shut the door, and assuring her she entirely mistook his intentions, desired her to be calm, and to hear what he had to say.

The old ecclesiastic had soon recovered his presence of mind; and D'Alonville seated by him, presently satisfied his fears. He even ventured to reveal to him who he was, and with what motive he had quitted England to seek his friends, amidst all the perils, with which they were surrounded he added, that in thus seeking a person who had so many reasons to wish to be concealed, he had indulged no impulse of officious curiosity; but being convinced, from the conduct of the persons in the house, for some days past, that there was a priest concealed in it, he had thus broken in upon him, in the hopes of obtaining some information where he might find the loyalists who were in the town, and particularly the Abbé de St. Remi, and the Marquis de Touranges, whom he had hitherto sought in vain.

The Prieur sighed deeply, "Excellent young man!" said he, "how much your zeal affects me may it be rewarded! and may *you*, at the propitious hour when Providence shall restore to our devoted country her honour among the nations; may you be acknowledged in virtue and in good fortune the genuine heir of you illustrious father!" "Did you know my father?" cried D'Alonville. "I knew him well," replied the Prieur; "and I knew too his eldest son I was his tutor when he was at Paris to finish his education and I have seen him since."

"I cannot ask any questions about him," said D'Alonville, "being but too certain that I should only hear what would give me pain. But the Abbé de St. Remi do you believe he has been, or is in this little town?"

"I know he was here," answered the Prieur, "though I conversed with him only once. About fourteen days ago some persons obnoxious to, or suspected by the ruffians, who call themselves our rulers, were imprisoned, and one of them was murdered the rest ventured not to meet again in the same places. I was under the necessity of flying from my concealment, where I sometimes conversed with them; and since I have seen nobody so fearful am I of committing my hospitable friends of this house, who risk so much for my sake." The Prieur then dismissed Denise: "Go, my child," said he, "go to your repose, you leave me here with a friend speak to nobody of what you have heard, as you value your hopes of Heaven." The poor girl, who began to look on D'Alonville as sent from thence (so forcible an impression as the sudden transition from fear to confidence made upon her), promised to be secret and faithful, and went down more devoted to aristocracy than ever; for though devotion had made her extremely attached to the good old priest, their was something much more fascinating in the loyalty and piety of the handsome young soldier.

When Denise was gone, D'Alonville entered more fully into his hopes and expectation; he repeated what he had deeply engraved on his memory, the purport of the last letter he had received from St. Remi (for the letter itself he had thought it prudent to destroy); and which spoke of the rendezvous that was held at the Chateau of Vaudrecour; to which he declared his intention of going the following night. The Prieur approved of his resolution, and gave him, as well as he could, the necessary directions how to find it: but he did not seem very sanguine in his hopes that the royalists still held there their nocturnal rendezvous; he rather feared that since the last alarm they might be dispersed, and that such of them as remained, no longer ventured to assemble, even in that remote and abandoned spot.

D'Alonville, however, had better hopes; he knew the calm and persevering courage of St. Remi, and had more apprehensions of De Touranges's rashness, than to suppose that he would easily abandon an enterprise from excessive caution.

D'Alonville left the good Prieur to his repose, after receiving from him many blessings, and retired to bed in the hope that he had thus fortunately found a line of connexion with those he came to seek. He thought also, that La Barre would probably give him farther information; but whether from his natural timidity, or from the party fearing he might be suspected, he did not appear to have been entrusted with their designs, and had contented himself with the share he took in the general danger, by protecting one of the persecuted priests.

With such information, however, as he had collected, D'Alonville began his journey at noon the next day, and found, for some distance, his way by the marks which the Prieur had given him. At the distance of three quarters of a league from the town, he entered on a tract of that kind of country which are called landes in France, and which, when they do occur, are more dreary and desolate even than the heaths of England, where the labourer builds his little cottage on the edge of the waste, for the advantage of its turf, and its summer fees; or the proprietor of the manor clumps it with Scotish Scottish firs, or hardy forest tress, to break the lurid hue of its surface; or collects the scattered springs, and enlightens it with sheets of water.

On the wide and wild waste that D'Alonville traversed, not a human being appeared; not an animal that gave intimation of the habitation of man; and, except that the few stunted trees which were thickly dispersed about it were cut for fewel, there was nothing that distinguished this mournful solitude from the rude desarts of an

uninhabited country.

In every part of France there were formerly great numbers of those animals which in England are called game; for the preservation of which those forest laws were made, which, though not enforced, remain as records of our subjection; and from whence have sprung the subsequent game laws, the continual source of oppression and dispute. These animals appeared to be extirpated in France; and not only the wild boar, deer, and fox, of whose depredations the farmers so justly complained, were destroyed, but every bird or beast, that had formerly been appropriated to the pleasures of the great. This, and other symptoms of general devastation (which D'Alonville was not, among so many more serious misfortunes, yet philosopher enough to see without regret), became yet more evident, when in following the way that had been pointed out to him, he at length reached what he believed to be the extensive woods which surrounded on all sides the castle of Vaudrecour. Here he found the boundaries broken down, the young trees almost entirely demolished, and a great deal of fine timber mangled, and even burnt, as not plan seemed to have been observed in the destruction, where the sole purpose was to destroy. A dead silence reined. Even the woodlark, the robin, or the thrush, which at this season are usually heard among the woods, chaunting faint preludes to the more general music of advancing spring, were scared away, and no sound was among the trees but the chill north east, giving to the sky, and to every object around, the cold and comfortless look of middle winter. Sometimes D'Alonville found a slight path, but oftener wandered without any direction; till he at last got into one of those avenues which are cut for the purposes of hunting. It was almost overgrown with brush wood and rank grass; but he knew that in following it he should get into other wood walks, some of which would lead to the castle, where he wished to be before evening, though he had no intention of reaching it sooner. It appeared through a vista wider than the others he had traversed; the destruction of the trees had just there been less than at the extremity of the woods, and a great number of pines and fires darkly shaded the skirts of the lawn on which this great pile of building was situated. It seemed, at the distance from which D'Alonville saw it, to be quite deserted. he did not chuse, while it was yet early in the afternoon, to approach nearer; but sat down on a fallen tree, and surveyed the gloomy scene around him in a disposition of mind well suited to their dreariness. He recollected his first arrival at Rosenheim the sad event that passed there was as present to his memory as it was the hour after it had happened and his recollection ran over every circumstance that had befallen him since. A few hours would determine whether he should find his friends in the prospect of shewing themselves together in arms; or, missing them, endeavour to rejoin Ellesmere on the frontiers. Which ever way his fate determined, happiness and Angelina seemed to be equally remote. He thought it improbable that he should ever return to England. All that he had seen or heard since his landing in France had concurred to depress the hopes which he had indulged, of the arrival of that hour, when he should be in a situation to claim, in circumstances less mortifying, the hand of the woman he loved.

CHAP. VI.

"Huge,
"Grey mouldering ruins swell, and wide o'ercast
"The solitary landscape, hills and woods
"And boundless wilds."

DYER.

THE ancient and immense pile of building called the castle of Vaudrecour, had once been a strong fortress, built originally to guard the south−eastern boundary of the province of Britanny, while it yet belonged to its native princes; but Louis the Eleventh, in his frequent at attempts to possess himself of that great fief, had taken this chateau, and it became nominally part of his dominions. Buried among woods, and a wild tract of mountainous

country, it suited the gloomy disposition of that sullen and ferocious tyrant; and he here had acted many of those tragedies which rendered him the terror of his own abject and insulted people; while he lay in wait to gain farther advantages over the duke of Bretagne; and depopulated the borders by suffering, and even promoting, among his vassals, innumerable atrocities against the inhabitants. It was fortified by all the skill of that age, aided by sever devices dictated by his own terrors; and many vestiges of these precautions remained, giving to the exterior of the building an appearance more menacing and horrid than such fabricks usually wear, even when they are more entire than Vaudrecour now was: for much of it had fallen to decay though many parts yet retained their gothic horrors unimpaired. A small river had once filled the triple moat that had surrounded it, and yet ran round the whole castle, stealing away almost unperceived among reeds and bushes, till it was lost in the woods; but in wet seasons its original passage being choaked by masses of the fallen ruins, the stream spread itself over the flatter ground, and made an almost impassable morass on that side from whence D'Alonville surveyed it.

Charles the Eighth, who had little reason to be delighted with any place which had been the theatre of his father's domestic caprices and cruelties, gave the castle, and its domain, to Louis d'Amboise; and it descended from that family to the family of De Touranges in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. Some of its various lords had occasionally resided at it; for the domain around it was extensive, and the power of its possessor so great, as to be gratifying to that spirit of tyranny which high birth and great possessions are too apt to encourage. The present Marquis De Touranges had but seldom seen it, having been there only twice with large parties of his friends, for the purpose of passing the festival of St. Hubert , in a country abounding with game; but his feudal rights (and in Britanny les droits du Seigneur were particularly absurd and oppressive), had unfortunately been insisted upon with too much rigour by the persons who were entrusted with the management of his affairs in this province, which had raised the resentment of the peasantry around him, though he was himself no otherwise to blame than in not preventing that abuse, which is almost always the consequence when power is delegated to the mercenary and ignorant.

The distance, however, at which this castle was from any considerable town, its gloomy obscurity, situated as it was among woody hills, and a vague notion that it was yet possible to render it a place of security if he could assemble in it a number of his friends, were the considerations that induced the present Marquis de Touranges to resort thither, and to make it the secret rendezvous of his party.

How far this scheme had succeeded, D'Alonville had no means of discovering from the outward appearance of the building; for the only animated beings he saw near it were the rooks and daws, who were busy in building among the broken battlements and surrounding trees; or the grey owl, which skimmed along the outward wall on her evening search for food. The other sides of the building might, he thought, offer some signals less discouraging. He arose to find his way among the trees, when having gone about fifty yards, he saw between the stems of those before him, something move, which seemed to be a human creature; but of what description he could not immediately discover. He approached, however; but still this equivocal shape altered not its pace, nor seemed to heed him, though he was now near enough to discern that it was a woman. She appeared old and decrepit, and as if labouring under the weight of something she carried. D'Alonville who imagined this was a neighbouring peasant, of whom he might venture to ask some questions without any fear of betraying himself, now spoke to her; but she moved on the same pace, without noticing him he stepped before, and stopped her. She looked up, and, within a sort of black cowl, discovered a countenance so extremely hideous, that D'Alonville started back as if he had beheld a spectre. Had he been read in Shakespeare he must have exclaimed,
"How now, you secret, black, and midnight hag,
"What is't you do?

D'Alonville's mode of address was less abrupt, but the withered crone seemed offended at it; and, instead of replying to his question, asked him, in a voice that made him shudder, what he would have? To this question he deliberated a moment what to answer, while the beldame added, in a mumbling hollow voice, and in the dialect of the country, "Go not to the castle." "Not go!" exclaimed D'Alonville, who was surprised by this unexpected by

this unexpected charge. "No," replied the had, in a still more terrific voice, "it will not answer your purpose." She moved slowly on, but D'Alonville, who was thrown entirely off his guard, again stopped her, and repeating, "Not answer my purpose?" added, "Do you know me, then?" "Know you," answered the witch, nodding her head, "Aye, aye, I know you." "You know, them" said D'Alonville, "for what purpose I am come?" He checked himself, recollecting that it was highly improbable such a person *could* know. In the mean while the old woman pursued her way: and D'Alonville looking after her, as slowly she passed among the trees, almost persuaded himself that he should see the ground open, and this frightful apparition sink into it. However, she disappeared, not supernaturally, but was lost in a part of the wood which yew and fir−trees rendered entirely dark.

The black huntsman *in the forest of Fontainbleau, whose remonstrance of "Amendez vous" is said to have shaken the fearless heart of Henry the Fourth, or the spectre which seized the bridle of Charles the Sixth in the wood of Mans, and warned him not to advance, crying, in a hoarse and threatening voice, "Arete Roi, ou vas tu?*

" were neither of them more dreadful to those who saw, of fancied they saw them than was to D'Alonville the fearful being who hardly seemed an inhabitant of this world.

But it was not growing late; and D'Alonville, when he lost sight of her, paused to consider what he should do. A moment's reflexion made him ashamed of having been more alarmed by the squalid and distorted figure of an helpless old woman, than he had ever felt himself amidst the hottest action during his short campaign; and, as if to make his peace with himself, he stepped forward, resolving to enter the castle, where he was persuaded there must be inhabitants. If they were his friends his solicitude would be at an end; if otherwise, he could easily dissimulate, as he had hitherto done, his real purpose. He crossed the morass, therefore, on some broad and rugged stones, which seemed to have been brought from the ruinous part of the building for that purpose and entered over a draw−bridge, which had long forgotten its original destination, for the chains were gone: it led him under a gateway which had formerly been secured by a portcullis on one side, and on the other by a cauldron, from whence boiling water, or lead, might have been thrown on the besiegers. The iron work however, was torn away, and the walls from whence it had been force, left in ruins, which threatened him as he passed under them; while he saw with some surprise the unguarded state in which all this remained, and feared that his friends had failed of establishing here their general assembly. The dead silence that reigned throughout, these fears. He crossed the second moat by another draw−bridge, and came into the area of the castle, of the strength and magnitude of which he had till then had no idea. The same marks of degradation appeared about this entrance, as he had remarked at the gate−way. A stone porch was closed towards the internal part of the building by a massy door, which had been covered with plates and spikes of iron. Some of these had been torn off lately, and the door broken by the force that had been used. The immense hall into which this led him, was so obscure from the great height, its oak−beams blackened by time, and its high and narrow windows, that it was with difficulty he could make out the objects with which he was surrounded: in some places the broken brick floor was strewn with pieces of those gigantic statues, some of which still remained entire, on a kind of cornice half was up the sides of the hall; and these, which had been thrown down and broken, seemed to have been removed for the sake of the brass and iron armour they had supported. Two or three iron helmets, an immense leathern shield, lined and studded with brass, and a long and heavy iron lance, were scattered on the floor. D'Alonville, as he looked around him, thought he had never seen a place so calculated to impress terror; and though personal fear affected him but little, he could not help being sensible of dread of another sort. He thought, from what he saw, that it was but too probable his friends had been driven from the castle, that it had been plundered by the people of the country of whatever they found useful to them, and that the old woman, who seemed to be carrying off something herself, meant no more by the warning she had given him, than to deter him from going thither, to share the spoils which yet remained, which she, perhaps supposed to be his purpose.

Though every moment gave new strength to these unwelcome conjectures, D'Alonville would not give up the search; but as it was growing dark it was time to be satisfied, for he found no great temptation to pass the night in

this comfortless abode. On the side of the hall opposite to him, he saw an open door; it led to a long cloister, lighted by narrow windows, which looked into a court so surrounded by high buildings, that it was almost as obscure as the place he was in; but he could just distinguish it to be the burying ground of the castle; and against the opposite wall was a monument and a cross; two or three other tombs, as it should seem of inferior magificence, were near it; but they were ancient, and half hidden by ivy. The contemplation of so gloomy a place was not much calculated to animate the wearied spirits of the anxious wanderer; he turned from it, and was about to go back to the hall, and from thence in search of other apartments, when he thought he heard a noise at the end of the cloister; it seemed at first, to be a low murmur, as of some person speaking but listening again, he fancied, the second time, it was not a human voice, but rather, that of some animal, he supposed a dog. The place from whence it proceeded was so nearly dark, that he could distinguish nothing; but the low plaintive noise, like that a dog makes who is shut out from following his master, was now more distinct He stepped eagerly forward, for he thought he had a clue to guide him to some human being; but his way was impeded by something which he did not perceive till his feet struck against it he stooped to examine what it was, and shuddering, recoiled from the clay−cold touch of a corpse. Hardly proof against the encreasing horrors that surrounded him, he was almost involuntarily retreating towards the hall, when again a cry from the dog, and an impatient, though faint bark, as if the creature asked his assistance, determined him to discover where it was confined: a door was visible a few steps farther, by the light which came through the crevices; he stepped cautiously along, fearful of treading on the dead body, or on another, and at length reached the door he listened while he felt about for the lock and heard the dog again, who now scratched against the door, and repeated the mournful noise he had heard before; he found the lock, and with difficulty pushed the door open. He saw an almost circular room, which admitted light only from above; in it was one of those cages, in which it is said Louis the Eleventh was accustomed to confine the miserable objects of his revenge; and around it were several ancient machines of iron and wood, which D'Alonville took for the instruments of torture he had often heard of, but had never before seen. On the opposite side was a large hole in the pavement resembling the mouth of a well. The dog, who was so weak he could hardly move, came fawning towards D'Alonville as soon as he appeared; then crawled to the brink of this hideous chasm, and looking down, cried in a voice of distress; then again staggered towards D'Alonville, and again seemed to implore his assistance. He advanced and looked into the dark gulph; and it now occurred to him, that this was an oubliette , a kind of dungeon which he had often heard described; and it now struck him, that his friends had been pursued and surprised, and that the dead body he had found, as well as the master of this faithful animal, were among the victims who had perished in consequence of this discovery perhaps one of them might be De Touranges, or St. Remi. His blood ran cold as he canvassed these sad possibilities, and he stood for some moments petrified with horror In the mean time, the dog continued his importunities; till at length the poor animal, as if it gave itself up to despair, sighed deeply, and lay down; his head hanging almost over the brink of the pit. When it was thus calm, D'Alonville listened earnestly to hear if there was any noise within the gulph, for some living creature might be there: he fancied that he heard a low and tremulous groan: he threw himself on the pavement, for the purpose of hearing more distinctly; and was soon assured, that some being existed within this frightful cavity. He called aloud, applying his mouth close to its edge "Is any one within this dungeon?" For some time his voice only returned to him in sullen echoes. He repeated the question yet louder; and listening with the most anxious attention, he heard an hollow and almost inarticulate sound from the dark bowels of the vault, "I die help me for the love of God It will be soon too late."

Animated by the humane hope of rescuing a fellow creature from a death so deplorable, D'Alonville no longer thought of himself; but collecting all his presence of mind, he again loudly demanded, what help he could give; and if the oubliette was very deep? by the distance from whence the voice seemed to come, he hoped it was not. The encreasing darkness made him dread left it would be impossible to rescue the wretched prisoner that night; and he seemed to be so exhausted that it was improbable he should live till morning. D'Alonville looked about to see if there was any thing he could let down; and a long coil of rope, probably the same as been used to bury the miserable being who implored his assistance, lay not far from the jaws of this grave of the living. D'Alonville asked, if he believed he had strength enough to help himself with it to ascend. The unfortunate wretch who was roused to exertion by this hope of deliverance, answered, that he though he could: But D'Alonville doubting it, had the precaution to form a strong loop at one end, and to tie the other to a large iron ring which projected from

the wall; for he feared his own strength would be unequal to the weight. The wretched man, exhausted as he had before appeared, seemed to have regained a portion of resolution; he secured the rope round him D'Alonville exerted his whole force; and with incredible efforts he found he had got the unhappy sufferer so high, that he supported himself with his hands and knees against the rugged stones towards the mouth of the dungeon, here it was narrower than below. It would be difficult to describe what were the sensations of D'Alonville when he saw moving beneath him a human being whom he had thus rescued from destruction. Another effort brought him to the brink of the cavern he stepped upon it he was in safety but he leaned against his benefactor, and, unable to speak, fainted away.

D'Alonville recollected, that not knowing whither he was going, or how he was to fare, and very certain that he should be out all night, he had put a small bottle of cordial into his pocket at his leaving Merol, with a piece of bread. He endeavoured to make the apparently dying man swallow a few drops of the liquid; and in some minutes he revived; but he appeared equally incapable of giving any account how he came into that place, or of moving from it; yet the strange circumstances around him, and a crowd of frightful possibilities that crowded into his thoughts, made D'Alonville believe it more than time to attend to his own safety, as well as that of the poor creature with him; who appeared (though nothing could be judged from his dress, for he had only a shirt and hussars on) to be a man of inferior rank. In about a quarter of an hour he was enough recovered to relate, in a weak and broken voice, that he had been gard de chasse to the Marquis de Touranges but having said so, he stopped, as if afraid of proceeding. D'Alonville re−assured him, by protesting that he was the friend of the Marquis, and had come thither to meet him, and the Abb St. Remi. Thus re−assured, the poor man, endeavouring again to recollect and explain himself, went on to relate, that he had been left with another huntsman and two women servants in the care of the castle, where they remained long unmolested, as they did not attempt to check the peasants in their depredations on the game, and the woods of their lord, which would have been to no purpose. That about two months before, they were surprised by the return of the Marquis, whom they had believed dead: that he concealed himself in the castle, occasionally, for some time, and many of his friends resorted to him by night; but that about ten days, or a fortnight before, some accident discovered their rendezvous to the municipality of Merol; who surrounded the castle, and took many prisoners, whom they carried away.

"And were your Lord, and the Abbé de St. Remi, in the number of these prisoners?" enquired D'Alonville. "I believe they escaped," replied the man; "but the confusion was so great that I do not certainly know. As I passed among the crowd without being noticed I remained in the castle five or six days afterwards, concealing myself as well as I could, and expecting a return of the officers; but I knew not whither to go; and had no other means of subsistence."

D'Alonville found something obscure and confused in this part of the poor man's account; but in such a state, great precision could not have been expected, even if he had not been conscious; as perhaps he might be, that there was something to hide.

After some hesitation, as if to recover his recollection, he proceeded

"While I was in hourly fear of being taken prisoner too, Sir, the peasants of the two small bourgs of St. Etienne, and la Chapelle du Bois, which are within two leagues, assembled in a body, and came to plunder the castle. I opposed them with two or three other persons whom I procured to stay with me; but we were overpowered by numbers. One of my companions was killed, and they threw me into the dungeon in revenge for the trouble I had given them; telling me, that I should stay there a day or two to see how I liked the place, where my ci−devant lord had it in his power to condemn to death any one who offended him. It is two days since I have been there. I have heard them since about the castle, and I exhausted myself in imploring their mercy in vain. They came not; and had *you* not found me by means of my faithful Diane, I must very soon have perished."

Though D'Alonville, amidst the terrifying circumstance, and the inevitable confusion of his own mind, thought he perceived that the account thus given was not strictly true; it was now no time to controvert its veracity all

hopes of rejoining his friends here were at an end; and nothing remained to be done but to take his departure as soon as possible, from a scene of desolation and murder, which the most undaunted heart could not contemplate without shrinking. The miserable shivering wretch, so recently rescued from the grave, where he had been buried alive, implored his protector not to forsake him; and the humanity of D'Alonville was too much awakened, to allow him to think of consulting merely his own safety, without attending to that of this unfortunate being. The idea of passing a night on the brink of the hideous cavity from whence this poor sufferer had arisen, and among the damps issuing from a chain of subterraneous vaults into which it led, with a dead body at the door, was extremely uncomfortable; and D'Alonville asked, if there was no part of the castle, where they could be less annoyed by these horrors; for to quit it before the break of day would have been hardly practicable, even if the wretched man had been able to set out, which he was not. Tho' much restored, he was still feeble and trembling, the powers of his mind were evidently alienated by the powers of his mind were evidently alienated by the fear and famine he had suffered, and his spirits were so entirely depressed, that he clung to D'Alonville with the imbecility of age or infancy.

A dead silence followed the questions D'Alonville had been asking; the man, quite exhausted, had thrown himself at his length on the pavement; his dog, resting his head on the knees of his master, seemed to be content that he had found him, and ready to share his fate. The encreasing obscurity of evening gave dreariness to every object; and what faint light there was, falling from the roof of this sepulchral like room, on the ghastly countenance, and emaciated form of the man, and the instruments of imprisonment and torture that were round the walls, made D'Alonville think it the most dreadful place he had ever been in, and this, the most terrible period of his life, since the hour when he apprehended the death of his father, without having the power of assisting him. That native courage and indifference to personal inconvenience, which had then supported him, were still the same; but he had no longer the same motives for their exertion. Discouraged not only by having lost sight of his friends, but by the fear of their having fallen into the hands of their persecutors, baffled in his generous hopes of serving and saving De Touranges, and seeing but little probability even of returning to England, or to Flanders, he would have sunk into despondence, had he not roused himself by the recollection of his father's last injunction, and disdained to give up to the pilfering peasantry of an obscure district, a life which might yet be honourably lost in that service to which it had originally been dedicated.

The half dead object on whom he looked with mingled emotions of pity and horror, threatened to be a very dangerous companion to him in returning to Merol, for it was very likely he might be known to be a very dangerous companion to him in returning to Merol, for it was very likely he might be know as a servant of the Marquis yet to Merol it seemed necessary to return. D'Alonville, after some meditation, desired the man to recollect if he had no means of striking a light and whether the castle did not afford some kind of food which would give him the strength to quit it. Thus urged, self−preservation once more awakened the man to some activity. He said, he believed that he could find means to strike a light, but he did not imagine that the plunderers, who had been for so long time in possession of the castle, had left any thing eatable within its walls.

D'Alonville now assisted him to rise, and bid him lean on his arm, while they explored, amid the almost total darkness that now surrounded them, the passages and avenues of this gloomy building.

CHAP. VII.

"I have supped full, with horrors."

SHAKESPEARE.

AGAIN the murdered body, which had before impeded his passage, made D'Alonville start, and pass it shuddering. The poor man seemed ready to faint; and fear seemed again to have taken such possession of him, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to go on. The wind groaned mournfully along the cloister, and muttered round the buttresses without. The man, in a low tremulous voice, entreated D'Alonville to stop "Hark!" said he, "there is a noise I hear them in the hall!" Oh! Sir, we shall be murdered at last!" D'Alonville listened "I hear nothing," said he, "but the wind Your past suffering have made you too apprehensive let us, however, proceed cautiously; though I think it is most likely, that the persons who have robbed the castle retired in the evening with their plunder, and that they will not return till morning to renew their robbery." Again they stopped and listened, but still heard only the wind; and the gard de chasse, a little re−assured by D'Alonville's reason and resolution, proceeded with more courage.

They entered the great hall; but it was by this time so dark, that they were obliged to feel their way, and D'Alonville expected every moment to find another corpse in his path. At length they reached a sort of anti−room, where the man felt for, and found closet, in which were materials for striking a light, and some pieces of candle. Thus furnished with the means of finding their way, they descended to the kitchen, an immense vault−like room, where the almost famished wretch, fortunately found enough to appease the hunger that devoured him: D'Alonville, wearied as he was, felt no disposition to eat, but he took a piece of bread, and again began to reflect on the strange situation he was in, and the necessity of quitting it as soon as possible; but the night was now so entirely obscure that he could not distinguish any object whatever without; he thought there was equal danger in remaining, or in going out with a light, if any lurking villains were about the caste; and he doubted whether it would be possible without a light to cross the morass. While he mediated the gard de chasse continued to devour whatever he could find, though he shared it with the faithful animal which had been the means of his preservation, and which appeared as much famished as his master. Unable to decide on what would be the safest method to pursue, D'Alonville at length asked the man his opinion and expressed his fears left the light should betray them. Terror, which had for a while subsided, again took possession of Rameau (which was the name of the garde gard de chasse) and he declared, that they had better incur any hazard than let any signs appear without that there were persons in the castle. His extreme pusillanimity, and the helpless reliance he seemed to have on D'Alonville, would have disgusted his protector, if the dreadful circumstances he had so lately been in, had not appeared an apology for every thing. D'Alonville bade him recollect how much their mutual safety depended on his resolutions and calmness; but he found him incapable of listening to any thing but his fears Yet from the profound silence around the castle there seemed, at least, nothing to apprehend. The poor fellow was, however, absolutely delirious; and the eager manner in which he had devoured the food he had found, seemed to have deprived him of the little remaining reason he possessed, instead of recruiting his strength.

In a situation so singular and deplorable D'Alonville knew not how to act. He could easily have gone alone from a place where certainly the morning ought not to find him; but his good nature and humanity repressed, as soon as it arose, the idea of abandoning to a fate as horrid as that from which he had rescued him, an unhappy man, whose sufferings he should in this case only have prolonged. The poor wretch was in an agony when D'Alonville spoke of the danger they were both in; yet when he bade him think how they could but escape those dangers, he seemed to be deprived of every ray of sense, and became a perfect driveller His eyes were glaring and wild his countenance pale and haggard He could with difficulty walk and D'Alonville was convinced, that if he left the castle, he should not be able to conduct him ten paces.

At length he determined, as it was not yet more than ten o'clock, to insist upon Rameau's lying down to sleep somewhere for an hour or two. He was almost convinced, that there were no persons around the castle at this moment; it was very improbable that any one would appear there before the break of day; and he hoped, if his luckless companion was restored to his senses by a few hours ret, that he should be able to see him in someplace of safety before this danger arose; which might, indeed, after all, be chimerical.

Having taken this resolution, the D'Alonville spoke peremptorily, and told Rameau to shew him some part of the castle least liable to observation from without. It was some time before Rameau could be made to comprehend

him. At last he led the way up a great stair−case to a gallery, trembling at every step he took and looking wildly around him. The faint light he held, served only to render the dilapidated state of these gloomy, but once magnificent apartments, more visible. The pictures, some of them of great antiquity, and some painted on the wall, were almost the only pieces of furniture that had not been either carried away, or torn in the attempts that had been made to remove them: this place adjoined to one of those colonades or open galleries which were once to be seen in most of the great chateaux in France. Something like them may yet be found in old houses in England, now converted into inns; an open gallery running across from one part of the building to another; on one side opening into other apartments, on the opposite side supported by pillars. Those that were ranged along the outward part of that into which D'Alonville now followed his trembling conductor, were of massy wood, carved, gilt, and painted in a very antique fashion; but the gilding was still fresh, and even glaringly caught the light; on the other side were fantastic paintings unlike any beings which "this world owns." D'Alonville traversed this place for a while in silence. His footsteps, and those of his companion, echoed loudly on the hollow boards, and it was evident that neither silence nor concealment of the light were here to be found. He turned hastily to Rameau: "Whither are we going?" said he, "Surely we are more likely to be discovered here than even below?" The man fixed on him his unmeaning idiot−like eyes; and after a pause, as if to re−call his scattered senses, said, "No, Monsieur Seigneur; for if you please to observe, the court be ow below is surrounded with buildings; there is the chapel, and there is the hall, and along the other side the king's apartments, as they have been always called, and here," added he, staggering on before D'Alonville, "here are rooms which are most likely of any in the castle to have escaped being searched and plundered." He opened a gilt and painted door, and D'Alonville followed him into two small rooms, which having no other entrance but from this gallery, had somehow or other been overlooked by the banditti who had robbed the castle; in each was a bed which had once been magnificent, but they were now dropping to pieces. D'Alonville bade his companion leave him the light and take possession of the inner one, while he would himself, he said, lie down for an hour or two on the other. the poor man obeyed him; but D'Alonville thus left to himself, felt no inclination, notwithstanding all the fatigue he had undergone, to at empt attempt taking any repose; the damp and gloomy bed seemed more repulsive than inviting; and opening the high old−fashioned casement, with some difficulty he placed himself at the window, determined to wait the return of morning, and with its earliest dawn to quit the castle with Rameau, on his way back to Merol.

Had he been inclined to indulge the dreams of superstition, no situation could have been imagined more calculated to create all its visionary horrors. The place he looked into was a large court, part of which was the cimetery he had seen from the cloister. On all sides were high, dark, gothic building; within whose dreary walls, besides the numberless wretches who had former y formerly perished there, lay a recently murdered man perhaps one of those friends whom he had braved so many perils to find. Above, indeed, he saw amidst the clouds of night, a few stars, such as he remembered to have remarked, almost six months before when he passed the night on the ground, supporting his expiring father. "You are the same," cried he, "bright planets, destined, perhaps to act as suns to the worlds more happy then this; while it seems as if this globe we crawl upon tended towards its final decay; and that the great author of it existence, wearied with the wickedness and folly of its inhabitants, had determined on its annihilation. Yet are we anxious about the paltry and trifling occurrences of life, and in countries more happy than this, why indeed should their people not enjoy the fleeting hours of existence? It is in France only where life is become a continual tragedy. Angelina," continued he, "beloved Angelina! I release thee from all those dear promises, which to have thee fulfill would once have been the happiness of my life, I cannot, I ought not to think more of thee, unless to wish and pray for thy felicity with some less unhappy man than thy devoted D'Alonville." In such, and in yet more melancholy contemplations, the weary hours passed, unmarked by any sound that told their progress; for the great clock of the castle was spoiled from neglect, and some of its work had been carried away.

At length, after one of the most comfortless nights he ever remembered, he saw the pale rays of morning faintly glimmer over the over the eastern battlements; and as he knew it would in a few moments be light enough for them to see their way, he lost no time in rousing his companion from the deep sleep into which he had fallen. It was not without difficulty that he brought him to a perfect recollection of what had happened, and to a clear sense of the exertions it was not necessary to make, to escape from a repetition of such evils. At length Rameau became

more composed, and they descended together. As D'Alonville passed through the hall, he was seized with a desire to know whether the corpse that lay near the oubliette was that of one of his friends, and he proposed going to inspect it; but he found the garde gard de chasse so terror−struck, with the mere idea of such a spectacle, that he forbore to press him; and on going himself, had at least the melancholy satisfaction of being convinced that the dead person was a stranger to him; and, he thought, a peasant.

Rameau was almost without clothes. It would have been desirable to have changed his appearance by some means of disguise but none was at hand. All D'Alonville could do, was to give him a thick flannel waistcoat he himself wore under his other clothes; and having thus equipped him, and exhorting him to courage, he led the way out of this dismal abode, and hastened to gain the nearest path to Merol.

They proceeded silently near three quarters of a mile, and had, by a shorter way than that by which D'Alonville came, nearly got through the woodlands that on every side encompassed the castle, when they suddenly heard loud voices immediately near them, and were at once surrounded by fourteen or fifteen peasants, who stopping them, demanded an account of who they were, and from whence they came?

D'Alonville, disengaging himself from the savage who had seized him, and grasping one of his pistols beneath his great coat, began to tell the same story which had so often carried him through similar enquiries. But all his precautions were here vain; the garde gard de chasse was already known and D'Alonville was as soon recognised for his deliverer, and of course included in his guilt whatever it was. He was instantly overpowered; his arms found, and taken from him, served as additional proofs of his delinquency, and he expected nothing but immediate death. However, after some consultation among his captors, it was concluded, that by his having ventured to the castle at such a time to deliver a servant of the Marquis from the punishment so justly inflicted upon him; from his being armed, and from his general appearance, that he was a prisoner of some consequence, who had probably much to reveal for which reason they resolved to carry him immediately to Rennes; where he might be examined by persons high in authority. D'Alonville therefore soon saw himself confined by cords in a cart, and with his ill starred companion Rameau, on his way to Rennes. His sensations during such a journey may be better imagined than described.

CHAP. VII.

Foss 'io puitosto, o piutosto non nato!
A che, fiero destin, ferbarmi in vita
Per condermi a verdere
Spettacolo sicurdo, e si dolente!

GUARINI.

THE unhappy D'Alonville, on arriving at Rennes, was thrown into the common prison with Rameau, who seemed to be again sunk into a state of stupefaction, and no longer sensible of his condition.

Convinced that his life was forfeited, D'Alonville disdained to attempt its preservation my misrepresenting himself, or his intentions; and he determined to avow both, whenever he should be examined by the commissioners of the Convention, two of whom he was informed, were arrived the evening before from Paris, to try a great number of prisoners confined at Rennes for counter−revolutionary projects; to direct their punishment on the spot, or to order them to Paris.

On entering the prison D'Alonville was shocked to see so many women, apparently of superior rank; military men advanced in years, of the most respectable appearance; and very young persons, who must have been incapable of having offended against the inconsistent and ridiculous laws which were every day issued and revoked. Ever in search of De Touranges and St. Remi, he anxiously examined the countenance of every person he saw; and met some that he recollected, though they seemed to retain no remembrance of him, but turned from him with evident disgust, when they observed his dress, believing that he was one of those, who, by a late repentance, had incurred the resentment of the party he had at first undertaken to defend. One old knight of Malta, with whom he accidentally entered into conversation, conceived from his manner, his countenance, and his expressions, a more just opinion of him; and after a second conference, D'Alonville related to him the circumstances of his life for the last fourteen months. The Chevalier de Calignon heard him with so much interest, as to be moved even to tear. "I knew your father," said he, "and highly esteemed him I envy him his death, and such a son as you are. Yet when I reflect, my young friend, how soon the promise of your youth will be blasted, and that we shall probably, in a few days, ascend the scaffold together, my heart bleeds again, as indeed it has often done, to see thus sacrificed the future hope of our country. For myself, an isolated being as I am, and robbed by this fatal war of my collateral connections and my property, it signifies but little how soon my career is at an end." De Calignon then informed him that he had been one of the party engaged with De Touranges and St. Remi; that their promising views had been darkened, and their hopes blasted by the treachery of a ci−devant monk who had been admitted to their councils, and that those who had not been fortunate enough to escape, when an armed force surrounded the castle of Vaudrecour, had been carried, some to one prison and some to another; but he had reason to believe that De Touranges, if not St. Remi were among those who escaped at all events they were neither of them in prison at Rennes." D'Alonville thought with extreme concern, on the anxious hours the mother and wife of the unfortunate De Touranges, would pass in the expectation of hearing of him. He recollected how sanguine the elder Madame de Touranges had been, and sighed with he pictured to himself the party assembling at Besthorpe or Worthfellbury, in expectation of intelligence that never would arrive.

De Calignon enquired of D'Alonville what he meant to answer to the questions that would be asked him the next day? "To relate the truth," replied he, "If it will hurt nobody I am tired of the falsehood I have been uttering ever since my return to France, and can wear the degrading mask no longer." "I am older than you, my friend," replied the Chevalier de Calignon; "suffer me to advise you to repress this ingenuous ardour, which may injure, if not your immediate friends, many who are embarked in the same cause, by rendering them suspected, and giving to the search that is now making more malignant activity. I do not wish you to deny the truth, should it be discovered, for that would be unworthy of you; but do not needlessly avow it. It is but too likely that you are already known, and I fear there is but little hope of *your* escaping the fate that is preparing for *us*; but if without any unworthy means of your part, you could preserve your life, remember you owe it to your country. You are young, and may yet see the French name rescued from the obloquy with which it is now covered." D'Alonville promised to do nothing needlessly to incur danger; but his conduct seemed not likely to make any difference in the event. Nothing, he declared, should induce him to leave the world without a public avowal of his name and his principles; an avowal that he owed to the memory of his father, and to himself.

D'Alonville, as well as the Chevalier de Calignon, were glad to learn that their imprisonment was not to be of long continuance. Two days after his arrival the hour was fixed for carrying him and his fellow−sufferers before the commissioners at the Hotel de Ville. D'Alonville was among the last of these unfortunate people who was brought forth; he was conducted to a sort of bar, behind which the judges were placed. He approached but what were his sensations on discovering, that one of these was his brother, the other his old acquaintance Heurthofen!

He immediately saw that Monsieur du Bosse (by which name the ci−devant Viscount de Fayolles chose now to be distinguished) knew, but determined not to acknowledge him; while the countenance of Heurthofen expressed a malignant joy which the solemnity he affected did not conceal. He seemed, from superiority of assurance, rather than of intellect, to assume greater authority than Du Bosse. To his interrogatories, D'Alonville answered plainly, that he had been an emigrant with his father; "Yes," said he, speaking in a loud and firm tone, "*with my father, who died, partly in consequence of a wound, but yet more of a broken heart.*" He fixed his eyes earnestly on Du

Bosse; he saw him turn pale, and heard him with faultering lips, endeavour to turn the examination to some other point. Heurthofen, who was now called Rouillé, and of whom it seemed not to be remembered that he was an alien, continued his questions. "I quitted Vienna," said D'Alonville, "and went to England, where I have been till about three weeks since, when I returned to France." "To what purpose? you knew your life was forfeited to the laws of your country." "Not to the laws of my country," replied D'Alonville, "but to the unjust and tyrannic ordinances of men who have usurped the government of that country, and who have made the French name a word of abhorrence among the nations. I came in the hope of rejoining some of the faithful adherents of my murdered king, to revenge his death. I have failed in my object, for by treachery my friends are dispersed. My life is in your power take it." "You carry this with an high hand, Monsieur le Chevalier," cried Heurthofen, contemptuously, "you will, however, condescend to tell us, who those friends are whom you thus expected to rejoin?"

"Never," answered D'Alonville, "you cannot force from me their names; and though I shall fall, I have great consolation in knowing that there is not an honest heart in France but is ready to bleed in the same cause; and some will surely undertake it with success. The justice of Heaven, Monsieur l'Abbé Heurthofen, will not always sleep! Apostates and incendiaries may triumph now, but the indignation of an insulted world "

"Take back Monsieur le Chevalier," said Heurthofen, to the guard who were in waiting. The men were leading D'Alonville away, when he cast towards Du Bosse a look of indignation and contempt that seemed to sting him to the soul. "You will not suffer this young man," said Du Bosse, addressing himself to the guard, in a voice which betrayed agitation, which he vainly endeavoured to conceal, "You will not suffer him to have any communication whatsoever with any other prisoners." "But my sentence, gentlemen?" cried D'Alonville, as they led him away; "You will know it soon enough," was the answer he received. He was led immediately, with his arms pinioned he behind him, to a dungeon under the common prison, a place equally noisome with which he had rescued Rameau, though it could not be called an oubliette. His conductors, to whom he applied for information how long he was to remain here, gave him no answer. He heard the iron door grate on its hinges as they closed it after them, and the noise of the bars, that made his escape impossible. A few boards covered with straw, that had already been pressed by the weary weight of some wretched prisoner, was to serve him at once for a bed and chair. He sat down upon it, and contemplating his dreary abode, found his only satisfaction in reflect in that he should not be long its inhabitant; and when he reflected on the scene he had just left, he felt proudly conscious, that deplorable as his condition was, thus condemned to breath the foul air of an unwholesome cavern, and certain of leaving it only to perish in early youth by the hands of the executioner, he would not exchange situations with his brother. "Wretched man!" cried he, "degenerate son of De Fayolles thou hast changed thy name; thou hast abandoned thy honour but the immutable principles of right and wrong though canst not change; and thy conscience embitters thy degraded existence."

On more minutely recollecting what had passed, D'Alonville was at a loss to comprehend whether Heurthofen knew him to be the brother of his colleague Du Bosse. It was hardly possible but that he must, notwithstanding his change of name; but the cant of the party, that Roman disregard of the ties of nature that every worthless pretender to patriotism affected, was, he thought, the reason why Du Bosse declined to own him, or Heurthofen to speak of him as being the brother of his associate. To see this apostate German now a legislator of France had at first occasioned to D'Alonville some surprise; but when he recollected his former conduct he ceased to think with astonishment of his present elevation. This man into whose power he had fallen, he knew to be his enemy, and he knew that his fate was inevitable.

His thought now fled to England; to Angelina, and her family. "Amiable, happy people," exclaimed he, "I regret that I ever knew ye; may no recollection of me embitter your felicity; yet would it be a mournful satisfaction to me in dying, to believe you, Angelina, sometimes remembered me, and bestowed one sigh on my wretched destiny." He paused from the excess of emotions he could not conquer. "But you will never know it," added he; "I perish unknown and unlamented. The kindred hand that should have resisted the stroke of the assassin, directs it and the voice of nature is no longer heard. Ah! De Fayolles, how differently should I have acted, if you had

fallen, culpable as you are, by the chance of was, or the vicissitudes of events, into my power. No; though I detest your principles, and the fatal ambition from which they are derived, I should have remembered that my enemy was still my brother accursed be the infamous maxims that tend to break the ties of blood and friendship, and leave us nothing in their place, but the empty boasts of stoicism, which the heart denies."

It was now night; and as his gaolers did not appear, D'Alonville concluded, that as he was to suffer early the next morning it appeared unnecessary to these professors of humanity to provide him with food. However, about midnight two of them appeared. They brought him food and wine, and a blanket to throw on his wretched bed.

D'Alonville entreated them to tell him at what hour the next morning he was to die; but the men, who were soldiers of the national guard, assured him they were themselves ignorant. They were ordered to be under arms by the break of day; but whether to surround the scaffold of prisoners who were to die at Rennes, or to serve as guards to those who were ordered to Paris, they knew not. D'Alonville would have questioned them farther, but one of them appeared surly, and the other apprehensive; and they left him so far from being relieved by having seen them, that he was more uneasy than before; for the uncertainty of when his fate was to be decided, was more painful to him than the belief he had before entertained that all would be inevitably concluded the next morning.

His friend Ellesmere was now present to his mind; and he wished he could have written to him an account of what had passed since they parted; and have sent him his last thanks and dying wishes. But he had no means of writing, nor was it probable that if he could write the letter would ever reach the hands of his friend.

Dismal and tedious appeared a night passed in this humid cavern, the abode often perhaps of guilt, but oftener of undeserved misery. Wearied at length with his own sad reflections, and with listening to the melancholy responses of the centinels, who repeated the half−hour around the walls of the prison, he threw himself upon the straw and forgot the real horrors of his condition, though fancy was busy in creating imaginary terrors, even more hideous than the realities which surrounded him waking. He fancied he again saw his father; that he saw him dragged to execution and that his brother was himself the executioner. Vague images then pursued him. He believed Ellesmere reproached him, with having involved him in his distresses and forswore his friendship for ever; and Angelina was struggling with ruffians whom Heurthofen had ordered to seize her, and from whose grasp D'Alonville in vain attempted to deliver her. The violence of these emotions could have awakened him, if he had not been startled from his restless slumber by a loud noise and a sudden light in the dungeon. He instantly regained his recollection, and saw, without much surprise, two other men enter the cavern; they had fetters for the hands and legs, which they put on him; and without answering any of the questions he asked, led him away, as he believed, to immediate death. In this persuasion he collected all his resolution, and prepared to die with the courage which his conscious integrity, and the blood he descended from, ought to inspire. Life under such circumstances as he was now in, had so few charms that he was willing to lay it down and he felt no satisfaction, when, instead of taking him into the street, as he expected, his conductors carried him to an upper room of the prison, where they placed him at a window, from whence he saw a scaffold erected, with the fatal instrument of death. Eagerly he enquired, "why he was sent thither." An insulting answer was all he could obtain from the brutes who were about him; but he did not remain long in suspense. He saw eleven unhappy persons, of whom three were women, brought out, and executed, without being allowed to speak. The last was de Calignon, the venable old officer with whom he had so lately conversed, who suffered, with a dignified calmness that excited in the breast of D'Alonville the liveliest emotions of respect for *him*, and of abhorrence against his murderers. The scene of death was closed the infatuated multitude that had gazed on it in silence, and were hardly impelled by fear, or induced by the hirelings mingled among them, to cry "Vive la Republique," were dispersed; D'Alonville, with only three or four men to guard him, remained at the window. A man who appeared like a municipal officer came to the door, and made a sign to these guards, who conducted him back to his former dungeon as silently as before, took off his fetters, and left him there shuddering with horror, and more astonished than pleased to him himself yet living. He remained alone, and with no other light than what a thickly−grated window, close to another strong wall, afforded him; till the centinels around the persons had again cried twelve; when two other persons, men whom he had never yet seen, came into his dungeon. They spoke low, and affecting

an air of mystery, exhorted him not to make any enquiries, which, they said, would avail him nothing; and once more leading him away, they put him into a small covered cart, to which he was tied. Two men completely armed, placed themselves on each side of him, and the carriage drove away, his guards absolutely refusing to give any account whither he was going. He doubted not, however, but that it was to Paris they were carrying him; and that his sufferings were prolonged, that he might end them on the theatre where so many tragedies had been acted. But why it was worth while to single him out from so many other prisoners, all of as much, and some of more consequence than himself, he had no means of knowing, and wearied himself with conjectures in vain.

CHAP. IX.

"Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are, who friends
Bear in their superscription: (of the most
I would be understood) in prosperous days
They swarm; but in adverse withdraw their beams,
Not to be found though sought."

THE unhappy persecuted wanderer, thus fallen into the hands of men who sought his destruction, as well from motives of personal enmity, as public vengeance, remained their prisoner, expecting that every sun, that lent by reflection a pale light through the barred window of his dungeon, would be that which would witness his execution. In the mean time, his friend Ellesmere had entered into the career of what is called glory, with the enthusiasm peculiar to his character, and the gallantry natural to his country. Whatever had been his original sentiments as to the affairs of France, he had, with very man of humanity, or principle been so disgusted by the folly, the wickedness, the unmanly cruelty of the persons into whose hands the government of that country had fallen, that he wished nothing so ardently as that the combined armies might put a final end to the war, where only it could be ended; and he felt indignant and impatient, that it was not possible to rescue from the unworthy insults of the most unfeeling wretches that ever disgraced humanity, the widow, the sister, and the children of the murdered monarch: with such a disposition, every movement seemed too slow for him. The horse had very few opportunities of being engaged, and weeks appeared to Ellesmere to be years, while they waited in hopes of bringing the Carmagnols to a general action. In the mean time he had no news of his friend D'Alonville, though they had parted early in March, and it was the end of April; from this want of intelligence, he feared that his unfortunate friend had failed, and conjectured, as was but too true, that he had fallen into the hands of enemies form whom no mercy was to be expected. This idea aggravated the detestation with which he beheld the parties of them he occasionally met with, and encreased the rash bravery with which, whenever it was in his power, he threw himself among them; twice he narrowly escaped being made prisoner by superior numbers; found it necessary to check his ardour, and to entreat him to forbear needlessly exposing himself and his men for he was promoted to a captain soon after he joined the regiment.

The news that Ellesmere received from England, though it gave him some satisfaction so far as related to his family, was insufficient to counteract the uneasiness he felt, when he reflected on the loss he had sustained, in being deprived of a friend to whom he was sincerely attached; and he now repented the share he had taken in cementing between him and Angelina Denzil, an affection which would too probably serve to render still more unhappy the life of that amiable and lovely girl, already exposed to all the mortifications of indigence. It was his sister, Miss Mary, who wrote to him the news of the neighbourhood in Staffordshire, which Lady Ellesmere carefully transmitted to her, while she herself was yet enjoying the delights of London under the auspices of Lady Sophia and Miss Milsington; and Ellesmere though she had felt as much pleasure in writing, as he was sensible of pain in reading, the following account:

"I must tell you too, my dear Edward, tho' I fear you may not be delighted with the intelligence, that the French countesses, or viscountesses, or whatever they were, that you and your friend, Monsieur D'Alonville, introduced

so unfortunately to our poor old uncle Caverly, and about whom he really made himself the laughing−stock of the whole country these French ladies are gone nobody knows where, being no longer able, as the report goes, to pay their lodging, though the apothecary (I forget his name) where they lived, took them at such a low price. However, it is supposed that your *other* friend, Mrs. Denzil, helped them, poor as she was herself; methinks for a lady of her sublime notions, who it seems makes books, and is an authoress under some supposed name, it would have been well to have been *just* before she was generous, for she is in such circumstances herself, it seems, that having disobliged her friend and patron, Lord Aberdore, she is gone from the house he lent her, and her fair daughters, who held up their heads so high, that one of them, it is said, refused Mr. Melton (which, by the bye, *I never will believe*) are taken, some by one friend, some by another; and I suppose Miss Elvira or Penthesilia, or whatever her high founding name is, whom you and your French friend reckoned such a beauty, will be the goddess of Tavistock−street; for they say the relations have no mind to do more for them than to put the Misses apprentices, only taking care they shall not be known; I assure you, my dear Edward, that should this really happen, I shall do all I can to be of use to these poor girls when they set up for themselves; for it is said they were born gentlewomen, and so I suppose they really were, by their being somehow related to the Aberdores. Lady Sophia visits Lady Aberdore; we were at an assembly there not many days ago, and if it had been possible, or proper, I would have give my ears to have heard what Lady Aberdore would say to the history of those country cousins; but indeed they are no relations of her's, and perhaps she hardly knows that such folks exist."

Such was the sensibility in regard to the unfortunate, which Miss Mary Ellesmere had acquired during her stay among what is called good company, or rather she had only learned to express, unblushingly, what she before felt, the triumph of insolent prosperity over indigent merit. She never could forgive the preference she had heard given to the Miss Denzils, particularly Angelina; and learning, that they were driven from the country where she might again have heard of their attracting admiration.

Ellesmere was not only shocked to hear that misfortune pursued a family he esteemed, but lamented the cruel situation to which he feared Madame de Tournages and her daughter might be reduced. He now, indeed, felt what his brother had told him to be true, that in forming friendships with the unhappy, a man lays up uneasiness for himself; but he would not have been exempt from this uneasiness for all the tranquility that selfish apathy could have bestowed upon him. In answer to his sister, he severely reprehended her, for the malignity with which she spoke of persons who could never have offended her; and bid her remember, that if Sir Maynard should die, she might herself be reduced to dependence on her elder brother; and in point of fortune, be no better situated than those whom she seemed to rejoice in thinking must have recourse to their industry for their support.

The generous heart of Ellesmere would not, however, suffer him merely to lament the calamities of his friends; and though he knew not how to relieve them, he could not help making some attempt in their service. For this purpose, he determined to write to Mrs. Denzil. It was just possible letters might have reached England from D'Alonville, though he had not received any; he wrote, therefore, an enquiry after his friend, and desired to have news of the ladies De Touranges; to which he added a hint, how much he should he gratified, if Mrs. Denzil would indulge him with the relation of some circumstances of her life, which he knew had been particularly marked with misfortune in the usual course of time he received the following answer:

"It is extremely flattering to me, dear Sir, to find that we are remembered by our newly−acquired friends. To me it is particularly so; for I have lived to discover that poverty is, in regard to worldly attachments and connections, an almost universal menstruum; I have seen it dissolve all the ties which I *once* fondly fancied indissolubly formed, by affection, taste, or habit; and I know that even the ties of blood cannot resist its corrosive properties. Let me recal my pen from these comfortless reflections, to answer your questions in their order.

"You ask after our female French friends They are like us expelled from the quiet scenes of heath and copse that surrounded us at Northfellbury, and he now inhabit lodgings near each other in the neighbourhood of London; where I have still the satisfaction of being of some little use to Madame de Touranges, and her amiable daughter. *I*, who am, in my own country, reduced to a situation as distressing as that which they are thrown into by being

driven from their's I, who am deprived, by fraud and persidy, of my whole income, and compelled to procure a precarious subsistence, by my pen, for my children and myself *I* have, perhaps, felt more for these unfortunate victims of political fury, than those who have not known by experience what it is to fall from affluence to indigence; and you know,
"That should a neighbour feel a pain
""Just in the part where we complain,"

It naturally awakens all one's *sympathies*, (to speak like our sentimental acquaintance, Miss S); but in every species of humiliation and mortification, none of the unhappy exiled French have suffered, perhaps, more than I have done; in as much as, however hard it may be to be thrown, by the convulsions of an empire, on the mercy of strangers, it is still worse to say, in one's own, "I became a reproof among mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours; and they of my acquaintance were afraid of me, and they that did see me without conveyed themselves from me." If I could now give you the history you ask for, you would see with how much propriety I might take this verse as my text, if ever I should compose a sermon against persidy and the vile passions and propensities of the human heart. I could paint, *ad vivum*, such monsters of this sort, that have fallen under my very close observation during my hard study in the school of adversity for more than ten years, as would appear to your ingenuous mind, to be the over−charged drawings of a gloomy and prejudiced imagination. I am half tempted to make these ugly sketches Shall I? ah! the originals are all drawn up before me by memory, whom with indignation, smarting from long−suffering, at her side, suffers not one of the terrific lines to be softened. The rogues scroll, with their features distorted by the long practice of infamy. The fools, in their painted vizors and party−coloured robes, simper in admiration of their own preeminence, and in some among the phalanx, there is an assemblage of both these character. Do not, however, imagine that I fancy every man or woman who has offended me, must be either knave or fool. I know that resentment will deprive us of our candour, and that it is difficult to be *angry* and *just*. But when I see my children deprived of their patrimony, deprived of education, deprived of all but what I have been able to do for them, with an heart sickening from long years of calamity; when I am condemned to unceasing toil, only that the basest and most infamous of mankind may be *enriched* with my childrens' property; when I look at these children, who seem to me to merit a fate so different, I lose my temper with my hopes of redress; and if I betray impatience, surely I may say with the author you passionately admire

"Il n'y a que les infortunés, qui sentent combien, dans l'aues d'une affliction de cette espece, il est difficile d'allier la douceur avec la douleur."

You will believe, that it is not from malignity of nature, nor because of the money his creeping like a sycophant into my children's family, might have *legally* deprived them of, that I look with equal detestation and contempt on a man, who, having done this, attempts to deprive the best beloved descendants of his benefactor of their whole support, without deriving any benefit whatever to himself. You will imagine how I contemn condemn and abhor his cowardly obstinacy, when, not daring to trust himself to talk on business in which even his own callous bloodless heart tells him he is wrong, he refers me to a wretch, whose unprincipled villainy is notorious; whose iniquity is supported only by his impudence; and who, in having ears to shew, (if, indeed, he has them), is a reproach to the too great lenity of the English law. *You* will, I think, make great allowances for my want of patience, when you consider how apt that excellent virtue is to wear out; how "hope delayed maketh the heart sick," and how hard a task I must have found it, (deprived even of much the greater part of my own small fortune,) to support, from infancy to maturity, such a family as mine, while the persons who undertook to settle their affairs, and to protect them, have exposed them to yearly robbery, more ruinous than that from which they pretended to deliver them; and while they persist even now in the same unwarrantable conduct, complain of my impatience, detraction, and ingratitude. I answer, that my patience is gone; for it is too late now for them to remedy the evils they have brought upon me. For *detraction*, I am sorry if any of my random strokes have presented to their imagination representations of themselves, for which I am not at all answerable. In compelling me to enlist in the generally unfortunate troop of authors, *genus irritabile*, they have brought upon themselves the spattering from my pen, which, in the asperity of my writing for bread, it is hardly possible to check. *These random strokes will not blacken their characters;* and as for my *gratitude*, I feel, for their useless

and reluctant kindness, the same sort of sensation as is, I apprehend, felt by the plundered traveller, who, being robbed on the highway by the connivance of a patrole, receives half a crown from him to pay the turnpikes. "I could not protect you, friend," quoth the watch, "though hired to do so; but I am sorry for you; so take this, that you may get through the gates." Such a traveller would feel more insulted than obliged, and would answer, "If you had been honest, Mr. Guardian of the road, or brave, you might have saved *my* money, and have kept your half crown in your pocket."

"I repress the inclination I feel to fill up these desultory outlines; the figures would appear in terrible relief, were I to finish them. But why should one employ one's pencil, like Salvator, to describe banditti? No, I will rather direct your eyes to more pleasing figures that memory presents to me; yet, even that, I cannot do but with regret; for many of them, friends of my early youth, have vanished with the morning sun by which I beheld them.

"Like some gay creatures of the element," they have occasionally been replaced It is true, when "poverty and request of friends" first made me publish, the public were pleased and I obtained some degree of fashion. Then came forth many kind and gentle patronesses, who not only praised what I had done, but would have informed me how I might do better and many *real* friends, some of whom, I hope, I retain; and among them; alas! one I do not retain, a champion as eminent for his talents, as for his forensic knowledge, whose love of literature and literary ladies, was equalled only by his wit and his eloquence. Unfortunately he did not always find these muses, who shared his heart with Themis, such perfectly amiable beings as his ardent fancy had pourtrayed portrayed them nor could he say,

"Once and *but* once my heedless youth was bit,"
"And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit."

For Cosmopolita accused him of detaining her precious manuscripts, and Herma Melissa urgently used her gentle pen in opposite politics notwithstanding all he had, in his zeal, done for her. But benevolence hopeth all things endureth all things; and though thus discouraged by these defections, he came forward in my service, with active perseverance all his own, which he vowed should last till mine enemies were abashed before me; and I, on my part, vowed eternal gratitude.

"Three years did he combat for me. The patron of England never banged about the damsel−devouring Dragon; Hercules never encountered the Hydra with more zeal and vigour, than this champion of literary dames in distress exerted on my behalf; and many were the frauds he detected, many the latent iniquities he brought to light. He docked the bills of attorneys, and amputated accounts of compound interest for money advanced to orphans, while the very persons who charged it, *had money of those orphans in their hands*. In a word, this good friend seemed to set about in earnest cleansing the Augean stable, where the evils−doers had been acting their works of darkness; and papers were dragged from their holes in dusty compting−houses, which were said to be *mislaid*, or even *lost* ; when suddenly something or other happened I know not what, nor can I in gratitude even *try* to guess, which most abruptly ended his knight−errantry. The age of chivalry was, peradventure, passed with the little valourous St. George, who, though he had but

"Scotched the snake, not killed him,"

declined the combat and only saying,

"I have served the poor gentle woman to the very verge of my modesty,"

he left me to continue the perilous warfare as I could, aided by no sitter weapon than that unfortunate wit, which he often assured me would do me *no good* though it could, he thought, do nobody much harm; being more calculated to dazzle than to wound. Alas! it was unequal, even to light skirmishes, with the hose of triumphant foes to which he left me; for my oppressors were invulnerable to its shafts. Neither wisdom nor wit could affect *attornies*, to whose mercies I was consigned. Neither reason nor humanity, however forcibly pleaded, could influence such men; and though it has been said, "Q'un soupir de l'innocence opprimée remuera le monde;" these men were neither moved by the innocence of my children, whose prospects in life they have blasted, nor by the simple laws of justice; and I have ever since been struggling with the dark and overwhelming storm of adversity.

"So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
On troubled seas, and all its steerage lost."

"Alas! I had till within these last nine or ten months, one dear, dear friend, whose heart was as excellent as her talents were brilliant; she seemed life a benignant star to

"Gild the horrors of the deep."

But that friendly light is set for ever. She was lost in the meridian of light, when her eminent beauty, the least of her perfections, had suffered only from the least of her perfections, had suffered only from sickness; for time had not diminished it. I dare not trust my pen on this subject; I dare hardly trust myself to think of the irreparable loss I have sustained. I cannot dwell upon it my heart is still to much oppressed and I exclaim with the wretched Lear,

"Why should a rat, a dog, and horse, have life,
"And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more!
Oh! never, never, never, never, never!

"There are others, my dear Sir, to whose long unwearied friendship I ought to give the tribute of gratitude. But I am not at liberty to express, even to you, what I feel, since they are of that description who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

But among such, I cannot help remarking, that though I lately inhabited his house, I cannot reckon Lord Aberdore. Here then shall end, for the present, my history, which is "very long very dull, and all about myself;" and I will talk of beings, to me, at least, infinitely more interesting; yet, before I quit the irksome subject on which your request urged me too long to dwell, I must bid you consider even this slight etching of the group to whom I and my family owe our present distressed situation; and tell me, if it does not make my apology for the misanthropy you have sometimes told me was a blemish in my character; at least, you will allow, that the contemplation of it may well cure me of national prejudice; and when I suffer from oppressors, who would not be injured by being compared to some of the most odious of those characters in France that we turn from with abhorrence; I cannot agree with those who claim all merit and honour, *exclusively*, for the English. But there

needed not this apology to you for my partial preference of the Chevalier D'Alonville; you know his merit, and love him as he deserves. But where is he? Alas! we have not heard from him we fondly hoped that you had and very bitter is it to me, to learn that you have no intelligence of him. I dare not say to Angelina, all I think about him; she passes many hours every day with Gabrielle and they find a mournful pleasure in weeping together; while Madame de Touranges and I, veterans in calamity, can weep, can hope no more.

"I beseech you, my dear young friend, to write to us immediately, should you procure any intelligence, either of D'Alonville or De Touranges. Alas! what is become of them both? I dare not trust myself with conjectures. May you be preserved from the perils of war to return to friends who love you, and a country to which you do honour.
None can more sincerely wish this, than, dear Sir,
Your most obedient and obliged servant,
HENRIETTA DENZIL."
"P.S, Your uncle Caverly often sends us testimonies of his friendly recollection."

Mrs. Denzil's letter served only to add to the inquietude of Ellesmere. But of his friend D'Alonville, he had no means of obtaining intelligence; yet from his spirit and coolness, he had more hope of his escaping from the scene of desolation, into which he had thrown himself, than he had of the safety of De Tournages; whom he considered, with his excellent Mentor, the Abbé de St. Remi, as lost.

CHAP. X.

"Le vrai courage, est de scavoir souffrit."

WHILE Edward Ellesmere was lamenting, in Flanders, the cruel destiny of friends in England whom he so highly esteemed; while trembling for the hopes of D'Alonville in regard to his union with Angelina, which prudence seemed wholly to forbid, he sometimes imagined to himself, with great concern, how probable it was that D'Alonville himself was already the victim of the sanguinary faction that prevailed in France; the subject of his friendly solicitude was travelling, as he believed, towards Paris, but so slowly, that he almost doubted whether it was really intended he should arrive there. His conductors had been twice changed, and those persons who had now the charge of him were so careless, that he could easily have escaped from them; and he sometimes fancied it was meant that he should do so; but without money, and without arms, he could have escaped only to be retaken, and, perhaps, to have been treated with greater ignominy. It was even possible, he was so loosely guarded, that he might, by attempting to fly, furnish an excuse for more sever treatment, or for the putting him immediately to death.

The carriage in which he was confined did not proceed more than four or five leagues in a day, sometimes not more than three; one or other of his guards often slept in it the greater part of the time; and sometimes they both became instances of another change in the manners of the lower French people, among whom drunkenness had become much more frequent than before the revolution. It was already April, and ten or fourteen days of warm showery weather had wholly changed the appearance of the country, which now exhibited all the vivid beauty of spring; while every soft shower, and every hour of warm sun, visibly improved those scenes among which D'Alonville was passing a prisoner to the place where inevitable death awaited him.

With sensations how different from those he now felt, had only two years before hailed the return of spring! When his course of education at Paris being finished, he received a summons from his father to follow him to his estate in Picardy, where he had retired to avoid being present at scenes which he entirely disapproved; at concessions made by his sovereign, from which his soul recoiled, though he was far from foreseeing whither they would lead. D'Alonville now saw around him the same natural beauties; the tender verdure of the trees; and the ground; though in many places uncultivated, yet covered with grass and flowers. France, which has at no other time the lively green of England, now smiled on her wretched sons with promises of almost spontaneous plenty;

and D'Alonville, though not much accustomed to moralize, could not fail of being struck with a sentiment with Goldsmith (for truth and nature are in every country, and in every season of life of same, with much propriety, gives to his Vicar of Wakefield "*How much kinder is Heaven to us, than we are to ourselves!* " "What a wretched being is man," exclaimed he, "who throws from him blessings which he might possess; or converts them into curses!" While he thus reflected, they came in sight of a lonely cottage, embosomed within beech woods, now just coming into leaf; before it lay a small vineyard spreading to the south; a potagerie was divided from it by a hedge of white thorn in flower; and there was an air of neatness about it, unusual to French houses of so humble an appearance. The morning was warm, and D'Alonville's two guards felt no small desire to taste the wine of this vineyard, of which they supposed there might be a provision within the house. *Dans la France regeneré*, every thing ought to be in common, and one of them went in to demand a fraternal flask of the cultivateur. He returned with a large one, which he had already begun, and protested to his companion, as he poured him out a glass, that it was the very best vin du pais that he had ever tasted. "Those fellows always took care of themselves," said he, "this house belonged to the curé; the old crow has flown, but has left the best part of him behind. What if we go in and rest ourselves a little? Come, Monsieur l'Aristocrat, with your good leave you shall go with us; there's nobody in the house now but an old woman; though I warrant when the jolly old fellow was here himself, he had a pretty niece, or a black−eyed housekeeper." They now released D'Alonville from his flight confinement, and he walked between them into the house.

The poor old woman who remained in charge of it, received them with trembling submission, and gave them the keys which they demanded, without any enquiry into the legality of their demand. While they were rummaging the cellars for wine of a still better vintage than that they had already tasted, their prisoner placed himself at the window, and contemplated the prospect before him nothing could be so lovely, unless that the same view might be itself more beautiful when the vine under its broad foliage half discovered its rich clusters purpling in the sun. "What a paradise would this little place be to me," said D'Alonville, musing, "if I could here find Angelina, and tranquility my ambition would go no higher most willingly would I resign the distinction of birth and live unknown, if I might live with her; but ah! no, loveliest of creatures, may a happier fortune await thee! this distracted, this polluted country is unworthy to receive thee! Ah! wherefore should I, whose life a few days, nay, perhaps a few hours will terminate why should I indulge myself with visions like these? cut off in the morning of my days, I die, and I leave no memorial or my short existence, unless thou, Angelina, wilt remember me!" His mournful reverie was here interrupted by the woman, who placed herself opposite to him, yet so near that he manifested his amazement. "I pray you, pardon me," said she, "Monsieur; I am ordered to watch you by the two officers below, and to cry out if you attempt to run away; and so," added she, lowering her voice, "and so you are a prisoner! Jesu Marie! What! will they kill so young and good−looking a gentleman?" D'Alonville could hardly help smiling at the simplicity of the poor woman. "Yes," replied he, "I believe, my good woman, they will; and I fear you run some hazard in expressing your pity for me, without the possibility of doing me any good."

"Hist! hist! replied she, "you had better speak low, though they are, I believe, thoroughly engaged in the cellar, and will scarcely hear us, Where are you going, Sir?"

"That is more than I know, I assure you," answered D'Alonville; "Because, Sir," whispered the woman, "Because I heard them argue just now about the time they must be at the place, wherever it is, where you are expected this evening; one on them seemed afraid of staying here too long; the other said, bah! it would be quite time enough if you were there by nightfall, and that a person, whose name I could not hear, had told him it would be sufficient if he arrived then, and would be best for their business."

"That business," said D'Alonville, "is probably my execution; but why they have dragged me so many miles, when they might as well have settled the matter ten days ago at Rennes, it is impossible to conceive."

"Oh, Saint Vierge!" exclaimed the woman, "to execution! Such a young Seigneur! I wish Monsieur could escape."

I thank you sincerely, my good friend," answered D'Alonville, "but I should not attempt it any way, certainly not, where it would bring you into any difficulties; for life, I assure, is to me but of little value!" One of the guards now staggered up with some of the ci−devant curé's very best liquor, of which he poured out a large glass and gave it to D'Alonville, and then another for the woman, and then a yet larger potation for himself. It was difficult to say which was the most drunk, he or his companion; the latter, however, reminding him, with very little reserve, of the appointment they had for the evening, they contrived to reel together to the cart, with D'Alonville between them; and having rewarded the patience of the driver with some wine, of which they brought as many bottles away as they could carry, they once more proceeded on their way. D'Alonville now endeavoured to discover whither they were going, and who they were to meet; but they both either were, or affected to be, so intoxicated, that he could make out nothing from their answers, except that their journey was to end that night.

D'Alonville was very sure they could not reach Paris that night, though he did not know the way they had passed, and fancied they had repeatedly crossed the country, and wandered far from the strait road to the capital, which he thought must be more than ten leagues distant. It was in vain to attempt forming conjectures as to what was the purpose of the persons who thus seemed to refine on cruelty, by protracting the pain of uncertainty; but, after every possible supposition, he at length concluded that Heurthofen found a malicious pleasure in prolonging his sufferings, and was unwilling to let him die when he was prepared to meet death with fortitude. This day nearly passed as the others had passed before. Towards evening they reached a little town, it appeared melancholy and deserted, hardly an inhabitant was to be seen, while the grass in abundance made its way through the pavement; the few persons that were in the streets, were meagre and squalid. D'Alonville enquired of his conductors the name of this town, but they evaded his question; they told him, however, that here he must pass the night, and drove under an high and dark gateway; there he was taken out of the cart and conducted through a miserable room, where two or three shabby ill−looking men went drinking, then across a large yard, and up a narrow stair cafe. A woman, who seemed to have expected their arrival (for she asked no questions), walked before them with a candle; she shewed them into a small room, where the bare walls were become green and black through damp, and where there was a bedstead with a mattrass, which perfectly answered to the appearance of the chamber; it had one high window, whose broken panes had been recently repaired with the wood, while the iron bars which crossed it, seemed to have been lately put there for security. "It is here we are directed to leave you, Monsieur," said one of the men; "we wish you well; for though it is your fortune to be an aristocrat, you may alter your mind, perhaps you are young, and it is better to change from bad principles, than to die by the guillotine we must say, that, as a prisoner, you have given us no trouble."

"Here then *your* commission ends, in regard to me," said D'Alonville, "but pray tell me in whose custody I am now to remain, and to what end?" "We have no orders," replied one of the national guards, "to give you any answer; but we advise you to have patience."

"I am still to be guarded, however?" interrupted D'Alonville, casting a look towards the window.

"Certainly" replied the man.

"But I am to be allowed light, I hope?"

"As to that," answered the soldier, "we have no orders; but I believe you will not long need it."

"Surely," cried D'Alonville, impatiently, "you will not refuse to tell me?"

The man, without giving him any further attention, left the room with his companion. The woman who had stood at the door with the candle, shut it after her, and withdrew with the light. The door was barred without, and D'Alonville remained a moment with his eyes fixed upon it, though he could no longer distinguish it; he listened to the footsteps of the men who had guarded him, as they became fainter on the stairs, and though they were his gaolers, and had the rude and brutish manners of the lowest of the people, he felt a sort of regret at their departure;

so dreary seemed the darkness and silence in which he was now left.

This situation, though desolate, was however less so than his dungeon at Rennes yet he felt infinitely more uneasy in it. There he was prepared for the worst that could happen, being persuaded that a few hours would put an end to his suspense with his life; but now he felt all the horrors that obscurity adds to circumstances indistinctly imagined, and of which, all he knew for certain, was, that they were circumstances of dread. Imprisonment, long, lingering imprisonment, would probably, he imagined, end in a public execution, attended with all the disgrace with which malice and revenge could contrive to embitter death; he had now hardly any doubt, but that he owed this prolonged existence to Heurthofen; and his heart swelled with indignation when he reflected on this apostate German priest, who had acquired, by the most infamous means, the power of oppressing him; at the same time, when he thought of his brother, sensations more poignantly painful assailed him. In Du Bosse's thus abandoning to the mean malice of such a colleague in iniquity, his only brother, the son of the same parents, the youth he had seen grow up with him, there was such a total dereliction of all those feelings that distinguish the man from the brute; such a failure of humanity, of every sentiment which nature implants in a good heart, or education impresses on one not naturally insensible, that D'Alonville could not bear to think upon it, yet he could think of nothing else; and his actual situation, upon the whole, hurt him less than the reflection, that it was his brother who had plunged him into it. Through the high and only half−glazed window, which was fifteen or sixteen feet above the ground, the rays of an early moon glimmered faintly, rather making "*darkness visible*," than affording light; yet it served him to mark the wretchedness of the place where he was confined, and from which he felt himself tempted to escape; though he believed that it was most probable such an attempt would fail; or that if he succeeded in getting out of the house where he was now a prisoner, it would only be hastening his fate, in case, as was most probable, he should be overtaken and brought back. To hasten his fate, however, was now become his wish, and, with the calm resolution of despair, he determined to attempt forcing the door, which he believed, though it was barred, he could do without much difficulty: but when he was on the point of applying his strength to this purpose he hesitated perhaps there might be a centinel set without to guard the door; "well, and if there be! he has his musket charged, and by his means I shall escape from the insults of Heurthofen, from the bitter reflection that it is my brother who has exposed me to those insults; from the sad images that now perpetually haunt me, and the cruel reality of seeing my country deluged with her best blood." While he thus argued with himself, he thought that amidst the silence of the night, he heard some flight noise without the door, as of a person that breathed hard, and with difficulty; he listened more attentively; the door was slowly unbarred; the lock moved, and a man dressed in a dark surtout, the cape of which came high round his head, and a large hat flapped over his eyes, entered with a lanthorn in his hand. D'Alonville stepped back a few paces; the figure followed him, and taking off his hat discovered the man who was *once* his brother!

The paleness and agitation of guilt and shame were visible on his countenance; his lips trembled, and his features were slightly confused, as waving his hand for D'Alonville to sit down on the bed, (the only seat there was); he turned towards the door, which he fastened within, and then again motioning for D'Alonville to be seated, who did not however obey him, he said in a low and tremulous voice, "you are surprised to see me here!"

"There was nothing I less expected," answered D'Alonville; "could you believe, then," whispered Du Bosse, "could you believe, D'Alonville, I could condemn you to death?"

Most readily," replied his brother for after what you *have* done Good God! is there any atrocity of which I am not well justified in believing you capable?"

"After what I *have* done," repeated Du Bosse "*what* have I done that is not well justified by circumstances; by that first of all−active principles in a great, a generous mind, the sacred love of immortal liberty!"

"Leave that disgraceful cant, Sir, to such men as your German colleague, Heurthofen, the apostate priest" said D'Alonville, angrily turning from him; "it only increases my abhorrence and my contempt."

"And is it thus, weak and unhappy boy," cried Du Bosse, forgetting his precaution, and rising into anger, "is it thus you thank me for risking my own safety to preserve you from the death you have doubly deserved? First, for bearing arms against your country; then for returning, proscribed and condemned as you were, to light up within her bosom the flames of civil war I am afraid I shall repent the weakness I have shewn in making thus a vain attempt to rescue from ignominious death an obstinate and ignorant young man, merely because he was connected with me by the ties of blood." "And why *did you* make it, Monsieur Du Bosse?" cried D'Alonville, still more indignantly, "to a patriot burning with the sacred love of immortal liberty; what are the ties of blood? what are all the charities between man and man? Is it not part of your creed, that the holy flame of freedom bursts all these asunder, even as flax is dissevered by the fire? Shall he who drove his father, (and such a father too) to despair and death shall he affect compunction for the fate of a brother?" Notwithstanding the affected stoicism which Du Bosse had been so long practicing; notwithstanding his ambition and his pride; the charge which was, he knew, but too well founded, of having driven his father to die in despair, visibly shook him. He attempted in vain to deny the charge, or to appeal in his vindication to that love of his country which he declared had alone actuated his conduct. He talked of tyrants Taruias, and despotism; of Roman virtues of Brutus and Cato; and had bewildered himself in this new fort of gasconading; though he seemed to have learned the sentences by heart when D'Alonville, rendered impatient by such an harangue, suddenly asked him to what all this tended; and what he meant to propose? "I am in your power, citizen Du Bosse," said he; "and the only favour I ask of you, is, to put an end to the suspense in which, for I know not what reason, it seems to be your pleasure to keep me. If I am to die, call forth your executioner you shall see that the blood from which I am descended, does not belie itself; and that while one of the sons of the Viscount de Fayolles disgraces him in his life; the other shall, by his death, do honour to the name he bears."

"And you do not then fear to die, Sir?" cried Du Bosse; " *Why* should I?" answered D'Alonville, with increased spirit, "have you not taken from life all that could render it desirable? my father (I loved my father,) my fortune, my home, my hopes? Can I fear dying, as my king has died? when, if my life were to be prolonged, it could only subject me to the humiliating condition of living a passive spectator of the disgrace and ruin of my country perhaps of being again driven from it by the persecution of fellows with whom you, citizen Du Bosse, would not a few, a very few years since, have held the slightest intercourse; though you now call them your brethren; your fellow labourers in this glorious cause, which has depopulated Your native land, and made the very name of its inhabitants a name of reproach." This conversation continued some time with encreasing asperity on the part of the younger brother; who having nothing to hope, disdained to fear any evil which could now be inflicted upon him while the elder, formerly of so haughty a spirit as to throw off indignantly the parental authority, was for some reason that D'Alonville could not immediately penetrate, become suddenly so placid as to hear without resentment the severest reproaches. To paternal affection this alteration could not be imputed; for Du Bosse, who was nine years older than D'Alonville, had never shewn any great attachment to him; but had treated him as a spoiled child, the favourite of his father, with something of jealousy mingled with contempt. The new system, he had adopted was not likely to have encreased his tenderness for his family; for, to immolate at the shrine of liberty and equality the feelings of the heart, was its leading principle D'Alonville therefore was surprised to observe, that his keenest invectives were not only calmly endured, but that the patience which *he* lost, his brother seemed to acquire. At length, after much circumlocution, and a great deal of what citizen Du Bosse thought artful management, D'Alonville discovered what was his brother's plan, though his motives for adopting that plan were not yet developed. It was Du Bosse's purpose to bring him over to the republican party; to conceal the part he had hitherto taken, and to introduce him on the political stage as a man, who, from his extreme youth, had not yet come forward, but now, actuated by sentiments and zeal like his own, was ready to shed the last drop of his blood in the cause of his country, (with a long et cetera of phrases so abused on these occasions). The greatest objection to the execution of this scheme, (for Du Bosse never doubted the concurrence of D'Alonville) was the knowledge which Heurthofen, or rather Citizen Rouillé, had of the truth. Du Bosse, however, who thought he understood this worthy colleague, and that there were means of securing not only his secrecy but his assistance, had in his own imagination conquered this impediment; he had therefore arranged his operations, and contrived to send D'Alonville off, under pretence of his being examined more fully at Paris; ordering him first to be compelled to see the execution of eleven persons embarked in the same cause, a fight which, he thought, would

act as a very powerful argument in engaging him to abandon it; especially when security, fortune, and power, united to invite him to the other side.

Heurthofen affected to believe the reasons his colleague gave him for sending the young man to Paris spoke of his concern for the painful struggle between his public duty and private affections, that Du Bosse must undergo, and said that though *he* had divested himself of every sentiment that might for a moment interfere with his rigid adherence to the good of the Republic, yet, that from all men, such sudden stoicism, such *Roman* fortitude, could not be expected; and that nothing but time, and a perfect conviction of the splendour of the glorious cause they had engaged in a cause so sublime, so elevated, so immortal, could be supposed to exalt the human mind, to the true point of revolutionary enthusiasm, and teach it to shake off all inferior affectations, all human weaknesses, "As dew drops from the lion's mane."

Du Bosse, satisfied with these speeches, breathing moderation and tolerance towards mortals, not yet elevated enough to attain the seventh heaven of republicanism, ventured to trust to some suture time the entire reconciliation of Heurthofen to his fraternal tenderness, with his political orthodoxy; and the result was, the departure of D'Alonville from Rennes, in the way we have already seen, and which Du Bosse, in his profound sagacity, had managed in such a manner as was, he believed, most likely to baffle any enquiry, should it ever be made, as to the preceding adventures of his brother; but the plan thus contrived, and so perfect in the opinion of the contriver, was unluckily overthrown; for D'Alonville, the moment he comprehended it, declared in the most positive terms that nothing should induce him for a moment to pass for a republican, one of those wretches he detested; and that were the guillotine on one side of him, and the Presidency of the Convention offered to him on the other, he would not hesitate an instant in his choice. It was equally in vain that Du Bosse exerted his eloquence or his authority. D'Alonville had arguments ready in his turn, and asserted the freedom of opinion with a boldness which Du Bosse could not controvert without contradicting his favourite axioms. It was true that the life of D'Alonville was in his power, but to take it was not what he intended. After a dialogue of many hours, at the end of which D'Alonville remained steady in his determination, they parted; the original scheme of Du Bosse was baffled; but he modified, and would not wholly relinquish it; and for very good reasons, which did not immediately appear, he determined neither to give D'Alonville up to punishment nor to lose sight of him.

Early the next morning he renewed the attack, but with as little success. This was one of those classes of which there are so many in the world, where one party glories in persevering in a good cause, while the adverse party declaims against obstinacy in a bad one.

D'Alonville, however, was immovable; and with his total refusal to have any connection with the men under whatever appellation, whether Girodists or Mountaineers, Moderés or Enragés, who called themselves legislators of France, he mingled sarcasms so cutting, and comparisons so degrading, that unless Du Bosse had been actuated by something more powerful than brotherly affection was in his breast, he would hardly have endured this severity from a young man on whom he was bestowing security, and wished to have bestowed power and prosperity. But from whatever motive it was, he restrained his resentment, and with wonderful forbearance at length came to what he called a compromise. It was agreed then that under pretence of D'Alonville being a person who was to be interrogated before the committee of Public Safety, Du Bosse should conduct him towards Paris in a chaise; that when within a few miles of the capital he should be dismissed, furnished with a certificate of civism by Du Bosse, and enter Paris, where he was very little known, as a person employed as a messenger, or in some other inferior department; he was then to go to an house his brother named him, where he reception, and the character he was to appear in, were to be secured by Du Bosse, who was to arrive there before him.

The elder brother believed he should there find means to shake the resolution of the now inflexible royalist. D'Alonville on the other hand though himself proof against either temptation or terror: he was certainly not sorry to be delivered from the apprehension of immediate death, however prepared to meet it, and he was very glad of an opportunity of visiting Paris in security, for it was there only that he could judge of the real situation of his country. These considerations induced him to agree to Du Bosse's last proposal making no other stipulation,

than he should not be represented as a republican, however humble the people might be with whom he should be placed.

In consequence of this arrangement, Du Bosse, who had affected an air of profound mystery at the inn, now told the people that the prisoner they had in their house, was a person who had confessed secrets of the utmost importance to the Republic, that he had still more to reveal, and that, therefore, he (the commissioner) should take him to Paris in his chaise lest he should escape, and never lose sight of him until he was delivered to the Committee. In half an hour after this affected confidence Du Bosse, armed with pistols and sabres, was most formidably seated in the carriage that had brought him. They proceeded rapidly towards Paris, from whence they were about five leagues distant, when Du Bosse sending off first one servant and then another, on different pretences, was left alone with D'Alonville, who, when he next changed horses, he dismissed, furnished with the certificate he had promised him, and sufficient money to take him post to Paris by another road. D'Alonville had now an opportunity of escaping; but as his politics and his honour both forbade his attempting it, he pursued the directions his brother had given him, and arrived about nightfall at the house of a watchmaker on the Quai de Voltaire, as it was now called, where he found he was expected, as a person employed by Citizen Du Bosse, and where he retired to an upper room that had been made ready for him, extremely fatigued, and not a little surprised at finding himself at large, and in present safety, in a place where he imaged he should have arrived only to give up his life on a scaffold.

CHAP. XI.

We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completed depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with the confusion of the mind, which counteracts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man, treacherous without art, and a hypocrite wi hout without deceiving.

JUNIUS.

THE first measure Du Bosse directed, among those to which D'Alonville agreed to submit, was, that he should change his appearance as much as possible. He obeyed, as far as it could be done without taking much trouble though he had no apprehensions of being known; for it was now two years since he was last at Paris: he had then lived at an academy and his figure and face were since that period greatly altered. He now, therefore, assumed, the name of Vermagnac called himself a Languedocian and appeared as a gentleman, whose father, a counsellor, had sent him to study the law He said he was a minor, which his appearance confirmed and his forbearing to take any active part in the politics of the day, was accounted for by his extreme youth.

The only person he feared to meet was Heurthofen. He knew not how Du Bosse had accounted for his disappearance to his worthy co−adjutor, but he easily perceived that his brother was desirous that no enquiry might be made about him by citizen Rouillé.

To other of his friends, however, Du Bosse contrived to have him introduced without appearing particularly interested about him. They met now and then at third places as common acquaintance; and Du Bosse visited him secretly, for a few moments at a time, in hopes of finding that the emancipating sentiments which he heard, and the truly patriotic conversations to which he was thus introduced, would gradually effectuate a change in his opinions; but D'Alonville not only appeared more steadily confirmed in his original principles, but became impatient of the people with whom he was thus compelled to associate; and protesting to his brother, that the more he saw of his democratic partisans, the more he detested them, he entreated him to allow him to depart, poor as he had found him, poor as he had found him; for the character he was acting became so uneasy to him that he

could endure it no longer.

Du Bosse, however, appeared to have some latent purpose which D'Alonville could not discover: he was often defected, and uneasy; and under the rhodomontading airs of a furious defender of liberty, his brother fancied that there lurked secret disappointment, and secret dread.

Among other persons to whom Du Bosse procured him an introduction, was a lady to whose parties Madame Du Bosse had been admitted as a very high favour, in consideration of her having resigned, with peculiar greatness of soul, the title, of Viscountess of being and Enrageé of the very first proof and of being also, a very pretty woman recommendations, which more than supplied, in the opinion of Madame du Guenir, the want of an elevated, or cultivated understanding. Wit, indeed, was not a quality this lady seemed to desire in her female friends, nor had she any predilection for beauty; but as she has purposes to answer, which made large assemblies of men necessary, she knew no means of attracting them so certain, as to collect about her a few pretty women. She herself had ceased to have any pretensions of that sort. She had passed one epocha in the life of a French woman; but instead of re−peopleing her empire "with the slaves of infidelity," the times had occasioned *her* slaves to be the new votaries of the goddess of liberty.

Her family consisted of an husband, whom she saw as a common acquaintance and three or four young women, one of whom she called a pupil, a second a niece, a third an orphan, whom she had taken out of generosity. These, under pretence of being eminently qualified to form the minds of youth, she had brought up
"To sing, to dance,
"To dress, to troll the tongue, and roll the eye

";

and it was their attractions, rather than on the eloquence of the old government, that Du Bosse depended for the conversion of his brother. He knew not that the heart of D'Alonville was already tenderly attached to a young woman, whom with as much beauty as the loveliest of these, possessed a mind unsullied with false and pernicious principles; and whose softness of heart would have deterred her from adopting the fierce and unrelenting tone of republicanism, if the simplicity of her manners had allowed her to interest herself about matters so unfit for her age.

To hear from a beautiful mouth a defence of the horrors that had stained, with eternal disgrace, the annals of France as a nations: to hear the dead spoken of with unfeeling ridicule, as having merited their fate: to hear a lovely girl encouraging sanguinary projects, and a daring defiance of every law of humanity, was to D'Alonville so extremely disgusting, that youth and beauty would have lost all their attractions, even if his affections had not been all engrossed by Angelina. As to the elder of these ladies, D'Alonville could not listen to *her* without a sensation bordering on horror, the inconsistencies of her character. Bigotry, real or assumed, was, in her, associated with the closest connections among men who disclaimed the very appearance of religion. Her past life had been very far from irreproachable, yet she now affected the proudest intolerance in regard to the weaknesses of others; while her present rigid theory recalled perpetually, and very little to her advantage, the laxity of her former practice.

While the introduction to these people operated on the opinions of D'Alonville so very differently from what his brother had intended, he was himself engaged in studying, as far as he could o it with safety, the real sentiments of *the people.* In this enquiry he was sometimes repulsed by caution, and sometimes baffled by fear: but he was convinced, that there were a very great number of persons, even in Paris, who were only restrained by terror from openly declaring themselves; and that the *revolutionary energies* were by no means at the height which the leaders of faction described them to be. He saw the once−flourishing tradesman of Paris sitting in his almost

deserted shop, looking pensively on bales of goods which had lain unfolded, and unasked for, for more than two years: he saw the class of manufacturers without employment; and, while they joined the fired multitude, execrating the cause that their necessities had compelled them to engage in. Loosed at once from the checks that were before, perhaps, too heavily imposed, unrestrained vice and brutal ferocity were become the character of the still lower ranks, who were driven by the one to the other, and thus they became tremendous instruments of destruction in the hands of the unprincipled leaders, who asserted, that they founded their power on the voice of the people. But the effrontery of this assertion was every day more visible to D'Alonville. How could *that* government be established on the voice of the people, which the people were every where rising to oppose? How could men call themselves the representative of their country, who could retain their power only by dying the scaffolds with blood

? If the refuse of every province, collected from gallies and goals, were to be called so, then, and then alone, could it be said that the convention was supported by a majority of the people of France.

His heart sickening at all he saw and heard, D'Alonville determined to remain where he was no longer; but whatever might be the hazard, to attempt returning to Flanders he had however passed his word to his brother, not to go without informing him; and though he thought himself very little obliged to Du Bosse, for a respite from persecution, which he long seen he owed to some views of his own; yet his word being given, he held it sacred. During the few conversations he had with Du Bosse alone, he insisted, in the most earnest terms, on his dismission. But instead of obtaining any positive promise, he found still greater symptoms of mystery, and, he thought, of uneasiness, in the answers he received. At length, after he had been above six weeks at Paris, Du Bosse entered his room one morning at an hour when he did not expect him. His countenance expressed very plainly the agitation of his mind; yet he seemed ashamed or afraid to speak but the emotions he felt were too violent to be long concealed; and after a long speech, which was something between an introduction to the rest of his discourse, and a vindication of his conduct, he owned, that a party formed against the *true* interests of his country were but too likely too prevail, and drive him, and several other true patriots, from their posts. He added, that having for some time foreseen the storm, he and his friends had been endeavouring to strengthen their interest, and to prepare for the shock; but doubting their being able to make an effectual stand against the infamous projects of these enemies of France, he had determined to secure his portable effects, by sending them to England. It was in fact owing to his having foreseen this necessity, that he had brought D'Alonville to Paris, as being the only person in whom he could on such an occasion confide. This indeed he did not *say*; but D'Alonville perfectly understood it, and the motives of Du Bosse's conduct were now completely explained.

After a moment's consideration, he asked his brother how it would be possible for him to execute such a plan? "Leave that to me," cried Du Bosse eagerly, as if he had been afraid of a refusal, "and be assured that if you have resolution to execute the scheme it cannot fail." "*If* I have resolution," replied D'Alonville contemptuously, "Do *you* doubt my resolution? but do not deceive yourself I will not appear in any character that shall brand me, in case of detection, with the name of republican. I will not die, as if I lived a regicide. My friends in England shall never have reason to believe, that in returning to France, I became a apostate. "Make yourself easy as to that," said Du Bosse visibly chagrined, nothing will be asked of you but to go as immediately as possible to the northern army, charged with letters and credentials, with which I shall furnish you; and when you are there, making the best of your former intelligence with the English to escape to them, and secure the effects with which you will be entrusted, in the English funds, as soon as you can turn them into money.

Variety of contending sentiments occupied the mind of D'Alonville who felt himself at once flattered and disgraced. That Du Bosse should desire thus to entrust him, proved the reliance he had on those principles, on that sense of honour which they had equally learned to venerate in their early youth; honour to which the elder brother thus paid involuntary homage, even while in his own conduct he had practically disclaimed it. But if

this was a reflection gratifying to the generous sentiments of D'Alonville, those very sentiments made him feel a degree of repugnance in being thus employed. And he would have preferred being asked to throw himself openly and at once into the most imminent danger, than to have appeared, however securely, for one moment in the character of a deserter.

This objection struck him so forcibly, that notwithstanding his brother's earnest entreaties not to lose a moment, he absolutely refused to undertake the commission, till he had given the proposal some hours consideration.

He then retired to his own lodgings, and ran over in his mind the substance of the conversation that had passed. He had understood from his brother, that the property he was to be entrusted with was principally in jewels which had belonged to his mother, a rich heiress. About these he had no scruple, because to save them from the plunderers who had not respected even the private property of the unfortunate royal family, and to secure them to his brother's use in case of necessity, seemed an act that the most rigid honor would justify. But part of them perhaps belonged to Madame Du Bosse? She was apparently a decided republican, and however mistaken might be her principles, D'Alonville though *he* had no right to take from her even the ornaments she affected to hold in contempt. This then was his first objection, which he immediately communicated to his brother; who answered by protesting to him that no part of what he intended to send away, were originally the property of his wife but that whatever had the appearance of modern purchases were still what had belonged to the late Viscountess de Fayolles, who, having an uncle governor of Pondicherry, whose heiress she was, had inherited more of this portable species of riches than of any other, some of which citizen Du Bosse had caused to be modernized for his wife, before these distinctions were become, by *the new order of things*, marks of incivism, and inimical to *equality* Du Bosse convinced his brother of the truth of this, by shewing him jewels under another form, which he well remembered to have belonged to his family. Being then satisfied, on this and some other doubts he had entertained, D'Alonville determined to accept the commission; though thoroughly aware of the danger that attended it.

D'Alonville had no adieus to make the restless vigilance of his brother was so successfully exerted, that on the next evening after this conference he saw himself travelling towards Flanders by the way of St. Quintin and Cambray, in the character of a messenger, entrusted with dispatches of importance, and, as such, he arrived, without any remarkable accident, at Valenciennes. The first object of D'Alonville was, to quit as soon as he could a place where he found himself wretched, and where indeed no reason could be given for his stay after the governor, to whom the letters he had brought were addressed, had answered them. As over the pallisadoes that formed the extreme boundary of the fortification, he looked at the tents of the English advanced guard, he reflected that there he might hear of Ellesmere, his generous, disinterested friend perhaps even find him there and have the delight of talking to Angelina; possibly of hearing of her while his thoughts, as they took this turn, went still farther, and he ran over all the possibilities that might have occurred in England since he left it. Absence; the many chances there were against his return: the universal and indiscriminate abhorrence which some late events in France had conspired to raise in the breasts of the English against the whole body of the natives of that country; the uncertainty of his circumstances, if he ever revisited Great Britain, all contributed to the dread he felt, that Angelina would be lost to him for ever. Though she had rejected Melton, would she be able to resist the importunities of her relations should he renew his addresses? Could her timid spirit, her soft temper, contend against the threats of her family, when only her mother supported her in her refusal? Such were the fears with which D'Alonville was tormented, while he was more immediately occupied by the difficulties he thought he should find, in quitting a place where he dreaded nothing so much among the various modes of death (with which he would here have been familiarized had ne not before seen them), nothing he so much dreaded, as being taken prisoner by the English and Austrians, and considered by the former as a republican and regicide.

A man who, with moderate abilities, applies his whole force to carry any favourite point, seldom fails of success. D'Alonville, whose conduct, though he affected no revolutionary ardour, gave no rise to suspicions that he was not a friend to that cause was allowed to go out of the town as a volunteer on a sortie, four days after his arrival. It would be difficult to do justice to the scene that now passed between the two friends. D'Alonville gave

Ellesmere and Captain W. a flight sketch of his adventures since he parted with the former in London. The affection that Ellesmere had always professed for him, was unchanged; it even appeared to be encreased by all that he had since suffered. It was not however in his power to take him to his own tent, for he could still be returned only as a prisoner; but on a proper representation of his real situation to the colonel of the regiment by whom he was made prisoner, he was sent to join the corps of loyal emigrants, where he was immediately acknowledged by many of his former friends.

With whom he continued as a volunteer, and thus found himself once more at liberty; possessed on behalf of his brother of considerable property, which he intended to take the first opportunity of sending by some safe conveyance to England; and rescued from the evil he the most dreaded, that of passing, amid an indiscriminate multitude, as one of the perpetrators of the miseries that desolated France. Such a situation after all he had undergone, and all he had apprehended, would have been comparative happiness, if he could have felt any sensation that resembled happiness, while his country groaned under accumulated evils; and while he believed Angelina was suffering under the inconveniences of indigence, and the mortifications that follow it; for such appeared too probably to be the case from the letters which, the first moment they were alone together, Ellesmere had shewn him from Mrs. Denzil. As he read these letters, the tenderness he had ever felt for Angelina returned with redoubled force. The strange scenes he passed through since he parted with her, had so entirely occupied his mind, and he had almost every hour seen death so near him, that, though the lively affection he felt for Angelina, had never been diminished, it had assumed more of the languor of despairing recollection, than the sanguine eagerness of hope but he now learned that Angelina still remembered him with tenderness; that her mother's favourable sentiments were unchanged; while the conversation he now had with his friend relative to her and her family, and the probability of seeing her once again revived, and even encreased his passion. But if the want of employment, by relaxing the minds, encourages the softer and weaker passions, that of which D'Alonville was sensible, received from thence no addition; for during the tedious siege of Valenciennes he was not a moment unoccupied, and was forward in every part of the business of a soldier, in which any of the French were employed.

Some days before the surrender of the place, he went one evening to pass a few moments of relaxation in the tent of his friend Ellesmere, who had told him in the morning that he should not be on duty; but on reaching it, he found Ellesmere gone with some other officers to examine two deserters who had just escaped from the town. He followed to the spot where they were, and heard the men relate their reasons for deserting. One of them was a soldier belonging to one of the old regiments, who declared that at the beginning of the revolution he had gone over, with many of his comrades, to the soi−disant patriots, believing that it was for the good of his country; but that he had since the death of the king, and the cruelty and madness of the leading men in the convention, repented daily of the part he had taken, and desired nothing so much as to have an opportunity of quitting the defence of a cause that had fallen into the management of such men. He then gave a very clear and circumstantial detail of the last accounts Ferrand had received from Paris; and among other instances of the confusion and ferocity of the present government. He produced a list of persons, members of the convention, who had lately been executed. The second name in this list was that of Du Bosse, of whose former life a circumstantial detail was given, and he was expressly said to have suffered for the unpardonable crime of having received his brother, an emigrant; of having taken him out of the hands of justice: and entrusted him with valuable effects, with which he had sent him over to the enemy.

The next paragraph in the French newspaper which the deserter produced, gave a circumstantial detail of the execution; and added, that the beautiful wife of citizen Du Bosse, by whom he had no children, had been divorced from him some time before his death; had reclaimed her property, which had been granted her; and that she had since married the patriotic citizen Rouillé, who had greatly contributed, by his *Roman virtue*, to the detection of this conspiracy against the republic, one and indivisible.

No doubt of these facts mingled itself with the various emotions which agitated D'Alonville on reading this account of them. He felt that Du Bosse was still his brother; and though the recollection, that by his cruel

indifference to the happiness of his father, by boundless ambition, and hypocritical pretensions to a disinterested love of his country, he had deserved the fate that had overtaken him, alleviated the concern of D'Alonville; his humanity and his natural affection forbade him even to appear indifferent at the recital. Ellesmere alone knew to what cause the emotion, which he could not conceal, was to be imputed; and left it should by others be ascribed to very different reasons, he gave D'Alonville an immediate opportunity of retiring, by giving him a message to a brother officer D'Alonville understood him, and withdrew.

When he had executed the commission Ellesmere had given him, and was at liberty to reflect on what had heard, these mixed emotions of concern and surprise, were almost lost in a stronger sentiment, that of rage and indignation against Heurthofen, whose treachery in this last instance exceeded all the infamy of which D'Alonville had believed him capable. The earnest wish for an hour of general retribution against the monsters whose conduct disgraced human kind, was felt with redoubled force, when he added to it the hope of individual vengenace, and imagined the possibility of punishing with his own hand this apostate villain.

CHAP. XII.

"He has much land and fertile It is a chough
but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

A VERY few hours reflection served to reconcile D'Alonville to the fate of a man who, though his brother, had so few claims to his regret. It was by the conduct of Du Bosse that the last moments of the Viscount de Fayolles had been embittered, if not accelerated; and when D'Alonville recalled to his memory the dying words of his father, it seemed as if the punishment of heaven had justly fallen on the ungrateful and unfeeling son. Another consideration would have reconciled to most men of D'Alonville's age, the loss of a much more valuable relation than he could ever have found in Du Bosse this was the circumstance of being his heir, not only to the whole of those extensive possessions in France, but to the property with which Du Bosse had entrusted him, with a view of securing it in England as a resource against the storm which he saw gathering, but which had burst upon him the sooner for those precautions. The estates of his family he hoped one day to regain; and the possibility of laying them at the feet of Angelina, brought, while he reflected on it, a thousand delicious visions of future happiness. This, however, was barely a possibility. But what he had saved from the wreck of his family's personal property, and which was now undoubtedly his own, secured him against the immediate indigence to which so many of his countrymen were exposed; and it released him from the apprehension of being burthensome to his friends from the humiliation of dependence, and its insupportable consequence, contempt.

Almost immediately on his escape from Valenciennes, he had given nearly the whole of the valuable articles he had saved to Ellesmere, requesting him to send them to England; which had been done, and advice of their being delivered safely to his banker. This property, amounting to between three and four thousand pounds sterling, was now his own; and as in the present scene of incessant action, his life was every hour in hazard, he drew up a short testament, describing what he possessed, and the hands it was in, and, after bequeathing a valuable jewel to Ellesmere, in remembrance of their friendship, he gave the rest to Angelina Denzil, in testimony of his ardent and unalterable affection. This paper he sealed up, and deposited with Ellesmere, giving him, at the same time, another copy of it to send to England: and, having settled all this, he returned with redoubled alacrity to the duties of his station.

A general assault of Valenciennes was now hourly expected. and from the obstinate resistance which the besieging army had already experienced, they expected that the town would hold out to the last extremity. As the time might perhaps be short that they could pass together, D'Alonville took the opportunity of every little respite from duty to converse with Ellesmere, and avail himself of moments that would too probably return no more. He was with him when a large pacquet of letters were delivered to him from England Ellesmere ran over the covers
from my father? said he from my brother? from my sister Elizabeth? D'Alonville could not help enquiring if

there was none from Mrs. Denzil? Ellesmere answered, no; "But perhaps, added he, "some of my letters may speak of her and her family." He opened and read slightly over that from his father It was short, and referred him to his brother's letter for intelligence, which, he said, could not fail to be pleasing to his son Edward. This being inspected, ran thus:

DEAR EDWARD,

THERE is nothing more highly gratifying to a man of a certain turn of mind, than to announce to any of its branches the prosperity of his family; and, when such a man has the very high satisfaction of knowing, that he has himself contributed to elevate, in the eyes of the world, the race from which he derives an honourable descent, this proud consciousness cannot but extremely encrease the complacency with which he recurs to the past events of his life.

It has been my fortune to feel this sentiment, and I glory in it. I should be sorry to have cause to complain of any derogation in the other branches of the Ellesmere family; or to suppose, that the absurd predilection you have frequently shewn for strangers, should, for a moment, interfere with the interest you ought to take in the concerns of the family of which you are fortunate enough to be a member.

My sister Mary, since she has been under the auspices of Lady Sophia Ellesmere, has been addressed by two gentlemen of equal respectability, but of fortune to unequal, that she would not hesitate a moment between them, had not an invidious, and, I am well convinced, a false report obtained, that Mr. Melton formerly made an offer of his hand to some little obscure girl, whose very existence must have been unnoticed, had not her family been suffered, by the easy goodness and unresisting benevolence of my good friend Lord Aberdore, to claim I know not what remote alliance to the illustrious house of his lordship.

Report, which in truth one equally contemns and detests, goes farther, and asserts (though its extreme incredibility destroys the assertion), that this person *refused* Mr. Melton, notwithstanding the immense disparity in their conditions; and refused him on account of her attached to that Frenchman whom you inconsiderately introduced to your friends. Nay, it has been said, that a challenge afterwards passed between you and Mr. Melton, about that foreigner; and that it was with difficulty you were prevented from proceedin proceeding to an hostile discussion of the question, whatever it might be, between you. An officious old woman, a Mrs. Risby, has been so impertinent as to tell Mary all this. Her pride, which women ever place improperly, has taken the alarm; and she will not give her *ultimatum* to her lover, Mr. Melton, till this matter is cleared up. This you, brother Edward, can easily do; and I expect it of you, as does Sir Maynard. I think I need say no more; however, it may not be amiss to point out to your observation, the advantages of an alliance between our family, and that of Mr. Melton:

He possesses, in the countries of Gloucester and Worcester, between four and five thousand pounds a year, besides a borough, for which he brings two members into the House of Commons:

He is, though not heir to an Irish barony, yet within two of it; and the persons between him and this honour are old and, though married, childless. He has, in his gift church−preferment to the annual value of seven or eight hundred pounds. You will recollect that Hugh is destined for the church and make your own application.

I thought Mary had more sense than to have hesitated a moment about accepting all these advantages; but, as her ridiculous punctilio is so easily obviated, I wish to leave her no excuse.

Let me, then, hear from you immediately; that is, write such a letter as may satisfy this vain capricious girl, that Mr. Melton made no proposals to this Miss What−d'ye−call−her; and that the whole confused story she has heard from Mrs. Risby is untrue.

I am,
Dear Edward,
Your's,
H. M. W. ELLESMERE.

The existing circumstances require an immediate reply.

To this sententious letter, Ellesmere immediately settled what to answer. He then read his sister's, which contained not a word of what he wanted to know; and D'Alonville, who say that his friend was vexed at something in his brother's letter, and that he had no chance of gaining any intelligence of Angelina, soon after left him.

Edward Ellesmere knew his sister too well not to be well assured, that some other reason that operated on her mind more powerfully than these vague stories against her accepting a man who was so near an Irish barony, and actually possessed a fortune that would give her a right to enjoy all the pleasures and luxuries of life that he guessed truly, the following letter will evince. Miss Mary never confided in her elder sister, But to the daughter of the clergyman of the next parish to Eddisbury−hall, a romantic girl of her own age, with whom she had agreed to correspond, when she went to London, she unveiled the various emotions of her heart in tolerable spelling, and in a stile partly from the conversation of the day , and partly from the conversation of the people she now lived among. Part of her letter described an assembly at which she had been: "But what is all this," continued she "ah! what, my Janetta, to the sentiments of the heart! Oh! Frederic! could you have but seen him, my friend, could you but hear him, you would not for a moment be surprised at my wavering he is amiable *to a degree* there is in his manner so much fashion so much elegance! He has only one brother, who is now serving in the army under the Duke of York. He declares, that he should really be sorry if any thing happened to his brother. With what gaiety, yet with what proper feeling did he speak of his chance of being a peer of England, if this should be the case. It is true, that Mr. Melton is altogether unexceptionable as to his situation, and he has almost a certainty of having a title then his fortune and interest and my brother's partiality to him besides that, I have really no objection to him.

But this Frederic Fitz−Raymond! Oh! my Janetta, how unequally are the gifts of fortune divided! Fitz−Raymond protests, that he never loved till now; and how can I do otherwise than believe him? when he, who could without doubt marry the greatest heiress, attaches himself to your Mary, while I have every day assurances that Mr. Melton really *did* make his addresses to one of those Denzils Ridiculous! one can hardly think it possible. My mother, Lady Sophia, and Miss Milsington, are amazed at my thinking of *this* as an objection; and the latter, (who certainly speaks from experience) assures me, I may live and die Mary Ellesmere, if I wait till I find a man who has never before had an attachment yet Frederic Fitz−Raymond is that man!" In short, the fact was, that the vanity and the *love* of the young lady were engaged on one side, her interest and ambition on the other; but the scale was turned, not by her brother Edward's answer, which was carefully concealed from her, but by a still more mortifying circumstance: Her lover, the enchanting Frederic Fitz−Raymond, suddenly turned all his attention to a young widow, who, just at the period in question, returned to the world of fashion, with unimpaired beauty and a large jointure; and Miss Ellesmere had the humiliating assurance, that before the death of her husband, the man whose first affections she had believed were hers, had been the most constant attendant of this lady to whom he now paid serious addresses. To relate such a circumstance to her, Janetta, was impossible to recollect all she had written was painful and the wisest thing she could do, was to accept Mr. Melton without hesitation; on which, therefore, she immediately determined. The wedding was celebrated with splendour; and Mr. Melton carried his bride to his seat in Worcestershire; of which fortunate event Sir Maynard wrote to his son Edward, in terms highly expressive of his satisfaction'.

A very short time afterwards, another event of equal importance and equal delight happened in this apparently prosperous family: The rich manufacturer died, whose purchases near Eddisbury had so greatly disturbed the felicity of Sir Maynard Ellesmere, that, notwithstanding the arising prosperity and accumulating places of his family, he felt like the illustrious prince who continually addressed one of his courtiers,

"Sir, I am not Duke of Tuscany while you wear those spectacles."

The old baronet was not Sir Maynard Ellesmere, while Mr. Nodes, whose money was obtained by making buttons, had the impertinence to buy land near the old family seat of the Ellesmeres of Eddisbury−hall, where he impudently built a better house than Eddisbury−hall itself; placed a bust of Franklin in his vestibule; (a vestibule in the house of a mechanic!) had Ludlow among his books, quoted Milton to his companions, and drank to the rights of man.

If the removal of a neighbour so obnoxious was an agreeable circumstance to the inhabitants of Eddisbury, it was followed by one much more so: The house thus raised by button−making, becoming the property of a great number of the late owner's collateral relations, it was put up to sale, and purchased by a Mr. *Darnly*, who was just returned from a thirty years residence in India, with a great deal of money, and a resolution to marry and found a family. In consequence of this, he changed the name of Grange−hill−house, to that of Darnly Park. The neighbours venerated his riches, though acquired perhaps by means somewhat less innocent than those of its late possessor, and agreed to forget, in favour of this regulation, the appellation of Button−Buildings, or Node's Folly, with which they had hitherto indulged their envy or their spleen.

Franklin and his round−heads were swept away for ever. Instead of pictures of Price and Priestley, the aspiring Pagoda was represented on the painted sattin that covered the walls, and around them josses of mandarins of gold and ivory nodded on brackets of ore moulu.

Lady Ellesmere, ever attentive to the operations of her neighbours, while for the fate of Europe she felt no manner of concern, had contrived to obtain a complete catalogue of all these fineries as they arrived, and knew exactly in what apartment they were placed. And the bamboo chairs; the curtains of Japan muslin lined with silk; the beds of the most rare chintz, or rich sattin; such immense jars as had never been seen in Staffordshire; and then, *such* a side−board of plate! all these had made a deep impression on the mind of the good lady of the hall. When she looked at the high backed old fashioned chairs, so long in use in Sir Maynard's family; the carpet which had been very handsome five and thirty years ago; the damask curtains faded and changed, and beds that were then though superb, but were now *quite old−fashioned*, she was half sorry that there must be a continual comparison between the antiquities of Eddisbury−hall, and the modern beauties of Darnly Park; and almost regretted the bust of Franklin, and the prints of Priestley and of Price; who could not, in point of respectability, be compared with all the noble personages who had borne for three centuries the name of Ellesmere, and of whom many were now represented among the ornaments of Eddisbury; and from within the gilt timber of the massy frames then encompassed them, beheld with majestic gravity, or simpered with soft amenity,
"As in the days of their Queen Ann"
On the ponderous moveables, or rather immoveables, that seemed co−eval with themselves.

This discontent, though carefully stifled, yet won insensibly on the mind of Lady Ellesmere, and in proportion as the India cabinets and Persian silks multiplied at Darnly Park, would have become a very uneasy sensation, if the profound politician, her eldest son, had not suggested what she, good woman, nor even Sir Maynard himself would have been long discovering; this was, that though Eddisbury−hall could not very conveniently be furnished like Darnly Park, yet, that from thence its most fair and most amiable ornament might be derived. In a word, Mr. Darnly was unmarried, very rich, and wanted a wife. Where could he find one superior to the eldest nymph of Eddisbury, Elizabeth Ellesmere? It is true that Mr. Darnly was about fifty, though he owned but six−and−thirty. He was not handsome, being originally of a very dark complexion, which, by the little bilious complaints he had picked up in his various residences, had become the deepest tint between orange, tawny, and black, that the cuticula of an European could possibly assume but then he had fine large dark eyes; and if his figure was none of the most elegant and light, he was always well dressed, talked well, nay, was even a respectable orator in Leaden hall−street and, as to person, what signifies person? Mr. Darnly was very well for a man.

All this was so true, and the prospect of being mother−in−law to the possessor of such sweet things as were assembling at Darnly Park, was so pleasant, that Lady Ellesmere now thought of nothing else. One recollection however startled her, the long attachment of her daughter Elizabeth to another man, who having for years persisted in "her hopeless unhappy passion," might, in the true spirit of romantic heroism, determine still "To flight the Squire, and wed the Curate," or at "least to die a maid for his sake."

This was to be guarded against by all that maternal prudence and worldly wisdom could devise. The day before the meditated attack on the heart of Mr. Darnly, (with whom Mr. Ellesmere had taken care to cultivate an acquaintance in town, and who was now asked to dinner at Eddisbury, Sir Maynard having previously left his card in due form,) Lady Ellesmere began a very long and very sensible discourse on the folly of young women, who, before they were judges of what would constitute their happiness, suffered themselves to be entangled in attachments which prudence and reason afterwards forbade; and having finished the exordium, she glided into an eulogium of Darnly Park, and on the riches of its possessor; and then coming to the point communicated to her daughter the hopes her family had conceived, and the projects they meditated for the next day.

Miss Ellesmere was, it is true, very much in love; but she was a woman of sense; and women of sense at seven and twenty, are competent to the control of weaknesses that run away with them at seventeen. So, as her lover had failed in one material point, that of determining to marry before he had got a benefice, or possessed his fortune, (which a man very much in love ought at least to have offered,) Miss Ellesmere affecting to feel a proper contest in her gentle besom bosom, between the fatal affection so long nourished there, and her duty towards her family, consented to hear Mr. Darnly, if Mr. Darnly desired to be heard, and prepared for conquest, influenced perhaps a little by another motive than those she imagined she had yielded to the mortification she had felt at seeing her sister marry so well married before her. "The pensive Nun," (for such was the character of countenance and dress that Miss Ellesmere had assumed since she had been "crossed in love,") now adorned her face with smiles, and her person with the most fashionable habiliments sent down by Lady Sophia in honour of Miss Mary's marriage. Anxious that every part of the family might appear to the best advantage, she overlooked, that morning, the simple dress of Theodora, who, though now admitted into company at the earnest request of her brother Edward, was still considered as a child, especially by her elder sister.

"Do, Dora," said she, "tie your sash better, my dear; you look quite a squab, I declare, and never mind how your things are put on and then your hair I never saw such hair."

"Dear sister," cried Dora, "what would you have me do with it? I cannot make it look any better; you know mamma won't let me have it dressed and powdered."

"Dressed and powdered!" exclaimed the eldest sister, "no, I think no, indeed! a pretty idea it would be to put powder in the hair a child!"

"No such child, neither," murmured Dora, as she submitted her beautiful hair to the direction of Miss Ellesmere's maid; "though, to be sure," added she in a still lower key, "to be sure I am not almost thirty."

Very vain are the projects of weak−sighted mortals Mr. Darnly came, and saw, and was conquered, but not by the maturer beauties of the elder sister the little wild Theodora, with her light flaxen hair half hiding her very fair face: her childish manners and innocent simplicity made, at the first interview, a slave of the Nabob of Darnly park. There was not much above five−and−twenty years difference in their ages, though there appeared perhaps a little more, "because fair people always look *younger* than they are; and Mr. Darnly had lived so long in a hot climate, that he seemed older than he really was." Mr. Darnly knew, that though it was so long since Sir Maynard had retired from it, that he was still a man of the world; he therefore made his proposals for Miss Theodora without hesitation; they were accepted, not only without hesitation, but with satisfaction greater than is usually felt even on these satisfactory occasions. Immediate preparations were made for celebrating these nuptials in a style of even greater splendour than those of Mrs. Melton. Theodora, when she looked in the face of her

lover, was almost ready to cry; but when she tried on the jewels he gave her, and contemplated the carriages, the servants, the houses she was to be mistress of, she could not help shewing her childish joy, together with a degree of triumph over her eldest sister, which Miss Ellesmere affected not to feel, while she took every opportunity of declaring how happy she was made by the singular good fortune of her dear little Dora; adding, that she hoped the amiable child would enjoy great felicity; for though, to be sure, Mr. Darnly had the character of being a sad libertine, yet that now being married to such a lovely young creature, he would undoubtedly reform, and, for her part, she should dedicate her whole life to her beloved and venerable parents, since she was the only daughter they had left, and to the pensive regret inspired by recollections of the promises of early life, wishing her sisters all happiness but not feeling any degree of envy at the difference of their destinies.

This part, however hard to sustain, she went through with great courage. Theodora became mistress of Darnly−hall; and the delightful news of the completion of this marriage was sent to Edward Ellesmere, before he had even heard that such an event was likely to happen.

CHAP. XIII.

Down many a weary step to dungeons dank
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
And cells, whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose;
No sun beam enters, and no zephyr blows.

DARWIN.

THE fortunate events that followed each other so quickly in the Ellesmere family, had hardly ceased to occupy the good sort of middle−aged women and amiable young ladies in the neighbourhood of Eddisbury−hall; the very visits were but just over; and the remarks not yet finished of "Dear, how lucky some people are! well, there are people born to be fortunate, and it is better to be fortunate than rich," when a very heavy calamity clouded the satisfaction of Sir Maynard and his eldest son; this was the death of his only grandson, who had never been a strong child, and whose feeble health had been injured by the extreme care that had been given to its preservation. Mr. Ellesmere had five daughters; but this boy was the hope of his family, he was, therefore, extremely afflicted by his death, and whether the fatigues of his place (for he had now a place of fifteen hundred a year), or the deep thought on political matters, to which he gave himself up' whether it was that his frame was calculated only to last a certain number of years, or that its decay was accelerated by sorrow, certain it is, that he was immediately attacked by a lurking fever, which undermined his constitution; and the wasting atrophy seized him so quickly, that in five weeks he followed his son to the grave.

This news was of course communicated to his brother, now heir to the title, and the greater part of the estate of the Ellesmere family. It fell, however, to D'Alonville's lot to open these dispatches; for when they arrived at Ostend, where, by this time, both he and his friend were, Edward Ellesmere was not in a condition to read them.

To account for this, the transactions of the last six or eight weeks must be recollected. Ellesmere and D'Alonville were in the victorious army that entered Valenciennes in July. They were then ordered to Dunkirk; and, on the fifth of September, in sustaining the ustrians Austrians, the regiment in which Ellesmere was, suffered extremely. The impetuosity of the men was not to be restrained. Ellesmere, in endeavoring to form his troop, who were dismounted, and to lead them up to the walls, whither they were confusedly running, received a musket shot

through his shoulder, while another broke his arm. He fell with the violence of the last blow, and was left bleeding on the ground; when D'Alonville, who was about an hundred yards from him, heard a soldier, as he ran by, exclaim that Captain Ellesmere was killed, and the Austrians already stripping him It was impossible for his to leave his post, insensible of his own danger; the loss of a friend so deservedly beloved, was more painful at that moment than death itself. In an instant, however, the retreat became general; and D'Alonville, without further consideration, ran towards the spot where he thought he should find his dying friend. he saw him a little father sitting on the ground, and leaning against a soldier he was sensible, but either so stunned by the blow, or so weak form the loss of blood, that he could not speak He smiled, however, when he saw D'Alonville, and held out his other hand. "He must be moved instantly," cried D'Alonville, in his imperfect English. "Aye, that you *may* say, my dear boy," answered the Irish soldier, who supported him. "For, by Jafus! now there's a party of French horse coming down pell mell upon us, and we shall make work for their broad swords; and for you, honey, I think you'd best take to your hells." " *You* may," cried D'Alonville, "if you chuse it; but I shall not leave Captain Ellesmere. My dear friend, can you walk," added he; "let us try to lead you away; I trust you are not wounded more than I perceive." Ellesmere assented, by a nod, to try to walk; and the Irishman, who was a very strong fellow, assisted by D'Alonville, lifted him upon his legs, and led him for near an hundred paces, when he fainted away.

"This is unfortunate," cried D'Alonville. "Come, my friend, we must carry him between us can you get no other assistance?" Two or three other soldiers now ran up; but at the same moment the body of French horse, which had sallied from the town, came thundering upon them, and endeavoured to him down. D'Alonville while he continued to support Ellesmere with one hand, till he was taken from him by a soldier, defended himself with the other; and with his pistol shot the first assailant through the body; but the second aimed a stroke of a sabre with so much success, that he cut him deeply in the neck; and the attack of a third would perhaps have been more fatal, but that a party of Austrian horse having rallied, came galloping up, and the French, inferior in numbers, were glad to relinquish their vengeance, and secure their own safety, by scampering back to the town as fast as they could.

D'Alonville, though he lost a good deal of blood, was sure that the wound he had received was of no great consequence He hung over his friend who he feared was dead, in the greatest agitation of mind. At length, Ellesmere was placed upon a table in the place appropriated for an hospital; and a surgeon attending, D'Alonville had the satisfaction of knowing, that his arm need not be amputated, but that the wound in the shoulder, seemed of a more alarming nature, as their first efforts to extract the bullets failed, and Ellesmere, so faint, that they were for that time compelled to desist from the attempt. In a few hours they expected to be more successful, as Ellesmere would then be more able to bear the extreme anguish that it must occasion; but before this period arrived, a general retreat became necessary, and the wounded, in whatever condition they might be, were removed first to Turnes, and then to Ostend; where, after many perils and sever suffering on the part of Ellesmere, he was at length placed out of immediate danger of being massacred by the enemy, as was but too probable, had ne fallen into their hands; and D'Alonville, being a volunteer, was at liberty on obtaining permission, to attend him, which he did with fraternal affection. The wound he had received himself soon healed, and even during its cure, his youth and good constitution enabled him to give his whole attention to the situation of his friend; which continued very precarious, from the extreme difficulty the surgeons found in extracting the balls, that had carried with them pieces of the cloth of his coat a circumstance that rendered his final cure long doubtful, and extremely tedious. His fever ran very high for more than three weeks; and it was much longer before D'Alonville was convinced he was out of danger; while he still suffered from the fever, the intelligence arrived of the unexpected death of his elder brother; and it was some days before he was in a condition to be told of it, though such news is not usually accounted among the afflictions of modern young men.

When Edward Ellesmere was informed of what had happened, he did not affect what he did not feel immeasurable concern for the loss of a brother he could not love. He felt, however, for his father, to whom he knew that was a cruel blow; but for the rest of the parties concerned he made himself easy, by recollecting, that his mother would relieve herself by talking about it to Mrs. Gregson the lawyer's wife, and Mrs. Perks the lady of

the apothecary at the neighbouring town; while Lady Sophia would assuage or suspend her grief, by consultations with Miss Milsington on the best shops to purchase the various articles for family mourning, and finally, how to adjust her own in the most becoming manner.

Not long after the news of this event, D'Alonville, finding Ellesmere so much recovered that he could leave him, took the opportunity of going to Bruges, where he had business with some of his countrymen, and where he was to meet the commander of his corps in which he had been a volunteer, meaning to take a temporary dismission in order to attend Ellesmere to England, whither he now proposed to go as soon as he was in a condition to undertake the journey, and whither he earnestly pressed his friend to accompany him.

Having settled what he came about, he sauntered round the town with one of his acquaintance, waiting the departure of the boat that was to carry him back to Ostend when passing through an obscure street, he heard a hollow mournful voice repeat his name, in that kind of dejected tone which is used when we speak without a hope of being attended to. The words seemed to come from beneath the ground D'Alonville started, and looked about him for the person that spoke he again heard himself called; and at length at a window, of which only about two feet appeared above the earth, and which was so closely barred, that hardly any light entered at it, he would have entered at it; he would have stretched out his hand, but the bars denied that, and he could only faintly repeat the name of D'Alonville adding, a moment afterwards, in a still fainter tone "Have you forgot Carlowitz, your acquaintance from Poland, who was once so much obliged to you?"

"No, indeed, I have not," replied D'Alonville; "though, indeed, I am much concerned to see you in such a place; I hardly dare to ask what I am to call it."

"A prison," answered the unhappy Carlowitz, "where I have now been confined many weeks." I tremble to ask after your amiable daughter." said D'Alonville; "is she at Bruges?" "Ah! my poor Alexina!" replied Carlowitz, in a tremulous voice "She is indeed at Bruges, but in what a situation, She is not, however, with you in the prison?" enquired D'Alonville "No, . . . but I fear . . . indeed I know but too well, that her situation is as deplorable as my own; though when she comes to weep at this grate, she tries to conceal her sufferings." D'Alonville now wished to ask at once many questions, how he could immediately relieve Carlowitz; where he could see Alexina; and what he could do for them both? He sent away his two friends, requesting of them to go and give up the place he had taken in the boat; and determining not to leave Bruges till he had alleviated, if he could not entirely relieve, the present calamities of Carlowitz and his daughter; he entered into this generous design with all the enthusiasm of his character.

The story he heard from Carlowitz, to whom, with great difficulty he got admission, was very simple; "I found," said he, "my reception at Vienna extremely cold; my wife's relations offered to take Alexina indeed, but I found it would be only to treat her as an humble dependant; Alexina thought she could bear any hardship she might encounter with me, better than this humiliating situation. To live upon the charity of people of whom she knew nothing, but that their principles and ideas were altogether different from those in which she had been educated; while on those I professed, and which had been the occasion of my abandoning my country, they looked with abhorrence. We accepted nothing from them but what they appeared even desirous of giving us; a small sum of money to carry us to Paris, where I thought I should have found in the new land of freedom, persons in whom I should meet congenial sentiments, and be admitted to serve the cause in which my whole soul was engaged; but how cruelly I was disappointed, you may imagine, when I tell you that I quitted almost immediately a place where I saw and heard actions and language more inimical to the cause of the real liberty and happiness of mankind, than could have proceeded from the united efforts of every despot that had ever insulted the patience of the world.

I then, with my poor girl, crossed the kingdom of France, and arrived here, in the intention of going to England.

I will not describe to you all the inconveniences to which my Alexina was exposed; but she bore them with heroic fortitude; and when she saw me distressed and affected by beholding her reduced to the condition of a miserable wanderer; she smiled, and declared herself a thousand times happier than she could have been by remaining at Vienna. When we arrived here, I was compelled to incur debts and I found myself treated as a spy

and a disaffected person. The poor have no friends; I was arrested and thrown into this dungeon about five weeks ago. The people here are too much engaged at this time to attend to the administration of civil justice, and I believe the reasons of my imprisonment have never been even enquired into. There are two other unhappy men confined with me in these unwholesome dungeons, who have been here for many months; one of them is dying in that dark cavern, and the other agreed with me to watch alternately at the window (if window it may be called), in hopes of exciting the pity of some passenger; when I had the good fortune to see and recollect you." D'Alonville shuddered at this relation, and at the wretched appearance of the unfortunate Carlowitz. He assured him that he would not quit Bruges till he had effected his relief; bade him rely with confidence on Ellesmere's friendship, and who had perhaps more power than he had; and having taken a direction where to find Alexina, and done what he could to make the condition of Carlowitz more tolerable for the night, he quitted him to go in search of his daughter.

Alexina had interested in her behalf a sisterhood of Beguins; who, touched with her filial piety and dignified resignation to destiny so deplorable, had employed her in this convent in such works as she could perform; but since the town had been full of sick and wounded prisoners, she had attended one of these charitable nuns in administering to the wretched victims of war: and when this pious task was over, in which she had but too near a view of every species of human misery, the evening closed with a visit at the grate of her father's prison.

It was there that her fortitude sometimes forsook her for a moment, when she saw his pallid countenance and emaciated figure and when in a tremulous voice he assured her he was well, and suffered nothing when he could look on her; she could with difficulty stifle the groans of anguish that were ready to burst from her heart; "Is this," would she have said, "is this the reward of years of unblemished virtue and integrity? Is this dungeon, where, to draw breath is to inhale disease, to be the last scene of a life passed in acts of beneficence, and now sarcificed sacrificed to public virtue? while so many profligate and worthless men be enjoying the favours of fortune, my father perishes unheard, unpitied, and unknown without any other crimes than poverty, and the love of his unhappy country." such were the melancholy reflections that depressed the heart of Alexina but she endeavoured to disguise the anguish of that heart, and spoke of hope and comfort she was far from feeling. she sometimes had made interest with a good priest who had promised his endeavours to release her father; and sometimes had engaged the Beguine, to whom she had attached herself, to apply to the superior of her order on his behalf, that his situation might be made known to the magistrates. Carlowitz heard her relate these projects with mingled admiration and concern, he did not discourage them, since they seemed to amuse her sorrow, but he well knew that from such expedients he had nothing to hope. All the little earnings of Alexina were expended in procuring for her father such comforts as they could purchase, which every evening she carried to him herself without this alleviation he would probably have perished long before the period when D'Alonville fortunately discovered him. When D'Alonville was introduced to this unfortunate but admirable woman, he found her extremely changed in her person, but her understanding seemed to have acquired strength, from misfortunes which would have overwhelmed a less elevated spirit; in contemplating her tall but slender form, he thought with wonder on the fortitude of mind which had supported so delicate a frame, through a long series of such hardships as she had encountered; and while his zeal in her service, and that of her father, was redoubled by the conversation he had with her, he was delighted to think that his exertions, should they be successful, would gratify his friend Ellesmere, who, though he had never any expectation of seeing Alexina again, had frequently mentioned her to Ellesmere as a woman for whose welfare, short as his acquaintance had been with her, he should ever feel the liveliest interest and sometimes, when the beauty or merit of women to whom he occasionally was introduced, became the subject of their conversation, Ellesmere had compared their persons and manners with those of the interesting Polonese, to whom he had always given the preference.

Alexina had learned to converse in French in travelling through that country, not indeed with the correctness of a native, but so as to be extremely well understood, and with an accent which, though peculiar, D'Alonville thought the most agreeable he had ever heard from a foreigner. This acquisition accelerated extremely the release of her father, as by this means D'Alonville learned many circumstances of which he must otherwise have remained ignorant, or have learned through a medium which might have misrepresented them. He availed himself with so

much zeal and expedition of every advantage this, and his having command of present money afforded him, for he had obtained from England a sufficient credit for all his present purposes), that at the expiration of the fourth day from his fortunate discovery of Carlowitz, he had the infinite satisfaction of seeing him at liberty. Nothing then remained but to wait another day at Bruges, to procure more decent apparel for both father and daughter. The latter indeed had for some time adopted the long gown of coarse grey cloth, worn by the "Sisters of Mercy," in which she appeared with more true dignity than an infinite number of those insipid moppets of fortune, who exhaust their tradesmens' imagination and patience in devising new ornaments, to give, for one day, to their mean and insignificant figures that consequence which nature has denied. But as this was not a dress in which Alexina could appear at Ostend, whither D'Alonville had prevailed on her father to accompany him, he contrived by sister Ernestina, the good Beguine, to prevail on her to accept the means of procuring other apparel, for she had parted with all her own for her father's support. Many, many months had passed since D'Alonville had found himself so happy as he was when he handed her into the boat that was to carry to Ostend her and her father, who followed her with eyes overflowing with tears, that all his misfortunes and never called forth.

CHAP. XIV.

To thee the day−spring and the blaze of noon
The purple evening, the resplendent moon,
The stars, that sprinkled o'er the vult of night
Seems drops descending in a shower of light,
Shine not: or un−desir'd and hated shine,
Seen thro' the medium of a cloud like thine.

COWPER.

THE satisfaction Ellesmere expressed when D'Alonville related what had passed, could only be exceeded by that of which he was sensible when Carlowitz and Alexina visited him. The predilection he had been conscious of, the first hour he saw Alexina, soon became a violent passion, when he had a daily opportunity of conversing with her; and he no longer endeavoured to repress it. His situation was at this period so changed, that reason and prudence no longer opposed his inclinations; for he was now heir to a fortune, which, though not large for a man who was ambitious would be enough to make him happy with the woman he loved.

Sir Maynard, who, while his eldest son and grandson were living, had considered the dangers of that profession into which his second son had entered, as being matters of course to a younger brother; now expressed the most painful apprehensions for his safety, and since such fears had been entertained of his recovery, in consequence of his wounds, had shewn great anxiety to have him return to England the moment he could do so with safely, and to have him quit the army entirely. Notwithstanding this encrease of Sir Maynard's paternal affection, Ellesmere knew him too well to imagine he would easily consent to his union with Alexina; and he loved and respected him too much, to think of marrying contrary to his wishes; but he flattered himself, that time, and the earnest desire Sir Maynard had to see successors to his family name, might at length obviate his objections, especially if he could become acquainted with the merit of Alexina, whom Ellesmere fondly believed must by all eyes be seen with as much admiration as by his. He now recovered very fast; Alexina, who could not be insensible of an attachment so generous and tender, became his nurse; while Carlowitz passed much of his time in reading to him; and expressed, by every means in his power, his gratitude to him and to D'Alonville.

On every subject Alexina heard Ellesmere with pleasure; but when he spoke to her of his love, she refused to listen, declaring to him, that fortune had put an insuperable bar between them, when it had reduced her to

indigence; and that she was too proud to enter into a family, where she must expect to be considered as a foreign beggar. To this she adhered with a resolution that at length became alarming to Ellesmere, who fancied that some prepossession fatal to his happiness must be the occasion of her refusal, even to give him a promise of becoming his, if the acquiescence of Sir Maynard could be obtained. But Carlowitz, to whom he expressed these fears, assured him that Alexina had never been sensible of the least degree of partiality. "Believe me," said he, "my daughter is of too reserved a disposition to think of any man, however great his merit, who should not first have shewn her marked preference; and how few are there, who, with honourable views, think of giving such preference to a young person situated as Alexina has long been! Her person, which happens to please you, has probably nothing striking to the common observer. An hundred men would admire a fine complexion, with ordinary features, who would pass the peculiar character of Alexina's countenance without notice: her figure, graceful as I allow it to be, has never had the aid of ornament to set it off; and how few are judges of simple grace! As to her understandings, which has so many charms in your opinion, I am convinced there is nothing that is so repulsive to the generality of men, as the appearance of unusual strength of intellect in a women. Men who have talents are afraid of finding a rival in a mistress: and weak men, conscious of their own inferiority, dread lest they should make themselves liable to be governed or despised. Thus the advantages that Alexina has in your eyes are, I am persuaded, disadvantages in the eyes of others; and you may rely upon my assurances, that had my daughter's heart been prepossessed in favour of another, she would herself have told you so.

These assurances on the part of Carlowitz satisfied Ellesmere, that it was not owing to the influence of a rival that Alexina answered him in a way which his fears construed into coldness; but in fact her resolution to refuse his hand cost her many tears when she was alone, though in his presence she appeared to have made this sacrifice to her pride, and her real attention to his welfare, with stoical tranquility.

Her father did not appear to see Ellesmere's offers in the same light she did. He had long accustomed his mind to dwell on the dignity of virtue, and on those axioms, which teach that worth alone is true nobility and true honour; and, conscious of the value of his daughter, he did not think that any man, whatever might be his rank or fortune, could do her honour by marrying her. As to the mere goods of fortune, though he owned that the want of them subjected a man in the present state of society to many inconveniences; he held them to be advantages on which a wise man would never value himself, and for which an honest man should never sacrifice on principle of his integrity. This language, which is so unusual among men of the world, (though it is sometimes the cant of the designing,) was the real sentiments of Carlowitz; who, amidst all the difficulties and distresses to which he had been exposed, suffered only for his daughter; and never on his own account repented the part he had taken. Successless as it had hitherto been, his zeal in the cause of his country was still indefatigable, and he now proposed to try what could be done in London to interest the humanity and awaken the spirit of freedom in a nation celebrated for both; and should he be fortunate enough to receive any encouragement, he intended to return into Poland, and once more attempt to rouse the dormant or timid virtue of his country. D'Alonville and Carlowitz had on this subject ideas so different, that it was impossible to bring them to agree on any one point. They argued, however, with the perfect good humour that arose from their esteem of each other as individuals, and Ellesmere was admirably fitted for an umpire in their friendly political disputes; for, while he adhered to that system of government as the best, under which his won country had become the cost flourishing in the world, he seldom thought the bold assertions of Carlowitz were carried too far. These dialogues, which frequently happened amused the mind of Ellesmere during his tedious convalescence, while the softer, but not less sensible conversation of Alexina, soothed his heart, and made even hours of pain and languor, in so disagreeable a place as a sick room at Ostend, appear the most delicious he had ever passed.

To D'Alonville they were less delightful; for though Ellesmere had dictated two letters to Mrs. Denzil, which he had written, and to which he had added postscripts, soliciting permission to correspond with her himself, no answer had been received; and imagining every thing fatal to his love, that could possibly happen, his impatience to revisit England became almost insupportable, and could have been checked only by the gratitude he owed Ellesmere, and the sincere affection he had for him.

At length the surgeons, under whose care Ellesmere was, declared their opinion, so long anxiously solicited; they though he might go to England without danger of a relapse if after he landed he avoided all fatigue, and moved by very short journies into Staffordshire, where he had by this time learned that Sir Maynard himself, in a very precarious state of heath, expected him with the greatest solicitude. It was settled, then, between Ellesmere and Carlowitz, that they should not proceed together; for delightful as the company of Alexina was to him, Ellesmere would not expose her to the observations of other officers, who would, he knew, be travelling to England at the same time; nor would he risque any suspicions that might arise on the part of his own family. Carlowitz and Alexina therefore, accompanied by a German servant of Ellesmere's whom he had hired on purpose, set out four days earlier than that he had fixed for his departure with D'Alonville; and being furnished with proper passports, arrived in London without any other adventure than that of being now and then abused for being natives of France; honest John, seldom making any distinction, and concluding that whoever is not an Englishman, a Scotchman, or an Irishman, must of course be a Frenchman.

October 1793, now drew towards its conclusion; and two days before that, on which Ellesmere and D'Alonville were to leave Ostend, intelligence was received there of the execution of the Queen of France intelligence that gave to every heart the most poignant sensations of regret and indignation concern for the long−sufferings of this unhappy woman, so lately the admiration of the world. The desire of avenging a deed so infamous, and shame that it should have been perpetrated by Frenchmen, had together such an effect on D'Alonville, that it now became Ellesmere's turn to console; and it was many hours before he could prevail on his friend to speak of it with composure, while he himself could not but acknowledge that such an act of injustice and cruelty was a national disgrace, which could for ever stigmatize the country where it had been committed.

The preparations for their journey, and the attention necessary to his friend, whole wounds made the slightest exertion painful and dangerous, served to give to the thoughts of D'Alonville, a seasonable relief. They embarked with every appearance of having a quick passage, but about half channel over the wind became contrary, and they were driven to the eastward of Dover; so that it was not till after being five and thirty hours at sea that they made good their landing; Ellesmere being so fatigued and harassed by so rough a voyage, that he found himself extremely ill on arriving at Dover, and was compelled to remain there two days. On the third he got as far as Canterbury, and on the fourth to Rochester.

At this place a servant of Sir Maynard's had married, and was now settled in an inn, which, though not the most capital in the town, was of course frequented by the friends of his former master. Ellesmere and D'Alonville arrived there about three o'clock; and as Henshaw, the host had been apprized of the arrival of a son of his old master, for whom he had also a great respect on his own account, every thing was prepared in the best manner for his reception.

Ellesmere however was so much indisposed, that he went almost immediately to bed; but at soon as he was a little refreshed by rest, he sent for his old acquaintance Henshaw, and with his usual good humour entered into conversation with him on his trade and his family; while Henshaw expressed in the usual terms of condolence, his concern for the death of his honour's elder brother, "Squire Ellesmere, and lamented the great grief it must be to Sir Maynard and my good Lady."

"I see, Sir," said he, when these matters were discussed, "I see, your honour have brought the same French gentleman back, as went along with you to the army. Ah! well, he have had better luck than you have had, Sir for he seems safe and sound while it is a sad thing, to be sure, to see your honour so wounded and mangled as t'were, but some folks know better than brave Englishmen, how to keep in a whole skin."

"Hey day!" cried Ellesmere, "what is all this Richard? why, are *you* thus become an Antigallican, and exclaim against your good customers the French, who are, I have heard you say, your best customers in time of peace? besides, you should not find fault with my friend, for not having been wounded all *that*, you know, is the mere chance of war, and by no means dependant on bravery; I assure you, my friend was close by me when I

received these wounds, and got a considerable injury himself in carrying me off the field."

"Ah! well," replied the landlord, "every ball, to be sure, has its billet, as I have heard say; but for my part, I think that the life of one Englishman, especially such a young gentleman as your honour, who now, as one may say, is the chiefest stay of such a great family, is worth all the Mounseers that ever drew breath for, to tell you the truth, Sir, I don't like 'em in no shape not never did we've got one of them here now, "we've got one on 'em here, that I don't know what to make of; I have had a mind once or twice to go to the magistrates about 'em, for my mind misgives me, that if he should turn out a Jackybin, I should get into trouble; my wife she takes pity on un, and says she's sure he's only a little craz'd by his misfortunes, especially within these two or three days, since this last bad news from France, when, to be sure, he have seemed like one rift of his wits."

"Poor man!" said Ellesmere, "he is probably some unhappy emigrant; I hope Henshaw, you have not treated him with unkindness who can tell what grief he may be struggling against, in a strange country too, and perhaps without money?"

"I treated him with unkindness," cried the man "lord bless your honour! no, not upon no account To be sure, after the elderly man had left him, I say to my wife, says I" "What, he had a companion with him then?" enquired Ellesmere.

"Yes, Sir, a grave, elderly, mild spoken man, that I took to be one of the Romish clergymen, as we have seen so many of; he went off to London two days ago; and told me he was going about business for his friend, and should be back within a week, or there away; and though, to be sure, he paid when he went away, and left me cash enough to answer t'others expences till he comes back, I can't say but what I should be glad to have my house clear on un; for somehow my mind misgives me, that this here man is either a mad man, or a spy for the Jackybins." "In truth, they are characters not entirely inconsistent, Master Henshaw," said Ellesmere, "but I do not apprehend your guest to be either. If you think this unfortunate foreigner will not be offended, I will send a message and request to speak to him; and I dare say I shall be able to relieve your fears of having harboured a mad Jacobin if you desire the Chevalier D'Alonville, my friend, to come to me, I believe we shall soon clear up this matter."

The host withdrew, with many acknowledgments to "his honour," and on D'Alonville's entering his room, related what Henshaw had been telling him; "I fear," said he, "this is an emigrant who labours under some peculiar distress; do, my dear Chevalier, see him yourself; and enquire if we can be of any use to him."

D'Alonville readily undertook this humane commission, and going immediately down stairs, enquired of the landlord where he could speak to the French gentleman the man bade one of the waiters see if he was in his room, who returning in a moment, said, rudely, "he ben't there I reckon he's out upon one of his rambles." "and where," said D'Alonville, "is he usually to be found when he is out on these rambles," "Ah!" replied the man, "sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another, but chiefest, I think, by the river side about a mile off as he've been taken for a spy there two or three times." D'Alonville procured a direction, and set out to see if he could discover the unhappy man, who, probably from derangement of his intellects in consequence of misfortune, was become the subject of illiberal suspicion, and vulgar curiosity.

It was a sullen gloomy autumnal evening; and as D'Alonville walked the way he had been directed, he took out his pocket−book, and saw from the memorandums he had made in it, that it was the anniversary of that evening, on which he had been compelled, with his expiring father, to take shelter in the then hospitable castle of Rosenheim. The cruel remembrance of that scene returned once more to his mind, and he sighed deeply "perhaps," said he, " the poor wanderer whom I now seek, may be as desolate and wretched as I was then." His mind thus recalled to the object of his search; he looked round, but saw nobody. Close to the river a row of pollard willows crowded along the shelving bank, which formed a causeway; on the other side of which was an osier ground its marshy surface concealed by withered flags, with here and there an old above it; the evening

wind sighed round their almost leafless branches, and the small remains of their grey and faded foliage, fell before slowly in the breeze; the surface of the water was black and troubled; and D'Alonville, as he surveyed the dreary scene, thought it but too fit a place for a miserable being, such as his countryman had been described, to indulge the darkest despair perhaps even projects of suicide, to which too many of the victims of the revolution had been already driven. This idea urged him to continue his search, though he began to fear it might be fruitless; he advanced slowly, and at length, a few paces before him, thought he saw a man stretched on the ground, under a pollard−tree, which served as a support to him. D'Alonville approached him and gazed upon him a moment in silence; he was convinced by the great−coat in which he was wrapped, that this was the person he sought, but he could not distinguish his face, which was concealed by his hat and his arm. D'Alonville going close up to him, spoke to him in French, "Sir," said he, "I fear you are not well by your being here at such a time can I assist you to your lodgings? or can I be otherwise of use to you?"

The stranger raised himself upon his elbow, and fixed his eyes sternly on D'Alonville, who instantly uttered an exclamation of surprise and satisfaction. "It is De Touranges!" cried he, eagerly "my dear friend, how fortunate is this meeting!"

De Touranges still gazed on him, as if he did not perfectly recollect him; after a moment however, he held out his hand, and said, slowly and languidly "The Chevalier D'Alonville, is it not?"

"Have you any doubts, De Touranges, of my identity?" cried D'Alonville, "and how does D'Alonville deserve to be received thus coldly by his friend, of whom he has been so long in search?"

De Touranges had now risen from the ground, and leant against the tree, still looking on D'Alonville with an air of incredulity. To D'Alonville's last question however, he replied in a slow and solemn tone, "I do not receive you coldly, my friend but in very truth it is so long since I have seen any being I wished to see; it is so long since I have beheld the face of a friend, that I questioned the information of my senses, when they told me it was you." He paused a moment and then leaning on D'Alonville's arm, the memory of all he had suffered, and all he had feared, rushed upon his mind at once, and seemed again to overwhelm him deep groans burst from his heart. "Oh! my friend," said he, "to what a condition are we reduced : in what a state of wretchedness, of hopeless disgrace is France, our ruined country, this last infamous murder! my brain burns when I think of it: I curse the hour of my birth I call upon the powers of vengeance, to sweep the nation guilty of such an atrocity from the earth." There was so much wildness in the manner of saying all this, and still more in the look and gesture with which it was accompanied; that it but too well justified the opinion that had been formed of his state of mind.

D'Alonville thought it better to let this agonizing burst of passion pass off, before he attempted to soothe or to console him; he supposed that De Touranges knew not that his wife, his mother, and his child were in safety in England, and that individual misery added redoubled poignancy to his keen sense of natural calamity. He led him slowly back the way he had passed, considering how he might the most safely disclose what he knew of Madame de Touranges.

"Where is the Abbé St. Remi?" enquired D'Alonville, "he has not, I am sure, left you?"

"No," answered De Touranges, he is gone to London, and gone on my account; but on a research how hopeless! A vague notion that we gathered in Brittany, that my wife and mother had taken shelter in England, induced me, as a last effort of despair, to yield to St. Remi's entreaties, and to come to this country in search of them, but no! they are not here they are lost for ever; the delicate frame of my poor Gabrielle has sunk under trials so severe she and my infant perished together, and my mother my dear, my tender mother! she perhaps lives, but in some situation, that to a woman of her high spirit, must be worse than a thousand deaths."

D'Alonville, who thought this a favourable opportunity to begin revealing some of the intelligence, which would be so welcome to the wounded mind of De Touranges, yet was not to be abruptly told, now said, "but you are too

hasty in concluding that all this evil has befallen you perhaps, the good Abbé may bring you more satisfactory intelligence. Perhaps."

"Tell me not of perhaps, and perhaps," cried the Marquis, impatiently; "you know that it is but trifling with my miseries. No, no! all is lost for me! my wife, my child, my mother, my friends, my country, my fortune! I am a desolate and wretched being my existence is painful to myself, and burthensome to others I have nothing left to do, but to die and I feel it to be meanness and cowardice that I have lived so long."

"But what," said D'Alonville, "if these connexions so deservedly dear to you still exist? It would be surely throwing away the blessings you may still enjoy, and which I am persuaded are still reserved for you, were you to yield to this wild and desperate impulse of impatient passion."

He was going on, when De Touranges stopped him; and holding his arm, looked steadily in his face, repeating in a hollow tone "these connections may still exist; these blessings you may still enjoy, and which I am persuaded are reserved for you! Hah! D'Alonville, did you not say all this? but have a care, my friend do not, by way of healing the wounds of my heart, cause them to mortify I am sensible," continued he, putting his hand to his forehead, "that my reason has often been on the point of leaving me! what do you mean by holding out to me these hopes? never speak, I beseech you, in this way it kills me."

"But if I know any thing favourable," said D'Alonville, "would you have me conceal it from you? or am I to suppose my friend so weakened by suffering, that he can neither bear evil nor good? hear with calmness, what I believe; that your Gabrielle, with her infant, a lovely and promising boy, are both safe in the neighbourhood of London, under the protection of your mother; and, though it be true, that in common with every emigrant from France they have suffered some inconveniences, yet, that their greatest affliction has been in not knowing what was your fate."

As during this discourse they had entered the town, and were now at the door of the inn, De Touranges suffered his friend to lead him into a room, where he sat down unable to speak; in a few moments, however, he was so far recovered, as to listen, with some degree of composure, to the abridged narrative D'Alonville gave him of all that had befallen himself since they parted; and then, seeing De Touranges tolerably tranquil, though he could not yet converse, D'Alonville left him to inform Ellesmere, that in the person of the unhappy stranger for whom his humanity had been awakened, they had discovered, and probably rescued from the fatal effects of his despair, their old acquaintance De Touranges. Ellesmere expressed the sincerest pleasure at this account. He would not, however, see De Touranges that night, but commissioned D'Alonville to settle with him that they should all proceed towards London together the next morning. to this De Touranges most readily assented. The gloom that had darkened his mind now gave place to vehement impatience. He asked a thousand questions of D'Alonville, and made him again and again, relate the minutest circumstance relative to his wife, his child, and his mother; now besought him to say if he was sure *they* were still at the same place as when Mrs. Denzil mentioned them; and now calculated how many hours it would be before it was probable he should see them. D'Alonville, besides his own solicitude to see Angelina, was uneasy lest the impatience of De Touranges should still occasion some painful scenes; he wished to have St. Remi with them before this interview took place; but De Touranges would not listen to any idea of delay even on account of his excellent friend, by observed, when D'Alonville said that it was possible they might miss him, that they should certainly meet him on the road; or if not, that he could not fail finding him at a coffee−house in London, where he lodged. Thither, therefore, D'Alonville proposed that they should go immediately on their arrival in London; for which place the whole party set out before noon the next day; Ellesmere in better health and spirits than he had known since he received his would; he was sure of meeting in London, the woman who was most dear to him, and though he proposed paying his duty to his father at Eddisbury, as soon as he was able to bear the fatigue of another journey, he had no fears of losing sight of the object of his passion, while De Touranges was tormented with a thousand fearful apprehensions of disappointment, and D'Alonville, far from being able to appease them, could not quiet those fears with which he was himself agitated, lest, in the long interval since Ellesmere had heard of the Denzil family, something should

have happened fatal to his hopes.

CHAP. XV.

Je sens, de mes jours, usés dans l'ameratume
Le flambeau p\|[acirc]\|lissant s'éteint et se consume.

VOLTAIRE.

AS soon as the party reached London, Ellesmere went to lodgings that had been taken for him, where he had appointed to meet him, a man of great skill, under whose care Sir Maynard had insisted upon his putting himself, as soon as he arrived in England. D'Alonville leaving De Touranges at the Coffee−house, (where they were fortunate enough to meet the Abbé de St. Remi,) accompanied Ellesmere to these lodgings, where, to the surprize rather than the satisfaction of the wounded soldier, he found his father. The recollection of the son he had lost, and the sight of Ellesmere, pale and emaciated, perhaps too, some unwelcome reproaches from his own heart, for the little affection he had formerly shewn him, combined to affect the spirits of Sir Maynard, who appeared to D'Alonville to be in a very bad state of health; as the latter knew he could be of no farther use to his friend, and suspected that he was not very welcome to Sir Maynard, he withdrew as soon as Ellesmere would permit him to take his leave, and returned to the place where he had left De Touranges and St. Remi, taking with him the direction contained in Mrs. Denzil's last letters, to the village where she and her family lodged, and near them the ladies De Touranges; information that he had before absolutely refused to give to the Marquis, whose impatience was so great, that D'Alonville doubted how far he could depend on his not breaking his word and going alone to their lodgings, had he known where they were.

While D'Alonville had been absent, the arguments of St. Remi, and the conviction of his perfect attachment, had in some measure subdued the frantic impatience of De Touranges, who still with great difficulty was induced to agree to D'Alonville's going first to Wandsworth, the village where his family and that of Mrs. Denzil were to be found, in order to apprize them of his being so near; his mother, and his wife, who, especially the latter, had given up their long cherished hopes of ever seeing him again; but as De Touranges could not be prevailed upon to stay till D'Alonville returned from a place so distant from London, it was settled that he and the Abbé should wait in a hackney coach some distance, while D'Alonville went to Mrs. Denzil's, and concerted with her the management of an interview, which, if it happened too suddenly, might have, on spirits so tender as those of Gabrielle, the most fatal consequences.

It was late in the afternoon before they sat out; and the man who drove them observing them to be foreigners, did not hurry the wretched pair of horses that drew them. D'Alonville directed the coach to stop at an house of public entertainment, where he entreated his two friends to await his return, and then, with a palpitating heart, sought the row of houses which Mrs. Denzil had described; he found it without much difficulty and when he rang the bell of the gate marked number 3, his agitation was so great, that he could hardly breathe nobody seemed to hear he rang a second time, and a maid servant appeared.

D'Alonville enquired for Mrs. Denzil, and was answered that she lodged there. "Is she at home?" asked he; the woman hesitated; she did not know she believed not. "Will you be so good as to ask?" said D'Alonville; "I − I don't know, Sir," answered the woman "Mrs. Denzil, if she is at home, is ill, I am sure she cannot see you;" "I am persuaded she *would* ," replied he, "if she knew who it was. Are none of the young ladies at home? Could not I be favoured with speaking to them?"

"To tell you the truth, then," said the maid, "I don't believe they can be seen; there's only one of the eldest Misses, and a little one, here, and all the family be in great trouble." "Oh! my God!" exclaimed D'Alonville, "they are in trouble! tell me, pray tell me what is the matter?" "As to that," said the woman, sneeringly, " the matter is common enough; but howsoever, as you say you are a friend, and perhaps you may, as I see French folks about them forever, you may send in your name; or if you'll come into Mistress's parlour, for she's gone out, I'll just step and tell some on um that you wants to speak to um." D'Alonville now comprehending that this woman was not Mrs. Denzil's servant, but belonged to the people of the house, he followed her through a long slip of a court into a parlour, where she left him, first carefully looking round that there was nothing he could take, and he remained in a state of miserable suspense, listening to the noises in the house; people seemed to go up and down stairs then all was silent; and he thought he heard some person come into the next room, who wept violently. The parlour where he sat was nearly dark; there was a light in the next, and he observed that the door was not shut close; the sobs and sighs of the distressed woman who was in it redoubled, though she seemed endeavouring to stifle them; the compassion, as well as the anxiety of D'Alonville, was excited; perhaps it might be one of that family to which he was so tenderly attached; it might be even Angelina herself he pushed the door gently open the mourner rested her head on her hands on a little work table, and was so absorbed in grief, that she did not hear D'Alonville as he approached her; but the door in falling back made a slight noise, and lifting up her eyes to a glass that was between the windows, she saw the figure of a man behind her, and uttering a faint shriek, she started up and was flying out of the room, when D'Alonville took her hands, and trembling as much as she did, implored her not to be frightened. "Have you, indeed, forgotten me, then, my adorable Angelina? Has D'Alonville no longer the happiness of being reckoned among your friends?" Angelina sat down; she could neither speak nor shed a tear, but seemed in such a state of surprize and joy, as, added to her former distress, deprived her for a moment of reason and recollection. Terrified to death, D'Alonville now implored her to speak to him; now ran to the door for assistance, but then attempted to ring the bell; but while he was thus frantically trying to relieve her, she laid her head again on her arm, and fetching a deep sigh, burst into tears; they seemed to have saved her heart from breaking. She held out her hand, and, as he wildly threw himself on his knees, kissing and pressing it to his bosom, she faintly said, "Is it you, D'Alonville? ah! my dear friend, I never thought to have seen you again." "For God's sake," said he, "tell me what has happened in your family, and why I see you in this distress?" "Oh, D'Alonville! my mother! my dear mother, who loves you so tenderly!" "What of her?" cried D'Alonville, "cette tendre maman!" "She is dreadfully ill, my friend," answered Angelina, "so ill, that I believe we shall soon lose her." "God forbid, my Angelina," said he, "your fears, your anxious affections carry your imagination too far what is her illness? For Heaven's sake what advice has she had?" "her illness," interrupted Angelina, in a mournful voice, "Her illness is, I greatly fear, incurable, for it is a broken heart; and for advice," continued she, her words uttered tremulously as she drew a deep sigh, "for advice do you not know our circumstances? Ah! my poor mamma! she has concealed the disorder that preyed upon her, because she would not, in paying a physician, take from her children any part of what her writing has, from time to time, procured us; at length it became too powerful for her to resist it longer. She was indebted to her bookseller, who, as she was rendered unable to fulfill what she had undertaken, would supply her with money no longer; I entreated of her to let me go to a medical man, who I knew she had an high opinion of, and with whom our family had formerly lived in great intimacy; he, I thought, would give her his advice as a friend, but she would not hear of it;" "No, my Angelina, said she, "I do not love obligations, and besides, my love, I believe that in the present instance no medical assistance can do me any good. If I grow better, I will go farther into the country; the change of air I know will be of service to me; but I fear this cannot be done yet; for if your resources fail, where shall I find money to pay our lodgings, or to remove us? I must endeavour to apply to my work again. Let me see you easy, my Angelina; perhaps I may be better in a day or two, and sit down to my desk; in the mean time, do not let me find you depressed, my love." She forced a melancholy smile, and added, "perhaps I shall think of some expedient to night, to fence a little longer against the spectre Poverty, which has now so long menaced us, that I begin to be familiar with her, so that her frightful figure does not deprive me of my presence of mind." "My mother," continued Angelina, "grew worse, and the apothecary who attended her, repeated what he had before told me, that unless her mind could be made easy, she would not live two months; for, that although she was yet but in middle age, her constitution, naturally very good, was quite broken down with fatigue of mind, by leading so sedentary a life as she had lately done to write for our subsistence, and by the constant anxiety she had so long undergone.

Notwithstanding all this, (of which she was perfectly sensible herself; my mother, seing seeing no other resource for us than what she was able to find in constant application, continued to exert herself with more than usual fortitude and perseverance, and would have finished within a few days of the time she had engaged to deliver it, the book she was about: while she endeavoured, amidst her bodily sufferings and unceasing fatigue of mind, to appear chearful, and to conceal from us the real situation of her health as well as her circumstances, because she could not bear to see us distressed at time of life when we ought to be gay and happy; she made, too, every effort to hide the truth from Madame de Touranges, and Gabrielle, lest they should refuse to share our dinner as they now frequently did.

"Such was the power of these generous motives over the heart of my mother, that they appeared to counteract the effects of her illness, and she had nearly completed her task, when the bookseller who had advanced her money upon it, impatient at the delay that had occurred, came down hither, a week since, with the rudest threats demanded the completion of her engagement, declaring that he would prosecute her if it was not fulfilled by a day which he named. The menaces of such a man were what my mother had been so little accustomed to, and the misery of being in his power appeared so insupportable, that her fortitude sunk under it at once. He left her, repeating his threats as he departed; but before he quitted the house, he took an opportunity of telling the people who belonged to it, that they would do well not to trust their lodgers, for to his certain knowledge they would not be paid.

"The precaution thus given and from a man who was supposed to know, had an immediate effect on the behaviour of the people. The woman, whose manners are coarse and brutal came the next day abruptly into my mother's room, and demanded what was due for our lodgings, which amounted to about sixteen guineas; my mother, who had not as much in the world that she could then command, assured her creditor that she would satisfy her in a very few days; but the woman appearing to be very discontented, I entreated my mother to let me to to Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Shrimshine, the two persons who kept our property in their hands under pretence of being our trustees, in hopes of prevailing upon them to afford us, at least as much as assistance as should prevent our being turned into the street; my mother reluctantly consented, and with my little brother and sister, whose helpless ages might, I thought, have some effect on the callous hearts of these men, I set forth on this expedition, in which I expended in coach hire more than half the money we had in the house; I will tell you, when I am better able than I now am, what passed when I at length procured admission to these worthy guardians of orphans. I obtained nothing from them; and on my return I found, that during my absence the woman of the house had brought in a lawyer's clerk, and a sheriff's officer, and had taken an inventory of my mother's books, the musical instruments that belonged to my sister, and what little plate and linen we had, and had given my mother notice, that the ruffian to whom this inventory was given would remain in the house in order to take care that none of the effects were removed, to the money due to Mrs. Capern, the landlady, was paid. Oh! Chevalier, represent to yourself what must be the effect of such a circumstance on my mother's spirits she has changed for the worse every hour since it happened; I know we shall lose her," added Angelina, in an agony of sorrow; "we shall lose her; I perceive that she thinks so herself, and it was some conversation she has been holding with Madame de Touranges, while I stood unseen by her bed side, that obliged me to come down stairs to weep at liberty, and conceal from her the agony of my soul."

During this mournful narrative, D'Alonville was so divided between his love for the beautiful sufferer, his apprehensions for her mother, and indignation against her oppressors, that he no longer remembered that the world contained her other beings, and that De Touranges was waiting for his return in anxiety, as painfully acute, as what he himself had suffered; nor could he advert to the situation of his friend, till he had given Angelina an hasty detail of what had befallen him since he tore himself from her, and related briefly those extraordinary circumstances which had been the cause of his returning to England, more fortunate in regard to the pecuniary circumstances, than when he left it. "Think, Angelina," said he, "think what must be my transports, when I reflect that those events give me an opportunity of shewing my gratitude as well as my affection Gratitude to your dear mother, who, when I was a stranger and a wanderer, received me into her house, and granted me her confidence, and affection for *you* , my Angelina, whose lovely image, amidst the strange scenes I have passed through, was at

once my torment and my delight; for if for a moment I indulged my imagination with dwelling on your perfections, and thought you honoured me with your affection; if my fond fancy wandered awhile in the delightful regions of hope, I was awakened from the delicious visions by the immediate pressures of the evils around me; and when I reflected how very improbable it was that I should ever return to England, and, if I did, how little pretensions I could have to claim the happiness I once dared to aspire to; how many more fortunate men, who were of your own country, and could offer you the affluence you have a right to, would probably surround you; my heart sunk in despondence, and I blamed myself for having, perhaps, injured your peace, by awakening in your bosom solicitude for so unfortunate a being."

Angelina, while he thus spoke, could only weep. She was unable to express what her heart would have dictated but it became time to think of informing Mrs. Denzil of D'Alonville's arrival an event so unexpected, and which she knew would give her mother so much satisfaction.

D'Alonville now thought of his friends. Gabrielle, however, was not in the house; she had been there the greater part of the day with Madame de Touranges, supporting the failing spirits of Angelina, but she had now been gone some time to attend on her little boy.

Angelina still trembled; and the traces of tears were upon her cheeks; but as there was no other persons who could be trusted with the commission it was now necessary to execute, she endeavoured to collect all her presence of mind. It was indeed only of agreeable tiding she was to speak; and Mrs. Denzil, long accustomed to sorrow, received the intelligence of D'Alonville's being in the house with a degree of delight long unfelt, and which acted life balm to her wounded heart.

Madame de Touranges flew down to him. He briefly related all he knew; for on her strong mind he did not fear the effects of too sudden joy. While they were yet in the first earnestness of discourse so interesting to both, a loud ring was heard at the gate. It was De Touranges, attended by St. Remi, who could no longer restrain his impatience, or prevent his setting out in search of Mrs. Denzil's lodgings, which he had with great difficulty found.

This unexpected meeting between a mother and a son, who, since their last parting had seen such vicissitudes of fortune; who had so often deplored that they should meet no more, could not be otherwise than very affecting. Angelina left them together, and at her mother's request accompanied D'Alonville to the room where illness had now for some days confined her. A ray of satisfaction animated those eyes from which their native spirit had long been flown. D'Alonville threw himself on his knees by her bed side "My dear young friend," said she, giving him her hand, "I was afraid that, frightened away for ever, any thing like pleasure would return to me no more; but for once destiny seems to relax of its severity You see me quite an invalid, Chevalier and changed in circumstances as well as in health. There," added she, pointing to Angelina, "has been my support; without her I know not how I should have endured the complicated misery to which I have been exposed."

Mrs. Denzil stopped as if exhausted; and D'Alonville took that opportunity to give her, in the most animated terms, assurances of his passionate attachment to her daughter; and the undiminished gratitude with which he recollected the former kindness and partiality she had shewn him. He briefly related what had happened in regard to his brother; and reserved a more minute detail of the circumstances of his perilous journey through France, till they were all more calm. While he was thus restored to what might have been called happiness, had it not been of too tumultuous a nature; while he enjoyed the exquisite delight of seeing in the soft, yet speaking countenance of Angelina, that the joy his return gave to her mother, rendered him more dear to her than ever; and while he ventured to propose that union of their future destinies on which his existence depended, De Touranges was restored to the mother, wife, and child, whom he had so much regretted as lost. D'Alonville and St. Remi returned to London at a late hour, and the former lost not a moment in endeavouring, with the assistance of a lawyer, of which Ellesmere had some knowledge, to remove the cause of Mrs. Denzil's present uneasiness; but with anguish of mind, Angelina bade him remark that her mother every day became more languid; a transient and

temporary relief was given her; she no longer saw herself surrounded by the terrific satellites of the law; and she hoped that her Angelina would find a protection, in a man of whose heart she had the highest opinion, and whose manners were particularly pleasing to her, but the mortifications she had suffered; the difficulties with which she had so long contended, had shaken her frame severely; and the anxiety that still remained for a family unprovided for, (two of whom were yet very young), together with the chicanery of the man in whose power their whole property was placed, kept her mind in such continual perturbation, that there appeared very little hope of her being restored to health; yet she exerted all her fortitude to resist the effects of the pain, which arose alike from recollection of the past, and dread of the future, and that weariness and disgust, which inevitably overwhelm the spirits of one who, thro' a long course of time, has experienced unmerited adversity. Ten years had passed since Mrs. Denzil, with a mind too keenly susceptible, had undergone its severest persecution; already acutely sensible of all its inconveniences, she saw it rapidly approaching her children in despite of all her endeavours to save them, while they were yet in infancy and early youth; she could do more to remedy the injustice of fortune, than now, when at those ages when young persons should be introduced to the world in which they are to make their future way, they looked up to her for light, and she saw only heavier clouds gathering around them and darkening every future prospect of their lives.

In proportion as she proceeded in this rugged path, the way became more difficult many of her friends who had occasionally relieved her from the thorns and flints with which her path was strewn, became tired by the length and dreariness of the journey, and fell off one by one, some yet persevered, and scattered a transient flower in her path, but even among these, she fancied that weariness and reluctance were too visible; yet while her support became more doubtful, her difficulties encreased.

The persons who had undertaken to protect her children as their trustees, had been so far from executing their trustees, had been so far from executing their charge, that they had plunged them in tenfold difficulties. If they did not participate, they connived at the unblushing plunder yearly committed on the property of these children, and were deaf alike to pity and to justice. If Mrs. Denzil remained passive, they seemed to believe they might continue in the same career of injustice and neglect; if she entreated, they answered her with cold contempt if she remonstrated, with anger and resentment.

One of them proposed various means of settling the affairs; the other counteracted these designs. One insisted on throwing them into chancery; the other protested against it. One recommended arbitration; the other could not agree as to the arbitrators; and the only thing in which they concurred, seemed to be in the design of depriving her family of their subsistence from year to year, and embittering her life by the pressure of actual indigence, and the more alarming apprehensions of that which was to come.

Thus harassed by pecuniary difficulties, driven about the world without any certain home, she experienced, from day to day, the truth of the adage, "That the ruin of the poor, is their poverty;" for she was made liable to much greater expences, than would have happened in a settled establishment; perplexed by creditors, and sickening from the sad conviction that her power of supporting her family by her literary exertions must every year decline, while her friends became more and more weary of her long continued sorrows; the health and fortitude of Mrs. Denzil, such together To one born to affluence, and long accustomed to its conveniences, it is hard to contend at once with sickness and indigence; yet the bitterest ingredients of the cup she was thus compelled to drink, were the cruel reflections that were ever present to her mind on the future fate of her children, when her own troubles should be at an end.

"If, while I live," said she, "they are thus exposed to injustice, what will become of them, when these feeble hands can no longer find for them their daily support; when they shall be left to the scorn and neglect of the world, confounded among those outcasts of fortune, who are compelled to appeal to its reluctant and casual bounty!"

This idea perpetually present, empoisoned every moment of Mrs. Denzil's existence. Medicine, could she have afforded to have called in its aid, has no power to heal the wounds of a broken heart; and a very short time would

probably have terminated her painful existence, if the arrival of D'Alonville had not arrested a while the heavy hand of disease. The fears of Angelina, however, still remained in all their force. She fancied that her mother became worse from day to day, and neither the presence, or the consoling attentions of her lover could appease her apprehensions. She had probably learned from observation to agree in opinion with Gray, who observes, "that a man can never have but one mother as long as he lives."

CHAP. XVI.

"Wants of their own demand their care." How few
"Feel their own wants and succour others too."

CRABBE.

EVERY place where the oppressed heart has received the additional load of sorrow, becomes hateful to the unhappy sufferer: and change of situation seems for a while to afford relief. Mrs. Denzil was now eager to quit her lodgings at Wandsworth, and go farther into the country; but the season of the year, as it was mid−winter, was unfavourable to her removal; and while she positively refused any assistance from D'Alonville, she felt how impossible it was to remove such a family, unless she could procure justice from those of whom she had a right to demand it. Nor could she resolve to abandon her unfortunate French friends, for though the arrival of De Touranges had relieved his mother and his wife from the most severe and insupportable of their sorrow, Mrs. Denzil understood that he had exhausted all his pecuniary resources, and that their situation was rendered more distressing, rather than relieved by his arrival; for it was probable, that even indigence itself would fail of subduing the high and imperious spirit of the Marquis, who, accustomed from his earliest infancy to every luxury and indulgence that illustrious birth and high affluence gave him a right to enjoy, had not yet learned, nor seemed ever likely to learn, the hard lesson of humbling his spirit to his fortune; nor could he think, without feeling all the torments of mortified pride, that his mother and wife were reduced in a foreign country to avail themselves of talents acquired as matters of amusement of pleasure, to procure a subsistence for themselves and for his child, the sole remaining branch of a family so noble, and heir to a fortune which was equal to that of the proudest British peer, whose bounty or caprice might contribute to their existence.

These reflections empoisoned the happiness De Touranges ought to have enjoyed from being restored so unexpectedly to his family; and the prejudice he had from his earliest days imbibed against the English nation, had rather acquired force by the cruel necessity he was under of being obliged to it.

But Mrs. Denzil, herself a veteran in calamity, and who had gone through, and not without many severe struggles, the hard task of learning to submit to adversity, and all its train of humiliation, was only impressed with a deeper sense of compassion for the unfortunate family of De Touranges, and grew more solicitous to serve and assist them though her power to do so became every day less.

The generous attention shewn them be D'Alonville, greatly raised him in her esteem from *his* hands De Touranges did not scruple to receive assistance, while the Abbé de St. Remi, divided between his admiration of D'Alonville's generosity, and his fears that it might incommode himself, would accept of nothing, but went to reside in the most economical manner, with two other Catholic priests, who inhabited a very small lodging in the neighbourhood of Hampstead.

D'Alonville, young as he was, and unaccustomed to the affairs of the world, was neither thoughtless or improvident. As the object on which the whole happiness of his life depended, was his union with Angelina

Denzil, he determined to observe as to himself the strictest economy, that he might neither lose sight of that object, or deny himself the gratification of assisting his unfortunate countrymen, who, in escaping from death, had not reserved the means of life. Soon after his arrival in London, Ellesmere had accompanied Sir Maynard to Eddisbury, very much against his own inclination, who not only regretted this separation from D'Alonville, but could ill submit to relinquish the company of Alexina and Carlowitz; his passion for the former had daily augmented since his return to England, and though he had the dissatisfaction of finding that the views of his father were entirely opposite to his wishes, his resolution to unite his fate with that of Alexina, acquired strength every day. He could not, however, refuse to go to Eddisbury, where his mother and his eldest sister received him with as much affection as they were capable of feeling, and where Sir Maynard seemed by demonstrations of present affection to endeavour to obliterate the remembrance of the little regard he had formerly shewn him.

But however disappointed in his views of aggrandizing his family Sir Maynard had been, the same project still occupied his mind they were indeed become in some measure more necessary than ever, if the splendour of his family was to suffer no diminution; for the jointures of Lady Ellesmere and Lady Sophia, together with the five daughters of the latter, who were to be provided for out of the family estate, could not fail to render a rich alliance necessary in the eyes of even a prudent father, and Sir Maynard was more than prudent, he was ambitious.

Discourse therefore on this topic was what he took every opportunity of entering upon with Mr. Ellesmere, who heard him with respect, but without any marks of acquiescence. Ellesmere indeed could not bear to put an end too abruptly to the visions with which his father seemed to amuse the languor of disappointment, and the depression of pain and sickness, which had of late so frequently attacked him that it seemed very probable a few months forbearance might save Ellesmere from the painful necessity of counter acting the wishes of his father, by giving him a daughter in law to whom he would have such objections, as her being a native of another country and entirely destitute of fortune.

But whatever prudence and duty might dictate, was strongly opposed by inclination, and by the fear of losing Alexina, he was not of a disposition to await the reluctant and haughty acquiescence of her lover's family. This apprehension, added to the teizing solicitude of Sir Maynard, the wearisome insipidity of Lady Ellesmere, and the extreme dislike he had to the ostentatious parade at Darnly Park, where his family were frequently making visits, were altogether so uneasy to Ellesmere, that far from regaining health at Eddisbury, he became languid and emaciated, and Sir Maynard, without at all guessing at the cause, saw with extreme inquietude his health daily decline.

He had been near three weeks at Eddisbury, thus doing penance, when he received from D'Alonville, a letter, of which this is the translation:

"Accustomed as I am to confide to you every thought of my heart, and to rely on your advice as my best guide, I shall make no apology, my dear Ellesmere, for now troubling you with a long letter. I need not give you a detail either of my present circumstances, or my past sentiments; you are perfectly acquainted with both; but I rely much on your opinion as to my future conduct.

The sum of money which I possess in consequence of the death of my unfortunate brother is something more, you know than four thousand five hundred pounds sterling, after deducting from it the sum I have had occasion for since my arrival in England. This, in the advantageous manner in which you have placed it, will produce for me annually about two hundred and twenty pounds a year; a sum which would be adequate to all my wants and wishes, did I consider only myself; but as life is not worth having if I cannot pass it with Angelina, I wish so to encrease this little income as to be enabled to afford her at least the decencies of life.

The property that belongs to her family is, as far as I can understand, so entangled, so embarrassed, that I believe little is to be expected from it; and if we wait till the persons who have possession of it give it up, or till it is taken out of their hands by the tedious process of English law, we may waste the best of our days in vain and fruitless

expectation. This is a sacrifice that I am neither disposed to make myself, or to ask of Angelina. Youth is too rapidly passed to suffer any of its years to be lost in waiting till lawyers grow honest. It is better to attempt myself to remedy the narrowness of our fortune. However, I merely communicate to you, my dear Ellesmere, my thoughts on this subject, without meaning to adopt any plan till it has had your approbation.

Yesterday I hired an horse to go down to Wandsworth, and in passing along near the gate at Hyde Park, a lady in a coach suddenly stopped it, and called to me by my name. I approached and immediately recollected Miss Milsington, who did me the honor to express her pleasure at meeting me, and said many obliging things. which I know not how I have deserved. She enquired (with more zeal, I think, than delicacy, as there were two ladies with her) into my present situation and as I could not then enter into any account of it, she seems to believe I am returned to England in circumstances as destitute and unfortunate as the greater part of my countrymen. I consequently owe her great obligations, for being so unlike the generality of the world, as to appear desirous of cultivating my acquaintance. She insisted upon my visiting her, and gave me a card I have therefore been to the house of a Lord Aberdore, with whom she is at present a visitor and I am just returned from paying my respects to her. I did not think it necessary to relate to her the little history of my adventures since I left England; and she remains in the belief, that I am under the necessity of seeking some means of subsistence. I shall of course undeceive her; but the obliging interest she takes in my destiny, has already produced the letter I enclose, in which I equally admire the spontaneous kindness of the lady, and the correctness with which she writes a foreign language.

I cannot tell you, my dear friend, that I should commence with pleasure the career Miss Milsington proposes for me, but I think I could execute the task it assigns to me with integrity Urged by the motives I have mentioned to you, I can conquer my pride and obey the voice of prudence, which says
"Oublie une gloire importune
"Ce triste abaissement, convient a ta fortune."

I wait only for your opinion to give my answer. Let me add, though it is a subject I touch upon with pain, that my unfortunate friend, De Touranges and his family, excite my compassion, and I cannot determine to abandon them, if I can alleviate calamities they share in common with us all; for he is disqualified by habit, by temper, and by prejudice, from making any of those exertions, that may soften, to those who belong to him, the miseries of poverty and exile; and towards whom can they look for this alleviation, but towards those of their own country, who have been by accident more fortunate? Your nation has already done more than any other could, or would have done, to succour the unfortunate exiles who have taken shelter among them. Such as can provide for themselves, should assist others who have been entirely deprived of the means of existence. It seems to me that we owe this to ourselves, as well as to you.

I have seen Alexina for a moment this morning Carlowitz seems impatient to return to Poland, though he is dissuaded from it by such of his friends here, as have more prudence than patriotism. Alexina, to whom I took occasion to mention you, spoke of you as she always does, with affection and esteem; but I thought I observed to day more tenderness than usual in her voice and manner, while we talked of our beloved friend at Eddisbury. Oh! Ellesmere, how I envy you the power of uniting your destiny with that of the woman you love; of raising her in this country to the rank from which she has fallen in her own; while *I*, degraded myself, must descend yet a step lower to enable me to provide in humble life for an object at whose feet the riches of empires should be lavished.

Write to me, dear Ellesmere, by an early post, and think with your usual kindness of your devoted friend,
LE CHEVALIER D'ALONVILLE."

The letter enclosed from Miss Milsington was to the following purport

The interest, Sir, that every one who knows you must take in your welfare, must be my excuse for intruding on you with offers of service. Allow me to say, that should I be fortunate enough to be of any service to one for whom I have so high an esteem, I shall consider it as a circumstance singularly fortunate for me.

The cruel events that have desolated France, and driven her most illustrious families to exile, must sensibly affect every person bien nés *I* have most exquisitely participated the general concern, but alas! *I* can do little more than bear my part in a universal sentiment. I really wish, Sir, to continue this exordium longer, merely because I feel how difficult it is to arrive with delicacy and propriety at the point I have in view.

Suffer me to make a slight sketch of the family I am now with, the better to explain my meaning:

The earl of Aberdore, whose present lady is a relation of my late father's, General Milsington, has by a first wife three sons and two daughter. These young people are from sixteen to seven years of age. My relation, the present Lady Aberdore, is a very young woman, and beautiful as the fabled Houri of course fond of admiration, and the gaieties of court, where from her rank and loveliness she is much noticed. With the best dispositions in the world, it is not in *her* power to attend to the education of her husband's children. The young ladies are growing up; the eldest is near twelve years old; the boys are two of them older; they have all been educated hitherto at the town or country houses where Lord A. has happened to reside, under the care of tutors, governesses, and masters; but some objections have lately arisen to their residing in London, where they are unavoidably introduced into some degree of dissipation inimical to their studies; and Lord A. has determined that they shall reside altogether at one of his distant seats the young men under the care of a gentleman from Oxford, newly recommended to him in place of their late tutor, (to whom his lordship has given a considerable living): the ladies, Tryphena and Louisa, attended by their French and English governesses: but as this plan of necessity excludes them from the advantages of having masters in many branches of education, which the metropolis alone possesses, Lord Aberdore has been prevailed upon to think of engaging some foreigner of merit and talents, who may be qualified to supply this deficiency, and instruct Lord Aurevalle, and his brothers, in the French and Italian languages; in fencing, drawing, and tactics; who has some knowledge of music, and has an elegant taste for poetry and the fine arts. I have named you, Sir, as a gentleman, in whom this assemblage of accomplishments is united with infinite suavity of manners, and an excellent disposition. Lord Aberdore does me the honor to attend to my opinion I have assured him that your birth is illustrious, and your English connections highly respectable, and his lordship seems perfectly convinced of the propriety of my recommendation. It only remains for me to ask, Sir, whether you shall judge such a situation eligible during your enforced stay in England; I need hardly add that the conditions with which it will be attended, though they cannot be equal to your merit, are such as will be accompanied with no descent from the real dignity which you have a right to maintain. In expectation of your early answer, and of your pardon, if I have taken too great a liberty, I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient
And very humble Servant,
JEMIMA MILSINGTON."

In the due course of the post from Eddisbury Hall, D'Alonville received from Ellesmere the following answer:

"You are an enviable and fortunate fellow, D'Alonville: What! to have the most accomplished woman in England the fair, the amiable Jemima Milsington interest herself in your destiny, and place you in the family of her relation, *more beautiful than fabled Hours!* to superintend the education of two young graces, "who are *growing up* ," and who, I apprehend, approach too nearly in appearance and charms to this rival of Mahomet's nymphs to be suffered to remain longer near their *Belle Mere*, amid "the dissipations of London." Really the prudent Jemima has chosen an admirable Mentor for this hopeful family; but trifling apart, for, alas! I trifle not from gaieté de coeur; I entirely acquiesce in all the observations you make in your letter; they are worthy of your heart and understanding; yet, believe me, D'Alonville, was I independent, had I an house and a fortune, my friend should not seek in any other family, that home which it would be my pride and delight to offer him. In regard to your accepting the situation proposed to you by Miss Milsington, you must yourself judge how far it may be such

as agrees with your habits and inclination; if you marry Angelina immediately, and I am epicurean enough to advise you to do so, can you determine to quit her? If you can, I am quite disposed to believe, my dear Chevalier, that your tenderness for her, your natural retênue, that sobriety of character which has often made me say you resemble us cold phlegmatic Englishmen, will together be a sufficient defence against the dangers of such a situation as Miss Milsington has recommended to you. To a less attached or less sedate man of one and twenty, I own I should think it somewhat hazardous; or rather I should accuse of extreme imprudence, the father who should introduce into his family, the Chevalier D'Alonville; had the Chevalier D'Alonville less discretion, or less love for another object, Abelard and St. Preux, would be names that would continually recur to me.

La Belle Mere, too! I have not time to give you a sketch of her character; but her person though the Houri's is not in so much danger of being but *second best*, as the energetic Jemima seems to apprehend, her person is certainly beautiful, according to the common acceptation of the word; and, to what nature has done for her, she fails not to add every embellishment of art. In a more easy temper of mind I could give you a little history of this family, that would serve, perhaps, as a cart du pais, but I will postpone doing so till I see you, for my heart is too heavy to allow me to do the drawing justice; it does not grow lighter when I reflect on the lengthening penance I am condemned to here, where I know you will not come; but I find I cannot quit Eddisbury, unless I could prevail upon myself to become indifferent to the uneasiness I should inflict on Sir Maynard, who cannot hear the remotest hint of my leaving him, even for a few days, and seems now so solicitous for my health, that I am even distressed by his kindness; this I could bear, wearisome as it is, if I was not compelled to listen to plans in which I never can engage, and often punished by the long visits to Darnly, in which I am expected to accompany the family. Poor Theodora puts me in mind of Leonora in the Padlock: "*Fine feathers make fine birds; but I am sure they don't make happy ones.*" I frequently see her amidst all the splendours that surround her, endeavouring to be really as happy as people tell her she *is*; but though she is not a young woman who has been accustomed to think much, or to make companions who can shew her the difference between real and imaginary good, I can plainly perceive that her heart refuses to acquiesce in the assertion, that she is "A *most fortunate woman*;" and I dread lest her youth and simplicity should expose her to the too successful designs of the sort of people who are continually collected round her, and who seem necessary to assure Mr. Darnly that *he too* is happy. This man can never live a moment alone; and as there is nothing attractive about him but his money, and the luxuries his house affords, you may imagine what is the description of people who are assembled there captains of Indiaman retired; men who have dealings or connections with the company, and are something, however, to be entirely the former without success; others who have acquired to aspire to rank, in a country where money does every thing, but who being originally of mean extraction, and having acquired their fortunes by the basest means, add to the gross manners of the vulgar the insolent presumption of the prosperous, and unite the vices of both.

None of these, perhaps, are very dangerous inmates, though they flatter Theodora till she believes herself a little goddess; but there are another set of people often about her, who are, in my opinion, more the subjects of alarm. These are idle young men of fashion, who frequent Darnly's house, because " *it is a monstrous good lounge, and because he gives devilish good dinners.*" There are seldom less than two or three of these honest gentlemen, who condescend to pass, with their horses and servants, a fortnight or a week together at Darnly; and in Hanover square they are, I understand, more constant visitors. As these rank among the pretty men of the day, of whom every body talk, and whose amours and intrigues are the usual theme of the women, I expect nothing less than that some of them, and particularly one who is more assiduous than the rest, will think it a *monstrous good joke* to steal from "the little Nabob," the person of his wife, who certainly is young enough to be his daughter, and who, I think, must make comparisons between these "adorables," and her "dingy dear," not much to the advantage of the latter.

Perhaps these suspicions, should they be realized, are not such as ought to add, in the world we live in, one thorn to those that render uneasy the pillow of your friend.

But do you *really* think me a man to be envied, D'Alonville, because I am at liberty to marry the woman I love? Ah! my dear Chevalier, your premises are false, and of course your conclusion; I cannot marry the woman I love,

unless I would hazard for the rest of my life hearing from my own heart the secret reproaches of having accelerated my father's death, a reproach that would be heard even in the very bosom of happiness, and embitter those hours which ought to be so delicious; for I adore Alexina; every other woman I see serves only as a foil to her; and though I fear yes, my friend, I greatly fear that her regard for me is not strong enough to induce her to sacrifice to my circumstances that proper pride which inimical as it is to my happiness, I do not consider as the least of her perfections, yet I shall adore her to the last hour of my life, and certainly I shall never marry any other woman. Speak to her, D'Alonville; prevail upon her for a few months only to lay aside her intentions of returning to Poland tell her, who is herself so good, so affectionate a daughter, that I will fly to renew what surely she cannot doubt, vows of everlasting attachment, the moment I can leave a father who places the only remaining happiness of his life in my remaining with him; I know he is a little unreasonable in the sacrifices he asks; but after all, he is my father; and were I capable of forgetting what I owe him, I think I should be unworthy of aspiring to the affections of Alexina.

An hundred minor miseries, which are not worth complaining of, yet are teazing enough, contribute to make me long to quite Eddisbury; besides my detestation of Darnly, and his set of friends; my mother collects such an assortment of twaddlers about her, that I am wearied to death some of these good women ask me an account of "my battles" "Lord, Mr. Edward, *do* tell us how it was, and so you go wounded? Well, 'tis a mercy 'twas no worse;" and then the Misses declare "it must be a very terrible fight to be sure;" ad some, I fancy, very sincerely deplore that so many *smart officers* are killed, when there is such a scarcity of husbands; yet there is such pretty sights at camps in summer, and recruiting parties, and even militia do *so* enliven their towns in the winter, that the dear creatures cannot but acknowledge that "war time was something very animating in it." Two or three gentle nymphs of this neighbourhood, who, while "Mr. Edward" was a younger brother, liked well enough to dance with him at the public meetings, because he belonged to the *genteel set*; not make much more decided attempts to be noticed by him, for "Mr. Edward" is heir to a title but they may spare themselves their flattering solicitudes and to do my mother justice, she takes every possible precaution to secure from any fatal partiality to her son, the hearts of Miss Grimes and Miss Pawson, two fair and sentimental damsels from a neighbouring provincial town, who are very much at Eddisbury, by telling them that is is absolutely necessary for Edward to marry a woman of large fortune. Miss Grimes reads novels, and is very much distressed at not having yet found in real life a hero who answers to "her ideas." Miss Pawson has a stronger mind, and "cannot read love stories;" *she* likes the debates of the House, a smart political pamphlet, or a polemical quarrel between two learned divines, of which she understands not a word; but being tolerably certain of not meeting any body in the circle she lives in, who understands more, she ventures to speak upon these abstruse subjects, if she can procure an hearer, and is reckoned "a young woman of very great understanding."

Such are the people with whom I am condemned to waste hours that ought to be dedicated to love and friendship to Alexina and D'Alonville! Ah! my friend, when shall I be at liberty, without any breach of duty, to assure you personally of that affection with which I ever shall be,
Truly your's,
EDWARD ELLESMERE?"

CHAP. XVII.

Pomm' in umil fortuna, od in superba;
Al dolce aere ferno, al sosco e grave;
Alla matura etate, od all' aeerba.
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* * * * * * * *
Pommi con fama oscura, o con illustre:

Sar\|[oacute]\| qual fui: vivr\|[oacute]\| com' io visso
Continuando il' mio fospic trilustre

PETRARCH.

IN consequence of Ellesmere's approbation of his intentions, and of other circumstances that served to strength his resolution, D'Alonville proposed to Mrs. Denzil a plan, on her consent to which he declared the future happiness of his life depended. This was, that Angelina should immediately be his; that without naming their marriage to Lord Aberdore, to whom it would probably be no additional recommendation that he was allied to a family to which he himself once acknowledged some relationship, he should accept the situation offered him, and endeavour, by the advantages that might accrue from it, to encrease his little income so as to support his wife, who, with her mother, her younger brothers and sisters, should take an house as near as could be conveniently found to the seat of Lord Aberdore's, where his son, Lord Aurevalle, and the other branches of his family were to be entrusted to their tutors. This, as it was now understood, was not the house in Staffordshire, but another much larger, and upon the most capital estate possessed by the Aberdore family; and from a decayed town near it they took their title. It was partly in Merionethshire, in a county eminently romantic and beautiful, but at such a distance from London, that the present Lady Aberdore disliked residing there for any length of time, and was not always prevailed upon to accompany Lord Aberdore in his annual visit, which he usually paid his Welsh estate at or soon after Christmas; and she had now prevailed on her Lord to give it up to his children, alleging that it was the most capacious and most healthy of his feats; but as in consequence of this new arrangement he would have no occasion for so large an house as that in Staffordshire, she hinted, in no very equivocal terms, how prudent it would be to let that, and to confine their country excursions to their annual visit to Rock−March, (the name of the seat in Wales) and to their occasional residence at Barton Grove, a villa he had purchased since his second marriage, in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. To these arrangements also Lord Aberdore agreed, with that ready submission which should mark the conduct of all peaceably−disposed husbands in regard to reasonable proposals from pretty and lively wives, twenty years younger than themselves. Had the family of which D'Alonville was to become a temporary member, remained in Staffordshire, there might have been many objections to the scheme for which he so earnestly pleased, that did not now arise; the family of Mrs. Denzil were known there, and she could not suppose that her return to a neighbourhood where she had before resided, or the motives for her return could long remain undiscovered. This might have destroyed at once the flattering visions in which D'Alonville had indulged himself, and involve them all in discussions which she desired particularly to avoid; but languishing, as she did, to quit scenes in and near London, where she had undergone so many years of fruitless anxiety, and hopeless misery, she felt more satisfaction than she had long been sensible of, in the idea of hiding herself in a distant province of Wales, and trying, amidst its wild and romantic scenes, to find again a relish for those rude beauties of unadulterated nature, which used in happier days to flatter her imagination and soothe her heart.

Too well convinced, however, that for *her* happiness was no where to be found, she would not have indulged herself in the visionary pursuit of even such tran ent transient gratification as the more mild and sublime landscapes of another part of Britain could offer her, *nor* would the advantage her health might gain by change of air and place, or any other consideration that related to herself only, have had the smallest influence on her resolution; but in giving her beloved child to D'Alonville, she saw a prospect of happiness for that child, which she thought no affluence of rank could give her with a man to whom she was less attached. Mrs. Denzil had learned by sad experience, that in a marriage made by parents on mercenary considerations only, their scheme of felicity may often be wholly defeated, and that then, only the bitterness of disappointed ambition remains; but that in a union where love alone determines, every trapping of fortune may be wanting, and yet, that the purest felicity may be found that in this state of being can be tasted on earth.

This conviction; D'Alonville's merit, which every hour appeared more evident; and Angelina's unalterable affection for him; the certainty there was that his little property would afford her the necessaries of life, and he persuasion Mrs. Denzil was in, that those who with the most officious vehemence declaimed against such an alliance, could offer no objection which unprejudiced reason would listen to, determined her to agree to their immediate marriage, and to remain in London with her daughter for some weeks afterwards, while D'Alonville should accompany his pupils to Rock−March, and look around it for such an habitation as would conveniently receive Mrs. Denzil and her family, together with De Touranges, his wife, mother, and child; for she heartily concurred with him in his generous resolution not to abandon these unfortunate friends. Language cannot do justice to the transports with which D'Alonville, who had been too tremblingly anxious to speak to Mrs. Denzil, received the answer she gave to the letter he had written detailing this scheme. He flew down to Wandsworth, where she yet remained (though in another lodging,) and with the timid acquiescence of Angelina, every preliminary was that evening settled.

In two days afterwards, Mrs. Denzil and her family removed to London; the preparations, as to clothes, were soon made, for the simplest only were necessary; but there arose difficulties as to procuring a licence, (for Angelina was a minor, and had a father living in a foreign country,) which almost distracted D'Alonville, who had been informed by Miss Milsington that he would be expected at Rock−March in a very short time; his situation there, however, he determined to abandon, if its highest advantages were for a moment placed in opposition to his immediate marriage with Angelina; but fortunately some political engagements detained Lord Aberdore in London much longer than he expected, and prevented his attending his children into Wales, (a compliment he thought he could not decently dispense with), much longer than he was aware of.

While D'Alonville was intoxicated with the delightful hope of being in a few days the husband of the woman he adored, and was ready to absolve his fate for all his former misfortunes, so far as they had affected only himself; Miss Milsington, not at all suspecting his real situation, was pleasing herself, in spite of her pride and her reason, with the flattering idea of having secured his gratitude perhaps mingled with a more tender sentiment; for who, suggested her vanity, who could be obliged to Jemima Milsington, and not feel the sweetness of involuntary affection insensibly associating itself with the recollection of her goodness? Who could contemplate her mind without loving her person? From the first moment she had seen D'Alonville, she had been charmed with his person; and a dreadful vacancy having lately happened in her heart, by the defection of a titled dangler whom her excessive vanity had made her believe intended to marry her, she had some how or other suffered the image of the handsome young foreigner who had been introduced to her at Eddisbury, to usurp this enviable place, yet was hardly conscious she had done so, till she found she had talked as well as thought so much of D'Alonville, that Lady Aberdore at last told her of it "My dear Milsington," said she, as they were sitting alone in her dressing room, "you really bore one about that Frenchman do you know, child that if you were eighteen, I should recommend it to your good mother to look carefully after you."

"Gracious! Lady Aberdore," answered the lady, blushing, albeit unused to the blushing mood "Gracious, what have I said?"

"Oh, nothing," replied the other, carelessly, "that is very unusual with women who are not extremely young, who of course are somewhat of veterans, and may talk of male beauty, I suppose, without so much impropriety; but for heaven's sake, my dear creature, restrain yourself a little before the lady Viponts! consider that lady Tryphena is in her thirteenth year, and this Chevalier of your's is to be her tutor in French, and so forth, and really to hear so much of his beauty, and his charms, and his gallantry, may make a girl that age fancy him a hero, and fall in love with him."

Extremely nettled at this speech, Miss Milsington was preparing a very tart answer, when Lord Aberdore suddenly entered the room, to speak to his wife before he went to the levee. "Do you know, my Lord," said she, laughing, "I have been preaching prudence to Jemima, and bidding her not praise so immoderately this French tutor you have engaged for Rock−March, at least before any younger persons, for they may not be aware, you

know, that it is our cousin's lively way, and may fancy, that a man praised by so good a judge must be something more than mortal Pray tell me, my lord, for I have never seen him, is he such a very charming creature?"

"I looked to nothing, Lady Aberdore," answered he coldly, "but his capacity of instructing my family in certain branches of their education: that I apprehend he possesses from Miss Milsington's report, and in my opinion all other enquiry is improper and superfluous."

The noble peer then turned to Miss Milsington, who has requested him to let his coach set her down at St. James's, when he went thither, and asking if she was ready, they went away together. The lady, swelling with resentment, which it was, however, necessary she should stifle; for the conveniences of Lady Aberdore's houses and carriages were not to be given up, though the occasional advantages they afforded her were purchased by mean submission to the insulting caprices of her young, beautiful, and fortunate relation. The truth was, Lady Aberdore, though she found Miss Milsington useful as a companion, who would accompany her to public places when no other person would go with her, and fit with her, or read to her when she was whimsical or sick, yet did not love, and was glad to mortify her: this arose partly from having been bid, when a girl, to look up to her cousin as capable of instructing her in music and other acquirements; partly from her envy at those acquirements of which she possessed no share herself, and partly from natural malignity. This last instance of invidious remark, though it was not made without reason, sunk into the mind of Miss Milsington, and was not easily forgotten. But as she was to be of the party, who know towards the end of January were to go down to settle the new arrangements at Rock−March, she determined to be more guarded in speaking of D'Alonville; to resolve on thinking of him less, was not so much in her power.

The magnificence that reigned in the family she was now with, was far from bestowing happiness, or even content on the members of it. Lord Aberdore was one of those ambitious men who, without talents, aspire to the first places of power and patronage; and who, scrupling not to acquire that power by *any* means, are as meanly humble to their superiors, as insolent and overbearing towards whoever they consider as their inferiors. His character was a common one, and had little to distinguish it from numberless others in public life. In domestic life he was now governed by his wife, to whom he was said to have shewn too much attachment, long before there was a probability of his having it in his power to raise her to the rank she now enjoyed. He considered his children no otherwise, than as beings who were to perpetuate or aggrandize his family; but that the boys might be qualified to shine in political life, and the girls accomplished enough to aspire to the most illustrious alliances, he spared nothing that could contribute to complete their education, and was persuaded to believe, that this could be carried on better in the arrangement made at Rock−March, than it could be in London. Cold and stately towards his children, they had little pleasure in his company; and the young men were not sorry to enjoy that degree of liberty at a distance, on which his presence always seemed a restraint while ladies Tryphena and Louisa, who had been taught by the old servants about them to detest their mother−in−law, were very glad to have a sort of an establishment of their own at a distance from her; though they were old enough to understand the motives that made Lady Aberdore desire their absence, and failed not to say they did, to every one they were allowed to see; some of whom repeated their remarks, which served only to determine her to hasten their departure; though as her lord intended to accompany them, she was compelled to sacrifice three weeks or a month of time which she thought it would have been much pleasanter to have passed in London.

While the enjoyments of wealth and affluence were thus embittered by the passions of jealousy and malignity, the humble lodging of Mrs. Denzil afforded a scene of at least transient happiness; and she had a heart that could delight in the felicity of others: yet to a mother, the giving away for ever a beloved child, is a period of excessive anxiety; it was particularly so to her, who had consented to the marriage of Angelina contrary to the general opinion of those *few* friends, who thought it worth while to give any opinion at all on the disposal of a young woman without fortune. Experience of the futility of those plans and projects that parents usually form for the happiness of their children without consulting them; experience of the vanity of mere riches, "which make themselves wings and fly away" and experience of the mercenary and fluctuating temper of a world, that bows the knee only to success, and that would worship idiotism or deformity, if it were raised on the wheel of fortune;

had taught her to adopt for the remainder of her life, (of which much more than half had been passed as the miserable victim of the selfish policy of others,) the opinion of Voltaire, when he says,
Nous ne vivons que deux momens
Qu'il en foit un, pour le bonheur.

The longer she was acquainted with D'Alonville the more time she had given herself to study his temper and disposition, the more firmly she believed, that the day which made Angelina his, ought to be for her a day of joy. To D'Alonville it seemed as if destiny, determined to teach him every extreme of misery and felicity, had now raised him to happiness beyond the lot of humanity. He had the unexpected satisfaction of remaining almost a fortnight with his wife, before the final summons arrived which called him from her, to the duties he had undertaken in the family of Lord Aberdore.

But he left her with the delicious certainty that they should soon meet again to part no more and he carried with him the delightful reflection, that it was for her he was engaging in an employment which, however contrary to his former habits of life, the idea of its contributing to her comfort would render not only easy but pleasant.
"There be some sports are painful, but their labour
"Delight in sets them off Some kinds of baseness
"Are nobly undergone.

Angelina saw him depart with tender yet trusting solicitude her mother with confidence and pleasure. When Angelina had bade him adieu, she looked from the dining−room window will he turned into the next street, and then retired to her own room to indulge for a few moments in those tears which she could no longer repress, though she was conscious that is was weakness to yield to them. Soon, however, recovering her composure, by reflecting on the prospect of that humble happiness they hoped to enjoy together, she was able to meet her mother at dinner with a calm and even a chearful countenance.

D'Alonville in the mean time found himself in Portland−place, hardly knowing how he got thither. The carriages were waiting in which the young men were to travel; those that conveyed Lord and lady Aberdore and Miss Milsington; the ladies Vipont, their governesses and women, were not ordered till a later hour, but Lord Aurevalle and his brothers, with their tutors and domestics, were to begin their journey immediately.

The reverend Lemuel Paunceford, for the first time saw the chevalier D'Alonville, who was chosen to be his coadjutor in the important task of educating future legislators of the British empire. The reverend Lemuel Paunceford made him as good a bow as he could make, and introduced his pupils thus: "Monsieur Dallunville, this is my Lord Aurevalle; this is the honourable Henry Augustus Vipont, his lordship's next brother, and this the honourable Frederic Charles Vipont, his lordship's younger brother." D'Alonville bowed to each of the boys, and Mr. Paunceford pointing to a chair, he sat down.

The curiosity of D'Alonville, which had at first been excited by the odd figure of this young divine, was soon satisfied, for he strutted for a moment about the room as if to exhibit himself to the best advantage. He was a punch figure of five feet, whose tight black clothes, knowing boots and splendid leathern breeches, served only to make his redundancy of flesh more remarkable. He wore his hair high behind his round head, so that a collop of fat that was thrust from his short poll by the pressure of his neckcloth; seemed to support the spruce row of yellow curls that marked him, (though somewhat to his displeasure) as being in orders. But however he might internally murmur at the harsh decrees of custom which deprived his person of many advantages of which laymen are allowed to avail themselves, his spirit was well enough calculated for his situation; for with an infinite deal of pride, he had such a pliant disposition where any thing was to be got, that there was no doubt of his dying a dignitary of the church.

Till that happy epocha arrived, he was not unwilling to shew the way that was to lead to it, with every flower he could gather, without hazarding his character. He loved a good dinner extremely, and found Lord Aberdore's table very suitable to his taste; he loved his ease, and found that it was more in appearance than in reality that he should have any thing to do; he was very fond of governing, and therefore well content to find that the management of every thing at Rock−March was to be left to him; and as he did not dislike women, he imagined that with the two governesses, who were young and genteel women, and the three or four smart damsels who waited on them and the young ladies, he should have something like a little seraglio around him, for the indulgence of sentimental affections at least. It was not therefore without some sensation, bordering on mortification and disappointment, that he beheld the very handsome figure of D'Alonville, who, besides the advantage of being somewhat above six feet high, and of a light and graceful figure, had a face at once manly and expressive, fine eyes, and the most beautiful teeth that could be seen. It was to make comparisons between himself and this unwelcome coadjutor that Mr. Paunceford now paraded from the great pier glass to the door, from the door to the pier glass; and it was with extreme reluctance that he was compelled, after several turns, to acknowledge, that the Frenchman was really tolerably well−looking considering; for that was all he could bring himself to avow.

When the chevalier D'Alonville had been talked of, Mr. Paunceford had imagined to himself that he resembled one of those figure that are usually exhibited in print shops in ridicule of his country, and that he should only find him a contrast to his own agreeable person: but his eyes refused to accede to this caricature of his imagination, and he was now heartily sorry that his residence with his pupils at the villa near Hampton−court, at the time Lord Aberdore had engaged with D'Alonville prevented his trying to put an end to the negociation. Now it was too late, and he could only form vague plans of prejudicing his pupils against him, and finding some means of getting him dismissed as speedily as possible. D'Alonville having smiled internally at the pert round figure and consequential manner of the little Abbé, thought no more about him, but paying only as much attention to the young Viponts, as the common forms of politeness required, in speaking to each of them in French, of which they all understood something, and which the eldest spoke tolerably well, he turned all his thoughts to Angelina, and in reflecting how soon he should be many miles from her, he sunk into a melancholy reverie, from which he was suddenly roused by Miss Milsington, who bouncing into the room, exclaimed "Oh, my dear boys! I thought I should have been too late to have seen you before you set off you servant, sir," coldly, to Mr. Paunceford; then turning to D'Alonville, who had risen on her entering the room she exclaimed, "Oh, Chevalier! never creature was so delighted as I am, to find you are not gone without my seeing you. My dear sir, what a horrible journey we shall have and such and ungallant, uncomfortable plan as this, of travelling separate! Well, my dear friend, but we shall meet at last; and I hope the gods will give us good weather, that we may ramble about at Rock−March. Do you know that if you love romantic views you will be quite wild! for my part I adore them! my delight is to gaze on woods, and rocks, and mountains, and torrents, when I am in the country." D'Alonville, though usually prompt enough at reply, was at a loss what to say to this sentence, which, though meaning little, was so energetically delivered; but he was relieved from his embarrassment by a footman who can in to inform Mr. Paunceford then sneeringly addressed Miss Milsington "Madam, if your business with Monseer is at an end, I believe there is nothing more to detain us. My Lord Aurevalle, your Lordship goes with me in the first chaise Mr. Vipont and Mr. Frederic Vipont, Monseer Dallumvil is to attend you in the second." The Reverend Lemuel Paunceford then marched down stairs with the young lord, who did not seem particularly delighted with the arrangement; D'Alonville respectfully kissing Miss Milsington's hand, which she generously rendered to him, followed the two younger boys, and the chaises drove away.

How dull Aurevalle will be," cried the eldest, "shut up with our little Parson Punch."

"I hope," answered his brother, "Bob Jerom will preach to him all the way. I like to have Aurevalle teized with that quiz because he often sets him upon me."

D'Alonville, though by no means comprehending the terms Parson Punch, Bob Jerom, and Quiz, yet perfectly understood that the lads were ridiculing their tutor, for whom he had before guessed by their looks they had no great reverence; but as he though it too soon for him to commence monitor, he endeavoured to turn the discourse

on the villages they were passing, and to direct their observations to the objects they passed; he found the eldest greatly skilled in horseflesh, giving his opinion of "the cattle" that went by knew to what men of fashion they belonged, and told D'Alonville the names and ages of Lord Aberdore's horses at each of his residences; named the brood mares, and had a very tolerable notion of a pedigree: these were accomplishments which D'Alonville did not suspect his pupil of having acquired under the learned clerk of Oxenford, Mr. Lemuel Paunceford; but he did not know that he was himself a sportsman, the best shot of his college, and celebrated fro taking care himself to have his game well dressed; he was besides, though rather overweight, a keen sportsman, and followed hare hounds with particular guste; inclinations which had prevented his checking in his pupils the too lively interest they seemed disposed to take in the affairs of the stable.

As for some reason or other Lord Aberdore did not intend to pass the night at the same inn, they saw nothing of him on the road. Paunceford seemed sullen and out of humour at supper; and drily saying to D'Alonville that the misfortune of his own not knowing the French language would make conversation unpleasant to him, he took a book out of his pocket, and D'Alonville was left to converse with the boys till they separated for the night.

CHAP. XVIII.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless continuity of shade,
Where rumours of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Should never reach me more!

COWPER.

THOUGH the travellers proceeded with the utmost expedition, it was very late on the evening of the second day before they reached Rock−March; situated almost on the junction of the three counties of Merioneth, Cardigan, and Montgomery, and about twelve miles from that part of the Irish channel which is called Cardigan Bay.

D'Alonville could only observe that night that the house was very large, and furnished with ancient magnificence; but be not alarmed, gentle−reader, though seven castles have been talked of in a preface, thou shalt not be compelled to enter on another at this late period of the story; and of this great house it shall only be said, that it was like other great houses, calculated rather for splendour than comfort, rather to create admiration in the stranger than to confer happiness on the owner; its outward walls shall not be roughened by former sieges, or its entrance guarded with portcullis; the wall flower and the fern shall not nod over the broken battlements, nor shall the eastern tower, or any tower, be enwreathed with the mantling ivy.

On the contrary, the entrance−hall is stucoed; in it are four niches, in which are fine antique statues, purchased at Rome by the ancestor of the present Lord Aberdore, and in the vestibule beyond it, which, as well as the hall, is paved with marble, is a very large billiard table; the suite of rooms into which these entrances open shall they be described? No They shall be left to the imagination of readers who can hear with pleasure of velvet beds with gilt cornices; superb China jars; marble tables and pillars of verde antique; sophas of mixed or other damask, with feet admirably carved and gilt; glasses of great dimensions, and tapestry of the gobelins. Or should imagination refuse to fill up the lofty and spacious rooms, the little printed book sold by the housekeeper, Mrs.. Empson, will give a perfect idea of it all; together with the Claudes, Guidos, and Caracchis; the Raphaels, Titians, and Rembrandts, that appeared in the eyes of D'Alonville, who loved and understood painting, to be the most desirable articles in this noble mansion.

But courteous reader, if thou art spared a minute description of this Welsh palace, the country in which it stood must be a little more considered, for it was around that country, that with the dawn of the next morning, D'Alonville threw his eyes on the anxious enquiry, whether beneath some sheltering wood on the soft declivity of a hill, spreading its swelling bosom to the south, and watered by a gushing stream from the rock, some little white cottage might not peep forth fit abode for love and Angelina.

No such little rural building diversified the landscape; before the windows of the room assigned to D'Alonville, spread a great extent of the park, scattered over with clumps of different sorts of firs, oaks and beech, with here and there a venerable single tree; a wood now grey and joyless seemed at a considerable distance to mark the boundary of this side of the park, in which a temple or two was now distinguishable among the leafless trees; beyond it arose high and rugged hills, which shut out every other prospect, and which, to those who had never seen yet higher mountains, would appear, as impassable; even to D'Alonville they presented the idea of the towering defences of Abyssinia, as represented in a translation he had read of the celebrated work of Johnson. Nothing appeared like a village, or the blue smoke of farm houses dispersed among the woods that fringed the feet of these tall hills, aspiring above each other to the north.

Disappointed on this side, D'Alonville now went into a small anti−room and light closet, appropriated also to his use, which looked towards the east. Still all was park and plantation, diversified and ornamented. A river, or an extensive lake, whose terminations were hidden by knolls and woods, seemed to enclose the park on the eastern side and beyond it an uncultivated and wild country, more thinly scattered with copices, arose towards the less lofty but still rugged high−lands that seemed every where the most prominent feature of the prospect.

But by the faint and reluctant light the sun affords in the beginning of February, he could only partially distinguish the outline of the surrounding country, and he still hoped to see the tower of a village church, or the spire of a more lofty edifice in some small neighbouring town that might serve to direct his research for the habitation he so earnestly desired to find.

As he learned the evening before that the lessons of the young men were to begin at an early hour, he hastened to find the room where they were to meet at breakfast, but his it was not very easy to do. He made his way, however, after some blunders, to the servants hall, but none of them were there, and he remained in undisturbed possession of the whole wing of the house for more than an hour, though he was fortunate enough in his journey round it to open the door of a very large library, the walls of which were covered with books of all languages and sciences; this he thought the most agreeable circumstance he had yet found in this stupendous residence; and he was examining the books in his own language, of which there seemed to be an assemblage of the best authors, when an housemaid half asleep entered the room, and without remarking him, began her morning task about the grate; D'Alonville moved forward to speak to her, the girl started and screamed, and in a tongue which was not English, declared that he had frightened her out of her wits!

D'Alonville enquired whether Lord Aberdore and the family had arrived in the night? but the woman said no, "and lucky enough," said she, "they did'nt didn't , for I am sure we ben't not half ready for my lord and my lady, and there here be Master Poucefoort and the young lords come down, before our house was half a quarter fit for um." D'Alonville now enquired if Mr. Paunceford was below, and when the family breakfasted? He was answered that it would still be a full hour before they were down stairs but that if he pleased he might have his breakfast. Of this offer D'Alonville accepted, wishing to take the opportunity of questioning the girl, whom he had contrived to make comprehend his meaning, as to the towns and villages in the neighbourhood.

But he found that from her description it was impossible to make out any account which he could write to Mrs. Denzil, and he was therefore compelled, with whatever reluctance, to delay the information which he had promised to give immediately on his arrival, till he could himself go round the nearest villages and towns; the nearest of the latter, if town it might be called was Aberdore, at the distance of near five miles.

At length, but not till he had passed near three hours alone, Frederic Vipont came up to his room, and informed him that they had settled not to begin any business that day, "for besides," said he, "that papa and Lady Aberdore are expected, our tutor says he is so tired that he cannot stir, and Aurevalle and Harry want to go out on horseback. Perhaps though, Sir, for all the little Doctor don't like to move to day, you may chuse to ride with my brothers, and in that case there will be an horse got for you."

As D'Alonville desired nothing so much as to make observations on the country round Rock−March, he readily accepted this offer, though he though thought it necessary to speak first to Mr. Paunceford, and to offer, what indeed seemed to be incumbent upon him, to ride with the young men, as he himself declined it.

Mr. Paunceford, who seemed to have acquired an amazing encrease of consequence, from having surveyed the scene of which he considered himself as master, received the civilities of D'Alonville with more than his usual coldness, and answered with a supercilious air, "you may do as you please, Monseer, there are horses in the stable; but it is quite at your option; my Lord Aurevalle and Mr. Vipont want no other than their usual attendants, the grooms."

Oh! but if it is not disagreeable, Sir, to you," cried Lord Aurevalle, "I beg you will come with us; I shall have great pleasure in shewing you about the park, and you can't imagine what a quantity of game we have in it. I wish there would come a frost; for we have some of the best water shooting in England. I dare say you can shoot, Sir?"

"I dare say Monseer cannot," interrupted Paunceford, "in his country I suppose nobody ever shot formerly but the grand monnark."

D'Alonville smiling at his ignorance, answered, "that he shot a little, but did not particularly pique himself upon it." "And perhaps you can skate, Sir?" said the Lord; "Not particularly well," answered D'Alonville. "I'll go down myself and chuse an horse for you." cried Lord Aurevalle, who seemed much more pleased with his foreign than his domestic tutor, "and I'll have it ready for you in a minute;" without waiting for the approbation of Paunceford, who by his sour looks seemed much disposed to withhold it, the young man ran to execute his promise, and his two brothers scampered after him.

D'Alonville, disgusted by the behaviour of Paunceford, was not disposed by the behaviour of Paunceford, was not disposed to attempt any conversation, but amused himself with the pictures, with which every room was furnished, the few moments he waited. He was then summoned to the party below, and found an handsome hunter ready for him, in the deportment of which his young friends seemed much interested; while the country servants surveyed him with the same kind of doubting curiosity, as he had before remarked in the faces of the domestics at the hunting party in Needwood forest.

"Now," cried Lord Aurevalle, as they went off at half speed over the turf, "we'll have a good gallop; do you know, Chevalier, I have not been upon the back of this mare for above twelve months, and she's my favourite, and the very best little thing in all England." Such was the kind of discourse to which D'Alonville found his pupils most disposed; at length, however, the higher grounds of the park obliged them to go more slowly, and gave D'Alonville an opportunity of surveying the country from an eminence that commanded it as far as the sea, at the distance of near twelve miles; or that rather afforded glimpses of the Bay of Cardigan, between the hills, which, though not so high as those to the North, were frequent between Rock−March and the sea.

But there could not be a greater contrast than between smoothly ornamented grounds of the park, and the rude country in the midst of which it was situated. D'Alonville once more looked round for those chearful habitations of humble like that he dared not ask for, lest his young companions should should wonder at is enquiry; all he could distinguish in the distance seemed to be the meanest cottages of clay and thatch; but the oppressive gloom that involved every object soon put an end to his observations, and a tempest of wind and rain drove them back to

the house, where they had hardly got in, and changed their clothes, when Lord and Lady Aberdore, Miss Milsington, and the Lady Viponts arrived.

The female part of the groupe retired to their apartments, and the owner of the house to his study. The boys, after waiting on their father for a few moments, returned to the amusements that pleased him, and D'Alonville was again left alone.

He now traversed the long range of uninhabited apartments not without reflecting on the strange inequality of conditions. "The lord of this palace," said he, "has not only here, but in his other houses, six times as much room as he occupies, even when surrounded by his family and his friends, while the family of my Angelina, have not a cottage that they can call their own hardly the means of obtaining temporary residence! Alas! it is not a palace I wish for to place her in, but some quiet asylum where she might watch the declining health of her mother, nor dread such alarms and inconveniences as she has already undergone. Oh, Angelina! could I obtain this for thee, this gloomy magnificence which now chills and depresses me, would be surveyed with content, and the pendant with whom I am associated, would appear less insupportable." As he finished this monologue, he turned to walk again through the rooms, when he saw majestically approaching through the vista formed by the corresponding doors of the long suite of appartments, apartments, the amiable Miss Milsington. Every grace of her sublime figure seemed to be called forth as he advanced towards her; yet was
"Her lion port and awe commanding face,
"Attempter'd sweet to virgin grace."

As she held towards him her fair hand, exclaiming, "Heaven be praised, my dear Chevalier, we meet at last! and I shall have an undisturbed hour before dinner to give you the *cart du pais* I promised you."

D'Alonville expressed his acknowledgment in proper terms; and then, as they made several turns in this range of rooms, Miss Milsington softening her voice, and throwing as much gentle languor as possible into her eyes, began to give him her opinion of the people he was to live among, and the means of rendering his situation comfortable. There was good sense and real friendship in her observations and her advice; and D'Alonville, though he saw with concern that her manner betrayed a disposition towards sentiments, it was not in his power to return, could not help feeling himself really obliged to her.

At dinner he saw for the first time the "rival of the Houri," and acknowledged that indefatigable art can do much towards rendering what is *called* beautiful, a fair face with regular unmeaning features art certainly was not spared; but D'Alonville observed, that if the real charachter of Lady Aberdore was to be guessed at from her countenance, it would be pronounced totally unlike what it really was; for neither her features or her manner intimated that rage for admiration, or that resolution to govern, which her conduct clearly evinced. Her conversation was rather affectedly soft; and she lamented that she had been careless enough to lose her knowledge of French, with that pretence to ignorance, which many women (and men encourage them in it), seem to think renders them more amiable than knowledge. She was to−day in one of her languid humours, fatigued to death by such an horrible journey, and *wondering* at Milsington for being so *robust.* To D'Alonville she was just civil, but still appeared to recollect that he was *a tutor;* while Paunceford she treated as a dependent bade him open the door for her dog, or ring the bell, and gave him orders as to what she would have done about her aviary, and her ponies. Lord Aberdore, who brought with him into the country his political schemes to adjust and arrange, said no more to any body than was absolutely necessary; and the two governesses were not considered as being part of the company, and of course sat as mute as the young ladies their pupils; so that the little conversation there was, passed only between Lady Aberdore and Miss Milsington, and D'Alonville thought he had never in his life seen so much wearisome magnificence; for though the family were alone, all was in the most solemn splendour; the servants who waited at the table were more numerous than the party who surrounded it, and the same form and ceremony was observed as on days of state.

Tired and desponding, in despite of the gentle attentions and kind looks of Miss Milsington, D'Alonville was glad to be dismissed to his room, where he was soon called from the recollection of frigid grandeur and unwieldy pomp, to the perusal of the following letter:

"The days seem so tedious, my dear fried, and we are all in such sad spirits since you left us, and my mother's health again so visibly declines, that we are all impatience to hear that you have succeeded in finding for us some remote cottage at the foot of a Welsh mountain; yet I know how unreasonable it is in us to expect this, when it is hardly possible you have yet had time to look round you. And know too, that your impatience to have us in the country, is not less than ours to be there. Already I see, in the morning walks I have taken with my little sister and brother, the crocuses peeping faintly forth in the little gardens on the road toward Islington; discoloured as they are from the smoke of this stifling town, they yet call forth ideas of pleasure, from the recollection of spring, and I remember how delighted I used to be, when a child, at the appearance of the crocus and snow−drop, in a little piece of ground I called my own garden, before we were driven from our house in Dorsetshire how anxiously I watched in my fairy borders the earliest hypatica, or the unfolding of the winter rose, and with what a gay heart, saw the mezereon reddening on its leafless branches.

"Alas! how chearful and happy I was then! how little did I at that time suppose, that a storm was gathering which should wreck us all on the cold bleak shore of poverty! but do not believe, my dear friend, that I *now* complain of my fate. Ah! no, did not fears for my mother, and my younger brothers and sisters disturb me, I should be happy too happy, to share any destiny with you!

"I shall watch the arrival of the post with anxious solicitude, for it is the first day on which I can reasonably expect to hear from you. How many questions I should have to ask you, D'Alonville, if I were to see you! Is Miss Milsington of your party to charm you with delectable music? Ah! you will never attend with indulgence to the humble attempts of your Angelina, whose uncultivated voice has received no advantage from scientific knowledge, if you listen much to *this Syren*! I am impatient, too, to hear your opinion of Lady Aberdore; but above all, I desire to hear of you.

"Why must I ever tell you of disagreeable and painful circumstances? De Touranges, since your presence is no longer a check upon his impetuosity, is as impatient and as ungovernable as ever, and I fear he will hardly be restrained from going again to Flanders, and I am sure that if he does it will destroy my unfortunate friend. St. Remi entreats you to write to him every time I see and hear that excellent and respectable man, his character becomes higher in my esteem; and I could say to him, when I behold his patient, yet manly resignation, his piety, and his fortitude, "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Catholic." I have often read, that a great man struggling with adversity is a sight in which heaven delights, (I believe I do not copy the sentence with exactness, nor do I indeed know where to look for it but you know what I mean). The Abbé de St. Remi seems to me to be truly great. Ah! what a contrast to some *great* men, of whom unfortunately we know too much men, who would have been so far from resigning their own fortunes with courage, had they been called upon by such rigid destiny as has pursued the higher ranks in France, that they cannot even determine to restore money or estates that happen to fall into their hands belonging to other people, when even a plausible pretence for keeping them sound. I once gave you a slight sketch of an interview I had with these people. That I might save my mother from the vexation these irksome visits always give her, vexation that has more than once thrown her into a fit of illness, I went myself yesterday to enquire what prospect this opening year affords us, the eleventh of those in which we have, on various pretences, been deprived of all the provision my grandfather made for us.

"It was the fourth or fifth journey I had made in the hopes of seeing Mr. Ramsey. His servants, as if shocked at the unfeeling conduct of their master, not let me in contrary to his orders, as I guess the severe reproof I heard him give one of them as I went up stairs; when he found the matter without remedy, he bustled towards the door, and would have descended the stairs to convince me he was going out, but as he is not very alert, I entered his drawing−room before he could leave it without giving me time to speak, he said, "I am sorry, Miss Denzil, you had the trouble of coming, I am this moment going out Frazer! (to his servant) bring me my sword I am

obliged to go, Miss Denzil, I am going to the levée."

"The great man fancied that I should shrink into more than my original insignificance, at the mention of such sublime business as the necessity of going to court, and that I should withdraw my impertinent pretensions; but there are cases which animate the most timid I had my mother, I had D'Alonville in my thoughts, and I persisted to demand a few moments of his precious time mustering all my courage, "I shall not detain you long, Sir," said I, with all the spirit I could; "but it is absolutely necessary for me to know whether this year is to pass as the last did as so many, indeed *more* than half *my* life, has passed before." I found my foolish heart trembling in a moment, rather, however, with anger than fear; when Mr. Ramsay interrupted me, "Well, well, Madam! it has not been nor it is not, nor will be my fault; I tell you, Madam, as I have explained to you before, over and over again, and also to you mother, that if any legal, proper, and just *mode* can be found, and chalked out, and discovered, that I am ready, and willing, and desirous to acquiesce, and agree, and consent to an arrangement, and settlement, and decision *I* am sorry I again repeat, that I am engaged, and cannot possibly stay now."

"Sir," said I, "whatever may be your haste, I should imagine nothing could be more pressing to an honest and good mind, than to execute a trust on which the very existence of a family of orphans depends. Where are we to apply for these legal and proper methods to be chalked out? Already several lawyers have been consulted; but by no one of their opinions would you ever abide, even after you had in the most solemn manner engaged to do so, after you had involved my mother in infinite trouble in journies, writing, and explanations, and put her to very great expence."

"Well, Madam, I cannot help it I cannot act illegally, as I told you before, not, being only one trustee, I cannot act alone; I must refer you to my co−trustee, Mr. Shrimpshire." "And he, Sir, refers me back to you; he tells me he has nothing to do with it, but acts by your orders, which, as he is your attorney, does, to be sure, seem highly probable and thus, Sir, months and years have passed away, and are still passing, in which my mother has, with the utmost difficulty, found us all in the mere necessaries of life by her own labour. Is this to last for ever? Is it even to last much longer? If it is, Sir, I am persuaded the best thing we can do is to go to service."

"Indeed, Madam, I think it is your humble servant, Madam.

Frazer! order up the chariot."

The great man disappeared to pay his court, and I, taking my little brother by the hand, descended humbly after him at an awful distance; and with tears ready to start from my eyes, and an heavy heart, took my weary way to Mr. Shrimpshire's, the co−trustee, in one of the Inns of Court, who acts in a double capacity, and is at once attorney to Mr. Ramsay and trustee to us, (by his appointment); so that the mockery of referring us to a man, who, if he were disposed to act with integrity, could only do what his employer dictates, is adding insult to injustice. I was going to give you a sketch of my interview with the old attorney, who is said to lose the little sense he ever possessed, in drinking; as to his integrity, or the sentiments of a gentleman, or a man, if ever he had such, they are long since forgotten in the iniquity of professional baseness. But if *Lavater's* judgement on the human countenance is at all to be relied on, he never ought to have been trusted; yet on these men has my poor mother been waiting for a long series of years, and now that she is disabled by the ill health anxiety has brought upon her, it seems that the same degrading attendance, the same disappointments, and the same insults, descend to us in hereditary succession.

"Let me relieve you and myself, D'Alonville, from this hopeless, this irksome subject indeed I know not how I have been betrayed into it, unless it be that the mind will assume its colour from the objects around it; and I have been brought up amidst the oppressions exercised with impunity on my family amidst the complaints those oppressions occasioned amidst struggles against poverty, and efforts, unavailing efforts, to restore us to the comforts that have been torn from us. Wonder not, therefore, if even in writing to you, to whom I would communicate nothing but satisfaction, I am led almost insensibly into the weakness of repining. Ah! pardon

your poor Angelina, and do not, as you have sometimes done, though half sportively, do not accuse her of being too much disposed to dark and gloomy apprehension. Alas! if you knew how much my mother is changed within these two years, of which you cannot judge, you would not blame me for my fears; but I will not indulge them, my friend no, I will believe, if it be but for a moment, that moment if it be only that I may not infect you with my sombre presages, I will believe that we shall yet be happy, and it is certain that my mother thinks of our removal into Wales, with more pleasure than I have seen her express for a very long time; her imagination is flattered by the idea of bidding a long adieu to the neighbourhood of London; of losing sight of the men who have oppressed, and the friends who have slighted her, and of finding, amidst the bold features of the British Alps, novelty to amuse, and quiet to soothe her harassed mind.

"I need not add that on her health and peace depends that of your friend, to urge you to enquiries after a proper situation for us. My foolish heart swells with a variety of mingled sensations, and my eyes overflow, as I sign, for the first time, to a letter, the name of
ANGELINA D'ALONVILLE."

There wanted not this letter to animate D'Alonville to new exertions; but his heart sunk when he reflected how long it might be before he could succeed in what he so earnestly wished; the anxiety he carried to his pillow, was but too likely to be renewed the next day; for hitherto he had been able to discover nothing like the habitation he sought for, and it was very uncertain how far the occupations he had undertaken might impede his enquiries the next day, of how far, when he could make them they might be successful.

CHAP. XIX.

O chere et precieuse moitié de mon ame! hatons−nous d'ajouter a ces ernements du printems, la presence de deux amans fideles

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A NARRATIVE cannot so well explain as will the following letter, D'Alonville's sentiments and situation. It was written about ten days after his arrival at Rock−March.

"My last letter, my beloved Angelina, was so little satisfactory, that I lose not a moment in forwarding one that may be more welcome; at length I have most unexpectedly found, at the distance of about three miles from the park wall, a little quiet asylum, hidden among rocks and woods, which may answer the expectation of your dear mother. It is not, indeed, such a place as ought to receive her, or my Angelina; but of them what palace would in my opinion be worthy? I send your mother a description of it as an abode; to you I would give one of the country in which it is situated I would make such sketches at St. Preux is made to give of the Pa\|[iuml]\|s de Vaud, in the hope of recommending this hermitage to my Angelina and does not hope embellish every scene on which her warm radiance is cast? The delicious expectation of seeing here the beloved of my soul, already lends to every object the charm of spring; I look forward to what these rocky wilds, so diversified, so romantic, will appear, when they shall conceal my Angelina beneath the luxuriance of their summer shade, and they seem to me a future Paradise.

"As I would not engage Lord Aurevalle in any thing that might look like making him a party in clandestine schemes, I forbore to inform him of my real intentions. He evidently, and without affecting to conceal it, prefers my conversation to that of Mr. Paunceford, which you may believe does not greatly serve to recommend me to the favour of that gentleman; but that embarrasses neither of us. As the frost for these last two days has prevented our

riding, I expressed a wish, as we were rambling about the park early yesterday morning, to visit the mountainous line of country that arose about four miles from the house, which is composed of hills, that though not the highest within our view, are the most grotesque in their forms, and resemble most at this distance those Alpine heights which I had once seen, and but once, in the south of France. Lord Aurevalle complied, and we soon reached a village at the foot of these hills, if a few very low cabins scattered along their rugged terminations could be called so.

"Near a quarter of a mile above the rest, where there are great scars of rock now visible, though I imagine they are in summer concealed by the woods, an house appears, which I thought seemed entirely unlike the straw−built sheds we were among, though it is still no more than a large cottage; I saw there was a winding road that led thither, and I made a pretence of wishing to see from this spot the park and the house at Rock−March; for I observed that we had time to go so far, though not to ascend the mountain that frowned over it.

"My young companion assented, and we went up. The church, a very humble structure, covered with thatch, and half hid in a sort of recess of the rocky hill, as if to shelter it from the mountain storms, made me believe that the house I had been might belong to the village curate; but his habitation, I found, by a peasant to whom Lord Aurevalle spoke, was a very little cottage, almost adjoining to it. At length we reached the object of my search: it has been a farm−house, I believe, for it is much larger than those below but it is now inhabited by a labourer and his family; one end of it was whitened, and has windows of a better appearance than the rest. A perpendicular mass of the hill rises abruptly near it, forming an immense wall of yellow rock to a part of the little garden that adjoins this end of the house. I made an excuse of Lord Aurevalle to enter it: the other part only was inhabited: I bade him observe how different the house appeared from what we usually see; for though it would be far from remark any where else, here it seems distinguished merely by having been once the habitation of persons, one degree perhaps above the peasants, whose cottages are hung about the precipices of this wild country.

"It was not without great difficulty, and many *detours*, that I at last discovered the person to whom this house belonged to be an officer's widow, who, being a native of this country, and her family having once possessed considerable property in it, still retained that partiality to it was her native place, which through life has its power over some minds; having lost her husband and being in easy though not affluent circumstances, with a daughter who had delicate health, she had sitted up this farm−house which belonged to her, and put some plain furniture in it, to have the benefit of this air for her daughter for three or four months in the year: but the young lady was now married in Norfolk; and the mother residing near her, had not been here for two years, but was willing to let the house, if (which was not very probable) any person could be found who wished to inhabit so remote and solitary a spot.

"Lord Aurevalle had never heard that such a woman existed. He had not been much in this country; and if he had, it is improbable he would have been allowed to notice neighbours so obscure. There was nothing in the story we heard to excite curiosity, and it was difficult to find an excuse for desiring to go over the house. I managed it however, and found, that as near as I can form an idea of what your mother wishes for, this place may be approved of. I have learnt by means of a servant how to apply to the person it belongs to. I enclose a direction for your mother.

"And is it here I am to see my Angelina? Shall these rough crags, and wild woods, conceal in their rugged bosom the loveliest woman that England, (so justly boasting of its beauties) has produced? Do you know, Angelina, that I sometimes doubt my own happiness I doubt if I ought to expect it to continue! and when I think that you are related to the possessor of the great house from which I now write when I think that from your birth, your education, and above all your merit and your beauty, every one who sees you must wish to see you continually, I enquired of myself how I can expect that Angelina will on *my* account give up all her friends; for, alas! my sweet friend, when our union is known, they will perhaps be irritated against us both, and then will not Angelina regret the advantage she may have lost by it? Yes, my love, I imagine what may be your sensations, if your relations disclaim you; and I ask it the words of the poet, whom you have taught me tolerably

to comprehend, whether you can without regret relinquish
"These seats whence long excluded thou must mourn,
"These gates for ever barred to thy return?"

and whether
"thou wilt not *then*, bewail ill−fated love,
"And hate "*A banish'd Man*," condemn'd in woods to rove?"

Ah! no, loveliest of beings, I injure the purity of your heart by such a supposition I wrote to De Touranges and St. Remi the former seems determined to leave England, and to seek, with his family, an asylum in the Tirole. Unless I could offer him any better plan, I have no right to oppose this. He has heard of some of his friends at Verona, who intend going thither for the summer, and the scheme seems to have seized with great force on his imagination all that *I* can do to assist him, he may command; for while I reflect on my own felicity, I feel that I should not deserve it did I forget that others are miserable.

"With what extreme impatience I shall await your mother's answer; but I dare not dwell on this, for I shall miss the post if I do not immediately conclude my letter. In compliance with the custom of your country for *I* have now no country that I can call mine,) I sign, (with what delight!) the name of
Your adoring husband,
ARMAND D'ALONVILLE."

To this Angelina by an early post returned the following answer:

"My dear friend, we have secured the house you speak of my mother's impatience will not allow her to make any difficulties; she has written to the people to whom it belongs, has had an answer, and not willing that you should be know to be interested in it, has, with that activity of spirit which always marks her conduct where her heart is in a cause, taken such measures as will enable us to go thither in the course of next week. Ah! D'Alonville! is it possible you can do me so much injustice as to suppose even for a moment that any splendours from which I am excluded by my marriage, (admitting it to be true that I were excluded for that reason only) could give me a moment's regret? You do not yet know the heart that is all your own, or you would not have wounded it, by suffering such an idea to dwell on your mind. Young as I am, D'Alonville, I have seen enough to estimate perfectly the value of what is called superior life. I have yawned in societies of very fine people, and languished for "liberty and fresh air," in very superb apartments, that seemed to give no other pleasure to their possessors, than as they excited the admiration or envy of others. I have been equally wearied by the dullness of some of the parties to which, in our more prosperous days, we used to be admitted, and disgusted with the attempts at wit I have often heard among those, who, when first my mother appeared as an authoress, affected to patronize her. At Lord Aberdore's we used to look about for conversation; for from *his* circle even politics were excluded, lest any thing should be said that "had offence in it." At another house we were amazingly witty with riddles, puzzles, and charades; and had it not been for these resources, it would have been impossible to have proceeded beyond a reply and a rejoinder, after we had observed, that it was cold or hot; that the house sat late; that such a one made his expected motion; that the report of Mr. B and Lady D became every day stronger or things of equal import. Yet people find fault with cards, as if it were possible for those who have not two dozen of ideas to exist without them. And you, D'Alonville, you talk of my regretting the sullen magnificence of Rock−March. Heavens! my dear friend, I am tempted to reproach you for such a suspicion, and to tell you that you thought just then of your Angelina, as you would of a fine lady of Paris, or London, till all taste of nature and simplicity was lost; but I have seen just enough of that mode of life, to say with *your* favourite English poet
"Ye lying vanities of life,
"Where are you now, and what is your amount

?"

Never, my friend, will they cost me a sigh. But I am an enthusiast as to our present plan of retirement. Once more I shall enjoy the spring in a wild romantic country, far from any great town again I shall mark the tender hues that the downy bloom of the sallows, the catkins of the hazel, spread slowly over the distant copses, while the sheltered hedges become partially green from the opening leaves of the elder and the hawthorn, and gradually the woods assume the verdant livery of spring. Is there, D'Alonville, from the rock where you describe our future residence, is there a spot, that as you seemed once to intimate, overlooks that part of the country where Rock−march is situated? Shall I, in my mountain rambles discern at a distance the house you inhabit? It will be the charm of my early walks, and, if the trees, as their leaves unfold, conceal your abode from me, I shall still be able to mark the spot, "in my mind's eye," and to say, "There is my lover, my friend, my husband, engaged in occupations foreign to his former mode of life for his Angelina."

"Judge whether I am not interested, most anxiously interested, in our immediate removal, when to the satisfaction of being near you (for we much not often meet, D'Alonville), is added the hope of seeing my mother's health re−established. Yes, I shall see her again chearful, if not happy, enjoying the beauties of nature, and forgetting, or at least losing the poignant recollection of her sufferings.

"As my mother writes to you herself, I have only to add that we begin our journey so soon, that it will probably be in person I shall next assure my dear friend of the tender affection of his
A. D'A

"My mother has just informed me that she finds she shall be too late for the post to−day; but that in consequence of an invitation from an old friend to meet her at Bristol, and of the advice of her physicians, who think that the longer the journey is, the more it will be serviceable to her, she has conquered all other difficulties, and intends, instead of taking the more direct road through Shrewsbury, &c. &c. to go round by Bath and Bristol into Wales: this will make a difference of a week or ten days; but I know when you reflect that it will be the probable means of restoring that dear parent to health, on which depends the happiness of your friend, you will not repine at this delay."

To the delay arising from such a cause, D'Alonville could not but submit with more patience than he could have exerted, had it arisen from any other. He felt it, however, severely, and the more so as the stay of Lord Aberdore, his lady, and Miss Milsington, was prolonged another fortnight; and a thousand unpleasant circumstances rendered it irksome to him. They were circumstances that would become much more so, if they should remain at Rock−March, after the arrival of Mrs.. Denzil and her family at "the Cottage of the Cliffs," a romantic appellation Angelina had already give to their nameless abode on their rocky eminence of Aberlynth.

Nothing would have been more difficult than to have persuaded Lady Aberdore to have made so long a stay at Rock−March, if the death of her father had not compelled her to wear deep mourning, to which she had a particular aversion, and in which she hated even to appear, though she spared no study to make it as becoming as possible

. As for the event itself, which obliged her to put it on, she though it necessary to look grave about it, a day or two; but she was thoroughly a woman of fashion to have very keen feelings. The poor man, her father, after a life passed in the very first world, in which he had dissipated all he could touch of a large paternal fortune, had become of late years one of those adventurers of fashion, who live nobody knows how who are known to have nothing, and yet continue to appear with more expence than those who have a great deal. He was, however, within a few past months, become gouty and infirm; as he had never shewn any tenderness to his children at the beginning of their lives, they did not feel themselves bound to sacrifice one hour of their pleasures to his declining years. Mr. Escott, his son, who now succeeded to the fortune in which the father had only a life interest, (and that life interest sold,) thought it "*rather a good move that the old gentleman was off to kingdom come*." Lady

Aberdore received about five thousand pounds, which was settled on younger children; a sum which in her present style of living and thinking, hardly paid her for the "horrible bore" of a six months' mourning, when she looked (as she chose to fancy) so very hideous in black, that she hated to shew herself.

Mr. Escott, her brother, and a friend of his, of the name of Brymore, kindly came to stay a fortnight or three weeks at Rock−March, to enjoy the close of the shooting season. Some other persons, who were honoured with the notice of the Aberdore family, were also in the house; for though the fair possessor of it always had earnestly entreated of her lord, not to "*let the natives come down upon her* ," (by which she meant the few families of country gentleman who were within five−and−twenty miles,) yet some political reasons had induced lord Aberdore to prevail on her to receive then during the present stay of the family in Wales; which stay, some views of his own, more than any thing else, contributed to prolong.

D'Alonville, appearing as a dependant among people who were only the equals of those with whom he had been accustomed to associate, could not but consider himself as out of place; and the extreme partiality of Miss Milsington, which, while it made her very ridiculous, was dreadfully oppressive to to him, was by no means calculated to render him more satisfied. Mr. Escott, who was one of those fine men about town, who are continually the heroes of the day, was extremely vain of some of his accomplishments, particularly his beauty, his knowledge of the world, and his knowledge of good eating. He was one of those fashionable *bon−vivants*, who know how the most piquant sauces are made; who criticize the tables of their friends, and will throw down two or three guineas with a careless air for any early production at a fruit−shop, wonder how plebeians exist upon beef and pudding, and cannot themselves dine without game gravy

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It was not certainly in this science that he feared the rivalry of D'Alonville; but like another Alexander, he was never happy while he had any conquests to make; and though he had been accustomed for years to ridiculed Miss Milsington, and would never have given a straw for her good opinion, he was now piqued to hear her speak so warmly as she sometimes did, when neither lord or lady Aberdore were present, of D'Alonville's beauty. He denied that there was any thing uncommon in his person said he was a coxcomb like almost all his countrymen, and supposed he was only an adventurer. This was the way immediately to provoke his zealous patroness on a warm defence, which ended in a very tart dialogue; some sarcasm of the part of the gentleman as to Miss Milsington's discernment; while she reflected obliquely on his "*trap en bon point*," and advised him, if he would continue to be an Adonis, to give up his growing passion for the culinary sagacity of an alderman, for that one was entirely incompatible with the other. Mr. Brymore, who had been brought up to the law, but now was also a man in a certain style of life, neither emulated the personal or mental qualities of his friend, but valued himself on having talents which rendered personal attractions of no avail. In regard to his influence on woman, to the conquest of whom, in every rank of life, from the dutchess to the dairy−maid, he gave his whole time and thoughts, Mr. Brymore believed himself unequalled; and many were the damsels in humble life who had deplored their credulity: many the nymphs in more elevated stations, who had reason to reproach him with his broken vows. He had occasioned two divorces; had fought three duels, and he bore some marks of these latter encounters, the honour of which, in his opinion, compensated for the pain and danger. It seemed as if the ladies were of the same opinion, for with them he was almost universal favourite; and lady Aberdore herself had occasionally called him an "agreeable good−for−nothing creature." Her lord however seemed to have no apprehension that he should endeavor with her to
"Make the worser seem the better reason;

but saw, or affected to see, with the most perfect indifference, this dangerous man in his house. Occupied in engagements of his own, he took no more notice of any of the party than formal hospitality required. D'Alonville saw with great concern this party daily fluctuating, but not at all likely to break up. Almost his only pleasure was to wander early in a morning, before his pupils were ready for their lessons, to "the Cottage of the Cliffs," and to mark the progress of the little preparations that were making for the reception of Mrs. Denzil and her family, in

which, however, he did not dare to appear to take any part. He generally returned before Mr. Paunceford, who was by no means an early riser, had dismissed the young men from his instructions; and it was always with pleasure that they left those lessons for drawing, modern languages, and fencing; nor could D'Alonville always repress with becoming gravity, though he very sincerely tried at it, that boyish, but cutting ridicule which they delighted to throw out against Paunceford, whom they all hated, and never named but by some ridiculous appellation.

If Paunceford had taken a dislike to D'Alonville the moment he saw him, it had been rapidly encreasing every hour since. He not only felt the most cruel mortification in observing the preference his pupils, particularly lord Aurevalle, gave to this stranger, but he bore still more impatiently the visible predilection in his favour shewn by the women of the women of the family. Before the unfortunate circumstance of his introduction, the two governesses had, he thought, been much more attentive to him; Miss Ballandyne, a woman of good family, who had taken the care of lady Tryphena and lady Louisa before the death of their mother, was now one or two and thirty, but had an elegant person and manners, with great good sense; that *she* therefore should take such a fancy to "a young French coxcomb," seemed astonishing to the profound Mr. Paunceford; though that such a little insignificant butterfly as his country−woman, Madame D'Olbreuse, should prefer "frivolity and gay nothingness," like her own, was much less astonishing; but the misery was, that ever since they had been in the country, Paunceford had anxiously watched for an opportunity of discovering in the conduct of D'Alonville some error or impropriety but nothing could be found which the most vigilant malice could wrest to his disadvantage. He was never missing when his pupils were ready for him; and the progress they had made already with which Lord Aberdore declared himself highly satisfied, was the best proof how well he knew what he had undertaken to communicate.

Lady Aberdore too treated D'Alonville with more respect than she usually shewed to any body a preference the luckless little divine could bear with less resignation than any other and upon the whole, he became so uneasy and dissatisfied, that nothing but the excellent table and other luxuries he now enjoyed, with the prospect of a good living hereafter, could have induced him to remain in a situation where he seemed to have lost all his consequence, and to appear, notwithstanding his learning, and his high opinion of himself, in an inferior light to a person for whom he had a sovereign contempt.

CHAP. XX.

So in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild.

THOMSON.

THE solicitude with which D'Alonville now waited for every post, since he daily expected letters from the travellers, is not to be described; not could he, however he endeavoured to do so, conceal his anxiety from the persons with whom he was surrounded, at least from such of them as either from affection or aversion, had an interest in watching him. Miss Milsington, from the involuntary changes of his countenance when the letters arrived, began to suspect that some affection more powerful than what he felt either for his French or his English friends, either for De Touranges or Ellesmere, was the cause of his being so violently agitated. She knew he could hold no correspondence with his own country; and she felt a violent curiosity to know with whom he was connected in England, that hearing from them, or not hearing from them, had such an effect on his countenance

and manner. In proportion as their stay was prolonged, the country appeared to have for her greater charms; and as the mornings were now fine, she contrived to engage herself continually in the walks D'Alonville took with his pupils, and seemed never so happy as when she could, without any other witnesses than the two youngest boys, lean on his arm, and enter into conversation on the state of France, of some topic on which she hoped to engage him to converse with interest: but she had often the mortification of finding that he was absent and inattentive that he fixed his eyes on some distant object in the southwest, *where she* could distinguish nothing that ought to attract him and instead of the attention she expected,
"Answered neglectingly, he knew not what."

These morning walks, however, became subjects of continual ridicule to Mr. Brymore. The former, because he hated Miss Milsington; the latter, because he recommended himself to Lady Aberdore by the talent he possessed of rendering other ridiculous; by misrepresentation and mimickry, which often sunk into buffoonery, but which now constituted great part of Lady Aberdore's amusement. The languishing airs of the tender Jemima, and the pert pedantry of Paunceford, were no more spared than the aukwardness of the Welsh 'squires and dames who occasionally came to the house. The lady so little cared at whose expence she obtained a laugh, and was so little attentive to the pain she might inflict, that she encouraged Brymore to mimic them before their faces, or continue to betray them into absurdities, and even while they were present, she could not conceal the mirth thus excited mirth which was redoubled by remarking the confusion into which people were sometimes thrown on discovering that they had done or said something ridiculous!

As the *friendly* taste in Lady Aberdore engaged Brymore in very vigilant observation, he presently discovered that D'Alonville eagerly expected some letter of consequence, and that Miss Milsington *as* eagerly desired to know the contents of it. He contrived therefore to lay in wait for the servant who was charged with the business of bringing the letters from the post town, and finding a large packet for D'Alonville, he brought them himself into the room where the whole family, except Lord Aberdore, were assembled at their tea, and affecting not to be able to make out the direction, he held them for a minute or two to a candle, giving an hint to Lady Aberdore to watch the effect of this delay on the features of Miss Milsington and her protegé. D'Alonville indeed betrayed extreme emotion; but it was not till he received his letter, and had left the room to peruse it, that the uneasy curiosity thus raised, (and which it was impossible to gratify) was visible on the strong features of the gentle Jemima, to the infinite amusement of her friends, who failed not to torment her as much as they could; while D'Alonville in his own room opened his pacquet, which he knew by the superscription was not from Angelina, but from Ellesmere, and which ran thus:

"You have undoubtedly been surprised, my dear Chevalier, at not having heard from me during so long a time; but I have been engaged in the most mournful duties my poor father is no more he never recovered the loss of his eldest son, and has soon followed him. It is at this moment the greatest consolation imaginable, that I have attended him through his last illness, and that I have not embittered his last hours; but my filial duties being paid, my heart now flies back with redoubled force to its affections and Alexina, the beloved object on which those affections are fixed, appears with all those enchantments about her, which attached me to her the moment I saw her. As soon as I have fulfilled the duties that yet call upon me. I fly to her, and I mean to marry her as privately as possible, and to keep our union secret till some months are elapsed: by that time I hope to reconcile my mother to a choice which will probably displease her; and I trust it will contribute to alleviate her displeasure, that I do not mean to fix my residence at Eddisbury, but to give up the house to her as long as she lives. It has always appeared to me particularly cruel, that at a late period of life, the mother of a family should be driven from her home by one of the children she has raised, and be compelled to seek other connections in some remote and inferior residence. Lady Ellesmere shall not be subject to this inconvenience: I have already assured her of it; and I have promised poor Elizabeth to make up to her the fortune required by the mercenary father of her lover, who is still unmarried. Thus I hope I have alleviated to my mother, and to Elizabeth the bitterness of their loss; for I could not think of happiness for myself, if I neglected to do what seems to me to be my duty towards them. I have also assured the old servants that none of them should be removed. After all, I shall be one of the poorest of those who bear the arms of Ulster but be it so I am sure that I can limit my expences to my income. and that I shall

be happy if I live with those I love; I am as sure that nothing that fortune could do for me, would make me happy without them. I cannot, my dear friend, figure to myself any society half so delicious as that we may enjoy together; and it will appear a thousand years till I can realize the plan I have formed.

"None of the family have been more affected with my father's illness and death, than the honest old captain, my uncle Caverly, who I fear begins to find the yoke he has so long worn, too heavy for his declining years, and sighs for the liberty he has not however courage to obtain. I enclose you the adieus of Touranges and his family, though I suppose he has written to you the same effect. Poor fellow! wherever he may be, he shall always command my services to the extent of my limited power."

The rest of Ellesmere's letter consisted of some account of his two married sisters, with whose husbands he appeared much displeased; and then by a sudden transition he began a rapturous apostrophe to Alexina, and ended with earnest enquiries after Mrs. Denzil and her daughter.

The death of Sir Maynard Ellesmere though under circumstances so different from those which attended the last sad moments of the Viscount de Fayolles, yet brought forcibly to the mind of D'Alonville all he had felt at that melancholy period; and then the strange scenes he had since passed through, even to the present hour, passed his memory in succession. He was now indeed comparatively happy, for he was the husband of the woman he adored; but many inquietudes yet assailed him: he dreaded lest want of money, or want of health, might yet detain Mrs. Denzil in London, or even on the road; and the suspence he might yet have to endure, he knew would be intolerable should it last long. He read Ellesmere's letter again, however, and felt soothed by its contents. The filial duty Ellesmere had paid to a father, who had no other claim to it than that he *was* his father, was now consoling to *him*; and D'Alonville, when he recollected how religiously *he* had fulfilled, as far as was in his power, the duties *he* owed, felt also that satisfaction which only the discharge of duties can bestow satisfaction which alone is equal to sustain the oppressed mind in every exigence, in every suffering that adversity can impose.

He was proudly conscious too, that, driven as he was from his home, his property and his rank, no local circumstances could level him, while he preserved his integrity and his honor, with such men as Escott and Brymore, whose illiberal manners he saw and despised, though not without some doubts of being able long to command his temper, should their arrogance carry them to more marked insults.

But it was time to return to the room where the young men took their evening lesson. When it was passed, he desired Lord Aurevalle to excuse his attendance at supper, and retired to his own apartment, where, on the table, to his infinite delight and surprise, he saw a letter lay with the Bristol post mark, and directed by the hand of Angelina, which he eagerly opened. It began with an account of the difficulties that had impeded their journey. Though a small sum of money, the produce of part of her own fortune, had been due to her mother some time, Messieurs Ramsay and Shrimpshire, through whose hands it passed, had contrived to delay their receiving it, and had put them to great expence before they paid it, though they knew it must be paid. Indignation and disappointment oppressed the enfeebled frame of Mrs. Denzil, and the longer she indured the injustice and cruelty of her fate, the more severe was the anguish with which she looked round her children. A mind strong as hers could not have been crushed by pecuniary inconvenience alone, however hard to bear; but when to necessity thus needlessly inflicted, was added the insult of arrogant fraud, and the bitter reflection, that the injustice which robbed her and her family of the decencies of life, was exercised only to enrich some of the most worthless beings that disgrace humanity, her wearied spirit sunk beneath the complicated and hopeless evil; and though when she was released from London, the change of air and of scene appeared to give her a temporary relief, she could not even for a moment regain the chearfulness so long over−clouded. Angelina described the fears she again felt but too forcibly; and to shew D'Alonville the state of her mother's mind, she thus related their visit to Bristol, the day after it was made. That part of her letter was in these words: "The meeting with her old friends Mrs. Armitage, whom she had not seen for many years, served only to depress my mother's spirits, instead of reviving them, for they recalled to the memory of each other scenes they had enjoyed together; hours of (at least transient) felicity

that can never return; and, as they slowly walked after us from Clifton to the path afforded by a gradual slope towards the river, I saw more than once the tears of sad recollection fall from my mother's eyes. The view, however, which the descent, and the banks of the river afforded, seemed to recall a gleam of pleasure to her countenance. Mrs. Armitage took occasion to press her to remain some time at this village, assuring her that she would find it of the greatest benefit to her health. "Besides, my dear friend," said she, "you complain that your spirits, overwhelmed by long suffering, no longer allow you to exert those talents heaven has given you I am persuaded you would find them revive here it is the very scene of inspiration." My mother, after a moment's farther conversation on this subject, wrote in a blank leaf of her pocket book, the following answer to her friend

SONNET.
Written at Bristol well, in answer to a friend, who recommended a residence there to the author.
Here from the restless bed of lingering pain,
The languid sufferer seeks the tepid wave,
And feels returning health, and hope again
Disperse "the gathering shadows of the grave."
And here romantic rocks that boldly swell,
Fringed with green woods, or dy'd with veins of ore,
Call'd native genius forth, whose heaven taught skill
Charm'd the deep echoes of the rifted shore:
But tepid waves, wild scenes, or summer air,
Restore they palsied fancy, woe−deprest?
Check they the torpid influence of despair?
Or bid warm health re−animate the breast?
Where hope's sweet visions have no longer part
And whose sad inmate is a broken heart?

Try, my dear Chevalier, to comprehend it. Her verses are generally reckoned very clear; but I know and acknowledge how difficult it is to a native of another country to taste the poetry of ours.

"Though my mother persists in her resolution to proceed to her cottage, yet she could not refuse to give one day more to her friend. And could I forget, that it is another day of absence from *you*, D'Alonville, and that it may perhaps render you discontented and unhappy, I should be sensible of more pleasure than I can now feel in scenes entirely new to me, and unlike any thing I have ever seen before; but my enjoyment is destroyed by the reflection that you will expect us, and watch for us in vain another, and perhaps another day. I dare not even hint this to my mother, for she would check her own wishes, and hasten on, even at the expence of her health, rather than give either of us a moment's pain. The weather is so favourable to her that I wish she may take every advantage of it; and do you, my dear friend, be patient, relying on the assurance that, though we may be a day or two later than we expected, we shall soon, very soon, be at our cottage."

Notwithstanding these and other consoling expressions with which she closed her letter, D'Alonville was now tormented with a thousand painful doubts. He believed the poetry of Mrs. Denzil to be very fine and very pathetic; but the lyre of Orpheus would not beguile him of his apprehensions, that something or other would happen to delay, perhaps entirely to prevent, the arrival of Angelina. He looked however at the date of the letter, and saw that it had been written four days: the circumstance of its not being delivered with the rest he afterwards enquired into, and found it was merely owing to the mistake of a servant, who, when Mr. Brymore took from him the other letters, had omitted to give him this out of another pocket an omission that D'Alonville rather rejoiced at, as he could not have concealed his emotion had he received this with Ellesmere's and he saw that for some reason or other Miss Milsington, as well as Mr. Brymore, made their remarks on his manner on these occasions; and there was nothing he so much wished to avoid, as any thing that might lead any part of the family to a discovery of

Angelina's abode. By the dawn of the next morning he left his sleepless pillow, and hastened to Aberlynth, in hopes of hearing that new directions had been received as to making fires throughout the house, or that something might be going forward which might intimate their speedy arrival. But all was blank and comfortless around the cottage: the woman who had been commissioned by the attorny in London, (the agent of her former mistress) to prepare the house, without her knowing the name of the person it was for, was gone out to her work, and D'Alonville returned to Rock−March in despair; convinced that the presentiment he felt was but too just, and that the visionary happiness he had enjoyed in the hope of Angelina's residence near him was already vanished for ever.

By the post of that evening he received no letter, and his anxiety and impatience encreased, while, as if to irritate both, Miss Milsington took it into her head to be more than usually attentive to him, and in despite of the raillery of Brymore, insisted on his accompanying her on the bass viol in a very difficult lesson, in which she piqued herself on her execution.

With spirits on the rack, it was impossible to command his attention. He played the wrong notes, put his fair leader out, and she became quite peevish; less because having failed in her lesson, than from the conviction that D'Alonville was thinking of something that interested him much more than pleasing her; and she had not only indulged her fancy of late in its absurd partiality to him, but had taken that polite attention which was natural to him towards every woman, and which he thought particularly due to her, for the effects of a tenderer sentiment, which she saw no reason why he might not entertain for her. She was certainly a *little* older than he was but men of *his* country have given a thousand instances of such attachments she possessed might well produce a more violent, as well as a more lasting, attachment than extreme youth and transient beauty.

Such were the agreeable dreams in which the accomplished Jemima suffered her imagination to riot; and though reason now remonstrated with her, and enquired what she proposed, even if the predilection of D'Alonville for her was as warm as she sometimes believed it; whether it was possible that she, who had aspired to ducal coronets, should dream of sacrificing all for love? She evaded the troublesome interrogatories as well as she could, and sometimes attempted to repel them, by putting them to the score of pity for his altered fortunes, and respect for his talents, the partiality she felt in his favour. The ridicule, however, to which she exposed herself, by shewing this partiality, gave D'Alonville real pain at the beginning of their stay at Rock−March, and now became so uneasy to him, that he foresaw it would be impossible for him long to endure it; nor could he determine to subject himself to that share of ridicule which fell upon him from two men who sometimes seemed to believe that, as a dependant, he was not to feel their rudeness, or at least not to resent it. He resolved therefore, if Mrs. Denzil did not arrive, to quite Rock−March, under pretence of having business in London for some days; and if her resolution of settling with her family in the neighbourhood was altered, to return to it no more, but to adopt some other plan of life which might not compel some other plan of life which might not compel him to live without Angelina.

As he knew Mrs. Denzil would be cautious of sending to inform him of her arrival when she knew that Lord Aberdore was still at Rock−March, he had no means of knowing what passed at Aberlynth but by going thither himself; but that he could not do only at an early hour of the morning, when it was improbable that the Denzils should be arrived. The second morning in which he made this visit he was as little content with it as before. Another evening passed and he had no letter. Every conjecture that could torment and afflict him now assailed him again, and the greatest fault of his temper, and that which he had taken the most pains to conquer excessive impatience would have become visible by some act of imprudence, if he had not been unexpectedly relieved.

The weather was uncommonly beautiful and serene. To escape from his own tormenting thoughts, he accompanied Lord Aurevalle and his brother out on horseback, though Mr. Paunceford was of the party.

They were on that side of the park next the village of Aberlynth, and D'Alonville was lost in painful reflections, when a boy of thirteen or fourteen years old, who could only speak the language of the country, came running towards them, and holding out a letter, said something in terms which only the groom, who was with them,

understood to be an enquiry for the person to whom the letter was directed. The boy pointed (as he delivered it, that the direction might be read,) to the village from whence he brought it. D'Alonville turned pale, and neither able to repress or explain his impatience, he waited in breathless expectation, while the groom first, and then Mr. Paunceford read the direction: "To the Chevalier D'Alonville at Lord Aberdore's." This, however, Paunceford read aloud. "It is *my* letter," cried D'Alonville impatiently. "Yes," replied Paunceford, "it seems to be your letter, Sir A lady's hand too I did not know, Monseer, that you had any acquaintance in Wales: but it seems," added he with a significant look, "that you are universally fortunate." "D'Alonville attended not to him at that moment the opinion of the whole world was indifferent to him. He cared not what conjectures might be formed; but tearing open his letter eagerly he read these few lines written by the hand of Mrs. Denzil.

"We are arrived. Let us see you as soon as you can come to us without awakening impertinent curiosity, which many reasons make me particularly desirous of avoiding, since I find our right honourable ci−devant cousins are still at Rock−March. Angelina is fatigued with her journey; but I, to whom travelling is pleasure, and of course health, should be sorry that I am arrived at the end of my travels, and that I must be confined, at least for some time
To a poor cottage on the mountains brow,
Now bleak with winds, and covered now with snow;"

PRIOR.

but that I think less of others than of myself, and from the extreme scarcity, (as far at least as I have been able to observe,) of even transient happiness, I shall be content, if for some time you and my Angelina find it in being near each other.
Adieu, my dear D'Alonville."

The perusal of this letter redoubled the impatience, if it could be encreased, with which D'Alonville was tormented, and made him more careless than before of the remarks that might be made upon his conduct. He spoke for a few moments in a low voice to Lord Aurevalle, for to Mr. Paunceford he by no means thought himself accountable, and then galloped towards Rock−March house to leave his house which having done, he ran round by the plantation that skirted the park, in order that he might escape observations, and arrived breathless with haste and impatience at the cottage on the mountain beyond Aberlynth.

Angelina, whose spirits were fatigued, rather with anxiety about her mother than by the journey, received him with tears, but they were tears of pleasure. Mrs. Denzil and the other part of the family were busied about the little arrangements necessary to be made in their new abode, and D'Alonville and Angelina, to escape from bustle, in which she would not allow either of them to assist, walked through the garden adjoining to the house, which was almost an area cut in the rock, and ascended into the wood above it that cloathed the acclivity, and which they could attain only by a sort of rugged steps formed of roots. From amid the trees, yet very partially in leaf, a beautiful and extensive prospect appeared. But D'Alonville saw only his Angelina, and might have said with Petrarch
Bien di quella ineffabile doezza
Che dei bel viso, traffen gli occhi miei
Nel di che volentier chiusi gli avrei
Per non mirar giammai, minor bellazza.

Nor was it till some hours afterwards that Mrs. Denzil could prevail upon him to return to Rock−March, by shewing him that his stay made her really uneasy, and would hazard discovering to Lord Aberdore the secret of their abode in his neighbourhood, which she was very desirous of avoiding. "Not, my dear Chevalier," said she,

"that I have the least reverence for this titled man, or the least apprehension of any ill effects from his displeasure; but he might believe I came hither to solicit his notice, or court his protection. The consequence of the man to himself is though to make him suppose that I think his patronage worth any sacrifice; and his meanness is such, that he would be full of expedients to escape from the importunities of poor relations as soon as possible, and before it was known here that any alliance had ever been acknowledged between his family and that of my children. this would subject me to messages, letters, or even visits, which I could very ill support; and it would besides render abortive your plan, equally prudent and generous, of finding in his family a resource against the inconveniencies to which your exile, and the wish you have to assist your friends, may expose you. Had I been aware that Lord Aberdore would have resided here any time, I should certainly have put off my journey; but as it is, my dear friend, we must make the best of it. The inhabitants of this obscure place will never be enquired after by those of Rock−March, unless some indiscretion forces us upon their observation; and those indiscretions for a short time we must endeavour to avoid."

D'Alonville concealed as well as he could the reluctance with which he yielded to these reasons for tearing himself from Angelina; but he insisted upon it that his evenings were his own; that nobody had a right to enquired how he then disposed of his time; and that he would quite Rock−March immediately after supper, and return to it in the morning before he was enquired for, as he could easily do. Mrs. Denzil doubted this extremely; but he made it, as he thought so clearly appear and was so bent on obtaining this permission, that it was at length partly granted; on condition, however, of his taking his after−supper−walk only on fine evenings, and when he was not likely to be missed.

As with slow and unwilling steps he returned to the great house, he recollected that for his abrupt departure and long absence some reason should be given; he felt degraded by having thus subjected himself to enquiries and remarks; and all his fortitude was necessary to enable him to determine still to submit to this restraint. But when he remembered how much the task he had undertaken would enable him to soften to his Angelina the harshness of her destiny how well she deserved all he could do for her, and how delicious it was to sacrifice his pride and his ease to an object so beloved, he stepped more lightly along and as he entered the house looked back with an air of triumph towards the cottage he had left, and half exclaimed "She is there! fifteen minutes will at any time bring me to her and of what do I complain?"

As he entered the lower hall, which it was necessary to cross as he went up to his own room, he met Miss Milsington "So, Chevalier," cried she, "the young men have been enquiring for you; we imagined indeed that you were lost."

"You do me too much honour, Madam, to think about me. I am sorry if I have not been punctual in attending Lord Aurevalle and his brothers; but I do not often give them cause for complaint, and I had some business a mile or two from hence."

"Business!" replied she, "indeed! I did not know you had any acquaintance in this country *Your friend,* Mr. Pauncefort," added she significantly, "has been finding many good natured reasons for your absence. But we are going to dinner. It is past six o'clock I see you are not dressed."

The lady then passed on, and D'Alonville, hastening to his own room, prepared as expeditiously as he could for his appearance at dinner, to which the last bell in a few moments summoned him.

But here, contrary to his expectation, nothing was said by any body of his unusual absence. Lord Aberdore, who seldom noticed either of the tutors, more than by a great bow or a short sentence of common civility, was now engaged by two strangers from another part of the country, who arrived that day. Lady Aberdore was talking in her usual way to her brother, Mr. Brymore, and Miss Milsington; but this whole party seemed less gay than usual, for it had to−day been settled, after some opposition on the part of the lady, that the family were yet to remain another week at Rock−March: to this she had yielded only on condition of not being asked to return thither for

at least twelve months, and that she should go to Bath, a place of which she was extremely fond, for three weeks, instead of going to London with her Lord, who was at the end of this week under the necessity of returning thither: she had stipulated too with Brymore and Escott to remain; to both of whom she appealed whether she was not the very best wife in the world. "Who on earth, *but me*," exclaimed she, "would stay for above three weeks in an old Welsh castle, with nothing better to talk to than one's brother, and such an animal as *you*, Brymore? Well! I *do* think I am exemplary.

Far other were the thoughts of Angelina, who had quitted London with delight, and now thought herself as near happiness as she ever expected to be in the world. Her mother's health seemed almost re−established: she hoped in the very retired and economical manner in which they proposed to live, that her mind would be no longer harassed by the pecuniary distresses which had for so many years agitated her spirits and injured her constitution; and for herself, she had nothing else to wish for she was near her husband and when a few days should leave him at liberty to dispose of some portion of his time by the departure of the family from Rock−March, she hoped to have the inexpressible delight of wandering with him among the rocky wilds and deep woods of a country entirely new to her. Already from a spot higher on the mountain than she had been with D'Alonville, she found a spot from whence one end of the house at Rock−March was visible; the broad sash windows glittered in the setting sun; and Angelina loved to believe that they were the windows of D'Alonville's apartment, which he described to her as being on the second floor, at a corner of the house where the offices adjoined to it. Here Angelina proposed to pass some time of every day, when her mother should be able to dispense with her presence; and here she planned a little bower, by interweaving the branches of the hazel and birch that crowded over a scar in the rocky bosom of the hill. This she figured to herself that D'Alonville would do for her, as well as construct a little rustic bench of the mossy branches of some older trees. Already in the tall woods beneath the mountain, the rooks were busied in the feeding and attending their almost fledged young; the ground was covered with the early flowers of spring; and the paths Angelina trod were literally "primrose paths." In their little garden below, her little brother, a child of eight years old, was already making his arrangements with the infantine delight natural to that age, on coming to a new abode; and her youngest sister was producing her collection of flower seeds, which she proposed to divide with him on condition of his digging the border for her. Every simple object around her spoke to Angelina of hope and pleasure.

CHAP. XXI.

Our Parson misdoubts it it is treason, he says.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOUR \011days had passed, in which D'Alonville appeared to be occupied as usual. He had forborne, at the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Denzil, to visit Aberlynth, while he might be missed by the family at Rock−March; but as he did not always sup with them, and the young men were now entering more regularly on that course of life they were to follow when Lord Aberdore had left them, he continued to be dismissed by Lord Aurevalle, to whom alone he referred himself, at an early our of the evening, when he hastened to pass the rest of it at "the Cottage of the Cliffs." He observed, though without giving himself the trouble to enquire into the cause, that Mr. Paunceford was more than usually constrained in his manner; but he imputed it to the discontent with which he beheld the encreasing friendship of Lord Aurevalle for his foreign tutor, and to the natural malignity and supercilious insolence of his character. He sometimes fancied that Paunceford watched him, and was half tempted to contrive to detect him in doing so, that he might chastise him as he deserved; but he resisted this temptation as it arose, on reflecting, that any fracas of this sort could not fail of distressing Mrs. Denzil, and of occasioning the discovery she so much wished to avoid. The *manner*, however of Paunceford, served to render their meetings more than

usually uncomfortable, and to irritate the impatience with which D'Alonville awaited the hour that should set him at liberty to fly to Angelina; impatience which he could not always so well conceal, but that Paunceford, though a man of no great penetration, was every day more strongly confirmed in his opinion that something, which he wished to hide was on his mind. The extreme eagerness with which he read the newspapers, and the solicitude he expressed for letters, together with the agitation he had sometimes unwillingly betrayed on receiving them; his restlessness, and frequent walks of an evening, which Paunceford had discovered, (though he knew not that D'Alonville was absent the whole night,) were altogether observations that put strange thoughts into the round head of the sagacious Paunceford. Every hour that passed, and every look of D'Alonville's served to strengthen these suspicions; for it is not only to the doubting lover, that,
"Trifles light as air,
"Are to the jealous, confirmation strong, as proofs of holy
"writ."

Paunceford, like Scrub, began at length to be perfectly sure "there was a plot," and nearly for the same reasons as that sagacious politician; and he was determined to have the merit of discovering it, by which two purposes would be answered He should give Lord Aberdore and the world in general an high opinion of his discernment, and get out of the way for ever a troublesome competitor, for whom he felt that aversion which base and narrow minds always feel towards superior merit.

Determined however to wait for the most perfect confirmation of his suspicions, he let another day pass before he made his solemn appeal to Lord Aberdore, and gave him information of his discovery; but in the mean time set himself to watch D'Alonville with more assiduity than before.

Brymore, with no other qualifications than boundless impudence, a fluent way of talking, and a total want of feeling; without any pretensions to principle and humanity, set up for the Lovelace of the present day; and kept as his servant a fellow who had been copying clerk in a lawyer's office, where he had added some degree of systematical villainy to the bad disposition he received from nature. This man, who was now a valet out of livery, and looked rather more like a gentleman than his master, was often employed in the infamous office of discovering rustic beauty, united with unsuspecting simplicity; and of betraying unfortunate girls into the hands of his employer, who had occasionally been heard to boast, that he had seduced more young women, and left them upon the town, than any man of his time. His agent, whose name was Strugnel, in prowling about the villages, had met Angelina in that she now inhabited, coming out of a little shop. She was alone, and very simply dressed, but her air and figure immediately convinced Strugnel that she was not an inmate of any of the rustic houses he saw about him. He saw that her face answered the grace and beauty of her form; but there was something about her whole appearance that awed him, and made him conscious that it was impossible to address her with the rude familiarity he generally adopted. He followed her, however, at a distance, saw her ascend the hill, and watched her entrance into an house, which, though of much better appearance than the rest, was still a cottage. He then returned to the little shop where he had first met her, and enquired of the old woman who kept it, whether she knew the young lady who had just been there. The ignorant old woman, half deaf, and understanding English very imperfectly, gave him as well as she could the substance of the stories she had picked up, distorted first by the representations of those from whom she had heard them, and then from her own misconceptions; from which compilation Strugnel understood, that a widow in distressed circumstances was come to Aberlynth to hide herself from her creditors, and that this was her daughter, or passed for such; that some of the people in the house were foreigners, but she did not know who, "only folks as had been there to sell things, heard them talk in an outlandish tongue; and for her part she thought there was not much good in such like folk but there! for *her* part, to be sure it was no concern at all of hers, as long as they paid for what they had at her shop' and she'd look sharp after that." The amount of all this, in the opinion of Strugnel was, that the girl belonged to some distrest family, and therefore might be obtained; and he hastened to relate to his employer the discovery he had made of an indigent creature so perfectly lovely.

Brymore determined to see her himself that very evening. Nothing was so easy as to introduce himself into the cottage she inhabited, under pretence of having lost his way. He was assured by his pander, that there was no male inhabitant of the house but a child of seven or eight years old; and he knew he had assurance enough to carry him through any impertinence he might be guilty of towards helpless women, even though their rank might be higher than he supposed that of these strangers. It was so near the dinner hour when he received this intelligence, that he could not set out immediately.

While the whole family were dining, one of those pauses which frequently happened in the conversation, gave occasion for Mr. Escott, who sat at the other end of the table to say to his sister in his indolent way "Lady Aberdore, do you know I have made a discovery to−day?"

"Indeed!" answered the lady, "pray in what? in philosophy or mathematics?"

"In something much better than either," answered he; "I have found out that you have got some new neighbours not above a mile and a half from the park."

"Neighbours!" exclaimed she, "neighbours for me! my dear Thomas, do for heaven sake spare yourself the fatigue of such discoveries for the future; and if unluckily you make any such by chance, do in pity keep them to yourself.

"Upon my honour though," cried Escott, "I am not in joke. Damn me if I ever saw a genteeler, handsomer girl in my life! I took some pains to find out who she was but the cursed Welsh boobies know nothing of the matter however I intend to try again.

"On my account I dare say," said Lady Aberdore, laughing sarcastically, "Oh! what a kind brother I have to seek eligible acquaintance to amuse me in the country! Bless me, Jemima," added she, addressing herself to Miss Milsington, "why one would think it was some acquaintance of yours that Thomas has put up dear child, how you look!"

It was very true, that the countenance of the lady to whom she spoke expressed unusual emotion, but it was from the reflection of that of D'Alonville; who as he sat opposite to her, betrayed such extraordinary agitation, that the truth immediately flashed on the mind of Miss Milsington the unwelcome truth; and she saw that the heart of D'Alonville was give to this "handsome and genteel girl," who ever she was. The sarcasm thus uttered by Lady Aberdore, restored her, however, to her recollection and she answered coldly, "How can it affect *me,* Lady Aberdore? You know, I believe, that I can have no acquaintance in this country; certainly none for whom I feel the slightest degree of interest."

"And where," cried Brymore significantly, "is this miracle to be seen? Pray let *me* into the secret."

"No faith, Jemmy," replied Escott, "that will never do. If Lady Aberdore disclaims her for an acquaintance, I shall try to make and acquaintance with her myself. Don't you think I'm right, my Lord?"

"Upon my honour I do know, (said Lord Aberdore, who frequently affected absence of mind,) I do not know exactly of whom you have been talking but I think Mr. Escott may easily find acquaintance which would undoubtedly, and very properly too, be declined by Lady Aberdore." The conversation was then suffered to drop; and the young men soon after retiring from table, D'Alonville was released from a situation which he could not have supported much longer. He hastened up stairs, while Brymore sallied forth on an expedition, which had D'Alonville suspected, it would have rendered him frantic, and have sent him immediately, and at every risk, to the cottage of Angelina.

Paunceford, who had observed with scrutinizing eyes the confusion of D'Alonville, now believed he had discovered the whole train; that D'Alonville was a spy, and this young person a mistress whom he had brought down, who was to convey to the enemy the intelligence he had obtained. A paper he had picked up in the billiard−room that morning, which he could make nothing of, seemed to strengthen the other circumstances; and he determined to hesitate no longer, but to discharge his duty to his dear country, by declaring all he knew, and all he supposed, to Lord Aberdore that very evening. When tea was over, therefore, Paunceford gravely advanced to Lord Aberdore, and with an air of importance requested to be allowed the honour of five minutes conversation with "his lordship in his lordship's library."

Supposing he had something to communicate relative to the boys, Lord Aberdore bade him come to the library in half an hour, as he was engaged till then in giving directions relative to repairs before his departure, which was fixed for the next day but one. Paunceford employed the intermediate time in considering how he should most eloquently enforce what he had to say; and when the time of his attendance arrived, with head elate from a consciousness of his own importance, he strutted into the library.

"So, Mr. Paunceford," said Lord Aberdore, as he entered, "nothing is wrong, I hope, in regard to Aurevalle, or the rest?"

"No, my Lord, nothing in regard to my Lord Aurevalle, or to the Mr. Viponts no youths can give more early promise of emulating, my Lord, your Lordship's eminent virtues. Born to aspire to the important characters of British legislators, they do indeed give hope of ."

"Well, well," said Lord Aurevalle, coldly, "all this is very well. Excuse me, Mr. Paunceford, I have really hardly a moment to spare this evening; be brief, therefore, as to your present business."

"I will, my Lord; I will be brief as brief as the nature of the affair I have to communicate will allow; but but your Lordship must allow me to premise, that nothing but a sense of duty I owe to your Lordship's family in particular, to society in general, and to my country as a Briton, could induce me to undertake a task for which I am free to own myself unfit, and which, I feel, might, under any other circumstances, appear invidious."

"I have not the least notion, Sir," said Lord Aberdore, half peevishly, "of the tendency of this discourse."

"I will explain, my Lord. What would your Lordship think of me, if I say, what opinion could you, or ought you to form of me, if, instead of giving you this trouble, I should suffer a traitor, a spy, an enemy to my country, to remain unreproved, unpunished, unmarked, in a family so illustrious and that your Lordship's unsuspecting generosity has engaged you to harbour such a man, I am fatally but too certain."

"Aye, indeed!" cried Lord Aberdore, without, however, testifying any marks of surprise; "and where, Sir, have you discovered this traitor and spy?"

Paunceford then declaring how very unwilling he was to appear as an accuser, and again making a long parade about the love of his dear country, and his abhorrence of treachery, declared that D'Alonville was the person to whom he alluded.

"It may be so, Sir," said Lord Aberdore, in his usual reserved manner; "but you must give me proofs stronger than you have yet mentioned, before I make such a charge against Monsieur D'Alonville. As to the French letter or note you have produced, it is, as far as I can make it out, (which the singularity of the hand renders rather difficult) nothing more than a letter from one friend to another, relating merely to private concerns."

"But, my Lord," said Paunceford, "can your Lordship doubt of the *facts* I have stated? The young woman of whom Mr. Escott spoke at dinner you may depend upon it, my Lord she is the mistress of Monseer, some

kept woman from London, whom he has engaged to convey intelligence."

"It is mere conjecture," answered Lord Aberdore. "You do not even know that she is connected, or even known to Monsieur D'Alonville; and you might remark, that a situation at this distance from London, is by no means that which would be chosen by a judicious spy."

"Your Lordship, then, gives no credit to my relation; you see nothing in the observations I have made?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Paunceford I see a great deal to admire in you sagacity; but I cannot, whatever may be my respect for your talents that way, venture to charge a person with crimes of so dark a nature, unless quite sure of his guilt."

"Well, my Lord," said Paunceford, extremely mortified, "will your Lordship then do me the justice to believe it, if I prove to you, beyond a doubt, that every evening, at a certain hour, this foreigner goes to a rendezvous at some place not far off, where I am very sure your Lordship will find there is an agent, or agents, who are employed in the very iniquitous business of obtaining intelligence from Monseer D'Alonville, to convey to the enemy. would your Lordship condescend to appoint any person to follow with me and detect him?"

"Oh, as to that," answered Lord Aberdore, "I hold the charge of such grave import; and to harbour a person carrying on such practices might be of so ill consequence to me, Mr. Paunceford, that though I am neither fond of adventures, or of detections, and have long since left all night excursions, I will follow you *myself*, rather than that such a traitor should escape."

"Well, my Lord, I thank your Lordship for your condescension and this very night I engage that I shall track Monseer to the place of his machinations."

"This very night then, Mr. Paunceford, I will follow you."

Highly elated thus to have gained his point, and nothing doubting but that the detested D'Alonville would be detected and driven away with disgrace, perhaps with punishment, Paunceford could not conceal his satisfaction; his plump countenance and rosy gills glistened with delight; and after another long parading speech he took his leave, promising to watch the culprit so narrowly, that he should not escape to his evening conspiration without being followed. Lord Aberdore promised to be ready on the signal that should be given for his detection.

Unluckily for the very discerning Mr. Paunceford, D'Alonville put off his evening walk. Supper passed. The spy, who was supposed to have so much mischief in his head, and who had been observed very busy over a list of shipping that afternoon, went through the evening with unusual composure, and never made any attempt to absent himself. At a later hour than usual the whole family separated for the night; and D'Alonville, who was watched, was seen to enter his own apartment, and lock the door; after which Paunceford took the pains to go round to that side of the park on which the windows of his chamber looked. There was no light. He returned to the house, stepped as lightly as his weight of flesh would give him leave along the passages that led to D'Alonville's room, and listened at the door. There was no noise. Baffled and vexed, Paunceford was compelled to own that he was this evening disappointed; but he imputed it only to accident. Lord Aberdore, who had had the complaisance to wait till after midnight, now told Mr. Paunceford, with a contemptuous smile, that either his zeal for his country, for his too officious informers, had certainly overheated his imagination and retired himself evidently displeased; while the sapient Paunceford slunk to his own room, lamenting the strange predilection of the nobility of England for foreigners, and meditating schemes of detection for the morrow; for of D'Alonville's guilt he had no more doubt than of his own existence, or of his own importance matters of which he was equally well assured.

Miss Milsington had been languid and gently dejected the whole day: she would have escaped the enquiries her reason once more made, *what* she meant by being thus violently, and, what was worse, visibly affected when any thing was said which might relate to D'Alonville; and why she suffered such changes of countenance as befall her when she observed the alterations in his? Unable to satisfy herself, she escaped from reflections so little satisfactory, and had recourse to an Ariosto which lay on her dressing table.

She read Italian perfectly well; and between musing on the world she was in, and its inhabitants, and reading of the very strange regions into which the poet introduced her, she passed some hours. At length she heard the clock over the great stables strike three, and was preparing to go to her bed, when she was alarmed by a violent knocking at her door, and a female voice that, half shrieking and half sobbing, entreated her to open it and make her escape, if she would avoid being burnt in her bed. Miss Milsington, who had not undrest, but had her night−cap and dressing−gown on, obeyed, as soon as possible, this alarming summons. The person who had given it was already gone. No light appeared either in the gallery into which her dressing−room opened, or in the arched passage which led to the back stairs communicating with the bed−chambers on this side of the house; but Miss Milsington fancied she smelt fire. She was not one of those nervous ladies who, on the slightest alarm lose their presence of mind. She considered, however, that where there is not great share of youth and beauty, elegance and refinement may supply their place; and as she might probably have occasion to exhibit herself before the whole family in her night−clothes, she just stepped back to her glass, adjusted the bow of rose−coloured ribbon that shaded her face in the centre of a nice laced cap, puffed up the muslin trimming of her dressing−gown, that it might adorn as well as conceal her throat; and then taking the candle in her hand, she courageously marched along the passage. She listened, but heard no noise in that part of the house; she then descended the stairs but here her resolution forsook her; a long window which was on this stair case looked towards that part of the house where the offices formed one side of a large court; she saw the fire blaze from the windows of the laundry, and she recollected that D'Alonville's apartment was very near it. In a moment her *sang froid* was converted into excessive terror; she flew down stairs, and finding nobody in the vestibule, she ran into the anti−room and attempted, but in vain, to open a door that led across the court. By this time Lord Aberdore, who had been some time awakened, met the affrighted lady, and to her eager enquiries if every body was safe, answered, that Lady Aberdore, the children, and the female servants were all safe, and assembled in a room on the other side of the house, very far from the place where the fire had broke out, which the men were in hopes of being soon able to extinguish, as they had engines and water. He invited her to join the party, and telling her what room Lady Aberdore was in, went himself to give father orders for extinguishing the fire.

Miss Milsington, not daring to enquire of him, now hurried into the room he pointed out. She found Lady Aberdore, Lady Tryphena, and Lady Louisa, with their governesses, none of them much alarmed; and the Lady indeed seemed to think that if the old house was burnt down, it would save her the misery of ever passing another month in it, and would rather be a good thing; Miss Bellandyne, the English governess, looked very grave; Madame talked and fluttered about the room, ran to the windows, and seemed to wish she could see what was going forward, even though it was mischief; the young ladies exclaimed, "Dear, how shocking! la! how frightful! I hope papa won't be hurt;" while another groupe was much more animated: it was Paunceford, with a white night−cap, (fortunate contrast to his circular red face!) with a quivering chin and staring eyes, endeavouring to prevent the fire was raging, while the spirited boy insisted on being allowed to go where every other person but the women of the house were assembled. "Keep my brothers with you, Sir, if you please," cried the lad, "but I tell you *I will go* I am sure my father will not object to it." "let us all go," cried the youngest "I know papa would not wish us to shirk from such a thing like so many milksops. If Mr. Paunceford's afraid, why he may stay with the women; but the Chevalier is there, I dare say, and *he* will take care of us."

"The Chevalier!" exclaimed Lord Aurevalle "Good God! his room is just close by the fire I never saw him," added he, "among the people who were running about; suppose nobody has called him he will be burnt to death."

"He will be burnt to death!" repeated Miss Milsington, in a tremulous voice.

"He shall not," cried Lord Aurevalle, eagerly "Mr. Paunceford, I will not be detained." He then broke from Paunceford who in vain attempted to argue with him, and ran with his utmost speed towards that quarter of the house that was on fire. Paunceford, who felt not the least inclination to go himself, where the burning beams and melting lead might hazard his own person, for which he had the tenderest respect, contented himself with protesting against the rashness of Lord Aurevalle, and detaining by force the other boys over whom, as they were younger, he could exert more decided authority.

Some of the female servants, whose curiosity had conquered their fear, so as to have induced them to go near the burning building, now returned to say, with great appearance of terror and affright, that the fire gained ground, and in spite of all that could be done, had seized the east wing of the house itself. In the mean time Lord Aurevalle had run among the crowd who were attempting to extinguish it, and had enquired eagerly and called aloud for D'Alonville. D'Alonville was no where to be found; nobody had seen him. The generous boy flew to his father "My Lord," said he, with extreme vehemence, "Have you seen D'Alonville? He is not here he is still in his room the fire gains on that quarter of the house."

"Let somebody go up thither," said Lord Aberdore; "it is fit he should be told of his danger, if it be possible that all this noise can have been made so near without rousing him." Nobody offered to stir. It was a service of some danger, for the beams and the rafters over the apartment of D'Alonville were already in flames. Lord Aurevalle saw them hesitate, and instantly understood the reason; and though Escott, who stood looking on with perfect *sang froid*, opposed his going more resolutely than his father, he ran from them both, and crossing the court, made his way to the door of D'Alonville's room, Lord Aberdore himself, Escott, and two or three female servants following him.

At the door, entreating that it might be opened, knocking and calling with all their force, stood Miss Milsington and the French governess. One *implored* in English, the other insisted in French both in vain the door was locked, and no answer was returned. Lord Aberdore called aloud and thundered with a window bar: still no answer. He then directed that the door should be forced open Lord Aurevalle had not strength to atchieve it, and Escott was too indolent to try; but the former ran away with amazing swiftness, and brought away the porter, and one of the grooms, who with one violent effort forced open the door. All the persons who were waiting at it burst into the room; but not only found no D'Alonville, but his bed, it was evident, had not been disturbed since it was last made. They looked at one another! A thousand conjectures, very much to the disadvantage of the object of them, darted into the mind of Lord Aberdore; as many melancholy presages into that of Miss Milsington; the young man was amazed and confounded; but none of them disclosed their thought, nor was there time for indulging conjectures, for it was more necessary to check the progress of the flames which already crackled round this corner. they descended therefore more hastily than they had mounted, but on the gentleman's arrival at the place where the engines were playing, they saw, to their utter astonishment, D'Alonville in his shirt, mounted near one of them, directing the stream of water; and in another instant he leaped from thence, and threw himself into a small reservoir or fountain in the court, whence the water came, and where there was some obstruction to its rising from the aukwardness of the men who managed the pumps. The authority of Lord Aberdore was now almost insufficient to prevent his son from undertaking the same task; but before he could speak to his active tutor, D'Alonville was again amidst the fire, which now however began to be subdued. In a few minutes more, by unremitting exertion on all sides, it was almost entirely conquered, and by day−break there was no longer any flames; but the engines were sill directed to play. D'Alonville now having a moment's respite, entreated Lord Aberdore and Aurevalle to retire, assuring them he would remain with the people till every appearance of danger from the fire's breaking out again was removed. The father being extremely apprehensive of his health, was glad to withdraw, and his positive command only compelled the spirited boy to follow him.

Poor Miss Milsington, who had been obliged to return to the parlour, where she had left the women of the family, could not avoid relating that D'Alonville was not in his room was not to be found! And Paunceford, who was sure that such a circumstance would operate as the strongest proof that all he had related to Lord Aberdore was true, was in the midst of his triumph, and even hinting in no very doubtful terms that a foreign spy was very likely

to be also an incendiary, when Lord Aberdore returned, and checked this charitable exultation, by coldly assuring Mr. Paunceford, that, though it was very true that D'Alonville was not in his room, it was as true, that nobody had at last been so active and successful in extinguishing the fire. He then ordered every body to retire to their respective rooms, and postponed till the following morning any enquiry, either as to the cause of the fire, or of D'Alonville's absence from his room during the night, which, though he did not think quite the same of it as the worthy divine, seemed to be a matter that on many accounts merited investigation.

CHAP. XXII.

Some angry god pursues thee still,
Nor grants thee safety or repose.

SOPHOCLES.

THE fatigue and affright of the preceding evening seemed to have disabled the whole family from appearing at the usual hour, which was never a very early one. The breakfast table had not been visited at two o'clock, every body remaining in their own apartments, except Lord Aberdore, who had gone to the usual time into his study, where he had begun an enquiry into the cause of the accident that had happened; and by the interposition of the house−steward, had learned with some difficulty the truth which was, that the laundry maids being extremely fatigued with an heavy day's work, preparatory to the departure of their lady, had been obliged to sit up to complete their business, till one of them, quite exhausted, had fallen asleep, and while the other went to a remote part of the house, a dog, which had found its way into the laundry, had thrown a large horse covered with linen into the fire; and the linen into the fire; and the linen, as well as the frame on which it hung, was in a blaze before the sleeping servant, half suffocated, awoke. Instead of taking any rational means to put it out, she ran away frantic with fear, and left all the doors open through which she fled; by which means the current of air encreased the violence of the fire, and the deal tables, baskets, and linen in the room were in a moment in flames.

The poor women avowed their error and were forgiven. The loss in linen was very considerable, but the injury to the house extended no farther than to the laundry, a room over it, and that corner of the principal building where D'Alonville's apartments were situated. Lord Aberdore having given proper directions to have the damage repaired as speedily as possible, now sent a message to the Chevalier D'Alonville, requesting to speak to him. After the servant who went on this message had remained absent much longer than appeared necessary, he returned and informed his Lord, that after a long search Monsieur D'Alonville was no where to be found. Lord Aberdore though he was as far as ever from believing the charge laid by Paunceford, yet was convinced, from his being now missing, as well as from his extraordinary absence, and sudden appearance the preceding evening, that he had some connection in the neighbourhood, which, though he did not believe it would endanger the state, might he thought have ill effects on the morals of the young men with whose education he was partly entrusted; he determined therefore immediately to demand an explanation. It was already at hand.

A servant breathless and staring ran into the room "My Lord! your Lordship is wanted An accident has happened The French gentleman "

"What of him?" cried Lord Aberdore.

"O! my Lord! We fear, my Lord, that he has killed Mr. Brymore!

"Killed him! How? In what manner? Where?"

"I don't know indeed, my Lord but my Lord Aurevalle this moment "

"Where is Aurevalle?" exclaimed Lord Aberdore with great agitation and impatience "What is all this?"

"My Lord Aurevalle, my Lord, came in this moment into the hall, and sent me to call your Lordship. He said, my Lord, how Squire Brymore and Monseer had fit, and that the Squire was badly wounded, and he was afear'd kill'd outright and how he laid out in the park, under them there walnut trees up at Glendow's seat and bid some of us run for a surgeon, while another comed to acquaint your Lordship of the news."

"And where is Aurevalle? Give me my hat and shew me the place But cannot you tell me where Aurevalle is?"

"Gone back, I believe my Lord, to the poor wounded gentleman. Bless his precious heart, he seemed so concerned that he ran away as 'twere like an arrow from a bow!"

"Is any body gone for a surgeon?" said Lord Aberdore, as he hastily went out.

"Yes, my Lord Peter and Harry are both gone different ways; Monseer sent them hisself."

A few minutes brought Lord Aberdore to the place. He saw at a distance a group of persons, whom, on his approaching, he found surrounded Brymore, who lay on the ground, apparently dying in great pain. To his surprize D'Alonville, with an handkerchief wrapped round his left hand, was the most busied about the wounded man, and appeared the most concerned, while Lord Aurevalle earnestly watching his countenance, was dispatching other messengers to the house.

Lord Aberdore addressed himself immediately to D'Alonville "I am shocked and amazed, Sir," said he, "at this scene. What does it mean? and why have you abused my confidence in destroying a person who was my guest, and ought to have been respected as such?"

At this moment Miss Milsington arrived, pale and breathless, but just in time to hear D'Alonville's answer.

"This circumstance, Sir," said he, "which I deplore, while I assure you, that were I to act again it would be in the same way, is occasioned by Mr. Brymore's having insulted my wife."

"Your wife!" cried Lord Aberdore.

"Wife!" repeated Miss Milsington, faintly.

"Yes, Sir, my wife. I do not, I cannot repent having chastised the man who insulted her."

"Chastised!" exclaimed Paunceford "you mean assassinated. Poor gentleman!" added he, affecting great compassion "unfortunate Mr. Brymore!"

D'Alonville cast a look of contempt at Paunceford. "An assassin, Sir," said he, "would attempt to escape; *I* await the orders of Lord Aberdore; and if I have offended the laws of this country, I am ready to surrender to its justice."

"I believe, Sir," said Lord Aberdore, "you must submit to be guarded by my servants till the event of this very disagreeable besiness business is know, or till the circumstances of it are enquired into."

"I resign myself to your disposal, my Lord,"

"Lead Monsieur D'Alonville to the house," said Lord Aberdore, "and do not lose sight of him."

"Entrust him to *me*, my Lord," cried Lord Aurevalle; "I know I may depend on his honour."

"Don't presume to interfere, Sir," replied his father angrily; "you have already offended me."

Two of the inferior servants now approached, and were leading D'Alonville away, when he turned to Lord Aberdore and said, "My Lord, before Mr. Brymore is moved, do me the justice to ask him if I have behaved dishonourably? I will venture to rest my defence on his testimony." He then walked away with the men into whose charge he was given; but he had not proceeded above ten yards, when a young person, flying as if in a fit of frenzy down the sloping ground above the place, threw herself into his arms, and, unable to speak or weep, would have sunk senseless to the ground, had he not supported her. Some of the people who had been about Brymore now gathered round her, while D'Alonville most earnestly implored their succour. Miss Milsington, and one of the maid−servants, (for the whole household was by this time assembled in the park) now approached the apparently dying Angelina. Miss Milsington, who did not want humanity, took out her salts, and would have applied them; but whether it was the sight of the blood that now streamed from his hand, or his agonized countenance as he gazed on that of his wife; or whether the tender appellations he gave her in attempting to recall her to life, (appellations to which the French language lends peculiar softness,) affected the sensibility of Miss Milsington, certain it is, that she could not fulfil her charitable purpose; but incoherently bidding the maid to assist "the young person," she gave her the smelling−bottle, and hurried herself into the house. Angelina in a few moments opened her eyes "Oh! D'Alonville," said she, in a tremulous voice "you have destroyed me how could you be so cruel?" He endeavoured to soothe and reassure her. "I am not wounded," said he, "at least not materially."

"But that unhappy wretch, he is dead, is he not?"

"No, upon my honour, he is not."

Nor likely to die?"

"I cannot answer for that," said D'Alonville; "I hope he will not."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Angelina how horrible to have occasioned the death of a human creature and its dreadful consequences to you!"

"I fear no consequences," answered he, "for myself, because I have done nothing dishonourable; but I fear for you, Angelina I fear for your mother. How will you return home, my love? I am to be kept within the sight of these two servants, and therefore I cannot go with you."

"You are to be sent to prison." said she "I know that is what they intend. Nothing shall prevent my accompanying you. Where is Lord Aberdore?" added she, "they told me he was here. I will speak to him. I will insist on going with you: they may have a right to imprison you, but they can have none to tear me from you. I will speak to Lord Aberdore. Be so good, Sir," addressing herself to one of the men, "to tell me where I can find him?" As the surgeon was not yet arrived, and Lord Aberdore saw no use in waiting where he was, he had by this time turned to go towards the house, when the voice of Angelina enquiring for him induced him to approach. Amidst the confusion she was in, she knew him though it was two or three years since she had seen him. Timid, and even reserved as she naturally was, she had now no recollection of forms. "My Lord," said she, "whither has your Lordship directed these your servants to conduct my husband? May not I accompany him? Is he to be sent to a prison, my Lord, for having resented insults offered to me? and may I not share it with him?"

Lord Aberdore, amazed at her manner, and trying to recollect himself, hesitated "I think, Madam," said he "yet I must be mistaken I think surely I have seen you before?"

"My name was Denzil," replied she. "I was once, at least my family were, once well known to your Lordship. But I mean not to ask any favour on that account; I make no claim to your indulgence farther than to be permitted to attend my husband whither forever you may intend to send him."

"And is this gentleman your husband, Madam?" said he. "Pray where is Mrs. Denzil, your mother?"

"At a cottage, Sir, in the village of Aberlynth, half distracted at what has happened, and prevented only by indisposition from coming hither herself."

"This is all very extraordinary. I understand nothing of these romantic flights. I am very sorry indeed, Madam, very sorry; but I know not what I can do to alleviate the inconveniences this young man's rashness, and, I must add, your own indiscretion, has brought you into. If you chuse to accompany Monsieur D'Alonville to my house yet you must excuse me if I say, that you would do better to return to your mother. In regard to Monsieur D'Alonville, his situation must depend on the events. I fear they cannot but be unfavourable to a person circumstanced as he is, particularly unfavourable. He will probably be soon removed, for of Mr. Brymore's life there appears to me to be very little hope; and then you will of course act as *discretion* shall dictate in regard to following him." Lord Aberdore then slightly touched his hat and passed on.

Angelina, though careless of his disapprobation, was shocked at the opinion he had given as to the danger of Brymore, and the fatal consequences to D'Alonville; she was terrified too at the countenances of the people around, which seemed to menace him, as if his being a foreigner had rendered culpable in him what would have been glorious in a man of their own country "What will become of us" said she, in French "what will our fate do with us?"

"Be not so apprehensive," my Angelina," replied he "am I not in England? is not my life guarded by its laws, if I only acted, as it will be found I have, in my own defence? *My* only apprehensions are for you. For heaven's sake consider the anguish of mind in which you have left your mother! consider yourself; or, if you will not, consider what *I* suffer in seeing you thus distressed, and exposed to the gaze of all these people. Let me prevail upon you to return to your mother. Some person will accompany you, I hope. You are unable, I fear, to walk without assistance."

"*I* will return with Madame D'Alonville," said Lord Aurevalle, "if she will allow me."

"Indeed *you will not,* my Lord," cried Paunceford. " *You* return with this person, my Lord! I hope you don't think of such a thing."

"Indeed I do, Mr. Paunceford; and I will certainly do as I please."

"Not while you are under my care, Sir; and I suppose Monseer does not now assume any right to dictate here, not while you are under my care, and your father Lord Aberdore at hand?"

"We shall see that," interrupted Aurevalle. "Come, Madam, let me assist you. My dear Chevalier, be not so uneasy; all may terminate better than you expect; you shall not suffer injustice. Come, Madam." Angelina appeared ready to faint, yet endeavored to obey D'Alonville's wishes in returning to Aberlynth.

Paunceford, irritated beyond all bounds, now ventured to take the arm of Lord Aurevalle. "I insist upon it, my Lord, that you do not degrade yourself in this manner: though it is true we now know what Monseer here is. how do we know this young woman, and among what sort of people such a one may lead you? We know nothing

favourable, I am sure of this gentlewoman."

"Don't I know, Sir," replied the young man, "that she is a relation of my mother's of my *own* mother's; and shall *you* , Sir, dare to prevent me shewing her civility, common civility, when she is distressed? No, Sir, no pendant on earth shall retrain me."

"My dear Lord" said D'Alonville, "I beg that your generosity to my Angelina and me, may not be the means of giving offence to your father. As to this person, I owe him no deference; but your kindness in the present instance only adds to my distress. Angelina, recover your presence of mind, my love; recollect, that if the wretched man's wound is not dangerous, I shall be immediately released; if it is, I shall be sent to the next prison, for I do not expect, not do I mean, to ask any favour. In the first case, I shall be with you immediately; in the second, you can be near me in a few hours; *why* , therefore, give way to these agonies? Lord Aurevalle, will you have so much consideration for me, as not to risk any displeasure on the part of your father by going yourself to Aberlynth; but will you speak for me to one of the female servants, and engage her to accompany my wife will she is safe in the presence of her mother?"

Curiosity, and other motives, as well as the intercession of their young master, immediately engaged two of the women of the house. Angelina trembled, and reluctantly was led away.

D'Alonville, guarded by two men, proceeded towards the house, Lord Aurevalle walking with him, to the great displeasure of Paunceford, who hearing Angelina acknowledged as a relation of the late Lady Aberdore's, began to fancy, that unless Brymore died, (which he most heartily hoped he might) all his hopes of seeing D'Alonville dismissed in disgrace, would end in his being established in the family more firmly than himself.

He had not penetration enough to have discovered in the time he had lived among the great, that nothing was less likely to recommend any one to *their* favour, than the circumstance of being an indigent relation; and if D'Alonville's other offences were cleared up, this alone would be sufficient to induce Lord Aberdore to dissolve the connection as soon as possible.

The surgeons from two small neighbouring towns now arrived nearly at the same time. They were not likely to agree in the case of Brymore, when they had never yet agreed in their lives. They both however seemed to believe him in great danger. He was removed into the house, and a messenger dispatched for a more eminent surgeon; for Brymore, who had now recovered his senses, would not submit in his side, till the third operator arrived; and the fate of D'Alonville still was in suspense.

At length the surgeon from a town ten miles distant appeared. The ball was extracted with less difficulty than had been apprehended. There was every reason to believe Brymore would do well; and Lord Aberdore, to avoid the perplexity that might attend detaining D'Alonville, rather than from tenderness to his situation, gave him leave to go to Aberlynth, on receiving his parole, that he would appear if the event should be such as was at first apprehended.

The sufferings of Mrs. Denzil during this day had been terrible. She appeared to be sinking under them, when D'Alonville arrived to re−assure and comfort her: but Angelina, while she concealed her own apprehension, hung over her mother with a look of such tender solicitude, and spoke to her with so much sweetness, that D'Alonville thought he had never yet seen her so lovely: even the lively affection she had shewn for him a few hours before, did not render her more dear to him than the filial duty and gratitude which now, mingled with fear, beamed from her expressive eyes.

"How hard," cried Mrs. Denzil "how singularly cruel is the destiny that pursues me! Even in this remote corner of the world, where peace at least seemed to await me, am I again exposed to insult, and to the terror which resentment of that insult inflicts. Ah, D'Alonville! I cannot blame, however I may lament the vengeance you have

taken. But if the wretched man dies, I own it will be a shock I shall not easily recover; and it will be a great and heavy addition to the sorrows I already sustain with difficulty: like all those sorrows, I shall owe it to the cruelty, to the injustice of the men who have plunged us into poverty; for had we not been poor and apparently unprotected, would such a man as Mr. Brymore have dared to have intruded himself into my house, and have affronted my ears with his infamous proposals? Ah! no; it is our supposed indigence that has made us liable to these indignities; and that has perhaps involved you, my dear friend, in their fatal consequences. This is an evil that will pursue us wheresoever we go but perhaps it is an evil more supportable any where than in our native land. D'Alonville, I find it impossible to stay in any part of England. I will instantly quit it. If my life is to be rendered tolerable for the little time I yet live, it must be in a country where the memory of so many years of misery is not continually renewed."

"Let us go, then," said D'Alonville. "Wherever Angelina is where you are, is *now* my country; (alas! what other have I?) but I must be released from my parole before I can leave this place."

"Undoubtedly," answered Mrs. Denzil. "However eagerly I wish to go, your honour is dearest to me than ever other consideration. And believe me, my dear friends, "

She was going on, when a servant girl, who was hired occasionally from the village, came, breathless and staring, into the room and exclaimed, "Oh! Lord, Ma'am! Oh! Lord, Sir! here here is "

"Here is what?" cried D'Alonville, impatiently.

"Brymore is dead," said Mrs. Denzil, in a low and faint voice, "and somebody is come to tell us of it."

A death like paleness overspread the countenance of Angelina, as she stood behind her mother's chair waiting for the entrance of this messenger of ill news; when the girl, who had before alarmed them, and who had gone down a few steps of the stairs, returned and said, in a still more hurried way, "'tis my Lord my Lord, his own own self. Oh! gracious me!" She then shuffled away; and the door remaining open, a gentleman entered in whom Mrs. Denzil immediately recognized Lord Aberdore.

Still impressed with the idea that Brymore was dead, (and not considering how improbable it was that the noble Lord should himself take the pains to announce it) the countenance of Mrs. Denzil had on it an expression which Lord Aberdore imputed to veneration, awe, and apprehension. He loved, like many other great men, to excite these sensations; and with more than ordinary dignity and stateliness he marched up to Mrs. Denzil, bowed to her, and desired to have a few moments conversation with her.

"Whatever you Lordship has to say," replied Mrs. Denzil, collecting all the courage she could, "I am prepared to hear; and my daughter and the Chevalier D'Alonville are, I hope, equally so. Mr. Brymore, I suppose is dead?"

"No, Madam, he is not. They even tell me there is less danger than was at first apprehended. But with you, Madam, it is necessary that I speak apart." Angelina and D'Alonville, both relieved by this intelligence, willingly withdrew; and after some hesitation, Lord Aberdore began a very long speech, in which he enumerated what he thought the errors of Mrs. Denzil's conduct; but dwelt with particular energy on the wrong step she had suffered Angelina to take in marrying an emigrant. "I cannot but lament, that so fine a young woman, so well connected, who might have done so much better "

"Give me leave, my Lord, to spare you the trouble of any farther remonstrance, by bringing to your recollection the circumstances of my family. As to their respectable connections, on which you now do me the honour to dwell, I beseech you to remember, how little people of a certain rank care for even their nearest relations: (I speak in general terms, for there may be, there are exceptions;) and I had surely no right to suppose that the distant relationship of my children should give them any future claim to the kindness of persons, who, at present, never

enquired whether they existed. Except an house, which your Lordship lent me for a few months, what favour have I to acknowledge? As to fortune, my Lord, you know that my children have been robbed of so much of theirs, that what little I had of my own, and which will be divided among them at my death, seems to be all that they can depend upon; while Mr. Ramsay, and Mr. Shrimpshire, by detaining the affairs for so many years in their hands, have compelled me to have recourse to expedients for the support of these children, that have impressed every body with an idea that they are destitute of any fortune whatever: and who, my Lord, will marry young women, whatever may be their merit or their beauty, who are without fortune? while, on the other hand, if they remain single, how are they to be supported when, worn out with many years of trouble, (and the period, my Lord, is not very remote) I shall leave them?

"My sons are men; and wheresoever fortune
"May place them, cannot want the means of life

."

But, my daughters! alas, my Lord! I have found even that degree of dependance to which I have been obliged to submit, extremely difficult to bear. The compliments that have been made to the few talents I possess, have seldom paid me for the evident superiority assumed by persons once my equals, from the consciousness they seemed to have of the *necessity* I was under to exert those talents. And can I bear, my Lord, who know what it is to suffer from the humiliating compassion of a world, which too often mingles scorn with pity can I bear to think that my daughters shall be exposed to become dependents, humble cousins! if any of their relations would receive them? I have seen, I have felt how few persons there are, who know how to confer an obligation. I have been compelled to *know* , how *many insult* while they oblige. In short, my Lord, these and other considerations induced me to give my daughter Angelina to the man she loved, who is a foreigner, it si true, but certainly a gentleman; and who, whatever may be the unhappy circumstances of the generality of his countrymen, is not so absolutely destitute as you seem to suppose. He is a man of honour, a man of sense; and, as your Lordship may be convinced, by the charge he has undertaken in your family, has proper pride enough to counteract every degree of false pride, and to endeavour to use those accomplishments acquired in happier times, to maintain his wife, and his independence."

She then proceeded to relate the circumstances that had enabled D'Alonville to preserve a small income from the wreck of the considerable property of his family; and as she proceeded, she observed the features of Lord Aberdore gradually relax. He found that Mrs. Denzil had been so far from settling near Rock−March, with a view to obtain any advantages from that neighbourhood, that she had intended studiously to conceal her abode from him. He found that D'Alonville was not the humble dependent, whom he had kept at a distance, lest, if he had admitted him to any degree of confidence or familiarity, he should find it more difficult to shake him off, but possessed a certain, though small property; and that none of the family, whose settlement at Aberlynth had so much disturbed him as to induce him to such a condescension as that of visiting himself the cottage they inhabited, were likely to give him any trouble, or put him to any expence. Still, however, there were reasons why he wished them any where else; and therefore he heard with great satisfaction, from Mrs. Denzil, that she had only taken the cottage conditionally, and that in consequence of what had happened, and of other consideration which she did not think it necessary to explain, she had determined, to quit not only Wales, but Great Britain, for some part of the continent of Europe, where her family might yet remain unmolested; and that as soon as Mr. Brymore was out of danger, so that D'Alonville could depart, they should return to London, and in a very few days quit England.

Lord Aberdore seemed so well pleased with this intelligence, that he seemed half tempted to accelerate the execution of a plan which appeared so desirable, as that of having the sea between him and a family whom he could not consider otherwise than as indigent relations a sort of persons who *may* be troublesome, and can never be creditable; but as he could not, when it came to the point, determine to part with money, he checked this

impulse.

The recovery of Brymore now became an object to him, and as it was impossible to prevail on Lady Aberdore to put off her departure another day, he left strict orders with the housekeeper and persons about the wounded man, to take every possible care of him. He had not time to make any new regulations as to the young men, who, by D'Alonville's secession, would be left without a French tutor; but Lady Aberdore, apprehensive lest this vacancy should occasion a total change in the plan she had so long laboured to confirm, represented to him that it would be easy to find in London some foreigner, equally qualified, who would be rejoiced to find such an establishment, and who might not have the same troublesome and alarming entanglements as D'Alonville. She then turned to Miss Milsington, and said, "But perhaps our friend Jemima here has another Count, or Marquis, or Chevalier, in petto, whom she can recommend to replace this *married man* who fights duels and kills the visitors, instead of tutoring the children." Miss Milsington had no spirits to reply; she dared not enquire of her heart what it had expected, or why it should feel so strangely depressed, since the discovery of D'Alonville'e D'Alonville's marriage. He could never have been more to *her* than an acquaintance; yet the certainty of his being the husband of another, was so uneasy, that ashamed of feeling so much pain, and not daring to acknowledge it, she endeavoured, if she could not conquer, to disguise it, by busying herself in preparations for their departure; and irritating by her own impatience, that which Lady Aberdore felt, to be gone. As to Escott, he had already taken leave. Though he lived in what are called habits of the closest *friendship* (Oh! abuse of terms) with Brymore, he could not prevail upon himself to endure for one day the complaint of a sick man, or the confinement of a sick room. He could do no good, he said. If Brymore lived, he would soon be well enough to come by slow journies to London; and if his friend died, why should he be bored with the horrors of a funeral, to make himself low−spirited for a month? besides, he was absolutely engaged in London, and ought to have been there a week before had he not staid to oblige his sister. He took a gay leave of his wounded friend, and laughing, bade him look more carefully about him another time, and before he attacked another pretty wench, be sure she had no drawcansir of a husband laying perdue to shoot him through the head. "But come," added he, "cheer up they spirit, Jemmy I warrant you'll do well enough, and all this will tell well among the women in London. 'Faith, twill make a pretty romantic story, to the best advantage." Brymore, who suffered great pain, and believed that the danger was not less than the anguish, answered only by a deep groan, followed by a volley of curses, levelled first against the French nation, then against D'Alonville as an individual of it, and lastly against himself for not taking a better aim. "I refused," said he, "fighting with swords, for I know those damned fellows have with them the advantage, and are half of them qualified for fencing masters; but when I could not get rid of the French son of a w without fighting, and got a brace of pistols, I thought I was sure of bringing him down, and be cursed to him." Escott, rather from curiosity than from any interest he took in the matter, had before learned the particulars of the quarrel.

The evening preceding the fire D'Alonville, finding himself watched by Paunceford, had determined not to leave the house till the whole family were retired. A little after one o'clock he had locked his door, and taking the key in his pocket, had softly found his way out of the house and across the park: when he arrived at the cottage, he found Mrs. Denzil impatiently waiting to relate to him the extraordinary circumstance of a visit from a person residing at Rock−March; who, under pretence of having lost his way, had followed Angelina home, and behaved with great impertinence on Mrs. Denzil's resenting his rude intrusion, and insisting on his quitting her house: nor could she escape from the insults till she had sent for some of the neighbouring peasants, before whose arrival he departed, assuring her, that he was too much struck with the beauty of her daughter to give up the acquaintance he had made, and that he should be with her the next morning to renew offers which he was assured she was not in a situation to refuse, and which on cooler reflection she would think herself too happy to accept.

It was then that Mrs. Denzil once more felt all the bitterness of poverty, and that her indignation so far got the better of her prudence, as to induce her to sit up for D'Alonville: and notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of Angelina, who trembled for his safety, to relate to him the affront they had received. Angelina endeavoured in vain to soften the resentment that fired the breast of D'Alonville on this recital; and Mrs. Denzil, when she saw how much he was affected, repented that she had been so rashly communicative, and had listened rather to anger than discretion; and while both she and her daughter were endeavouring to appease him, they saw the flames that

had by this time arisen at Rock−March. D'Alonville hastened to assist in extinguishing the fire; he returned fatigued, covered witn with smoke, and his clothes in many places burnt and singed, to await at Aberlynth the threatened visit of Mr. Brymore, who made it, as he had declared he would, before eleven o'clock.

His reception was by no means pleasant. D'Alonville, fiery and vindictive, could not be prevented from insisting on satisfaction; and Brymore, who held him in contempt, as a boy, an inferior, and a stranger, was under the disagreeable necessity of choosing either to beg his pardon, and that of the ladies he had offended, or to fight; an operation to which he was very little disposed, but was however at length compelled to undertake, as more honourable, and not much less hazardous, than receiving a sound beating which D'Alonville was disposed to give him. They went together into a retired part of the park with a pair of pistols belonging to D'Alonville, of which Brymore had his choice. The event has been already related.

CHAP. XXIII.

Ponce me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor activa receatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malufque
Jupiter urget.
Pone, sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalgen amabo,
Dulce loquentera.

THE subsequent events will be explained in the following letters.

To the Chevalier D'Alonville at Verona.
"Holles−street, Cavendish−square, May 30, 1793.

"Your letter, my dear friend, informing you were got so far and so well on your journey, gave to me and Alexina infinite pleasure. This will, I trust, find you at Verona, as you then expected, and will meet you disengaged from every trouble, and free from every apprehension of the accidents that might render so long a journey hazardous or painful to the beloved Angelina and her mother. I need hardly to say, after what passed between us on that subject in our frequent conferences in England, that I am entirely of their opinion in regard to your resisting of their opinion in regard to your resisting the frequent impulses you feel to return to the emigrant army. Till your king or his representative call upon you till you are convinced your arm is demanded for the restoration of law and order, or of some form of legal government in your country, I think as your Angelina does, that you should not leave her. The hour when you will thus be called upon does not seem to be at hand; and indeed, my dear Chevalier, the turn that affairs seem to take in France, makes it impossible to conjecture whether such a period will ever arrive. I hardly dare trust myself to write to you on this subject. We differ still as to the commencement of a revolution, which in its progress has baffled all the reasoning which we could derive from analogy, in reflecting on the past events of the world alll all the speculative opinions we could from thence build on the future. *You* think, that even in its first germinations it threatened to become the monster we now see, desolating and devouring France. I still think, that originating from the acknowledged faults of your former government, the first design, aiming only at the correction of those faults, at a limited monarchy and a mixed government, was the most sublime and most worthy of a great people that ever was recorded in the annals of mankind. But wide as our sentiments are as to their origin, I believe we perfectly agree in our opinions of the position of affairs at this moment. You, as a Frenchman, execrate the misery and devastation it has brought on the finest kingdom of Europe. You lament as an individual the death of your dearest friends, the disposition of your family, the ruin and beggary of many to whom you were attached. I, as an Englishman, deplore the injury done to the cause of rational liberty throughout the world. I deplore, as a citizen of that world, the general devastation, the blood that

has been shed in the field or on the scaffold, and the stupendous destruction that has overwhelmed a great nation. While I can yet contemplate the minutiæ to feel the distresses of many amiable individuals from these may you, my dear friend, have now escaped; with the consoling reflection, that the heavy share you have had in them, you have so well and honourably sustained.

"You will be glad to know, perhaps, that the wretched Brymore is recovered enough to go out. I saw him in his vis−a−vis in Hyde Park yesterday. I wish I could tell you that he was treated with the contempt he deserves; but the women who live in *ton*, receive him with the more kindness than ever; and the men who are of his set, seem to derive additional honour from their acquaintance with him. He is very pale and very pathetic. Lady Aberdore is said not yet to have received him into quite the same degree of favour he possessed as before, but that is believed to be less in resentment of his principles, than of his daring, while he saw her transcendent beauty every day, to discover that there were charms in an unknown rural beauty. Miss Milsington is more resplendent and more gay than usual; and when she sees me, affects a great flow of spirits, to convince me, I suppose, that she is not likely to die for love. I seem to be talking longer of these frivolous people than they merit. To escape I believe from a subject, on which I must say, what I know your friendship for me will make it uneasy to you to hear. My poor mother, notwithstanding all I have done in the hope of conciliating her favour, still remains so displeased at my having given her name "to a foreign woman," that she sees me only to reproach me, and cannot yet be prevailed upon to receive Alexina; which I should lament the more, if I had any hope that the mingled dignity and sweetness of my wife, her strong understanding, or her gentle heart, could conquer the inveterate prejudice of the dowager Lady Ellesmere; but, unless I had that hope, I will not expose Alexina to the repulse and disdain even of my mother.

Mrs. Melton and Mrs. Darnly have paid her formal visits since she has been in town, which she has returned in the same manner they were made, by leaving her name at their doors. I have so great a dislike to both my brothers−in−law; the manners of Melton, and the ostentation of Darnly, are so disgusting to me, that I see very little of either Mary of Theodora; and it is wonderful how, in common minds like theirs, distance and other connections eradicate the affections, that, having grown up with us, towards the children of the same parents, one would believe much more deeply fixed than to depend on local circumstances. Elizabeth is gone with her husband into Yorkshire; and my mothers present companions at Eddisbury are two misses from the neighbouring town women without education, or knowledge of the world, who encourage her unfortunate prepossessions, and lament with her the apostate taste of her son.

"Lady Sophia and her daughter are in Scotland visiting an uncle; but she has declared against introducing to *her* circles, as *her* connection, a foreigner of whom she knows nothing. I shall not I believe put her complaisance to so severe a proof, for it is my intention to quit England; and, as soon as you have found a residence to suit you, I shall take up my abode in your neighbourhood.

"Let me therefore hear of you, my dear D'Alonville, as soon as possible, and tell me where you and your household determine to fix. My accounts from Carlowitz are satisfactory: he entertains hopes of the affairs of his country, which I greatly fear will be found too sanguine; but the favourable view he gives Alexina of the projects in agitation, amuses and animates her mind, and of course contributes to my happiness, of which, notwithstanding the perverse circumstance I have related, I really think I enjoy a greater portion than falls to the usual lot of man. The narrowness of my fortune, in proportion to my situation in life, which would with any other woman be a source of discontent, only serves to endear me to the heart of Alexina, because she believes that to my affection for her, I sacrificed superior fortune. She has no taste for those expences which to one of my fair compatriots of my own rank would have appeared absolutely necessary; nor has she any other ambition than to constitute the happiness of the man she loves.

"When I compare therefore my lot with that of half my married acquaintance, I find that I ought to be happy. Ah, D'Alonville, with such a wife, how lightly the little disappointments and vexations of life may be passed over! As to our pecuniary circumstances, I now think it a weakness that I ever suffered reflections on them to depress me:

we are above indigence; we are independent, though not rich; and well as I love England, I can be content to quit it, if the luxuries, that are here accounted among the necessaries of a man of family, cannot be enjoyed but at the expence of that independence.

"Farewell, my dear friend. With a thousand kind remembrances from Alexina, I am most faithfully yours, EDWARD ELLESMERE."

To this letter, a shorter space of time than he expected brought Sir Edward the following answer:
"St. Isidore, near Roveredo, July 16, 1793.

"At length, my dear English friends, I write to you from our small but pleasant home I write from amidst the whole circle of your wandering acquaintance, except De Touranges, who is gone to rejoin the army in Flanders, and whose absence alone, by rendering his mother and his wife unhappy, detracts from the pleasure of our little society.

"My last letters gave you the outline of our journey, within four days of our reaching Verona. Among many agreeable circumstances that occurred on our arrival there, the most so to be was, that of our very unexpectedly finding, at a temporary residence, my dear and respectable friends, Madame de Rosenheim, and Madame D'Alberg. I was gratified more than I have words to express, by observing that they saw me with pleasure, and were charmed with Angelina and her mother. Count D'Alberg, who is retired in disgust from his command, appears to have forgotten the prejudice he formerly had taken up against me: he was even so polite to apologize for it, and joined with the ladies of his family in the excretions they liberally made against Heurthofen, who will probably suffer in his turn for his apostacy and hypocrisy, and meet even from his colleagues in iniquity the reward of his crimes.

"The Baron de Rosenheim has been dead some time, but before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing the law−suit decided, which secures his paternal estate to the heirs of his daughter; a satisfaction which that amiable woman, weeping as she spoke of it, declared he owed to me; for had the deeds I was fortunate enough to recover been lost, Madame d'Alberg's claims to those estates could never have been established.

"The pecuniary circumstances of the family are brilliant, but the count appears dejected and out of his element; and is too acutely sensible, I believe, of the mortifications which compelled him to resign. Madame D'Alberg, however, owned to me, that she is quite as well pleased with being at Verona as at Vienna, and much more anxious for the *safety* than the glory of her husband. We hope to live much with them when winter obliges us to return to Verona; but at this moment we are too much delighted with the beauty and novelty of the objects around us, to think even of Verona with any wish to be there.

"Where shall I find terms to describe the charms of the country that we passed through in coming to this place? Our road (of which I forbear to give you a detail of posts) was for some miles elevated, above the narrow but richly cultivated valley through which the river Adice takes its serpentine course. On an eminence hanging over its current is the fort called La Chuisa, which we passed through, and immediately entered the Tirole.

The mountains which bound the lovely vallies we passed, are so majestic, so sublime, that the pencil might give some idea of them, but the pen dares not undertake it. On the summits of many, are level platforms; among the cliffs of others, are convents, churches, hermitages, or houses of the inhabitants of singular forms; and these look down upon a variety of scarred rocks, starting in some places from amidst copses of the brightest verdure, in others extending their broken and rugged masses, tinted only with the plants that love a shallow soil. I was going to name them as Mrs. Denzil dictated, but she says no native of my country, educated as I have been, has the least

taste for the unadorned beauty of nature: that she knows it will only puzzle me, perhaps punish me, and that therefore she will go on with the description herself.

"Yes, dear sir, I take the pen from the Chevalier, that he may not undertake to tell you in French the names of plants which I cannot in that language find for him. Figure to yourself these undescribable mountains, so various in their forms, and so magnificent in their effect; *robed*, if I may use a woman's word, in many places with that assemblage of vegetable beauty, which in England is collected in the most ornamented gardens with difficulty. Imagine that the rough features of these rocky acclivities are softened by the hand of Flora, who has often dressed them with the cistus, the variety of antirhinums, cedums, and saxagpagar; while the deep glen−like recesses, formed by these bold promontories, are shaded with every tree of the forest, festooned with honeysuckles, sweet and various as those of our gardens; and lower, towards the foot of the mountains, are natural shrubberies. There the acacia hangs its pearly tassels amidst its light and vivid leaves, and the robinia more humbly puts forth its purplish−pink blossoms, among viburnams, dogwood, shumach, and many other shrubs; while, of hardly less humble growth, the caronilla, with its golden circlets, the Mediterranean heaths , myricas, and fenna, are contrasted with the juniper, the laurustinus, and the bay: these, indeed, are the most minute beauties, and calculated rather to attract the botanist, than the landscape painter; but they surely lend graces to the great features of nature, without detracting from their sublimity. D'Alonville should now take the pen again; but he is idle, and sends me for a close of our joint landscape painting, to an author whose mountain scenery, it is true, we cannot with our united endeavours equal. He bids me then quote

thus: "Ajouter à tout cela les illusions de l'optique les pointes des monts diferemment éclairé continuelles qui ne cefferent d'attirer mon admiration, et qui sembloient m'être offerts en un vrai théatre: car la perspective des monts êtant verticale, frappe les yeax tout a la fois, et bien plus puissamment que celle des plaines qui ne se voit qu'obliquement en fuyant et dont chaque objet vous en chache un autre." I cannot describe the house we inhabit; for if it deserved to be described, which it does not, what are the most magnificent and laboured works of art, when we are contemplating the great compositions of Nature, "with all her great works about her?" How poor are the utmost efforts of man, (though they survive for centuries his fragile and wretched existence) when we compare them with the glorious objects which we every day see? I have lately passed so near the seat of war, my dear Sir, that I could indulge my spleen, in describing the talents of mankind to *waste and to destroy*; but that it is ungrateful to pollute the lovely scenes before me with such images of horror: and I recall my pen from a digression which you will think very little to the purpose, to tell you that we inhabit a house that once contained a small religious society now dissolved. Like the "peasant's nest" of Cowper,

"'Tis perch'd upon the green hill top;

for it stands on one of those shrubby knolls I have been trying to describe; but above us, greatly above us, on a projection of rock, is an eyrie of a Tyrolese peasant, with its broad projecting roof, and other singularities, such as mark the cottages in this country: and yet this elevated little mansion is not half way up the stupendous mountain to which it clings.

"Would I could convey to you an adequate idea of the scene I behold from my windows! I was unwilling to believe that there was many prospects finer than I saw from my temporary abode at Aberlynth; but here I am convinced that is comparatively tame and poor. I am also cured of another error which was the persuasion that there is no verdure after the earliest months of spring, *but* in England.

"It is here, my friend, that I hope to forget, at least to cease feeling so acutely, the calamities which made, for many years, my country insupportable, and that have at length driven me from it. It is here I hope still to enjoy at least that species of happiness which arises from seeing those we love happy.

"I shall not here, I trust, be too near any great or rich cousin. I shall not be continual reproach to the persons who have impoverished me; and who have verified the observation of a man

who, knowing much of the wrong side of human nature, says, that

"Nothing is so apt to break the bravest spirit, as a continual chain of oppression. One injury is best descended by a second, and a second by a third."

"Oh, for a cup of oblivion! but unless it were *partial* , and that I could remember what I wish not to forget friends, who, though lost to me, are honourable to human nature, I will be content not to desire it; but to recollect that I should never have known *them*, if I had not been the victim of others, and if I had not borne with some fortitude the evils those others inflicted. Farewell, dear Sir Edward!"

"Mrs. Denzil makes me resume the pen, my dear friend. Let me then, (while I lament that any prejudice on the part of Lady Ellesmere should make England uneasy to you), let me express my hope, that you will remain firm in your purpose of joining us here. The pleasure of select and friendly society will then be most complete; or it will at least have no other drawback than the defection of Madame de Touranges, and Gabrielle, who cannot taste even conditional happiness, while the son, the husband they love, is exposed to such dangers as now inevitably surround him: nor does the inquietude of her friend fail to affect Angelina, who not only generously sympathies with *her*, but looks forward (with that fatal prevoyance which seems to be given us only to embitter our short moments of felicity) to the hour, not very distant perhaps, when her D'Alonville must tear himself from her. The Abbé de St. Remi, however, (who has been received in a convent about three miles from hence,) is the consolation of all, as well as the confessor of the catholic part of our little community. The purity of his heart, and the strength of his mind; his chearful piety and dignified resignation, renders his conversation beneficial to every one of us; while, for myself, I am conscious that, possessed of present competence and tranquillity, living with friends I esteem, with a wife I absolutely idolize, and amid scenes which are as beautiful as nature any where offers to the contemplation of man, I should be ungrateful to Heaven were I not to enjoy the passing good. With Angelina I should find charms in a desert. Here she appears like the goddess−nymph of this delicious country. Frequently as I look at her, I enquire, whether it is possible I can deserve her? and tremble lest the portion of happiness I enjoy, mixed and dashed as it is, (while so many of my countrymen are every way wretched), should not be more than should fall to my lot. But these reflections weaken rather than fortify the mind. Oh! hasten hither with your Alexina! and while your friendship adds to my felicity, let your example sustain my philosophy; for what I now possess, is less the effect of reflection and reason, than of the harsh lessons I have received in the school of adversity. I fear that from disposition and education, I am as volatile, as inconsiderate, as impetuous, as the generality of young men of my rank and country, who, born in the lap of prosperity, were educated only to appear in those scenes of life, here solidity of character would have impeded rather than have assisted their progress towards those objects to which the ambition of the French nobility was directed.

"But adversity, which has made me an exile, banished me from my country, robbed me of my friends and my fortune, and thrown me in some measure destitute on the world, has taught me, I trust, many useful lessons, and has in one or two instances converted its curses into blessings; for it has given me fortitude and resolution; instructed me to conquer prejudice, and to feel for the sufferings of others. In losing every thing but my honour and my integrity, I have learned, that he who retains those qualities can never be degraded, however humble may be his fortune. If my calamities have deprived me of my natural friends, they have been the means of creating for

me others, who in the unruffled bosom of prosperity I should never have found. To adversity I owe your invaluable attachment, my beloved Ellesmere to adversity I am indebted for the dearest of all earthly blessings the tender affection of my adored Angelina."