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T H E

*Atrocities of a Convent,*

OR THE

NECESSITY OF THINKING FOR OURSELVES,

EXEMPLIFIED IN

*THE HISTORY OF A NUN.*



Truth never was indebted to a Lie. Dr. YOUNG.

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BY A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

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VOL. III.

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WILLIAM WILSON

1840

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THE  
ATROCITIES, &c.

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CHAP. I.

AFTER this exclamation, ZIMEO stretched out his hand to WILMOUTH and me. "I will love two whites," said he; "yes, I will love two whites. My fate is in your hands; all the riches I have taken I will give you to recompense a service I ask."

We assured him we were ready to render him every service in our power, without a recompense. We invited him to repose himself; we offered him refreshments. I sent to FRANCISCO, to bring presents and provisions from the magazine, for the negroes who accompanied ZIMEO. He accepted our offers with pleasure; only he would not enter the house: he sat down on a mat under the shade of the trees, that formed an arbour near the house. Our negroes stood at some distance, and looked at ZIMEO with sentiments of curiosity and admiration.

“My friends,” said he, “the great ORISSA knows that ZIMEO was not born cruel; but the whites have torn



me from the idol of my heart, from the wise MATOMBA, who brought up my youth, and the young beauty, the partner of my life. My friends, insults and misfortunes have not overwhelmed me; I have always felt my heart. Your white men have only half a soul, they can neither love nor hate; their only passion is for gold; we have them all, and all are extreme. Souls like ours cannot sink under misfortune; but our hatred is frenzy. The negro, born to love, when he is forced to hate becomes a tiger, a leopard; and I am become one; I am the chief of a nation; I am rich, yet I pass my days in sorrow; I regret those I have lost; I see them with the eye of thought; I talk to them, and I weep.

“ But after having wept, I often feel a desire to shed blood, to hear the cries of murdered whites, and I have satisfied this horrid desire ; but that blood and those cries only sharpen my despair.

“ Men of peace, turn not away your hearts from the unfortunate ZIMEO. You can procure him a vessel, you can conduct it ; they are not far from this island, those beings necessary to my heart.”

At that moment two of WILMOUTH'S youngest slaves prostrated themselves before ZIMEO. “ Ah ! ” cried he, “ do you come from *Benin* ? did you know me ? ” “ Yes,” said the youngest of the negroes, “ we were born the subjects of

the powerful DAMEL,\* thy father: my companion saw thee at his court, and I saw thy youth in the village of *Onebo*. Perfidious wretches tore us from our parents; but WILMOUTH is our father."

The negro had scarcely pronounced these words when he left us with precipitation; ZIMEO, made a motion to stop him, and embraced the other negro, at whom he looked with affection, he seemed to look with more satisfaction on the country of *Jamaica*, and breathe the air with more pleasure, since it was common to him with several natives of *Benin*.

\* The name of the sovereign of a part of *Africa*.

After a moment's silence, he said to us; "attend, O men of peace! to the unfortunate ZIMEO; his only hope is in you; he deserves your pity; attend to his cruel adventures.

"The great DAMEL, whose heir I am, had sent me, according to the ancient custom of *Benin*, among the labourers of *Onebo*, who were to finish my education. It was confided to MATOMBA, the wisest among them, the wisest of men. He had been long one of our greatest chiefs: and in my father's council he had often prevented harm, and done good. While still young he had retired to the village where the heirs of the empire had been brought up for many ages. There

MATOMBA enjoyed the earth, the heavens, and his own conscience. Quarrels, indolence, lying, deceivers, priests, and hardness of heart, are unknown in the village of *Onebo*. Young princes can see nothing there but good examples. The wise MATOMBA soon cured me of the sentiments of priests, and indolence, with which my nurses and the court had inspired me. I cultivated the ground like my master's servants, like himself. I was instructed in the details of agriculture, the source of riches.—I was taught the necessity of being just, imposed upon all men, that they may bring up their children, and cultivate their fields in peace.—I was taught that princes are in the same situation, with regard to

each other, as the labourers of *Onebo*, that they must be just to one another, that their people and themselves may live happy.

“My master had a daughter, the young *ELLAROE*, I loved her, and soon learned that I was beloved.—I saw nothing in nature but her, she saw nothing but me. Her parents made a good use of the passion we had for each other.

“I followed the instructions of *MA-TOMBA* in hopes of making myself more worthy of *ELLAROE*: and the desire of obtaining my heart made every thing easy to her. My success was for her, and her's was for me; I had spent five years in this delicious retirement, and

I was in hopes of obtaining my father's consent to marry ELLAROE. I was charmed to think that ELLAROE would be my companion on the throne, and in every age; I extended my passion through every period of my life with transport.

“ I expected my father's answer when two Portuguese merchant ships anchored on our coast. They sold us instruments of husbandry, domestic utensils, and some of those trifling ornaments of which young people are fond; in exchange we gave them ivory and gold dust, they wished to purchase slaves, but only criminals are sold in *Benin*, and there are none in the canton of *Onebo*. From them I learnt something

of the arts and manners of *Europe*, and often thought them contradictory. You know how passionately fond the negroes are of music and dancing. The Portuguese had many instruments entirely unknown to us; and they every night played us airs that were delightful: the youth of the village assembled and danced round them; I danced with ELLAROE.

“The Portuguese often brought us wines, liquors, and fruits that pleased our taste, from their ships.—They sought our friendship, and we loved them sincerely.—One day they announced to us that they were obliged soon to return to their country: this news distressed the whole village, but



no one so much as ELLAROE. They informed us of the day of their departure with tears, and told us they would not regret parting with us so much if they could have given us an entertainment in their ships. They pressed us to come aboard next day, with the handsomest young people in the village. We went accordingly, conducted by MATOMBA, and some old men who were to maintain good order.

“*Onebo* is but five miles from the sea ; we arrived there an hour after sun-rise ; we saw two ships close by each other ; they were covered with branches of trees, and the sails and cordage were ornamented with flowers. As soon as they saw us they began a concert of

singing and musical instruments ; this concert, and these preparations, announced to as an agreeable entertainment. The Portuguese came to meet us ; they divided our troop ; and we went aboard the ships in equal numbers.

“ As soon as we were on board - two guns were fired from them ; the concert ceased ; we were loaded with chains, and the ships set sail.”

When ZIMEO came to this part of his story he stopped ; at length he continued ; “ Yes, my friends, those men on whom we had lavished our riches and confidence, carried us off to sell us with criminals they had bought at *Benin* : I felt at once the misfortunes

of ELLAROE, that of MATOMBA, and my own: I loaded the Portuguese with threats and reproaches, I bit my chains, I wished to die; but a look from ELLAROE changed my resolution: the monsters had not separated me from her, MATOMBA was in the other ship.

“ Three of our young men and a young girl killed themselves: I exhorted ELLAROE to follow their example; but the pleasure of loving, and being beloved, attached her to life. The Portuguese told us they meant to make us as happy as we had been in our own country; and she hoped, at least, that we should remain together, and that she might again see her father. After having wept the loss of our liberty for some days,

the pleasure of being always together dried the tears of ELLAROE, and softened my despair.

“ During the few moments we were not constrained by the presence of our tyrants, ELLAROE, pressing me in her arms, said, “ O, my friend, let us support each other, and we shall resist every thing: happy with you, of what can I complain? and what kind of happiness would you purchase at the expence of that we at present enjoy? These words restored to me my usual courage, and I had no other fear than that of being separated from ELLAROE.

“ We had been more than a month at sea: the breeze was faint, and our

progress slow; at last the wind fell entirely. For some days the Portuguese had given us no more provisions than was just sufficient to keep us alive.

“Two negroes, who had resolved to die, had refused all sustenance, and they secretly sent us the bread and dates that were given them: I concealed them with care, that I might prolong the life of ELLAROE.

“The calm continued; not a wave, not even a swell, disturbed the immense surface of the sea, to which our vessel seemed fixed, and the air was as tranquil as the water. Our eyes incessantly wandered over the uniform and boundless space terminated only by the

horizon, which seemed to inclose us in a vast tomb. Sometimes we mistook the undulations of the light for a motion of the waves; but this error was of short duration.

“At other times when we were walking on the deck, we mistook the resistance of the air for wind, but the moment we stood still, we found ourselves surrounded by an universal calm.

“Our tyrants soon reserved the few provisions that remained for themselves, and ordered that part of the blacks should be the food of the rest. I cannot tell you whether this law, so worthy of those of your race, or the manner in which it was received, filled me with

most horror. In every countenance I read a greedy joy, a gloomy terror, a barbarous hope; I saw these unfortunate companions of the same slavery observe each other with the voracious attention of tigers.

“The first victims were chosen among those who were most extenuated by hunger; they were two young girls of the village of *Onebo*. I still hear the cries of these unfortunate girls; I still see the tears that bedewed the faces of their famished companions who devoured them.

“The small stock of provisions which I had concealed from our tyrants had supported ELLAROE'S strength and

mine: we were sure of not being sacrificed. We had still some dates, and we threw the horrible portions that were presented to us into the sea, without being perceived.

“ The morning after the dreadful day that our companions had begun to devour one another, when the sun was just rising above the horizon, we had a little hope: there came on a haze, which might have formed clouds, and given us a breeze, but the fog was soon dispersed, and the ship preserved its tranquil and fatal serenity.

“ Hope had at first revived the spirits of blacks and whites; for a moment the vessel was in a tumult of unbounded



joy; but when the fog was dispersed it was succeeded by sullen despair; our very tyrants were discouraged; they were too much exhausted to watch over us; and at night when they all retired I was left upon deck with ELLAROE; we were alone, and when she perceived it she pressed me in her arms; I pressed her in mine; I had never seen so lively or tender an expression in her countenance; I had never before experienced even in her presence the ardour, the palpitation, the agitation that I felt at that moment.

“ We remained a long time without speaking in each other's arms: O thou whom I had chosen to be my companion on the throne, thou shall be at least my

companion till death! Ah ZIMEO, answered she, perhaps the great ORISSA will preserve my life, and I shall still be yours. ELLAROE, said I, if these monsters had not forced us from our country, my father would have chosen you for my wife, as your father had chosen me for your husband. It is true, said she.—O my dear ELLAROE, do we still depend upon my father's will, and must we wait for orders we cannot receive? No, no, far from our parents, torn from our country, we need only obey our hearts. O ZIMEO, cried she, bathing my face with her tears.—ELLAROE, said I, you weep at this moment, your love is cold. Ah, said she, behold by the light of the moon that sea without a swell; cast

your eyes on the sails of the ship, and see how immoveable they are; behold the traces of the blood of my two friends upon the deck; see how few dates we have left: well ZIMEO, be my husband and I am satisfied.

“Saying these words, she redoubled her caresses. We swore in the presence of the great ORISSA to be united, whatever should be our fate, and we abandoned ourselves to a thousand pleasures, till then unknown to us. They made us forget slavery, present death, the loss of an empire, the hopes of vengeance, every thing; and we felt nothing but the transports of love; when we had enjoyed them for some time our illusion disappeared, and we saw our

situation in all its horrors; as our senses became calm the truth became evident: dejected, in each other's arms, the calm into which we had fallen was as sad and profound as that of nature.

“ Out of this stupor I was roused by a cry from ELLAROE; I looked at her; her eyes sparkled with joy: she pointed to the sails and cordage that were in motion: we felt the agitation of the sea; a fresh breeze sprung up, and carried the two ships in three days to *Porto Bello*.

“ Again I saw MATOMBA: he bathed me with his tears; he embraced his daughter; he approved our marriage. Will you believe it, my friends, the hap-

piness of being restored to MATOMBA, of being the husband of ELLAROE, the charms of her love, and the joy at her having escaped such cruel dangers, suspended in me for a time the sentiment of my sufferings: I was tempted to love my slavery; ELLAROE was happy, and her father seemed consoled. Yes, I should even perhaps have forgiven the monsters who had betrayed us; but ELLAROE and her father were sold to an inhabitant of *Porto Bello*, and I was sold to one of your countrymen, who carried slaves into the *Antilles*.

“ It was this moment that changed me, that gave me that passion for vengeance, that thirst for blood, that makes me shudder when I think of ELLAROE,

whose very image still softens my heart.

“When our fate was decided, my wife and her father threw themselves at the feet of the monsters who separated us; I threw myself beside them: useless shame! they deigned not to listen to us. When they were going to carry me off, my wife, with wild looks, outstretched arms, and dreadful cries—I hear them still,—my wife sprung forwards towards me; I disengaged myself from the monsters who held me; I received ELLAROE in my arms, and clasped her to my heart: she clasped her arms about me, and without reasoning, as if by instinct, each of us clenched our hands together, formed a

chain round the other: many cruelly made vain efforts to separate us; I felt that these would not be long useless. I was resolved to take away my life; but how could I leave my dear ELLAROE in this dreadful world? I was going to lose her; I hoped nothing, I feared every thing, all my thoughts were barbarous; torrents of tears ran down my cheeks, and I uttered nothing but inarticulate groans, like the roaring of a lion fatigued with the combat; and taking my hands from ELLAROE'S waist, I grasped them round her neck—O, great ORISSA!—the whites tore my wife from my frantic hands: when we were wrenched asunder she shrieked:—I saw her put her hands to her neck to complete my fatal design; she was

prevented : she looked at me ; her eyes, her countenance, her attitude, the inarticulate sounds that proceeded from her mouth, all expressed despair and love. I was brought aboard the ship of your countrymen, I was bound and placed so that I could not attempt any thing against my own life ; but I could not be forced to take any food ; my sea tyrants first employed threats, they then made me suffer tortures, which whites alone can invent :—I resisted every thing.

“ A negro born at *Benin*, who had been for two years the slave of my new masters, had compassion on me ; he told me we were going to *Jamaica*, and that in that island it was easy to recover



liberty: he spoke to me of the Maroons, and of the republic they had established in the centre of the island: he told me these negroes sometimes took possession of English ships, and made expeditions against the Spanish islands; he gave me hopes that it was possible to deliver ELLAROE and her father, and roused in my heart the ideas of vengeance, and the hopes of love:

“ I consented to live; you see why: I am already avenged; but I must find the idols of my heart; I must, or I renounce life. My friends, take all my riches, equip a vessel.”

ZIMEO was interrupted by the arrival of FRANCISCO, supported by the young

negro who had first recognized his prince. The moment ZIMEO perceived them he exclaimed, "O my father—O MATOMBA!" he ran to meet him, scarcely able to pronounce the name of ELLAROE. "She lives, and weeps for you," said MATOMBA: "she is here. There," said he, pointing to me, "is the man who saved us."

ZIMEO embraced MATOMBA, WILMOUTH, and me, by turns, repeating very quick, and in the most frantic manner, "lead me to her, lead me to her." We were going towards the little fortress where the women were shut up, when we saw MARIAN, or rather ELLAROE, flying towards us. The same negro who had met MATOMBA had gone to seek her.

She came trembling, her face bathed in tears, raising her hands and eyes to heaven, and repeating in a stifled voice, "ZIMEO, ZIMEO."

She had given her child to the negro who brought her: when she had embraced her husband, she presented him the infant: "ZIMEO there is thy son; it is for his sake that MATOMBA and I have supported life."

ZIMEO took the child, kissed it with transport; and exclaimed: "he shall not be the slave of the whites; the son that ELLAROE has given me shall not be the slave of the whites." "Without him, without him," said ELLAROE, "I should have left this world, where I

could not find the beloved of my heart." This most affecting discourse was followed by the tenderest caresses; they interrupted them to embrace their child: they presented him to each other, but their principal attention was soon bestowed upon us, and in exhibiting their gratitude. I never saw any man, not even a negro, express this delicious sentiment with so much energy.

Advice was brought to ZIMEO that the English troops were on their march: he made his retreat in good order.— ELLAROE and MATOMBA melted into tears at parting with us, and insisted upon bearing the name of our slaves as long as they lived: they conjured us to follow them to the mountain: we

promised to go, and see them as soon as peace should be concluded between the Maroons and our colony.

I have already kept my word to them, and I intend again to enjoy the virtues, the sense, and the friendship of ZIMEO, MATOMBA, and ELLAROE.

## CHAP. II.

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From the same to the same.

*Hampstead.*

It is so long since I have heard from you, my dear friend, that I begin to believe you have for once allowed your melancholy to get the better of you, and have not sufficiently exerted the great powers of your mind to combat it. I know that at some

times it is more difficult than at others : but when that is the case you should endeavour to divert your mind by abstract study. I am aware you will say: "how easy it is for those who have never experienced a situation to counsel with regard to the conduct we should pursue in it!" But should you be tempted to say this in a moment of low spirits, I am sure your reason would not ratify this decision, when it has resumed its usual authority over your mind.

'Tis true, I have not known such misfortunes as yours, but I certainly have not enjoyed that course of uninterrupted prosperity, which too often makes people insensible to the

misfortunes of others, because however good their hearts may be, they have not had occasion to reflect much.

You have often told me that you thought me serious for my age, and that my temper was even more subdued than yours; I think this is easily accounted for. You met with no misfortunes till you were pretty far advanced in life; your days were tranquil, and occupied, and your character respected till your most unjust and unmerited confinement in that *palace of vengeance*: whereas, on the contrary, I was familiarized with the misfortunes of private life from my infancy. I was neither the favorite of my father, nor mother, who, though an amiable woman, was too weak to form



an opinion for herself; besides her eldest son engrossed all her tenderness. A preference given to any among a family, affects the mind much sooner than parents are aware. This, early made me serious. I was naturally fond of study, and I addicted myself more to it to amuse my mind. The writings of our philosophers, in particular, formed my character, which made a still wider difference between me, and the rest of my family.

My eldest brother, who had been spoiled by indulgence, and who was a libertine and a profligate, pretended to think my *atheism* (as he foolishly called it) dangerous. Not that he believed so himself, but he knew that many people

would either think so in reality, or think it their interest to say so. The real reason of his hatred towards me was the *independence of my spirit*.

Finding no congenial mind to my own in our family (for your CLARA was then too young to be my companion), I sought for connections in the world. My turn of mind prevented me from giving into what was called gallantry, I therefore endeavoured to find friends. I was not fortunate in my choice: though I was serious my temper was sanguine, and whenever I found a young man who resembled me in a few points, I flattered myself I had found a friend for life, and I abandoned myself to him with all the warmth of

youth, and the effusion of a heart long restrained; but I soon saw that the young men of my own age were too dissipated and light to be capable of what I call friendship; and those farther advanced in life, too much employed in interested and ambitious pursuits. The first of these only liked to converse upon the subjects of my studies, by way of turning the lessons they had received in their youth into ridicule; the second were afraid that the firmness and boldness of my principles might hurt their worldly interests if their connection with me was known.

The calumnies that had been circulated against me, by my own family, were believed by many, and

those who affected to despise them still thought that I had need of their protection, to avoid being absolutely abandoned, and treated me accordingly. This I could not brook: my own country became irksome to me, and I sought to dissipate my mind by taking a part in the active and useful struggle for liberty in *America*.

In this I succeeded for some time, but the narrow-minded and interested views of my comrades, engaged with me in this struggle, disgusted me; I scarcely found a congenial soul, and I lived almost as much alone in the camp as I had done at *Paris*.

In my solitary hours, however, I

profited more than I had done in society. I had time to reflect upon my imprudence, upon the unreasonableness of expecting that men ill brought up are to act well. I came at last to direct my attention to the means of improving mankind, and the possibility of effecting it: my sentiments of hatred were gradually changed into an habitual *sentiment of compassion, not of contempt*; and I forgot my own private feelings of disappointment, in an ardent wish for the amelioration and deliverance of the human race.

When I returned home, I was confirmed in these sentiments by the acquaintance I made with some of our amiable and virtuous philosophers. I

found that I had formed too harsh a judgment of mankind; and upon observing how much these philosophers had suffered from the illiberality and jealousy of their cotemporaries, I was ashamed of myself for having thought my misfortunes singular, or having repined at them, when so many greater and better men had suffered so much more.

Since then, my dear friend, I have found so much benefit from abstracting my thoughts from my own misfortunes, (though they were certainly far from being equal to your's) I hope that you will forgive me for recommending the same method to you.

I have nothing new to write to you

since my last letter. We have hardly ever seen FERVAC since; his visits are short, and his manner rather distant: at this I am not surprized; and ANGELICA agrees with me, that it is much better to take no notice of it, and wait till the violence of his passion subsides a little.

Farewell, my friend: believe me, that none can take a more sincere or tender interest in every thing that concerns you than

Your most affectionate friend,

VILLEFRANCHE.

P. S. To fill up my paper, and I trust gratify you as well, I copy a fine

sonnet by a gentleman we have been lately introduced to here.

### SONNET,

TO A WINTER ROSE IN FULL BLOOM AT CHRISTMAS,

INSCRIBED TO THE

*(not by Title only, but in reality)*

RIGHT HONORABLE LADY VISCOUNTESS GAGE.

Loud howls the northern blast across the plain,  
 The eddyng snow high drifted skirts the hill,  
 And bare is every tree, and bound each rill,  
 As nature's beauties ne'er would glow again,  
 Yet blushing, lovely ROSE! thou bloomest still:  
 Pure emblem of a mind serenely gay,  
 Where conscious rectitude, and nought of ill  
 Gives to its owner a perpetual MAY.  
 The scourge of malice, and the gripe of power,  
 Assail in vain, the firm unshaken soul,  
 The self approving and the virtuous breast,  
 When CARE's black gathering clouds around it  
 lower,  
 Superior to the tempests as they roll,  
 Blooms mid the storm, looks forward; and is  
 blest.



From M. DE VOLENCE to M. DE  
VILLEFRANCHE.

*Scellières.*

I am not surprised, my dear friend, that you should accuse me of allowing myself to be overwhelmed by melancholy: I have been so unpardonably long in writing to you that you could impute it to nothing else. I am sure however you will be happy to hear that this has not been the case. I followed the excellent advice you gave me in your last letter long before I received it. I had endeavoured to abstract my mind by deep studies on morals and politics, and I had so completely succeeded that I really forgot the time as it slipped away. I know you are so

disinterested as to be better pleased with this excuse than any I can give you.

The history you have given me of your own life interested me very much. It is not necessary to have come through great and astonishing misfortunes to have reflected much: there are enough in common life for any one who makes use of his reason to profit by; and I cannot help thinking that the rational history of such a life as yours, would be very useful to society.

I am delighted with ANGELICA'S idea of converting JULIA: it is very like her: but I think your reasons for not encouraging her to visit her are too

good to be contradicted, and I know ANGELICA is too reasonable to persist.

If you were long in finding a friend, my dear VILLEFRANCHE, you have at last found a most amiable and tender one; she is worthy of such a husband as you, and that is saying every thing I can say. How happy your children will be! Are you not impatient for little CLARA's being old enough to understand you? You may, however, have begun the outlines of education with MARIA.

I am impatient to hear what will become of FERVAC's passion: I augur no good of it: however I cannot help pitying JULIA. Surely one should

attribute her faults more to her bad education, and the bad laws of society, than to herself. Indeed this is generally the case.

Tuus ex animo.

P. S. You shall hear from me sooner next time. Don't punish me by writing less frequently; your letters give me the greatest pleasure I can enjoy after your personal friendship.

From M. DE VILLEFRANCHE to  
M. DE VOLENCE.

*Hampstead.*

I am delighted to hear you had so good an excuse for not writing to me, my dear friend, and I hope I shall

be recompensed for your silence, by being permitted to share in the fruit of your labours. You are not among the class of those indolent philosophers who think that every thing is well, provided they are so, and who only enjoy the superiority of their knowledge as it flatters their self-love, and distinguishes them from the vulgar. “Zeal for truth is likewise a passion;” and whatever the cold and phlegmatick may say to the contrary, they are no more to be depended upon than the assertion of a blind man, who should deny the existence of light and colour.

I hope it is your intention to publish your work: it is probable you will soon find it easier than it has hitherto been;

at any rate, as you are going to *Switzerland*, you can readily get it printed there.

We shall probably join you in that country in a few months; I think by the end of February we shall have had enough of *England*. I hope that before you leave *Scellières*, you will have got some intelligence of *EUGENIA*.

The information I have to give you of *FERVAC* is very curious: his fair one has deserted him for a young Irish adventurer. Our chevalier is at present in despair. This is not the time for lessons. He has left his lodgings and is come to our house, where since his arrival he has chiefly confined himself

to his room. Poor young man! I see his has been a serious passion, and her's not: for the present therefore he is surely much to be pitied, though this present chagrin may be afterwards of great service to him. Not that I am of opinion that the lost sheep is better than the ninety-nine that never went astray; but when people have had the misfortune to be ill educated, they must make up in experience what they want in instruction: it is sometimes dear bought it is true; but it is therefore more precious.

You may believe, that neither ANGELICA or I indulge ourselves in the least ridicule on this subject. On such an occasion ridicule is an insult;

we should lose his confidence for ever, and deserve to lose it. As he knew that neither of us approved of his attachment, this forbearance of ours pleases and soothes his mind. We flatter ourselves that when he is completely cured, he may make a rational marriage with some amiable and sensible young woman, who may make him happy for life. But this is far off: should we let him escape, I would not answer for his not taking JULIA back, should she chance to tire of her new conquest.

My wife is sanguine with regard to her brother's cure: she often thinks EUGENIA might effect it; and as her imagination is strong, she paints the



happiness she would enjoy were she her sister. All this while she forgets she is still in the convent. She is very apt to look upon the right side of the picture; and it shall be my care to prevent her seeing as little of the wrong as possible.

Farewell, my friend. I love you with all my heart.

From the same to the same.

*Hampstead.*

As I have never heard from you, my dear friend, since I wrote last, I take it for granted you have as good a reason as for your last silence, therefore, instead of scolding you, I shall proceed to give you an account of the

progress of FERVAC'S conversion. We begun it by endeavouring to dissipate his mind; for which purpose, I have gone much more into public than I should otherwise have thought of doing. I think he as much needs a *chaperon*, as any young girl I ever saw.

I have gone with him several times to the theatre, though I cannot say I expect that this will form the *heart* and *mind* (as our fashionable writers say); for I think that the English theatre, is seldom addressed to either, at least in the plays I have seen. You cannot conceive how extraordinary they appear to a Frenchman, accustomed to VOLTAIRE'S and RACINE'S tragedies, and MOLIERE'S comedies. Not but we

have some plays as bad as can be, but they have none so good as our best. Indeed the art is not the same.

CONGREVE and WICHERLY'S comedies are certainly very witty, more so than MOLIERE'S, but what does that signify? the moral is in some of them absolutely null, and in most of them pernicious. It is a rake triumphant, a husband deceived, a pert chamber-maid, or an ignorant country girl, who constantly fill up the stage; and it is generally the worst character in the piece that is triumphant, and attains all its ends. Even SHERIDAN'S comedies are not free from these faults, though they are certainly admirably written: but I cannot approve of the School for

Scandal; tis true the ridicule thrown upon this silly vice is well pointed, yet there is full as much thrown on virtue; not in the person of JOSEPH SURFACE, for his conduct is bad; but on the sentiments put in his mouth, because there is no person in the play who acts up to these sentiments, to counter-balance the bad effect JOSEPH'S conduct must produce on every unthinking reader and spectator, and you know the number of them is very great.

It is a miserable bad imitation of TARTUFFE, for there the ridicule falls alone on the practises of religion, whereas in the School for Scandal it is directed so as to fall on morality; there is not one young man who would not

rather be CHARLES than JOSEPH SURFACE, though it is difficult to say which character is most contemptible.

I am not much better pleased with the English tragedies than their comedies. I have seen the famous Mrs. SIDDONS in three characters, BELVIDERA, ZARA, and Lady RANDOLPH. She is certainly a most admirable actress, though I think her more inimitable in the impassioned than in the tender parts; for instance, she would do our SEMIRAMIS and MEROPE better than our AMENAIDE and ZAIRE. But she was certainly made for the English tragedy; she seems to enjoy horrors. Her acting, for instance, in the mad

scene of BELVIDERA is perfect, but who would wish to see such a scene? Don't you agree with me, that the author pays no compliment to the sensibility of the audience, when he has recourse to such means to move it?

In the character of ZARA, Mrs. SIDDONS is sublime, though the play is far from being so. DOUGLAS pleases me better than any play I have seen in *England*; but the author has pillaged a great deal from VOLTAIRE, especially from MEROPE, without acknowledging his obligations, and spoiled what he has pillaged.

The English accuse us of making

long speeches where we should act, and say that our rhyme is so unnatural that it is impossible to accustom the ear to it. But unless the heroes express themselves in prose (in which case the tragic art would soon no longer exist) I cannot see why blank verse is so much more natural than rhyme, if it is marked enough to be called verse at all, especially as the English tragedy style is as bombast as that of RACINE and VOLTAIRE is simple.

I will give you some specimens of DOUGLAS, which is thought one of their most simple plays. The first is from a soliloquy, and is therefore the more absurd:

Eventful day, how hast thou chang'd my state!  
Once on the cold and winter shaded side  
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,  
Never to thrive, child of another soil.  
Transplanted now to the gay, sunny vale,  
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.

Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host!  
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd!  
Hear, and record my soul's unalter'd wish!  
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!  
May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane  
To give a bold defiance to our host!  
Before he speaks it out, I will accept;  
Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.

This is a long quotation; but I could not forbear going through with it, as I thought it would amuse you. I shall now compare NORVAL'S speech with that of EGISTE'S in MEROPE, from which it is evidently taken, and shall



transcribe both scenes that you may judge of them\*.

It is useless to make any remarks on these two scenes. The judicious reader will be surprised how any author could publish a copy so inferior to the original. This scene of Merope has always appeared to me a master-piece of beauty and simplicity. I do not think VOLTAIRE, in any of his pieces, ever wrote any thing superior to it.

I think my theatrical criticisms have

\* It having been suggested to the author that some readers might object to the pages of his book being thus filled up, he has omitted these, though he cannot but advise a reference to the two scenes adverted to, as a great gratification to the literary and critical amateur.

led me away from FERVAC, and his love; but if they are too long it is your own fault, for you desired me to communicate to you my reflections on every subject.

FERVAC is considerably better; he can now hear reason on the subject of his passion: but we do not overload him with it; we must wait till his convalescence is compleated. He has just enough of his former love left to prevent him from falling into a new attachment; and before he is cured of that I hope to be able to throw a little reason into the empty scale to counterbalance it, if he should. To make this easier, we are going a tour through *Wales*, that his mind may be interested

by its romantic scenery; for he is not yet so corrupted as to have taken a decided aversion to the country; and ANGELICA is so fond of it that I am in hopes she will communicate part of her enthusiasm to her brother.

As the children are with us our journeys will be slow, and it will be near a month before we return here; but it will be better not to change the address of your letters, as I shall not stay long enough at any one place to be certain of receiving them.

Pray continue to write, however; for if I don't find several letters from you at my return, I shall be very much disappointed: besides, the twelve-month

is near expired, and we are very anxious to hear of EUGENIA.

This is an enormous epistle : but if I did not think you received as much pleasure in reading as I have in writing my letters, you would not hear from one who loves you with all his heart.

Farewell !

VILLEFRANCHE.

From M. DE VOLENCE to M. DE  
VILLEFRANCHE.

*Scellières.*

I went to the convent yesterday, my dear friend, to enquire for EUGENIA. I was told I could not see her ;

I insisted, but to no purpose: I was informed no male visitors were admitted at the grate, that the Vicar-General had given this order, and that the Abbess would not disobey it. I asked if sister EUGENIA was in good health, I received no answer, and the door was shut. I went instantly to MADAME DE FERVAC to make further enquiries; I did not wait long for an answer. The moment I asked for EUGENIA I was interrogated in my turn, how I could be such an hypocrite as to enquire what was become of a nun, whom I had sacrilegiously seduced, and carried off. I in vain assured her of my innocence, and even of my ignorance that she had escaped. - "Dont attempt to deny it," said she, "you are well enough known:

this is not the first exploit of the kind of which you have been the hero."

Expostulation would have been ridiculous; I therefore took leave, and returned home. But the hint dropped by your mother-in-law is sufficient to shew me that I am not secure in this neighbourhood. I shall therefore leave it to-night for *Switzerland*.

Could I be of any service to poor EUGENIA I would not quit this country so quietly. Some mystery hangs over EUGENIA's fate. I doubt the truth of her escape, though I am afraid her design of attempting one has been discovered, in which case she will find it difficult to effect it.

Your letters to me will be forwarded to *Switzerland*, and I will write to you from thence whenever I arrive.

From M. DE VILLEFRANCHE to  
M. DE VOLENCE.

*Worcester.*

As I have been detained by bad weather in this place, my dear friend, I cannot employ my time better than in writing to you. We have had a very pleasant excursion through some part of *Wales*, and the west of *England*.

The country in *Wales* is romantic and beautiful, and in the west of *England* it is often rich, and highly cultivated; but I cannot say I thought the people in the lower ranks so per-

fectly happy as I was taught to believe they were. 'Tis true they are neither so poor, nor so much oppressed as the peasants in our country; but they are not what they ought to be.

The nation is not here divided into two classes, the one born to oppress, and the other to be oppressed, as it is with us; but the property is quite as unequally divided, which in fact soon leads to consequences equally bad with those which take place amongst us, from inequality of rank.

Luxury in this country is carried to as great a height as amongst us, and its consequences are equally pernicious. The great fortunes too that are made by



trade, and speculation, are other sources of corruption.

When I say that luxury is pernicious, pray do not think I mean that it can ever be checked by any of the methods proposed by PLATO, FENELON, ROUSSEAU, or HELVETIUS. Luxury is only the effect of the inequality of property, and unless the causes of that inequality are removed, luxury neither can, nor ought to be checked.

Philosophers are certainly right to dwell upon the advantages of beneficence and economy, when they cannot change the laws, in the same manner as they are right to dwell upon the advantages of toleration when they cannot

destroy an established church ; but though individuals may profit by their lectures, they will never influence the conduct of a nation ; and the nation at large must improve the laws, before any real change can take place for the better.

When property is equally divided among the children, and when individuals are not allowed to derange public order, by disposing of what does not belong to them, after their death, the grievances complained of will cease, for it is not luxury that is the cause of these grievances, *it is the effect, not the cause.*

The declaimers against luxury forget,

that a legislature has no more right to prevent a rich man spending his fortune on superfluities, than to prevent a poor man from purchasing necessaries. It is true, that if the rich man is well educated, he will prefer his using wisely to abusing profligately his fortune ; but this is not the question.

These philosophers likewise forget, that besides, that the regulations they propose are unjust, they have the misfortune to be impracticable.

Riches and poverty are only relative terms ; where does the one end, and the other begin ? In short, the idea of correcting the manners of a nation before correcting its laws is purely chimerical.

I cannot help thinking, that the dispute upon luxury has been much misunderstood. The philosophers who have defended, and those who have blamed it, have each only looked at one side of the subject, like the two travellers who came by opposite paths to the statue of MINERVA, and disputed about her gold and silver shield: if they had given themselves the trouble to examine both sides of it, they would have seen that they were both right.

You know we have often heard that the farmers in *England* are much happier than those in *France*, this is certainly true: but this alone will not prove that the lower ranks are so; for in general the farmers of this country

do not belong to that class : they are in a manner proprietors themselves ; but the people do not enjoy all the advantages they would were they really so. These farmers have only education enough to know the shortest and easiest way of making money, but not enough to give them the wish to make the people happier. Their only study is to get their work done as cheap as possible ; consequently the fewer hands they employ the more improvement they think they have made in their art. This occasions a great number of hands idle, and they of course seek employment in manufactories, which is a more precarious way of life.

I do not however pretend that the

large farms in *England* are more pernicious than the very small ones in *France*. I think it would be difficult to say which extreme is the worst: if the one *corrupts*; the other *degrades* the inhabitants.

There is certainly more corn raised in *England* than in *France*; but when by corn laws it is rendered the property of rich merchants and monopolizers, I confess I don't see that this is so great an advantage as the advocates for very large farms pretend.

Farewell, my friend; I will write to you again whenever we return to town. My wife is delighted with her tour, but will not allow the west of *England* to

be any thing comparable to the south of  
*France.*

FERVAC says that *Italy* is much  
finer than either, but there is a reason  
for that.

We embrace you with all our hearts,

VILLEFRANCHE.

## CHAP. III.

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From the same to the same.

*Hampstead.*

THE account you give us of what has happened in the convent, my dear friend, distressed and astonished us very much. We found too a letter from MADAME DE FERVAC informing us that EUGENIA had escaped by your assistance.



We are lost in conjecture. What can become of her! Is it a story of the Abbess's to conceal the having confined her, or can it be true that EUGENIA has met with some young man who was willing to assist her in her escape, and that he succeeded in effecting it? We are at a loss what to believe, or what to do.

If it is true that she has escaped, our search for her may discover her residence to her enemies, and if it is not true, how can we discover the falsehood? My wife is tempted to think that she got away some time ago, and that the Abbess only made use of the pretext of having secluded her from society for a year, to avoid the scandal of publishing

an elopement from her convent, the success of which might encourage her nuns much more, than the dangers attending it would intimidate them.

For my own part, I who am not so sanguine, am of a quite contrary opinion, I think the escape is a fable to conceal the imprisonment. I am afraid she may have been seen returning from her conference with you, and as she is high spirited and violent, her answers may have discovered to the Abbess that she was throwing off trammels and prejudices ; and you know the crime of making use of reason is, of all others, that which priestly tyranny can the least forgive : an assignation would not have been punished half so severely : In

convents they have an interest in pardoning these misdemeanors, unless when they are made the pretext for punishing some greater crime.

You will easily believe, however, that I have not communicated these suspicions to my wife; it would be distressing her needlessly, especially as she would accuse herself more than ever for having been accessory to her misfortunes, as it was she who taught her to think. We must therefore have patience till our return to *France*, when we can pass by *Scellières*, and examine this affair by ourselves.

If EUGENIA has made her escape we shall certainly soon hear from her;

and if she has not, we shall then make use of the authority of the civil power to be admitted to her.

In the mean time, my friend, I am glad you have left *France*. The report that you had assisted in the escape of a nun was probably framed by some malicious and secret enemy; but whether believed or not, it might have ruined you; and could the government have identified your person I cannot bear to think of what might have been the consequences.

Let me know soon where and how you are, and whether you intend to reside in *Switzerland* for any time: if you do I have a project—but I will

not tell you what it is till I know your intentions, lest it should constrain them.

My wife, who takes the warmest interest in every thing that concerns you, joins me in assuring you of our constant attachment.

Ever most truly yours,

VILLEFRANCHE.

From M. DE VOLENCE to M. DE  
VILLEFRANCHE.

*Lausanne.*

I would not write to you, my dear friend, till I heard of your return: besides, I have changed my place of residence so often, that I

should not have had time. I am in the same uncertainty as you are, with regard to the fate of EUGENIA, though I am afraid your conjecture is the most probable; however, I am perfectly of your opinion, that no further enquiry should be made at present, and that the quieter you remain, the more chance you have of knowing the truth. I know this resolution is difficult to keep; but by hazarding too much, we should lose every thing.

In six months. at farthest, I hope you will leave *England*; so that your uncertainty will not be long.

I am impatient to hear what project you mean. Why should you be afraid

of constraining my intentions? You know you cannot give me so great a pleasure as the opportunity of obliging you in any thing: but to make you entirely easy that whatever you may propose will not confine me here, I have resolved to stay at or near *Lausanne* all the winter, and travel through the part of *Switzerland* I have not already seen, in the spring.

You say nothing of your *Welsh* tour; but you were so much taken up with *EUGENIA*, that I am not surprized at it. If it gave you as much pleasure as mine has given me, you must have enjoyed a great deal.

I have travelled through the *Pays de*

*Ger*, where, I need not tell you, I visited *Ferney*.

The enthusiasm one experiences, when walking in the same walks, or sitting in the same rooms, where such celebrated works have been composed, by so celebrated a man as VOLTAIRE, is very great. The feeling inspired by a character like his, is not confined to sterile admiration: this would have been due to his superior talents; but to these superior talents were joined the most amiable and benevolent qualities, such as must inspire every generous bosom and feeling heart with the enthusiasm of affection.

This is the sentiment I have always



experienced for VOLTAIRE; but at *Ferney* it was excited more exquisitely by every thing I saw. You cannot conceive how he is still adored there. The inhabitants whom he there assembled, and made happy, cannot even now speak of him without shedding tears. They tell innumerable anecdotes of his benevolence, which would prove to the most sceptical, that he was actuated solely *by the love of mankind*, and not by the love of glory, which has been supposed by many of those who took upon them to blame or praise his character, without understanding it.

The *soi-disant* orator, LA HARPE, pretends that the love of glory was his ruling passion: probably because he

himself cannot conceive a nobler motive. Indeed the unjust and ungenerous criticisms upon VOLTAIRE, which he is at present fulminating in the *Lyceum*, sufficiently prove him to have been unworthy either of VOLTAIRE'S praises, benefits, or instructions.

Nothing in my opinion is so provoking as insolent mediocrity. He criticises VOLTAIRE with more asperity than ever VOLTAIRE did CORNEILLE'S worst plays; and VOLTAIRE would not take RACINE'S plays to pieces that he might not be thought jealous in pointing out the faults of so great an author, though certainly he had a right to do so. But what right has M. LA HARPE? However when a man has had the

misfortune to write PHÍLOCTETES, and to think, and even to say, that it is superior to any thing that ever appeared, we need not be surprised, that he should think himself capable of criticising VOLTAIRE'S chef d'œuvres.

But this creature wanted the support of the fanatic and superstitious of the priesthood, and no sacrifice is too great to obtain that. He had nothing to do but to add the vices of ingratitude to the ridicule of self conceit, and he has done it with éclat. Enough of him; but I have been reading his eulogium of VOLTAIRE, and he put me out of temper.

When I left *Ferney* I went to *Mount*

*Jura*, where I conversed with some of the unfortunate Serfs of the glebe, for whom VOLTAIRE so courageously and humanely interceded with his corrupt government, and, to its eternal shame, did not succeed.

This servitude still subsists; but I hope it will not long. I have since visited some of the *Glacières*: the cold is intense, and I shall defer the prosecution of my tour through *Switzerland* till next spring, when I can examine the beauties of the country more at leisure, and spend some time among the inhabitants, to study their character, which I think of much more consequence than detailing the beauties of landscapes, though they are here certainly very great.

Let me know your project as soon as possible, my dear friend ; whatever it is I shall enter into it with pleasure. I embrace you and your wife with all my heart.

P. S. What is become of FERVAC ? you say nothing of him in your last.

Since I wrote this letter, I have received your's from *Worcester*, and am quite of your opinion.

From M. DE VILLEFRANCHE to  
M. DE VOLENCE.

*Hampstead.*

If I did not speak of FERVAC in my last letter, my dear friend, it was because my project related to him ; and

since you are to stay in *Switzerland*, at any rate, I will communicate it to you.

I am very anxious that FERVAC should leave the neighbourhood of *London* before he has time to form another connection, which he is but too likely to do if he stays with me: I cannot watch him always: and even if I could, this would do more harm than good a great deal. There are a number of young Frenchmen of his own age, who are doing all they can to prevent his becoming *stupid*, as they say. He was so much delighted with his tour through *Wales* that I think he will be still more so with one through *Switzerland*.

I have not had great difficulty in persuading him to leave this country; for every object here recalls to him his late disappointment: besides, I have inspired him with a great desire to see you. He knows you are unfortunate; and as he is naturally well disposed he is anxious to render himself agreeable to you, that he may obtain your confidence, and be able to be of service to you. We have told him that we shall join you towards the latter end of spring, and he sets out to-morrow.

I am afraid the vivacity of his temper will distress you at first: perhaps, however, it will amuse you; and at any rate the idea of being able to educate him over again will occupy your mind.

I can tell you, however, that you have a great deal to do: you have a large accumulation of rubbish to clear away before you can lay any foundation at all.

Have you heard of the strange event that has taken place here? The king's mind is so completely deranged that it is thought it will be necessary for parliament to appoint a regency. It is said this will occasion great disputes.

We shall see what part the *soi-disant* friends of liberty will take. You may depend upon my transmitting you intelligence of the proceeding of parliament whenever it meets. I am in daily expectation of much more interesting



intelligence from our own country. I hear the States-General are to be summoned in the beginning of January. If this takes place, we are upon the eve of the most extraordinary events.

I am much pleased with your philippic against LA HARPE. I was so much provoked with the insolence of one of his lectures, in the *Lyceum*, that I had the misfortune to hear, that I never returned.

France will soon have more interesting objects to attend to than minute criticisms on the different readings of some passages from SOPHOCLES; and LA HARPE'S *Lyceum* will soon be as

much deserted as the churches. Not that I mean to depreciate literature in general; it is only LA HARPE's manner of treating it in particular.

I am impatient to hear of my brother-in-law's arrival with you, and what you think of him. Pray disguise nothing: the more sincere you are, the more pleasure you will give to

Your ever unalterably attached friend,

VILLEFRANCHE.

P. S. ANGELICA begs you won't spoil her brother: she is looking better than ever you saw her. Little CLARA has been weaned about a fortnight.

FROM M. DE VOLENCE TO M. DE  
VILLEFRANCHE.

*Lausanne.*

I have been so long answering yours, my dear friend, that I might have time to study your brother-in-law's character, and give you some account of him.

He is, as you say, well disposed, and I have great hopes of my education; but I have hardly begun it yet. I am endeavouring to gain his confidence; and as I am more than double his age I am obliged to keep a greater watch over myself than over him, to prevent my conversation becoming tedious and melancholy.

I know that men of my years complain almost universally of the levity and inattention of young people, but I likewise know that it is generally their own fault, and that they have commonly too little indulgence for young people, to expect any regard from them.—It is not therefore to be wondered at that we see so few fathers on a good footing with their sons.—What are they to expect, if they send them out, when very young, into the world to be spoiled, and then treat them like children when they come home?

The vivacity of FERVAC'S temper, it is true, is very great, but it is equalled by his sensibility: he has already confided to me the story of his unfor-

tunate attachment, but I think the melancholy impression is wearing away. I have convinced him that he had nothing else to expect, and his resentment against the faithless fair is diminished with his love. I should have played my cards very ill had I endeavoured to inspire him with hatred for her, and still worse had I directed it against the whole sex; for I flatter myself that the same sensibility that has once made him unfortunate will be the foundation of his happiness through life.

Those who would *destroy* the passions instead of *directing* them, act like unskilful surgeons who cut off a limb instead of curing it, when this with a little patience would be very easy.

In return for FERVAC's confidence I have given him much of mine, and I can observe that the part of my history- I have communicated to him has made a very deep impression on his mind.

I beg your pardon, my dear VILLEFRANCHE, but I think I am a much better tutor for him than you. He considers me as one, who, having experienced shipwreck, can point out the rocks and shallows which have been fatal to me, and who can therefore forgive like mistakes in others; whereas he looks upon you as too superior to human weakness to be able to conceive it, though he confesses your indulgence was very great.

When I say that I am a better tutor than you, my dear friend, it is not because I am wiser; on the contrary, you know I have often told you, that though you are much younger than me, your temper is much more subdued; and it is my serious opinion that had I never been unfortunate I should never have attained the degree of self command I now possess.—I have often confessed to you, my friend, that I wasted my early youth in idle dissipation when in the army; but I think my experience will have a more sensible effect upon FERVAC than your precepts: besides, though I am sometimes melancholy, you know I am still romantic: FERVAC'S enthusiasm pleases me, and I cannot

tell you how much obliged to you I am for having sent him to me.

I cannot say I am much interested about the regency of *England*, but I should like to hear your reflections on the subject. I am much more interested about our States-General, which they say are certainly to meet; but I cannot get FERVAC to care more about them than I do about the expected regency of *England*.

Are you not to stand candidate? I will never forgive you if you do not. It is every good patriot's duty to canvass for a seat on such an occasion as this: it may be long before such another presents itself.



I have told EUGENIA's history to FERVAC, by way of occupying his romantic imagination upon a reality. I have succeeded so far, that he is almost determined to go and storm the convent. If you tell this to ANGELICA she will be very angry with me, and say that I am only like LUTHER or CALVIN, destroying one error by another. But if we could find EUGENIA perhaps it would not be an error. You will say this is as bad as ROUSSEAU's Sophia: but if I cure him you must leave the method to me.

I embrace you both with all my heart.

VOLENCE.

From M. DE VILLEFRANCHE to  
M. DE VOLENCE.

*Hampstead.*

I cannot refrain from occupying the first part of this my last letter from *England*, by copying a poetic epistle, written by our lately acquired friend here, whose muse and conversation has both delighted and informed us, and with whom we should part with exceeding regret did he not promise us a visit on the Continent.

## LETTER TO MY WIFE

FROM DEAL BEACH, AUGUST, ~~1792~~

Immortal POESY! to thee!

In infant days, I bow'd the knee,

And worship'd at thy shrine;

While others adoration paid,

'To gold,—to commerce,—to parade,

Thou hadst this heart of mine.

By thee inspir'd, to me was dear,  
All nature's works sublime, or drear,  
Or beautiful, or fine;  
And when the forked lightnings flew,  
And thunders roll'd and whirlwinds blew,  
Charm'd was this heart of mine.

E'en when the ship upheav'd on high  
Has scorn'd the waves, and brav'd the sky,  
Or sunk deep gulphs between;  
While scowls the devastating blast,  
Across the boundless, wat'ry waste,  
I doated on the scene.

Soon too, celestial friendship's glow,  
My ardent soul was doom'd to know;  
And love still more divine  
Beat through my frame, with heavenly thrill,  
And rul'd imperiously at will,  
This burning heart of mine.

Thus tutor'd each fine throb to feel,  
No generous impulse to conceal,  
The path of truth I trod;  
I bow'd to nature's feelings true,  
Nor would those energies subdue  
Which came from Nature's God.

And often on some mountains brow  
While the bright sun descending low,  
    Crimson'd the western sky ;  
And dusky evening's gradual gloom,  
Would sea, and land, and sky entomb,  
    As nature seem'd to die.

With her, my soul's ador'd, I'd rove,  
When all was extasy, all love,  
    All glowing, great, divine ;  
Thus school'd, from worldlings far I flew,  
And every hour more soften'd grew  
    This wayward heart of mine.

She died ! in sorrow's deepest gloom,  
I bore her to an early tomb,  
    And wander'd far away ;  
To other lands, and other seas,  
I dragg'd a bosom ill at ease,  
    And fill'd with dire dismay.

Still POESY ! romantic maid !  
My throbbing, burning bosom sway'd,  
    And still the LYRE divine  
Brought consolation on its wings,  
And as I touch'd the trembling strings,  
    It cheer'd this heart of mine.

Again, each proud domestic joy,  
Drove far away all sad alloy,  
    And led my heart to know  
My JANE! whose soul attun'd to taste,  
To all that's wise, and great, and chaste,  
    Gives me a heaven below.

Eight boys, and girls!—our joy and pride,  
Celestialize our fire side,  
    And POESY divine,  
Still mellows every hardship down,  
And softens rude Misfortunes' frown,  
    And charms this heart of mine.

\* Seven years my JANE! have fled away,  
Since from this beach, to thee the lay  
    I breath'd in musing mood ;  
And still, to thee, to song, and love,  
I owe whate'er I can approve,  
    All that with me is good.

And still o'er nature's works I range,  
With passion that can never change,  
    While memory's tearful eye  
Doubles each past,—each raptur'd view,  
And bids my soul again renew,  
    Scenes dear, and long past by.

\* See Poetical Scraps, 2 Vols.

For oft' on ocean's briny side,  
In various lands where rolls his tide,  
    The happiest hours I've known,  
With those who dead, or distant far,  
Still wake the warm, impressive tear,  
    At hours for ever flown!

E'en now as by this sea girl strand,  
I look'd across at *Gallia's* land,  
    Mid prospects all divine ;  
I feel the same extatic glow,  
Which fir'd my bosom long ago,  
    And thro' d this heart of mine.

For twenty years attach'd to thee!  
To all that's noble, great, and free,  
    My JANE! accept the line!  
Warm from a heart whose greatest boast,  
However rais'd,—deprest,—or cross'd,—  
    Is that, THAT HEART IS THINE!

We are delighted with the account  
you give us of FERVAC, my dear  
friend, though rather uneasy about the

methods you are employing to correct him. We agree with you perfectly, that it is folly to attempt to destroy the passions, yet we cannot help saying that it is almost as dangerous to exalt them. However, since you are so good as to take charge of his education, we must not dispute about the method of it; only, we must remind you, that error has not the exclusive right of inspiring enthusiasm; and that you might as well have directed it to an important object, by interesting him in the approaching change in the government of his country.

So the States are called? I am overjoyed, and I cannot help parodying

one of RACINE'S lines, and addressing it to our government ;

‘ Thank heaven your folly is beyond our hopes.’

They have laid the axe to the root of the tree themselves, and I trust it will only crush them in its fall.

I am sorry, my dear friend, that you have declared your resolution of never forgiving me if I do not stand candidate, for I certainly shall not : but I think I can convince you that I am right.

I should not wish to stand candidate for the nobles, because I hate the order ; and I cannot stand for the third estate without inviting the people to break through the rule of not electing nobles



for their representatives, which I think it for their advantage they should observe. I know even C—— does not intend to stand, for the same reason: and I hope we nobles shall soon have the honor of being put upon a level with the rest of our fellow citizens. When this is the case I shall be proud to be elected to obtain and defend their rights.

I do not care much more than you about the regency business in *England*: I am disgusted with the conduct of both parties: I think F-x has acted very ill, and has had the folly to leave P-ττ the best side of the question: for P-ττ is certainly nearer truth when he says, that it is a right of parliament to choose

a regent, than F-x when he says, that it is the right of the Prince of Wales.

The fact is, that it is the right of neither, for it belongs to the nation at large. If any one however were to attribute P-TT's having chosen the best side of the argument to any honorable motive they would be very much mistaken: he knew that he could dispose of the parliament, and that if they chose the Queen it was the same thing as choosing him. On the other hand, F-x knew that if he could prove the Prince's right, he should be his first minister; so that after all, it is only a dispute between the *Outs* and *Ins*. The rights of the people, or even the national constitution, are only made use of as a

pretext by either side: 'they only seek for truth in order to deceive, and it is not to be wondered at that they so rarely find it.'

I close all I have to say about the famous politicians of this country with a sonnet of our friend's, that designates them better than I can, whether F-XITES, P-TTITES, or any other PARTYITES.

## SONNET

### TO MODERN PATRIOTS.

To rank with prating patriots of the hour,  
 To bawl, when OUT of place, at wretches IN ;  
 And then to get IN PLACE, and like them sin,  
 May lift the venal—the corrupt to power.  
 To sit at tavern meetings when a shower  
 Of paltry praises make the ceiling ring ;  
 And weak designing minions round you cower,  
 And clap their noisy hands, and roar, and sing.

To bellow long harangues, of loop-holes full,  
 With *crookedness* and *indecision* fraught,  
 That breathe no strength of mind, or force of  
 thought;  
 All *wavering*, *tergiversating*, *dull*,  
 May raise a *little pompous* PARTY name,  
 But 'mong the GREAT and GOOD can only damn  
 your fame.

As I am quite satisfied with regard to the state of information in *England*, we intend returning to *Paris* next week, where so many more important affairs are about to be agitated.

We shall join you in the spring. If you will take a small house for us in the country, somewhere in the *Pays de Vaud*, we shall prefer it much to residing either at *Geneva* or *Lausanne*; but only for some months, for it is pro-

bable we shall return again to *Paris* in the winter.

We shall soon have the pleasure of embracing you in person, and are quite anxious to see the progress you have made in educating your pupil.

## VILLEFRANCHE.

P. S. I would advise you to imitate EMILIUS's tutor completely, by inspiring FERVAC with a passion for our little MARIA, whom he may educate as he pleases.

Pray give the inclosed letter from ANGELICA to her brother.

FROM MADAME DE VILLEFRANCHE  
to M. DE FERVAC.

It is with pleasure I find by your letters, my dear brother, that you are again beginning to recover your senses in the company of our excellent friend, whose society I was sure you would like. You say he does not scold as I do. What do you mean by scolding? we must define terms before we begin to dispute. If you mean by *scolding* that I censured your fault, as an enormous and irremissible crime, I certainly did not; but I certainly did, and do censure it as an imprudence with regard to yourself, and an injustice with regard to JULIA: imprudence, because it was forming a connection

for yourself, which, so long as it lasted, must in honor prevent any other, and if she broke it, it was exposing you to disappointment and regret; and injustice, as actually happened, because you were removing her from her friends and her country, without being able to secure her an honorable situation with you, and preparing her a more dishonorable one still, if she left you:

You will tell me that she was unhappy with her husband, and married to him without her consent; that her heart was yours, and that you did not seduce her. But granting all this to be true, when we cannot alter the laws of society, it is our duty to submit to

them, even when these laws are bad, rather than involve another individual in the consequences, which, in the present state of society, invariably follow their violation. In this you will certainly agree with me, when you reflect on what happened to JULIA, before you left *England*; and you will be still more confirmed in this opinion, when I tell you what has happened to her since, which I certainly would not do if her misfortunes still continued.

The Irishman, for whom she left you, soon left her in *London*, and carried every thing that you had given her away with him. She then lived some time with a rich nobleman, who soon abandoned her for a new mistress.



My husband discovered by accident, that she was reduced to such distress, that she intended to offer herself as an opera singer; and though you know you have sometimes called him rather austere in his principles, he could not bear that a woman to whom you had once been attached, should be in such a situation, or that you should hear of it. He therefore made her an offer to procure her a place, as companion to an elderly lady who was returning to *France*; and if she should not find this place suit her, he is to obtain her an entrance into a convent as boarder.

I know this account of her will distress you, but I am in hopes this lesson will produce a salutary effect for

the rest of your life ; and I have too good an opinion of you to think that you would attempt to seduce her a second time.

Farewell, my dear brother. I hope soon to have the pleasure of lecturing you in person : I only joke, for I am sure I shall have no more reason ; and depend upon it that if you chuse, this subject shall drop between us for ever.

Your ever affectionate sister,

ANGELICA VILLEFRANCHE.

## C H A P. IV.

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FROM M. DE VOLENCE TO M. DE  
VILLEFRANCHE.

From a cottage near *Lausanne*.

YOUR reasons for not wishing to be chosen a representative, my dear friend, have quite convinced me. When I wrote last I did not consider the subject in the same point of view as you showed it to me. I cannot however agree with you, that we shall so soon

see the destruction of the order of nobility. How does it happen that in this instance we seem to have 'changed characters, for I am not near so sanguine with regard to this as you seem to be? But what we wish, and what we fear to excess, sometimes lead to different conclusions.

Whatever happens, I have no existence in my country; and I must confess that this affects me most acutely. But I endeavour to divert my thoughts from my own misfortunes by attending to FERVAC's education. So you don't approve of my method! It is impossible that two beings constituted as he and I are, can act otherwise than we do; and you will see when we meet, by the

progress he has made, whether our method is so bad as you at present believe. It never will do to make use of reason alone with FERVAC at his age, and with his dispositions ; I should have tired him to death ; he would have run away from me ; and by the bye, it is not ANGELICA's fault that he did not : a month sooner I should not have been able to keep him : however, even now, I would not answer that if he knew where JULIA was, he would not go in search of her : but as this is fortunately not the case, and as of late he has taken a particular pleasure in rambling about, I fancy he will not think of it.

The season is remarkably mild, and

we are preparing to set out on our travels through *Switzerland*, so that you need not write to me for some time. I shall do as you desire, and take a small house in the most beautiful part of the country we can find, and wait there with impatience for your arrival.

I embrace you with all my heart,

VOLENCE.

From M. DE FERVAC TO MADAME DE  
VILLEFRANCHE.

From the valley of *Chamouny*.

Your lectures, my dear sister, are given with so much temper that it is impossible for me to be angry with you, though I must confess your last letter

distressed me very much, and for two days my rage knew no bounds; but it was against myself alone. Afterwards however I began to reflect that what is done cannot be undone; but I have firmly resolved never to be guilty of the same error in future. You might have taken this for granted, and told me at least where she was: though, after all, I believe you are right to keep that a secret.

I have no words to express my gratitude to my brother-in-law for his indulgent and generous behaviour. You cannot think how much I am reformed, my dear sister, and with what coolness I can now look upon a passion which, six months ago, was the

principal, if not the only object of my thoughts. JULIA's levity, however, has undeceived me; and I am now surprised how I could once have placed my whole happiness upon an attachment that, by its nature, must have been of short duration.

When I got acquainted with her, I was unacquainted with simple pleasures: thanks to our friend, and my residence in *Switzerland*, I am no longer so. I now wonder how I was able to live without them so long; I now see that happiness is to be found in cottages, not in palaces; it is there alone where innocence and beauty reside. No wonder ROUSSEAU exclaims against luxury; no wonder he despises our



Parisian coquettes. When compared with a JULIA, I mean his JULIA (though I don't quite like her either); I mean, in short, simple virtue, how despicable they are?

I expect to hear from you soon, that you may congratulate me on my change of sentiments. If you knew—but I will say no more at present. I will tell you all when we meet.

FERVAC.

FROM MADAME DE VILLEFRANCHE  
to M. DE VOLENCE.

*Paris.*

As my CHARLES is gone to *Scellières* to make enquiries for EUGENIA, and to see my mother; and as

he did not wish me to accompany him, you must accept of an answer this time from me instead of him.

I am really sorry you are so proud of your method with my brother, because I shall be obliged, much against my inclination, to make you sensible of the inefficacy of your education to correct him. I have every reason to suspect, by his last letter, that he has formed some new attachment unknown to you; but this time it is to a village maid. Pray endeavour to discover if my suspicions have any foundation. Should he seduce her, it would distress me much more than his last engagement.

I have written him the inclosed with

a view of discovering the truth from himself; at any rate I hope to hear from you as soon as possible: but don't let him imagine that your suspicions originate with me.—My esteem for you is equal to my gratitude.

G. ANGELICA DE VILLEFRANCHE.

From the same to M. DE FERVAC.

*(Inclosed in the former Letter.)*

*Paris.*

I would congratulate you, my dear brother, if I knew what had wrought this wonderful reformation in you, or if I could flatter myself that it was very sincere, or probable to be very lasting: but I cannot say the tone of

your letter has given me great hopes. What is it you tell me of happiness in cottages? Since when have you confined it to that narrow sphere? Why don't you endeavour to find it every where? That it is to be found in mediocrity, rather than in greatness, I will readily agree with you; but that it is to be found in cottages, where the inhabitants are generally without cultivation enough to enjoy it, and often too poor to obtain it, I can never think.

You finish your letter by saying, *if you knew!* Why do I not know then? If you are afraid of my advice, my dear brother, I suspect you feel you are doing wrong. You will say this is very conceited: but if you are not afraid of

trusting me, why do you not? You know I cannot prevent your acting as you please; it is plain then you do not think your conduct will please me. Yet you seem so sure you are right, and so determined to tell me what it is when we meet, that you might as well tell me now: I should be sorry that my having differed from you in opinion, should deprive me of your confidence. In one thing, however, I perfectly agree with you, and that is in the contempt you express for our coquettes. I think no character is so completely contemptible, except a prude, and they are at bottom almost the same; however, I do think I hate prudes most upon the whole. But, *à propos*, of what do you introduce

coquettes into your letter, for I could not for my life conceive what connection they had with any part of it.

As to ROUSSEAU, and his JULIA, I leave them to you to make what you can of them: I confess they are far beyond my comprehension. Pray in what character is it you admire her? You say you don't like a coquette, it must then be as a saint: since when have you grown so religious? or have you caught this romantic infection from the rocks of *Meillerie*, where I suppose you have been travelling? I will rather suppose that this is it, till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

We shall not leave *Paris* for a month,

and I hope you will not allow me to wait all that time for your answer ; for though you say I like to preach, be assured there is nobody loves you more sincerely than

Your very affectionate sister,

G. A. DE VILLEFRANCHE.

From M. DE FERVAC to MADAME DE  
VILLEFRANCHE.

*Chamouny.*

You are rather severe, my dear sister : how am I to please you? Now that I have given up dissipation you call me romantic : but notwithstanding your raillery I am sure when you know the truth you will forgive me ; what do

I say? forgive me! you will applaud my new choice. You will find my CHRISTINA the very girl you could desire in every respect: she is as prudent as yourself; and if I can find any fault with her, it is that she is too reserved. Why was I born in a higher rank than her? or rather why was she not born equal to me? but what do I say? she is equal, she is superior to me, and my only fear is, that I shall never be worthy of her. You say the inhabitants of a cottage have not a mind sufficiently cultivated to enjoy happiness. Undeceive yourself, my dear—my CHRISTINA'S mind is as cultivated as your own, and that is saying every thing, and you will be quite impatient till she becomes your sister. But don't



be afraid ; I intend not to make her so till you see her.

I have hitherto made her no proposals : she does not even know my real name ; I have conversed with her for some weeks past under a feigned one. I have endeavoured to make her believe that I am on a level with herself, that is with what she thinks herself, and in spite of your raillery, my dear sister, I would become a shepherd, or a ploughman, to deserve her. But as I am to see you soon, I shall say no more at present, except that, if you write me any lectures, I shall not read them : at any rate you won't know where to find me.

HENRY DE FERVAC.

From M. DE VOLENCE to MADAME  
DE VILLEFRANCHE.

*Chamouny.*

Your letter, my dear friend, has distressed and astonished me : but even before I received it, I began to be a little uneasy about your brother's conduct, though I don't know how I could have prevented it. I begin to be afraid that you are right, in thinking he has some attachment, for he is hardly ever at home, but I cannot form the least suspicion as to the object of it. I think he would have given me his confidence had he not been ashamed of it himself. This makes me so uneasy that I wish you would hasten your journey to this place, where I have taken a most

delightful villa for you, you might then overlook his conduct yourself, and I think it is more probable he will confide his secret to you than to any body else, for he loves you as much as he esteems you.

Yours ever,

VOLENCE.

From M. DE VILLEFRANCHE to  
M. DE VOLENCE.

*Paris.*

The inclosed\* will show you, my dear friend, that ANGELICA was right in her suspicions. I need not warn you to keep the secret. We are

\* FERVAC's last letter was inclosed.

so much alarmed at the contents of this letter, that we mean to set out for *Chamouny* to-morrow. Don't advertise FERVAC that we are to be with you so soon, or we may not find him. Have you no notion who this fair one is? I am at a loss to make out, by his letter, whether she is simple or artful.

I could get no intelligence of EUGENIA. I spoke to the Abbess and the tourrière: they both persist in maintaining that she has escaped; and, from some hints that dropped from the latter, I am afraid she has been deceived by the Director: but I cannot depend on what these people say. I am apt to believe, however, from the rage the

Abbess expressed, more by her countenance than her words, that she is not in the convent; but I have not the smallest idea where she can be. Unfortunate girl! she was born for a better fate.

My ANGELICA is much distressed about her; she never ceases regretting her, and thinks that, had she been with us, it would have been in her power to have reformed FERVAC entirely.

Farewell, my friend: I rejoice in the thought that we shall no longer embrace you from so great a distance.

CHARLES HENRY DEVILLEFRANCHE.

Accordingly, on the 26th of March, VILLEFRANCHE and his family set out for *Chamouny*, where they arrived on the 2d of April.

They found VOLENCE sitting alone, reading. The joy of their meeting was a little damped by not finding FERVAC at *Chamouny*, and by the information of VOLENCE, that he had not seen him for three days; and had not even the least idea where he was; that he had neither horse or servant with him; and that he could not hear of him in the neighbourhood.

They were obliged to remain in this state of suspence for about a week; but at the end of that time, as

VOLENCE, VILLEFRANCHE, and ANGELICA, were taking a walk in the delightful valley of *Chamouny*, they discovered FERVAC, disguised as a shepherd, endeavouring to detain a young shepherdess by the hand, who was struggling to get away from him. The moment FERVAC saw his sister, he let her go, and she made her escape so quickly, that they had hardly a glimpse of her.—“ Well, CORYDON,” said VILLEFRANCHE, “ we are glad to have found you at last. How long is it since you have undergone this metamorphosis ?”

“ Really,” said ANGELICA, embracing him “ you don't deserve that we should speak to you, after having kept us for a

week in such suspense: and what excuse can you make to your friend M. DE VOLENCE?"

"I shall attempt to make none," said FERVAC: "I feel at this moment that you must think me inexcusable."

"That is to say," said VOLENCE, "that you do not think yourself so: but, however, I forgive you for every thing, since I have found you."

"A pretty mentor you are indeed," said ANGELICA.

"Is she not beautiful?" said FERVAC.

"O Heavens! Brother, you are perfectly ridiculous."



“ Since this is your opinion, we had better part now.”

ANGELICA made a sign to VILLEFRANCHE and VOLENCE to leave her alone with him a little ; then taking her brother’s hand : “ What have I done to you, my dear HENRY,” said she, “ that you should treat me so unkindly ? Since you don’t like my raillery, I will drop it entirely : tell me seriously what are your intentions ?”

“ To marry CHRISTINA, to be happy with her for ever.”

“ Here ! in this cottage, and as a shepherd !”

“Any where, and as any thing in the world, provided she will accept of me.”

“But by the effort she made to escape from you, when we came up to you, she certainly does not think you are what you pretend to be, and must therefore suppose you mean to deceive her.”

“I only assumed this disguise to be able to see her constantly.”

“But you must be sensible that you are tormenting and persecuting her. How do you know that her heart is not already engaged to one of her own station?”

“How can you be so cruel, ANGELICA? I know it is not, it cannot, it shall not be so.”

“Pray be calm. How do you account for her leaving you with such precipitation?”

“I believe it is true that, as you say, she does not believe me to be what I appear to be.”

“Then you would have acted much more honestly if you had told her your name, and informed her of your intentions; if you have really formed such intentions.”

“If I have! how often must I repeat it to convince you of my sincerity?”

“ But, my dear brother, is it your serious intention to unite yourself for life to a girl who, however beautiful and prudent she may be, can never be your equal.”

“ I thought my sister’s mind too elevated to attach any consequence to difference of rank.”

“ But it is not of difference of rank, I speak; it is of the difference of education. You might be happy with her for two or three months; certainly not longer; you would then be tired of her, perhaps desert her: and whatever you may think on the subject, it would be a less crime to seduce her, than to marry her and then abandon her, or even neglect her; which, depend upon it,

you would do, without wishing to do so. It is impossible that friendship can subsist, where education, habits, and manners, must be so different: and you know that love, without friendship, is a short-lived chimera."

"I have allowed you to finish your speech, my dear sister, that you may not think me so unreasonable as I must, at first, have appeared to you: But I must tell you that CHRISTINA is by no means the uneducated country girl you seem to think. Were this the case, your arguments would be unanswerable, I confess. When I first saw her, she was reading VOLTAIRE'S Essay on Man: she, at first, allowed me to join her studies, and seemed delighted to

have found a companion. I brought her other books, such as PALMER'S Principles of Nature, some of BOULANGER'S works, DARWIN, and the best English Poets, &c. which we read together; and for some time she treated me like a brother: the moment I expressed a passion for her she became reserved. Fool that I was, to declare myself so soon! She might have treated me with her history; for I am certain she is not what she appears to be: her reserve is that of conscious dignity, and not the timidity of ignorance. When I saw that she shunned me, as I thought, on account of my station, I adopted this disguise, and took this cottage, which you see, to make myself her equal; and since that time she has shunned me

more than ever. However I cannot think I am indifferent to her ; but this only encreases my vexation. No one in this neighbourhood can give me the least idea who she is ; though she is universally beloved, she has trusted no one with her secret. Even the farmer, and his wife, with whom she has resided for about a twelve-month, only know that she is a French girl, and an orphan : she calls herself CHRISTINA HEBERT, but I don't think this is her real name."

" What you tell me surprises me extremely. I must see CHRISTINA. Perhaps we may become friends, and she may then confide her story to me : but you must allow me to see her alone,

and you must promise to return home with us, and not torment her by your assiduities till we know something more of her history."

"I will promise any thing, if you will but consent to see her. I will go home with you to-night. When will you see her?"

"To-morrow morning," said ANGELICA.

"Ah! my dear sister, how good you are!" said FERVAC, embracing her: "how ill I have behaved to you!"

Next morning ANGELICA went to the cottage, where FERVAC had told



her CHRISTINA resided. CHRISTINA was not at home ; she had gone out to milk the cows : but SUSAN, the farmer's wife, spoke of her in the highest terms.

ANGELICA asked her if she knew nothing of her history. She assured her she did not ; she said she had come to ask a place last May, that she was then pale and emaciated, and much dispirited, but that after two or three month's residence with her she had recovered her good looks, and became really beautiful, and very lively ; she added that for two months past she had been very melancholy, which she believed was owing to a young French gentleman, who stayed in the country, and was paying his court to her ; that

this had vexed her very much, as she was afraid of losing her character in the neighbourhood. “ Poor thing?” said SUSAN, “ I am very sorry for her, for I am sure she loves him, though I don’t think she knows it herself. It is very cruel of the gentleman to persecute her, for his intentions certainly cannot be honorable: and I am sure CHRISTINA will never comply with them. I am very angry with him, for I am afraid that, if he persists, she will leave me, and I should never get the better of that, for I cannot tell you how I love her: were she my own child I could not love her better; she is so good tempered, and so grateful, one would think I was obliging her though she does every thing for me: she takes

care of my dairy, and my children; indeed, she knows much better how to manage them than I do: in short, I could not live without her."

While SUSAN was speaking ANGELICA heard a melodious voice at a distance, singing a melancholy song. "There is my child," said SUSAN, "coming home with the milk."

ANGELICA listened to the voice; she started; and in a moment after she saw EUGENIA enter the cottage.

Her surprise was so great, that she could not move. EUGENIA let fall the milk-pail she was carrying, and fell into the arms of her friend.

It was long before either of them could speak: at last ANGELICA told SUSAN, that she had known her in *France*, and requested she would leave them together.

The conversation was at first so rapid and interrupted, that they could scarce understand one another: it was at last agreed, that EUGENIA should go home with ANGELICA.

When SUSAN returned, they informed her of this determination. EUGENIA found it difficult to console her: she embraced her tenderly, and assured her, she should always look upon her as a mother;—ANGELICA too promised that they would see her constantly; and

the two friends left the cottage together.

“ My dearest friend,” said ANGE-LICA, “ how many misfortunes you must have suffered, since I last saw you ! I am quite impatient to hear the detail of them, and weep over them with you : but I hope you will weep no more, and that you will soon not only be my friend, but my sister.”

EUGENIA blushed, and confided to her the history of the young man who had persecuted her, and for whom she confessed she entertained an affection, that would certainly preclude any other engagement, if her change of fortune did not produce any change in his

sentiments with regard to her: “and if it does,” said she, “I am afraid I shall be incapable of ever thinking of another.”

ANGELICA informed her that the young shepherd was her brother. EUGENIA did not affect to conceal the pleasure this intelligence gave her.

I shall not attempt to describe FERVAC'S joy to see his CHRISTINA return with his sister, and to learn that she was the unfortunate nun, for whom VOLENCE had endeavoured to interest him, on his arrival in *Switzerland*.

VOLENCE and VILLEFRANCHE were almost as happy to have recovered

EUGENIA, and they were all equally anxious to know the history of her escape, which she related to them that evening.

## CHAP. V.

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AFTER having informed them of her confinement in the dungeon, for having seen the Director come out of the Abbess's room, she proceeded to tell them, with fear and trembling, of her meeting with CLARA ; but the moment she mentioned the fatal exit of her friend, VOLENCE, whose hope was awakened at the first recital of EUGENIA's seeing her, fell a victim to the deepest despair, and ran out of the room in extreme agitation.



When EUGENIA had, however, informed the rest of the company that MARIA was his child, VILLEFRANCHE, certain that this discovery would in some measure console him under his present sufferings, went in search of him; while ANGELICA went to fetch his daughter. The scene that followed was most interesting, and affecting. A thousand times he pressed the child to his heart, and wondered how he had been so long recognising her for his.

When the tumults of his feelings were subsided, he had strength enough to enquire of EUGENIA all the particulars of CLARA'S last illness, and death. She told him that her thoughts were all employed upon him, and that she had

desired her to tell him so. VOLLENCE embraced EUGENIA, and thanked her a thousand times for her tenderness to his unfortunate CLARA. "At least," said EUGENIA, "I have the comfort of thinking, that I softened her last hours."

FERVAC was enchanted with EUGENIA'S sensibility, and thought how happy he should be in the possession of such a heart as hers. VILLEFRANCHE shed tears over the fate of his unfortunate sister; and ANGELICA pressed the little MARIA to her heart with more tenderness than she had ever done before.

When all present had enjoyed this

delicious melancholy for some time, VOLLENCE entreated EUGENIA to continue her history.

She had told them of the compassion the Director had shown her (as we have already related); she described the joy she experienced at finding herself at last free, as she believed, and under the protection of a friend. “But I was so fatigued,” said she, “by all that I had suffered for some time past, that in spite of my impatience to leave the cell, whither the Director had conducted me, I slept for many hours. At sun-rise, however, I rose, and dressed myself, and waited with impatience for the monk’s arrival, who had promised to set me free. In about two hours he

came, bringing with him a basket with provisions of different kinds, and informing me, with the utmost apparent distress, that it would be impossible for him to secure my escape till the dusk of the evening; and that, even then, it would only be in his power, unless the monks were all retired to their cells.

“ In the evening he came again, and told me all thoughts of flight for that night were impossible; that if we were observed together, both his character and mine would be ruined. Thus he put me off for several days: at one time it was a procession of monks, at another the host was carrying to the sick.—I began to be alarmed.

“ He sometimes came, and sat for

hours together in my room. I began to suspect that he was happier in my company than anxious for my escape. I sometimes expostulated with him, but it seemed to distress him; and I could not bear to distress one to whom I thought I had so many obligations. He endeavoured to amuse me, he read with me, he conversed with me; he often wept over my hard fate in being forced into a convent, and asked me what I intended to do when I left it.—I said I did not know, but that I should endeavour to find some employment for myself.—You are young and unexperienced, said he, you do not know the dangers of the world. Had you not better remain here under my protection?—But how can that be, holy

father? said I, you have already told me, that if we were seen together, both our characters would be ruined. Can I remain eternally imprisoned in your cell? I might almost as well have remained in my dungeon. You told me you had a friend who would take care of me.— That friend, answered he, is unfortunately gone to town. You must remain with me for a little time; and I hope to be able to prevail with you to stay with me always.

“ Good God! what can you mean? said I.—I mean, said he, that I am solitary, and you are friendless, that I love you, and will make you happy, if you remain with me; that I have some right to your gratitude.

“ Monster, said I, does having a right to my gratitude give you one to endeavour to seduce me?—Be calm, said he, and listen to me.

“ But I will not repeat all the arguments he used. He concluded by saying, that supposing our connection was a crime we could easily obtain forgiveness by confession and absolution ; and that it was time enough for me to leave him should I find our new life disagreeable, which, however, he assured me I should not.”

“ And this is the religion,” said VILLEFRANCHE, “ which is to redeem, and reform mankind ! These are the asylums of innocence !”

“ I was so overcome by rage, and indignation, ” continued EUGENIA, “ that I could scarcely find words to answer him. Carry me back to my prison, said I, at length, or kill me yourself, you can obtain absolution for that crime too.—That is a crime, I am by no means tempted to commit, said he, with an insulting smile; you had best consent willingly; and if you will, you may escape to-morrow. I leave you till night to think of it.

“ Saying this he left me.—The agitation of my mind was so great, that I could hardly think: I was stedfastly resolved to resist: but then I knew escape was impracticable. Well, said I, I have but to choose between



remaining here for life, or dying at once; the choice is not difficult. I then thought I would once more try expostulation with the wicked priest, when he returned, though it cost me much to subdue my pride so far as to intreat the wretch.—But what cannot we do to preserve life, and liberty?

“About eleven o'clock he came as he had said he would; and with as much composure as I could assume, I endeavoured to expostulate with him; but he would not hear me:—when I saw he was deaf to every thing I could say, I threatened to alarm the convent. Yes, said he, that will avail you much. If any one comes I will tell them that you have long been my mistress, and

that this is only a capricious fit, and I shall be believed.—You may tell them what you please, and they may believe what they please, said I, it is better to be thought guilty of a crime, than to commit it.—I will take you back to your convent.—I am ready to go with you.—When he saw that he could not intimidate me he attempted to soothe me; and assured me he could not live without me. Without giving him time to resume his fury, I screamed as loud as I could.—As soon as I had done so, he laid hold of me, and attempted to pull me out of the cell.—I fell: he dragged me along on the ground. My screams brought some of the monks out of their cells.—The perfidious priest said that I was a nun who had escaped from the

convent, and come into his cell; that he imagined I was Satan in disguise, for that I had endeavoured to tempt him to sin.

“ This story did not seem to gain much credit. I assured them of my innocence. Some took part with me, some with the priest: a scuffle ensued. In the midst of the confusion I rose, threw down the lamp that was in the cell, and made my escape as fast as possible, I knew not whither.

“ I wandered a long time in dark passages, till I got out of the hearing of any noise. I was afraid however to stand there; I was afraid to knock at any of the cells, lest I should meet with

worse treatment than any I had yet experienced.—At last by the glimmering of a lamp, at the other end of the passage, I saw an old venerable looking man coming from the chapel towards his cell. I entreated him to protect me from insult, and told him part of my story: I cannot say I thought him quite convinced of the truth of it. Whatever you are, said he, you are unfortunate; what can I do for you?—I entreated him to assist me to escape from the convent.—Poor child, said he, where can you go?—I care not, said I, so I am delivered from this horrid place. Lose no more time in speaking: if we delay I shall be retaken, and I would rather die.—I shall do a good action in saving you from your seducers,

said he. Come with me, the LORD forgive and reform you. Saying this, he led the way to the chapel, and opening a trap, we went down to a subterraneous passage:—I shuddered;—I thought of my dungeon; but the old man's looks encouraged me. We stopped at an iron gate, which he pushed up with some difficulty; and, bidding GOD bless me, pulled it down upon himself, and left me on the high road.

“ I ran for some time without knowing where I was going, till I was quite spent, when I sat down under a tree. Fortunately I had thrown off my nun's dress in the Director's cell; so that there was no chance of my being discovered.

“ I was resolved to avoid large towns ; I was too well acquainted with the corruption of their inhabitants, to expect to be received on honorable terms, with every appearance against me. My friends were in *England*, and I did not dare appear in *Paris*. I resolved to confine myself to farm houses, and cottages, and endeavour to get a place in some of them, but the peasants in that part of *France* are so poor that they can hardly maintain themselves. With great difficulty, however, at last, I did obtain one ; but my work was hard, and my treatment indifferent, I was near losing courage entirely ; I thought mankind equally wicked, rich or poor. The coarseness of their manners, and their insensibility hurt and disgusted me.”

“Excess of poverty,” said VILLÉFRANCHE, “is as hostile to virtue as excess of riches: it is difficult to say which of these two classes is the most selfish.—If excess of riches renders men thoughtless and indifferent, excess of poverty renders them cruel and insensible. How is it possible that those who are oppressed by the rich, and have hardly the necessaries of life, can feel much for the misfortunes of others?”

“It is true,” said EUGENIA, “I have since made these reflections; but at that time I suffered too severely to be capable of much thought: I only felt that I was unhappy, and sought for a change of situation.

“ I engaged myself as a servant with a merchant’s family near *Dijon*, who were going to spend the summer in *Switzerland*: I found this place much more intolerable than the last. If I had there to complain of insensibility, I had here to put up with insolence. Of all pride that which springs from riches, without education to correct it, is surely the most abominable. I left my new service when I reached *Switzerland*, and found content in the cottage of the good MATHURIN and SUSAN, who possessed enough not to be tormented by the fear of absolute want, and who, not being subject to legal oppression, were neither mean or ferocious. I shall never forget that cottage, for it was there I first met with you, FERVAC, and



where I had the happiness of being discovered by my dearest friend.”

EUGENIA's history, it will easily be believed, furnished all the friends with conversation for the rest of the evening; and when they parted that night FERVAC asked EUGENIA to rise early, that they might take a walk together, as he wished to converse with her alone.

They went out early towards the wood, where they had first met; and FERVAC, after having expressed his joy at being permitted to speak his sentiments openly to her, and his delight at perceiving they were not disagreeable to her, entreated her to fix the day for his happiness, and the blissful moment

when he might call her his. “In the present state of our affairs,” said EUGENIA, “this is impossible. You know who I am, but I dare not be known: your mother would never consent to your marriage with one unknown; and if she knew my name it would be worse.”

“Good GOD! do you mean to drive me to despair?” said FERVAC; “what is all this about? your name, and my mother, and the world, and the rest!—My sister ANGELICA has been tutoring you.”

“It is true that she has spoke to me, or rather I consulted her: she is as much grieved that any thing should delay our marriage, as we can be: but

it would be imprudent, HENRY, both on your account and mine to be too precipitate. Let us consult our friends in concert. VILLEFRANCHE will break the subject to your mother; and, at any rate, when you are of age, nothing can hinder my being yours."

"Heavens! when I am of age! that is three years hence. You care not for my happiness, EUGENIA, you are indifferent to me."

"How you distress me," said EUGENIA: "you will not give me time to finish what I had to say: you interrupt me constantly.—If you are thus impatient before our marriage, what am I to expect after?"

“That would be quite different, for then I should hope you would not make it your study to contradict me, as you at present seem to do.”

Here they were most fortunately met by **VOLENCE** and **VILLEFRANCHE**, which put a stop to the conversation.

When they returned home **EUGENIA** told **ANGELICA** what had passed, and this confirmed them both in the idea of the propriety of putting off the marriage for some time: for the impetuosity of **FERVAC**'s temper was their principal reason for wishing to do so, though there were many others besides.

**EUGENIA** would by no means consent

to a private marriage, as if it ever came to be discovered who she was, the prosecution against her might involve FERVAC in danger or vexation; neither would she consent to come into the family under a feigned name for the same reason. She wished therefore to put it off till FERVAC was of age, or at least for some time, during which VILLEFRANCHE was to make enquiries concerning her in the convent, and to summon the Abbess before the civil power, for having refused to admit EUGENIA's friends to her: this would probably bring the whole transaction to light, when, if it could be proved that violence had been used against EUGENIA, she might be admitted to renounce her vows.

He was likewise to enquire in what state M. DE ST. ANGE had left his affairs, and to endeavour to prevail with MADAME DE FERVAC, to let her son do as he pleased.

These things being premised, VILLEFRANCHE prevailed upon FERVAC to accompany him to *Scellières*, to reside with his mother, while he went to *Paris* to consult advocates.

While he was employed in this manner, the States were assembled, the foundation of our glorious revolution was laid, and the old government overthrown.

When the Bastille was destroyed,

VOLENCE could announce himself with safety, and recover his estate of which he had been defrauded.

EUGENIA, at the destruction of the convents, resumed her own name, and united herself to FERVAC, with the joyful consent of all his friends. With the help of VILLEFRANCHE and ANGELICA she succeeded in moderating the impetuosity of his temper, and directing his enthusiasm to objects worthy of exciting it.

These happy families, and their friend VOLENCE, returned to *France* to enjoy the blessings of liberty, and, by their talents and virtues, assisted in forwarding the progress of enquiry, of

reason, and of virtue, they lived in the most uninterrupted friendship, and did not forget to procure an establishment for the good SUSAN and MATHURIN in one of FERVAC'S farms.

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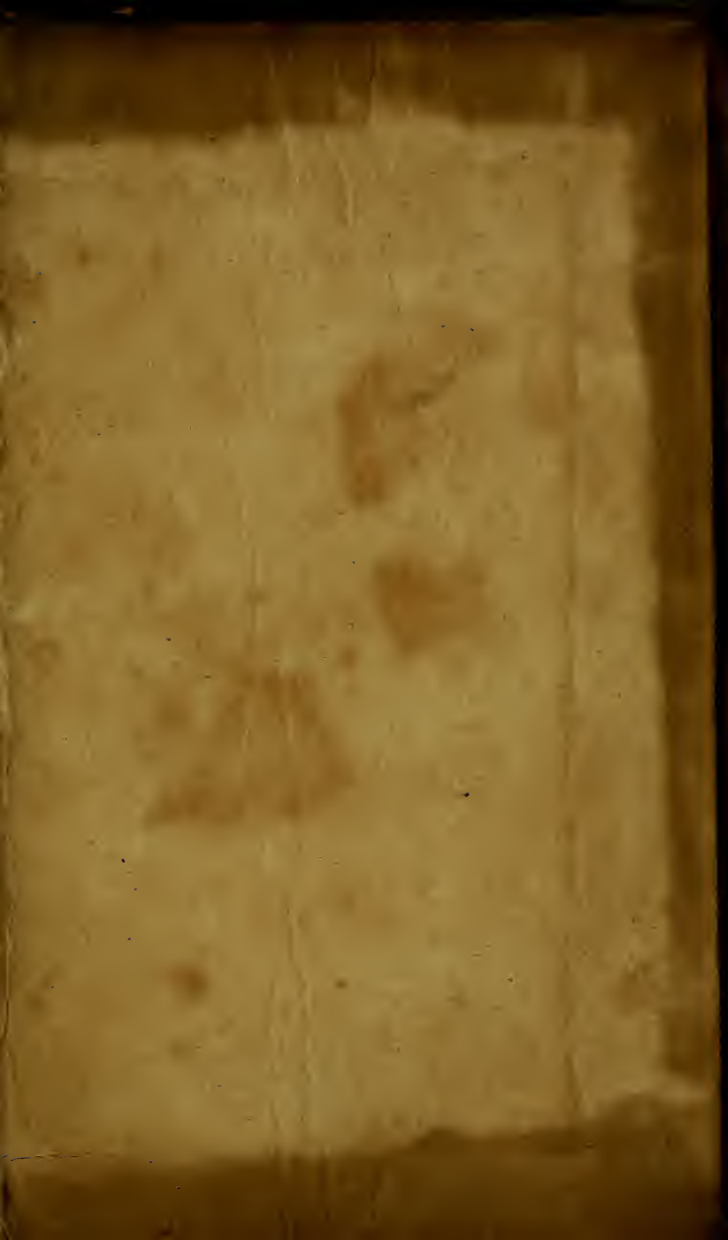
Thus may be seen, a doctrine surely clear,  
'Tis worth our while, through life to be sincere;  
And that no better maxim can be told,  
To all the RACE OF MAN, or young, or old :  
HONEST ENOUGH BE, TO BE BOLD AND TRUE,  
AND BOLD ENOUGH BE, TO BE HONEST TOO.

THE END.









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