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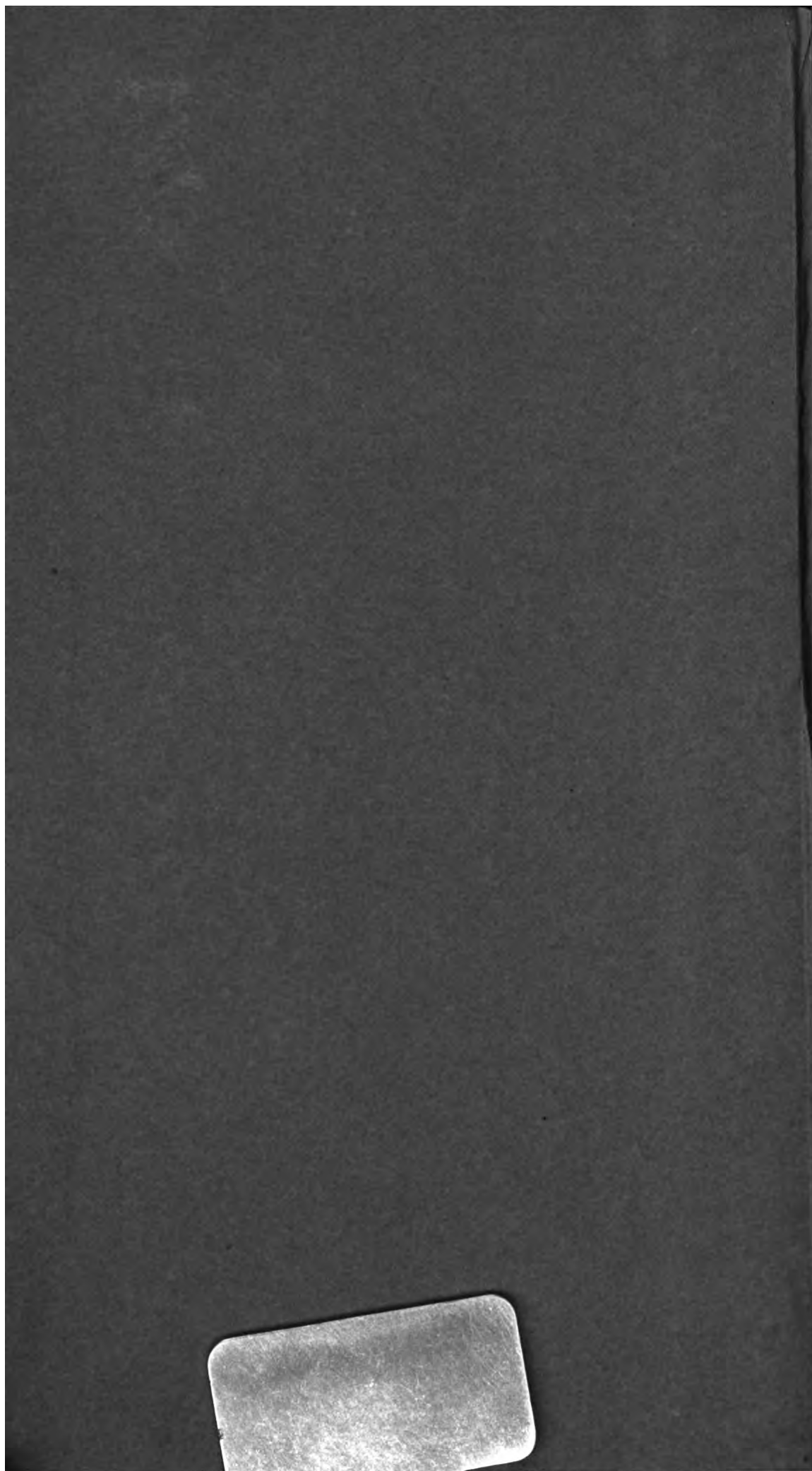
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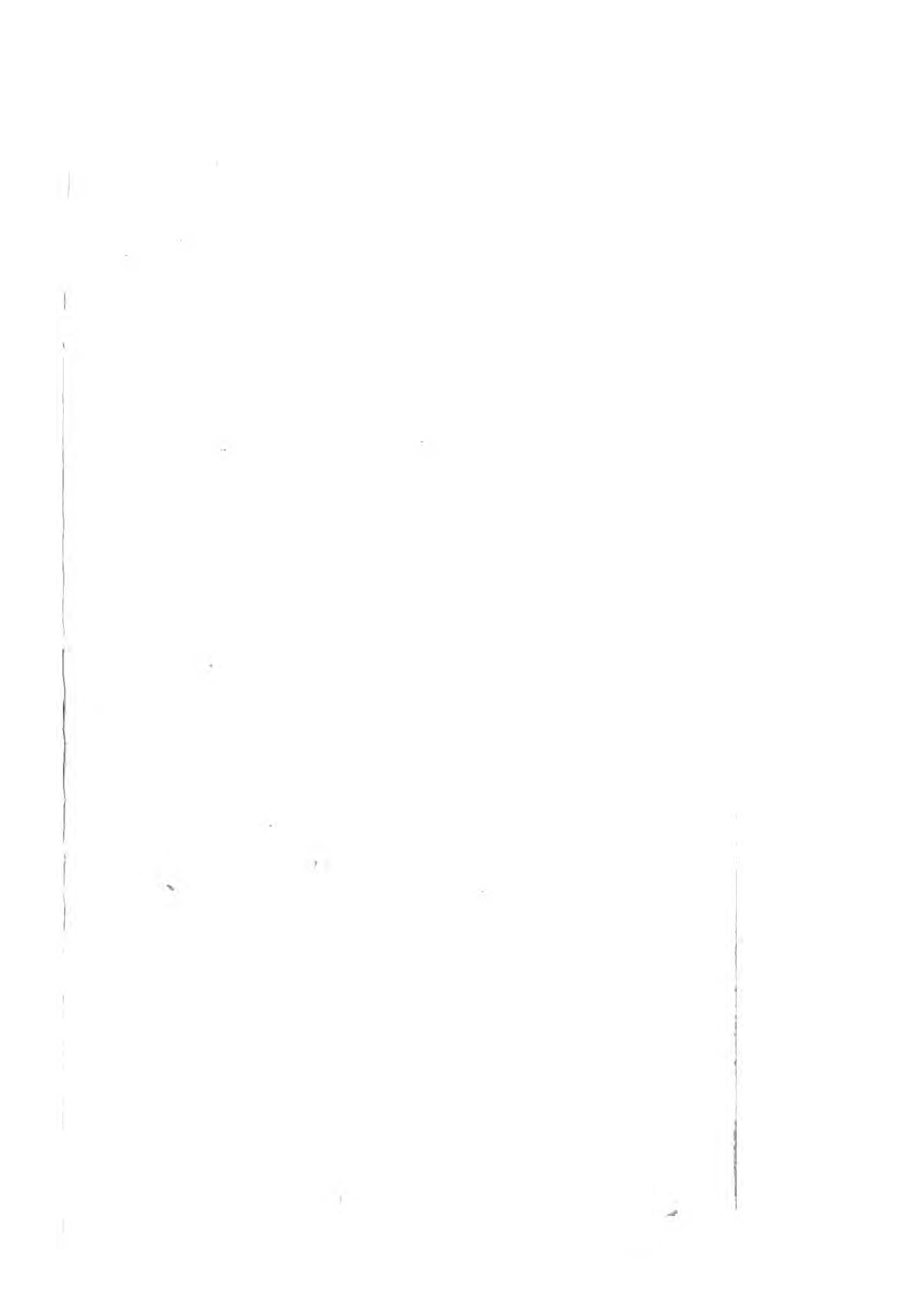
















THE  
ROYAL CAPTIVES:

A  
FRAGMENT OF SECRET HISTORY.

COPIED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT,

BY  
ANN YEARSLEY.

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VOLUME I.

---

Dear spirit of refinement !  
From where thou hast chosen thy pure celestial  
dwelling, descend !

From thee, bright form of innocence,  
Fly the brutal shadows that darken the bosom of man.  
Thine are the grand, the energetic, the invifible ;  
Thou art the foul of the world !

Vide Page 89.

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## P R E F A C E.

“To be, or not to be, that is the question.”

WHEN Shakespeare wrote this line, he had lost sight of congregated Nature; since, to exist, or not to exist, can never be a question from existing substance.

Was Henry, or was not Henry, may be a question to which, if the following sheets find approbation, I may give, in future, the best answer I am capable of. If rejected by the few I value, my work is done. I love Fame, though I have only heard her whispers; am sensible she incites towards the wonderful, the great and good; and that Authors, who

A 3                      affect

affect to despise her, are cowards, insincere, and guilty of profanation ; yet there is vast difference in being her lover and her slave. For me, I confess myself not deaf to, nor independent of the voice of the world, except in those enraptured moments when bewitching Fancy renders me insensible to the real dependencies of life. In poesy, I am her slave ; in prose, I wish her to be mine. In private sorrow, she has, through a gloomy passage of twenty years, proved my enchanting friend. None may condemn me ; Nature herself drew delusion in the desert where I was beloved by Fancy, before I was alive to Fame, and tasted more delight than I have since found in the midst of proud society, where favour falls heavily on the heart from the hand of Arrogance.

Readers,

# THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

---

Isle of St. M\*\*\*\*\*, 18th June, 1685,  
dated from the Castle—at Night.

TORN from the visions hope had been flattering me with, I was plunged into this dreary abode. In the fourth room on my left, I saw by the glimmering of a lamp the Marquis D\*\*\*\*. He was reading; dejection had robbed his eyes of their brilliancy, his features were fixed by despair—I paused—One of the guards, I thought, looked sorrowfully at the Marquis, who raising his eyes towards Heaven, exclaimed, “O merciful God! how long must I bear “this thirst?”—A sigh broke from my bosom, but it availed not my friend, I was conducted to my cell, and left



in awful silence to gloomy meditation; yet pity, heavenly pity! had touched the strongest fibre of my heart, and I forgot for some moments I came here to die.—After a night of weariness I arose; the sun had not gilded the grates of my prison, nor had the lark indulged her first rapture, when the groan of anguish left the burthened heart of some one near me—I listened—silence ensued, and after an interval of near ten minutes heard a door unlock—It was the door of the Marquis.

“Deadly draught! Bitter!—Bitter  
 “to an extreme!” were his words. I felt agony not to be expressed, grew wild with horror, and knocked loudly on the inside of the door of my prison. It was opened by a soldier, in whose countenance were discernible

ble

ble the tumultuous traits of unfinished murder.

“What would you have, Sir?—

“speak quickly—the Commandant

“would reprove me did he know I

“obey unnecessary curiosity—”

“Surely thou couldst not do it;

“*(said I looking at him with amaze-*

“*ment—)* if he is not yet dead, per-

“mit me to see him.”

“Whom would you see?”

“That gentleman in the fourth

“room.”

“He must die, Sir. Nine days

“have elapsed since the *lettre* of

“death arrived.—He must drink—

“Poison!” *(interrupting him.)*

“Yes, Sir; the draught of sleep

“—he will feel little pain.”

“How long has he been impri-

“soned here?”

B 2

“He

4 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

“ He was here before I came—  
“ I know not his offence—we only  
“ attend to guard-hours; prisoners  
“ must not converse with us, nor  
“ dare we make enquiries; if we  
“ did, we could do no good, for  
“ our own lives are not worth much  
“ here.”

“ O Heaven! (I exclaimed,) is it  
“ possible those who boast the name of  
“ christian should thus revel in cruel-  
“ ty!—Lead me to the Marquis.—”

The soldier seemed irresolute; I  
flipped a purse into his hand; he was  
conquered and left me near the bed  
of my friend; slumber, innocent as  
that of infancy was gathering on his  
face, he raised his heavy eyes towards  
mine.

“ From whence are you come?”—

“ Ah,

“ Ah, my dear friend! do you  
“ not know me?”

“ Is it, can it be my dear Henry?”

“ Yes, it is that unfortunate vic-  
“ tim of designing power.”

“ And come you here to seek a  
“ grave?”

“ My dear Marquis, Kings will  
“ be obeyed; how long have you  
“ lingered here?”

“ You may remember the night  
“ when I attempted your rescue, I  
“ found you noble, and without the  
“ tedious enquiries of who or what you  
“ were, disinterestedly loved you, our  
“ intimacy was of short continuance,  
“ I embarked for France the next  
“ morning, nor had I time to tell  
“ you my real name and quality—my  
“ breath grows short—I long to sleep  
“ —take those papers, conceal them,  
“ do not forget me—I had a sister.—”

He became lethargic, as he named his sister. I attempted at first to rouse him. Heavy sleep rendered him motionless, and I began to think my effort cruel, when the soldier who had listened at the entrance of a long and gloomy passage returned; prudence whispering the danger of his seeing the papers of my friend, I concealed them in my bosom and hurried to my apartment.

Wherefore are we virtuous! or why are the votaries of virtue not more numerous in the world? my friend, my lamented friend, was one of her singular adorers, he lived beloved, he dies neglected! Give me just Heaven the opportunity of avenging his fate, and take me to thy mercy! thus I feebly exclaimed, without



out reflecting that the doors of liberty were for ever closed on me !

Throwing myself down, I endeavoured to collect my scattered ideas, and to reconcile my mind to the assemblage of mournful circumstances in which I found myself suddenly enveloped. Sullen are the rigid precepts of proud philosophy ! we practice appearances, we are stubborn in concealing our richest emotions, we assume above the vulgar, and we even bear with us to the grave the treasures of the soul ! yet, nature freezes at dissolution, man is least trained in deception when he owns himself unwilling to undergo the great change — During the hour of sleep, fancy, in broken lineaments, brought the Marquis to my view, yielding to the

B 4

power

power of death—Had not its terrors  
made sick my yielding spirit ?

Awakened by some voices near me,  
I opened my eyes on two of the  
guards and a Cordelier.

“ Leave me with your prisoner,”  
said the latter, “ I will confess him.  
“ Should his love of truth throw a  
“ light on the combinations of  
“ France ; I have orders for some  
“ little indulgence from the King.”

“ *Vive le Roi !*” replied the guards,  
and respectfully retired.

“ God be with us my son,” said  
the good father.

“ Eternally ! reverend monk.”

“ Shift, shift !”

“ I honour my King, love my  
“ country, and never conceal the  
“ emotions

“ emotions of my soul from my mis-  
“ tress or my friend.”

“ Know you that you are accused  
“ of conspiring against monarchy,  
“ of associating with the enemies of  
“ the King, and of concealing me-  
“ morials which immediately con-  
“ cern the state ?”

“ Leave me to my fate !” I cried.

“ Rash and ill advised youth ! re-  
“ flect on the value of existence,  
“ sport not wantonly with that power  
“ who willed thee into being.”

“ That power, Holy Father, now  
“ whispers here ; *I have given thee*  
“ *the energies of nature, pervert them*  
“ *not !*” in pronouncing these words  
I laid my hand on my heart, and  
Heaven is my witness it beat firmly  
in unison ; the Cordelier paused—I  
thought he appeared a little ashamed  
of his mission.

B 5

“ The

“ The King will bless thy youth  
 “ with luxury, and thy age with ho-  
 “ our, so thou but yield his foes to  
 “ justice.”

“ Bid him banish his ministers.”

“ Irreverend and disloyal !”

“ Deceived old man !”

“ Thou wilt undergo the torture.”

“ I expect it.”

“ Wilt thou not reveal thy  
 “ friends ?”

“ Yes, tear my heart from its  
 “ hold. Thou wilt find their im-  
 “ pression there—away !”

The Cordelier looked full in my face, his eyes met mine, and I fancied a languid smile stealing across his features ; but as he held his cloak over his mouth I could not discern, nor was it of moment to me, by what ideas he was animated.

Dawn no sooner appeared, than the dismal clanking of chains proclaimed the uprising of the gloomy inhabitants of the castle. I again waited at the door of the Marquis, in hope of hearing him breathe, I heard him not; the hour of the morning was yet but early, and I endeavoured to console myself. Not knowing a spot within these walls that could afford me happiness, I was returning to my wretched apartment, when I met the foldier in the passage who had yesterday administered to the thirst of a friend. He held a cup full of a pal-  
 liquor, which seemed to congeal. <sup>is</sup>  
 he stood with its own somnif-  
 properties. <sup>owit-</sup>

out: I

“ Does the Marquis liv<sup>him.</sup>”

“ serve?”

“ He lives, <sup>ad.</sup>”

“ more drink<sup>y</sup> him?”

I was



“ yesterday but half finished, and in  
 “ this draught lies sleep eternal—  
 “ Yet, go to him, Monsieur, per-  
 “ suade him to put off the last hour  
 “ by refraining; for when he drinks  
 “ he dies!”

Forgetful of my situation, I rudely  
 seized the arm of the soldier, stared  
 him wildly in the face, and saw his  
 eyes swimming in tears—still I gazed  
 with silent horror.

“ Ah, Monsieur! it is not the un-  
 happy Malnor would destroy the  
 Marquis! Deeply do I violate  
 face, feelings as a man; but should  
 cied a use this execrable office, I  
 his feature expire on the rack; nor  
 over his mo death avail your friend,  
 nor was it of ? are supposed to be  
 what ideas he was an state, are, from

5 “ necessity

“ necessity, executioners. Go, re-  
 “ quest him not to drink—and yet—  
 “ if he should refuse, the little rem-  
 “ nant of his life will be miserable—  
 “ He must never drink more.”

“ ’Tis too much,” said I eagerly,  
 and from sudden impulse dashed the  
 cup on the earth.

“ What have you done! my life  
 “ is gone!”

Brought to desperation, I panted  
 with tumultuous and varied emotion.

“ Give him water that he may re-  
 “ vive—Fly, my good friend!”

“ I must give him nothing—I have  
 “ nothing to give, each victim is  
 “ allowed but two draughts of powis-  
 “ The Commandant deals it out: I  
 “ can procure no more.”

“ Say thou *hast* given it him.”

“ And how will that serve?”

“ Say he is dead.”

“ How bury him?”

I was

I was foiled.—The poor soldier now appeared as one condemned by me; yet I secretly exulted in the effort of saving my beloved friend.—After looking with distraction for some moments at each other, I recollected myself so far as to desire him to be secret; again gave him gold, and he left me with a sigh that indicated more resignation than remorse. Instead of going to the Marquis, I staggered to my cell. Terror, amazement, and pity conspired to raise an anarchy in my bosom—Where, at such a moment, could my spirit find resource? I kneeled and implored the Ruler of the world. Lost in fervor, I was found by the generous Cordelier.

“ May the Creator hear thee!”  
was his salutation.

I arose

I arose and accosted him with the purest affection ; his venerable beard concealed half his face, his cowl obscured his eyes, yet I heard his language with delight.

“ O, my father ! save my friend.  
 “ He who rescued me from death  
 “ lies in yonder cell, doomed, in a  
 “ few hours, to tremble in its last  
 “ agonies !—Where shall I lose my  
 “ memory, Cordelier ? existence is  
 “ becoming a burthen !”

My wild ravings shocked the Cordelier. He reproved me gently, led my imagination through the universe, and dispassionately proved that Nature being eternally at work, she must destroy equally as she renews ; adding, “ I know not thy friend—Who-  
 “ ever he is, wilt thou for his sake  
 “ give

“ give up the secret reformers of the  
“ nation ?”

“ No. I know no reformer ; the  
“ few friends I have are noble.”

“ Then he must die.”

“ Die ! unfeeling wretch ! how  
“ dar’st thou, how dare thy King  
“ sport so easily with the life of man ?  
“ Is this thy piety ?”

“ Be calm, my son ; ungoverned  
“ passion makes virtue unamiable,  
“ and if thy stubbornness is to *thee* a  
“ virtue, preserve it in the inmost  
“ recesses of thy soul, but suffer it  
“ not to dwindle into childish impa-  
“ tience, which can never profit  
“ mankind nor thee.”

Strange force of deserved reproof !  
I blushed, my confusion owned the  
Cordelier just, veneration resumed its  
place, and I mournfully expostulated,

“ Ah,

“ Ah, my father! to suffer my distraction, you must be acquainted with the mind of the dying Marquis D \* \* \* \* .”

“ The Marquis D \* \* \* \* !” said you? “ where? O! where is he?”

“ In the fourth cell on the left.”

“ Art thou in this dreadful habitation!”

Perceiving he was fainting I caught him in my arms.

“ O my brother!” said he, with a heavy sigh, as I placed him on a low bench, “ is it possible after the troubles we have known I must meet thee here!”

I hastily informed him of the state of his brother. And found him equally a stranger with myself to the cause  
of

of his imprisonment. In few words, the Cordelier informed me, that had I been more flexible to his political solicitations, I should have been an object of his contempt.

“ I officiate here in heavenly purposes, confessing those who are to die, in some future hour you will know me better—lead me to my brother !” I conducted him forward ; to the guards he announced the holy power of the church—they withdrew—and we found the Marquis in a heavy sleep. The Cordelier fell on his neck, the big tears dropped on the face of the unresisting sleeper, who once raised his eyes, met those of his brother and fell back from the fraternal embrace. Lethargy hung on his senses : we could not rouse him, he looked around, rolling his eyes

eyes with a vacant glare. It was now the hour when the Commandant of the castle came to visit the victims who were soon to die : He approached, attended by the dejected Malnor.

Finely shaped, easy of deportment, and carelessly polite, displaying a gold snuff-box in his hand, he directed his enquiries to Malnor.

“ The gentleman is not quite  
“ gone, you say, Malnor ?—Corde-  
“ lier, I suppose you have prepared  
“ him ?”

“ His hands are cold—but his  
“ temples are yet warm.”

“ Well ; let him lie undisturbed.”

At the conclusion of this speech,  
the fellow took snuff with as much  
ease as he would have performed the  
same



same action at an opera; I stood silently enraged. Happily the Cordelier's face was concealed, as he was kneeling at the side of the bed holding his forehead with both hands, while his tears and sighs were mistaken by the gay Commandant for devotion. Sanguinary power! by what infernal appellation art thou adorned who canst inure the heart to cruelty! Habit had frozen the feelings of this wretch; who after congratulating Malnor, on the little alteration produced by the draught in the placid countenance of the Marquis, gave orders for his interment at the midnight succeeding his departure, in the private burial ground.

Malnor, who was conscious of having but half-completed the work of death, trembled at the order, bowed,  
ed,

ed, but made no reply to the obdurate Superior ; who by chance looked at me, expressed himself happy on seeing me at the Castle, and retired, (singing an air of *Voiturès*,) to visit other victims who were under condemnation.

“ Rise holy father ! fruitless are  
 “ thy tears ! heavy despondency  
 “ enervates thy spirit.”

Without heeding me, the Cordelier gazed with agony on the Marquis, then turning to Malnor, feebly articulated.—

“ Hast thou a brother ?”

The abrupt question discomposed Malnor—sympathy shone in the tear he endeavoured to hide.

VOL. I.

C

“ I have

“ I have a sister and an aged father,” replied he, “ who bewail my loss, while I am confined here under an accusation of which I am guiltless ; the Governor has thought proper to prolong my life, for the purpose of administering the fatal potion to those who are the victims of the state.”

“ Wilt thou be my friend ?” cried the Cordelier—“ Art thou possessed of any means that will revive my brother ?”

“ To what purpose would you restore him,” said Malnor, “ heard you not the order of the Superior ? Momentary restoration would but increase the pangs of struggling nature.”

“ Save him but for this night ! to-morrow may be the season of mercy ! I will hasten to the Chancellor

“ cellor le Tellier, who is with his  
 “ son, Louvois, on the island, throw  
 “ myself at his feet, and whatever  
 “ be the crime of the Marquis, the  
 “ Chancellor will surely grant him  
 “ life, on condition that he seclude  
 “ himself from the world for ever.”

The Cordelier waited no reply,  
 but left us hastily.

Malnor informed me, that the physician of the Castle could furnish antidotes whose strong power would expel the fumes of the chilling poison; “ not,” continued he, “ that  
 “ your friend can immediately recover, but the weight will gradually descend from the oppressed  
 “ brain, as the stomach feels relief.”

“ Fly to the physician, my good  
 “ Malnor, buy his silence with this  
 C 2 “ gold

“ gold, and let us force this victim  
 “ to taste the cordial of life !”

“ I go,” said Malnor, “ but re-  
 “ member, if the Cordelier brings  
 “ not his pardon, your friendship will  
 “ be cruelty; man, naturally wishes  
 “ to die without pain, when can the  
 “ Marquis die with less ?”

Reason and philosophy strengthened the maxims of Malnor ; yet, I bad him be swift and leave the event to Heaven. Thirty-hours had the Marquis lain in a death-like stupor.—The soldier hastened to find the physician, and I waited with painful anxiety the Cordelier’s return. Too soon he arrived, with distraction in his countenance.

“ Ah, my friend ! I have been  
 “ received with insolence, the Mar-  
 “ quis

“ quis is pronounced a traitor, and  
 “ all the indulgence I can obtain is  
 “ to inter him with his ancestors,  
 “ in the chapel of St. \* \* \* \* \*. I  
 “ kneeled, implored and exhorted  
 “ the Chancellor le Tellier, to be-  
 “ ware of destroying the noble sub-  
 “ jects of France ; I did not con-  
 “ fess the unfortunate Marquis was  
 “ my brother, since the loss of my  
 “ liberty could not alleviate his af-  
 “ flictions.—‘ Go,’ said the proud  
 “ minister, ‘ before you can arrive  
 “ at the castle, he will be no more,  
 “ so trifling a sacrifice cannot se-  
 “ cure the peace of my sovereign ;  
 “ more must expiate their disloyalty  
 “ with their lives, when drawn from  
 “ their hiding places ; you have here  
 “ an order for the interment of the  
 “ Marquis, the favor is granted *you*.’  
 “ Bending myself, incapable of lan-  
 C 3 “ guage

“ guage to thank him for such a  
 “ favor, I sorrowfully left his pre-  
 “ sence—Does my brother live?—I  
 “ fear not—the Commandant is ap-  
 “ prised of the indulgence granted  
 “ me by the Chancellor, and has  
 “ himself ordered a covered carriage  
 “ to convey the body of the Mar-  
 “ quis to the chapel, such is his fate.  
 “ But for you, my dear friend, I  
 “ have brought a habit exactly like  
 “ my own : Put it on, conceal your  
 “ face in the cowl, and follow the  
 “ body of my brother through those  
 “ fatal doors. The deception will  
 “ not be known. I can loiter in the  
 “ cell, under the pretence of devotion  
 “ with the prisoners, till the guards  
 “ are changed, and then pass un-  
 “ noticed.”

Malnor returned at this moment,  
 but no physician.

“ No,



“No, my good Cordelier,” said I, “that brave soldier stands in danger of the rack: Give *him* the habit, he may pass for a Cordelier in following the Marquis, and my anxious soul will stand acquitted of his fate.”

“Preserve *thy* life at this hour, under the sanction of my office; I may at some future period preserve Malnor.”

But the intreaties of the Cordelier were unavailing: I only requested him to conceal himself in my cell, that two Cordeliers might not at once be seen near the Marquis; he obeyed, and Malnor ventured the awful crisis; we could now discern no pulse, life seemed to have retreated from the object of our cares, while we were contriving to secure it. Our



tears, the last tribute of affection, fell on his senseless bosom, and he was conveyed through the eastern aisle to the carriage that waited for the solemn purpose, while Malnor followed with the certificate of interment in his hand; and fortunately passed the guards unquestioned.

The fear, the danger of Malnor's departure, threw the Cordelier and myself into silent stupidity, we were nearly breathless with apprehension—while every step, every little noise sounded like thunder to our affrighted senses, the Cordelier sat himself down on my little bed, and found some relief for his troubled heart in a flood of tears; I attempted not to comfort him, a respectful silence better suited his excess of affliction.—The Commandant's bell rang, the Cordelier

lier was roused to a thought of safety. He embraced, and left me to fulfil his duty with those in the distant parts of the castle, who were penitent from terror, and wished for his consolation.

I had been five years a miserable wanderer in barbarous climes. Dragged from my friends, my father and the woman I adored; on my return could gain no information of those beloved objects, and while seeking them in every part of France, was arrested and thrown into this prison on the eighteenth of June, as I have above recorded. Though I had known so little of the Cordelier, and of his brother the Marquis, I felt a faint hope, from the letter I had already seen, that some information

C 5. might

might at a future period be gained from the former.

Eternal Creator ! be thou the guardian of Emily ! Whisper the danger of erring youth ! bless her visions with chaste delight, and breathe thy wondrous influence on her soul, gently as air wafts the dew of the morning !

Hourly struggling to forget that charming creature, I sank wearied with each day, and arose with the dawn to love and despair. Carried into the intellectual fields of the past by the power of memory, I sat on my little stone window seat till the clock at midnight struck one—one, and no more !—what a warning does it leave on the mind !—my meditations were broken, I prepared for repose,

pose, when I saw a paper lying on the floor, I eagerly carried my eye to the subscription without glancing at the contents—It was EMILY, my dearest Emily!—Pressing her name to my lips, with a rapture that in a moment bore me above the sense of imprisonment, I hurried hastily round my cell, nor once recollected in my transport that wherever my Emily was I could not be!—I was too full of pleasure to sit down coolly to the enjoyment of it; my breath grew short, my heart fluttered, and I again opened the paper as if fearful of increasing the wild emotions that had already so expanded my love-sick soul.—I, at last, with tears trembling in my eyes, read—

“Cruel Cordelier!

“You have disappointed my warm-  
“est wishes, the failure of your dis-

C 6

“appoint-

“ appointment, at twelve last night,  
 “ has robbed me of hope—I was at  
 “ the garden-gate from eleven till  
 “ one, and have taken a final adieu  
 “ of happiness since it was in your  
 “ power alone to bless,

Your affectionate

EMILY.”

Here was distraction!—Ye who  
 have felt the anguish of disastrous  
 love! Ye, whose sighs have been un-  
 pitied, while the hand of fate hath  
 secretly torn your bosoms, mourn  
 with me!

For Emily had my prayer arose!  
 With Emily had I hoped to taste the  
 joys of pure affection; where now is  
 her heart? where her exalted senti-  
 ments, where her gentle vows, where  
 those soft endearments with which  
 she

He once soothed me, till transport  
 threw affliction from my bosom?—  
 All is this vile Cordelier's—The dread-  
 ful work of seducing her once spot-  
 less mind was reserved for him, while  
 I, through every vicissitude, have been  
 vainly nursing her image, till it is  
 become incorporated with my being  
 —Lovely, faithless maid ! how bitter  
 hast thou made my remaining hours !

I lamented the discovery—railed  
 at the Cordelier, resolved to hate  
 Emily, or, which was more congenial  
 to the violence that raged within me,  
 resolved to make her mine at the ex-  
 pence of my honour ; should chance  
 ever afford me the revengeful op-  
 portunity. What fantastic ideas were  
 these for a man in my situation ! Yet,  
 so does the human mind often amuse  
 itself with trifles while labouring un-  
 der

der great calamity ; I ought to have delivered the papers belonging to the Marquis to his brother. It had been driven from my memory by the dismal events which had filled the preceding day. Little regret was now occasioned by this reflection. The friendship of the Cordelier no longer gave me pleasure. Love was banished from my soul, and vice seized the heart that had enthroned an angel ! —I sickened with ingratitude, I grew impure :—Wonderful is the mechanism of nature, unsearchable the human mind. Love that gives birth to every virtue, to delicacy, sentiment, and the nameless graces that gild the world, left me a prey to the poisoned passions of evil, else how could I hate the Cordelier only because he was beloved by Emily ?

Morning



Morning arose more joyless than I had ever known it, and a confusion of voices poured through the passage—I sat in my cell sullenly daring the worst, when I heard the name of Malnor hastily pronounced—Doors, which I had not heard found since my confinement, were now thrown open, and I found by the increasing din, that the guards were advancing towards the cell of the departed Marquis. The Governor’s voice grew distinct; he mentioned me, and I fancied myself a devoted victim to the escape of Malnor. While I feigned a repose my senses could not taste, the Governor found me reclined on the bed of wretchedness, ordered the guards to retire and accosted me politely.—

“ Sir, can you command me in  
“ any thing that will oblige you?”

“ Sir,



“ Sir, I have a lively sense of the  
 “ honor you do me, and thank you  
 “ most sincerely,” replied I, with a  
 troubled look—He gazed attentively  
 in my face—I felt as if Malnor could  
 be seen through my eyes, and blushed  
 at a deception so laudable in itself.  
 Had the Governor seized this moment  
 of feeling, and boldly dared me with  
 the question, I should firmly have  
 confessed a conduct which gave me  
 secret pleasure ; but happily that mo-  
 ment passed on, and the blush left  
 my cheek as my emotions subsided.

“ You are distressed, Sir, said the  
 “ Governor ; I am equally so, but  
 “ for very different reasons. You  
 “ will be treated with lenity ; I have  
 “ orders for its being so. The cause  
 “ of your confinement is perhaps  
 “ unknown to you, for the intrigues  
 “ of

“ of the cabinet are inexplicable,  
“ and it may afford you but little  
“ consolation to know your imprison-  
“ ment will last *for ever!*

I shuddered at the word.

“ I know mankind, am acquaint-  
“ ed, well acquainted with the pas-  
“ sions, and since you may despair  
“ of ever returning to the world, I  
“ will, from that very despair, hope  
“ for the honour of your confidence,  
“ in return I offer you mine.”

What floods of thought came pouring on my soul at this declaration! I could form nothing clear—All my powers were enveloped by a gloom through which I could not discern one ray of hope; enclosed *for ever!* cut off so suddenly from society, and no  
object

object to pursue whose excellence could lead me progressively from the black temptations forming around! The Governor hoped much from my despair; he did suppose I had already prepared myself for villainy, and that the banished Emily had drawn after her my whole train of virtues. His proposal came well-timed—It was seasonably abrupt, couched in language frank and easy, and I exchanged my faith with him, a faith that had no principle for its basis, a friendship uncemented by truth. The Governor bargained only with my despair.

After some little pause, he mentioned the escape of Malnor, adding,  
 “ the foldier was poor, I made him  
 “ useful from his necessity, he was  
 “ by nature too humane for my purposes, and if I only could be in-  
 “ formed

“formed how he left the castle, I  
“should not much regret his loss.”

“What was his crime, Sir?” said I  
with perturbation; “Of no magnitude  
“--Almost nothing. He was only  
“met conducting a royal fugitive  
“through the woods, whose name  
“and quality we believe him to be a  
“stranger to, but fearing he should  
“have discerned too much, we kept  
“him a prisoner.”

“Did he never own himself ac-  
“quainted with his employer? or  
“did you never put him to the ques-  
“tion?”

“We strained him a little, but  
“his honest simplicity convinced us  
“he was ignorant of saving a man  
“whose existence at this moment  
“causes inquietude in the bosom of  
“our king—I shall use every means  
“to detect him, though he deserves  
“a better fate.”

Politely

Politely wishing me a good morning, the Governor withdrew, and left me to the mortifying thought, that Malnor alone could have informed me of my father ; and, as if Providence meant to sport with me, I had been the instrument of his escape—My father ! my injured father !—But what have I to do with tender ideas ! Why should I indulge the soft affections ? There exists not an object in the universe who will own itself in sympathy with me. No ! I am forgot, despised, rejected, I have been indulging only the vision of love. I have cherished only an image while another possesses the substance. I have cheated myself ; my force of soul is gone ! and I am too enervated ever to look up the rugged heights of virtue.

Thus

Thus I raved awhile, and to those joyless murmurs succeeded confused plans of vengeance. “*Last night at the garden gate*” did Emily wait, and not wait for *me*! Where is the garden gate? Hastily opening the letter a second time, I read it over with care, but the silent messenger had gained no new intelligence. The date was prior to my confinement; and how the letter came into my apartment was with me an undetermined point. It was probable the Cordelier had unknowingly dropped it; but how could Emily form an assignation? Why did she not still love me? What had I done? I was only become unfortunate!—Yes—Heaven chose to render me unhappy, Emily chose the Cordelier should make her faithless—Woman! Woman! why wert thou created!

In

In the great journey of life, man frequently passes by the bliss he had long pursued ; either he is insensible to its near approach, or from some fatal timidity fears to seize it. There was a time I could have been as favored as this Cordelier, but that hour is gone—Here am I to remain for ever ! These meditations availed me not, apathy was the sole comfort that offered.

From this period I was treated with respect by the guards, and with indulgence by the Governor ; the latter in confidence, conducted me into several apartments of the castle, hitherto concealed. Many noble and majestic forms, who seemed dignified by woe, appeared to my view ; among others, a masculine figure caught my attention, his features and his attitude, as  
I looked



I looked at him, suffered no change,  
all were uniformly resolved,

Mild resignation, (wiser than despair,)  
Subdu'd the sigh, and check'd the fruitless  
tear.

Vengeance no longer could his bosom warm,  
His passions withered in his dauntless form.  
Hope left his heart, yet patience met the rod,  
And prov'd the man a particle of God.

We fixed our eyes on each other;  
our silence was interesting to the  
heart: bowing with that mournful  
reverence, which is ever due to digni-  
fied misery, I reluctantly followed the  
Governor. Some apartments, which  
were situated on the south side of the  
castle, I perceived he did not incline  
I should enter. Naturally, I wished to  
enter them, so prevalent is the mind  
to hunger after what it is denied;  
but, for this time, I was obliged to  
forego my curiosity, and to be satis-  
fied



fied with what the Governor chose to afford. I quietly followed him, and he led me through a subterraneous passage, arched, and glittering with webs full of unwholesome droppings. The time was noon, yet so horribly dark was this passage, that a lamp was kept burning, and feeble was the lustre it gave.

We stopped at the end of this long vault, and my conductor made me observe a small door so finely contrived, and so shadowed by the artist, that it wore the semblance of gothic stone, and appeared but as an entire part of this ancient structure. I should have passed it unperceived, had not the Governor slipped back a private spring, and opened it to awaken my curiosity. We descended by a flight of steps. The air that met us was  
cold,

cold, damp, and of that sickly kind which bursts from a newly opened tomb. I began to think the Governor had a design upon my life, and resolved, if so, he should buy it; my surmise was unjust. Finding we had at length reached the floor, and discerning no glimpse of day, I enquired in what part of the castle we were, and for what purpose this horrid dungeon was designed. The Governor informed me it was an apartment seldom occupied, and never but by those who were under the necessity of taking an abrupt leave. While he was speaking, I fancied there was a rustling noise behind me, I started, the Governor smiled, asked me if I was afraid of rats, at the same moment removing some massy bars, he threw back the shutter of a little window, or rather hole, which opened

on the ocean. It was strongly grated with iron; the space from the sea, which was not above two toises, was formed of solid rock, which served as a bulwark to the foundations of the castle, and against whose foot the billows continually wasted their force. Hence could no human voice ascend to society: the lamentations of death were but whispers here, and here might famine perform unmolested her slow and awful work.—When a brave man falls in battle, the glory of his deeds shine through his disastrous fate, and his friends feel a consolation in the retrospect of his conduct—But *here* oblivion fed in all her native darkness, and quietly prolonged the horrors of her victim.

Trembling with terror, I hastened towards the stone stairs by which we  
had

had descended, and left the Governor to replace the window-shutter by himself, as he best understood the work. In hurrying up the stairs, I saw a small wire lying in the dust. I caught it up undiscovered by the Governor—It drew a miniature after it, which was rusted and disfigured, and which caution at this moment not suffering me to look at, I eagerly thrust into my pocket.

The Governor having made the window secure, I waited for him to lead me through further discoveries. As I stood on the last stair a deep groan I was certain stole upon my ear; I again descended in haste fearing the Governor might have hurt himself with the bar. I met him coming up quite unconcerned, and when I mentioned the circumstance, was told,

D 2                      with

with the utmost *sang froid*, that groans would become more familiar to me as I became a more constant and peaceful inhabitant of the castle. Death is invisible in his labors, said I to myself; silence may benefit, complainings will not avail me.

“ I can lounge no longer with you now,” said the Governor. “ Do me  
 “ the favor of dining with me. If  
 “ your taste for pleasure is adapted  
 “ to mine, you may be happy, if  
 “ not, you may with little exertion  
 “ create misery for yourself. I leave  
 “ you to your choice, for whatever  
 “ be your pursuit, you shall not in-  
 “ terrupt mine. I mean not to be  
 “ impolite, Monsieur, I only treat  
 “ you with frankness, that I may in  
 “ the shortest manner be understood.”

“ Do

“ Do with me as you please, I  
“ once revered the excellence of  
“ human nature, I now am ready to  
“ exclaim with Brutus,

“ O virtue! I have adored thee,”

“ At last I fear thou art but a name!”

“ Guilt is fashionable, beauty wears  
“ it, I can adapt my taste to hers.—”

“ To whose ?” said the Governor,  
laughing at my vehemence.

“ To—” I looked at him wildly  
for a moment.

“ Come, come, your whole soul  
“ has some time or other been dis-  
“ solved by tenderness—You are jea-  
“ lous, I suppose, or angry with the  
“ beloved object—Come, we will  
“ dine as happily as we can; if I can  
“ procure you any blessing, (but  
“ that of liberty,) I will not with-hold  
“ it from you.”

D 3

Thou

Thou art a master of the passions, the springs of the heart are thine, and knowledge, I fear, hath been bought by thee at an inestimable price!

Reflecting thus, I followed my conductor, who seated me at a splendid table, where luxurious viands and exhilarating wines conspired, for the hour, to chase sorrow from the soul. Ease and charming conviviality sat on the brow of the Governor--At that moment, surrounded by fainting wretches who had no cause to waft his name to the gates of heaven, he talked of men and things. Observing he was in a communicative mood, I respectfully requested him to give me his history--Smiling, with the utmost good humour, he replied,

“ You



“ You lay early exactions on my  
 “ friendship, but you will find in  
 “ Dormoud a mind that shrinks from  
 “ nothing: a miser creeps cautiously  
 “ through the circles of mankind,  
 “ observes the variety of action per-  
 “ formed by individuals, seeks only  
 “ one gratification, dallies only with  
 “ those from whom he may cull the  
 “ golden harvest, and returns laden  
 “ to his dark chamber, where he  
 “ gives a loose to those transports his  
 “ treasure excites; the rapture his  
 “ own; the heap his universe—I am  
 “ that miser.”

“ ’Tis impossible!” said I, while  
 my eyes roved o’er the splendor and  
 magnificence of taste with which we  
 were surrounded.

“ I am that miser,” continued he.  
 “ I have deceived and laughed at the  
 “ world from which I have accumu-



“ lated every hour. My nerve of  
 “ intellect is strong. I have used it  
 “ to one sole purpose.”

“ And to what purpose?”

“ Pleasure—I am a cormorant in  
 “ pleasure. I know no enjoyment  
 “ in gold further than it has been  
 “ exchanged for happy purposes.  
 “ Truth, principle, virtue, all those  
 “ sounds of which the self-denying  
 “ appear to be so fond, I consider as  
 “ restraints for which we need not  
 “ design ourselves—To give happi-  
 “ ness to our fellow creatures is all  
 “ we ought to live for. I, therefore,  
 “ lulled the artless, humoured the  
 “ weak, soothed the languishment of  
 “ lovely woman, and thought myself  
 “ justified; with these feelings, Mon-  
 “ sieur, I own I might have been  
 “ blest, but the ambition of general  
 “ conquest too soon mingled itself  
 “ with

“ with my passions, and the moment  
 “ I raised my eyes from the humble  
 “ valley of delight towards its dan-  
 “ gerous summit, I became more and  
 “ more restless through every grada-  
 “ tion, and such must be the effect  
 “ with all who early pursue pleasure.  
 “ Too often I found exalted souls on  
 “ which I could not act, beings who  
 “ possessed a power repulsive to all  
 “ my machinations; happy in them-  
 “ selves, I could not draw them from  
 “ reserve; they noticed me not, or  
 “ heard me only with indications of  
 “ contempt. Hating the mind that  
 “ had power thus to raise itself above  
 “ me, I scorned to adore it, conse-  
 “ quently you may conceive me  
 “ seeking pleasure from weaker ob-  
 “ jects. My passions were high, my  
 “ form not disagreeable, my educa-  
 “ tion had been fashionable, I was

D 5 “ metho-

“ methodised into address, and every  
 “ rule deemed polite was mine.  
 “ With these advantages, I approach-  
 “ ed the court ; here formed by Na-  
 “ ture for voluptuousness, I expanded  
 “ my views : I looked on Louis as  
 “ my equal in the field of gallantry.  
 “ I observed the pageantry of the  
 “ great, and pronounced it the gild-  
 “ ing of hearts like my own. Pro-  
 “ fusion, humility with man, and  
 “ attention to woman, soon procured  
 “ me access to the circles of the  
 “ highest fashion, and Larissa, the  
 “ charming Larissa, ranked me in  
 “ the suite of her admirers.

“ Hid in elegant gardens at a small  
 “ distance from court, this beloved  
 “ favourite of Louis was, on account  
 “ of the factions gathering over  
 “ France, too frequently neglected  
 “ by

“ by the Monarch, yet her power  
 “ was great, her fascination irresist-  
 “ able ; at least I felt it so, and with  
 “ my usual beneficence of temper,  
 “ resolved to alleviate the tender de-  
 “ jection Lariffa might feel in the  
 “ absence of the King. Gold she  
 “ could not be in want of, and strange  
 “ as my purpose may seem, I wished  
 “ to gain her through the more gen-  
 “ tle avenues of sentiment. This  
 “ prelude I soon found unnecessary ;  
 “ Lariffa had long forsaken, or had  
 “ never possessed the angelic delicacy  
 “ which secures the mind of man. I  
 “ rivalled Louis, and was a short  
 “ time enraptured with Lariffa.

“ The Duke of B\*\*\*\*\* taking  
 “ me one day aside, told me I had  
 “ long engaged his notice.

D 6                      “ I have

“ I have but one recommendation,  
 “ my Lord Duke,” bowing as I recommended myself.

‘ What is that Monsieur Doremoud ?’

“ Affection for the Duke of B\*\*\*\*,  
 “ I will lure his mistress to his arms,  
 “ or kill his enemy, I wear a smile,  
 “ and I wear a sword.”—

‘ Agreed, I will employ you, in  
 ‘ return command my interest with  
 ‘ the King.’

“ On further intimacy, I found the  
 “ Duke had indulged himself more in  
 “ the social virtues (I must use that  
 “ word) than in capacious pleasure ;  
 “ he was tender, humane, unsuspect-  
 “ ing, full of courage and as full of  
 “ pity. Such a character the world  
 “ deems amiable, for me it contained  
 “ materials on which I resolved to erect  
 “ my fabric of ambition. We made a  
 “ long

“ long excursion over the country,  
 “ and I was walking one day with him  
 “ near Rochelle, in the forest of \*\*\*\*,  
 “ a sigh stole from his heart, and he  
 “ addressed me in a melancholy tone.”

‘ Monsieur Dormoud, in the  
 ‘ friendship I have for you is lost  
 ‘ the sense of inequality. I would  
 ‘ repose my cares in your bosom :  
 ‘ fated with splendor, fatigued with  
 ‘ state, and disturbed by the grow-  
 ‘ ing commotions of France, I lan-  
 ‘ guish for softer enjoyments. My  
 ‘ rank, my character, my firmest  
 ‘ resolutions have proved insufficient  
 ‘ to shield me from the impressions  
 ‘ of beauty. I love ! Dormoud, I  
 ‘ love without hope, and without  
 ‘ strength to disengage myself.’

“ Name the fair enslaver, my Lord  
 “ Duke, Dormoud may assist you.”

‘ Ah, my friend ! I am not my-  
 ‘ self acquainted with her name ;  
 ‘ hunting in this forest of \* \* \* \* ,  
 ‘ my horse in full spirit carried me  
 ‘ from my friends and retinue ; I  
 ‘ did not regret the incident, while  
 ‘ I enjoyed the view of a fine coun-  
 ‘ try. I rode on till my horse again  
 ‘ caught the sound of the horn, when  
 ‘ gazing round at the romantic wild-  
 ‘ nefs of nature, I saw a lovely maid  
 ‘ without sense or motion lying on  
 ‘ the turf ; her steed had thrown  
 ‘ her and coursed it through the  
 ‘ thickets, as if rejoiced to have  
 ‘ left behind him his charming mis-  
 ‘ tress : instantaneously alighting, I  
 ‘ raised her from the earth, inno-  
 ‘ cence pleaded in her languid fea-  
 ‘ tures : I softly laid my lips to her  
 ‘ cheek with all the adoration due  
 ‘ to heavenly purity, and, holding  
 ‘ her



‘ her to my bosom, impatiently  
 ‘ watched the dawn of light that  
 ‘ should break from her eyes—She  
 ‘ opened them, my soul drank their  
 ‘ fires till my peace was lost ! Abash-  
 ‘ ed and blushing to find herself in  
 ‘ the arms of a man, her senses had  
 ‘ nearly once more forsook her. Re-  
 ‘ spectfully loosing her from my  
 ‘ throbbing heart, I stood motionless  
 ‘ and incapable of an explanation.  
 ‘ ‘ Where am I,’ said she, drawing  
 ‘ her hand cross her forehead, ‘ can  
 ‘ you, Sir, say how came I here ?’

‘ She hesitated as if endeavouring  
 ‘ to rouse the powers of memory ; I  
 ‘ related the situation in which I found  
 ‘ her ; relieving her apprehensions  
 ‘ by most solemn assurances of ho-  
 ‘ nour—How lovely is woman when  
 ‘ unartful ! my friends were near,  
 ‘ the



‘ the hounds awakened echo from  
 ‘ the hills to proclaim their ap-  
 ‘ proach. I felt for the reputation  
 ‘ of the lady, my friends were men  
 ‘ of fashion and gallantry, who never  
 ‘ took leisure to reflect, or draw  
 ‘ from the blended snare of passion  
 ‘ and habit that sublime veneration  
 ‘ claimed by the unsullied mind.  
 ‘ The delicacy of the gentle maid  
 ‘ took the alarm, her horse had not ap-  
 ‘ peared, nor could I quit her to seek  
 ‘ him, hastily casting her eyes over  
 ‘ the plain as if wishing some other  
 ‘ protector, she incoherently apolo-  
 ‘ gised—and, half breathless, con-  
 ‘ cluded “ Yonder, Sir, is a house  
 ‘ belonging to my father’s verderer.  
 ‘ I give you much uneasiness, I per-  
 ‘ ceive you are as much confused as  
 ‘ I am; will you be content with  
 ‘ my poor thanks? they are grate-  
 ‘ ful—

‘ful—I will ever think of you with  
‘esteem.’

‘Unwilling to reveal my rank I  
‘struggled with my emotions; caught  
‘her look of gratitude, hung on  
‘her voice as she bade me farewell,  
‘and setting spurs to my horse,  
‘rejoined my friends’—here the  
Duke paused.

“You have power,” said I, “and  
“power alone is sufficient to accom-  
“plish every wish in France.”

‘The heart must be soothed, Dor-  
‘moud. Love disdains the fetters  
‘of power; I would not rudely  
‘seize blessing which is only valuable  
‘when mutually exchanged.’

“I laughed at his scruples, and re-  
“solved to behold the beauty of which  
“the

“ the Duke gave me so inflaming a  
“ picture”—He resumed.

‘ Can you procure me, or advise  
‘ me how to gain an interview with  
‘ my fair conqueror ?’

“ I will think of it, my Lord, but  
“ am this evening engaged.”

‘ With your politic mistress,  
‘ Lariffa, I suppose—beware Dor-  
‘ moud !—Should our jealous Mo-  
‘ narch surprise you, you will never  
‘ please a King’s favourite more ;  
‘ and if proving to you the ingrati-  
‘ tude, coarseness and insensibility of  
‘ Lariffa, will timely secure you  
‘ from so dangerous an amour, I will  
‘ display those defects in that en-  
‘ chantress.’

“ My pride was wounded, to share  
“ her affections with a King was fe-  
“ cretly

“cretly my glory : to find her uni-  
“versal in her objects humbled me.”

“The Duke smiled, enjoyed my  
“confusion, and carelessly drawing  
“from his pocket a billet-doux, read :

‘To the Duke of B.

‘Louis is indisposed and ordered  
‘by his physician to reside a few  
‘weeks at Versailles ; *le cheval a bien*  
‘*fourni sa carriere, je ne veux pas què*  
‘*on me trompe, vous etes un bon seconde ;*  
‘the great Conde is gone, the car-  
‘dinal is with the King—*Il faut*  
‘*donner quelques momens à la joye & à*  
‘*l’amour, oui, j’aime ; allons à*

‘LARISSA.’

“Did you obey this summons, my  
“Lord ?”

‘Call it an invitation,’ said the Duke,  
smiling at the abruptness of my ques-  
tion, ‘I perceive you do not wish  
‘for

‘ for an affirmative, but would  
 ‘ Dormoud have refused,’ continued  
 he, with an air of triumph.

“ Hate, jealousy and revenge began  
 “ to kindle within me ; the Duke di-  
 “ verted himself at my expence, ral-  
 “ lied, laughed, trifled with my sul-  
 “ lenness, and with the utmost indif-  
 “ ference went on :

“ Fair without virtue, without peace she’s  
 “ great,  
 “ False in her love, inhuman in her hate ;  
 “ So early train’d in falsehood’s baneful school,  
 “ She charms alike the Monarch and the Fool.

“ Imagining myself pointed at, I  
 “ burned with rage, yet was obliged  
 “ to be silent. I had entangled the  
 “ Duke in the web of confidence, but  
 “ dared not oppose him ; Larissa had  
 “ ensnared the King, while she was  
 “ raising me to a summit, from which  
 “ I could look down on powerless  
 “ virtue,

“ virtue, and often was the honest  
 “ pride of worth insulted by my con-  
 “ tempt. But the Duke was yet my su-  
 “ perior—Politely wishing me a fair  
 “ evening, he left me, I stole to La-  
 “ rissa. Reclined in her farthest apart-  
 “ ment, adorned but with the loveli-  
 “ ness of a dishabille, she arose, and  
 “ welcomed me after the manner of  
 “ France. All was still, save soft music  
 “ in an antichamber, the sounds of  
 “ which were calculated to melt the  
 “ soul to the latest ebb of languish-  
 “ ment; and thus dissolved with un-  
 “ attended beauty who could soar be-  
 “ yond the scene?—yet, my assurances  
 “ and proofs of fidelity and love ap-  
 “ peared inadequate to Larissa’s af-  
 “ fection. I patiently heard her gentle  
 “ reprovings, felt them just, but en-  
 “ deavoured to remind her that mu-  
 “ tual happiness could only be born  
 “ of mutual faith, that love alone was  
 “ the

“ the source of constancy, and that  
 “ various passions ran round the heart  
 “ of man in such regular rotation, that  
 “ he could not either love or hate  
 “ longer than the influence of the then  
 “ reigning passion was dealt to him.—  
 “ Whether the opinion of Lariffa va-  
 “ ried from my theory ; or, whether  
 “ she wisely judged that love is not  
 “ eternal, and that mutual faith dies  
 “ away, we know not how, I was at a  
 “ loss to determine. I was only cer-  
 “ tain, that as I sat listening to her  
 “ chidings the sound of the music  
 “ seemed to labour into harshness and  
 “ discordance, nor did Lariffa herself  
 “ appear so attractive as I thought she  
 “ might, if dressed by the cooler hand  
 “ of prudence.

“ Ah, Lariffa !” said I, “ with an  
 “ involuntary peevishness, if lovely  
 “ woman



“ woman would preserve her empire  
 “ she must be virtuous !”

“ What malicious dæmon could put  
 “ such an awkward sentence into my  
 “ mouth at such a moment ? Lariffa  
 “ was fired, she upbraided me with  
 “ obligations ; despised my mercenary  
 “ passion, hated, smiled, wept, again  
 “ soothed me by her softness, and  
 “ was convinced I was her slave.”

In spite of my cares I could not  
 help smiling at Dormoud’s pleasantry,  
 he continued—

“ Aye, aye, Monsieur, we may  
 “ boast supremacy, rely on our  
 “ strength, and endeavour to lessen  
 “ woman, but we are her dupes,  
 “ why?—because her powers are  
 “ light, delicate, and exquisitely  
 “ wrought ;



“ wrought; ours flow, obtuse, solid  
 “ and confiderate, while man is plod-  
 “ ding how to creep after event,  
 “ woman trifles with him, dazzles  
 “ his judgment, skips over him, and  
 “ feizes her point with agility—fools  
 “ that we are !”

What ftouc could confide his muf-  
 cles of rifibility at this harangue of  
 Dormoud, fo full of nature, truth and  
 felf-mortification ? He proceeded.—

“ Aurora now threw her blufhes  
 “ into the apartment of Lariffa ; they  
 “ fuddenly tinged the cheek of my  
 “ fair miftrefs, mine caught the glow  
 “ and I retired. On paffing through  
 “ the garden where the flowers, un-  
 “ heedful of erring man, threw their  
 “ odours to the fun, I was met by a  
 “ page who furveyed me with filent  
 “ curiofity.

“ curiosity. Passing him with feign-  
 “ ed composure, I hastened from a  
 “ spot where danger was awake ; on  
 “ this single moment hung the fate  
 “ of Lariffa. But man was made  
 “ to go forward, not one shall go  
 “ back through his yesterday. Wise  
 “ is he who makes use of the hour  
 “ and resolves to be blest. I had  
 “ left Lariffa, convinced I had left  
 “ her to new and ever-changing  
 “ wishes, equally flexible with the  
 “ ties that held me when near her.  
 “ The tender vows I had breathed in  
 “ her bosom were dissolved in the past  
 “ moment ; no trace remained of her  
 “ late-bewildering power in a mind  
 “ naturally prone to inconstancy.  
 “ The Duke of B \* \* \* \* was no ad-  
 “ vocate for Lariffa or licentious  
 “ pleasure ; his power was great with  
 “ the King, and with the thinking  
 VOL. I. E “ part

“ part of France, and often would  
 “ he imperceptibly lead the Monarch  
 “ from the fascinations of a mistress,  
 “ who, on account of her mean ex-  
 “ traction, hated the noblesse. Lariffa  
 “ had her intervals of conquest; her  
 “ arts were those of circumvention,  
 “ and she ridiculed the Duke while  
 “ she blinded the enamoured Mo-  
 “ narch. I had early renounced  
 “ moral obligation; my heart was  
 “ unawed. I loved pleasure; my  
 “ vices were but individually dan-  
 “ gerous: I was not set up as an  
 “ example for a nation, but Kings  
 “ seldom know how to value merit,  
 “ when like an angel it stands warn-  
 “ ing their desires. The machina-  
 “ tions of Lariffa against the Duke  
 “ did not prolong her empire; her  
 “ dye was cast. Louis returned; his  
 “ illness had been slight, his cares  
 “ returned;

“ returned ; he treated them, as all  
 “ men should treat care, a proof of  
 “ which I will give you in his gal-  
 “ lant stile. This letter was written  
 “ on the eve of his arrival to La-  
 “ rissa, who impatiently expected to  
 “ see the King in a few hours lan-  
 “ guishing at her feet ; she favoured  
 “ me with a copy, I will favour  
 “ you with *the lesson* it may afford.”

‘ I thank you, Sir, your manner  
 ‘ of instruction is new.’—Great in-  
 confidence I thought appeared in  
 Dormond.—He read—

4th MAY.

‘ I am recovered, dear Larissa,  
 ‘ and am only a little sorry I re-  
 ‘ turn not to a heart once offered  
 ‘ me, and gratefully accepted ; with  
 ‘ me I wished Larissa to lose every  
 E 2                      ‘ desire

‘ desire of change. Could lovely  
 ‘ woman be secured by splendour,  
 ‘ you had still been mine. My hope  
 ‘ arose from self-love. Charming  
 ‘ Lariffa, I own impossibilities. I  
 ‘ acquit you, and throw your incon-  
 ‘ stancy on the grand versatility of  
 ‘ nature. When was man chained to  
 ‘ your sex by gratitude? Have I  
 ‘ not loved, and left more than you?  
 ‘ Agreeable to your taste you pre-  
 ‘ fer \*\*\*\*\* to a King. I blame  
 ‘ you not; we delight in change;  
 ‘ may the happiness of Lariffa keep  
 ‘ pace with the swift emotions of  
 ‘ her heart when it pursues new ob-  
 ‘ jects.

I am,

‘ L \* \* \* \* .’

“ With this billet the generous  
 “ Monarch sent presents to Lariffa,  
 “ worthy

“ worthy his magnificence, wishing  
 “ her to seek an asylum far from the  
 “ dangerous pleasures of royalty.  
 “ Lariffa depended on the charms of  
 “ her of person, looked forward to  
 “ new victories, left the scene of  
 “ past delight with indifference and  
 “ in a few years sank pale and de-  
 “ jected within the walls of poverty.  
 “ Better had it been for Lariffa, had  
 “ she early sheltered her beauties and  
 “ her virtue in the bosom of hum-  
 “ ble worth. Spotless would have  
 “ been her morning, glorious her  
 “ meridian, and she would have  
 “ sunk in the evening of life like a  
 “ sun whose warmth had cheered the  
 “ world and whose departing rays  
 “ e mourn.”

I could no longer conceal my as-  
 tonishment, I applauded the elegant

language and fine comparisons of Dormoud, a man who had professed himself an unprincipled voluptuary! —Encouraged by his frankness, I interrupted him by remarking what I thought inconsistent, but he was truly paced in the ways of men, and proceeded :

“ Mine is the language of the  
 “ world : my theory is for others,  
 “ my practice for myself ; every hu-  
 “ man being is distinct, and it in-  
 “ variably is seen through the uni-  
 “ verse, that no two persons shall  
 “ move in a parallel line. Single  
 “ in feeling, diversified in idea, and  
 “ totally opposite in mental power,  
 “ the train of one man’s action shall  
 “ not serve another.—I reason like  
 “ a moralist. I have that privilege.  
 “ I am not a moralist further than  
 “ precept



“ precept serves my turn ; such is  
“ every man, and he deceives when  
“ he persuades you he is attempting  
“ at more—No further can human  
“ nature go, though many sacrifice  
“ more to the opinions of society  
“ than I do. For the reasons I have  
“ given, the fate of Larissa afford-  
“ ed no lesson for me, and I only  
“ mean to say, what Larissa might  
“ have been had her train of action  
“ been what it was not. Infamy  
“ has planted her cannon against the  
“ reputation of woman ; man is se-  
“ cured by the laws himself has  
“ made ; yet, there is a wonderful  
“ fallacy in his system of virtue,  
“ when he pockets ten thousand  
“ pounds from a friend, merely for  
“ sharing in his wife’s dishonor and  
“ his own.”



Dormoud possessed every art of fascination, he lulled inquietude. I found relief in his sophistry. He helped to establish the late perversion of my principles. How feeble would a charming woman prove, while attending to him with sensibility till her soul dissolved ! Dangerous ability ! He had in history related an incident concerning Emily—Emily was the lovely maid found by the Duke in the forest ; I knew it, and silently invoked heaven to protect her, though false to me.

“ The mother of Lariffa,” continued he, “ was a servant in the convent of St. \* \* \* : the kitchen afforded her good living, good living filled her with good spirits, and good spirits led her after a well-meaning friar, to whom  
“ Louis

“ Louis, &c. &c. was indebted for  
“ Lariffa.”

‘ It may be difficult,’ said I,  
‘ to refuse the offers of royalty, but  
‘ mankind will ever prefer humble  
‘ innocence to the sullied charms of  
‘ a King’s mistress.’

“ No, no, Sir, you mistake—You  
“ speculate contrary to practice ; in-  
“ nocence may sleep for ever in her  
“ humble vale. Who seeks *her*  
“ friendship ? Who drinks the fra-  
“ grance of *her* breath ? Who wraps  
“ *her* miseries in the mantle of peace ?

“ The mistress of a King has  
“ power—Many dependencies hang  
“ on a tarnished link—Many would  
“ acquire riches, but few possess  
“ them, by an acquaintance with  
E 5 “ innocence.

“innocence. Yet a court mistress,  
 “*disgraced*, when met in the walk of  
 “private life, all will avoid. When  
 “Lariffa fell from her summit, I fled  
 “from her endearments; unwilling  
 “to appear near the court where  
 “power was changing hands. New  
 “incidents and new troubles arose;  
 “the Fronde, an anti-ministerial party  
 “daily gained strength, the Minister  
 “disagreed with Turenne, and  
 “many brave men who had seemed  
 “listless while their Sovereign was  
 “happy, now gathered round the  
 “helm to guide him through his  
 “troubles. Among the latter class  
 “was my quondam friend the Duke.  
 “If I could have loved strong virtue  
 “under any shape, I should have ad-  
 “mired and pitied his attachment to  
 “his King. I loved not his amiable  
 “qualities,

“ qualities, though I resolved to  
 “ love and to possess his mistress.

“ Though I had been observed by  
 “ the King’s page in the garden of  
 “ Lariffa, his Majesty never took  
 “ notice of me as a rival. Perhaps  
 “ he thought me too contemptible,  
 “ or not esteeming Lariffa enough to  
 “ depend on her for happiness, plea-  
 “ santly left us to try how long we  
 “ could love. After she had set off  
 “ for less brilliant scenes, I returned,  
 “ and continued to promote my in-  
 “ terest at court, by flattering those  
 “ I despised, and fawning on those  
 “ who mistook servility for respect.  
 “ But the Duke had irritated me.  
 “ He had asserted that Dormoud was  
 “ too far corrupted ever to be re-  
 “ claimed by friendship or example,  
 “ and had for some time avoided me

“ in public. Sensible that one of us  
 “ must go down the wind of favour,  
 “ I was not long hesitating ; my ac-  
 “ tions wore a deeper dye than those  
 “ of the Duke. He might have  
 “ ruined me with truth. Virtue had  
 “ rendered his soul too dignified to  
 “ enter into a competition with Dor-  
 “ moud, whose mines were working  
 “ at the foundations of his perfection.  
 “ In plunging him from his heights,  
 “ truth was not on my side, but cun-  
 “ ning and chance gave me success.—  
 “ Louis had secrets, the multitude  
 “ had no right to search for them,  
 “ they were the secrets of necessity ;  
 “ the Duke knew this, was faithful  
 “ to his Monarch, concealed his  
 “ faults, revered his virtues, and  
 “ breathed his public fame.

“ This

“ This noble conduct, trusted to  
“ itself, became the food of those  
“ who prey on garbage. The Chan-  
“ cellor le Tellier viewed him with a  
“ jealous eye. That wily politician  
“ had been entrusted by the Queen  
“ Regent with a secret of the greatest  
“ importance, and the handsome de-  
“ portment, together with the abili-  
“ ties of the Duke, made the statef-  
“ man tremble lest the latter should  
“ supplant him.—I was employed to  
“ pry into the springs of action that  
“ were hourly moving, and particu-  
“ larly ordered to render the Duke  
“ unpopular. He had in some affairs  
“ managed part of the state reve-  
“ nues. The magnificence of Louis  
“ brought his coffers low; for the  
“ exhausted sums I blamed the Duke,  
“ and for the late disgrace of minis-  
“ ters condemned him. Murmurs  
“ arose;

“ arose. Supported in secret by the  
 “ Chancellor, I grew bolder in my  
 “ assertions, and loudly criminated a  
 “ man to whose excellence I never  
 “ could arrive. He saw my artifice,  
 “ was too brave to soothe, contemn-  
 “ ed me too much to upbraid, and  
 “ after treating me with silent though  
 “ ineffable scorn, left the field of  
 “ princely favours to more greedy  
 “ strugglers, and retired to the Ne-  
 “ therlands, resolving to forget his  
 “ hopeless passion and his King.

“ Envy will follow for ever the  
 “ character that has once gained an  
 “ eminence over her *horde*. Ask her  
 “ why a wise man leaves the noisy  
 “ circle? Her answer will be ‘to in-  
 “ dulse his pride, his discontent, his  
 “ avarice, or his imbecility. He is,  
 “ in brief, welcome to retire. He  
 “ no



“ no longer adores or fears me.”  
 “ But ask the wise man why he leaves  
 “ the world ! and he will reply, ‘ I  
 “ have tasted joy, I have tasted sor-  
 “ row ; I have been despised and re-  
 “ spected ; loved, was beloved in  
 “ return ; and now having lost the  
 “ objects I adored ; see a futility in  
 “ life to which I cannot descend.’

“ I do not,” continued the Gover-  
 nor, “ mean to prove that these were  
 “ exactly the sentiments of the Duke ;  
 “ but, I can assure you, that his de-  
 “ parture did not cure the Chancellor ;  
 “ for his jealousy, his envy, with  
 “ some other fears arising from state  
 “ intrigue, followed the Duke ; and  
 “ should he now be found, his death  
 “ alone, I believe, would hush the  
 “ cares his existence causes in the  
 “ bosoms of le Tellier and the King  
 “ —but



“ —but there are a few more who  
 “ are equally burthenfome, and that  
 “ must be taken off—Your glafs  
 “ waits you, Monsieur, drink to the  
 “ oblivion of care ; a more commo-  
 “ dious apartment is preparing for  
 “ you in the fifth range towards the  
 “ east ; and after giving you every  
 “ affurance of my favour, confistent  
 “ with my fituation, I will, when  
 “ you please, conduct you to repose.”

Observing Dormoud made a full  
 pause, as if hesitating whether he  
 should confide further in his new ac-  
 quaintance, I arofe, thanked him for  
 his candour as he conducted me to  
 my chamber, and was much confoled  
 by his repeated affeverations of future  
 friendship. Where is the man whose  
 fancy grown fick with sorrow will  
 not exaggerate the image of comfort,  
 and

and raise her pigmy joy too high for his attachment? It is ever so: imagination is too strong in her colouring. I was revived by Dormoud, and forgot the dreadful sentence of imprisonment for ever. Why, said I to myself, is this man a villain? Why should he boastingly violate those duties the self-denying struggle to fulfil!

Dear spirit of refinement, from wherever thou hast chosen thy pure celestial dwelling, descend, touch the coarser powers of Dormoud, and lead thy fair ideas through the corrupted region of his mind! From thee, bright form of innocence, fly the brutal shadows that darken the bosom of man. Thine are the grand, the energetic, the invisible! Thou art the soul of the world!

But

But what have I to do with refinement? Have I not lost Emily? A long fit of abstraction fell on my mind as this question, prompted by despair, suggested itself—I sat some moments gazing at the waning candle, and at last put my hand in my pocket, with an intent to re-peruse the fatal note I had found, when, to my astonishment, I drew forth the picture of my mother! Saluting it—I felt it cold.—“Angel! thou art cold—lifeless as I one day must be!”—Strange as my description may appear, I thought the picture varied its looks as the emotions of my soul were impatient or resigned. The filth and rust it had accumulated in the steps of the dungeon I had visited with Dormoud, was in my pocket worn off, and the animated features spoke directly to my heart. “All is over.”

“over,” continued I, walking hastily, “a few months or weeks, and then!” (throwing myself down on a sofa recently prepared for me in this elegant room.) “Here I am to remain *for ever*!—but how came my mother’s dear resemblance to this dismal dwelling? Is this an abode for so much beauty?—It is impossible she can herself be here! I will not think it. And yet I heard a groan near that horrible dungeon!—Good God defend her! Hold me from madness! Where, where shall I go!”—Imagination seemed to go out at this last idea, like an extinguished flame, and I fell into a sudden insensibility. How long I lay in this swoon or slumber, (I know not which) I could not recollect. When I recovered, a coldness had pervaded my whole frame—I was spiritless.

spiritlefs and feeble; all my unavailing though unruly paſſion had ſubſided, and I calmly reflected that life could not in this dreadful ſcene be of long continuance. That ſtrong ſympathy inherent in man, which makes him feel for others, works upon his own heart in a ſtate of ſecluſion. He naturally wiſhes to lighten the burthen of his ſorrows, and to ſhare the pity he had lent the world. The idea of dying here unlamented and unknown, the more agonizing thought that my mother might be ſomewhere near me, inclined me to deviſe ſome expedient by which a knowledge of our fate might reach ſociety. For this purpoſe, I reſolved to throw together ſome tranſactions of my paſt life, and, after enclosing the picture, which was encircled by the name of my mother, in the miſt of my little  
history,

history, to throw the packet into the sea.

The days of my infancy were spent in the forest of — near Rochelle, under the gentle tuition of an harmless peasant, who chearfully saw his flocks grazing round the hills, while his wife, after feeding her poultry, and gathering in their eggs, taught me my Primmer, and progressively my Bible. “Without reading good “books,” (said this amiable rustic) “little master can never know the “world.” I fancied at last my mistress improved herself as rapidly as she taught me. From this humble scene I was soon removed. A chariot, the first I had ever seen, came one morning to carry me from the humble cot of Jannette Froville, but I was not willing to go. I sat down, took  
my

my tame kid in my lap, and watched my nurse as she wandered round the house to collect my cloaths. The tears rolled so swiftly through her eyes she hardly could discern what she sought: nor did the coachman and servants appear to me half so manly in their taudry liveries as my dear plebeian Froville, who had so often taken me on his knee and warmed my infant hands in his bosom on a frosty morning, while he pressed his ruddy lips to my cheek. "No," said I, "the chariot shall go back till Janette has done crying."

"We must not drive back without you," replied the coachman.

"I would fain stay here till the lambs are weaned; besides my kid will pine to death."

All



All my childish objections were overruled. Farmer Froville and his wife Jannette wept and prayed over me, and I was at last, with much reluctance, parted from all I then held dear, except my little tame kid, to whom I had given the name of Mayo, and who I earnestly requested should be my companion in the chariot. This was discussed elaborately by the servants; the coachman scorned to be the coachman of a kid, and the footman gave a supercilious smile at my idea of his riding behind one; but I resolved to be master in this case. I had no sense of blessings in future, my heart was palpitating with its present affections; I had enough to struggle with without being troubled with the impertinence of these men, and conquered them only by (what they called) sullen obstinacy. The  
chariot



chariot rolled away—my eyes kept in view the house of Jannette, where health and innocence had fostered me; it gradually receded; she waved her handkerchief, I saw her no more. The tuft of trees that stood near our orchard, under which our sheep had gathered at noon, were rapidly passed by, and Mayo, though he loved me best, gave a farewell cry to his fleecy companions. Happy! happy scene! Thy joys were many, and thy evils few.

Our journey was long, the servants were dull; I was melancholy, and my kid, I believe, would rather have been skipping from rock to rock, than shut up with a fellow traveller so inimical to his lively nature. Our conductors, however, grew chearful on entering the capacious domains of  
their

their master, of whom they spoke with reverence and love, and whose name was Count de Marfan. This nobleman was ready to receive me. He threw open the chariot door, caught me in his arms, and would have carried me into his house, but I was holding Mayo by a blue ribband, which was twisted round my hand. Finding himself tacitly condemned to carry us both, he applauded my tenderness, and set me gently on my feet.

“ Jannette Froville told me she  
 “ was not my mother. Are you my  
 “ father, that you kiss me so ?”

‘ I am not,’ said the Gentleman,  
 ‘ but while I exist, you shall not  
 ‘ want a father.”

“ And will you provide for little  
 “ Mayo ?”

VOL. I.

F

‘ I will

‘ I will love Mayo, because you  
‘ love him—You must be educated;  
‘ your kid shall be fed.’

“ I can read my Bible, Sir. Is  
“ not that education, is not that  
“ enough?”

‘ I will shew you our large parks,  
‘ the deer, the great canal ; with  
‘ me you shall observe the rising and  
‘ setting of the sun and moon ; still  
‘ you may read your Bible.’

I was contented.

After being led through the varie-  
gated scenes that presented themselves  
in succession to my dazzled imagina-  
tion, taught to observe the opening  
buds of nature, tints of the flower,  
bark, and paintings in the gallery, I  
was careffed, treated with sweetmeats,  
and

and sent to the first school in Rochelle. Here, after acquiring the love of some of my school-fellows by my gentleness, and the fear of the refractory by my severity, I sat down quietly to my studies, and dearly did I soon prize the hours of meditation!—Nineteen summer suns had glided away, when I returned to my Guardian full of vigour, and free from vice. This inestimable friend possessed every accomplishment. He was polite, but he was sincere. While he charmed by his manners, he enforced that probity which dignifies man. I loved him. He pointed my strong ideas. He watched over my mind as its powers expanded; from the fallacy of conjecture he led me to demonstration; from the heat of prejudice to serenity of judgment; from superstition to morality; and while he

held to my reason the volume of the  
world, taught me to pity the feeble.

‘ Life is short, the poor pittance  
‘ of seventy years is not worth being  
‘ a villain for : what matters it if  
‘ your neighbour lay interred in a  
‘ splendid tomb. Sleep *you* with in-  
‘ nocence : look behind you through  
‘ the tracts of time, a vast desert of  
‘ unnumbered ages lies open in the  
‘ retrospect. Through this desert  
‘ have your forefathers journeyed on,  
‘ till wearied with years and sorrow  
‘ they sank from the walk of man.  
‘ You must leave them where they  
‘ fell, and you are to go only a little  
‘ further, where you will find eternal  
‘ rest. Whatever you may encounter  
‘ between the cradle and the grave,  
‘ be not dismayed. The universe is  
‘ in endless motion, every moment  
‘ big

‘ big with innumerable events, which  
 ‘ come not in slow succession, but  
 ‘ bursting forcibly from a revolving  
 ‘ and unknown cause, fly over this  
 ‘ orb with diversified influence :  
 ‘ should you be plunged into dis-  
 ‘ agreeable circumstances, from those  
 ‘ very circumstances may another be  
 ‘ at that moment rising to the summit  
 ‘ of his good fortune ; so may your  
 ‘ neighbour’s inconvenience prove  
 ‘ beneficial to you. None can know  
 ‘ the eternal purpose of existence ;  
 ‘ but there is a grand equilibrium pre-  
 ‘ served by one mighty chain of de-  
 ‘ pendencies. Look then at the uni-  
 ‘ verse ; limit not the view of your  
 ‘ soul to one hemisphere ; and ask  
 ‘ your reason, if, in such awful re-  
 ‘ volutions of worlds and their inha-  
 ‘ bitants, pain and pleasure must not  
 ‘ constitutionally affect you. Be ever

' fearless; yield reluctantly to the  
 ' passions, increase the regions of the  
 ' mind, and know that as you have  
 ' no will to resist the power of death,  
 ' death can be no evil further than it  
 ' affects the imagination. To sleep,  
 ' to go through various changes, or  
 ' to wake everlastingly, is equally in-  
 ' dependent of your will. Therefore  
 ' cheerfully trust the future, and only  
 ' dread the act that may wound your  
 ' established rectitude of thought!'

I bowed to my dear Instructor, my  
 youthful heart held his admonitions;  
 they grew with my years—Hills,  
 rocks, rivers, the waving of the  
 woods, and fertility of the vales,  
 yielded transport to my unsullied  
 mind: and as I thus revelled silently  
 in the rich exuberance of nature, I  
 felt myself capable of the wildest  
 adoration.



adoration. Blest is the mind that early feels the influence of instruction! Soon! much too soon came manhood with his hardy privileges. I panted to strike upon the world as a meritorious character. Rural imagery enchanted my fancy, while the voice of Fame seemed to call me from afar. Divine is the origin of Fame! she breathes the desire of immortality into the soul of man.

My Guardian had mentioned two amiable sons whom I never had the pleasure of knowing. They were educated at St. Omers, under the care of an affectionate uncle, who had adopted them as equal heirs to his vast fortune. A letter arrived, in which the youths requested the permission of their father to accompany the Duke of B\*\*\*\*\* who was then

F 4

going



going abroad. The Count, with apparent regret, sacrificed his tenderness to the glory and improvement of his children, and received their acknowledgments. The dignity of language observed by those young gentlemen warmed my attentive soul, as I listened to their prayers breathed for the preservation of their beloved parent. To Emily, who was receiving her education in the convent of St. \* \* \* \* \* they sent tokens of fraternal love. I blushed at the idea of spending life idly.

My Guardian was a man of the first distinction in France, he disapproved much of the constitution of his country, but he was brave, and firm to attachments he once had formed. Combinations, plots, and reiterated murmurs prevailed over the  
the

the kingdom. Lettres de cachet were considered as the most odious mark of audacious tyranny, while the farming of land in the interior parts occasioned, among the lower class of people, the most acute penury. My Guardian, as an individual, had no power of revoking the statutes, nor had he the wish of assassinating his King merely because he was thrown as an hereditary and guiltless emblem of *order* into the lap of pre-eminence. Law is the cement of society. Law forms degrees of power, and by necessary gradation power sinks to the cottage from the throne. Nor must power be suffered to sport wantonly on that dangerous summit; while she sits soberly, her influence is nourishing, and millions bask in her well-regulated favours. Without her, order, so beloved, so cherished

by mankind, cannot exist; and a King, that thing so hated, so feared, so revered and so loved, is but by accident as a common watchman; and whether society be awakened to its duties by many watchmen, or by one, is not worthy the discussion of the wise. The Duke of B \* \* \* \* had taken the ministerial side from policy, and was now preparing to leave it—He visited my Guardian; I was introduced; the Duke appeared struck by my figure. I was not less so with him, his gallant deportment, his persuasive eloquence darted enthusiasms through my frame, and I secretly wished to share his glory; when he took leave I followed him insensibly along the court. My hat fell from my hand, without perceiving it, I walked till an attendant delivered it to me and received my thanks; when,

learn that the brave and good have ever felt in common with mankind.

When evening approached, a carriage driving hastily through the court, roused me from my meditations; my Guardian ran to the door, and a beautiful girl sprang to his arms—It was Emily.—I had also advanced, but stepped back that I might lay no restraint on endearments so tender and sacred. Amidst broken expressions of joy and enquiries, which waited no reply, the father ushered his lovely daughter to an apartment adjoining that I had entered; her brothers became the subject of her first enquiries: my Guardian gave her a brief account of their intended route with the Duke of of B\*\*\*\*, when she replied, ‘ I hoped to have found my brothers  
‘ here,

‘ here, my dear father ; my self-love  
 ‘ perhaps blinded my reason—I could  
 ‘ not improve them, I could not  
 ‘ teach them the hard lessons of the  
 ‘ world.’

Finding myself under the necessity of over-hearing the conversation of Emily and her father, I immediately took my hat and strolled down the garden ; not that I was uninterested in any delight my Guardian could taste, but I thought it unmanly to remain within hearing of two persons, who were pouring out their sentiments, unconscious of my situation—delicacy is due to all. Chance directed my steps to a bower of woodbines.—I threw myself on the bank, and sighed for a father into whose bosom I might rush, as Emily did to my Guardian’s. The whole expanse was full  
 of

of beauty, it waited for the melting touch of a Claude-Lorraine, before whom Nature ever lay in charming luxuriance. I was contrasting the lily with the rose, when my Guardian, who had lightly ran over the turf, accosted me.—I enquired why his sons did not accompany his late illustrious visitor, he told me the Duke only came to see me.

‘ But come, my dear young friend,  
‘ I have a guest to whom I must introduce you : she is worthy your  
‘ protection, and to your honour I  
‘ could for ever confide my Emily.’

I congratulated this worthy man on the treasures he possessed in his children.—He introduced me ; and I saluted Emily with an agitation never felt before. Her conversation  
was

was directed to her father, my ear hung on her accents, my eyes on her face, till she suddenly threw a glance that struck me to the soul. Abashed, I turned towards the window, while a significant silence heightened the confusion of my senses:—Yes, there are delicious moments, when silence must be felt, and the heart swells with that fine delirium which arises from the hope of being secretly understood!—Yet—what did I wish Emily to understand?—I had never before seen her: my feelings had not progressively grown into love, nor had there been time for creating esteem in the bosom of the charming maid; what then were my wishes?—I had but one, it was that of forever listening while she stole my peace.—Night summoned me to retire either to my books or rest—I chose



chose the former. Hence hoary adviser! said I, throwing the venerable Antoninus from my hand; thou art much too cold; my heart is burning! Happy had I been could my strength of mind have proved sufficient to oppose this languor ere it grew oppressive! My judgment, my understanding, and even my thirst for glory were weakened: So was I formed, and my internal conflicts I fear will end but with my life!

Ye, who would surmount the pleasing melancholy of the tender passion, seek not solitude! her shades are delusive! Peace is not within them! There will the image of your soul engross you; from thence will the world and its boisterous attendants be shut out, and you will feed on the delicious poisons of memory  
till

till you languish life away !—I was restless through the night, arose in the morning before the family were moving, and roved over the adjacent hills: The dew lurked glistening in the bosom of the cowslip, the birds broke not their song at my approach, my heart was grateful for its existence: the words of my Guardian ‘*to your honour I could for ever confide my Emily,*’ were impressed deeply on my mind. Was there not a warning in the generous sentiment? Yes! He had suddenly appealed, he had made a league with my honour for the future security of his deserving child! His boundless confidence proved the estimate he had formed of my principles, and ought to have given me delight. On the contrary, I saw difficulties rising from the noble candour of the father,

to

to check my infant passion for the daughter; he had bequeathed her to my *honour* not to my *affection*.

O, how industrious is the human mind in creating self affliction, and refining on it by the force of imagination, till we no longer struggle with unutterable love, but willingly sink to rest! Under this sickness of the fancy does many a tender and delicate maid droop like a chilled flower!

Ruminating thus on the feebleness of nature, I had strayed, I had insensibly strayed to the brow of a declivity down whose sloping verdure no human foot had passed: I endeavoured to descend, but was obstructed in my wanderings by a huge rock, on whose rough and aged sides

the goats played wantonly ; conceiving it impassable, I paused a few moments, drinking the ecstasy of infant day, and was about to return, when I saw a pale smoke arise seemingly from the entrails of this tremendous precipice. All was still, save the melody of the groves ; and my fancy was purified by the sweet salubrity around, nor was pity the weakest of my sensations : I imagined the smoke must ascend from the cabin of some miserable woodman whose hard fate confined him to this sequestered dwelling ; an amiable wife, perhaps unoffending children, suffer with him, said I to myself, and why must the harmless peasant sigh in vain for the necessaries of life ? Impressed by the workings of compassion, I again attempted to find an oblique passage—the effort was unavailing—my  
way

way was cut off by the horrid projections of the rock, and the smoke gradually dying away ceased to direct my curious eyes; I sat myself down, lamenting the calamities of innumerable beings, who, fixed by natural necessity distant from the pale of society, pine unpitied and unseen in want even of frugal blessings. The languishments peculiar to the votaries of luxury are by the rustic villager unfelt, but as a forfeit for his stronger joys, he often needs both food and raiment. I looked up to the sun.

Bright comforter! the feeble and the aged love thee! the wise and the foolish love thee! thy mighty master commands thee to bless the shepherd and the King, the pome-grante and the acorn are welcome to thy rays!

I had

I had not gazed long on the luminary of the world, when I saw a ladder rising slowly towards the summit of the rock; I arose hastily and concealed myself behind some shrubs, that I might not terrify, by my unexpected appearance, the solitary adventurer, who, I supposed, was ascending. A tall majestic figure alighted on the turf, kneeled, and gave his morning orisons to the Father of Ages. I could have thrown myself at his feet. Reverence withheld me—Where was the infidel who dared to intrude in a moment so sublime! From the place of my concealment, I traced him to a neighbouring rivulet, whose murmurs were invitations to her thirsty visitor. He stooped, drank, filled a bottle hastily with the refreshing element; and, after plucking a few wild berries  
from

from the humble bushes, returned to his ladder. Soon as he was below the surface of the earth, I ran in a bending attitude, seized the top of the ladder, and however rude the action might immediately appear, descended, before he had time to remove it from the rock. Amazement and displeasure darkened the features of the stranger, he boldly shook me by the breast, and declared his readiness to take my life or guard his own.

“ Impertinent curiosity, Sir,” said I, “ has no place in my bosom ; I  
 “ feel a nobler sentiment. I own I  
 “ did not expect to meet a man of  
 “ your demeanour, but I expected  
 “ to find affliction, and resolved to  
 “ soften it.”



‘ Generous youth!’ (loosing me from his manly grasp) ‘ you have met affliction with all her attendant horrors!—but leave me!—take advantage of the means by which you have descended, or you may involve yourself with one long devoted to destruction: leave me, young man, or you will be undone!’

Those words were uttered with an emphasis which, instead of daunting my resolves, interested my affections; I saw no danger, and if I had, nothing but the positive command of this recluse should have forced me from him.

“ The rules of honour and politeness oblige me to retire, Sir, if you so earnestly wish it.—Adieu!

“ —My

“ —My heart feels oppressed at  
 “ leaving you thus: believe me I  
 “ would rather embrace danger in  
 “ assisting you.”

The stranger paused: cast his eyes  
 towards a cavern in the distant part  
 of the rock, and was lost in hesita-  
 tion.—Seizing the momentary silence,  
 I continued—

“ If the cause of your seclusion  
 “ from mankind be of an atrocious  
 “ nature, my bosom shall be the  
 “ grave of human frailty; I will  
 “ swear never to divulge your affairs,  
 “ though the colour of them may  
 “ oblige me immediately to forsake  
 “ you.”

‘ I am no villain,’ (returned he)  
 ‘ I am only the victim of tyranny

‘ and misfortune. Such had late de-  
 ‘ signed me before my infant eyes  
 ‘ were open to the light. I am sen-  
 ‘ sible of your not having power to  
 ‘ injure me, and am only fearful of  
 ‘ your sharing my hapless destiny.  
 ‘ —Be not alarmed, I am an exile  
 ‘ from the social joys of man, but  
 ‘ let us not anticipate evil—You af-  
 ‘ ford me a faint delight—a delight  
 ‘ which I may never taste again; we  
 ‘ will not therefore embitter transient  
 ‘ happiness by poor distrust.’ En-  
 ‘ deavouring to appear self-collected,  
 he took me by the hand.—

‘ Come with me, you shall be-  
 ‘ hold the accommodations of a  
 ‘ prince; you shall learn that royalty  
 ‘ is the trapping of fools, given by  
 ‘ adulation and worn in vain by mor-  
 ‘ tal beings; yes, you shall be con-  
 ‘ vinced

‘vinced that a prince, stripped of  
 ‘his gaudy appendages, is but the  
 ‘sport of misery.’

An obedience, which owed nothing to my will, influenced my motions. I followed involuntarily, without once replying to my unknown monitor. We entered the cave; his little fire had not entirely spent itself; the embers gathered brightness from the contrasting gloom, but not sufficient to direct my eye to the end of this cavern. Looking round with pensive curiosity, I saw no royal accommodations, except a small picture of the King of France in a niche, rudely formed by nature in the rock. Perceiving it had arrested my attention, he was much agitated, and wildly exclaimed, ‘Ah, Sir! Kings should have no  
 ‘*brothers!*’

G. 3.                      Seating

Seating himself on the damp gravel, of which the floor of this lonely habitation was composed, he was for some minutes silent and forgetful of my presence, nor could I obtrude a single enquiry on a subject which affected him so deeply. I at length made some incoherent remarks on the difficulty he must experience in procuring food.—

‘Yonder,’ pointing down an eminence, ‘lives my provider.’—I did not comprehend him; but leading me from the entrance of the cave to a more eligible spot, he made me discern a little hut near the sea-shore, and resumed his story—

‘There dwells a simple fisherman,  
 ‘who seeking a strayed lamb his chil-  
 ‘dren had tamely bred up in his  
 ‘cottage,

‘ cottage, met me by chance as I  
 ‘ was wildly roving through the  
 ‘ wood, my sword was in my hand,  
 ‘ despair and horror in my whole  
 ‘ deportment; his timidity brought  
 ‘ me to a recollection that man is  
 ‘ only amiable when impressed by  
 ‘ the influence of social love. I  
 ‘ banished his dismay, and he pro-  
 ‘ cured me food.’

“ What great occurrence brought  
 “ you to this scene of misery, why  
 “ not fly from a solitude, incom-  
 “ patible with an exalted mind ?”

‘ You know me not; my hours  
 ‘ were early marked, and every step  
 ‘ I take is not in the common path  
 ‘ of man. The scene before me is  
 ‘ sorrowfully distinguished, but I have  
 ‘ reason to suppose it will be short.’

G 4.

I now

I now conjectured this stranger must have been convicted of treason, and that a price was set on his head : I never conceived what we politically term treason to be a sin against the Deity, and was still resolved secretly to bear him in the arms of friendship to every comfort heaven had allotted me.—

‘ For reasons of state have I been  
 ‘ a prisoner from my birth. I was  
 ‘ born in the year 1638.

‘ Through my days of childhood,  
 ‘ I knew no affliction but that kind of  
 ‘ restraint which seems more watchful  
 ‘ than severe. I was not even sensi-  
 ‘ ble of my being a state prisoner, as  
 ‘ it was impossible for me to be guilty  
 ‘ of a crime. I believed my Tutor  
 ‘ to be my real father ; my education  
 ‘ was



' was equal to that of the Dauphin.  
 ' I was not sensible of rough ambi-  
 ' tion, but I became the prey of ge-  
 ' nerous love: my Tutor had a friend  
 ' of the house of B.\*\*\* who vi-  
 ' sited, and brought with him a sister.  
 ' Noble sentiments, elegance of man-  
 ' ner, and beauty, were hers. The  
 ' impression she was formed to make  
 ' was mine; an impression only to be  
 ' erased by death!—I for some months  
 ' languished in silence for the lovely  
 ' maid. I dared not hope! The  
 ' vigilance of my Tutor increased  
 ' with my years, and I daily became  
 ' sensible that I was held in fetters,  
 ' though invisible to my comprehen-  
 ' sion was the power who ruled me.  
 ' The walls of the garden, in which  
 ' I was used to range, were raised to  
 ' a terrific height, and so many pre-  
 ' cautions taken, that a gloom was

G 5. ' thrown

' thrown over the scene of my infant  
 ' joys—I became melancholy—the  
 ' beautiful Eleanora perceived it, and  
 ' endeavoured to alleviate the sadness  
 ' she could not cure. During her  
 ' stay (which was intended for some  
 ' months) with my Tutor, she charm-  
 ' ed, while she increased the tumults  
 ' of my soul. Unable to tear her  
 ' from my heart, or suppress its emo-  
 ' tions, I one day threw myself at  
 ' her feet, and breathed the strain of  
 ' love. The moment was precious—I  
 ' could promise myself but few, and  
 ' passionately appealed to her pity;  
 ' pity she bestowed, but female deli-  
 ' cacy started objections and fears in  
 ' her inexperienced bosom. She of-  
 ' fered me her esteem; nay, more,  
 ' her inviolable friendship, and my  
 ' eager soul exulted in the testimonies  
 ' she gave of both. But who shall  
 ' set

'set bounds to mutual attachment ;  
 ' Who quench the ever-burning flame  
 ' of sympathy ! We loved, adored,  
 ' and while my Tutor was called to  
 ' \* \* \* \* \* on political affairs, I gave  
 ' my parole of honour to his substi-  
 ' tute, bribed him profusely, and the  
 ' charming Eleanora became mine by  
 ' a private marriage. From this  
 ' union sprang inexpressible delight,  
 ' transport hoarded but in remem-  
 ' brance ; for, oh ! my real treasures  
 ' are no more !—

A pause, in which memory, I  
 feared, was too powerful, succeeded  
 those complainings—I willingly gave  
 him a tear. When did tears relieve  
 the sufferer for whom they fall ?—He  
 proceeded—

' The delicate state of my dear  
 ' Eleanora soon made a removal ne-  
 ' cessary. I gloried in the approach-  
 ' ing event, but was distracted how  
 ' to conceal it. My wife, with that  
 ' magnanimity which ever supports  
 ' virtue, was willing to dare the cen-  
 ' sure of the world for the man she  
 ' loved, in denying her marriage;  
 ' I could not yield to this idea. I  
 ' could not so meanly stab refinement,  
 ' and resolved to declare myself to  
 ' her brother, when he should next  
 ' visit my Tutor.

' The Duke of B \* \* \* \* was pos-  
 ' sessed of true grandeur. He stood  
 ' aloof from the contagion of preju-  
 ' dice, while she led her blinded vic-  
 ' tims through the world. His soul,  
 ' independent and alone formed her  
 ' system of thought, and to him I re-  
 ' vealed

‘vealed our marriage—‘Generous vir-  
 ‘tue (said this noble friend) will ever  
 ‘be the basis of my sister’s happiness.  
 ‘Dearly as I love her, she has in-  
 ‘creased her value, by giving me  
 ‘such a brother. I will share your  
 ‘cares, and you shall share my for-  
 ‘tune.’

‘After embracing me with affec-  
 ‘tion, he thanked me for my confi-  
 ‘dence, and swore never to abuse it.  
 ‘My wife returned to his seat in the  
 ‘country, where my son was born.  
 ‘But, unhappily, a domestic had  
 ‘heard this last conversation, and  
 ‘flew with it to the ear of my Tutor,  
 ‘whose terrors I thought quite unne-  
 ‘cessary to the occasion. He ques-  
 ‘tioned me on the subject: I ques-  
 ‘tioned him in return; and as I found  
 ‘he had gained knowledge of the af-  
 ‘fair,

' fair, did not deny it. Almighty  
 ' love gave me intrepidity. I would  
 ' not have exchanged the tender  
 ' names of husband and of father for  
 ' the crown of France! Ah, Sir!  
 ' short was my fond exultation! only  
 ' a few months had passed on, when  
 ' the Duke came hastily, spent with  
 ' fatigue, and dissolved in tears, to  
 ' inform me his sister was, with my  
 ' infant son, conveyed from his man-  
 ' sion by an order of State, and the  
 ' only consolation afforded him, was  
 ' the assurance that both should be  
 ' provided for within the pales of  
 ' nobility, but must never more be  
 ' mine. Snatching the sword of the  
 ' Duke, (whom I shall henceforth  
 ' term my brother,) I ran to my  
 ' Tutor, and seizing him with all the  
 ' madness of a man grown desperate  
 ' by injuries, demanded an explana-  
 ' tion

‘ tion of his mysterious conduct—  
 ‘ Opening his bosom, he stood before  
 ‘ me, dauntless in his trust, and ve-  
 ‘ nerable in virtue, but silent!—Si-  
 ‘ lent as the grave! nor could the  
 ‘ fear of death, though I too rudely  
 ‘ threatened him, extort the cause of  
 ‘ my wrongs—I could not kill him!  
 ‘ I had long loved him! and he ap-  
 ‘ peared to me, at this moment, like  
 ‘ something divine, though pre-emi-  
 ‘ nently wretched!—Conquered by  
 ‘ his looks, I threw myself down,  
 ‘ and burst into tears! My Tutor  
 ‘ kneeled, wept over me, and echoed  
 ‘ back my sighs, but stubbornly sup-  
 ‘ pressed every other expression.  
 ‘ While indulging this dreadful an-  
 ‘ guish, we were surrounded by the  
 ‘ guards, who had entered the house  
 ‘ purposely to convey us into strict  
 ‘ confinement. I now grew obstinate  
 ‘ with



' with despair. Life had lost its va-  
 ' lue, and I felt only for this worthy  
 ' man, who was to languish in prison  
 ' with me; his loyalty and truth  
 ' availed him not. After feebly  
 ' struggling with age and fetters, he  
 ' felt himself dying. My heart was  
 ' torn with the mingled agony of im-  
 ' patience, sorrow, and indignation,  
 ' as I beheld him sinking from me.  
 ' Nightly did I hang over him,  
 ' watch his broken slumbers, and in-  
 ' dulged some little comfort when he  
 ' opened his eyes. He was sensible  
 ' of my affection—I had been formed  
 ' by him, and he prized the heart  
 ' himself had rendered incapable of  
 ' disguise. As I bathed his pillow  
 ' with my tears, he addressed me in  
 ' a faint voice :

' Names

' Names and titles are sounds; I  
 ' never made you acquainted with  
 ' them: I swore never to do it whilst  
 ' I lived, but I have made you ac-  
 ' quainted with yourself; I have  
 ' taught you to observe the futility of  
 ' human action, and the feebleness of  
 ' your nature. I now warn you to  
 ' resist ambition; her snares are  
 ' spreading for you. Yield her do-  
 ' minion to others—You are too good  
 ' to be her slave.—I must leave you,  
 ' and the only regret I feel at this  
 ' awful moment is, that I must leave  
 ' you here; but your life, I have  
 ' reason to think, will be held sacred  
 ' during the life of Louis XIV.  
 ' Should he die childless, forget not  
 ' my warnings. Numberless joys  
 ' spring from the bosom of the world  
 ' for those who can enjoy them in  
 ' obscurity. Adieu! my dear Henry!  
 ' Should

' Should you in time know the secret  
 ' of your birth, keep that knowledge  
 ' to yourself; by appearing ignorant,  
 ' you may be most safe. Do not  
 ' practise deceit; but every man has  
 ' a right to be silent on his own af-  
 ' fairs. Tranquillity, that hath ever  
 ' gilded my unimpassioned hours,  
 ' now falls sweetly on my senses.  
 ' When I awake to new existence,  
 ' my Creator will not make me miser-  
 ' able. Unheedful of human opi-  
 ' nion, to Him alone I am resigned—  
 ' Once more! Once more!—Fare-  
 ' well for ever!'

' Pressing my hand gently, he  
 ' looked benignly in my face, and  
 ' yielded to Nature all she could  
 ' claim from him.

To,

' To describe the horrors that stared  
 ' on my afflicted spirit, at this dread-  
 ' ful separation, is impossible! My  
 ' fancy became wild, and brought  
 ' none but ugly images. Suicide  
 ' seemed to offer itself as my sole  
 ' conductor to everlasting rest—And  
 ' where will my Eleanora find a com-  
 ' forter! said I, striking the candle-  
 ' stick suddenly on the floor—The  
 ' noise I made alarmed the sentinel,  
 ' who stood at the outside of the door;  
 ' he rushed in, and finding the cham-  
 ' ber in darkness, called aloud to his  
 ' companions, who entering, saw me  
 ' sitting near the corpse of my dear  
 ' departed Monitor.

' No indignity was offered me;  
 ' two gentlemen were appointed to  
 ' attend my person, and to accompany  
 ' me from that place of confinement,  
 ' where

‘ where he breathed his last, to a  
‘ more eligible one, after a dismal  
‘ chasm in my life of nineteen years.

‘ The vessel in which we embarked  
‘ was pursued by heavy storms; and,  
‘ after struggling five days and nights  
‘ with the tempestuous elements,  
‘ grew crazed; her rudder being  
‘ splintered, was entirely washed  
‘ away, her main-mast went by the  
‘ board; she had sprung a leak; all  
‘ hands were in turn summoned to  
‘ the pumps; and, on heaving the  
‘ lead, our soundings were only eight  
‘ fathoms from land. Night came on,  
‘ darkness increased our terrors. I  
‘ was suffered freely to assist in the  
‘ tremendous scene; but the roaring  
‘ of the sea, the shrieks of the wind  
‘ in the rigging, together with the  
‘ prayers and blasphemies of the  
‘ crew,

‘ crew, struck me with such amaze-  
 ‘ ment, that (ignorant whose order  
 ‘ to obey, or what rope to pull) I  
 ‘ leaned on one of the hen-coops,  
 ‘ and waited the moment that should  
 ‘ plunge us in the deep! Before I  
 ‘ left the cabin, I had secured a  
 ‘ sword, and fixed it to my belt, in  
 ‘ which I had concealed a small casket  
 ‘ given me by my Tutor a few hours  
 ‘ before he departed. Except these  
 ‘ articles, and this resemblance of  
 ‘ Louis, I had nothing of value.  
 ‘ Night passed away, and dawn pre-  
 ‘ sented to our view yon huge pro-  
 ‘ montory, which you can with ease  
 ‘ discern to the westward, and of  
 ‘ which we hoped to gain some craggy  
 ‘ part; but from its foot runs out,  
 ‘ beneath the waters, invisible rocks  
 ‘ unknown to the most skilful mariner.  
 ‘ There our vessel resigned her violent  
 ‘ motion



142 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

' motion for some moments—There  
 ' she lay trembling on the waves like  
 ' a dying bird, and beneath a rude  
 ' swell of water went down for ever !  
 ' Clasp ing the hen-coop, I was beat  
 ' against the rock—I knew no more !  
 ' All was calm when I opened my eyes ;  
 ' as I lay on the beach, no vessel ap-  
 ' peared, no companion hailed me—  
 ' I gazed around, my eyes felt hea-  
 ' vily ; I was not grateful for exist-  
 ' ence, but looked wishfully at the  
 ' remorseless ocean which had drank  
 ' my friends. How vacant is the  
 ' mind when the objects lately mov-  
 ' ing around us are suddenly gone  
 ' for ever !—No prayer, no unavail-  
 ' ing murmur escaped my lips, such  
 ' is the stupidity of man when be-  
 ' wildered by great extremes. I had  
 ' sat pensively on the beach for some  
 ' hours, the billows left me and my  
 ' hen-



‘ hen-coop; none of my ship-mates  
 ‘ appeared; but my appetite for life,  
 ‘ security, and food, gradually awak-  
 ‘ ened, and at length grew acute.  
 ‘ Not knowing where to find the lat-  
 ‘ ter, I was met by the fisherman,  
 ‘ whose cabin is small, and family  
 ‘ numerous; nor would a residence  
 ‘ beneath his roof be compatible with  
 ‘ my fortune or his safety. His head  
 ‘ might answer for his friendship to  
 ‘ me. My brother, the Duke of  
 ‘ B\* \* \* \*, if still at Paris, will be  
 ‘ secret and faithful. To him I have  
 ‘ written a brief account of my  
 ‘ situation. The fisherman has ven-  
 ‘ tured in his skiff to convey my  
 ‘ letters. I have promised to re-  
 ‘ ward him, and only wait his return,  
 ‘ when I shall quit my native land for  
 ‘ ever. I am now forty years old,  
 ‘ and am a stranger to the world!’

I now

I now concluded my unknown friend to be of distinguished rank : he wished to know my place of residence, and by what accident I had discovered his retreat.

I related my morning excursion, begged him to command me, if I could assist him ; and added,

“ I must leave you, amiable and  
 “ unfortunate stranger. I am dear  
 “ to the worthiest of men, and should  
 “ feel regret in causing him one mo-  
 “ ment’s pain : suffer me to see you  
 “ once more ! I will not prove ob-  
 “ trusive ; but I would encounter  
 “ many evils to prove myself deserv-  
 “ ing your confidence. Say, I may  
 “ again privately visit you in this  
 “ comfortless asylum, so unworthy  
 “ its inhabitant.”

A melan-

A melancholy smile spread itself over the face of this afflicted recluse; he replied :

‘ Go, generous youth ! persevere  
‘ in the path of virtue ! You will  
‘ prove a blessing to your parents !—  
‘ In three days I expect my honest  
‘ Fisherman, you may command the  
‘ interval ; I will expect you here.’

Raising my hand respectfully to his lips, he bade me adieu. I ascended by his ladder, and hastened back to relieve my Guardian, whose alarms at my absence I knew would be powerful.

Wearied and thoughtful with this day’s adventure, I at last got home. Surprise at my early departure in the morning, mixed with joy at my arri-

VOL. I. H val,

val, were visible in the countenance and manner of my Guardian. He questioned me mildly : I did not think myself at liberty to declare the concerns of an individual who had from true nobleness of soul confided in me.—Emily ran from the garden, where she had been selecting a bouquet, and with innocent frankness declared herself happy at my return.

‘ Here’ (said she, presenting me the flowers she had culled with taste)  
 ‘ I offer you the tribute of the day,  
 ‘ friend of my father ! they must  
 ‘ one day die ! and why not die  
 ‘ with you ?’

Endeavouring to assume tranquillity of manner, specious, because my heart was not tranquil, I accepted,  
 and

and placed the fragrant gift in my  
bosom.

“ I will wear your flowers, and  
“ only with those emblems of beauty  
“ could live for ever.”

‘ You are kind : my father in-  
‘ forms me, your mind is noble,  
‘ your principles pure, but why do  
‘ you fly me ? my brothers would  
‘ not have left me so long ; I must  
‘ soon return to my convent, why  
‘ did you not shew me the irregular  
‘ charms of this romantic country ?

‘ The midnight vesper, bead, or full-ton’d  
‘ choir,  
‘ Whose mournful symphony is heavy sighs  
‘ Of death-devoted maids : resounds not here !  
‘ Then lead me through the vale where in-  
‘ sects sip  
‘ Rich nectar from the buds of spring, and  
‘ sleep

H 2

‘ Unseen

' Unseen in myriads on the crocus' leaf '  
 ' Filled with the genial banquet, there the soul  
 ' Grows wild with heav'nly rapture! Nature  
   ' there  
 ' Spreads wide her gen'ral sympathy! O come  
 ' And view with me the flow'ry-footed morn  
 ' Blush with the glories of her rising God!'

As the pure orb of light draws the vapours from their parent earth, and converts them by his effulgence into blessings; so did this charming girl incorporate my soul with hers, till it became refined even to anguish. Her eyes, full of innocence, were fixed on my face as she repeated those lines with enthusiasm; the eyes of her father shone with the tear of fond delight; and he happily relieved my unbecoming silence, by requesting Emily to favour him with the author she had quoted.

‘ The book is very old, my dear  
 ‘ Sir, the works of my author have  
 ‘ been extant for ages; I sat on your  
 ‘ bed of violets, I read him there;  
 ‘ I gazed on the gaudy tulip, her  
 ‘ lesson was mine; imagination car-  
 ‘ ried me through the variegated  
 ‘ mead. All nature taught me there!  
 ‘ In a word, my dearest father, I have  
 ‘ been from you so long, and am so  
 ‘ lately returned to your bosom, that  
 ‘ I could rise on the clouds and dif-  
 ‘ fuse the harmony I feel!’

‘ But the author, Emily, has not  
 ‘ so particularly favoured me.’

I fancied my Guardian meant to  
 be good-naturedly severe on his  
 cheerful daughter, but she replied with  
 quickness.—‘ O yes, my Lord, in  
 ‘ various ways; Solitude is the nurse

H 3 ‘ of



‘ of Contemplation, and Fancy is of-  
 ‘ ficious in the absence of our friends.  
 ‘ Whilst I was composing those few  
 ‘ lines in your garden, you perhaps  
 ‘ were forming serious plans of fu-  
 ‘ ture happiness, and as it is im-  
 ‘ possible for a generous man to  
 ‘ exist merely for himself, you  
 ‘ sat in awful solemnity, twirling one  
 ‘ thumb over the other, looking sted-  
 ‘ fastly at the fire, and studying for  
 ‘ the hour what delicacy you should  
 ‘ provide for my dinner, or what  
 ‘ gown would best suit your dear  
 ‘ Emily at a ball.’

What fine touches affection wore in  
 this reply ! Her father regarding her  
 with complacency, said—

‘ My lively girl, your heart is now  
 ‘ full, exhilarated and unrestrained :  
 ‘ but when you leave your convent  
 ‘ for

‘ for worldly scenes, you will, you  
 ‘ must unfortunately be taught re-  
 ‘ serve: Yet, I charge you, my  
 ‘ Emily, never to pursue the worst  
 ‘ methods of your sex; never prac-  
 ‘ tise reserve till it arrive at deceit,  
 ‘ nor poison your blameless mind  
 ‘ with affectation.’

‘ Fear it not, my Lord; artifice is  
 ‘ not so necessary as the world in ge-  
 ‘ neral think it, nor is affectation  
 ‘ lovely; good manners are due to  
 ‘ society, artifice enslaves its possessor,  
 ‘ and affectation is disgusting.’

Emily had confused my ideas, or  
 had given birth to new images in my  
 labouring mind; I could not con-  
 verse collectedly, I sat lost in thought;  
 she was insensible of my infatuation  
 and of her own power.

H 4

‘ Why

‘ Why are you studious, Sir, why  
 ‘ are you not like me ; lively, happy,  
 ‘ grateful for the happiness you re-  
 ‘ ceive, and resigned to transient af-  
 ‘ fliction ? All will pass away ; my  
 ‘ confessor has often enjoined me  
 ‘ never to repine at woe, nor exult  
 ‘ in the rare visitation of coy felicity.  
 ‘ My father will grieve if you grieve,  
 ‘ nor can I be truly blest—I pray you  
 ‘ be happy with us.’

‘ Surely I need not solicit when  
 ‘ Emily implores,’ added my Guar-  
 ‘ dian ; ‘ the language of nature ex-  
 ‘ cels the finished periods of rhe-  
 ‘ toric, and the sensible mind sets  
 ‘ a value on simplicity.’

“ Think me not regardless of  
 “ your care, my dear friend,” said  
 “ ; “ nor fancy me obdurate to the  
 “ gentle,

“gentle, yet keen remonstrance of  
“your Emily—But

“Oh! what a world of agony is found  
“Within my single bosom!”

‘Beware! Beware of indulging  
‘wishes, the gratification of which  
‘perhaps ought never to be attained;  
‘I ask not the cause of your inquietude, I am certain it will be regulated by, or sacrificed to virtue; so  
‘will you gain the peace you deserve. I do not wonder at your  
‘silent manner; it is merely the  
‘effect of habit, habit of education, and education of natural necessity, you have the habits of reflection even externally, because you  
‘are the child of solitude: but certainly when the soul expands to  
‘taste the joys of sympathetic friend-

H 5. ‘ship,

‘ ship, the clouds of secret anguish  
 ‘ are shook off, as the moon from  
 ‘ her pure cheek shakes unwholesome  
 ‘ dews.’

I apologised to this excellent  
 man !

‘ We will not be pressing im-  
 ‘ polite,’ rejoined Emily, ‘ but if  
 ‘ you are not engaged, I will finish  
 ‘ the piece of embroidery begun in  
 ‘ my convent, and you shall read to  
 ‘ us : my father has invited, for to-  
 ‘ morrow, a large party of his most  
 ‘ valuable friends ; we will try to  
 ‘ cheer you, and in return you must  
 ‘ promise to throw this sober sadness  
 ‘ to those who are willing to accept  
 ‘ it : for my part, I know not one  
 ‘ who would think your gift an obli-  
 ‘ gation.’

I was

I was ashamed of giving pain to minds so noble and attentive—We turned to lively topics, and my friends were happy. Resolving never to embitter their felicity by an ill-timed chagrin, which might be construed into haughty reserve, I withdrew for the night.

Honour!—What art Thou? Who gave thee being in the mind of man? And why, once wanting thee, is woman lost? On thy strong and everlasting base friendship may erect her noblest structure! From thy altar may faultless love breathe its flame to Heaven! Sighs of mingled souls, by absence torn, are ever heard in whispering echos from thy hallowed shrine! The sacrifice once offered thee, is incense purer in an angel's face, than all the odours of the

H 6: balmy

balmy east ! Thou ! mild spirit of the good ! wilt forbid the charming Emily to love a man who knows not his parents ; who is perhaps an orphan or foundling, and whose fortunes are undecided ;—nor shalt thou be profane ! I will not indulge those weak affections ! I will not entangle her artless mind in the fascinations of blind unwarrantable love ! Oh Emily ! be happy ! Mayst thou never be subdued but by the unequalled ecstasy of loving and of being beloved ; whilst honour holds its sanction o'er thy beauties. Give me, thou mighty Maker of the human heart, fortitude equal to these self denying torments ! Conflicts like these bring anguish too acute for feeble man !

Thus did I reason and resolve ; and quickly did I forget my reason and resolutions, when gazing on Emily.

On



On the following morn, devoted to festivity, the halls began to sound, the gates were thrown open, the row of aged oaks which shaded the great walk to my Guardian's noble edifice, were pleasingly adorned with festoons of wild-flowers, and variegated lamps intended to shed a coloured lustre on the coming night.

The equipages were brilliant, the visitants numerous, and each appeared to vie with their generous host in polite hilarity.

Among the many, came a gentleman announced by the name of Roderique, son of a Spanish nobleman. I found, near the conclusion of the evening, he had not been invited, but had brought recommendations from some of my Guardian's friends  
at

at \*\*\*\*. I saw him alight, as I stood at my window; his form was elegant, his dress superb, his deportment bold—How much more engaging, said I to myself, is thy lively air than this cold despondency that hangs on me!—Recollecting I should appear negligent in suffering my Guardian to seek me, I left my apartment. The company had taken their seats when I entered; Roderique had chosen that next Emily; I sat opposite to him. He surveyed me attentively; I heeded him not; my languishing soul was breathing its wishes towards the lovelier object near him: I forgot all around her. Roderique, during the day, endeavoured to engross the conversation of Emily. Who would not have felt the same desire? Good humour prevailing, and separation not thought of,

of, our guests began to study amusement.—Religion, politics, and impracticable theory employed the mental powers of the old, and the young sat down to music. Several ladies played with that facility which harmonises the mind, and renders it yielding to any impression of the moment; but when Emily commanded the trembling strings! sympathetic softness enervated the soul! The doors of memory opened to her key, and the image late forgotten gently arose before the object it had once adored! All yielded to the enchantment of Emily, who awakened reflection with its joys and sorrows. Roderique grew familiar, pronounced her performance divine; declared himself superlatively blest; and looking obliquely at me, pronounced the man a brute who could wear a joyless countenance while  
such

such beauty and skill united in consoling him—Emily did not hear, or did not regard him, when he requested her to play ‘The Charms of Woman-kind.’ Respect and despair kept me at a distance.

‘I will play,’ said Emily, ‘a little piece written by a friend of mine, who is now in the convent, to whom I must soon return.’—‘Heaven forbid,’ replied Roderique, with more quickness than good manners—‘I beg pardon, Miss! let me not interrupt you, or deprive the company of pleasure only in your power to bestow.’

‘The lady I mention,’ continued Emily, addressing herself to me, after silently bending to Roderique, ‘is one of the loveliest creatures nature

ture

‘ture ever formed; but she is full of  
‘secret sorrow—pensive, like you,  
‘my worthy friend.’

With feigned composure, I replied;  
“this gentleman wishes you to play;  
“on me the harp of Jesse could not  
“have half your power.”

‘Then I will play, and you shall  
‘reward me with a smile, so seldom  
‘worn, and so highly prized by my  
‘father and me.’

She sang and played—

‘Here dimly burns the wasting spark of life!  
‘Whilst doom’d to wander thro’ the gloomy  
  shade!  
‘For ever lost as gentle Henry’s wife;  
‘For ever kneeling to the saints for aid.

‘ Hi

‘ His image meets me e’en before the cross,  
 ‘ Reproves my pray’r when I would chace his  
 ‘ form ;  
 ‘ Points to his heart still bleeding for my loss,  
 ‘ And seems to ask me if my vows are warm.

‘ Ah, no! thou art my heav’n! invented joy  
 ‘ Of dreaming Monks could never charm like  
 ‘ thee,  
 ‘ Haste! haste! and with thee bring my bloom-  
 ‘ ing boy ;  
 ‘ Dissolve those grates, and set thy mourner  
 free.’

Slowly flowed those pathetic lines,  
 while sympathy melted the hearts of  
 the hearers. A tear glided from the  
 eye of Emily as she sang. I had the  
 audacity silently to wipe it away; but,  
 suddenly remembering how much I  
 had resolved, stepped back to my  
 seat.

When

When the music ceased, Roderique attempted to lead the conversation on splendour, fashion, pleasure, and beauty. He dully expatiated; his language boasted not that condensed keenness which could denote him capable of enjoying happiness of any kind in an exquisite degree. Emily entertained us with many little anecdotes, and described the innocent employments invented by the Nuns to alleviate a life of seclusion, with so much native eloquence, that trifles were made to charm.

‘ Yet, do all they can,’ said she,  
 ‘ the incessant gloom habitually forms  
 ‘ the mind to views of death, till  
 ‘ cheerfulness almost appears unna-  
 ‘ tural: indeed, it is a question,  
 ‘ whether sadness, through every  
 ‘ state, is not most predominant.

Chear-



'Chearfulness is not born so soon, it  
 'feldom visits us uninvited; every  
 'little art in society is used to pro-  
 'long its stay; and, at last, it leaves  
 'us to sit down, with memory, and  
 'mourn the past. For my part, I  
 'would rather be innocently chearful,  
 'than sublimely grave.'

"None but prudes will contradict  
 "you," I replied.

'But my ungoverned vivacity, a  
 'short time since, had like to have  
 'taught me a lesson—Nothing would  
 'serve but a ride in the morning—  
 'My Abbess expostulated, raised her  
 'shoulders, and shook her head, to  
 'convince me she detested unmean-  
 'ing liveliness. I promised much in  
 'the name of my dear father; and I  
 'positively, Sir, must carry back  
 'some

' some pretty present; for after wast-  
 ' ing half my own good humour in  
 ' awakening that of the Lady Abbess,  
 ' she suffered me to ride in the forest,  
 ' attended by her own footman. We  
 ' had not rode above an hour, my  
 ' horse in spirits, and myself as hap-  
 ' py as the birds around, when we  
 ' were crossed by a pack of hounds.

' My horse ran away with me, I  
 ' lost the servant, and lost myself in  
 ' the woods, where I was thrown on  
 ' the turf; the fright was too much  
 ' at the moment, I could not recover  
 ' myself, and how long I lay is of no  
 ' consequence now; if it was, I  
 ' could not tell you; but I remember  
 ' to have awakened, unhurt, in the  
 ' arms of an elderly gentleman, whom  
 ' I could have loved as a father, be-  
 ' cause he treated me with respectful  
 ' tender-

‘tendernefs. The blundering foot-  
 ‘man, inftead of traversing the fo-  
 ‘reft, rode home merely to fay I was  
 ‘loft. On this doleful adventure,  
 ‘my Abbefs has for ever fet her great  
 ‘feal, fo that if I remain twenty  
 ‘years in the convent, I fhall never  
 ‘get another ride in the foreft.’

From Emily’s description of her gallant preferver, the Count her father knew him to be the Duke of B \* \* \* \*, who had lately vifited us incog, and who had not feen her fince her infancy: he rallied his daughter, who lamented the feeble returns fhe had made her illuftrious friend.

Roderique was poffeffed of a large fhare of effrontery, over which he wore the femblance of placidity: this coolnefs

coolness of manner, which affects perpetual complacency, is well adapted to the ceremonious circles of polished society, in which no pure emotion of the soul is suffered to appear. From behind this mask, supercilious vanity often hurls her shaft at the modest mind, who receives it, and struggles to conceal the pang, while the laugh goes round at the expence of sensibility. But here Roderique should have chosen a more noble manner of cherishing the tender blossom of friendship which spontaneously sought a place in his bosom. He sat, though night was far advanced, as if resolved I should leave him master of the social field. The respect I owed Emily and her father forced me to obey. I was slowly taking leave, when this witty gentleman enquired, sneeringly, ‘ if I was not afraid of spirits ?’—

“ Not

“ Not if they happen to be gaily  
“ dressed,” replied I with sang froid.

‘ Suppose you were to meet one  
‘ dressed like me, Monsieur ?’

“ I could not surely fear so delicate  
“ a form !”

‘ I am happy to hear you have so  
‘ much courage ; I only meant civil-  
‘ ly to inform you, that I walk in  
‘ my sleep—Hah, hah, hah !’

“ It should be the care of some lov-  
“ ing friend, Sir, to cure you of that  
“ troublesome trick.”—

Roderique frowned—I continued—

“ Were you to be led only once  
“ into our horse-pond, I think you  
“ would

“ would ever after lie quiet in a  
“ warmer place.”

‘ And who,’ said he fiercely,  
‘ would have the bravery to lead me  
‘ there ?’—

“ Your Nurse”—

Roderique looked down, played  
with his watch-chain, and Emily  
politely wished us a good night.

In spite of my resolves, and all the  
self-denying rules I had prescribed to  
my heart, I felt a pleasure in not  
leaving her with our new guest.

My Guardian commended me to  
repose. I went to seek it; but love,  
and the inhabitant of the rock, alter-  
nately struggled with my senses. I

VOL. I.                    I                    arose

arose with the sun, turned to my books, and lingered out the moments in perusing the following manuscript, which I found by chance.

My Reader may skip it over if he pleases, it having no connection with the story of my life.

A N O R I G I N A L :  
OR THE  
E L E G Y O F L A U R A ,  
TUNED TO THE HARP OF APOLLO.

THE lovely Laura early was beguil'd  
By Genius and by Hope—She mourn'd her  
lot;  
Saw splendour rise beyond her native wild,  
Panted for Fame, and rashly left her cot.  
  
A neighb'ring Sage had taught the maid to  
spell,  
Yea, oft' would wander with her o'er the  
lawn;  
Talk much of heav'n, but ever more of hell,  
And bad her shun of Vice the fatal dawn.

To



To lull the cares of age, she oft' would read ;  
 The Hermit lov'd her ; but her daring soul  
 Already scorn'd the bank and flow'ry mead.  
 Her vivid fancy stretch'd from Pole to Pole.

Taste she acquir'd ; yet, to what end ? Her mind  
 Was forc'd to run the backward path of  
 sense—

Range its internal worlds in hopes to find,  
 What nought but philosophic truths dispense.

Yet contemplation did her soul enlarge ;  
 Sun, moon, and stars, invited her to soar.  
 The bright-hair'd god smil'd on his lovely  
 charge ;  
 He gave her genius, he could give no more.

But, ah ! with Genius, Destiny appear'd ;  
 Frowning, she swiftly chac'd the thought-  
 less maid.  
 The Hermit sought the bow'r her hands had  
 rear'd,  
 And silent dy'd when Laura left the shade.

Awhile the harmless damsel journey'd on ;  
 Her healthful breath gave fragrance to the  
 gale.

She sung with fervor to the morning sun,  
 And with unusual ardor left the vale.

172 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

The well-known hills were pass'd; the sun  
was drown'd

Amid the weeping beauties of the west.  
Her spirits fail; the barren prospect round  
Was in the faded blue of evening drest.

Silent, less joyful, and more slowly still,  
She strays o'er lawns bespangled with the  
dew.

The moon shone dimly from her eastern hill,  
The Virgin sigh'd, and fear'd her hope  
untrue.

When late, near home, the cheerless face of  
night

Wore no dismay; oft' as the bleating lamb  
Had wandered, Laura fear'd no guilty sprite,  
But brought the rover to his anxious dam.

Now did she sigh, when to the fleecy fold  
Remembrance glided back—no roof appear'd!  
On her soft form the breath of night grew cold;  
The love-born Philomel alone was heard.

She trembled—who at morn could trip away!  
Scorning the lowly home and yielding clod!  
In vain each shepherd tun'd his artless lay,  
She sought a path her fathers never trod.

What

THE ROYAL CAPTIVES. 173

What stung her soul? Was it vain thirst of  
fame?

Or that bright spark with dear refinement  
fraught?

So deeply buried, none discern'd the flame;  
Felt, though expressless, pow'rful though  
untaught!

With *Laura*\*, in yon grove of nodding pines,  
I hail'd the precept of each hoary fire;  
With her I wept o'er Petrarch's hopeless lines,  
And mourn'd the pang of delicate desire.

Me did she choose from forth the rural throng;  
No wealth had I, nor was my heart untrue.  
Nature's great ecstasy inspir'd my song;  
That song to gentle friendship ever due!

Friendship! Give me, thou God of mighty fire,  
A blaze more fierce than spirit e'er hath  
known:

Bid all thy lightnings keenly touch my lyre,  
When I would make a kindred soul my own.

\* This was not meant to be Petrarch's *Laura*; the Bard seems to have thoughtlessly struck on the same name in the beginning of her *Elegy*. *Note of the Editor.*

174 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

When Laura left me in my native vale,

I would not follow her in search of fame;  
Back to my herd I turn'd, with sorrow pale,  
Nor priz'd the with'ring glories of a name.

By her was rich Lycaon's feat espied,  
Blushing, she linger'd at the massy gate;  
The Miser did her melting pow'r deride;  
And scorn and insult hurl'd her on her fate;

Her little purse, yet swell'd with useful gold,  
(The Hermit gave it at his cottage door,)  
An heav'n-born greatness ev'ry blush controul'd;  
She was not mean, nor miserably poor.

Yet, panting quick for comfort!—Desarts wide  
Before her lay.—She mourn'd unfeeling  
pow'r;  
Remember'd home! Turn'd from the gate  
and sigh'd,  
Whilst on her bosom beat the un pitying show'r.

Behind her, from the wat'ry waste afar,  
Arose the howling storm; old oaks were  
torn—  
Thro' heav'n's high region roll'd the awful car,  
In which were hails and bursting thunders  
borne.

A rock

A rock there was, whose brow for ever frown'd,  
On murm'ring billows never known to sleep ;  
Beneath whose foot, by samphire wildly  
crown'd,

The shades of death sit on the gloomy deep:

They revel high, when victims of despair  
Rush down, through hopeless love or cure-  
less pride ;

New horrors stiffen in their weedy hair,  
And thrice they lave their heads amid the tide.

Pity! thou pensive Angel! break the air—  
Ah! throw thy brightest beam on human  
woe !

Guide ill star'd Laura from the danger near—  
Ah, save her! save her! from the depth below.

Vain was my pray'r! from off the dreadful  
height,

Trembling, bewilder'd, the too-hapless maid,  
Scar'd by the terrors of relentless night,  
On the cold breast of wat'ry death was laid.

Her troubled sigh burst above the wave ;  
Sinking, she call'd aloud on mighty Fame—  
Who sent her swans fair Laura's lay to save ;  
They snatch'd her numbers, and preserv'd  
her name.

176 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

Fame struck awhile young Laura's simple lyre;  
Deaf were the gay, whilst angels paus'd  
above;

The chords were strain'd to Virtue and Desire,  
To lambent Friendship, and to ardent Love.

But Poesy ne'er touch'd the frozen breast!  
Enrag'd, the tuneful goddess fought the skies,  
Convinc'd that Genius hath no place of rest;  
Short of her native heav'n the Cherub dies!

There, through the vast empyreum Fame was  
heard,

And Laura summon'd to support her song;  
The shiv'ring spirit from the sea appear'd,  
And Phœbus stood amid the azure throng.

Thus spake the God, 'This Spirit, Sire, I  
'crown'd

'With musick's charm, the moment of its  
'birth;

'Yet Malice, Envy, Ignorance confound,  
'Thy beauties, Jove, and blast my pow'r  
'on earth.

'No valu'd off'rings on my altar burn;  
'Oppression strikes my children with despair;  
'From yon hard world, my vot'ries weeping  
'turn;  
'Their food is sorrow, and their drink a tear.

‘ Why rule the vulgar many ? why obscur’d  
 ‘ My fervent vot’ries, speak indulgent power ?  
 ‘ Why was fair Laura, (by my voice allured).  
 ‘ Thus sunk, o’er-whelm’d beneath the night-  
 ‘ ly show’r.

The thunders murmur’d, and the vaults of  
 Heav’n

Shook, whilst the Father of the world pro-  
 claim’d :

‘ Thy fav’rites, Phœbus, from the earth are  
 ‘ driv’n,

‘ But here, thro’ endless ages, are they nam’d.

‘ Thy worshippers are mine’—The pow’rful  
 God

In colour’d light’nings wrapt, alone with-  
 drew ;

Phœbus ador’d the Ruler’s gracious nod,

And down, to find young Laura’s patron,  
 flew.

No patron had she found ; one night of woe  
 Quench’d in her breast all Nature could  
 inspire.

The God look’d wildly on the wave below,  
 And from his forehead shook indignant fire.



178 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

‘ Harlus,’ he cry’d, ‘ with me my Laura weep ;  
 ‘ Thy gentle spirit heard not when she  
 ‘ sung,  
 ‘ Or now she had not wander’d in the deep,  
 ‘ Her chords untwisted, and her lyre un-  
 ‘ strung.

‘ My beams shone lovely on Aurora’s brow,  
 ‘ I left her blushing, seiz’d my seat of day ;  
 ‘ The eastern world did to my glories bow,  
 ‘ My courfers blaz’d, I mark’d their radiant  
 ‘ way.

‘ Mild Genius trembling, Wisdom pale, I saw ;  
 ‘ Each pass’d with silent pride Lycaon’s  
 ‘ door ;

‘ Mourning that miser *only just by law*,  
 ‘ Nourish’d by Famine, and with riches  
 ‘ poor.

‘ My fires grew languid at Lycaon’s view ;  
 ‘ Skies round me darken’d, till my zenith  
 ‘ gain’d ;

‘ Here I beheld thee, to my int’rest true,  
 ‘ Embrace the pensive bard that ne’er com-  
 ‘ plain’d.

Thou

- ‘ Thou steady, great disinterested mind !  
   ‘ Soother of guiltless anguish near thee  
     ‘ hurl’d !
- ‘ Sway’d by no censure, by no knave confin’d,  
   ‘ Scorning to swell the roarings of the world.
- ‘ Private thy virtues ; yet from Pole to Pole,  
   ‘ Phœbus will chaunt the hymn to Harlus  
     ‘ due ;
- ‘ Oppose the waves of Envy as they roll,  
   ‘ ‘Mid Time’s swift billows keep thy truth  
     ‘ in view.
- ‘ O’er the wild main, thro’ ev’ry humble vale,  
   ‘ The child of melody thy worth shall  
     ‘ found ;
- ‘ And e’en yon mountain bard arrest the gale  
   ‘ That waits my chariot wheel the universe  
     ‘ around.
- ‘ Granting he sleeps, ere thou unwearied prove  
   ‘ Of life’s great scene, ah ! cheer his pen-  
     ‘ five ghost,
- ‘ By owning Friendship yields to none but  
   ‘ love,  
   ‘ And Heav’nly friendship is the poet’s  
     ‘ boast.

‘ My Laura figh’d for thee, hadst thou been  
     ‘ near,  
 ‘ Thy manly arm had borne her from the  
     ‘ storm;  
 ‘ Within thy bosom shelter’d from despair,  
     ‘ Thy heart had cheer’d her, for thy heart is  
     warm.’

Thus sang the flaming God—the vallies rung  
 From where my lambs lay basking in his ray;  
 I climb’d the rock, enraptur’d as he sung,  
 Caught the soft strain and here record his  
     lay.

At the bottom of this piece, in  
 which Energy wooes Simplicity, was  
 a prose inscription nearly obliterated  
 by time, or carelessness, I know not  
 which.

‘ This Elegy was written by the  
 ‘ poetess of the mountain, who was  
 ‘ mad enough to think for herself in  
 ‘ the year \* \* \* \* Gloria Patri! She  
     ‘ commends

‘ commends her body to the virgin  
 ‘ of St. Nicholas, in whose chapel she  
 ‘ wishes to be laid.’

Poor poetefs ! faid I, laying down  
 the book, thy heart is no longer torn  
 by contending paffions, it ceafes to  
 beat ; Love and Friendship have  
 quitted it for ever !

Meditating on man, I confidered  
 him as making a progrefs towards  
 perfection, only in thofe intervals,  
 when he feels Harmony within, arif-  
 ing from the gentler paffions of his  
 Nature, and that rude and violent  
 ideas occasionally throw him back :  
 and concluded, he is at all times a  
 being more entitled to pity than re-  
 proach.

Our family were not yet rifen, ex-  
 cept Emily, who had left her apart-  
 ment,

ment, and tripped into her father's park. I observed she took a friendly peep at my poor Mayo, who was now indolent from age, and for whose repose a little cot was erected near the park gate.

Unnoticed I followed the lively maid, saw her stoop, and admire the humid flowerets, and heard her congratulate the lark as the Heaven-loving songstrefs ascended from her downy chamber.

The sun had scarcely drawn up the grey æther from the vallies; and the shepherd, who was slowly winding the distant hill, appeared through a mist. His hands were folded athwart his bosom, his long hair fell on his shoulders, and his faithful dog crept humbly behind him. Happy clown!

Who

Who would not give their grandeur for thy vacant ease? He kept his path, approached Emily with rustic diffidence, and bowed as he passed; but the amiable girl would not suffer him to go unwelcomed by her morning offering; she opened her purse, requested him to partake of its contents, and curtsied as she left him. For 'his eyes lack'd lustre, and his 'locks were grey.'

Giving her time to advance before me, I questioned the venerable peasant; the man that could claim Emily's attention was worthy mine.

He told me his son was a soldier at \* \* \* \* \*, that he now lay ill in an hospital there, and if he could but get him cleared, Anna, he was certain, would recover with gladness at  
her

her brother's return.—“What ails  
 “your Anna? will money or advice  
 “relieve her?”

‘No, no, Sir, she does not much  
 ‘mind money. And, as for advice,  
 ‘she does not care to take it. I have  
 ‘said to her, that reading the Bible  
 ‘can hurt no one, but she reads  
 ‘about things I don’t understand.’—

“Why, in a situation where la-  
 “bour is so necessary, does your  
 “daughter waste her hours?”

This ill-natured question disagreed with my understanding and taste. I was not illiberal enough to confine spirit to situation; Nature often exalts one above the other, but I was willing to hear how he would defend his Anna—He replied :

‘O, Sir,



‘ O, Sir, she labours as much as  
 ‘ I do through the day, in spinning  
 ‘ and what not, and reads when she  
 ‘ should take her natural rest—What  
 ‘ is night for, Sir, but to sleep ?’

“ Hem !——to meditate—and  
 “ mourn !” said I.

‘ But there !’—soft’ning his voice,  
 ‘ Anna cannot sleep !—there must  
 ‘ be something wrong in it. Poor  
 ‘ Anna I hope will find a better  
 ‘ world !’

He drew his hand over his eyes ;  
 the suffusion could not be concealed  
 —I turned myself round.—When a  
 man wishes to hide his emotions, it  
 is at least unrefined to stare at his  
 struggling features—Emily had set  
 me an example of generosity, I fol-  
 lowed

lowed it, the peasant was grateful in the warm language of Nature, and went on.

The charming girl, with all her enthusiasm for the beauties of Nature, was fearful of ranging too far to contemplate them—she turned back, was a little surprised at seeing me so near; but, soon recovering, that irresistible ease, which graced her every movement, she addressed me with a smile—

‘ I lament the violence you have  
‘ done yourself, Sir, in rising before  
‘ nine o’clock. Your late ramble  
‘ should have insured you repose,  
‘ especially as we were up last night

‘ To the still hour when fairies make their  
‘ ring,  
‘ And dance to music of a beetle’s wing.’

“ And

“ And why did Emily leave her  
 “ tranquil pillow, while the silken  
 “ bands of slumber are allowed to  
 “ hold the sense of the happy? To  
 “ rove unnoticed, to drink alone the  
 “ fragrance of the spring is the pri-  
 “ vilege of a mind careless of the  
 “ world. But Emily has brighter  
 “ scenes before her; Emily should  
 “ taste every guiltless pleasure while  
 “ protected and prized by a generous  
 “ father.”—

‘ I do : my youthful hours glide  
 ‘ smoothly ; sheltered by his paternal  
 ‘ love, I know no richer blessing.’—

“ A blessing I have never known !”

‘ My father would think your re-  
 ‘ flection unkind—He has taught me  
 ‘ candour. To his noble and manly  
 ‘ sentiments

‘ sentiments I owe my ideas of sterling virtue, and my contempt of hypocrisy ; whose baneful web not only ensnares the innocent, but too often entangles her own practitioners.—What great business is doing in the world, Sir ? or what mighty good will mankind attain by infincerity with each other ?’

“ Our passions, Emily, are often dangerous ; we are obliged to conceal them, fearing their effects may prove fatal to the cause of virtue ; and, even in this laudable concealment, we may appear infincere.”

‘ Right—*there* I will allow a virtuous mind to prescribe for itself!’—

“ And

“ And while the wounded heart is  
“ thus struggling and prescribing for  
“ itself, does it not deserve the con-  
“ solation rather than the contempt  
“ of society? No great good can  
“ be attained worthy the sacrifice of  
“ truth, but truth is so fine, so ex-  
“ quisite and rare, she will not some-  
“ times obtrude on the coarser part  
“ of mankind; the wise, through  
“ modesty, often conceal her.”

‘ According to your theory, truth  
‘ may not always appear—But, ac-  
‘ cording to my resolutions, my ac-  
‘ tions shall arise from no other  
‘ spring.’

“ You need no other—Where pas-  
“ sion is not acting nor conspiring  
“ against internal peace or general  
“ order, Truth may and will appear.

Innocence

“ Innocence gives now a lustre to  
 “ your sentiments, which Truth calls  
 “ her own.”

‘ Well, Sir, you say the passions  
 ‘ are dangerous, I believe they are  
 ‘ useful, and only rebellious when  
 ‘ we would give them false mean-  
 ‘ ings, or render them subservient  
 ‘ to poor convenience. The pas-  
 ‘ sions are the wings of spirit. Cold  
 ‘ tranquillity the grave of thought.  
 ‘ Turn your eyes to my convent!  
 ‘ Even there the passions reign; but  
 ‘ they rove through the mind like  
 ‘ murmuring winds through barren  
 ‘ and gloomy regions.’

“ I only mean, Emily, that the  
 “ chain of Reason should be thrown  
 “ on the desires of the heart.”

' Reason ! What is Reason ? By  
 ' what criterion is it established ?  
 ' Reason is cheap, vague ; offering  
 ' itself to you on all occasions. If a  
 ' man does right according to re-  
 ' ceived custom, he is said to act  
 ' with reason ; but should his con-  
 ' duct, though faultless, oppose cus-  
 ' tom, he is still moving in contact  
 ' with his own reason ; and he will  
 ' be astonished when he finds it is  
 ' the reason of some other man, and  
 ' not his own that he is expected to  
 ' obey. For you, Sir, there is no  
 ' necessity of torturing or concealing  
 ' truth, your heart is not capable of  
 ' a sentiment that can disgrace you !'

We now perceived my Guardian  
 and Roderique strolling round the  
 park ; they soon joined us, on an  
 eminence from which the eye wan-  
 dered



dered over the ocean till it was stayed by the horizon.

The father of Emily, taking her hand, informed us, he had prevailed on his accomplished guest (meaning Roderique) to remain a week with him.--‘ Rural beauties cannot invite  
‘ an imagination long softened by  
‘ luxurious scenes, and made restless  
‘ by varied delights, in which the  
‘ poisons of the heart are concealed.  
‘ Nor does our new friend come under that description; but I will  
‘ promise him attention, and innocent pleasure; and, to your politeness, my dear Henry, I commend  
‘ this gentleman.’—

I bowed—Roderique slightly returned my congee.

The

The perspective my Guardian had brought for the purpose of assisting Roderique's view of the ocean, was in the hand of the latter: I requested the favour of it, and raising it to my eye, immediately discerned a little skiff or sloop, but thinly manned, labouring through the billows—My heart fluttered. I concluded the wanderer of the main to be the faithful Fisherman, so impatiently expected by the fugitive in the rock.

It is impossible to describe the gentle thrillings of the blood which we so powerfully feel when collateral incident strikes on the image of our treasured joys. I felt a transport sacred to friendship; I concealed that transport even from the friends I loved—Did I value truth the less?

VOL. I.

K

I restored

I restored my Guardian his perspective, and we hastened home to breakfast. Roderique was particularly attentive to Emily, her father was kind to all; never did hospitality smile on a more benignant form.

My die was cast! My wishes were silent; but every progressive moment convinced me that Emily was necessary to my peace.

Roderique had been given to my attention: he expressed a desire of making an excursion round the country; I felt undelighted with the idea of accompanying him, and feigned myself indisposed. The splendour of the skies, notwithstanding my excuse, tempted our family-party to take a turn through the meadows;  
and

and to the care of Emily and her father, did I, for good reasons, resign the envied Roderique. In passing the gate, he offered his arm to the amiable maid, she declined it, and accepted that of my Guardian. My eyes pursued them till they were lost in the shade of elm trees that grew round the adjacent enclosure; when, hastily ordering my horse, I resolved instantly to depart for the miserable cavity of my poor recluse. I rode through a narrow lane with the sole purpose of avoiding my friends; and at the end of a field to the right, my horse's head turned suddenly upon them. They had crossed the meadow which directed them to the same point. I was a little abashed; Emily smiled, and asked me 'which I had conquered, my inclination or my love of Truth?'

“ My indisposition must be cen-  
 “ quered by stronger forces than  
 “ mine, dear Emily ; my love of truth  
 “ remains ; I will convince you of  
 “ it in some happier moment ; at  
 “ present do not condemn me un-  
 “ heard.”—Adding to this the usual  
 compliments of the day, and con-  
 gratulations on the pleasure of their  
 walk, I rode off.

The heat of the sun was forgot,  
 while spurred on by impatient friend-  
 ship ; I soon arrived at the brink of  
 the precipice where I had first seen  
 the interesting Stranger—Slipping my  
 horse’s bridle on an oak branch, I  
 roved along the jagged surface of the  
 rock, but saw no guiding mark ; and  
 recollected rather late, that I had ap-  
 pointed no hour of return to this so-  
 litary scene. Stung by disappointment,  
 I called aloud ; the rock reverberated,  
 but

But no human voice answered me; my vexation and my hallooing availed me nothing; I grew spiritless, and was remounting, when a damsel appeared at a great distance; she seemed suddenly to have arisen from beneath the shrubbery which cloathed the flanting hills : her hat was in her hand; I observed she shook it at me, as one of my feet was in the stirrup, the other on the earth; I left my aukward position, again fastened my bridle to the tree, and received her with that delicacy due to the female character. She smiled, curtsied, and I wished her fair weather on her journey.

‘ I thank you, Sir,’ said she ‘ but  
 ‘ my journey I believe must end  
 ‘ here, for unless you be the gentle-  
 ‘ man, I am come to seek one I can-

‘ not find, and talk of one I do not  
‘ know.’

“ Chance may do much for you,  
“ my good girl—from whence or  
“ from whom are you sent ?”—

‘ From the Fisherman’s hut below  
‘ the mountain—My father has crof-  
‘ sed the ocean, and a gentleman  
‘ waits his return, who has sent me  
‘ hither :—‘ Not,’ said he, ‘ (as I was  
‘ putting on my yellow mittens),  
‘ that I can positively direct you,  
‘ Lydia; you are better acquainted  
‘ with those unfrequented wilds than  
‘ I am. But should you meet a gen-  
‘ tleman wandering near that high  
‘ rock which seems to touch the  
‘ skies, conduct him, I pray you, to  
‘ this habitation of your father.’ ‘ So,  
‘ Sir,



‘ Sir, I came here yesterday, and am  
‘ come again to day.’—

“ I am the man ; lead me quick’ly  
“ to my friend.”—

Without hesitation the damsel directed me down the declivity, with which she was well acquainted. At some moments she kindly obliged me to rest on her arm, while she first descended the rugged steep ; alternately she trusted herself to my superior strength. Holding her in my arms, I *once* involuntarily pressed her to my bosom ; silence reigned around, the skies themselves were full of beneficence, and creative power ! But—virtue, in the form of Emily, suddenly filled my soul ; she checked the dangerous sensation, and it died away.

‘ If honour consists of self-restraint,  
 ‘ then am I honourable,’ whispered  
 my spirit to the watchful angels—  
 ‘ Lydia is young, unartful, and a-  
 ‘ wake to the touch of tenderness.  
 ‘ Shame on the man who would steal  
 ‘ from her cheek the crimson of  
 ‘ innocence.—’

Meditations of this kind officiously  
 operated in my bosom as the gentle  
 maid conducted me to her father’s  
 hut—and meditations of this kind  
 only serve to prove that man can  
 forego one blessing, while in pur-  
 suit of a better.

On entering the Fisherman’s dwell-  
 ing, the first object that presented  
 itself, was my incognito, leaning on his  
 hand. Some letters lay before him,  
 which I imagined he had been read-  
 ing,

ing, and Lydia twice announced me before he roused from his reflective posture. A gleam of unaffected joy enlivened him as he welcomed me to his embrace.

The fisherman made his appearance; his garb was mean, his habitation homely; yet on his brow sat that dignity, which honesty dares to wear in the presence of princes. He introduced his children—I sincerely wished them happier days, and they respectfully left me with their more-wretched guest.

‘ I am now on the eve of departure,’ said my solitary friend, ‘ a short delay, even in this uninhabited scene might ruin me and my hospitable host. On his arrival at Paris, he found means to reach the

K 5

‘ Duke

‘ Duke of B \* \* \* \*, who informed  
 ‘ him, on his producing my letters,  
 ‘ that the supposition of our being  
 ‘ wrecked had prevailed secretly at  
 ‘ court; and many private enquiries  
 ‘ had been made concerning me.’

‘ Fly ! (says he, in this second let-  
 ‘ ter) nor despairingly yield your  
 ‘ valuable life ; the time may come  
 ‘ when I shall be able to assist you.  
 ‘ The minister is enraged against me on  
 ‘ account of his political manœuvres,  
 ‘ to which I would not assent, and  
 ‘ my safety lies in leaving France  
 ‘ for a time.—I go to the Austrian  
 ‘ Netherlands, and will wait for you  
 ‘ at the Abbé Dorvontès.—Come to  
 ‘ me, if possible, in the course of a  
 ‘ month. B \* \* \* \*.’

“ And how will you depart ?” re-  
 plied I.—

‘ Here

‘ Here are jewels to a large amount,’  
 (said he,) ‘ in this casket, which I  
 ‘ had concealed in my belt a few  
 ‘ hours before we were surprised by  
 ‘ the storm : I have also some cash :  
 ‘ with this poor fisherman and his  
 ‘ family have I sworn to divide my  
 ‘ fortune ; and I have promised to  
 ‘ send for them when once I am in a  
 ‘ place of safety—His children shall  
 ‘ be mine.—’

I began to suspect the charming  
 Lydia had made an impression on the  
 heart of this gentleman ; for superla-  
 tive gratitude generally springs from  
 secret love—I was forming false ideas.

‘ Yes, Sir,’ continued he, ‘ I will  
 ‘ study to cheer his creeping hours of  
 ‘ age ; and my friendship shall bless  
 ‘ him when his strength is no more.’

K 6                      I stoop-

I stooped, under the pretence of fastening my buckle, but in reality to hide my emotion—"Why." (my melting heart would have said) "must I never find a father to relieve, when his health and strength are no more?"

In stooping forward, the miniature I had worn for years round my neck, broke its chain, and fell to the ground. The stranger first perceived it, caught it up, and was politely offering it me, when I jocularly questioned him, "If so much beauty excited not his attention?"—

He gazed—In a moment his soul was lost in silent contemplation!—Pressing the lovely image to his lips, he burst into tears, and could only articulate—

‘ It .

‘ It is she !—my long, long lost  
‘ angel !’

Confused as I was, prudence at the moment restrained me from calling assistance. He raised his eyes, and exclaimed, with a mournful look,  
‘ Where is she ? Why have you torn  
‘ her from me ! Speak !—Tell me  
‘ she will again be mine !’

I could promise nothing—I knew not the original.

Suddenly starting from his seat, where I had supported his reclining head, he walked hastily the extent of the room for some minutes. It was a short traverse, but he was more agitated than the traveller, who is setting out on a long journey, poorly provided.

Assuming



Assuming composure, he at length addressed me :

‘ How dare you wear this picture?’

“ I value it highly, Sir; it was  
“ given me by the man I most  
“ love.—”

‘ Perhaps the lady loved him too  
‘ —but this is not a moment for ex-  
‘ postulation.’

His increasing rage blinded his reason; in a strong paroxysm he pointed his sword at me—

“ Beware, Sir! or you will prove  
“ how fallacious are your ideas of  
“ honour.”

Stung

Stung by the salutary hint, he rested the point of his sword on the ground, and stood lost in silent despair.

‘ O heaven! is this thy care of  
 ‘ man?—Was I not yesterday sufficiently wretched? I did not think  
 ‘ it in the power of fate further to  
 ‘ heap the measure of my woes!—  
 ‘ This day, what am I!—It is impossible—She never could love another!—No matter—Pardon me, Sir,  
 ‘ I am wrong—I am distracted—  
 ‘ Where will you arm?—I must keep  
 ‘ this picture.’

“ If our host can provide me a  
 “ sword, I will do myself the justice  
 “ of defending a heart worthy as  
 “ your own; but not unless you first  
 “ restore the prize we fight for.”

‘ It

‘ It is mine,’—said he fiercely—

“ Not without you own it as a  
 “ theft; and such an avowal will  
 “ for ever throw you beneath my  
 “ notice. I will contend with you  
 “ as a gentleman, not as a robber.”

‘ You are right,’ (replied he with  
 ‘ a melancholy air,) ‘ it must be  
 ‘ your’s till I have won it.—Go!  
 (after pressing it to his lips) ‘ inesti-  
 ‘ mable jewel! Dear resemblance of  
 ‘ all I adore! Why, ah! why art  
 ‘ thou in possession of any but the  
 ‘ man who dies for thee?—Take  
 ‘ this beauty, Sir—yet be warned by  
 ‘ one much older, and more experi-  
 ‘ enced in affliction than you are—If  
 ‘ her unequalled perfections have en-  
 ‘ slaved you, forget them. I charge  
 ‘ you

“ you this hour to tear her from your  
“ heart !”

Pronouncing these words in a resolute tone, he bowed, and restored me the picture ; I placed it in my bosom, and firmly waited that tremendous trial which is formed on savage principles, and deservedly despised when the passions have subsided.

I was well aware that the fatal victory we had mutually resolved to gain, must, in future, give birth to remorse in the mind of the survivor : but pusillanimity would have rendered me unworthy the friendship of this exalted unknown ; and so strangely was my heart attached to him, that death from his hand would be in my opinion less painful than life with the loss of his esteem.

My

My antagonist had, at my request, left the apartment we were in, to enquire for some kind of arms. He returned without effecting his purpose: the unwealthful habitation of our host needed no military prowess to defend it; for over his little all, did quiet Poverty spread her sable wing.

Disappointed, yet highly raging, the stranger offered me his sword, on condition that I should restore him the picture.

‘ You have too much generosity  
 ‘ to refuse my prayer. You are un-  
 ‘ armed, I cannot fight you; but  
 ‘ giye me that gem! Let me, in  
 ‘ dying, call it mine! Pierce this  
 ‘ heart so tenacious of its right!  
 ‘ When it has ceased to beat, her  
 ‘ irresist-

‘ irresistible beauties may be your’s—  
 ‘ But tell her !—Oh ! tell her, in her  
 ‘ fondest moments, that my soul flew  
 ‘ out bearing her image to eternal  
 ‘ blifs !’

Never had my heart sustained fuch a moment of softened anguish. Tearing open his bofom, this too powerful opponent kneeled, and offered me his fword. Pity, mixed with my stronger feelings, I lamented the laws of honour which obliged me never to refign the gift he fued for ; and, while I made him underftand me on this cruel point, I raifed his compaffion, for he feemed well acquainted with mental conflict.

“ Come with me, my unfortunate  
 “ friend,” (faid I, offering him my  
 “ hand) come with me to my home ;  
 “ we

... THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

“ we may there find an explanation  
“ of this mystery; you shall, you  
“ must be convinced, that I have  
“ never wronged you.”

‘ I will go!’—(replied he with  
wild impatience) ‘ Conjecture is the  
‘ child of Uncertainty; the man who  
‘ yields to it is sometimes heedlessly  
‘ undone. I will go with you; I  
‘ fear you not; it is not in the power  
‘ of the world now to deprive me of  
‘ any thing worthy my esteem. What  
‘ gives you happiness has ended  
‘ mine.’

In vain I strove to remove those  
opinions kindled by jealousy in the  
bosom of this man; deaf as the storm  
to the traveller, he beat down my de-  
fensive plea, and imperiously com-  
manded me to guide him to my  
friends,



friends, if I had any—I obeyed this brave but desperate stranger; who, in the moment of passion trusted himself to me, he deemed his rival, and who might, from the confidence so lately reposed in him, prove a foe.—The Fisherman heard our loud altercation, but intruded not; we threw open the door in haste to depart, and met him weeping with his trembling Lydia.

‘Suffer me to direct you to the top of the mountain,’ (said he to his impassioned guest,) ‘though I fear you are returning to perfidy and to death; why will you not pursue your first purpose of going to the Duke?—May heaven protect you!’

‘Peace, old man! Am I not pursuing an object dearer than the life thou hast preserved?’

I secretly

I secretly slipped a purse into the hand of Lydia, whose eyes were full of that softened sentiment so amiable in the sex, and so powerful with mankind.

We departed, in company with her honest father. My horse (whom I had forgot) was feeding heartily on the brow of the hill. My long absence made him impatient and hungry; he had broke his bridle, and hunger, not gratitude, detained him near the spot where he was left by a thoughtless master. Here the Fisherman took leave of us, and returned to his cabin and his children.

That gloomy silence which hangs on two objects deeply interested, when neither can collect language equal to his feelings, prevailed with me and  
my

my companion from the moment we left the Fisherman till we arrived at the gate of my Guardian. Emily received us with restrained astonishment, the habit of the stranger made an apology necessary. He did apologize, and with such a grace as convinced us he thought ornament wanting more for our sakes than his own. ‘To you, the utmost respect should be ever paid: for me, wretched appearances, Madam, suit well.’

He did not know how far the soul of Emily soared above the gaudy seemings of the world. Compliments, the frivolity of which the good sense of Emily soon annihilated, were at an end, when my Guardian and Roderique entered. I introduced my unknown gentleman as well as I could, and a very incoherent introduction I

made of it. My Guardian looked at the stranger with surprise. Roderique rudely surveyed him with contempt, and the new guest sternly returned his ill-timed gaze. Turning away with manly indifference from the supercilious Roderique, he frankly addressed himself to the former; ‘ You  
 ‘ seem agitated, Sir, I beg you will  
 ‘ compose yourself; I will not long  
 ‘ obtrude; my business shall be brief.  
 ‘ I feel myself injured; this young  
 ‘ gentleman defies me: I came here to  
 ‘ claim your justice, but, in the pre-  
 ‘ sence of this lady, dare not seize  
 ‘ the moment of reparation.’

‘ Emily,’ said her father, ‘ may I  
 ‘ request you to retire?’

‘ I know no reason, I must confess,’  
 replied Roderique, ‘ why the com-  
 ‘ pany

‘pany should separate—but, on second thought, I believe it may be as well, for this gentleman (walking round, as if he meant to inspire him with diffidence) can have little business with the ladies.’

The other only returned—

‘Your conceptions, Sir, are of little importance to a man who despises trifles.’

Roderique tried to hum a lively air; Emily retired in a manner that convinced me she gladly left the spot where pointed ill-manners stung the unfortunate.

‘You talk of injuries, Sir,’ said my Guardian, ‘if I have ever wronged you, boldly claim revenge.’

VOL. I.

L

‘It

THE CAPTIVES.

who are my object.  
submit to your arbit-  
trary justice in you will dissipate  
all my revenge ; but, by hea-  
ven, I will not depart till that gen-  
tleman restores the gem I have too  
loftly!

That gentleman, Sir, is no rob-  
ber ! I will answer for his honour,  
and you wound mine when you  
doubt him ; his heart must not be  
struck at till mine has ceased to  
beat.'

' Command him, Sir, to restore  
the picture now concealed in his  
bosom !'

' In vain ; (replied my Guardian  
furiously) the picture can never find  
a more noble bosom ; it is his right,  
his

‘ his highest privilege, I gave it him  
 ‘ sixteen years ago as a pledge—’

‘ A pledge!—Is it possible!—A  
 ‘ pledge of what, Sir, did she con-  
 ‘ descend?—But—I am not myself!  
 ‘ —She never gave it you! it is false-  
 ‘ hood deserving damnation, and you  
 ‘ wrong her, Sir.—This moment  
 ‘ command him, if you have any in-  
 ‘ fluence, to resign that picture, or  
 ‘ the richest stream that revels near  
 ‘ my heart shall be wasted on your  
 ‘ pavement—A pledge!—A pledge!  
 ‘ —Where am I?—”

Here the voice of the stranger  
 faltered. I remained in silent and  
 awful observation—Even Roderique  
 seemed struck with reverence.

L 2

‘ Yes,’



‘ Yes,’ said my Guardian—‘ I avow,  
 ‘ and will for ever repeat, that no  
 ‘ man can have a dearer claim to the  
 ‘ resemblance of that unfortunate  
 ‘ beauty ; it is her pledge of love, of  
 ‘ pure unfulfilled love !

‘ Silence !—I will hear no more !—  
 ‘ Leave unended your tale of infamy  
 ‘ —Poltroons of your cast were meant  
 ‘ to curse the fame of helpless woman  
 ‘ —Slander her if you dare, Sir ;  
 ‘ Come, we will parley when we  
 ‘ meet again—Draw, Sir, and bid  
 ‘ your boy assist you—I would wil-  
 ‘ lingly try both.’

‘ No, Sir,’ (replied my Guardian  
 with a serenity that gave an heavenly  
 lustre to his features) ‘ we are not af-  
 ‘ fairs. I alone will encounter you.  
 ‘ Henry,’ (turning to me as he was  
 6 follow-

following the enraged stranger towards the door) ‘ I have but one request to make, though this may be my last hour, protect my child; I am confident you will never be dastard enough to resign the picture of your MOTHER.’

‘ His MOTHER!’ (turning hastily back)—‘ My Henry—My son!—My dear Henry,’ exclaimed the unknown.

In a moment my Guardian was obliged to give way. I felt myself in the arms of my Father, and we together sank speechless on the floor.

The transports of filial love were new; new images opened on my mind as I held the object I had so long sought, in my strong embrace.

L 3.

“ Why

“Why, Sir,” (said I to my Guardian hastily) “did you give me this picture, and charge me to preserve it, without informing me it was the resemblance of my Mother?”

‘Ah! my dear Henry,’ replied he, with a sigh, ‘the clue that has led you to the knowledge of your Father is yet in the hand of wayward fortune, and may break before you are compleatly blest.’

“Impossible, Sir! Heaven designed me as an instrument to promote his felicity. Oh, Sir! had you seen him lost to comfort; had you found him so very wretched, you would have acted as I have done, and trusted the event to Heaven.”

‘I need

‘ I need not inform you, Sir,’ said  
 my Father to my Guardian, ‘ who I  
 ‘ am; you never till this hour per-  
 ‘ sonally knew me; but you have  
 ‘ protected my child; may God,  
 ‘ from his store of blessing, pour  
 ‘ your rewards! I am powerless, and  
 ‘ can only offer you the language of  
 ‘ a heart melted by your benevolence,  
 ‘ and waiting from you its future  
 ‘ peace—Where is my Wife? Answer  
 ‘ me that one question, and do with  
 ‘ me as you please. Life, without  
 ‘ her, is of no value.

‘ Could I give you that satisfaction,  
 ‘ Sir,’ replied my Guardian, ‘ believe  
 ‘ me I would not linger in the tale:  
 ‘ your Wife, I have heard, must  
 ‘ tread the paths of society no  
 ‘ more. Where she is immured,  
 ‘ I cannot inform you. On the  
 L 4 ‘ second

‘ second of April, which, I believe,  
‘ according to the letter I received  
‘ from the Duke, was about a week  
‘ before you and your tutor were com-  
‘ mitted to close confinement, this  
‘ youth, then an infant, was placed  
‘ beneath my care. Not having ac-  
‘ commodated suited to so tender a  
‘ babe, my wife being dead, and my  
‘ children receiving different educa-  
‘ tions a distance from me, I resign-  
‘ ed him to the care of one of my  
‘ tenants. The man was nobly honest,  
‘ the woman simple and uncorrupted.  
‘ With them he grew; the miniature  
‘ which has caused so much alterca-  
‘ tion, was sent me by the Duke of  
‘ B \* \* \* \* —I hung it round the  
‘ neck of Henry; and not daring  
‘ to reveal the secret of his birth,  
‘ only charged him to preserve it  
‘ even at the expence of life. How  
‘ well

‘ well he has obeyed my injunction  
 ‘ you can determine.’

‘ I will not arraign the mercy of  
 ‘ Heaven,’ said my father; ‘ my son  
 ‘ is restored. Who shall set bounds  
 ‘ to everlasting beneficence?—May  
 ‘ I not yet behold her! May not  
 ‘ some dark unfathomable event  
 ‘ throw the long-loved beauty into  
 ‘ my faithful arms! How the ima-  
 ‘ ginary phantom dances to my ten-  
 ‘ der wishes!—but—I must be re-  
 ‘ signed.’

During this scene of unaffected joy,  
 we had forgot Roderique—Nature  
 had left no vacuum in our souls, and  
 affection had closed every avenue,  
 through which a mere object of po-  
 lite civility could enter on our re-  
 collection. Whilst our glowing sen-

L 5                    timents

timents were thus undergoing a mutual interchange, Roderique had sat himself down to write, like one who was intent on taking minutes of some extraordinary occurrence.—And such the reader will, ere long, perceive was the employment of that gentleman at this interesting eclaireissement.

I had ever-prized myself on being an adept in scrutinizing the human heart, and never did my vanity so falsely support itself as now. I affected to be wonderfully penetrating, when I told Roderique, as he smiled at my Father, with a kind of triumph, that the generosity of his mind shone strongly in his features. Roderique hastily squeezing the paper, on which he had wrote, thrust it into his pocket, and advanced towards us. I never, till now, had given him credit for

3

goodness



goodness of heart; and was pleased in presenting him to my Father as an accomplished nobleman, whom we ranked in the number of our friends.

We had acted inadvertently, but there was no recalling the past moment, and we suffered in the sequel for our imbecility.

Surely there are seasons of sweet delirium, when the soul feels herself unusually enlarged and bountiful. Then, if ever, we resemble our Creator; we would eagerly dispense delight as we unexpectedly receive it; while fancy increases the rapture by throwing agreeable tints on every object around us. My over-flowing heart was immersed in new-born transport; and my reader will not wonder that Roderique appeared through a pleasing

L 6 medium

medium—Had I not lately found a Father? Shame on the man, (said I to myself) who suspects a friend; and has not candour to reveal his sentiments. What harmony would animate the world were mortals sincere! Thus I arraigned my rectitude, for having beheld Roderique with past dislike. I was at this moment so very generous as to ascribe that dislike to my love for Emily, and resolved in future to be more just in restraining my desires and expanding my friendship; nor did Roderique, in my opinion, retain his wonted manner; his *hauteur* was changed to obsequiousness; I became subdued by his attention, and was fastened to his will; in a word, we were friends.

My Father, though evidently pining after good unpossessed, was grateful to the kind civilities of my Guardian,

dian, whose every effort was meant to please. In hunting, angling and rural diversion we strove to lessen the weight of care; but fate had laden my Father too heavily! my friend Roderique too seemed lately to have taken up his share of business; I never could tempt him from his employ, which was continually writing and receiving letters. I was therefore allowed sufficient leisure to arrange my plans of future happiness. I had but one; and resolved the first opportunity to ask my Father's consent that I might marry Emily. Yet I had not endeavoured to engross the affections of that lovely object; I even sometimes avoided her, lest she should observe the anguish of my soul, pity, and secretly love me under inauspicious influences. Heavens! what would

would I not have resigned for the knowledge of this one truth!

Thou wilt find, my gentle reader, I am very inconsistent; but we are all so; love and virtue clashing in thy mind, will make thee feel with me.

Yes, I wished Emily's affection to keep pace with mine. I wished her to taste that pure, though visionary bliss of loving, without the dull certainty of possessing; of voluntarily yielding, with the choice of being free; of keeping the reins of her conduct in her own hands, without being assaulted by the wild passions of a man, who, at times, could not answer for himself.

Such was the great passion with which I longed to fill the heart of  
Emily;

Emily ; for this reason I resolved privately to gain the sanction of her Father and mine, and to watch the dawning of her gentle wishes.

To aid this little plan, and throw wider my view of happiness, Roderique one day informed me he should soon depart.—I know not why, but my heart fluttered strangely at this information.—

“ Are you not unwilling,” said I,  
 “ to leave so fine a country. Is  
 “ here no object whose charms are  
 “ powerful enough to detain you ?”

What an awkwardness there was in this question ; every word of it simply declares.

‘ None more powerful than your  
 ‘ own,’ replied Roderique, ‘ in your  
 ‘ conversation

‘ conversation I have learned the  
 ‘ lessons of honour, of truth, and  
 ‘ of filial affection : accept my heart,  
 ‘ and call me for ever your’s.

Still I panted for an avowal of Roderique’s sentiments respecting Emily. I had no right to accuse or complain ; I had beheld a treasure without attempting to secure it, and his privilege was fair as mine. I continued musing, as I spoke, on the insensible vivacity of Roderique, who was so soon to leave us ; like a shadow we must behold no more.

“ My Guardian will regret your  
 “ absence—even Emily—the charm-  
 “ ing Emily—” (an ill-timed sigh  
 lengthened her name upon my lips)  
 “ —perhaps may mourn.”——

‘ Emily

‘ Emily is lovely,’ replied Roderique with wonderful carelessness, ‘ but I leave her to you—pursue, ‘ possess, be happy, and grow old in ‘ all she is capable of communicating. ‘ For me, my dear friend, other ‘ pleasures wait. I will return to ‘ my former scene of gaiety, I will re- ‘ member you and Emily, and I will ‘ flatter myself with the idea of not ‘ being always a stranger to your me- ‘ mory.’

Selfish as I was, Roderique relieved me from the excruciating pangs of jealousy. In return I made him warm protestations of lasting regard. Feeble was my judgment, and officious in self-deception, when I fancied this man capable of disinterested friendship. Yet, had Emily never existed,



ed, Roderique might have been less abandoned.

Our conversation was prolonged from the park gate, where it began, to the door of my Guardian's mansion; in the window of which we espied the charming maid leaning on her hand. She had studiously avoided company for some days; had seldom left her own apartment, and her father informed us she complained of an oppression near her heart.—‘I will invite her to ride with me,’ said this indulgent man, ‘in hopes of dissipating a melancholy I can not account for.’

He accordingly accompanied her over the adjacent plains; I implored the angel of health to restore her native

tive cheerfulness, and retired to my study.

I had taken up the Orations, said to have been delivered by the divine Plato, to his disciples on the promontory of Sunium, and had read a few pages, when I was disturbed by a gentle rap at my door—it was my Father who entered ; he saluted me affectionately, and began a conversation with a serious air.

‘ The obscurity of this peaceful  
‘ spot, my dear son, suits my misera-  
‘ ble fortunes ; but how long may  
‘ I with honour continue under the  
‘ kind protection of your Guardian,  
‘ whose life and property may be  
‘ endangered by his hospitality to  
‘ me ? While I am a wanderer and  
‘ free from chains, Louis trembles  
‘ for

' for his crown. I am his twin-bro-  
 ' ther, was born with him in the  
 ' same hour, consequently have been  
 ' a state prisoner through life, and  
 ' am now an exile. I seek not the  
 ' diadem of France; my heart is not  
 ' so heated by ambition, as by civil  
 ' commotion, to shed the blood of  
 ' thousands; nor would I wish you to  
 ' be known through the realm as the  
 ' nephew of the King.'—

My blood seemed to make a full  
 pause at this declaration; but it pauf-  
 ed only to revisit my heart with tre-  
 ble force.

“ What!—my noble Father! are  
 “ you content to creep round the  
 “ world a victim to persecution, and  
 “ an alien to society?”—

“ Content

‘Content is with your Mother ; if  
 “ I find her, the dominions of nature  
 “ will be mine.’

“ May the Almighty power in re-  
 “ storing her to you, give me the  
 “ blessing I have never known!—But  
 “ do not expect to hear me whistle  
 “ after the plough, or die undif-  
 “ tinguished amidst the peaceful  
 “ pleasures of these woodlands.—Bid  
 “ me go and seek my Mother ! Bid  
 “ me rush into the path of glory ;  
 “ I may learn her destiny—I may  
 “ soften yours, I may snatch some  
 “ laurels from the hand of war—at  
 “ least my life will not glide away  
 “ without leaving a proof of my exis-  
 “ tence on the annals of fame.”—

He answered.—‘ Fame has afflic-  
 “ tion for her favourite : she sets him  
 ‘ up ;

‘ up ; he veers with her blast, and  
 ‘ riots in her transient charms. Soon,  
 ‘ much too soon, her minion falls  
 ‘ from her finest height. Envy re-  
 ‘ ceives him in her snaky bosom ; he  
 ‘ looks up, and owns with regret that  
 ‘ no summit was ever gained on  
 ‘ which man can permanently rest.’

“ But my honour, Sir, will oblige  
 “ me at least to leave this scene ; at  
 “ once inactive, inglorious, and dan-  
 “ gerous to you, to my Guardian, to  
 “ me, and to —”

Here my conscious heart arrested  
 my tongue before it wildly pronounc-  
 ed the name of her I loved ; for  
 however cold I might appear to be ;  
 I too, certainly, at some moments  
 feared for Emily and myself. Be-  
 sides, did not a suffering Father stand  
 before

before me, whose wrongs I was impatient to redress?—He did, and my whole soul became expanded with the grandeur of her own ideas.

My father calmly replied—‘ Your observations are just, my son; for your secret consolation preserve your honour and your virtue, and barter not either for public fame. Fame can never repay you. I am serious—If quitting this retreat will secure your rectitude, you shall with me immediately depart.’

During this speech, I felt the power of my father darting to the inmost recesses of my troubled mind.

He continued—‘ Emily has informed me——’

I started.—

I started.—‘ Why are you agitated? why do you turn pale? Be seated, my worthy Henry,’ politely drawing a chair, this generous fugitive proceeded :

‘ Yesterday you lamented the dejection of Emily; you were surprised at her avoiding the presence of yourself and Roderique; you know not the cause, nor do I; the motives of those who are all innocence and delicacy may not be impertinently scrutinized; but she is not happy.’

“ God forbid, Sir!—who makes her otherwise? I will not tamely—  
“ pray inform me.”—

My Father smiled; and, interrupting me, said, ‘ I find you are no culprit,  
‘ prit,



' prit, Henry, you hourly give me  
 ' new proofs of exalted purity.  
 ' Emily has informed me, that she  
 ' wishes to cut short this visit to her  
 ' Father, and requests me to use my  
 ' influence with him, that she may,  
 ' in three days, depart. In my con-  
 ' vent, said the charming girl, I  
 ' shall find the peace I have lost.  
 ' Here I have met with insolence;  
 ' but should I reveal the name of him  
 ' who has offended me, his life would  
 ' be the expiation; or my dear, my  
 ' valuable Father might fall in the  
 ' contest! I therefore intreat you to  
 ' forward my departure from a spot  
 ' where my bosom suffers from more  
 ' causes than one.'

My Father, towards the conclusion  
 of this speech, eyed me with fixed  
 regard, while the mantling blood  
 arose from my heart and spread an

honest anger over my visage; particles of fire seemed to fly before me.

I only articulated, "what shall I do, Sir!—What would you do?" "Chastise the disturber of my Emily!"

With a mournful look, he turned from me, and walked silently to the window, while my agitation became extreme. Willingly would I have fallen at his feet, and poured out the sentiments of my soul; I had not the power—by irresistible reverence I was chained to my seat.

My Father, still gazing through the window, in a musing attitude, and without turning to look at me, said, in a low voice, 'Would you destroy the peace of Emily?—'

"Me,

“ Me, Sir!—I destroy the peace  
 “ of Emily! O, thou Almighty  
 “ Power! who hast formed me to  
 “ thy will, be thou her strong de-  
 “ fender!”

Endeavouring to calm my perturb-  
 ed spirit, I stood silent; my Father,  
 at length, approaching me with quick-  
 ness, said, affectionately, ‘ Henry!  
 ‘ —My dear Henry! Why will you  
 ‘ in vain distress me? I ask not your  
 ‘ confidence, because you appear re-  
 ‘ solved that I never shall share it;  
 ‘ but, is it impossible for us to meet  
 ‘ on equal terms? I promise to ad-  
 ‘ vise, not restrain you; and will lose  
 ‘ the name of Father in that of Friend  
 ‘ —Only try to forget Emily!’

Pressing his hand to my lips, I ex-  
 claimed, “ Yes, my Father, I see

M 2

“ too.

“ too plainly you dare not trust your  
 “ son ; you will not permit me to  
 “ be the guardian of that gentle  
 “ maid ; and yet, Sir, her Father  
 “ once told me, that, to my honour,  
 “ he could confide his child.”

‘ I could trust her with your *honour*,  
 ‘ but not with your AFFECTION.’

This was a stroke I was not aware  
 of. I fell before him, breathed my  
 guiltless passion in fervent language ;  
 and assured him I had never influenced  
 the mind of Emily by an avowal of  
 my love.

My Father was pleased ; he strove  
 to bring me back to tranquillity ; yet,  
 whilst he talked of reason, of pru-  
 dence, and of proud philosophy, his  
 eyes were full of tears. I hoped to  
 6 profit

profit by the tenderness of the moment; I drew back his memory to the image of my Mother. He was disturbed; his bosom heaved; and I exulted in the idea of having conquered his objections. To whom could I plead with more hope of success?—Had not my Father known the joys and the sorrows of unconquerable love?

He was silent for some moments. I felt relieved in having unburthened myself to him, and saw no reason he could oppose to my union, yet he appealed to my principles.

‘ You love Emily ?’

“ I do, Sir; nor can I blame myself for adoring an object that inspires me with virtues. Yes, my  
“ Father !

“ Father ! she hangs upon my me-  
 “ mory, and Vice can offer no temp-  
 “ tation where her image is seen. I  
 “ am ennobled by love, and will not  
 “ sink unworthy of my Emily’s per-  
 “ fection.”

‘ You see before you, my dear  
 ‘ Henry, in your unfortunate Father,  
 ‘ an example of selfish and ungene-  
 ‘ rous passion.’

“ Ungenerous, Sir !—”

‘ You must not interrupt me : un-  
 ‘ generous and unjust : I studied my  
 ‘ own happiness, without considering  
 ‘ the miseries I was preparing for  
 ‘ another. I timely felt my arm too  
 ‘ feeble to ward off the shafts my fate  
 ‘ was preparing for an innocent ob-  
 ‘ ject ; yet, like you, I loved ; pursued  
 ‘ that

' that love; won a valuable heart to  
 ' my sentiments, and wedded it only to  
 ' anguish: need I say that your destiny  
 ' is equally uncertain? What can  
 ' you do for Emily? How will you  
 ' shield her from the storm now im-  
 ' pending over your head and mine?  
 ' Will you not rather render her  
 ' wretched, by alluring her from a  
 ' fond Father, who deems her his  
 ' richest blessing; and who, without  
 ' her, may sink uncomfortable into  
 ' the vale of time?—But, far be <sup>pure celestial</sup>  
 ' from me to aggravate <sup>our innocence,</sup>  
 ' woes—If Emily loves <sup>arken the bosom of man,</sup>  
 ' all future accidents, <sup>ergetic, the invisible;</sup>  
 ' the altar.' <sup>world!</sup> Vide Page 89, Vol. I.

My Father waited  
 none to make; the  
 wanting. I was a fit  
 timents of Emily.—

M 4





self-composure; and left to my judgment the picture of his experience faithfully delineated. How warmly had I painted the hours in perspective! My colouring was too high.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

‘ You ma  
 ‘ generous and  
 ‘ own happiness,  
 ‘ the miseries I  
 ‘ another. I time  
 ‘ feeble to ward of  
 ‘ was preparing f  
 ‘ ject; yet, like y

THE  
ROYAL CAPTIVES:

A  
FRAGMENT OF SECRET HISTORY.

COPIED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT,

BY  
ANN YEARSLEY.

---

VOLUME II.

---

Dear spirit of refinement!  
From where thou hast chosen thy pure celestial  
dwelling, descend!

From thee, bright form of innocence,  
Fly the brutal shadows that darken the bosom of man;  
Thine are the grand, the energetic, the invisible;  
Thou art the soul of the world!

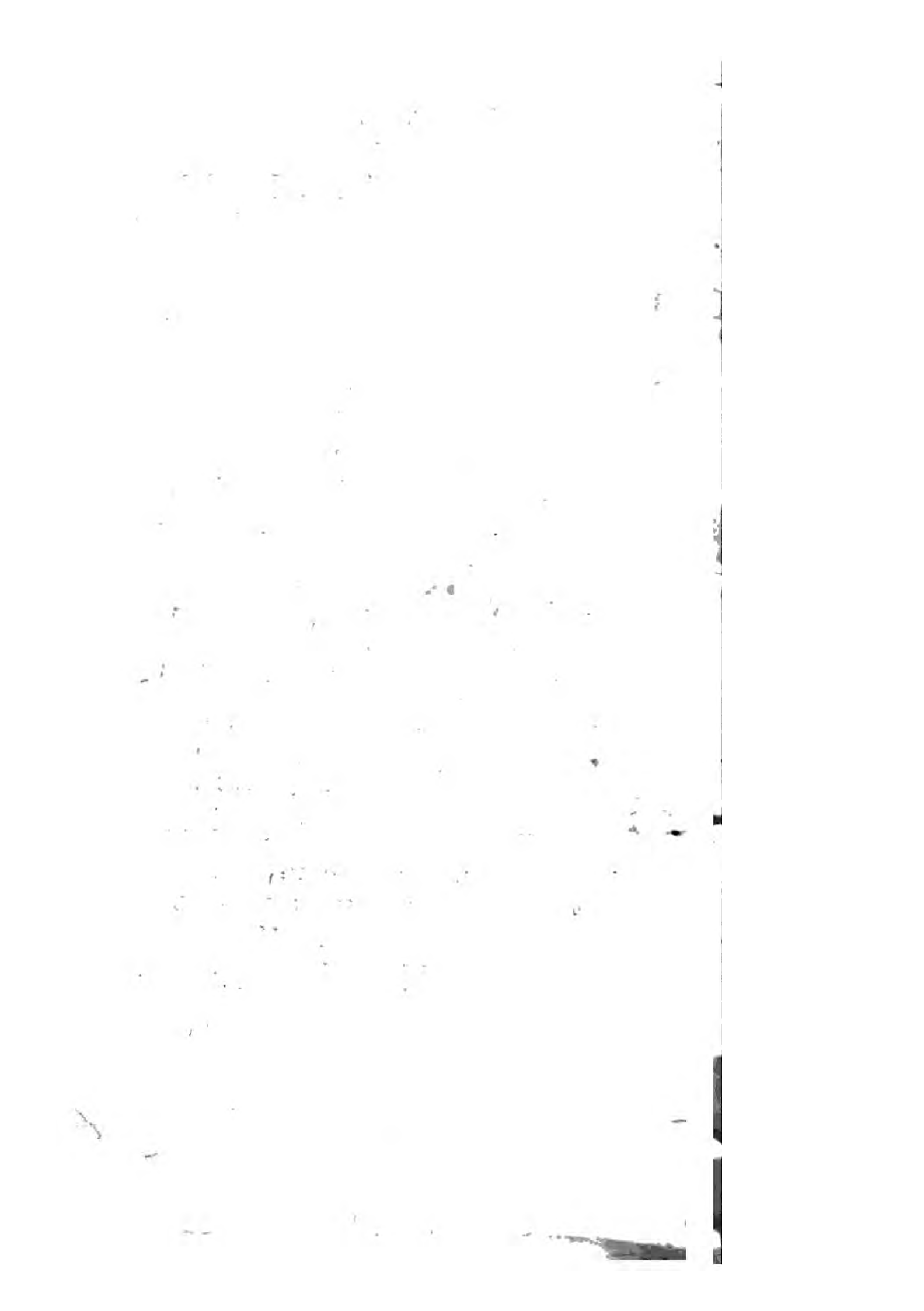
Vide Page 89, Vol. I.

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## THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

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MY Guardian returned with his lovely daughter. I saw them pass through the court, but fought them not. Hope was extinguished; I paused in silence on the future; misery alone was seen. Where could I find an asylum for afflicted beauty? How defend a wife!—Filial piety here forbade my indulgence of soft ideas. My exiled Father, my lost Mother, claimed my exertion, and I resolved to rise superior to the dear delirium. “Can I see him depart alone,” said I, looking wildly at the horizon; “can I lie dreaming of unutterable worlds in the eyes of Emily, whilst he is

VOL. II.

B

2 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

“ roving joyless round the earth?

“ No, I will imitate his virtue, and

“ share his fate.”

Full of my purpose, I rang for my dinner to be brought into my study, and sent back a line by the servant, in which I requested my father to hasten our departure on the morrow.

“ All is now concluded,” I exclaimed, with a sigh. “ Woman, fascinating woman, shall enslave me no more! I will hurry from the indolence with which she impregnates the very air around her, and the sounds of war shall awaken me to energy. Yes! I will go to the Duke of B\*\*\*\*, and, unknown to my father, will implore his assistance in asserting our privileges of sharing, at least, the common freedom

“ dom of mankind. Must we for  
 “ ever behold the sword of Death  
 “ held over us, merely because we  
 “ are the relatives of a King! May  
 “ we not breathe with liberty? Exe-  
 “ crable state! My father shall be  
 “ happy! Unerring Mover of eter-  
 “ nal life! do thou so direct my  
 “ youthful ardour as to make it pro-  
 “ pitious to his clouded fortune:  
 “ give me war and death, but suffer  
 “ the gentle rays of peace to fall on  
 “ his hours!”

Thus indulging alternately the  
 luxury of reading, and of thought, I  
 remained in my study till the approach  
 of evening, when I saw Emily stray-  
 ing negligently down the terrace-walk,  
 towards the opening of the pleasure  
 garden. She sometimes stooped to  
 smell the hyacinth as it grew, and

stood meditating on the rose without plucking it; as she loosed the beautiful bud from her hold, it seemed to fly back to its parent-branches, as if conscious of the death it had escaped, and pleased in remaining a little longer in the fragrant family. Again I saw her hesitate, with her hands folded, and her head reclined on one shoulder, to gaze on the jonquils which had been gathered at noon, and now lay dying, neglected, on the turf. Her white scarf waved on the officious wind as she turned the corner of the grove which secluded her from my sight. My eyes remained for a moment fixed to the point from whence she had disappeared. What had I now to do in my study? My resolves were formed: I had offered up the dearest wishes of my soul at the altar of duty; it could be no crime to bid



Emily a long farewell—No! No! My heart was too honest, and honestly did it ever obey the feelings of Nature, when those feelings were in unison with the pleasant duties it owed to my fellow-creatures.

I tripped lightly down the stairs, hastened through the hall, whispered an adieu to every well-known tree, and threw a parting look on each variegated blossom.

“To-morrow,” said I, with a sigh, (as I touched a carnation Emily had planted.) “To-morrow I leave thee, tender flower. Mayest thou long be cherished by the hand that placed thee here, whilst I am becoming roughly inured to savage valour, and a foe to peace!—Ah! what a contrast! Thou art not

B 3

“capable

“capable of destroying, thou art not  
“MAN!”

As I cast a lingering eye athwart  
the embroidered parterre, memory  
ran back to the moment when Emily  
brought the bouquet, with this in-  
nocent apology: “They must *once*  
“die, and why not die with you?”

“Dear Emily,” (replied my busy  
thought) “Henry must die! and why  
“not die with you?”

Rapt with my own ideas, I fancied  
the Carnation began to shut her richly-  
tinted beauties.—“Thou art no nig-  
“gard, sweet flower! Thou hast a  
“right to mourn, while thy beloved  
“fun is stealing to his western loves!  
“—*He will return—When will Henry*  
“return?”

Here,

Here, the age-loving ivy crept round the venerable oak, as if enamoured of her hoary protector— There, the honey-suckle willingly entangled herself in the snares laid by the wily gardener round the bower to receive her encroachments ; and above me, the blackbird hailed the dew-fall with his love-lengthened song.

Bounteous Creator ! Are not all thy tribes in harmony ? Can Nature vary from herself ? Is she not glowing with universal love ? Are not the minutiae of things eternally moving in her behalf ? Why then must man throw the freezing drops of self-denial on the warm transports of the heart.

Under this kind of reasoning, and full of questions, for which I required answers from some power stronger

than myself, could my emotions be enough regulated to play with safety round my judgment, while in the presence of Emily? Ought I to have followed her? A gentleman would say—"Yes."; a lady would say—"Nothing."

Reclined on a bank, and perusing a paper, I saw Emily in an arbour of woodbines. She saw me not, as I stole like a thief round coveted treasure; and I sat myself down behind her. Flowers, and leaves of various kinds, formed her only external shields from so ardent a lover; but had she not invincible innocence?

Often did I murmur at the shrubbery, whose green trappings waved themselves so busily as to conceal her speaking eyes; but as the moments  
were

were delicious ones, I waited happily the denouement.

After reading the paper, she turned herself a little—I could observe her features—Judge my soul by thy own, when she sang with a tender air,

‘ Angels! who our paths prepare,  
‘ And on your azure pinions rest,  
‘ To watch the human heart,  
‘ Sleep not!—make me all your care!  
‘ While secret passion wounds my breast,  
‘ Some heav’nly balm impart!

‘ Guard me to my lone retreat!  
‘ Where the nun unnotic’d pines;  
‘ Her tender flame unknown!—  
‘ There, till my heart forgets to beat,  
‘ And mem’ry his fair shade resigns,  
‘ Henry will be my own.’

Love, which would have forced me to advance, inspired me at the same moment with the fear of offend-

ing.—Emily arose to be gone; for the evening star appeared, and the blackbird was fawn to repose.—

“ My dear girl !” said I, rushing from my concealment—I could say no more—Emily shrieked, and I caught her in my arms. Pointed as lightning is the transport of an oppressed heart, when bounding towards the object of its care.—I held her to my bosom, unable to tell her why. Was not such a moment worth an age of trammelled love? Heaven should, at that moment, have called me from life.

Soon did the charming maid disengage herself, and recover her native dignity. I could make no apology—True, I had not exceeded the bounds of virtue, but I had broken rudely on

her reserve; and waited in silence that sentence which, I knew, must throw me on my fate.

‘ Was it well done, Sir,’ (said she, with a faltering voice) ‘ to intrude on my retirement? Do you feel an increase of pleasure by having acquired the knowledge of my self-delusion? You have acted ungenerously, and your conduct may prove destructive to more than me.—’

Throwing myself at her feet, I loudly exclaimed—“ Hold, incomparable Maid! Pronounce not my doom: here will I kneel till you are convinced how dearly your felicity is prized by my fond heart. I am not ungenerous, I will sacrifice my peace, my life, to the



“ tranquillity of your unblemished  
 “ mind!— I will for ever remain at  
 “ your disposal, but I never can cease  
 “ to love you! O, Emily! I have  
 “ long suffered, have long strove to  
 “ banish you from my imagination;  
 “ my strength of soul is not sufficient  
 “ —Without you I am sick; without  
 “ you I hate existence; and all the  
 “ varied tints of creative Nature fade  
 “ on my joyless sight. What must I  
 “ do! Can you teach me not to  
 “ adore you? Have you the power  
 “ of tearing your image from my re-  
 “ membrance? No! I will hold  
 “ you till every object is shut out by  
 “ Death, and too surely I shall fall a  
 “ victim to despair and love.”

Still holding her hand, I found she  
 shook with perturbation: the pauses  
 of her breath grew short—She  
 sighed,

fighed, and with difficulty requested me to rise.

“ Say you pardon me, generous  
 “ Emily ! suffer me at least to in-  
 “ dulse the melancholy comfort of  
 “ believing myself honoured with  
 “ your friendship ; think with what  
 “ anguish I go—”

‘ Go !—whither would you go ?—  
 ‘ Can you leave my father ?’—

“ I have a father !—”

‘ True—I had forgot you have  
 ‘ any father but mine.’

The artless maid put her hand to her forehead, as if endeavouring to reconcile her judgment to the circumstance of the moment : but she  
 grew

grew more embarrassed, and her hesitation increased the transport of my impassioned soul ; all was forgot but Emily ! I grew wild with love ; rose from the earth, sealed a mournful adieu on her chaste lips ; and, in that moment, could have fled with her to some unknown world !

How finely wrought is the mind of man !—Yet how seldom are his harmonic powers tuned by a skilful hand. Vulgar objects draw out vulgar tones ; but, when touched by refinement, his thrillings are exquisite, and he melts the heart of another by that mysterious flame in which himself is dissolving !

That Emily had caught a portion of my fervor, I had reason to hope,  
but

but virtue was the master-key of her feelings.

We cast a melancholy look on the star that hung on the end of evening; it glided over our heads; we were soon to see it no more.

“ So pass our joys !—”

“ True; and so pass our sorrows,” replied the self-collected maid—

“ Are they not wise who monopo-  
 “ lize the few pleasures of life, and  
 “ hoard them in remembrance from  
 “ the thief of nature?—Time, my  
 “ Emily, steals the moments of fe-  
 “ licity: whilst we seize his treasures,  
 “ the old traveller stands still !”

“ Time cannot steal the pleasures I  
 have

‘ have been taught to prize—I feel  
 ‘ them as emanations of some great  
 ‘ power, to whom time itself is a  
 ‘ slave; of course I shall never too  
 ‘ eagerly seize felicity, but take my  
 ‘ little lot and be content.’

I was now sensible that I was out  
 in my part, for I really did myself  
 the credit to think I had assumed a  
 designing character in my last speech,  
 not at all natural to me.

Emily continued—‘ I had hoped  
 ‘ you would have remained to com-  
 ‘ fort my father till the return of my  
 ‘ brothers. That idea is banished—  
 ‘ I am acquainted with your rank;  
 ‘ and to prove your superiority am at  
 ‘ the same moment surprized with an  
 ‘ avowal of your love, and of your  
 ‘ departure. This is the presump-  
 ‘ tion

'tion of a man whose affections are  
' subservient to his ambition.'—

“ Torture me not ! You are above  
 “ the snares employed by the artful  
 “ of your sex to humble the slaves  
 “ who adore them. Too good to  
 “ rack my heart, merely because it  
 “ is your own, and keep me in the  
 “ horrors of suspense to feed an ill-  
 “ timed vanity.—Adieu, Emily !—  
 “ we may never meet more ; but I  
 “ could have wished, that though I  
 “ should obey my father, you would  
 “ not hate me !”

The thoughtful maid stood silent  
 —her eyes were bent to the earth—  
 My thoughts were breaking into wild  
 disorder ; and the only prospect which  
 gave me temporary ease, was that of  
 rushing into danger, when once I had  
 left

left her, that I might shorten an existence no longer desirable.

“ Cruel and unjust are you to your-  
 “ self and me! Was it possible you  
 “ could so lately breathe the name  
 “ of Henry! could you so tenderly  
 “ sing of love, while your heart was a  
 “ stranger to the sacred flame?—You  
 “ accuse me of ambition to throw me  
 “ from you.”

Rouzed from her meditative attitude, she gave me her hand—I pressed it to my lips, and she generously replied, ‘ What have I to do with  
 ‘ foolish reserve! I have no guilt to  
 ‘ conceal—My heart stands confessed  
 ‘ to the Father of All! Yes, exalted  
 ‘ Henry! I dare to love you while  
 ‘ you love virtue; and, among your  
 ‘ many perfections, filial regard is in  
 ‘ my



‘ my estimation not the least.—Go !  
 ‘ preserve your worthy father ; yet  
 ‘ leave me not I conjure you till—’

“ Till when ?”—said I, hastily interrupting her. “ I cannot marry  
 “ you, dear Emily; my fate is undecided.—I must go !—never !—  
 “ perhaps never to hold you thus ;  
 “ to hear you speak, to listen to your  
 “ instructive converse : nor may I  
 “ take you with me. I have no  
 “ home ! It is a father leads me on ;  
 “ can you forgive me ? It is I that  
 “ am unjust ; I have instantaneously  
 “ deceived you. You are wronged  
 “ by the man who adores you.”

‘ Be more calm’ (replied Emily)  
 ‘ think me not wedded to your person : lament not the necessity of the  
 ‘ moment, but preserve your father.’

“ Do

“ Do I possess your soul, as you  
 “ possess mine? I wish you to lan-  
 “ guish for me in whatever scene  
 “ you may in future be engaged: I  
 “ shall in absence sigh for you! I will  
 “ adore the sun that cheers you! I  
 “ will gaze on the moon, and fancy  
 “ my Emily is at that moment whis-  
 “ pering my name through the mid-  
 “ night breeze—yet I cannot call you  
 “ for ever mine.”

‘ How little do you know me,  
 ‘ Henry—Is marriage the only tie  
 ‘ that can relieve your fears? Will  
 ‘ you owe nothing to me? All insti-  
 ‘ tutions were invented by man; that  
 ‘ in particular is necessary to his fee-  
 ‘ ble judgment. Marriage is the  
 ‘ only chain for two suspecting souls,  
 ‘ mutually in fear of each other; in-  
 ‘ vested with prerogative they are  
 ‘ watchful

‘ watchful and suspicious; apparent-  
 ‘ ly polite, they are in private coolly  
 ‘ envenomed, and hourly becoming  
 ‘ practised in deliberate deceit: Life  
 ‘ wears away in unavailing murmurs  
 ‘ —But can Henry know no other  
 ‘ security?—Is he a stranger to that  
 ‘ lambent, that eternal flame which  
 ‘ ever encircles kindred minds? Go  
 ‘ —absence will not make you less  
 ‘ dear—love me if you can—continue  
 ‘ free, and save a father!’

“ How can I depart unblest! Ah,  
 “ Emily! should no future world  
 “ exist, where is the reward for our  
 “ self-denying principles?”

‘ Presumptuous Henry! We are  
 ‘ not capable but of transient happi-  
 ‘ ness! The indulgence of our wishes  
 ‘ could not render us permanently  
 ‘ blest;

' blest; all must fade away. Why  
 ' we are ushered into existence ; or  
 ' why, after wasting life, we die, never  
 ' can be answered. But should the  
 ' privation of faculty only precede  
 ' some mighty change, it were well  
 ' methinks to rise with conscious  
 ' purity from those mortal particles  
 ' of which we were recently com-  
 ' posed; and granting existence ends  
 ' on the bed of death, surely my  
 ' beloved friend will own that the  
 ' remembrance of those pleasures,  
 ' which passion may afford, will not  
 ' at that hour bring consolation.'

I was all she chose to make me :  
 passively virtuous, and obedient to  
 her will; she threw the rein on my  
 imagination, and though I felt the  
 influence of the scene around, my  
 feeble

feeble judgment was the friend of my dear instructress.

The moon now silvered the foliage of the bower ; Emily directed her steps towards the house, and I reluctantly followed.

‘ Will you see me within the walls  
‘ of my convent ?’ (said she, as we  
walked slowly on) ‘ I shall there be  
‘ safe—perhaps for ever.’—

“ For ever ! Emily !—am I pur-  
“ suing a shadow ? Is it possible you  
“ can think of taking the veil ?—  
“ Send me not from you with so  
“ dreadful an apprehension !”

‘ I think not of the veil : I see no  
‘ Heaven through the dreary passage  
‘ of incessant mortification ; unmean-  
‘ ing

‘ ing in itself because unworthy the  
 ‘ Power for whom the fanatic sup-  
 ‘ poses she suffers. My reason for  
 ‘ hastening thither is more intimately  
 ‘ connected with mortal objects ; and,  
 ‘ for the same reason, I wish you to  
 ‘ remain with my father till after the  
 ‘ departure of Roderique.’

My father’s conversation in the study came to my recollection ; but as I knew Emily had the choice of speaking truth, or remaining silent, I had not much hope of gaining an explanation of these hints concerning Roderique ; nor was I much agitated on the account, as our party were so soon to be broken up, and each severally to take his different path. I, however, asked her if she was in fear of Roderique ; she told me he only met her contempt, and commended me

me to silence on so jarring a subject. We reached the house, with a tender pensiveness hanging on us like a hoar frost on the blossom; and found my Guardian, my Father, and Roderique discoursing on the sports of the field. The latter, after we were seated, returned to the conversation, and wished, as his stay was to be short, a hunting party could be formed before he left Rochelle. My Guardian willingly promoted his wish; and I have seen him rejoice at the escape of the hare, and mourn at her death; but as he began to make his little arrangement of friends and sportsmen, Emily respectfully interrupted him, by mentioning her desire, 'first to depart.'

Her Father, attentive to her hap-



times sacrificed his own ; and did not hesitate to enquire when she would resolve ; adding, with a parental smile, ‘ you must live individually  
 ‘ for yourself, my dear child ; I can  
 ‘ only be a secondary cause of pleasure to you ; your mind is all your  
 ‘ own, your conduct your own ; and,  
 ‘ when I am no more, you must continue on the theatre of life till your  
 ‘ part is played. When the scene  
 ‘ is closing, call not loudly on the  
 ‘ world : society stands listening over  
 ‘ dying worth, and voluntarily shields  
 ‘ it ; and Emily will deserve the plaudits  
 ‘ of the wise. Name the day of  
 ‘ your departure ; your will is  
 ‘ mine.’—

‘ To-morrow, my honoured Father,’ said Emily.’—

‘ To-morrow

‘ To-morrow let it be,’ said Roderique hastily, and immediately rang for his servant.

‘ Then to-morrow,’ (rejoined my Father) ‘ we will all conclude to separate ; since, if I may speak for myself, either will think this noble mansion but a prison when bereft of those friends whose sentiments endeared it. My son, since I have so happily found him, claims my unabating care. To the protection of his uncle, in the Netherlands, I will leave him, and return. France yet holds my wife ; and my search after her shall end but with my existence.’

A smile, expressive I thought of triumph, shone on the face of Roderique, and sank into a settled stare

at my Father. Imagining him lost in some melancholy reflection, I touched his shoulder, and asked him,—“ if my Father, myself, my  
 “ Guardian, or Emily had most the  
 “ interest of his heart at this moment  
 “ of purposed separation ?”

‘ Your Father, Sir’—(said he with an unusual bluntness) and immediately rose from his seat.

The attendant he had rang for entering, Roderique ordered him to prepare for departure immediately, and ushering him to the farthest part of the room, gave him a letter, whispering some instructions, and pronouncing others of little importance distinctly.

‘ I shall not,’ added he, ‘ wait here  
 ‘ for your return, my horses will be  
 ‘ got

' got ready by your fellow-servant ;  
' let nothing retard you.'

To my Guardian he returned acknowledgments in the most refined language politeness could suggest ; lamented the necessity that forced him away that very hour, and took leave of us all in a manner that endeared us to him. One look he gave to Emily, as he passed towards the door, that sufficiently indicated a heart torn by various passions.

As his equipage and attendants rattled through the court-yard, I felt a kind of regret, and could not help mourning the nature of man. How much like shadows we are ! said I, to-day blest in the bosom of friendship, to-morrow gone !—The last dawn I expected to see at the Count

de Marfans after a sleepless night appeared : The sun ascended with effulgence, and the raptures of creation were heightened—Raising my eyes to that glorious orb, I breathed the strain of heavenly gratitude.—Magnificent source of unending comfort ! Thou hast poured thy floods of light through ages ! Thou shalt continue to invite the infant hours from the bosom of eternity ! Thou shalt gild them as they pass for the felicity of Man ! Yet Man ! feeble Man ! must mourn ! Too rich in imagination, and too poor in judgment, his joys are incomplete ; and he steals sorrowing through the world a victim to idea. Fancy brings her gaudy visions to dance round him in his morn of life ; The cold hand of disappointment prepares for him the bed of age ; but thou shalt unwearied roll !

In

In thy vivifying beams shall eternally sport the busy atoms of creative power which keep the universe for ever young.

Exquisitely blest in the confidence of her I loved, I knew the dear moment of generous truth she had indulged me would be ever mine. To love and be beloved gives such hidden strength to the soul of man, that he becomes dignified by the mutual influence, and feels as if invulnerable through every other circumstance.

An officious attention prevailed through the house; doors were left open to shew unusual dispatch; and servants stumbled down the stairs with unnecessary noise to shew how highly interested they were in the departure of their young mistress, who

stood in a reflective attitude in the great parlour.

I saw her, and made an involuntary pause; but not daring to trust myself alone with her, at this mournful crisis, sighed, and passed on to find my Father.—He had been writing a letter to the faithful Fisherman who had preserved him, and employed a servant of my Guardian's to search out the hut, beneath the covering of the rock, and to direct its honest master to follow us to \*\*\*\*\*, with Lydia and her little brothers.—Or, if the Fisherman retained a predilection to the peaceful lot in which he was placed, the domestic had orders to leave him a sum of money for the purpose of buying a vessel of larger size than that in which he used to scud through the ocean.

The



The carriage now waited to convey the disturber of my peace to the gloomy recess of pious fanaticism; while a sufficient number of attendants waited to escort us on our different roads. I will not pretend to describe our mutual sorrow; or our many protestations of never-dying friendship; let it here suffice (my sympathising reader) that, as with a burthened heart I led Emily to the carriage, she took a valuable ring from her finger, and, slipping it on mine, emphatically said, ‘ While you love truth, remember Emily.—

Words were too weak; in silent ecstasy I tore the diamond cross from my bosom, closed her hand upon it, and held her in my arms as a treasure never to be resigned. Ardent as this tender embrace was, it was not

so significant as to discompose my innocent girl, or attract the discernment of surrounding attendants. Her beauty invited me to love; her virtues commanded me to be respectful.—My Guardian stood by—and long inured to self-restraint, through every trial, he checked his feelings. Even now he endeavoured to smile, but his heart forbade his features to play falsely.

‘ A short-time since, my dear  
 ‘ Henry,’ (said the worthy man) you  
 ‘ wished to enter into a military life  
 ‘ —I dissuaded you from it. I dar-  
 ‘ ed not give my consent even to  
 ‘ your uncle the Duke of B\*\*\*\*,  
 ‘ who was the nobleman that visited  
 ‘ me incog, and with whom you  
 ‘ were so much delighted. You are  
 ‘ now going to him—I have done  
 ‘ but

‘ but my duty in strictly adhering to  
 ‘ the rights of friendship; and in  
 ‘ preserving, inviolable, the secret  
 ‘ of your birth. When I gave the  
 ‘ picture of your amiable Mother to  
 ‘ your bosom, I was proof against  
 ‘ your eager enquiries; and you were  
 ‘ polite enough ever after to de-  
 ‘ cline them. I now leave you to  
 ‘ the tender sollicitude of a Father—  
 ‘ farewell, deserving youth! Con-  
 ‘ tinue to be what you now are, and  
 ‘ your friends will exult when Henry  
 ‘ is named.”

“ May I in absence be dear to you,  
 “ Sir! Preserve Emily—barter her  
 “ not for wealth: Suffer her heart  
 “ alone to direct her to the altar  
 “ when I return.—But when, when  
 “ shall I return—No; I never shall  
 “ see you more!”

My words died incoherently away; my eyes were insensibly fixed on the earth as I uttered this last painful sentence on myself. The Father of Emily—took advantage of the pause, handed her hastily into the carriage, and they drove off.

“ She is gone !” (said I, to poor Mayo, whom Emily had often fed, and who had tamely followed us from his wooden cabin neglected and unobserved :) “ She is gone ! but whither canst thou go ? Thou art old !” (The harmless creature looked up at me, and followed me back to the spot where our horses were waiting) “ May the hand that shall stretch out to relieve thee, Mayo, never be blasted by the damps of poverty ! Merciful must it be and amply should it be filled !”

After

After recommending the dumb companion of my infant hours to the care of my Guardian's honest steward, accompanied by my Father and attendants, I left the scene where I had indulged imagination, and thirsted after wisdom. Many a beautiful shrub, whose first blossom I had remarked with delight, seemed to nod mournfully as I passed them. With me they had grown, with me they had reached maturity. I left them with reluctance, and beheld them no more.

We rode for some hours over the waste ; frequent intervals of silence, hesitations, and broken discourses, employed us gradually, while trees, flocks, vallies, and hills flew behind like emblems of passing life.

The

The soul possesses a gloomy and despotic power: when her feelings may be moderate enough for language, language she calls in; but when she is labouring after triumph, glory, and immortal Fame, she forbids the tongue to move, stifles the rising passions, and looks forward with awful majesty to the event she thinks worthy her sole exertion; then is human sound but as a shepherd's bell heard from afar and forgot.

Why did not my Father talk of the scene we had left? and why did I forbear to mention Emily? We admired the rivulets, were charmed with the music of the groves, conversed scientifically on the different strata, of different rocks, and admired earth as the bed of elements; but all this had nothing to do with our real feelings.

It

It was only our artful manner of contriving to be silent on subjects that asked more than language could afford. The evening soberly came on, when we entered a thick wood, through which were many paths in many directions. The sun was gone, the horizon became black, hollow winds blew suddenly through the thickets, and the bleating lambs intimated a coming storm. Man cannot be cheerful amidst discouragements; but he does well when he endeavours to surmount them—We went on;

‘Alberti,’ (said my Father to one of our attendants, who was appointed the guide) ‘where is your map?’

‘It is in my portmanteau; I will shew it your Honour,’ replied Alberti.

‘No



‘ No matter, if you are certain  
‘ we go right.’

‘ Right, My Lord, as an arrow  
‘ from the string.’

‘ And why not as an arrow to its  
‘ mark, Alberti?’

‘ When an arrow fets out, please  
‘ ye, it always means to be right,  
‘ but a wrong mark may pop in its  
‘ way.’

‘ What was that noise ?

‘ Thunder, My Lord ; but I’ll  
‘ alight and look at the map.’

‘ You should have kept it in your  
‘ pocket. I see some distant spires  
‘ yonder,

‘ yonder, and we will halt for the  
‘ night at the first village.’

Lightning, hail, and wind raged suddenly through the forest: earth caught a momentary radiance from the electric matter that darted athwart her bosom, while the unbending oak appeared as an emblem of unshaken fortitude. Stubbornly it braved the storm; yet kindly did it afford shelter to us lonely travellers. What could the virtuous man do more?

In our journey through the forest, we had discerned but one little cabin; it was formed of branches of trees, which, being hewn into an equal thickness, were laid on each other, and plaistered with clay. The roof was flat, and of the same composition, a hole being left in the middle to  
carry

carry off the smoke. Curiosity led us to take a peep within, where we saw only one man, who told us he was a miner; that in this hovel he lived all the week, because his mine lay near, in the depth of the forest; but that on Sundays he went eight miles to his home, where his wife and children made him happy. How few were the hours of comfort allotted this poor miner! Here we could not shelter; but he informed us that a house stood, within a mile, in the track towards the old church. Not knowing that track, we requested him to be our guide. He cheerfully complied, awakened his dog that lay sleeping with his nose on his master's hat, and both accompanied us till we came in sight of the house, when we rewarded him, and he returned to his lodgings, or rather to his tomb.—The house he had

had directed us to was built of slabs rough as they were drawn from their native quarries, and a quick-set hedge was planted round the garden. Near the wicker gate stood three cows feeding on dry leaves and hay, mixed with furze, while eleven sheep stood, with their lambs, at the door of the fold, waiting to be taken in from the beating of the pitiless storm. Sensible that the soft movements of Nature are no where so powerful as in solitude, we, at first, hesitated whether we should disturb the inhabitants of this dwelling; but the tempest redoubling its impetuosity, it was resolved the embassy should be mine to ask a protection till it was spent. I alighted, tapped gently at the door, and it was immediately opened by a female, whose advanced age, and cleanliness of person, struck me at once with reverence

verence and delight. I told her my errand, and pleaded the inclemency of the weather.

‘ I will come again in a moment,’  
 ‘ Sir,’ said she, throwing a book from her hand on a deal dresser, the shelves of which were laden with wooden trenchers, and bright pewter plates alternately. She hastened up the stairs, and left me to take care of the lower part of the house : no grate was to be seen, but a most comfortable fire blazed on the spacious hearth, while a large fitch of bacon hung on each side.

Lessons of cookery, I suppose, said I to myself, taking the book the good woman had left ; I, however, was mistaking the subject, which was a treatise on resignation.

Resignation

Resignation is idleness ; I will read no more ! Give me the noble exertion of the soul that enables us to turn swiftly from the evil of the hour, and renew the chace after distant good ! Thus I reflected. My Father and attendants observing I was received with civility, ventured to lean over the gate ; but as I had entered alone, and was waiting the second appearance of the mistress of the house, I gave them yet no invitation, and they observed a becoming distance. Through a series of untried incidents we were to pass ; but, in my mighty wisdom, I could not see an inch before me ; our best method, I thought, was, that as fast as we could get rid of one disagreeable circumstance we should stand prepared for another. The venerable matron at last descended, leading a lovely creature by the hand, who appeared

peared to be the victim of sorrow. Rich in artless ringlets, her hair fell heavily on her snowy neck, and her large blue eyes swam in the liquid brightness of sensibility; she accosted me with an easy air, but her voice was faint and tremulous.

‘Whoever you are, Sir,’ said she,  
 ‘we are in some respects at your disposal;  
 ‘yet, as mutual necessity is  
 ‘often the cause of reciprocal friendship,  
 ‘I offer you my protection, and  
 ‘ask yours.’

“Command me, Madam! From  
 “whom would you wish me to protect  
 “you?”—

‘From yourself, should you be the  
 ‘professed votary of licentiousness:  
 ‘I know my request may sound inconsistently,  
 ‘fistently,



‘ fiftently, but are we not fo myfteri-  
 ‘ oufly wrought, that ftrong and for-  
 ‘ cible virtues burft from the mind,  
 ‘ and bear down the petty vices of  
 ‘ unguarded youth?’

The native fweetnefs of her accents  
 tuned my foul to fimple nature; her  
 fears were awake, and ſhe was no bor-  
 rower of ſentiment. She continued;  
 ‘ In a word, Sir, you ſee before you  
 ‘ two helpiefs women, whom you  
 ‘ may infult, though you can never  
 ‘ render vicious. I have a father,  
 ‘ but he is gone to \* \* \* \* \*, where,  
 ‘ we hear, my brother lies ill. When  
 ‘ my father will return I know not;  
 ‘ his daughter will never ſhut his  
 ‘ door on the weary traveller.’

I bowed, and bleſſed her; for when  
 woman is frank without indelicacy,  
 and

and free without boldness, she makes a profelyte to her will.

Observing this young creature to be far advanced in that state which endears the sex to the generous mind, I entertained fears for her health, dissipated her alarming conjectures, and informing her, that my friends and myself would depart when the storm was subsided, requested her permission for them to enter. She bowed with a smile of approbation, whispered Nannellé, who instantly laid fresh fuel on the fire, and placed the frugal viands on the brown table. My thoughts were pure in the presence of this rural beauty: I fancied there was something too sacred about her to stand the gaze of our servants, and ventured to make one more request, which was, that she would return to her

her chamber. She retired, and my friends were invited by the hospitable Nannellé to recover their vital heat at her welcome fire. We gladly accepted her invitation, and seated ourselves on some long oak benches, which appeared to have been made some fifty years, and shone with solemn brilliancy beneath the hard brush of housewifery.

‘ Will your Honours taste some of  
 ‘ our cyder?’ said Nannellé, ‘ surely  
 ‘ it will do you good, since you must  
 ‘ ride through the rain again—Be not  
 ‘ bashful, good gentlemen, you are  
 ‘ wondrous welcome, I would not  
 ‘ ask you if you were not.’

Reader, hadst thou been with us  
 in this faithful scene of nature, thou

VOL. II.

D

wouldst

wouldst have owned with me, that the real necessities of man are but few. Pride has been accumulating imaginary wants through ages, and hourly forming destructive creations.

The spirit of the storm yet shook the woods, and passed, murmuring, over the un aspiring roof of the gentle Anna. (For that was the name Nannellé gave her mistress) We drank cyder out of the best cup, taken from the high shelf; and, perceiving the good woman looked at the cup as if she wished me to admire it, I praised the taste of the artist.

‘ It was bought by our squire; he  
 ‘ gave it to mistress, and she put it  
 ‘ up, saying, she would never drink  
 ‘ out of it till he returned; but, I  
 ‘ believe,

‘ believe, he does not mean to come  
‘ back ; fine folks always have their  
‘ figaries—’

“ And what figary had your squire  
“ when he presented this cup to so  
“ charming a woman as your mis-  
“ tress ?—”

‘ I don’t know.’

The night grew fine ; my Father  
rewarded Nannellé, desired she would  
continue to love her mistress, and  
send us away with her prayers.—

‘ God blefs ye, Gentlemen,’ wipe-  
ing her eyes with her blue apron—  
‘ but my dear mistress !—Ah ! there,  
‘ see what ’tis to sorrow for one’s  
‘ love !—I’ll call Luzin, our cow-  
‘ herd, that sleeps over the wheat  
D 2 ‘ floor,

‘ floor, and he shall bring the lantern.—’

‘ No, no,’ said my Father, ‘ only afford us your candle ’till we have distinguished our several bridles.’

We had now but two miles to ride before we were to reach the village of \* \* \*, that lay on the skirt of the forest, and we set forward with alacrity. The winds faintly whispered, and the moon looked pale on the brambles, which were silvered with the rain.—

‘ Hark!’ (said our guide) ‘ I hear a voice to the left.—’

We checked our horses, but could hear no human sound. My Father possessed that firm composure, so familiar

miliar with the noble mind, and so little understood by the million : he listened, in consequence of Alberti's exclamation, but hearing no alarm, imputed it to his watchful fancy, and we rode on.

‘ The Abbé Dorovontes,’ said my Father, as I was musing, ‘ was a most singular character. He observed mankind in silence, pronounced human effort futile ; took a comprehensive view of the known globe, and fairly confessed he knew nothing.’

‘ Set men in groups,’ said he, ‘ and watch them—A certain number till the earth, others beat the sea ; all love gold ; a few catch diadems. What can all this mean ? They weep, they dance, they sing and

D 3 . ‘ love,



‘ love, and towards what great end  
‘ can those labours, and those gam-  
‘ bols of mankind advance ?’—‘ Mur-  
‘ der—Help !’—we now heard dis-  
tinctly through the forest, the last  
word was sent forth in a shriek ; we  
all made a full stop. Pity and hor-  
ror opened the way to every heart ;  
but not one could conclude which  
path to pursue. In a few minutes  
were seen through the trees, at a dis-  
tance, flaming torches or lights,  
which were accompanied by the noise  
of a carriage and of horses ; we now  
could hear many voices, one in a  
peremptory tone was raised above the  
others : ‘ Stop the old fellow’s  
‘ mouth ; suffer him to plead no  
‘ more ; he will make the most dar-  
‘ ing of you cowards !’ said this per-  
son who seemed to be of chief au-  
thority. Fired by this barbarous  
command,

command, we instantaneously spurred our horses, without speaking a syllable to each other, so unanimous were we in avenging the rights of violated order. Neither winds nor lightnings could impede us, and we soon gained upon the wandering lights, which served to invite us after those who fled.

‘ Spare ! ah spare my Father ! ’ was in a supplicating tone breathed from the window of the carriage. My Father called to the postillion, and ordered him to stop ; the latter did not obey. I rode round to the heads of the horses, and presented a pistol to the fellow’s breast, whose ready submission saved his life. We were quickly surrounded by a troop of horsemen, who were wild, audacious, and only attentive to the

orders of two well made men. These men I thought only worthy my wrestling with, their inferior crew I looked upon as a fry, not an atom of which was of consequence enough to be singled out. I held the bridles of the horses, burning to resign them to some of our retinue. Alberti at length came up ;—"stand here," said I, "keep the carriage from moving till you see me lie dead upon the earth."

'Secure that hardy blockhead,' said one of the superiors. His manner of articulation, I thought, had some time been familiar to me.

'Which of you dare secure him?' said my Father sternly, as he rode up behind with our attendants—'who are ye, base assassins! who may, with

‘ with impunity, disgrace manhood,  
 ‘ by causing the shriek of female  
 ‘ woe to sound through the desert?  
 ‘ Monsters must you be who can op-  
 ‘ press unoffending woman!’

‘ Shoot the priest’ (replied one of  
 the two who commanded the group)  
 ‘ his d—n—d clamours may in fu-  
 ‘ ture make many a jovial buck un-  
 ‘ happy.’

“ Defend yourself, Sir,” (said I  
 to him who had given the order) ad-  
 vancing, I perceived his face was  
 concealed by a black scarf. With-  
 out honourable ceremony he made a  
 pass at me; fortunately my horse  
 started as the moon emerged from  
 a cloud, and threw her light on the  
 sword of my antagonist; the lunge  
 he made at me consequently was

void, unless he stabbed the air. But as the force of his thrust caused him to bend forward from his saddle, his horse took a sympathetic fright with mine, and forcibly threw him to the earth. I alighted, full of the savage purpose of taking his life who had, unprovoked, fought mine. Stumbling on the sword that had fallen from his hand, mercy made that moment her own. Was he not disarmed? was not his passive situation a shield?—Yes. He who made us, stayed me from piercing his heart!

“Rise,” said I, “and defend the cause you have espoused.”—He gave me no answer; uproar drew my eyes and ears towards the safety of my Father. I turned like lightning, and saw him valiantly fighting against an odds of three to one; without  
once

once reflecting that to no purpose was my antagonist dismounted, if I neglected to take his life. I threw myself before my father; for the danger to which I saw him exposed bereaved me of every other reflection but that of preserving him. Our opponents doubled us in number; the fray became terrible; to the clashing of swords succeeded dismal groans; darkness hindered us from distinguishing objects, and fury forbade us to pity them. Whom we were fighting for we knew not, what was to be the conclusion we knew not; we were only certain that a general appeal had been made to humanity, and we were the first who heard it. Struggling as we stood against unequal assassins, we felt no dismay: the door of the carriage was at length forced open, and a gentleman burst

forth from its seat. His assistance soon gave the turn in our favor; but the torches being extinguished, and the moon having retired within her thickened sky, I could not discern who the stranger was that so valiantly fought by my side.—Rallying round the carriage, we perceived extraordinary efforts were made to seize my Father; dearly did they pay for the attempt—two of them fell. The second commander, who was taller than his associate, and whose face was also concealed by a black veil of some kind, rode furiously within reach of my sword, saying, with a hoarse voice, ‘the day of revenge  
 ‘will come: for you, young champion, here is a pledge of my love!’  
 —The contents of a pistol was immediately discharged at my head, which carried off part of my hat, and the  
 skin



skin of my right temple : roused to vengeance, I darted forward like an hungry lion, who admits no interval till his appetite is fated by the cause that excited it, and fired in return. The ball missed my antagonist, but entered his horse's jaw ; the poor beast, unable to bear the agony, reared his head in the air ; again came down on his fore-feet ; and, heedless of the rein, bore his master in a moment from our sight. His party hastily followed, and a dreadful pause ensued with us who remained on the field. The gentleman who had left the carriage, and bravely fought to defend it, eagerly flew to the door : the lady he left in it retained no signs of life. Uttering the bitterest lamentations, he seemed to be at once bereft of fortitude and judgment. He put the hilt of his sword to the earth,

earth, with the rash resolve of falling on its point. I prevented his despair by catching him in my arms.

“ Live, Sir, I charge you live !  
 “ and remember there are others  
 “ wretched as yourself : to fly affliction thus is cowardice.”

‘ Oh my child !’—

It was my GUARDIAN ! Sorrow softened his voice to its natural key, and made him known. My God ! What horrors were mine !—“ Dead ! is she  
 “ dead ! Can it be possible ?” said I with wild amazement—“ You shall  
 “ not entangle me with heavy existence. Was she not the universe  
 “ to me ? Did she not sooth me with  
 “ an angel’s care ? When was I sad,  
 “ that Emily did not comfort me ?  
 “ it was but this morning we were  
 “ highly

“ highly prized, dearly loved !  
 “ Blest with prosperity and friends ;  
 “ but she is gone !”

‘ I am poor, Sir ! who will now  
 ‘ value a forlorn old man !—Why  
 ‘ do you weep ?—You have no  
 ‘ cause !—you have not lost an  
 ‘ Emily.’

I could not answer him—feeling myself growing stupid, his voice, and his mourning ceased to affect me. Father, friend and country were forgot : I wished for rest, and laid myself silently down, like one oppressed by slumber, without endeavouring to comfort him.

‘ Yes,’ throwing himself down near me, ‘ we will sleep here.—Emily  
 ‘ is not at home ; we will never go  
 ‘ home—Emily was very good !—  
 ‘ I loved

‘ I loved her—but we will wait till  
 ‘ the morning.—’

I was raised from the earth by a number of our attendants, who supported me in their arms, and after some time my respiration became more free. My Father took me by the hand.—

‘ Henry ! my dear Henry I fear  
 ‘ is wounded’—(said he with tender solicitude) ‘ try to live!—Emily !  
 ‘ your beloved Emily needs your assistance and mine ; she is fainting  
 ‘ in the carriage ; we have all been  
 ‘ trying to restore her, but I fear her  
 ‘ father must be somewhere lost in  
 ‘ the fray.—Dreadful catastrophe!’—

“ My Guardian lies dead by my  
 “ side, Sir ! I believe I have slept  
 “ long,

“ long, my dreams were horrible !”

“ Emily is dead !—Did you know

“ it, Sir ?”

‘ I know she breathes ; we have  
‘ been chaffing her temples. Where  
‘ is your Guardian ?’

“ There, Sir, down there ! by  
“ that shrub.” Leaving my Father  
and some of the servants to raise my  
Guardian, I flew to the carriage ;  
and, found my Emily recovering  
from her swoon by swift degrees.  
Oh, how my fond heart swelled with  
hope ; I trembled with love, and held  
her once more to my bosom : her  
senses were not quite returned, but  
where could she be safe if not in the  
arms of her Henry ?

“ Let us not lose a moment, my  
“ angel ; we have very lately found  
“ welcom

“ welcome in a simple dwelling,  
 “ where pity is upon the watch to  
 “ receive the stranger; thither will  
 “ we guide you; warmth and com-  
 “ fort will entirely restore you; in  
 “ tranquillity the powers of life,  
 “ now fluttering with terror, will  
 “ regain their native energy.—”

‘ Where ! Oh where is my fa-  
 ‘ ther ?’ said Emily, without appear-  
 ing to know me—‘ tell me not of  
 ‘ comfort but with him ; you can  
 ‘ offer no asylum.’

“ I am Henry.”

‘ No—you cannot be my Henry.’

There was an awful sternness  
 in her words ; I was a little chagrined,  
 but my Father, who had by his  
 earnest

earnest attention recovered the Father of Emily, and convinced him she was living, now joined us, leading his worthy friend; tears of joy mingled themselves with congratulations on every side. We were once more happy, though totally at a loss to account for the cause of our strange meeting.

We summoned our attendants by name, found none were missing, and it was resolved unanimously that we should return to friendly Nannellé; beneath whose roof we should find repose till morning. Alberti rode *before* the carriage to direct the postillion; my Father by the side—and my Guardian, with his inestimable daughter, within it.

I had not felt, during the heat of  
passion,



passion, the least pain or inconvenience from the grazing of the ball on my temple; but, in attempting to mount my horse, I thought the beast began to swim round me, and under that idea I stood still, that my horse might stand: consequently the carriage set off before; my own three servants, who were the stoutest fellows in the group, however waited; and, after a little hesitation, occasioned by the smarting of my head, I was on horse back. Darkness had so effectually thrown itself over the moon, that we could barely distinguish objects; yet the pathetic nightingale sang, unambitious of applause, in the midst of drouzy solitude.

Sweet emblem of genius! thou art awake whilst many sleep: thy raptures are self possessed; they were  
meant

meant by heaven to cheer the midnight hour, whilst despair and love make hard the pillow of man !

We had only a few minutes left the scene of action when a deep groan was heard. My attention was arrested, I turned my horse to the left, from whence I thought the sound proceeded, and soon discerned a body lying on the turf ; it was a youth ; his face was covered, and turned to the earth ; but life was struggling within him. I alighted, stooped and uncovered his face, and recollected him to be the person who had, at the commencement of the assault, ordered my father to be shot. Mercy forbade me to leave him exposed ; the agonies of departing man, call, nay command the tender sympathy of nature ; and we placed  
the

the stranger bleeding and senseless across the backs of two horses, having first fastened the two saddles as even as we could, and made a kind of bed on them with our great-coats. We slowly moved on foot, holding the bridles, towards the dwelling of gentle Anna, where we hoped to find our friends. We at length arrived; found our horses littered by Luzin the hind, in the out-house; and our party comfortably conversing with Nannellé in her clean kitchen. This good creature, I was pleased to hear, had prevailed on Emily to repose herself in one of the inner chambers till day should break; and Anna had followed the well-timed example.

My Father and Guardian had been uneasy; in few words we explained the cause of our delay, and both hastened to assist in conveying the wounded

wounded stranger into the house; as we bore him in our arms, his head fell heavily on my bosom; I forgot his ferocious conduct, and beheld him only as the victim of thoughtless valor.

Poor nature is frail in her best productions; ever ceaseless in her labours, and eager in her formations, her most perfect works are left unfinished. Precept may do much, but charity will do more in cooling the hottest revenge.—O charity! when wert thou sportive with the miseries of mankind? Thy tongue, fair angel, continually proclaims through the universe—waste not life! extinguish not existence, lest thou affront the majesty of God!

Uncovering

Uncovering the face of the youth, for the purpose of bathing his temples with odoriferous spirits, I perceived a large and deep contusion on one side his head, and concluded he had fallen on some sharp stone in the forest, when he fainted in the lounge made precipitately at me. His features were wonderfully fair, his fine brows appeared like thrones on which reflection and science might sit some future day unmolested by riotous habit.

We laid him on a mattress, dried the bloody stream that had mingled itself with his long hair, and waited with the silent hope of his soon becoming reanimated. My dear girl had been led to some inner apartment before we arrived, her Father and Nannellé having prevailed on her to  
 2 seize

seize a short repose. The charming mistress of this rural asylum had not been disturbed; the hind, Luzin, had been called up, but he only officiated in taking care of our horses, leading some into the out-house, and leaving others tied to the gate to brave the pitiless elements how they could. Nannellé, I perceived, looked with surprize and horror at the wounded stranger; sighed—caught the Treatise on Resignation off the dresser, opened it, endeavoured to read; but happening to cast her eyes once more on the fainting youth, stamped with her foot, tore the yellow ribband from her head, and impatiently threw it with the Treatise on Resignation behind the fire.

“What do you ail Nannellé?” said I, “Shall I call your mistress?”

Vol. II.

E

‘No,

‘ No, no, Sir ! my dear mistress  
 ‘ will come too soon.’

The gentleman was now so far revived as to call faintly for water. We ran and supported him while Nannellé held the cup to his lips ; he did not taste ; his head drooped, and he turned distastefully away.

‘ Lay me down ! Make haste ! I  
 ‘ cannot live ! My head !—my head  
 ‘ sounds horribly !’

Stooping to lay him easily on his pillow, I heard him whisper with a sigh : ‘ Anna !—My dear Anna, you  
 ‘ are now avenged !’

At that moment, the young creature who had welcomed us from the storm, and who, I suppose, had been  
 at



at last disturbed by the noise we made, appeared. Her manner interested my Father, who approached her with respect; but, without heeding the company, she gazed for some moments wildly on the stranger, and throwing herself down near him, shrieked,

‘ Antonio!’

‘ Raise me, Nannellé,’ said the feeble stranger; the good woman obeyed. He threw his weak arms round her mistress, and proceeded: ‘ Live! Oh! live, my dearest Anna! Do not send me to the grave laden with additional guilt. When the powers of justice hold the records of my mispent years, let not thy death be found in the number of my crimes. I have wronged thee my unsuspect-

' ing Anna ! deeply wronged thee !  
 ' But my career of life is finished, and  
 ' I have much to do while the pro-  
 ' spect is closing. Heaven ! who  
 ' will in a few hours strike me from  
 ' its ample work, can only, at this  
 ' awful moment, witness my remorse.  
 ' I die, my inestimable wife ; and I  
 ' die loving you ! whom I have made  
 ' ever, ever wretched !'—

He paused as his head lay on the  
 bosom of his Anna, while her tears  
 fell on his cheek ; we stood round  
 full of pity and attention ; he sighed  
 deeply, and continued ;

' You are so indulgent, so alive to  
 ' tender sentiment, that you will for-  
 ' get my faults while you mourn my  
 ' fate. Beware of that sweet delu-  
 ' sion ; let my villainy prove an anti-  
 ' dote

' dote to your sorrow, and think the  
 ' tear corrupted that falls for extin-  
 ' guished vice.'—For this gentleman,  
 (pointing to me) ' there remains  
 ' some little reparation. I am the  
 ' second son of De Forbes \* \* \*.  
 ' What is more infamous, I am  
 ' the brother of him you call Ro-  
 ' derique; he has imposed on you;  
 ' the tale of his being the son of a  
 ' Spanish nobleman was feigned. His  
 ' commission came from the King  
 ' himself, who gave the order that  
 ' your Father should be fought  
 ' through the realm until his existence  
 ' or death could be ascertained. My  
 ' brother set forward, escorted with  
 ' splendor and expence. Two months  
 ' had elapsed since his departure from  
 ' court, when my father received a  
 ' letter, dated \* \* \* \* \*, from the  
 ' Count de Marfan's estate, to the  
 E 3 ' effect,

‘ effect, that chance had brought the  
 ‘ royal fugitive under the same roof  
 ‘ with himself; that he was endea-  
 ‘ vouring to gain the confidence of  
 ‘ the family with whom it was sup-  
 ‘ posed the younger Henry had been  
 ‘ educated; that he required some  
 ‘ little time to learn the different  
 ‘ plans of action which were forming  
 ‘ round him; that the younger  
 ‘ Henry was with his Father, and it  
 ‘ would be easy to throw the net over  
 ‘ them at any hour.

‘ This, I remember, was the pur-  
 ‘ port of his letter, but he mentioned  
 ‘ nothing of Emily, or his passion  
 ‘ for her, which was never meant to  
 ‘ prove honourable. Though it has  
 ‘ been the means of preserving thus  
 ‘ far the lives of you, Sir, and your  
 ‘ noble Father, for the sake of Emily  
 ‘ he

' he required delay, and waited for  
 ' the crisis of her return to the con-  
 ' vent, to strike his operations forcible-  
 ' bly. In this part of the work, so  
 ' far as related to his love, I rashly  
 ' became his confident : he had per-  
 ' verted my principles respecting wo-  
 ' man, and, being the elder, always  
 ' kept before me in the path of licen-  
 ' tiousness. It is too late to make re-  
 ' flections, you see the end of my  
 ' profligacy, but more danger re-  
 ' mains, nor dare I suppose you can  
 ' escape. Good God ! must I lie  
 ' here incapable of remedying the  
 ' evils I have consented to bring on  
 ' you ! Raise me ! I shall be well if  
 ' I can save you—In vain—My head  
 ' is heavy, I feel it swelling to a size  
 ' that will make me horrid.'

After a short delirium, he became more composed and rapidly weak; his voice shook frequently, but he continued—

‘ Pursue not your rout—Halt at  
 ‘ no village—The skirts of this forest  
 ‘ are surrounded by armed troops—  
 ‘ No opening is left, except that  
 ‘ which leads to a convent. My  
 ‘ brother, for selfish reasons, ordered  
 ‘ the soldiers (except those who accompanied him and me in our pur-  
 ‘ posed villainy) to keep clear of that  
 ‘ pass to avoid a discovery which  
 ‘ might do him no credit. From the  
 ‘ moment my brother saw Emily, he  
 ‘ formed the design of carrying her  
 ‘ off—You may remember his abrupt  
 ‘ departure from your Guardian, his  
 ‘ sending the servant away first to me.  
 ‘ That servant, whose name is Creg-  
 ‘ ney,

' ney, is full of guile, the tool of my  
 ' brother, but an arrant coward. We  
 ' had, in consequence of former dis-  
 ' patches, arrived at the Elephant  
 ' hotel, near the White Horse, be-  
 ' hind the hill ; there a select party  
 ' waited : the larger body were  
 ' stationed among the woods, but  
 ' (through mistake, I suppose) came  
 ' not to our assistance. Let me in-  
 ' treat you, on the faith of a dying  
 ' man, not to go forward. The  
 ' dreadful scheme of my brother is,  
 ' at present, broken. I know not where  
 ' he is. Emily, and her Father he will  
 ' conclude to be flying towards their  
 ' home. If living, he will not give  
 ' her up ; but the disgrace awaiting  
 ' him, on account of his suffering  
 ' the royal fugitive to escape, will  
 ' drive him on to acts of desperation—



‘ Elude him, if you can, the chance  
 ‘ is not in your favour.’

“ What crime,” said I, “ has my  
 “ Father been guilty of, that he is  
 “ thus pursued through the world ? ”

‘ Accident, not guilt, is the cause  
 ‘ of your Father’s misfortunes : he is  
 ‘ eldest twin-brother of Louis, and  
 ‘ heir to the crown. Being born  
 ‘ blind, his eldership was set aside,  
 ‘ and his younger brother proclaimed  
 ‘ Dauphin of France. Time gave  
 ‘ him sight ; the film, that had long  
 ‘ shut out the rays of reflection, gradually broke away, and his eyes  
 ‘ shone with uncommon lustre.’

Here Antonio paused.—

‘ I would

‘ I would struggle with death a little longer ! A few, only a few minutes more ! ’

We were attentive—he observed it, and, with difficulty, proceeded :

‘ State policy could not alter the register ; and it was, after much anxious deliberation, concluded by the King his father, the Queen, and some of the Privy Council, with whom my father was, at that time, thought a Nestor, to educate the Prince liberally, but privately ; never to make him acquainted with his birth, but to take every care of his health and understanding, so that he might be capable of reigning, should his brother die childless.

‘ My father is now very old, but  
 ‘ being in the secret, my brother was  
 ‘ commissioned, and there was a ne-  
 ‘ cessity for my being entrusted with  
 ‘ a share of this business, which, hav-  
 ‘ ing not justice for its principle, can  
 ‘ throw no obligation of secrecy on  
 ‘ my departing spirit. Truth is for  
 ‘ ever flying through the universe,  
 ‘ many shut their eyes on her blaze of  
 ‘ light, none can arrest her progress!  
 ‘ I once adored that divinity of soul—  
 ‘ Why did I forsake virtue! What  
 ‘ a retrospect!—Give me my yester-  
 ‘ days!—No!—All is fixed for me—  
 ‘ A dreadful silence is within; my  
 ‘ lawless passions have destroyed hope  
 ‘ —I am abandoned!’—

Breathless, and overpowered by his  
 agitation, he closed his eyes; his  
 pulse grew irregular; he made strong  
 efforts,

efforts, and seemed in a hurry, like one who is setting out on a journey of vast importance.

Good God, said I to myself, are these the pangs of repenting vice? how much stronger are they than those conflicts we feel between virtue and desire during our passage through the world: I find it difficult to love with purity; but experience, like this, is horrible.

‘ For my Anna,’ continued Antonio, ‘ I have a dreadful explanation; it will make her still more wretched; yet, as it may serve to weaken the pangs she would otherwise feel for my loss, I will try to proceed— Had I been that perfect being this lovely creature once thought me, I should have deserved her lasting lamentations

' mentations—As I am depraved, I  
 ' would willingly check her anguish,  
 ' and point her to the future, when,  
 ' forgetting Antonio, she may be  
 ' happy in the arms of some worthy  
 ' man, who will justly value her  
 ' spotless mind. Oh, my Anna!  
 (raising his eyes towards her) ' while  
 ' penitence and despair darkened  
 ' their beams, I go!—I go out of  
 ' life in expressless woe! The dear,  
 ' the unborn pledge of your innocent  
 ' love (I dare not mention mine) can-  
 ' not be the heir of your perfidious  
 ' Antonio; yet, what I can, I will.

' The castle of \*\*\*\*, and its  
 ' surrounding domains, are at my  
 ' disposal. Three years since it was  
 ' bequeathed me by an aunt, and my  
 ' child, when born, shall, with its  
 ' deserving mother, solely possess it—

' Give

‘ Give me a pen—I must be brief—  
 ‘ These gentlemen will witness how  
 ‘ willingly I offer you so inadequate a  
 ‘ recompence.’

Nannellé brought pen, ink, and paper, for Anna still sat with Antonio’s head on her bosom, lost in a kind of stupefaction. He wrote a few lines expressive of his final resolution; he signed it with a trembling hand.

‘ Yet, my unfortunate dear girl !  
 ‘ let me conjure you not to teach my  
 ‘ innocent offspring to hate the me-  
 ‘ mory of its Father !—A Father !—  
 ‘ Gracious Heaven ! suffer me to re-  
 ‘ main a little longer ; let me try to  
 ‘ discharge the duties sacred to so  
 ‘ dear a name !—No ; it will not be,  
 ‘ this is the hour of vengeance ! To  
 ‘ my brother do I owe these pangs of  
 3 ‘ remorse ;

‘ remorse. I informed him of my  
 ‘ love, when, two years ago, we  
 ‘ were hunting in this forest, and I  
 ‘ had the happiness of conversing  
 ‘ with you, my Anna, on the side of  
 ‘ the hill. My brother laughed at  
 ‘ the purity of my passion, ridiculed  
 ‘ my constancy, represented the dis-  
 ‘ parity of our fortunes, your unequal  
 ‘ education, the lasting displeasure of  
 ‘ my father, and the shame which  
 ‘ would, in his idea, ensue, if I  
 ‘ married so imprudently. But my  
 ‘ soul was devoted to your attractions;  
 ‘ I could not live without you, every  
 ‘ splendid scene palled on my imagi-  
 ‘ nation, and I resolved to return and  
 ‘ call you for ever mine.—’

He hesitated here, as if doubtful  
 whether he should say more, or ob-  
 serve an everlasting silence; his eyes  
 seemed



seemed to gather a wild animation.  
 We flattered ourselves that life was  
 rekindling, and the gentle Anna gave  
 a faint smile, like that of hope thrown  
 on the features of despair; or, per-  
 haps, memory drew her back to their  
 dawn of happiness when Antonio met  
 her on the side of the hill. He look-  
 ed round him with impatience, and,  
 raising his voice, said, ‘ Yes—Hea-  
 ‘ ven itself shall never recall the past !  
 ‘ You are undone ! My Brother,  
 ‘ whom social duties never bind, dis-  
 ‘ guised as a priest, performed our  
 ‘ marriage-ceremony, and deceived  
 ‘ you, whilst I endeavoured to deceive  
 ‘ myself. With what inward horror  
 ‘ did I behold you an inoffensive vic-  
 ‘ tim to artifice ! and indulged the  
 ‘ mental reservation of loving you too  
 ‘ well to continue unjust, and hoped  
 ‘ in some future moment, when dis-  
 ‘ tant

' tant from the violent passions of  
 ' my Brother, and the power of my  
 ' Father, to make you lawfully my  
 ' wife :—That hour is gone by ! on  
 ' this bed of death, I feel that he  
 ' who listens not to the voice of vir-  
 ' tue when she invites him, may  
 ' wander neglected till he hears her  
 ' no more.'

' My dear Antonio,' (exclaimed  
 the agitated Anna) ' I cannot be  
 ' deceived whilst you love me ! Try  
 ' to live ! Heed not the contempt  
 ' your infant, or your Anna may un-  
 ' dergo, by being deprived of the  
 ' sanction of the church. You are  
 ' all to me ! True, I insisted on mar-  
 ' riage as a duty due to the world ;  
 ' but my dearer claims in you are  
 ' those of disinterested love, too sub-  
 ' lime to be enlarged, or lessened by  
 ' human

‘ human ties ; consequently superior  
 ‘ to the clamours of slander—live my  
 ‘ dearest Antonio ! we may yet be  
 ‘ happy.’

‘ I will not die !’ (starting), ‘ I  
 ‘ must not die now ! till this mo-  
 ‘ ment never was life so valuable !  
 ‘ Hold me Anna ! hold me closer to  
 ‘ your heart !—See how I am sink-  
 ‘ ing down ! can you stay without  
 ‘ me ?—Surely I would save you from  
 ‘ every danger ; but you are feeble  
 ‘ and I am heavy, very heavily la-  
 ‘ den ! Oh, what agonies are these !  
 ‘ I want air, look down !—look  
 ‘ down !—She loves me still, tear me  
 ‘ not from her ! How cold.—’

Pressing his lips to hers in the  
 agony of separation he tasted this last  
 proof of tenderness—and expired.

Anna

Anna did not weep—She continued to hold the lifeless Antonio to her bosom, insensible he had breathed his last, insensible that his lips would return her salutations no more ! For some moments she appeared to listen ; we could not disturb her silence nor did she notice ; but perceiving his conversation was at a full period, she laid him gently down ; gazed on his face and played with his hair.

Dreading the effect of so fine an imagination when left to its woes, I approached her with diffidence and respect, conjured her to leave the room, and attempted to raise her. She submissively offered me her hand without speaking a word, but her looks were wild. I led her to the door of her chamber, desired Nannellé to follow, and left her in all  
that

that solemn majesty of wounded spirit, which is, at its first seizure of the human powers, so deaf to the condolance of an uninteresting world.

But Anna's sorrows were soon to cease!—Distraction swiftly succeeded: her frame became convulsed. To the pangs occasioned by the death of her husband were added those of a mother, and the moment she gave her infant to the world, her spirit flew after that of Antonio.

Let no man say he could have met the tragic incidents of this night with firmness: horror and dismay took from us the power of expression. My Father, after poor Nannellé spent the first tumult of her soul in tears, enquired whether she had any friend near, whom we might summon

mon on this mournful occasion? She told him, Naurette, and her daughters lived only a stone's-throw in the Dell, beyond the tuft of Firs; and she would go call them. We would not suffer her to leave the house, but by her direction sent two of our servants who soon returned with the good woman bathed in tears. Her daughters followed; their sorrowful deportment convinced us that the departed Anna was less envied than beloved. To their tenderest care we commended her orphan daughter, who was welcomed to the light with tears, and now, heedless of surrounding calamity slumbered unconscious in her nurse's arms. To the humanity of those sympathising friends we also left the sacred remains of the unfortunate Antonio, and his injured Anna, requesting they might be deposited  
in

in one grave, and a monument erected to their memory in the church whose venerable spires we had discerned in coming through the forest. To discharge these pious duties my Father left bills (into which he had converted a part of his jewels) and promising to send Nannellé future remittances for the support of Anna's helpless babe, expressed a wish of departing before day-break, from this melancholy dwelling, where misery in one night had poisoned every budding joy.

Innocent Anna! may thy calm spirit watch over thy child, and invisibly turn aside the arrow of affliction!

I had not beheld Emily since my second arrival at this house; she had  
been



been prevailed on to retire before we could possibly reach it with the fainting Antonio. He had resigned existence in the lower room, and Emily had flown to the suffering Anna. When the latter was no more, the affrighted maid ran wildly from the chamber; I met her as she descended the stairs, and received her breathless in my arms.—“Let me, O let me once more hold you to my heart!” said I precipitately, pressing my lips to hers, my soul was in unison, and mingled tumultuously with the touch; but Emily felt cold to my endearments. Surely she could not at that moment have been so self-restrained had she felt like me.

I now almost think her heart was never mine! if it had, could she have  
forgot

forgot me? Could she have made an assignation with this Cordelier?

My Guardian, who had stood near the door totally lost in reverie, turned round, and saw me supporting his beloved daughter.—‘Ah, my dear Henry,’ said the afflicted parent, ‘how do we meet!’ Covering his eyes with his handkerchief, he was silent; and Emily’s frequent sighs indicated returning life. For me, I solemnly protest, no selfish wish hung on my mind. I did not even feel the desire of possessing this incomparable maid, so sublime and pure was the transport, so highly did her danger exalt my wishes. Command her not to dissolve, thou Father of eternal change!—Can spirit center in a lovelier form?—Suffer that particle

VOL. II. F of

of intellectual fire which hath fallen  
from thee still to animate my Emily!

I prayed, and viewless forms, who  
catch the breathings of the heart, bore  
my supplication to Heaven.

As she sat trembling in the chair,  
her eyes wandered from me to her  
father. Full of astonishment, she  
gave nothing to love; she could not  
reconcile herself to this scene of af-  
fliction, nor did the pale Antonio  
contribute to lessen her amazement.

‘ Speak to me, Henry!—or has  
‘ guilt made you silent? Is it you  
‘ who have attempted to tear me  
‘ from my Father?—why am I here?  
‘ why are you here? What could  
‘ make you in one night so finished  
‘ in vice?’

Indignant

Indignant in her manner, she looked with eager curiosity in my face, as if challenging my reply—I had none to make !

Oh ! how painful is the first jar of suspicion, when it strikes that heavenly confidence which binds two mutual hearts !——Mine sent its thrillings through every vein : I shook with the force of Emily's injurious imagination, and I believe should have fallen had I not suddenly reclined on the low railing of the staircase : there I, in my turn, gazed silently at my dear tormentor ; I know not what my eyes expressed. Perhaps they were bent a little accusingly, but hers soon lost their angry beams, and stole gently from me towards the earth ; while the fine blush, that suffused her features, proclaimed my

secret triumph. She certainly looked conscious of having wronged me. What would I have given only to breathe this truth upon her lips!

Basenefs cannot dwell with love.—

I dared not: the sentiments of delicate desire are never to be breathed but to the midnight wind, and the object that inspires them. Here I was surrounded by my friends and officious attendants.—Emily grew comforted by her Father, who explained to her all he knew of the night's adventure, and I felt deliciously avenged in her fascinating confusion, when she thanked me for her deliverance. How many refinements the heart of a lover forms for itself.

The



The intelligence given by the lamented Antonio, instead of pointing us to safety, served to convince us that safety was not to be easily found. We formed plans and departed from them; not one of us could give a final determination. My Guardian proposed our returning to his estate, for the present, and citing the son of De Forbes to the tribunal of civil law; but the process would have been tedious, and at last the judgment corrupt. Added to this consideration, my selfish heart opposed him from an impulse, that though years might fade away, the soul of Emily, in a convent, would be sacred to me. I know we deceive ourselves when we suffer imagination to paint a beloved object as we would wish it to be, but what consolation could I in absence hope for, except the ima-

ginary one of believing Emily mine ?

After much deliberation, it was resolved, at Emily's request, she should return to her convent : my Father and myself, in spite of every remonstrance, determined to see her safe within the sacred walls, and to turn across the country by a different track from that we had at first chosen. To me the world could wear but one appearance, I had poured out my soul to Emily in the garden, our separation had there been concluded on, and my mind prepared to meet folly, mirth, and misery, with a stubborn tone of thought. We at last bade poor Nannellé farewell ; we had brought sorrow to her humble dwelling, but could not take it away : deploring our want of power to repair



pair her ills, we departed and left her to weep.

Oppression hangs on woman. Custom and law respecting her, are through the world unjust : Man forms a superiority on the grossness of vice ; the laws he makes support him ; and he insults, with impunity, the more delicate sex. Where can woman find a friend ? Endued with tendernefs, she often needs support, but should her afflicted spirit turn to man, she is undone ; he is by nature false, and custom makes him cruel ; there is but one avenging effect in thus enslaving the female mind, which is, that along the path of time we shall not meet one suitable companion. We are short-sighted, fullen and restless ; woman, helpless and tender.

Reflections of this kind naturally prevailed in my mind, till we had lost sight of that late peaceful habitation, where almighty Love might now mourn his victims. As I rode behind the carriage, which held the treasure of my soul, I endeavoured to calm my busy memory, and to forget the irretrievable miseries of the night, in the more pleasing images of my youthful progress, and the delicate gradations of my infant passion.

The first sight of Emily, her attention to my aged Mayo, the bouquet, her well-adapted song, every little incident came back to form a picture: and at this moment, it instantly occurred that the Husbandman I had met in my Guardian's park was the Father of Anna.—Hapless Father!

Thou

Thou shalt no more behold the blessing of thy age! but—thou shalt follow her.

Not caring to indulge this seeming coincidence of circumstance, I tried to whistle a lively air, as we rode on through the forest—It would not do; I became insensibly mute, for my very soul was unstrung. We at length arrived at the gates of the convent; it was morning—Nature was awake. The pure had thanked their Creator; the children of guilt had blushing stole from her snares, when one of our attendants alighted, rang the great bell of the convent, and Emily was announced. The self-denying Abbess appeared, and with her many of the lay-sisters who were the friends of Emily, and whose eyes, I observed, spite of my unal-

terable love, shone with surprise and pleasure on our goodly company. Why should they not? my Father was a handsome man, little more than forty, his form modelled by the modelled line of beauty; his complexion glowing with her full tints; his large eyes were of melting blue, their fringed curtains a dark-brown, and the animation himself possessed, imperceptibly and suddenly struck those who beheld him. My Guardian was full of manly grace, a little older than my Father; his countenance shining with the smile of philanthropy, his whole manner expressive of the mildness of virtue. Our attendants were gay, men of vivacity and unmeaning as vivacity generally is; for your humble servant Henry—but I care not what Henry is—this sly Cordelier—so blest  
—so

—so beloved—so appointed—Whither am I going, these ravings serve me not!—On a group so inviting could an harmless maid gaze with aught but delight?—No—Cynics may rail, corrupted prudes condemn, and the old murmuring visionary lay down his icy rule. Their labours amount to nothing. Generous Nature dips the sponge, and Sympathy wipes out the precepts of cowardly Reserve. True, the blaze of soul was on those innocent girls unusually momentary, for here was Nature expiring in the grasp of Superstition.

The Abbess, from whose cheek insulted Nature had long withdrawn her rosy hue, deigned, unsmilingly, to direct us to a house on the south side of the convent, and detached from it, I supposed, for the charita-

ble purpose of receiving the worldly visitor (but as my *guessing* never was of the frigid kind, my reader must not always trust it.) Around the window-casements, wandered the solitary jasmine, hiding as much lead as glass ; up the dark coloured wall crept the ivy, and over the arched door stood the stone figure of a saint ; not cut with awe-inspiring workmanship to deceive us into veneration, like that in which our cold and ancient patriarchs are immortalized ; but in health, strength, beauty and comeliness ; like the young friar, who left the house on our entering it, and who, I was told by the porter, often confessed the good Lady Abbess. Resolving not to guess at any thing, but to take things as they came, I sat down. My Father and my Guardian walked round the apartment,

ment, which was spacious, admired the paintings of the canonized, and read the inscriptions of the Popes and the Nuns. I could have sworn the Popes and the Nuns had never been fellow creatures :

Pope Urban, born \* \* \* \*, died 1644.

Pope Innocent, born \* \* \* \*, died 1655.

Pope Alexander, born \* \* \* \*, died 1667.

Many Popes in succession were born, and died.

The blue-eyed Nun of St. Catharines, born \* \* \* \*, and died \* \* \* \*.

St. Anne, born 1642, died \* \* \* \*.

St. Lucillia, born 1653, died \* \* \* \*.

St. Civillia, born \* \* \* \*, died \* \* \* \*.

What



‘ What did these births and deaths  
‘ amount to ?’ said my Guardian.—

‘ Nothing,’ said my Father, turning to a Venus de Medicis.

The painted ceiling attracted my attention ; it was *meant* to be decorated by a winter scene, in which no beauteous bud was seen to blow. From the east, the effulgent god, peeping above the horizon, strove to throw a ray of genial warmth on the snow-drop that early gilded the vale, and seemed to await his coming ; while Winter, from the north, sent forth a torpid breathing ; and the snow-drop, at his blast, shut up her beauteous bosom. From those devices, so natural to the latitude into which we had entered, my attention was arrested by the flow-  
paced

paced Lady Abbess, who came accompanied by a lady to whom Emily ran, and expressed her sincere satisfaction at their meeting. My Father too, without the least apology, or even a love-sick exclamation, started from his place, over-turned the little carved table that stood before him, ran against me, threw me upon the floor; and there I quietly sat gazing, and endeavouring to account for my Father's vigorous exertion.

If he should salute the immaculate Lady Abbess, said I to myself, we are all undone! But my fear was changed into astonishment, when I saw him clasp the Lady in his arms, who had entered with her, and imprint on her lips the salutation of love. My eyes, instinctively I believe, raised themselves towards  
Emily,

Emily, who was that moment gazing on me. It was too much !—the heart cannot long bear the forcible beam of an enraptured eye ; and Emily instantly affected to admire the antique roof, where Winter was represented as blasting the opening year.

“ May thy youth know a happier spring ! dear maid !” said I, rising from the floor with apparent composure. By this time I fancied my Father might have whispered his business in the Lady’s ear, who, without waiting my advances, threw her arms round me, and sunk on my bosom—

‘ MY SON !’—was all she could articulate, in a voice that made me shiver. Rapture, such as angels might feel, absorbed my whole soul. No language could embody my ideas.  
I sup-

I supported my Mother, looked at my Father—He was silent, but the big tear of affection rolled down his face.

‘ My Husband! my Son! my Henry! Oh! what an age is gone, what hours have I known—but I have found you!—found you both! we will never more be separated.’

‘ Take me with you,’ said my Mother, with all the incoherence of full delight; while the good Lady Abbess stood frowning.

‘ I will! I will, my love!’ exclaimed my Father, ‘ one destiny surely awaits us, or indulgent heaven would not have given you so unexpectedly to me.’

‘ I thought

‘ I thought you had formed resolves, madam, of a more pious nature,’ said the Abbess.

‘ What resolves ?’ replied my Mother, casting her eyes pensively on the earth.

‘ Have we not laboured to extinguish your sense of worldly enjoyments ?’—

‘ And what good did you promise yourself, had your labour succeeded ?’ replied my Father laconically.

‘ The greatest good, Sir ; that of teaching her soul to win its way to heaven. In short, that of breaking all social ties ?’

‘ Yes

‘ Yes—and of mistaking the  
‘ grand beauties of order for the  
‘ burning phantoms of imagination.’

The pious old lady, I supposed,  
made a stop only to summon her rea-  
soning powers, which, every one  
knows, lie so deep in the mind’s in-  
exhaustible abyss, that we often can-  
not find them till the end of the ar-  
gument; and my Mother resumed;  
‘ When I formed those resolves my  
‘ spirit was made obedient to your  
‘ wishes by despair. But I have  
‘ found a Husband; I have found  
‘ my beloved, my handsome Henry!  
‘ and may not these obliterate my so-  
‘ litary resolve?’

‘ Ask your conscience!’

The

The tone with which this sentence was pronounced, proved that the Abbess fancied she had gained a point. ‘Yes, Madam,’ she repeated with a triumphant smile, ‘ask your conscience!’—

‘Which is unfullied, if I know  
 ‘ my Eleanora, nor shall your super-  
 ‘ stitious rites rob me of my claim,  
 ‘ unless she willingly flies the husband  
 ‘ who adores her.—Mistake me not,  
 ‘ good Lady; so confused, so very  
 ‘ inadequate is the code of all religious  
 ‘ ceremonies, that, like Aaron’s rod,  
 ‘ one swallows the other, and the last  
 ‘ lies without efficacy. You prac-  
 ‘ tise wars with the feelings of Na-  
 ‘ ture; you lose your tenderness;  
 ‘ you are less than woman, because  
 ‘ religious pride would whisper you  
 ‘ are more. You can be of no ser-  
 ‘ vice



' vice to God, you will not bless  
 ' mankind; victims drop between  
 ' your walls; society hears not their  
 ' hopeless sighs, nor do you pity ex-  
 ' piring beauty. Your souls are ren-  
 ' dered obdurate by the working of  
 ' that misguided frenzy, which your  
 ' Priests awaken in your ductile minds  
 ' —If you will teach woman, I pray  
 ' you encourage her to dare beyond  
 ' the invention of man: bid her not  
 ' trust his opinions further than the  
 ' verge of the grave. He cannot  
 ' even paint to you a Deity. Why  
 ' then immure yourself here? Why  
 ' hourly die for the poor satisfaction  
 ' of being deemed unusefully virtu-  
 ' ous? 'Tis a state, Lady Abbess,  
 ' like that in which the moth spends  
 ' her last moment.'

My

My mother waited the result of this harangue, made by my Father in a peremptory manner. The Abbess was ~~offended~~—he perceived it, and led her into an adjoining apartment. None of us, I believe, were quite easy under this short suspense. We knew superstition here wore every pontifical terror, and that we had nothing in the world about us but poor reason. After some delay, we were, however, released. For the lately-jarring couple returned to us much better pleased with each other. I tried to guess the cause of so necessary a reconciliation; but, what with the filial respect I owed my Father, and the frozen sanctity with which I beheld the venerable virgin, I could not for my soul divine aright. Reader, do not thou guess—I will tell thee—My Father's purse

1

was

was heavy, and he lightened it in that of the Lady's.

‘ We are ready to attend you, my Eleanor,’ said my Father. ‘ This Lady will obviate every objection with the holy brotherhood, and we may depart.’

This was not a time for any of us to be inquisitive; it was enough for my affectionate parents that once more they were reciprocally blest; and the history of their long separation was mutually reserved for happier hours. My Mother, however, took an opportunity to inform us that she was not known in the convent; that such precaution had been taken to save the appearance of force in her seclusion, none supposed but that she came in  
volun-

voluntarily, and all expected she was to take the veil.

‘ The ministers of the King have  
‘ lost me : I escaped from the con-  
‘ vent in which I was first confined :  
‘ I secreted myself by day, as much  
‘ as possible, for a considerable time ;  
‘ but fearing I should by chance be  
‘ recognized, came here, and was  
‘ welcomed as one weary of the  
‘ world. Long struggling with  
‘ hopeless love, importuned and  
‘ soothed alternately into cold and  
‘ gloomy habits, I had lately given  
‘ the Abbess reason to suppose that I  
‘ would leave society for ever. You,  
‘ my beloved Husband, are a better  
‘ guide ; be you and my Henry my  
‘ Guarding Angels.’

As

As my Mother was about to pour the sentiments of fond delight into our bosoms whilst we stood listening with silent affection, her friends came to bid her adieu. The good Lady Abbess had gone to inform them of her destined departure. Those who were probationers ran to us, full of unaffected concern, but those who were imprisoned by their vows, only waved their hands, and mourned my Mother's return to the temptations of the world.

Strange infatuation of solitary existence! Were they created for this single blessedness? Who can tell? We have invented virtue—We have carried sanctification to an extreme, and when extremes meet, 'chaos is 'come again.' Human ideas mingle in a vortex, and the man who is auda-

cious enough to snatch an old thought from the mass, and dress it fashionably, hits the taste of the million lately born, and shall be pronounced 'Inspired'—Poor human Nature !

Notwithstanding we had bade farewell to these death-devoted maids, we were prevailed on to accept of the invitation of the Lady Abbess, which was to sleep and refresh ourselves in this convenient and comfortable house till the morning. The articles belonging to my Mother were not all collected, and we began to think the day too far spent to advance. I am certain my reader (drowsy as he must be in reading my story) will swear there is no blessing in nature like sleep, I therefore will not apologize, but own we concluded to stay with the Lady Abbess till the morrow.

My

My Father knew (as I have related) I loved Emily. He knew also that I had never, in a noble and candid manner, unbosomed myself to my Guardian. But he was too refined to suffer my monopolizing the child, without the sanction of the father. Alas! he did not know how naturally and unerringly our souls had formed an invisible union. We had not waited for the secondary right of arbitrary duty; we had seized the first claim of Nature, which was that of innocently mingling our sentiments. Our persons were yet to be disposed of as Heaven would permit. My Father now drew me aside, told me he was sensible how much I must feel, and asked me if I really wished to marry Emily: I told him my existence depended on that hope.



‘ Be it so : bleffed with my Elea-  
 ‘ nora, my dreary prospects are  
 ‘ changed, and my cares vanifhed.  
 ‘ I have wealth enough to make us all  
 ‘ happy in fome peaceful retreat.  
 ‘ Your Mother and myfelf will im-  
 ‘ perceptibly grow old in the fociety  
 ‘ of you and your family. Only pro-  
 ‘ mife you will never indulge destruc-  
 ‘ tive ambition.’—

“ Never, my Lord, on my own  
 “ account will I raife a tumult in  
 “ France ; but muft you be for ever  
 “ an exile ? Should I not be juftified  
 “ in drawing my fword in the caufe  
 “ of filial duty ?”

‘ Filial duty, my fon, is confidered  
 ‘ by me as mere articulated found,  
 ‘ finking as you breathe it indivifi-  
 ‘ bly into air :—True, we have con-  
 ‘ trived

'trived emblems by which it may  
 'be said we convey sound to the  
 'eye, these we call record. Cha-  
 'racters, or what you will, and by  
 'those mute auxiliaries have law and  
 'duty been handed down, through  
 'ages, for the support of order form-  
 'ed on human plans. But shall the  
 'empty phrase of filial duty cause  
 'you to be a murderer? believe  
 'me, Henry, that man has a false  
 'idea of relative duty, when he  
 'spreads a wide evil for the sake of  
 'giving his friend or father a partial  
 'good.'

What could I say? Did not this  
 man deserve a crown? I really  
 thought him worthy of reigning,  
 but dared not own I wished it.—He  
 continued—

‘ The thunders of duty too often  
 ‘ break on the head of a trembling  
 ‘ child, who stands a meek victim  
 ‘ to the will of another, and gives  
 ‘ all away ! Oh, how many pangs  
 ‘ would the guiltless heart be spared,  
 ‘ did haughty parents forego their  
 ‘ fruitless claims ! Sons would be-  
 ‘ come domestic, happy husbands ;  
 ‘ daughters elude a broken spirit,  
 ‘ and an early grave.—No, my ge-  
 ‘ nerous boy ; you must look on me  
 ‘ as receding from the world, and  
 ‘ as to your personal happiness, may  
 ‘ it ever depend on yourself.’

“ But how will my uncle approve  
 “ of your obscurity ? He is brave,  
 “ and if I may judge from his ap-  
 “ pearance, when he visited my  
 “ Guardian, possesses fire enough  
 “ himself to put in motion the grand  
 “ machine

“ machine of war.—And who shall  
 “ guide it ?”

I was neither devout nor profane enough to promise my Father the assistance of a Deity, as a meek and pious priest would have done. The plough-share of war is generally followed by a crowd of pigmies, who are in such a fury to guide it, that they trample one over the other; whilst the ill-directed iron is harrowing up their peace.—

‘ My brother is not happier than  
 ‘ I am, unless he is more beloved,  
 ‘ which I greatly doubt; for pre-  
 ‘ eminence chills the heart that  
 ‘ would, on an equal scale, adore.  
 ‘ Reason well with life, my son. Na-  
 ‘ ture has contrived it shall be short;  
 ‘ man contrives it shall be wretched.

G 4

He

‘ He who rushes unfeelingly over his  
 ‘ fellow creatures, to catch the bub-  
 ‘ ble of public fame, feels the sting  
 ‘ of a perturbed spirit; and shall not  
 ‘ rest but in death. For you, and  
 ‘ me, let love and the social blessings  
 ‘ suffice to preserve us from inactivi-  
 ‘ ty; you shall be happy with your  
 ‘ Emily, I with my Eleanora.’

No one man can be said to make  
 a people blest; but surely a king,  
 possessing a mind like that of my  
 Father, could never add to the mi-  
 series of mankind. I kissed his hand,  
 in a transport of gratitude and ad-  
 miration, and consented to renounce  
 ambition. In few words, he made  
 my Guardian acquainted with my  
 wishes, who unaffectedly gave his sanc-  
 tion only with this proviso, ‘ That  
 ‘ the affections of his daughter should  
 ‘ govern,

‘ govern, never be made subservient  
 ‘ to his approbation.’

‘ The last admonition of Antonio  
 ‘ still hangs on my memory,’ said he,  
 —‘ I think it would be prudent not  
 ‘ to pursue your journey to l’Abbée  
 ‘ Dorovantes, but to seek a retreat  
 ‘ in \* \* \* \* \*, from thence you may  
 ‘ inform the Duke of B \* \* \* \*,  
 ‘ that your resolutions are changed,  
 ‘ he may there meet us, and the  
 ‘ union of our children be rendered  
 ‘ lasting.’

We agreed.—I now beheld happiness rapidly approaching to love. To be blest with the object of my wishes, and crowned with the kind opinion of those I revered, were advantages that certainly promised uninterrupted tranquillity; and to these

my glowing imagination added her strongest tints to beautify the scene.

Emily had been pleasingly occupied in receiving the congratulation of her friends in the convent ; she returned to give us her good night. Her Father whispered to her the conclusions we had formed, and I had the pleasure of once more seeing the traits of cheerfulness on her lovely features as she modestly withdrew.

The holy Abbess took my Father by the hand and my Mother by the hand : looked up with heavenly fervour, and wished them the peaceful slumber of happy minds.

Her prayer, for aught I can tell to the contrary, was well turned : we all stood in need of rest, though I  
much



much question if either slept the better for it.

‘ How happy I am,’ continued the good Lady, ‘ in proving myself your  
 ‘ disinterested friend ! Gold is ever inadequate to the soul’s best actions ;  
 ‘ they are beyond all earthly purchase ! I am hourly convinced by  
 ‘ what I think, and what I feel, that the soul and the body are two  
 ‘ things ; but the body is, as it were, differently formed, subject to the  
 ‘ natural necessity which displays itself every where. It must be dependent on *something* ; the appetites  
 ‘ must be fed or the body dies ; but the soul stands in a manner aloof !  
 ‘ the soul silently scorns to partake of fordid gold ! though gold is necessary, yes, the soul ! the exalted  
 ‘ soul is—as I may say—is like—

G 6

Like

‘ Like nothing—except it be like  
 ‘ my Eleanora,’ said my Father, as  
 he led my Mother to repose.

Simple I, without saying a syllable,  
 except good night, saw my friends  
 retire one after the other, noticing,  
 when unnoticed, till I found myself  
 inadvertently alone with the seraphic  
 Lady Abbess—What was to be done?  
 —Nothing; yet I resolved, with the  
 utmost gentleness, to steal an holy  
 kiss from her cold cheek—I did;  
 and while I was shutting the door af-  
 ter me, saw her eyes filled with more  
 despair than displeasure.

Do not think the worse of me,  
 reader, for saluting the lily-colour-  
 ed Lady—*indeed* I was only playful.

The moon, as I was reclining on  
 my pillow, left the horizon. My  
 candle

candle, had given her last friendly spark, and sleep and happy dreams nursed for awhile the wearied powers of my frame. I was once awakened by the sound of a bell from the convent; but concluding it to be that unwelcome sound which breaks the balmy slumber of the Nuns, and summon them to midnight vespers, I again lay down full of the image of Emily—O, how far at that moment was destiny preparing to hurry me from the idol of my soul!

All was still—How long that stillness had lasted I know not; I awoke in a state of horror! My limbs were confined; on my throat lay a heavy pressure; my breath grew short, and suffocation began to arrest the current of life! Agony, I believe, is stronger for being sudden: even the  
pains

pains of death become comparatively weak by a long and slow gradation: I was young, heathful, and had known no waste of strength. My powers of mind or body had received no shock; and Nature now was ardent in her exertions to avoid dissolution. Forcible in my struggling, I by some means relieved my throat, and could indistinctly hear human whispers; I attempted to speak, and my mouth was immediately gagged, whilst a hoarse voice commanded me to 'be passive, for my doom was fixed.' A bandage was tied over my eyes, a covering belonging to the bed closely girted round me, and I was by force conveyed, with horrid silence, to a carriage. Convinced I was in the power of many ruffians, I steadily resigned myself to the will of my Creator, and lay still. Why I was  
not

not that night murdered, I am yet to learn, since had the contrivance been Roderique's, he was too far gone in vice to indulge humanity, and might have dispatched his rival. If it had been the will of the King, he, from policy more than cruelty, might have destroyed a man whose pretensions to the crown would probably one day shake the peace of France.—That I am now breathing is to me a mystery.

The carriage, to the bottom of which I was bound for some hours, went furiously on. From its uneasy motion, and the jingle of chains, I supposed it to be a kind of cart or waggon; the trampling of many horses accompanied it, and the voices of many men kept a continued jargon, the sense of which I did not understand, because my hearing was not sufficiently

ently clear. I heard them, at last, mention morning—I could not see it, my eyes were still darkened. How tediously did the hours seem to creep, whilst I lay burning with indignation, and endeavouring to despise death! Sometimes I heard the wheels rush against the hedges, in passing, as I supposed, through narrow lanes; again they would plunge into deep ruts, made apt for impression by the late rains; and the recovering jolt always made me sensible of the vehicle's coming out; at other moments the horses seemed slowly to labour through lengthened marshes, the heavy mire of which so enfeebled and retarded those noble animals, that the lashes of their cruel masters lost their effect.—During this dismal day, the longest I thought I had every known, no refreshment was offered me—I really began to think myself

myself forgotten, even by my enemies. The horses at length stopped, and the order was given for lighted torches: I supposed now the time to be night, and that we were on some beaten road; I was not mistaken—some travellers saluted us as they passed by, civilly, bidding God to bless us; others enquired to what town we were going, and what commodities we had to sell? My guards gave different answers to successive questions, not one of which were true, whilst I lay panting beneath a pile of straw. The carriage soon left the high roads; the hoofs of the horses were not to be heard, and I concluded they were for many miles running over turf. The mind of man, when disturbed, is a chaos, 'without form and void.' His ideas take no shape, or the formation he  
tries



tries at swiftly dies. Millions of chimeras floated on my imagination; all were rejected in speedy succession ere they became old enough to take the colour of reason; yet fancy will be busy till we are no more.

‘How near the shore is the vessel,’ said some person, as the carriage hauled up, and made a full stand; ‘not above forty feet; the wind is favourable; we shall go seven knots.’

This dialogue ended;—as their voices died away, I could distinctly hear the roaring of the sea. Death throws horror on the imagination of man, from those lifeless forms he hourly beholds: the flitting breath departed, our lately smiling friends answer not to our lamentations, heed not

not our sighs, nor wipe away our tears. It is this eternal insensibility which pervades the dead—that shocks our mortal affections, and we tremble at the idea of sinking into the same state. What manner of death is least painful, I believe, has long been a question: for me, drowning appeared most awful.

In the season of childhood, I had accompanied a lad, whose father was tenant to my Guardian, in a walk on the bank of a river. It was in the month of July—Creation glowed with sultry exhalations, I panted at noon, reclined under the shadow of a willow, and my young friend sat by me till I fell into heavy sleep; the flocks were going to fold, and I found the cloaths of my companion placed under my head, when I awoke.

—“ Jacques,”

—"Jacques," said I, rubbing my eyes, "we have stayed here till I am cold"—Jacques was gone! I started from the earth, roved wildly along the shore, enquired of the shepherds, and called through the woods. My terrors increased, imagination doubled them. I quickened my step, and ran towards home; being almost spent with crying, I walked through a lane which I never thought gloomy till now, and, turning the corner of the hedge, met a boatman carrying Jacques wrapped up in his blue jacket.—"Tell him to awaken," said I, in a transport of joy, "tell him Henry is here."

'He is dead.'—

"Dead!"—

'Drowned.'—

"No!

“No! no!—Let me press my  
“lips to his, and he will breathe  
“again.”

The man laid down my pale little friend. I lay down near him, but he was cold. I raised his head—he was no longer the kind, attentive boy, who had, a few hours since, placed the wild-rose in my bosom.—

“Where do you think his spirit is?”

*Boatman.* ‘Gone to Heaven, ’tis  
‘to be hoped.’

“And is this all I must ever see of  
“little Jacques—He was good! I  
“will be good! Perhaps I may  
“meet his spirit when I die.”

‘May be so,’ replied the man with  
a sigh, ‘it is always right to hope.’

My

My unfortunate companion was learning to swim, I was informed, and the current carried him away.—He was borne to the village churchyard, attended by his mourning father. His image remained indelible with me, and now revived with more than usual strength. To drown! good Heaven! to sink into the vast deep, so full of the powers of life! bandaged! chained! not the least indulgence left for struggling nature! **How** long shall I be dying? (said I to myself.) What will be my feelings? —The work of dissolution will, I hope, be short! After the shudder of a moment I became more collected. Man wills not himself into being; he lives not by his own energy, or he would live for ever. I must die! Time, when past, is not mine; the future is not mine; what then are my

my claims? I have none. Reflection thus prepared me for my fate, and I scorned to plead with those I imagined to be my executioners. Through this dismal scene my mouth was gagged, and the first moment of ease I experienced was, when one of the men, who assisted in receiving me from the carriage, roughly drew the iron from my lips. My eyes were not yet uncovered, nor my limbs unbound.

‘ We leave him to your care; be  
‘ you answerable for the completion  
‘ of the work,’ said some one at a trifling distance.

I immediately exclaimed, “ Mon-  
“ sters, if you know me, dispatch  
“ me.”

‘ Ah !

‘ Ah ! malheureux, vous etes con-  
‘ damné—N’importe—bon soir.

From the beach I was conveyed in a boat to a vessel, and drawn up its side with difficulty. In so helpless a state I could not aid the efforts of the seamen, nor ward off personal anguish. Being laid on the deck, stunned with nautical expressions of surprise and laughter, I was unwashed, the covering was taken from my eyes, and I enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of sitting upright. After suffering so long in a passive state, my mouth was sore, my thirst intolerable ; I feebly begged for water. A young tar hastily brought me some, but my jaws had been strained so severely, that I felt much torture in drinking, yet the eager craving of Nature was too powerful to be denied, and my  
muscles



muscles soon recovered their usual elasticity. I have often reflected since on the strange tranquillity which hung on my mind and body, whilst sitting on the deck of the ship. I remembered but little. I cared for nothing around me. I felt no agonizing impatience on the account of those I had been torn from, but fell into a kind of vacancy which could be neither pleasure nor pain. Being awakened from this listlessness, I grew peevish, but was soon laughed into quietude by a young tar, who came sauntering along the deck with a chain in his hand, singing,

My rum is out! my spirits die!  
 My mother gave me all her store.  
 The tears that left her aged eye,  
 Fell on the beach I hail no more.

‘Jemmy,’ (she cry’d) ‘grey is my hair,  
 ‘Expect no more my form to see !  
 ‘Thy little sisters claim thy care;  
 ‘Give them the love thou ow’st to me.’

And tho’ three thousand miles apart,  
 And tho’ my aged mother sleep,  
 My sisters still shall have my heart,  
 The world shall never make them weep.

Jemmy will come, my sisters dear !  
 Think, when the winds blow loud at night,  
 My latitude may still be fair.  
 —I wish my cag of rum was tight\*!

There was a peculiar manner in this fellow that drew my attention. I perceived he had sudden starts of love and pity, but that the habitual hurry of a sea-faring life had drowned the softest emotions of his heart as they arose; his mother and sisters had an interest in his bosom. They were far

\* Full.

asunder,

afunder, and rum was but the means of supporting him *now*, that he might provide for those dear relatives in future. He stood listening to the gurgling waves, while he sang the foregoing song on the side of the ship, not in a hurry to fasten his chain round my ankle. When I enquired who wrote his song—‘myself,’ (said he, in a merry tone) ‘Come, hoist! ‘Damn me if I’d give a quid of tobacco for such a land-tortoise—why, what ‘trunk of a tree did you leave last?—‘Do you go the voyage with us?’

“I have my doubts: this chain  
“seems to assure me I shall not.”

‘O!—curse the chain; many a good  
‘lad has worn a brace of them, who,  
‘for all that, pulled up his buntlings  
‘afterwards and danced with the  
‘lasses.’

H 2

Whilst

Whilst this hearty fellow was comforting me in his way, he, with all the ease of an Englishman, drew his tobacco-pouch from his pocket, and pushing a large roll of the vivifying herb on one side his mouth, desired me to do the same. I refused, and thanked him. He felt no concern ; but, as he put his little pouch into his trowsers'-pocket, he murmured—

‘ I hate to see a man in chains,  
‘ though he never touched a top-fail.’

“ Were you never in this predicament,  
“ ment, my friend ?”

‘ Never but once, and the Devil  
‘ may carry me if I would not run the  
‘ gauntlet at any time for the same  
‘ trick.’

“ What

“ What was your offence ? ” —

‘ Why, I only stole a boiled  
 ‘ chicken off my Captain’s table, (not  
 ‘ this Captain) and gave it to a young  
 ‘ Negro-woman, who was near dying  
 ‘ with her poor baby at her bosom,  
 ‘ between decks. She ate it up,  
 ‘ while I stood looking at her ; and  
 ‘ in an hour after I took the full com-  
 ‘ pliment of a dozen.—Damn the  
 ‘ dozen ! and damn the Captain, who  
 ‘ could see her starve, for starve she  
 ‘ did after all, because she could not,  
 ‘ or *would* not eat the slave’s common  
 ‘ provender ; she often prayed for  
 ‘ Jemmy, (that’s me) and said, a  
 ‘ little before she died, that ‘ her  
 ‘ great father, sitting at the end of  
 ‘ the sea, would take care of Jemmy,’  
 ‘ But there ! she is gone ! her baby

H 3

‘ was

‘ was launched after her while I was  
‘ in irons.’

A stout man, who I supposed was the commander, came forward, and saluting Jemmy with his rope-end, the latter skipped up the shrouds like a squirrel. For my part, I believe despair made me audacious, and I, with little ceremony, demanded of this officer whither we were bound.

‘ To heaven or hell.’

Fancying he meant only that we must sink or swim, I resolved to suppress my curiosity ; the more, as this fellow’s ill-mannered abruptness tended to silence my question, by the fullest answer in the human language.

‘ Bear

' Bear a hand with this lubber  
 ' down between decks,' said he, and  
 whistled carelessly as he passed for-  
 ward: I was helped down, chained  
 to a ring-bolt, an old hammock  
 thrown near me, and some biscuit  
 left for my support. All this did not  
 appear as a preparation for my imme-  
 diate death, and I naturally began to  
 awaken from the stupor in which I  
 had for some hours indulged myself.  
 My parents! so lately found; so de-  
 servedly beloved, wandered across  
 my memory. Their images were  
 followed by that of Emily, but I  
 checked the dear illusions, and laid  
 my weary head, resigned, on the  
 hammock. Three days passed over  
 me whilst in this inactive state.  
 Jemmy would often steal down and  
 try to cheer me. One morning he  
 came early, hugging his black-jack



full of grog, and bade me drink deep and be merry.

‘ The world is but an ocean, mess-  
 ‘ mate, and though we all seem to be  
 ‘ making different ports, we do but  
 ‘ touch-and-go. One port is made  
 ‘ for all—I have reason to think you  
 ‘ will get in before me; if so, look  
 ‘ about you, see if you can see Tom  
 ‘ Williams; if you can, tell him  
 ‘ Jemmy Lee is beating into the chan-  
 ‘ nel. Come drink—one must fol-  
 ‘ low another, we cannot make man-  
 ‘ kind drive a breast if it was to save  
 ‘ our souls.’

This short oration of Jemmy boast-  
 ed little elegance and much idea,  
 (somewhat like a British harangue)  
 but as life had lost greatly of its esti-  
 mate

mate with me, this honest youth continued uninterrupted.—

‘ Your fail will soon be taken in I  
‘ am afraid. What do you think I  
‘ heard last night?—Come, take a  
‘ bit of a quid ; it will serve to moisten  
‘ your mouth bye and bye, for I  
‘ must go up again ; my watch will  
‘ be called in an hour.’

“ Excuse me, Jemmy, I am not  
“ in the habit of chewing the leaf.”

‘ Well then, I wont ask you any  
‘ more—Here’s health and happiness  
‘ to him who steers out of his course  
‘ to save a wreck !—Ah, my hearty !  
‘ I don’t know your name, but I wish  
‘ you were safe on dry land ! Why  
‘ I heard a fine dialogue about you  
‘ last night—The Captain mentioned

H 5

‘ you

‘ you to our gentleman passenger at  
 ‘ supper ; and, when I came out of  
 ‘ the cabin, I listened at the door,  
 ‘ for I wanted to know somewhat  
 ‘ about you. The passenger said,  
 ‘ Captain, I have an order to take  
 ‘ him out to sea, and carry your cer-  
 ‘ tificate back to France of his being  
 ‘ sunk !’

‘ Who is he, replied the Captain,  
 ‘ or what has he done to deserve  
 ‘ death ?’

‘ He is an enemy to the King, and  
 ‘ my master lives in dread of assassina-  
 ‘ tion from him.’

‘ When your master (whom I never  
 ‘ thought like myself) ordered me to  
 ‘ bring my vessel along-shore, he  
 ‘ told me the prisoner was condemned  
 ‘ by

' by the law, and that I might make  
 ' some money of him at one of the  
 ' islands where I shall touch; that  
 ' part of the bargain I shall keep to  
 ' myself. After taking in my cargo  
 ' at Carthagera, where we are to set  
 ' you on shore, I shall pursue my  
 ' voyage up the Streights—But as to  
 ' the prisoner—why, I have already  
 ' received money enough for his pas-  
 ' sage, if it were possible I could  
 ' carry him into another planet—  
 ' Come, take your glass, I'll give  
 ' you a song Andrew the mate taught  
 ' me—

' Like to an apple on the sea,  
 ' The world is ever floating;  
 ' The brave ride merrily, like me,  
 ' The old on wealth are doating.

' But he who loves his gentle maid,  
 ' Shall meet a kind returning;  
 ' And he who ne'er a friend betray'd,  
 ' May—*biccup!*—sing till rosy morning."

H. 6

' Aye,

‘ Aye, but Captain,’ said the passenger, (for he would not let him sing the song out) ‘ here is my master’s written order, which you must read.’

‘ Read—I can read nothing to night—*biccup*—By Jove I am more than half-seas over !’

‘ Here are five hundred louis-d’ors, Captain.’

‘ Five hundred louis-d’ors !—’

‘ Five hundred louis-d’ors !—’

‘ Damme, if that would not—*biccup*—purchase my whole cargo !’

‘ But you must perform my master’s order.’

‘ Your

‘ Your master ! why he is for all  
 ‘ I know a knave on shore—I the so-  
 ‘ vereign of the sea.—

‘ Will you for this gold consent it  
 ‘ shall be done to-night ?’

‘ The Devil himself will be of-  
 ‘ fended if you make a murderer of  
 ‘ a drunken man. It is a large sum  
 ‘ —five hundred louis-d’ors. *Hiccup,*  
 ‘ Sir, to hell I pitch your louis-d’ors,  
 ‘ here have I been beating old Davy  
 ‘ for these ten years—I am a Scotch-  
 ‘ man, my dear ship’s name is the  
 ‘ Highland-Queen; no man shall  
 ‘ stretch out his hand at the day of  
 ‘ judgment, and say to me, Captain  
 ‘ Murray, you turned me out of  
 ‘ life; no, no, my—I say, Sir!—  
 ‘ My vessel—my little Highland-  
 ‘ Queen,

‘ Queen, shall not be followed up  
‘ the Streights by a ghost.’

‘ A ghost ! Captain Murray !—  
‘ for God’s sake is your vessel haunt-  
‘ ed ? Lord have mercy upon me !’

‘ The Devil help you, *biccup* !—  
‘ you are a pretty fellow to drown a  
‘ man, I tell you, you coward ! the  
‘ prisoner’s spirit would sit all night  
‘ shrieking in the rigging ; nay, I  
‘ should not wonder if he flew over  
‘ the side with *you* in a flash of fire.’

‘ I was never at sea before !’

‘ Then you never saw our great  
‘ water-serpents, who come up in  
‘ the night and spit blue flame in our  
‘ shrouds when we got a villain in  
‘ the ship.—Blue, yellow, red, green,  
‘ all



‘ all the colours of the rainbow burn  
 ‘ round us till the crew kneel down,  
 ‘ say the Lord’s Prayer, and tumble  
 ‘ the wretch plump into the deep—  
 ‘ *biccup*—give me the other glafs  
 ‘ and I fhall be up to any rigg.’

‘ Sir ! Sir !’ (and the poor gentleman panted for breath) ‘ I’ll give  
 ‘ you the fum of money, if you will  
 ‘ do the bufinefs without my knowledge of it.—To be fure I was fent  
 ‘ on board to fee it done, and was  
 ‘ afterward to be put on fhore at  
 ‘ Carthagenæ, from whence I was to  
 ‘ return to Marfeilles—but you can  
 ‘ do it without me.’

‘ But not without the five hundred  
 ‘ louis-d’ors.’

‘ No, Captain—here they are.’

‘ Agreed,’

‘ Agreed,’ said the Captain, and took up the money, ‘ so that I am a-  
 ‘ fraid you will lie-by sooner than  
 ‘ you expected. I had a mind not to  
 ‘ tell you all this, but, if any prepara-  
 ‘ tion can be made for a long voyage  
 ‘ we seamen like to make it.’

Jemmy left me to reflection ; I had no worldly riches to bequeath ; my ideal form, I believed would long be preserved by Emily, and I lamented in sympathy with my unhappy parents—All partial formation must dissolve, though the great-system of Nature shall eternally renovate. Am I not, in the grave, the undoubted property of God ?

Arrived at this height of resignation, I supported a suspense of three weeks rolling on the sea. The sight  
 of

of land at last was proclaimed by one of the crew; and that night, when all was still, except the watch upon deck, the Captain came to me, accompanied only by Jemmy, and sternly ordered me to be stripped. Poor Jemmy reluctantly obeyed, without speaking, but the silent tear that fell on my cheek as he stooped to unbind me was full of pity.

‘ Wrap something round him, and stow him away,’ said the Captain, ‘ let none of the crew know where he is while Monsieur Cregney is on board.’—

‘ God bless you, Sir!’ replied Jemmy, in a transport of pleasure—‘ I was afraid, Sir, you were going to order me to throw him over-board.’

‘ And

‘ And what difference to you if I  
‘ had ?—’

The Captain crept to his cabin : I was directed to lie closely behind a large coil of cable, and Jemmy covered me with some of the sails. My only fear now was of suffocation from foulness of air ; however, my chance of life was much greater than it had been on the yesterday.

There is a pith, in some men, hard to be got at. It seems to peep upon us like a sudden light, and shut up again : The manner in which this Captain conducted himself was singular, and there is wondrous energy in natural eccentricity. I wished to be acquainted with the mind of this man ; but circumstances would not agree to it.—We were three days  
making

making land, during which Jemmy never brought me any refreshment but at midnight, when our anchor was cast. I was not relieved for the space of a week : the happy moment came ! Monsieur Cregney, I was informed, had been shewn the bed-clothes in which I had been bound on the night when forcibly torn from the convent ; had received a written certificate of my death, and was gone on-shore in order to return to France. With a smiling countenance, Jemmy led me to the Captain's cabin ; I bowed as I entered, he took me by the hand, his heart swelled ; but he stubbornly broke the sigh in its utterance—‘ Cheerily lad ! I had some  
‘ work to save you, take this purse  
‘ that was to have made a villain of  
‘ Captain Murray, and never feel  
‘ becalmed

‘becalmed whilst the winds fill one  
‘honest man’s sail.’

“Keep your purse, Captain, as the  
“reward of humanity.”

‘No; you are but a smuggled com-  
‘modity at best, I could not buy  
‘you into breathing, I would not  
‘purchase you as a non-entity, and  
‘the five hundred louis-d’ors may  
‘make you a valuable purchase to  
‘some bonny lassie.’

“Do you know who I am?—”

‘No; nor do I care!’

“Will you, or can you, without  
“violating your honour, inform me  
“by whose contrivance I was sent  
“on board your vessel?”—

‘By

‘ By the contrivance of a young Lord, who has paid me fifty livres per diem for two weeks past, on condition of my laying off-shore to receive you. He told me that the King had given his sanction to your death, but that I might make money of you after passing the Streights. Monsieur Cregney, however, has enlarged on my first compliance, and shewed me an order for your death.—Monsieur Cregney believes you are dead, and is upon returning to Marseilles full of that belief. Go ;—be careful of yourself—I must pursue my voyage—and think *sometimes* of Captain Murray.’

To Jemmy I present one hundred of the louis-d’ors, his civility had attached me to him ; he swore they should all be bundled home to his



mother and sisters; and if rough virtue has a charm, I surely might be allowed to part reluctantly from this young man.

Captain Murray, as we stood on the shore embraced me, and with honest warmth breathed a farewell. ‘ The  
 ‘ billows of life,’ (said he) ‘ you  
 ‘ see, must be stubbornly braved : we  
 ‘ are soon wrecked in a crazy bot-  
 ‘ tom : A *good* heart is the best pilot  
 ‘ in a storm ; and if Monsieur Creg-  
 ‘ ney has a heart like mine, he may  
 ‘ call on Heaven for its care. If he  
 ‘ has not, may he never find found-  
 ‘ ing even in harbour !—I may never  
 ‘ meet you more !—but, were you to  
 ‘ see me sinking, I know you would  
 ‘ venture far to hold up Captain  
 ‘ Murray.—’

His

His heart heaved—he shook me by the hand, pressed it between his own; and after looking in my face silently for a moment, broke away, saying—‘God blefs you!’—

Captain Murray was older than me; he knew more of the world; and of the moments of separation.—I staggered speechless as he left me, followed him with my eyes. He looked back and waved his handkerchief towards an adjacent inn, wiped his cheek, and went on board.—I never saw him since.

And now was I left to look around me; no friend to whom I could unbosom my cares, though my heart was heavy. I however soon collected my scattered ideas; and, by the strength of my judgment, forced  
 2 them

them to obey collateral circumstance. To the inn I withdrew, sat myself down in a private room, and strove to meditate on future plans. The most pleasing resolve I could form, was to return to France and seek those objects from whom I had been torn. I might go back—I could not look forward to happiness. Captain Murray had, on my being released from confinement, ordered me to be cloathed in one of his suits, consisting of a fine cotton shirt, red jacket, and white callico trowsers; so disinterested was this benevolent tar! I could offer him nothing—he had given me all. The only return I made was a note, which I unobserved slipped into his pocket, informing him of my name, quality and connections. I did not this from motives of despicable vanity, but I thought if ever we met  
again

again I might claim his friendship from that rich source of obligation he opened on my grateful soul. At the inn, I enquired for a vessel bound for France, and was informed that an American brig was then waiting for freight and passengers, and that her Captain lived in the street of Saint Dennis, which was but a third street from the inn. I made no delay; hastened to the house, met with the Captain, and agreed to lodge with him till his vessel should sail. Thus did Heaven seem once more propitious to my fortunes. In reading, writing and diverting myself with the Captain's family (which consisted of a sensible mother and three lovely girls) I passed my hours. Domestic peace was here—placid manner, cheerfulness flowing from a self-corrected mind, and a continued

equanimity of temper in this charming wife, taught her husband to adore her, and made her children ashamed of imperfection. Such happiness, said I with a sigh, would Emily have diffused around her!—Sometimes I would stroll down to the vessel, throw my eyes over the sea, and chide the contrary winds: it was to no purpose; I could not command circumstances to obey my will. The Wednesday following was at last fixed on for the day of our departure, and the tedious hours had rolled on to the evening preceding that day, when I supped with the Captain in his cabin, toasted my dear girl, and drank a little too much. I felt not the effect of my conviviality till I came on shore, and had advanced a considerable way towards home; the houses were shut up; not an object  
to

be seen, and the silence of the night caused me to quicken my step which was soon arrested by a young female, who very freely took hold of my arm—  
 ‘ Venez avec moi,’ said she—and in a moment forgot the delicacy so amiable in her sex. Wine had exhilarated my soul, my fancy was luxuriant—this daughter of passion kindled warmth in my bosom, but her coarseness converted me. I looked in her face—she was beautiful.—“ Take  
 “ this, and return to virtue,” said I—giving her a considerable share of my louis-d’ors, which I took loosely from my pocket, and throwing her from my arms.—She stood as if lost in gratitude, and I went on, somewhat proud of my superior excellence.

I 2

“ What

“What are the grand blessings of life?” said I to myself—“Love and social virtue, to be sure.”—answering my own question with much confidence.

This female out-cast was not an object of the one, but she called forth the other—My moral vanity was not gratified even by this forcible conclusion—“In correcting the senses,” continued I, “we surely enlarge the mind”—this reflection gave birth to more. I endeavoured to trace and retrace the origin of evil; went back, in idea, through the wilds of time—could find no beginning—came home to my starting post, and solemnly declared, “That a larger portion of pity than severity was due to erring woman.”

All these sentiments, you will say, were very fine for a gentleman half-tipsey—



tipsey—They served me for the moment, and that was enough. The clock of Saint Dennis had struck two, when I turned the corner of the street, and was near my lodging.

The young woman I had in part neglected, made her appearance again, through an alley—My reader will perceive, that I had spun out my thread of morality, and was melting into pity—pity fills the heart of man with all that is soft and languishing toward woman; and I was pausing to enquire sensibly into the miseries of this young creature, when she eagerly exclaimed, ‘there he is—the gold is ‘in his waistcoat’—A banditti immediately rushed forward with one intent of surrounding me. Happily I had what the sailor’s term an oaken-towel in my hand, which the boat-

swain had forcibly pleaded the use of, and swore it might, in going home, serve more occasions than one. Under his kind command I, on board, accepted it—and this was the hour when my oak was to prove its fashion and quality. Never had it boasted an owner of more wild resolution; (true courage being out of the question)—I hotly defended myself, standing with my back against a wall for the space of three minutes, with as much agility as Agamemnon himself could have done: Swift in my revenge as my assassins were in their plunder, I struck the filletto from the hand of one; and, meeting the temple of another, reeled him to the earth—What could this alertness have arisen to had not a gentleman come to my assistance?—The odds were now five to one—  
He

He saw the odds ; and, as one of the  
braves attempted to stab me, plung-  
ed the sword in his heart.

‘ Dead !’ (said one)—‘ Dead,’—re-  
plied his companions.—‘ Let us be  
‘ off !’

‘ What shall we do with Lar-  
‘ rette ?—

‘ O d—mn her, let her scout as we  
‘ must.’

Death certainly puts many a good  
man, and many a good woman be-  
side their best purposes; and Larrette,  
without trusting to my pity, which  
had so lately been operating in her  
favor, ran as courageously as the most  
vigorous of her friends—I looked  
after her, tis true, but I did not

I 4                      much

much regret losing the opportunity of doing a good action : for as pity left my heart to fly after Larrette, gratitude filled the vacuum in behalf of my deliverer. In fervent language I invited him to my home. He politely promised me a visit in the morning—This was the morning fixed on for sailing, but the wind still continuing its contrary direction, afforded me the opportunity of receiving my new friend. I found he knew the affairs of France better than myself; that he possessed acute penetration, much reserve, and more benevolence; yet he was a little older than myself.—

‘ Accident, more than design,’ said he, ‘ has brought me to Carthage,’  
 ‘ I am making a tour with  
 ‘ a nobleman who has, upon oath,  
 ‘ obliged

‘ obliged me to conceal his name  
 ‘ and my own. I never lamented  
 ‘ the restraint till this moment ; I can-  
 ‘ not repose a confidence in you ; in  
 ‘ return I can expect none : but be  
 ‘ assured, I am a branch of one of  
 ‘ the first families in France ; I tra-  
 ‘ vel in the character of a Marquis  
 ‘ D\*\*\*\*, with my illustrious friend ;  
 ‘ who retreats for a while from court-  
 ‘ cabal—and now, only say by what  
 ‘ name I am simply to address you.’

“ Henry”—replied I ; “ and a  
 “ more luckless fellow you never  
 “ drew a sword for.”

After spending two days more in  
 waiting for a gale, and soothed by  
 the attentions of this gentleman,  
 whose mind was worthy my regard,  
 we took an affectionate farewell. I

left him on the shore, and sailed for France.

Thou wilt repine with me, my good reader, that we were not better known to each other, when I tell thee, this was the identical Marquis so lately found within these walls, a victim to despotic power. In a few days I knew his worth, though I knew not his rank, nor am I yet acquainted with his real name and quality. He is gone! for ever gone! And the letter found amongst his papers convinces me, he was making a tour with my uncle the Duke of B\*\*\*\*.

Our vessel flew before the wind; the land faded from the eye; noisy cheerfulness invigorated the crew, and my bosom was light. What a chasm it makes in the life of a man to be

rolling through tedious months on the ocean! cooped within a few boards, and limited to a few strides fore and aft. I had seldom patience to remain below with the passengers, but would try to amuse myself by hanging my head over the vessel's bow, and pursuing, with my eyes, the nitrous particles that shone beneath, like jewels of varied lustre—To what depth may the imagination descend when it labours to fathom the sea! I had not, however, the felicity of making many grand reflections on the fallacious element; for we had scarcely passed the Streights of Gibraltar, when we were borne down upon by an Algerine corsair—All hands were ordered up; the deck was cleared, and every preparation made, not to conquer, but to die, stubbornly! For when we beheld the



number of barbarians which swarmed on the deck of the Algerine, we could not hope, but resolved, they should buy us dearly. The conflict was dreadful!—In three quarters of an hour we had lost all our companions, except the boatswain, two gentlemen passengers, the captain and myself. Advancing to the quarter-deck, we there made a full stand; embraced each other in silence. Neither mentioned peace or submission, because all were wound-up to the strongest exertion we were capable of. The lantern in the steerage was still burning—The Captain, grasping us severally by the hand, recommended our souls to God with the utmost fervor, and hastening to the steerage, seized the candle—we saw him no more! By this time the Algerines had thrown an iron hook in  
our

our rigging and boarded our bow. Their superior number overwhelmed us. No sooner were we made prisoners, and secured in the corsair, than they loosed the hook from the rigging, probably watching the event.—The sea was in smooth condition; the vessels merely drifted, the American brig was soon wafted at some distance from the corsair. I still gazed at her with anxiety, wishing to discern the captain; and the Algerines were as watchful as myself, but from different motives; as she drove gently, and no danger attending, a boat manned to bring her to—She blew up! —

“Thy little girls, and thy amiable wife will expect thy return,” (said I, as I took a remnant of the captain’s shirt from the main stay of the

the corfair, scorched as it was) “gal-  
“lant, but unfortunate man !”

As the smoke cleared away, we found a lock of his hair, and one of his fingers, which had been blown through the air.

“Good God ! Is it thus thy image  
“is broken by accident ?” (exclaim-  
I, with more presumption than know-  
ledge) “ignorant as we are, we are  
“passive to thee !”

A blow on the left shoulder instantly caused me to think less of the mangled captain, than of myself. I lay down at command, and called my obedience resignation : such an effect will a great evil, when properly compared, cause upon a lesser one. What was the fate of the two gentlemen.

men passengers I know not; they accompanied me to Algiers, and were sold to one chief, whose hooorde lay far in the country. I was sold to a wandering Arab, and drudged on, in complicated misery as a slave, for the space of five years. Those five years, I will at present pass over, that my reader may not be obliged to follow me, weeping, through Barbary, with a plaintive and mournful spirit.

Rest satisfied, thou, who art hanging over this narrative, when I inform thee, that slavery having no charms, I escaped from its horrors, and arrived in France on the ninth of August, 1684. Towards Rochelle I bent my eager steps, resolving to enquire, at my Guardian's mansion, for my parents and Emily.—Heaven! how did my heart palpitate with troubled joy, when I saw the  
eastern

eastern chimney peeping through the long row of aged elms. Without hesitation, I ran through the first gate, and knocked loudly at the door; my garb was not killingly genteel, but I had forgot it; I had also forgot, at this delicious moment, the afflictions I had known—Could the images of misery and murder find a place in my remembrance now!—No; all was transport, all exquisite delight and ardent expectation. I knocked a second time, louder than before; the door was opened, I stepped in without ceremony, and could only articulate—“tell your master, Henry is here.”—

The servant left me in the hall, with just as much ceremony as I had used in entering it; I watched every step he took, and cursed the slowness

ness of his motion, as he stalked insensibly along. Another came of more polished manners, who civilly invited me up stairs, and shewed me into the little room which was once my study.—It was no study now!—my books were gone! The elegy of Laura was gone, all was changed; no kind memento of the refined pleasure I had here tasted remained ‘to administer to my mind’s disease,’ and my raptures were subsiding swiftly, when my dear, my beloved Guardian appeared—He pressed me to a heart broken by sorrow.—

‘You return not to Emily——  
 ‘she—’ tears and grief checked his words; I trembled, a sudden chillness thrilled through my veins, and I stood as one immovable. Silent anguish absorbed us for some moments: my  
 soul

foul was tortured with suspense, but I revered this good man's struggle, and waited till his resignation should conquer his woe. He at length informed me, that his books and papers had been seized by royal authority, that his fortunes were entirely changed since that fatal night when I was borne from the convent, and that he knew nothing of his Emily or my parents.

‘ I was conveyed back to this  
 ‘ dwelling’ (continued the venerable  
 mourner,) ‘ escorted by a party of  
 ‘ soldiers, a seal was put on my pa-  
 ‘ pers, and myself given to under-  
 ‘ stand that liberty was more a favour  
 ‘ allowed than a privilege I had a right  
 ‘ to demand. To whom can I com-  
 ‘ plain? Repeated solicitation, tears,  
 ‘ and threats with the Abbess of the  
 ‘ convent



' convent availed no more than to gain  
 ' repeated avowals of her ignorance  
 ' respecting my Emily's fate. Here  
 ' I wait for death ! Here I prepare  
 ' for that state to which my child—  
 ' and even you, Henry, must fol-  
 ' low ! I have wealth still, but whom  
 ' have I to share it. My sons are  
 ' abroad, and my daughter is for  
 ' ever lost to me ; I therefore shun  
 ' parade ; you are young, and may  
 ' still look forward for brighter pro-  
 ' spects than those already faded in-  
 ' to disappointment ; yet, while I  
 ' exist, command my purse, and ac-  
 ' cept me as a father.'

This was no resting place for my  
 impatient soul ; I could not long to-  
 gether sit down and weep ; daring  
 better suited me : to seek my friends  
 and avenge their wrongs, was a con-  
 solation,

solation, in my judgment, more eligible than tears. For this purpose I resolved to wander through France, not without money, but without attendants, that I might listen silently and unnoticed to the opinions of the nation. Whilst I remained with my Guardian, which was only a short time, I observed a deep and deadly melancholy growing on his mind. Such melancholy, I am convinced, often settles into blank despair, which the poor sufferer, self deceived, would willingly pronounce resignation. I tried to comfort him, and he strove to appear sensible of my attention.

Alas! we knew but too well the situation of each other's heart; and in endeavouring to disguise we revealed our reciprocal anguish. Unable to support this mental conflict, I  
 promise



favor with the King. Louvois I found intrepid; every species of boldness sunk beneath his daring spirit; and his will, supported by his cunning, seemed absolutely to command success. From this man I might have learned much; the springs of political intrigue were coerced in his hand, like the fasces in the hand of the Roman; but my whole soul revolted secretly from his instructions. As a stranger he at first politely conversed with me on common topics—On further intimacy he revealed a part of his plans. I had no right to betray his confidence, but finding him the acting-instrument of court-design, I had fully resolved to quit his society for ever, and travel on in search of objects more dear to my sick and languishing mind. He, however, had the  
fascinating

fascinating address to persuade me to accompany him to this island. Innocent pleasures, he said, were his only pursuit; having obtained leave of his sovereign to absent himself on account of the weak state of his health. Horrible delusion! Here was I arrested by his command; and here I expect soon to die. The fate of my friend, the Marquis, who rescued me at Carthagená, the groans and complainings I hear every hour within this dreadful prison; the picture of my unfortunate Mother, and the depraved heart of Dormoud, leave me little hope of prolonged existence; while I live, from time to time I will continue my story. Should my execution be sudden I can only at this moment claim the confidence of a pitying-world \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

10th September, 1685.

THE Cordelier still visits the castle; officiates with those who request his pious aid, but shuns me. What can be the cause!—It is not of consequence. He cannot comfort me—his brother's papers I delivered to him unperused by me. That note!—That destructive proof of Emily's inconstancy, I could not resign; my executioner will find it in my bosom \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

18th September, 1685.

NIGHT came on, when gazing through the grate of an adjoining apartment, I saw a genteel woman at her devotions; absorbed by strong curiosity, I listened to her sublime supplications, and fancied her voice had,

had, in some former period, struck on my ear. I could not behold her features; she wore a deep veil; but my soul was borne with hers to the Father of Mercy. The voices of those guards who were appointed to go their last round for the night, broke our heavenly enchantment. The Lady, I could discern, appeared for a moment extremely discomposed; started from her kneeling posture, and turned towards the door, as if expecting the entrance of the soldiers. But they turned along through another passage; when she sat down, and, leaning on her hand, sighed for resignation, I prayed she might attain it, and stole from the grate. As I laid myself on the pillow, my sorrowful spirit whispered, *Is she not my mother?* O how time seems to creep when we load him with suspense!

VOL. II.

K

How





How swiftly does he hunt down our little joys ! When once the idea of my mother had again rushed on my mind, agitations of wild nature shook me—What can I do for her ? Dare I own her ? May not our dear relationship cause her destruction ? Can I clasp her to my heart, and in the language of filial love bid her be comforted ! Can I, for my mother, throw wide the door of liberty,—O ! no ! we meet but to die ! We meet but to say how wretched we have lived, and how joyless we leave a Husband and a Father. Good God ! is it possible *thou* canst forget us !

Wearied at last by the violence of my emotions, I yielded insensibly to repose ; and dawn, like an eye in the east, had scarcely got above its horizon, when Dormoud appeared at  
the

the side of my bed. I had no time to guess at the purpose of his visit. He sat down, told me, with his usual carelessness, that he was grown too impatient, on account of a pretty woman, to sleep late in a morning, and that my assistance might serve him much.

‘ Come rise, and breakfast with me; our Cordelier, who is become a pleasant fellow, since he has gotten the better of the death of the Marquis, will join us. He is to confess the idol of my soul this morning. I have commanded him to put in a word for me, but I shall hope more from your negotiation as a young clever fellow, than from him as a dull, moralizing hypocrite—allons.’—This man was as old as my Father.

Am I then become an instrument of vice! Is it possible for Henry, for *that Henry* once so beloved by the purest spirit in nature, to seduce woman!—Yes—*Emily* is fallen—why may not *I* give a loose to wild desire—to baseness—to the last profligacy man can know—which is that of abetting the happiness of a villain. Woman! woman! what art thou? Enchanting, lovely, faithless creature!—Why didst thou beguile me? why cheat me of my youthful hours?—Ah *Emily*!—

Perdition, at this moment, could afford no horrors for me.—I was tired of being virtuous—I was tired of love.

After much delay and many struggles, I left my chamber, filled with  
shame.

shame. This was to be the day, the fatal day on which I was to be initiated in the mysteries of vice—for Heaven is my witness, there had not been a deed in the record of my youth which could stamp me a villain, or sting me with repentance. I paused on the stair-case; reflected on the female captive—and, falling against the wall, with my arms folded across my bosom, began seriously to think of death; and to weigh the last pang of nature against the degrading drudgery of life.—“*Should it be my Mother!*”—

I started, and ran down stairs—The image of my Mother still touched my brain—I could not divest myself of the idea, and hastened precipitately to the grate, where I had first beheld the Lady at her devotions—

“*Should it be my Mother!*” I again exclaimed, half breathless, with terror.—I will kill Dormoud, by Heaven!

This last resolve gave a sudden composure to my late-troubled spirit. I slackened my pace, and went gently on tip-toe as I approached the grate. A little black curtain had been let down from the top of the window; but time, and its usefulness, had much worn the texture of it. One division, in particular, offered me a sight of the charming captive, whose resignation had endeared her to me—I put my face down, looked through the curtain and saw her—not at prayer, but fainting on the bosom of the Cordelier.—No!—*It is not my Mother!*

Joy, at least a kind of ridiculous and exulting mirth, succeeded my com-

complaining. I not only was convinced that the Lady was no relation of mine, but I was convinced had a better protector than myself, and that she could trust much with this holy comforter.

“ The Devil may run with this  
 “ Cordelier,” (said I to myself) “ surely  
 “ ly he does what pleases him with  
 “ the heart of woman! I am glad how-  
 “ ever, the lady is not my Mother;  
 “ she would recline on no bosom but  
 “ that of her husband, or her son !”

Thus I reflected.—but of what service could be my conjectures? I knew not whether this was the lady meant by Dormoud. She was still veiled, and if I could have seen her face I was not in a humour to be in love with it; therefore, leaving the

Cordelier to fulfill his heavenly office,  
I went very sedately to breakfast  
with Dormoud.

The gaiety this man diffused around him, lulled every care—his manner so fascinated the human mind.

“ Could I discern virtue through  
“ thy native embellishments, what a  
“ rare piece of workmanship wouldst  
“ thou be !”—this soliloquy was only  
whispered from my heart, as I sat  
conversing with him.

‘ When I informed you, that my  
‘ happiness could be promoted by  
‘ your assistance,’ said he, ‘ I meant  
‘ you should prove my negociator  
‘ with a perverse beauty, who is here  
‘ imprisoned only because I love—  
‘ her



‘ her soul never entertained a crime !  
 ‘ By my contrivance she is here, and  
 ‘ here she shall make me happy—  
 ‘ and yet—when I approach her,  
 ‘ Sir, my desires are chastened by her  
 ‘ unfullied innocence—I am awed—  
 ‘ she awakens me to a sense of the  
 ‘ purity I have lost ; and I leave her,  
 ‘ enraged at my own weakness.’

For my own part, I had no grand  
 idea of the lady’s unfullied inno-  
 cence ; for I strongly suspected her to  
 be identically the same who was then  
 confessing to the Cordelier. True, I  
 had seen nothing incompatible with  
 delicacy, unless the most sorrowful  
 tenderness could be deemed so ; but  
 I had seen enough to convince me  
 the lady was not invulnerable. Dor-  
 mould resumed—

' Till now, as woman varied, va-  
 ' ried were my pleasures.—The vain  
 ' coquette invited my advances, and  
 ' trifled with my heart; but, when  
 ' she thought herself secure, I burst  
 ' the web of her feigned-indifference,  
 ' added warmth to her stronger pas-  
 ' sions, till she dissolved in the flame  
 ' she affected to kindle alone for me.  
 ' My vengeance was just; her me-  
 ' mory obtruded, and Dormoud was  
 ' gone.—The ambitious beauty, who  
 ' unportioned, stood up for high mar-  
 ' riage settlements, held her willing  
 ' neck to receive my golden fetters.  
 ' She appealed not to my heart, I  
 ' despised hers; visions of splendor  
 ' dazzled: I continually waved them  
 ' before her senses. Insensible to  
 ' love, she sacrificed all to pride, and  
 ' broke her own enchantment. I  
 ' left her to weep, but hers were not  
 ' the

‘ the tears of wounded affection—  
 ‘ And now what avails my past vic-  
 ‘ tories?—I am ensnared by one to  
 ‘ whose impenetrable soul I can find  
 ‘ no avenue!—she shall!—she must  
 ‘ be mine!’

“ If the mind of Dormoud may  
 “ be reclaimed, this object of his  
 “ love can only boast the power!  
 “ Who knows but she has excel-  
 “ lence! If so, her attractions, in-  
 “ stead of descending, may draw  
 “ this man to the zenith of her per-  
 “ fection.”

Reasoning thus within myself, I  
 secretly resolved to use my best ef-  
 forts with the lady, and gain upon  
 Dormoud to marry rather than de-  
 stroy her peace.

K 6

“ I will

“ I will plead for you, Sir,” said I, “ and may the regard you entertain for the lady, recall you to the path of refinement ; a path from which you have been hurried by the impetuosity of youth. You are accomplished—the chain of ignorance hangs not on your mental powers ; nor can you eternally avoid the whispers of virtue.—”

‘ Cease !—Cease your admonitions !  
 ‘ Far ! very far beyond your judgment lye the doings of Dormoud.  
 ‘ I have your faith, you have promised me secrecy ; on your fidelity depends your existence.’

There was a time when such a threat, from such a man, would have shook me ; the roughest passions of my soul would have taken the alarm,  
 and

and awoke to vengeance; but—No!—all was past!—Self appeared to have no influence over my despairing spirit. What had I here to live for, after being pronounced a captive for ever!—I was calm, truly undisturbed by the menaces of Dormoud; yet to do one kind action for him was to tune his shattered thoughts to peace.—

‘ Here is but one obstacle to my wishes,’ continued he, ‘ which is her hatred, at least it is that torpid insensibility to which she gives the softer term of virtue. In hourly danger of death, she braves me with a smile of resignation; but that resignation is meant to Heaven alone, her haughty soul despises me.’—

“ Marry

“ Marry her—offer no violation  
 “ to her will, but lead her to the  
 “ chamber of pure delight. There  
 “ will delicacy and tender confidence  
 “ mingle her soul with yours—  
 “ Friendship, love, every high sen-  
 “ sation that swells the human heart;  
 “ every fine dependance that loses  
 “ itself in unison, will await you  
 “ with the woman you adore; and  
 “ who may love, if once she believes  
 “ she can love in you the image of  
 “ excellence.”

‘ Marry her!’ replied Dormoud,  
 with a gesture of abhorrence.—

“ Why do you start, Sir?—your  
 “ youth is spent, you cannot be happy  
 “ without her, and where will you  
 “ find domestic bliss if not with a  
 “ woman of beauty and virtue?”—

‘ But

‘ But matrimony is such a net,  
 ‘ and its texture so strong and heavy,  
 ‘ that I shall never be able to stretch  
 ‘ myself with any ease or pleasure.  
 ‘ Besides, I very much doubt, if I  
 ‘ have the power to lay continually  
 ‘ contracted like an hedge hog, mere-  
 ‘ ly to please my wife and the parson.’

“ Believe me, Sir ! your wishes  
 “ will not wander, if you truly  
 “ love.—”

‘ But I’ll never marry, Sir, if I can  
 ‘ do without it—Heavens ! How  
 ‘ blest should I be if she could love  
 ‘ as I do—Go ! win her to my arms,  
 ‘ and command my fortune !’

“ May I talk of marriage ?—”

‘ D—n



‘ D—n it, Sir, how you teize me !  
 ‘ —Try other allurements—She must  
 ‘ be mine.—’

The entrance of the Cordelier checked, in some degree, the warmth of Dormoud. In a moment he collected himself, and enquired after the health of his fair prisoner.

‘ She does not complain,’ said the Cordelier, ‘ her soul seems to have  
 ‘ mounted above every worldly care,  
 ‘ and every mortal infirmity.’

‘ That is not the state of mind I  
 ‘ wish you to encourage, my good  
 ‘ Father ! I think she may as well  
 ‘ soar to heaven from the pillow of  
 ‘ delight, as from a river of tears. It  
 ‘ is amazing that you gloomy disci-  
 ‘ plinarians

‘ plinarians will, through every age,  
‘ make the Deity an inquisitor, and  
‘ dislocate your victims by torture  
‘ before you think them worthy his  
‘ acceptance.’

The Cordelier blushed—I was in  
pain for him—He mildly replied—

‘ We only wish to exalt and purify  
‘ the mind of man, that he may not  
‘ despise himself. Man is possessed  
‘ of powers which himself cannot de-  
‘ fine ; all he can do is, to endeavour,  
‘ through the conveyance of sound,  
‘ to communicate their workings to  
‘ his fellow beings ; this conveyance  
‘ he feels inadequate, and, conse-  
‘ quently, turns in upon his mind ;  
‘ if vice alone is seen ; if the senses  
‘ are predominant ; and, in uproar,  
‘ tearing him within ; you will per-  
‘ ceive

' ceive his form early relax, his finer  
 ' faculties grow dim, and all plea-  
 ' sure that is not gross will, to him,  
 ' appear unlovely. On the contrary;  
 ' if early taught that an universe can  
 ' only be seen by looking backward  
 ' over the realms of spirit, man grows  
 ' proud of every new discovery in his  
 ' intellectual world; he will exult  
 ' with the hope of possessing a state  
 ' suited to his fine, though invisible  
 ' powers, and will no longer despise  
 ' himself.—'

' Very well, good Father, you are  
 ' exceedingly eloquent on topics  
 ' which, I am certain, will give you  
 ' range enough; and so far am I from  
 ' endeavouring to oppose your pious  
 ' harangue, that I will do all I can  
 ' to support it, and you shall draw  
 ' the conclusion—Your pretty mourner  
 ' is

‘ is the universe to me ; and, in pos-  
 ‘ fessing her, I will ask nothing more  
 ‘ to suit my fine, invifible powers ;  
 ‘ and until ſhe is difpleafed with me,  
 ‘ I will not deſpiſe myſelf.’

The muſcles of an anchoret would have unbended at this ſcene.—The eyes of Dormoud ſparkled with gaiety, as they were turned up to the Cordelier ; who ſtood gazing on him like one ſtruck with terror and aſtoniſhment—the momentary pauſe ended in a loud laugh of Dormoud ; who, taking the Cordelier’s hand, ſympathiſed with him in a merry manner—‘ And  
 ‘ how, my holy Friend,’ ſaid he,  
 ‘ could you ſo eaſily let go the beſt  
 ‘ end of the argument ?’

‘ I am confuſed, not conquered—  
 ‘ a prize of unequalled value is nei-  
 ‘ ther

‘ *they won not guarded with ease.—*  
 ‘ *I am more interested on your ac-*  
 ‘ *count than you can conceive.*’

To this last speech of the Cordelier I could have given my secret avowal ; but I was resolved to observe all I could, and *be silent*—My situation required caution, and silence is seldom inconvenient to those who would advance safely through the troubles of life.

‘ I thank you,’ replied Dormoud to the Cordelier, ‘ I believe, my  
 ‘ good Sir, you would kindly make  
 ‘ me dissatisfied with the retrospect of  
 ‘ myself—I never mean to take a  
 ‘ backward view, whilst time drags  
 ‘ me forward ; but do indulge me for  
 ‘ a month or two, and I will try to  
 ‘ be

‘ be virtuous through the remaining  
‘ part of my life.’

‘ Listen to the voice of virtue, and  
‘ you may smile when dying.’

‘ Yes !—but you *sombre* sons of  
‘ melancholy vision are known to pro-  
‘ mise more than yourselves dare  
‘ trust to. You sooth, with the hope  
‘ of mercy, poor delinquents, whom  
‘ you, nevertheless, from the severity  
‘ of your rules, think lost for ever. Far  
‘ be it from the innocent Dormoud to  
‘ argue like a modern sophist, for  
‘ and against you, without knowing  
‘ why ; but surely I may avail myself  
‘ of your spiritual lenity, and beg  
‘ you will comfort me, by persuad-  
‘ ing my fair prisoner, that I am the  
‘ most honourable of men.’

Have

‘ Have you resolved to support  
 ‘ that character?’

‘ Humph!—I—I wish to—I had  
 ‘ forgot myself—I only was thinking  
 ‘ what would please the lady.’

‘ Can you expect me to violate  
 ‘ truth? Does it pertain to my office  
 ‘ to delude the judgment of my fel-  
 ‘ low-creatures?—’

‘ A little, I believe—Well, well,  
 ‘ my dear Father, you will find me a  
 ‘ profelyte the moment I am convinced  
 ‘ of the efficacy of your doctrine;  
 ‘ in the interval, you know, if I lose  
 ‘ the pleasure of sinning, you and  
 ‘ your sable brethren will lose the  
 ‘ glory of my repentance.’

Perceiving



Perceiving the heart of this lively libertine invulnerable, I wished to support the gentle Cordelier, and interrupted the conversation, by saying to Dormoud, “ If I may advise, Sir, “ you should rest your cause with the “ lady, and trust to her decision.”

‘ I must—I must—but her inflexibility enrages me.’

On other topics we gave our opinions alternately, till the Cordelier took leave, which he did hastily, and with looks full of trouble. My eyes followed him; I melted with commiseration, and wished Dormoud had treated him with more reverence, though he had lately avoided me.

When alone with Dormoud, he returned to the subject his imagination

tion swelled with. He wished me immediately to visit the lady, to plead with her in his behalf—"but," said he, "if you can succeed with her in no other way, tell her I will——" Here he made a full pause.

"Marry her," replied I.—

"Go, Sir—you are sensible we are friends conditionally."

This speech was delivered with haughty fullness; its effect was lost on me, my whole soul was collected, a few momentary pangs came not within her estimation. And as I feared not death, I could not fear Dormoud. Charged with his dishonourable embassy, I hoped to acquit myself, not as a creature apt for villainy; but, if the lady should prove as tender to him

him as she was to the Cordelier, I did not think myself privileged in opposing her sentiments. Therefore I hastened to her apartment, knocked gently at her door; it was opened, and she received me with dignity of manner, but veiled. In attempting a formal apology, my tongue faltered. The lady observed, spared my confusion, and, with an heavenly sweetness, desired me to be seated.

‘ You seem a stranger, Sir, may  
 ‘ you never become familiar to the  
 ‘ horrors of this prison.’

Endeavouring to appear respectful, I took my seat with awkwardness enough, I believe, and incoherently claimed the lady’s indulgence—She sighed—deeply sighed!

I could hear her breath flutter in tremulous pauses; her face I was not permitted to behold.

Surely, said I to myself, agitation is sympathetic, or we should not thus mutually feel distressed: politeness bids me leave her, that she may conquer this surprise. Hardly knowing what was best, I suddenly arose to be gone, and, bowing low, found courage at last to say, “ Pardon me, “ Madam, I meant not to intrude— “ my presence oppresses you—I will, “ if permitted, wait on you at some “ more tranquil moment.”

‘ Pray, Sir, excuse my manner!  
 ‘ if it is forbidding, I mean it not;  
 ‘ no future moment will find me more  
 ‘ tranquil—believe me much at leisure—let me prevail on you, Sir,  
 ‘ to

‘ to say why I am honoured with  
‘ your visit?’

I sat down again—The lady, in spite of her efforts to conceal it, was still agitated.

“ Politeness, Madam, may, in  
“ some degree, be forgot or neglect-  
“ ed, when the mind is stubbornly  
“ adhering to the first good, first  
“ perfect, and first fair. My visit,  
“ however unexpected, or however  
“ painful, may be productive of  
“ your liberty and happiness. Calm  
“ your apprehensions—I am a stranger  
“ to you—I am no stranger to that  
“ tender delicacy due to your sex.  
“ Summon, therefore, those stronger  
“ virtues, of which I hope you are  
“ possessed, and yield not thus to un-  
“ favourable impressions.”

L 2

‘ What

‘ What means this solemn prelude,  
 ‘ Sir? my situation from you needs  
 ‘ no support : What have you to do  
 ‘ with my virtues? Can you judge  
 ‘ me, who am accountable only to  
 ‘ heaven? When I complain, do  
 ‘ you prove a comforter! If you  
 ‘ come to fortify my mind against the  
 ‘ fear of death, know I am prepared,  
 ‘ and have not leisure to hear you :  
 ‘ none can guide me through the un-  
 ‘ known gulf, I must depart alone;  
 ‘ whilst here, my sorrows are sacred,  
 ‘ not one of your sex must profane  
 ‘ them.’

So, so! here is another farce ri-  
 sing (thought I.) This lady positively  
 will not be saved by any man but the  
 Cordelier. O, woman! thy artful  
 reserve never ends.

I was not in a humour to be over-credulous; and as I firmly believed the lady was giving me a taste of the buskin, I resolved to bring her up to a climax, and proceeded in a solemn tone :

“ I ask not your confidence, Ma-  
 “ dam, time only can convince you  
 “ that my assiduity is not merely  
 “ officious, but honorable; whilst I  
 “ guide you to peace, I will not ask  
 “ your friendship, this gloomy situa-  
 “ tion forbids that hope, for the at-  
 “ tendants here are Doubt, Suspicion,  
 “ Dismay, and Murder.”

‘ I know it—proceed, Sir.’

“ Dormoud loves you.”

‘ Speak not of Dormoud.’

L 3

“ Reflect



“ Reflect on your dreadful state ;  
 “ I shudder at the evils which may  
 “ befall you, if your soul is not  
 “ magnanimous enough to sacrifice  
 “ your love to your honour.”

‘ Fear me not, Sir—You must,  
 ‘ indeed, be a stranger to me ; you  
 ‘ will, I fancy, soon know me better  
 ‘ —perhaps too soon.’

Her last three words were breathed  
 in a low tone, like that of one labour-  
 ing with inward anguish. What  
 could I propose to this commanding  
 creature, commanding only from ap-  
 parent, or real, resignation ! for I now  
 confess, with shame, my doubts were  
 not removed.

I may be wrong, with respect to  
 the lady, said I, pausing within my-  
 self,

self, but her conduct ought not to influence mine—I am not a villain yet!—Emily alone, I believe, could make me so; she is wandering in the flowery path of vicious pleasure; she leads the pursuit, this holy Cordelier follows—There may come a time—No—I shall never interrupt them—

“ Madam, when I tell you there  
 “ are dangers near, you cannot fore-  
 “ see nor prevent, you will pardon  
 “ my officiousness, though you may  
 “ not follow my advice. Reflect  
 “ for one moment, think in whose  
 “ power you are, and if the world  
 “ holds but one object to whom you  
 “ may be dear, or who may be dear  
 “ to you, preserve your life! look  
 “ forward to a happier future; and  
 “ soothed by heavenly hope, pur-

L 4.

“ chaf,

“chafe liberty with honourable  
“misery.”

‘What mean you by honourable  
‘misery, Sir?’

“Your marriage with Dormoud!”

I started at my own proposition—  
Dormoud had given me no authority  
to make it, but my love of virtue, I  
believe, was impulsive. I felt no  
desire myself of seducing this defence-  
less lady, and forgot, at the mo-  
ment, they were not my own senti-  
ments I was sent to deliver.

‘Feeble custom of mankind!’ re-  
plied the lady, ‘marriage can bind,  
‘but where honour is not known,  
‘could I marry to delude the man I  
‘loved? Would he brutally  
‘dare

' dare to seize my hand whilst con-  
 ' scious he was the object of my dis-  
 ' gust? There may be such a man,  
 ' Sir, but with such a man I should  
 ' deserve and taste dishonourable mi-  
 ' sery. The tie of marriage too  
 ' often secures the dull and unimpas-  
 ' sioned frame, but how many tender,  
 ' noble and nameless blessings invisi-  
 ' bly hang over two kindred souls  
 ' unconfined by human institution?  
 ' That refined and generous affection  
 ' is not born of law. Heaven alone  
 ' directs its inherent and increasing  
 ' force, till death, for death alone  
 ' dissolves it.—Speak to me of ho-  
 ' nour; let it stand unsupported by,  
 ' and superior to your laws.'

This was the first time I had heard  
 such doctrine from a lady; the be-  
 loved Cordelier, I supposed, was

L 5

whisper.

whispering through her enraptured soul. She, however, set my thinking powers at a stand, and defied my judgment. Woman generally regards the Hymeneal state with a kind of awe. At least we teach them it is their duty and their interest to hold it sacred, though we often destroy, by our example, the effect of our theory. Till we better obey the laws we make, woman will laugh at us, inasmuch as we endeavour to insult her understanding. Finding I was rapt in my own contemplation, the lady resumed:

‘ Well, Sir, if you ever were beloved, I think you must hold my opinion.’

“ I once believed I was, Madam—  
 “ My mistress talked much of honor ;  
 “ amused me with ideas of fancied  
 “ virtue ;

“ virtue; bad me love her and  
 “ truth, yet, by heaven, she is false!  
 “ —Pardon my impatience! I am  
 “ mad with the imagination of her  
 “ guilt! She pursues another—She  
 “ holds me in her chains, faithless  
 “ woman! for her sake shall the  
 “ whole sex—”

‘ Hold, Sir, in the name of the  
 ‘ whole sex.’

“ Bear with me—I am injured—  
 “ deeply wounded; the fascinating  
 “ beauty I adored has proved your  
 “ doctrine false. No tender ties in-  
 “ visibly held her heart to mine; no  
 “ truth, no honour—but she is—she  
 “ shall be my contempt.”

‘ Are you certain, Sir, that your  
 ‘ wrongs are not imaginary? Are  
 L 6 ‘ you

‘ you not fearful of expressing your-  
 ‘ self too passionately ? Do you not  
 ‘ feel a dread while stabbing the cha-  
 ‘ racter of the woman you once  
 ‘ loved ?’

Her voice altered from its firmness, as she put those questions, into a tremulous solemnity, as if she feared my avowal of the charges I advanced, and hoped for my recantation. I was struck with more reverence than I had felt on the commencement of my visit, but boldly continued my protestations of eternal contempt for the principles of my fallen mistress.

‘ Is she not still dear to you, Sir ?’

“ I—I—No, Madam—She was  
 “ dear only to me—perhaps she did  
 “ not love me : she is cheap to those  
 “ she



“ she loves—I have forgot her—at  
 “ least she never more shall fill  
 “ my spirit.”

My heart struggled to utter contrary language; it still was beating with wounded tenderness, but pride, insulted pride, came to my relief, embittered my ideas, and filled me with such stubbornness, that had Emily appeared at that moment before me, I think I could have thrown her from me for ever. My negociation with the lady had all this time gained but little advantage, and I returned to it as well as I could. After recapitulating the subject of my visit, making generous comments on her opinions, and setting my unsuccessful proposition of matrimony aside, I hinted, that the true support of her  
 argument

argument would be always in her own power; and that if marriage appeared to shackle the free-born flame, Dormoud, who loved her, would study other methods to make her happy.

‘Base!’

My eloquence was at a full stop. I was dumb—A spider at that moment happened to be crawling up the wall, and afforded me the opportunity, by striking it down with my handkerchief, of turning aside my blushing countenance.

‘I hope, Sir, this is your first  
‘time of acting in an official capacity for—’

“For

“ For what, Madam ?” interrupting her with quickness—

‘ For your mistress, Sir—you certainly plead much in her behalf, when you say, she is false to you. Could she have been equally a friend to you and virtue ? Say, would you have dared, either for the sake of Dormoud or for your own, to have seduced her into snares inconsistent with the delicacy of her soul ?’—

“ I loved her, Madam, whilst I knew she was innocent, with ecstasy, that filled me with visionary refinement ; could I now meet her, my ardour would be very different. Who ever sported with  
“ a cro-

“ a crocodile as they would with a  
 “ lamb ?”

‘ Ha ! is it possible !—Enough,  
 ‘ Sir :—I confess your reasoning is  
 ‘ just ; you are no self-deluding so-  
 ‘ phist. By conversing frequently  
 ‘ with you, or gazing through your  
 ‘ medium, I should maintain, ob-  
 ‘ stinately, that all men were blind  
 ‘ who did not see as I did. Be not  
 ‘ discouraged ; your success may more  
 ‘ than answer your expectations—I  
 ‘ have but one wish ungratified, which  
 ‘ is, that of being informed how you  
 ‘ were brought to this dreadful place.  
 ‘ —It does not matter !—all is over,  
 ‘ all will soon pass away !’

“ Madam, it is impossible you can  
 “ judge me, unless you know the  
 “ woman.”—

‘ Be-

‘ Behold that woman !’ throwing up her veil:—

The conflict was too powerful ! she fainted—Trembling with astonishment and terror I caught her in my arms : once more !—Once more to hold my Emily ! To gaze on her I had loved so long ! for whom I had suffered so much ! Good Heaven ! How enraptured I stood with momentary joy.—The vision ended as her sense returned. She looked at me, but not with tenderness : not with that innocent confidence which once filled her eyes ; but, panting with pride, indifference and despair. —O what would I have given to retrieve so fine a mind ! What would I have borne to have recalled so valuable a heart to love and Henry !—

‘ It

‘ It is wonderful !’ said she, withdrawing her eyes from me and fixing them on the earth—‘ it is dreadful ! But it must be so—Henry !—poor Henry ! where have you been ?’—

She paused—

“ Speak on !—Ask me again where I have been !—Tell me I have been long forgotten.”—

A flood of tears silently flowed down her cheeks, I suffered them to flow without interruption, hoping they were the soft effects of pity or of love.—The Cordelier was not thought of at this moment.—

‘ I never supposed we could meet thus, unfortunate Henry ! Why did you

‘ you suffer the world to corrupt you ?  
‘ what has the world gained by  
‘ making you base—?’

“ Am I base in your eyes, Emily ?”

‘ For ever !’

“ Who has dared to tell you I  
“ am base ?”

‘ Yourself, Sir—Leave me—I am  
‘ cheap only to those I love—and  
‘ have no leisure but to employ  
‘ with my confessor.’

“ Damn him !”

‘ How, Sir !’—

“ Pardon me, Emily !”—

‘ You



‘ You cannot now offend, Sir,’—  
said the haughty maid, breaking in  
upon my apology with the utmost  
*sang-froid*.—

“ Have you forgot your Father,  
“ Emily ?”

‘ I remember him well—He can  
‘ never come to me!—I must never  
‘ go to him! here I am to breathe  
‘ my last!—Henry!—I did not wish  
‘ to meet you here. Why did you  
‘ come to see me die?—Depart!—  
‘ try to be happy—you are changed,  
‘ greatly changed; but there are  
‘ pleasures in the world suited to  
‘ depravity, and you may yet be  
‘ happy!’

“ I am a prisoner.”

‘ God

‘ God forbid !—O where are now  
 ‘ my blisful visions of eternity ! the  
 ‘ joys of Heaven are growing languid  
 ‘ to my spirit’s eye.—Go, Sir ! I  
 ‘ pray you leave me—Do you not  
 ‘ discern distraction growing round  
 ‘ you ? I am feeble, very feeble—  
 ‘ Nay, I shall taste of guilt in con-  
 ‘ versing with you—Leave me with  
 ‘ my confessor.’—

Observing her speech grew inco-  
 herent and broken in its meaning, I  
 began to dread the consequence of  
 this melancholy and strange meeting ;  
 I therefore retired, with a heart burst-  
 ing with shame, jealousy and sorrow ;  
 and, in passing through the arched-  
 aisle, met the Cordelier.—

“ You .

“ You have undone me, Father,”  
said I to him, “ that Lady loves  
“ you.”

‘ She has a right,’ replied he with  
firmness.

“ By Heaven you must be cau-  
“ tious !”—

‘ I will—Go to your apartment,  
‘ and try to follow my example’—

Without deigning further expla-  
nation, he entered the apartment of  
Emily, from whence that deluding  
beauty had banished me.

Stupid with astonishment I forgot  
Dormoud, and wandered from Emily’s  
door, through the furthest passages,  
endea-

endeavouring to account for this mysterious event.

Who could bring unfortunate Emily here? Why she is a prisoner, I need not question. Individuals in France stand in hourly jeopardy, are ever devoted to secret intrigue and too frequently torn from their friends they know not why. I left her in the convent on that fatal night, when I was borne into slavery. Could Dormoud convey her thence? Roderique, I supposed then, my only rival, and my inveterate foe. Where is now that finished villain? Perhaps an associate with this infernal Governor!—What can I do! why did I not expire in chains within these walls—anguish accumulates. Poor Emily! will no kind spirit plead for thee?

thee? Thy youth, thy innocence, thy inexperience; or it might happen that some designing act of friendship performed by this happy Cordelier strengthened his purposes and dissolved thine.

Thus I reflected, but my revolvings threw no light on this state of horror. All was enveloped in the shade of destiny. No gleam of comfort came, nor did I know whither to go; could I immediately return to Dormoud? Did I dare, truly to relate the unexpected result of my mediation for him? No, such imprudence would have hurried on the stroke of fate. Emily, myself, or both must instantly have fallen; and though the sight of the Cordelier had recalled my sense of honour, and I had resolved

resolved never to marry Emily, she still seemed to whisper her claim to my pity and my friendship; 'To your honour I could confide my child,' said her Father in an happier hour. Lost in perplexity, I insensibly reached the least frequented part of the castle, I heard sighs and lamentations: I saw not the victims who breathed them; the low door of the subterraneous den, shewn me by Dormoud, last presented itself—I stood looking at it with attention, and as Dormoud had predicted, felt less terror than at first, for calamity was become familiar to me. As I loitering gazed around me, at the many heavy doors barred with iron, and ranged in those quiet and solemn walls, my curiosity was awakened by hearing a noise within; the groan I

VOL. II.

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had

had heard when with Dormoud, came again to my recollection : and I wished impatiently to descend those steps once more, where I had found the picture of my mother ; my anxiety was unavailing !—the ponderous key was in the possession of Dormoud—I remembered my hapless parents and walked slowly on. This wing of the castle, shooting itself into the sea, was doubly terrible : a stillness controuled the troubled spirit !—I felt as if moving through a void sacred only to invifible woe ! Beings, who were irrevocably loft and meant to be cut off from the world were confined here ! No guards paſſing : vigilance might here have ſlept, ſince maſſy bars filled every little avenue, and all appeared tremendously ſecure. Turning my eye towards the right  
hand



hand wall, I observed a low window about a foot square, I put my face close to the grate ; cold and confined air seemed to come moaning from some back part ; I supposed it came from the ocean, and the darkness of this gloomy chamber could only be discovered by a glimmering flame, languishing and going out by fits, from a shattered and filthy lamp placed on a large coffin. I listened—the winds breathed horror on my imagination, which swiftly formed creations of such frightful shadowing, that I even started from the grate. At that moment I thought the name of Henry stole softly on my ear !—nothing more ! Dead silence followed—I was persuaded it was fancy ; the flame in the lamp expired :—and borne down

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[with

with dismay, I again bent my irregular steps towards Emily's door.

If I must be a villain, said I, as I passed it, I will not prove a villain for Dormoud ; I will learn circumvention till I outdo him, I will oppose art to his arrogance, servility to his pride, and flattery to his crimes ; he is too full of vice to be worthy my care. Indulgent Father of unnumbered worlds ! let me still beg existence from thee ! Preserve me amidst the snares of man, and though entangled in this web of human misery, make me act for the cause of virtue !

When a man begins the work of villainy with compunction, it is a proof that he will become an idler. Vicious minds must encounter many

difficulties in their lame-halting after flying pleasure; I could not presume to keep pace yet with Dormoud, but I resolved whilst my life was prolonged within these walls, to become his competitor in the manner I thought best suited to my train of thought.—I also resolved that if Emily was not mine, she never should be his against her inclination; the Cordelier I knew held a good chance against us both.

But what of Emily?—She has forgotten me; would she have forgotten her vows had I not insulted her truth, and wounded her fame even in her presence? Yes,—she has favoured this Cordelier, he loves her, is beloved, and I am estranged; yet, it can be no crime to save her from

Dormoud—I will try to protect her, that she may (should a future chance offer) be blest with the object of her affections: this is the last struggle of my dying hopes!

Dormoud was waiting for me; I hastened to him, and flattered him with expectation. Embracing me with liveliness, ‘and when,’ said he, ‘shall I visit her.’

“ Let me prevail on you to calm  
 “ your impatience, Sir; love when  
 “ immature, feebly operates on the  
 “ human mind. Banish fear and un-  
 “ easiness from her **you** admire, and  
 “ your felicity may be of long con-  
 “ tinuance.”—

‘ But you give me hopes: you  
 think

‘ think she will not persevere in cruel-  
‘ ty ; why may I not this moment  
‘ throw myself at her feet, and tell  
‘ her I am expiring with the flame  
‘ she has kindled in my bosom ?’

“ Her confessor is with her !”—

‘ That quiet fellow crosses me like  
‘ my evil genius : and yet, I almost  
‘ wish my life had been like his ; his  
‘ harmless, unimpassioned manner  
‘ gains on my respect, but I shall  
‘ never get hold of this charming  
‘ lady whilst he supports her holy  
‘ delusion.’

“ Do you know him further than  
“ from his offices here ?”—

‘ I know he has the address of  
M 4 ‘ manag-

‘managing some of the first men in  
‘France.’

“Where did he come from?”

‘From the Netherlands, strongly  
‘recommended by the Abbé Doro-  
‘vontes: let us talk no more of  
‘him:—Say when I may see the  
‘lady.’—

‘This was the first step I had  
taken from the way of truth, and it  
now appeared a certain one towards  
destruction.—I had made an unwar-  
ranted proposal to Emily; I had given  
false hope to Dormoud, merely to  
gain time, and stood between both a  
deceiver:—no other path offered, I  
was obliged to go on.—

“It

“ It is vain to think of obtain-  
“ ing her but through the fanc-  
“ tion of the church.—

‘ The Devil it is ! you melt and  
‘ freeze me with the same breath.’

“ Because you allow not yourself,  
“ or the lady, leisure to arrive by  
“ fine and fond gradation at con-  
“ summate happiness—when was wo-  
“ man won surrounded by terrors ?  
“ Delicacy, attention, composure ;  
“ all that can soften and allure, should  
“ play gently near her. Sensibility  
“ and tenderness once awakened in  
“ the bosom of woman, imagination  
“ and memory will befriend the  
“ lover, she will in idea become  
“ more his than her own, and yield  
“ to



“ to pity, more than she can hold  
 “ with pride.”

I was not certain in this specious harangue of describing a lady's heart, but I was certain mine would warmly comply with all those endearing duties.

‘ By Heaven I will obey you,’  
 (said Dormoud, passionately) ‘ only  
 ‘ give me hope and you shall manage  
 ‘ me, till—aye, till I am no longer  
 ‘ patient enough to bear your rein.  
 ‘ You, I believe, have been conversant  
 ‘ with that haughty part of the sex  
 ‘ stiled women of virtue; I only  
 ‘ with the weak and willing, and  
 ‘ my cheap victories are no longer  
 ‘ valued. But this glorious conquest  
 ‘ was

‘ was reserved for my riper judgment, and over this fair opposer I will not seem to triumph, but to yield.’—

“ The lady thinks favourably of you—I will see her again, and draw forth, if possible, her secret resolves; I am in your power, Sir, —you may command my services.”

‘ My dear friend, you make me happy; I will not command but obey you: share my confidence, taste every pleasure confinement can afford, but you are so conducive to my tranquillity that you will pardon me when I say, liberty to you would be affliction to me. You really  
‘ master

‘ master my passions, at least from  
 ‘ your bent they will acquire aggre-  
 ‘ gated force.’

This was new reasoning, and not very congenial to my wish for freedom. In truth, I grew hourly more involved, and my embarrassments thickened as I laboured to disengage myself.

‘ I have,’ (resumed the Governor)  
 ‘ been invited by the Marquis Lou-  
 ‘ vois to spend a day or two with  
 ‘ him; the Deputy Rozinellé, will  
 ‘ in my absence grant your reasona-  
 ‘ ble requisitions: before I depart  
 ‘ gain me an amicable interview with  
 ‘ my charming mistress, I promise  
 ‘ not to make full use of it—Shall  
 ‘ it

‘ it be to-morrow?—I die to see  
 ‘ her !’

To this hot-headed lover, I said more than I meant to fulfill, and withdrew.

To hear that the Cordelier came from the Netherlands, and recommended by the Abbé Dorovontes, of whom my Father had spoken to me, afforded hope of intelligence ; I accordingly resolved to regain his attention and friendship, especially as I meant to resign Emily for ever ; my parents were still dear to me.—The remembrance of them sacred ; but when I reflected on Emily, pride, revenge, jealousy and despair tore my bosom with their working \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

2d.

2d August, 1685.

WHAT mean these shivering fits  
—I am ill—writing is become too  
great a labour—here I must end my

\* \* \* \* \*

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