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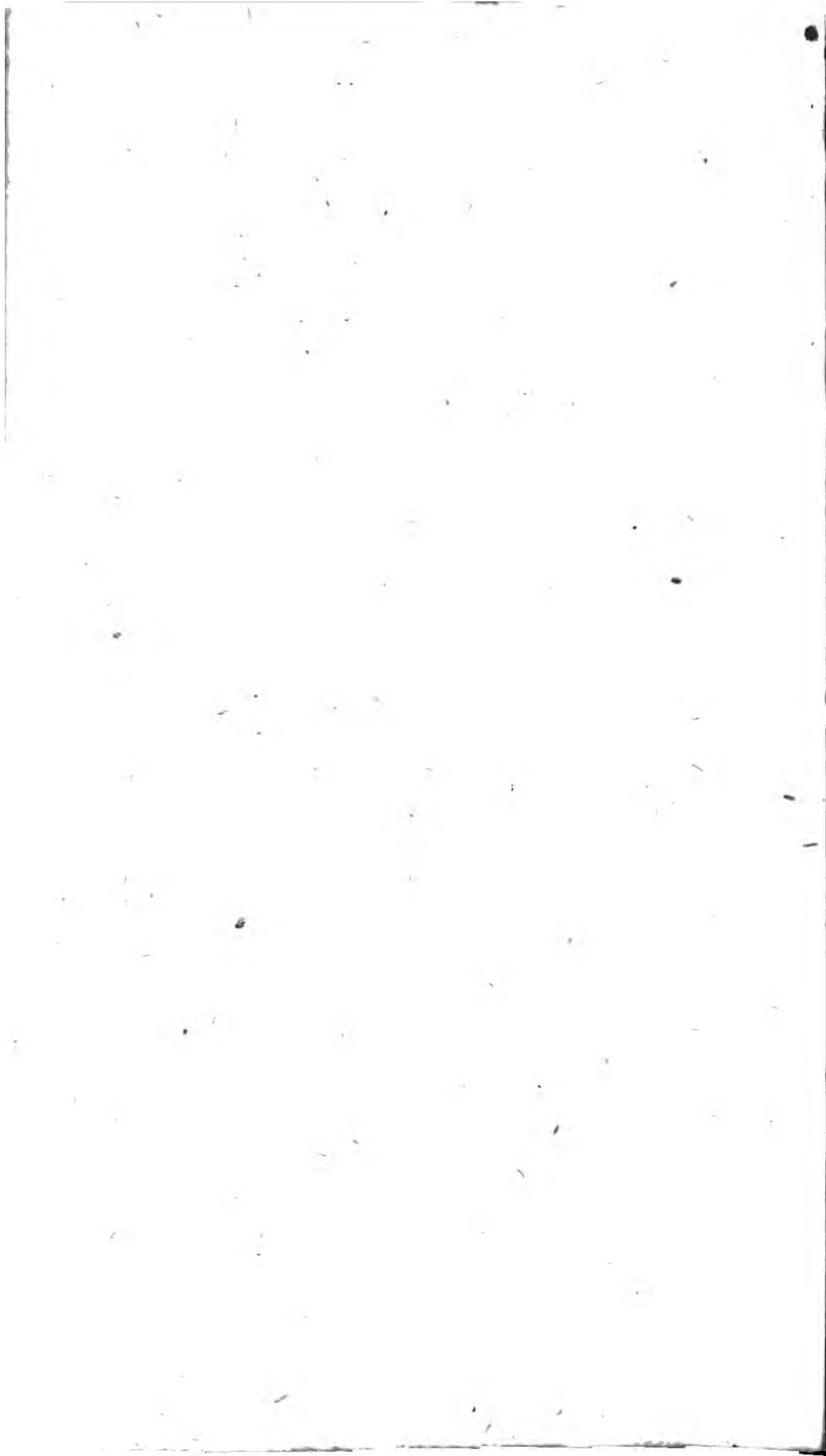
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12 ⊖ 1622

Oliver Bateman





THE
Romance of the Forest :

INTERSPERSED WITH
SOME PIECES OF POETRY.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF
"A SICILIAN ROMANCE," &c.

" Ere the bat hath flown

" His cloister'd flight ; ere to black Hecate's summons,

" The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,

" Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

" A deed of dreadful note."

MACBETH.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.XCI.

THE
ROMANCE
OF THE
FOREST.

CHAPTER VIII.

———“ When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons; they are natural;
For I believe they are portentous things.”

JULIUS CÆSAR.

WHEN Adeline appeared at breakfast, her harrassed and languid countenance struck Madame La Motte, who inquired if she was ill; Adeline, forcing a smile upon her features, said she had not rested well, for that she had had very

VOL. II.

B

disturbed

disturbed dreams: she was about to describe them, but a strong and involuntary impulse prevented her. At the same time, La Motte ridiculed her concern so unmercifully, that she was almost ashamed to have mentioned it, and tried to overcome the remembrance of its cause.

After breakfast, she endeavoured to employ her thoughts by conversing with Madame La Motte; but they were really engaged by the incidents of the last two days; the circumstance of her dreams, and her conjectures concerning the information to be communicated to her by Theodore. They had thus sat for some time, when a sound of voices arose from the great gate of the abbey; and, on going to the casement, Adeline saw the Marquis and his attendants on the lawn below. The portal of the abbey concealed several people from her view, and among these it was possible might be Theodore, who had not yet appeared: she continued to look for him with great anxiety,

anxiety, till the Marquis entered the hall with La Motte, and some other persons, soon after which Madame went to receive him, and Adeline retired to her own apartment.

A message from La Motte, however, soon called her to join the party, where she vainly hoped to find Theodore. The Marquis arose as she approached, and, having paid her some general compliments, the conversation took a very lively turn. Adeline, finding it impossible to counterfeit cheerfulness, while her heart was sinking with anxiety and disappointment, took little part in it: Theodore was not once named. She would have asked concerning him, had it been possible to inquire with propriety; but she was obliged to content herself with hoping, first, that he would arrive before dinner, and then before the departure of the Marquis.

Thus the day passed in expectation and disappointment. The evening was now

approaching, and she was condemned to remain in the presence of the Marquis, apparently listening to a conversation, which, in truth, she scarcely heard, while the opportunity was, perhaps, escaping that would decide her fate. She was suddenly relieved from this state of torture, and thrown into one, if possible, still more distressing.

The Marquis inquired for Louis, and being informed of his departure, mentioned that Theodore Peyrou had that morning set out for his regiment in a distant province. He lamented the loss he should sustain by his absence; and expressed some very flattering praise of his talents. The shock of this intelligence overpowered the long-agitated spirits of Adeline; the blood forsook her cheeks, and a sudden faintness came over her, from which she recovered only to a consciousness of having discovered her emotion, and the danger of relapsing into a second fit.

She

She retired to her chamber, where, being once more alone, her oppressed heart found relief from tears, in which she freely indulged. Ideas crowded so fast upon her mind, that it was long ere she could arrange them so as to produce any thing like reasoning. She endeavoured to account for the abrupt departure of Theodore. “Is it possible,” said she, “that he should take an interest
 “in my welfare, and yet leave me expo-
 “sed to the full force of a danger, which
 “he himself foresaw? Or am I to be-
 “lieve that he has trifled with my sim-
 “plicity for an idle frolic, and has now
 “left me to the wondering apprehension
 “he has raised? Impossible! a counte-
 “nance so noble, and a manner so amia-
 “ble, could never disguise a heart ca-
 “pable of forming so despicable a de-
 “sign. No!—whatever is reserved for
 “me, let me not relinquish the pleasure
 “of believing that he is worthy of my
 “esteem.”

She was awakened from thoughts like these by a peal of distant thunder, and now perceived that the gloominess of evening was deepened by the coming storm; it rolled onward, and soon after the lightning began to flash along the chamber. Adeline was superior to the affectation of fear, and was not apt to be terrified; but she now felt it unpleasant to be alone, and, hoping that the Marquis might have left the abbey, she went down to the sitting room; but the threatening aspect of the Heavens had hitherto detained him, and now the evening tempest made him rejoice that he had not quitted a shelter. The storm continued, and night came on. La Motte pressed his guest to take a bed at the abbey, and he, at length, consented; a circumstance, which threw Madame La Motte into some perplexity, as to the accommodation to be afforded him; after some time, she arranged the affair to her satisfaction; resigning her own apartment
to

to the Marquis, and that of Louis to two of his superior attendants; Adeline, it was farther settled, should give up her room to Monsieur and Madame La Motte; and remove to an inner chamber, where a small bed, usually occupied by Annette, was placed for her.

At supper, the Marquis was less gay than usual; he frequently addressed Adeline, and his look and manner seemed to express the tender interest, which her indisposition, for she still appeared pale and languid, had excited. Adeline, as usual, made an effort to forget her anxiety, and appear happy; but the veil of assumed cheerfulness was too thin to conceal the features of sorrow; and her feeble smiles only added a peculiar softness to her air. The Marquis conversed with her on a variety of subjects, and displayed an elegant mind. The observations of Adeline, which, when called upon, she gave with reluctant modesty, in words at once simple and forceful, seemed to excite his

admiration, which he sometimes betrayed by an inadvertent expression.

Adeline retired early to her room, which adjoined on one side to Madame La Motte's, and on the other to the closet formerly mentioned. It was spacious and lofty, and what little furniture it contained was falling to decay; but, perhaps, the present tone of her spirits might contribute more than these circumstances to give that air of melancholy, which seemed to reign in it. She was unwilling to go to bed, lest the dreams that had lately pursued her should return; and determined to sit up till she found herself oppressed by sleep, when it was probable her rest would be profound. She placed the light on a small table, and, taking a book, continued to read for above an hour, till her mind refused any longer to abstract itself from its own cares, and she sat for some time leaning pensively on her arm.

The wind was high, and as it whistled
through

through the desolate apartment, and shook the feeble doors, she often started, and sometimes even thought she heard sighs between the pauses of the gust; but she checked these illusions, which the hour of the night and her own melancholy imagination conspired to raise. As she sat musing, her eyes fixed on the opposite wall, she perceived the arras, with which the room was hung, wave backwards and forwards; she continued to observe it for some minutes, and then rose to examine it farther. It was moved by the wind; and she blushed at the momentary fear it had excited: but she observed that the tapestry was more strongly agitated in one particular place than elsewhere, and a noise that seemed something more than that of the wind issued thence. The old bedstead, which La Motte had found in this apartment, had been removed to accommodate Adeline, and it was behind the place where this had stood, that the wind seemed to rush with

particular force : curiosity prompted her to examine still farther ; she felt about the tapestry, and perceiving the wall behind shake under her hand, she lifted the arras, and discovered a small door, whose loosened hinges admitted the wind, and occasioned the noise she had heard.

The door was held only by a bolt, having undrawn which, and brought the light, she descended by a few steps into another chamber : she instantly remembered her dreams. The chamber was not much like that in which she had seen the dying Chevalier, and afterwards the bier ; but it gave her a confused remembrance of one through which she had passed. Holding up the light to examine it more fully, she was convinced by its structure that it was part of the ancient foundation. A shattered casement, placed high from the floor, seemed to be the only opening to admit light. She observed a door on the opposite side of the apartment ; and after some moments

ments of hesitation, gained courage, and determined to pursue the inquiry. "A mystery seems to hang over these chambers," said she, "which it is, perhaps, my lot to develope; I will, at least, see to what that door leads."

She stepped forward, and having unclosed it, proceeded with faltering steps along a suite of apartments, resembling the first in style and condition, and terminating in one exactly like that where her dream had represented the dying person; the remembrance struck so forcibly upon her imagination, that she was in danger of fainting; and looking round the room, almost expected to see the phantom of her dream.

Unable to quit the place, she sat down on some old lumber to recover herself, while her spirits were nearly overcome by a superstitious dread, such as she had never felt before. She wondered to what part of the abbey these chambers belonged, and that they had so long escaped

detection. The casements were all too high to afford any information from without. When she was sufficiently composed to consider the direction of the rooms, and the situation of the abbey, there appeared not a doubt that they formed an interior part of the original building.

As these reflections passed over her mind, a sudden gleam of moonlight fell upon some object without the casement. Being now sufficiently composed to wish to pursue the inquiry; and believing this object might afford her some means of learning the situation of these rooms, she combated her remaining terrors, and, in order to distinguish it more clearly, removed the light to an outer chamber; but before she could return, a heavy cloud was driven over the face of the moon, and all without was perfectly dark: she stood for some moments waiting a returning gleam, but the obscurity continued. As she went softly back for
the

the light, her foot stumbled over something on the floor, and while she stooped to examine it, the moon again shone, so that she could distinguish, through the casement, the eastern towers of the abbey. This discovery confirmed her former conjectures concerning the interior situation of these apartments. The obscurity of the place prevented her discovering what it was that had impeded her steps, but having brought the light forward, she perceived on the floor an old dagger: with a trembling hand she took it up, and upon a closer view perceived, that it was spotted and stained with rust.

Shocked and surpris'd, she looked round the room for some object that might confirm or destroy the dreadful suspicion which now rush'd upon her mind; but she saw only a great chair, with broken arms, that stood in one corner of the room, and a table in a condition equally shattered, except that in
another

another part lay a confused heap of things, which appeared to be old lumber. She went up to it, and perceived a broken bedstead, with some decayed remnants of furniture, covered with dust and cobwebs, and which seemed, indeed, as if they had not been moved for many years. Desirous, however, of examining farther, she attempted to raise what appeared to have been part of the bedstead, but it slipped from her hand, and, rolling to the floor, brought with it some of the remaining lumber. Adeline started aside and saved herself, and when the noise it made had ceased, she heard a small rustling sound, and as she was about to leave the chamber, saw something falling gently among the lumber.

It was a small roll of paper, tied with a string, and covered with dust. Adeline took it up, and on opening it perceived an handwriting. She attempted to read it, but the part of the manuscript
she

she looked at was so much obliterated, that she found this difficult, though what few words were legible impressed her with curiosity and terror, and induced her to return with it immediately to her chamber.

Having reached her own room, she fastened the private door, and let the arras fall over it as before. It was now midnight. The stillness of the hour, interrupted only at intervals by the hollow sighings of the blast, heightened the solemnity of Adeline's feelings. She wished she was not alone, and before she proceeded to look into the manuscript, listened whether Madame La Motte was yet in her chamber: not the least sound was heard, and she gently opened the door. The profound silence within almost convinced her that no person was there; but willing to be farther satisfied, she brought the light and found the room empty. The lateness of the hour made her wonder that Madame La Motte was
not

not in her chamber, and she proceeded to the top of the tower stairs, to hearken if any person was stirring.

She heard the sound of voices from below, and, amongst the rest, that of La Motte speaking in his usual tone. Being now satisfied that all was well, she turned towards her room, when she heard the Marquis pronounce her name with very unusual emphasis. She paused. "I adore her," pursued he, "and by heaven"—He was interrupted by La Motte, "My Lord, remember your promise."

"I do," replied the Marquis, "and I will abide by it. But we trifle. Tomorrow I will declare myself, and I shall then know both what to hope and how to act." Adeline trembled so excessively, that she could scarcely support herself: she wished to return to her chamber; yet she was too much interested in the words she had heard, not to be anxious to have them more fully explained.

explained. There was an interval of silence, after which they conversed in a lower tone. Adeline remembered the hints of Theodore, and determined, if possible, to be relieved from the terrible suspense she now suffered. She stole softly down a few steps, that she might catch the accents of the speakers, but they were so low, that she could only now and then distinguish a few words. "Her father, say you?" said the Marquis. "Yes, my Lord, her father. I am well informed of what I say." Adeline shuddered at the mention of her father, a new terror seized her, and with increasing eagerness she endeavoured to distinguish their words, but for some time found this to be impossible. "Here is no time to be lost," said the Marquis, "to-morrow then." — She heard La Motte rise, and, believing it was to leave the room, she hurried up the steps, and having reached her chamber, sunk almost lifeless in a chair.

It

It was her father only of whom she thought. She doubted not that he had pursued and discovered her retreat, and, though this conduct appeared very inconsistent with his former behaviour in abandoning her to strangers, her fears suggested that it would terminate in some new cruelty. She did not hesitate to pronounce this the danger of which Theodore had warned her; but it was impossible to surmise how he had gained his knowledge of it, or how he had become sufficiently acquainted with her story, except through La Motte, her apparent friend and protector, whom she was thus, though unwillingly, led to suspect of treachery. Why, indeed, should La Motte conceal from her only his knowledge of her father's intention, unless he designed to deliver her into his hands? Yet it was long ere she could bring herself to believe this conclusion possible. To discover depravity in those whom we have loved, is one of the most

exquisite tortures to a virtuous mind, and the conviction is often rejected before it is finally admitted.

The words of Theodore, which told her he was fearful she was deceived, confirmed this most painful apprehension of La Motte, with another yet more distressing, that Madame La Motte was also united against her. This thought, for a moment, subdued terror and left her only grief; she wept bitterly. “Is this human nature?” cried she. “Am I doomed to find every body deceitful?” An unexpected discovery of vice in those, whom we have admired, inclines us to extend our censure of the individual to the species; we henceforth condemn appearances, and too hastily conclude that no person is to be trusted.

Adeline determined to throw herself at the feet of La Motte, on the following morning, and implore his pity and protection. Her mind was now too much agitated, by her own interests, to permit her

her

her to examine the manuscripts, and she sat musing in her chair, till she heard the steps of Madame La Motte, when she retired to bed. La Motte soon after came up to his chamber, and Adeline, the mild, persecuted Adeline, who had now passed two days of torturing anxiety, and one night of terrific visions, endeavoured to compose her mind to sleep. In the present state of her spirits, she quickly caught alarm, and she had scarcely fallen into a slumber, when she was roused by a loud and uncommon noise. She listened, and thought the sound came from the apartments below, but in a few minutes there was a hasty knocking at the door of La Motte's chamber.

La Motte, who had just fallen asleep, was not easily to be roused, but the knocking increased with such violence, that Adeline, extremely terrified, arose and went to the door that opened from her chamber into his, with a design to
call

call him. She was stopped by the voice of the Marquis, which she now clearly distinguished at the door. He called to La Motte to rise immediately, and Madame La Motte endeavoured at the same time to rouse her husband, who, at length, awoke in much alarm, and soon after, joining the Marquis, they went down stairs together. Adeline now dressed herself, as well as her trembling hands would permit, and went into the adjoining chamber, where she found Madame La Motte extremely surprized and terrified.

The Marquis, in the mean time, told La Motte, with great agitation, that he recollected having appointed some persons to meet him upon business of importance, early in the morning, and it was, therefore, necessary for him to set off for his chateau immediately. As he said this, and desired that his servants might be called, La Motte could not help observing the ashy paleness of his
counte-

countenance, or expressing some apprehension that his Lordship was ill. The Marquis assured him he was perfectly well, but desired that he might set out immediately. Peter was now ordered to call the other servants, and the Marquis, having refused to take any refreshment, bade La Motte a hasty adieu, and, as soon as his people were ready, left the abbey.

La Motte returned to his chamber, musing on the abrupt departure of his guest, whose emotion appeared much too strong to proceed from the cause assigned. He appeased the anxiety of Madame La Motte, and at the same time excited her surprize by acquainting her with the occasion of the late disturbance. Adeline, who had retired from the chamber, on the approach of La Motte, looked out from her window on hearing the trampling of horses. It was the Marquis and his people, who just then passed at a little distance. Unable to distinguish who the
per-

persons were, she was alarmed at observing such a party about the abbey at that hour, and, calling to inform La Motte of the circumstance, was made acquainted with what had passed.

At length she retired to her bed, and her slumbers were this night undisturbed by dreams.

When she arose in the morning, she observed La Motte walking alone in the avenue below, and she hastened to seize the opportunity which now offered of pleading her cause. She approached him with faltering steps, while the paleness and timidity of her countenance discovered the disorder of her mind. Her first words, without entering upon any explanation, implored his compassion. La Motte stopped, and, looking earnestly in her face, inquired whether any part of his conduct towards her merited the suspicion which her request implied. Adeline for a moment blushed that she had doubted his integrity, but
the

the words she had overheard returned to her memory.

“Your behaviour, Sir,” said she, “I acknowledge to have been kind and generous; beyond what I had a right to expect, but”—and she paused. She knew not how to mention what she blushed to believe. La Motte continued to gaze on her in silent expectation, and at length desired her to proceed and explain her meaning. She entreated that he would protect her from her father. La Motte looked surprised and confused. “Your father!” said he. “Yes, Sir,” replied Adeline; “I am not ignorant that he has discovered my retreat. I have every thing to dread from a parent, who has treated me with such cruelty as you was witness of; and I again implore that you will save me from his hands.”

La Motte stood fixed in thought, and Adeline continued her endeavours to interest his pity. “What reason have you
“ to

“ to suppose, or, rather, how have you
 “ learned, that your father pursues you ?”

The question confused Adeline, who blushed to acknowledge that she had overheard his discourse, and disdained to invent, or utter a falsity : at length she confessed the truth. The countenance of La Motte instantly changed to a savage fierceness, and, sharply rebuking her for a conduct, to which she had been rather tempted by chance, than prompted by design, he inquired what she had overheard, that could so much alarm her. She faithfully repeated the substance of the incoherent sentences that had met her ear ; while she spoke, he regarded her with a fixed attention.

“ And was this all you heard ? Is it
 “ from these few words that you draw
 “ such a positive conclusion ? Examine
 “ them, and you will find they do not
 “ justify it.”

She now perceived, what the fervor of her fears had not permitted her to ob-

serve before, that the words, unconnectedly as she heard them, imported little, and that her imagination had filled up the void in the sentences, so as to suggest the evil apprehended. Notwithstanding this, her fears were little abated. “Your apprehensions are, doubtless, now removed,” resumed La Motte; “but to give you a proof of the sincerity which you have ventured to question, I will tell you they were just. You seem alarmed, and with reason. Your father has discovered your residence, and has already demanded you. It is true, that from a motive of compassion I have refused to resign you, but I have neither authority to withhold, or means to defend you. When he comes to enforce his demand, you will perceive this. Prepare yourself, therefore, for the evil, which you see is inevitable.”

Adeline, for some time, could speak only by her tears. At length, with a
forti-

fortitude which despair had roused, she said, "I resign myself to the will of Heaven!" La Motte gazed on her in silence, and a strong emotion appeared in his countenance. He forbore, however, to renew the discourse, and withdrew to the abbey, leaving Adeline in the avenue, absorbed in grief.

A summons to breakfast hastened her to the parlour, where she passed the morning in conversation with Madame La Motte, to whom she told all her apprehensions, and expressed all her sorrow. Pity and superficial consolation was all that Madame La Motte could offer, though apparently much affected by Adeline's discourse. Thus the hours passed heavily away, while the anxiety of Adeline continued to increase, and the moment of her fate seemed fast approaching. Dinner was scarcely over, when Adeline was surprized to see the Marquis arrive. He entered the room with his usual ease, and, apologizing for the

disturbance he had occasioned on the preceding night, repeated what he had before told La Motte.

* The remembrance of the conversation she had overheard, at first gave Adeline some confusion, and withdrew her mind from a sense of the evils to be apprehended from her father. The Marquis, who was, as usual, attentive to Adeline, seemed affected by her apparent indisposition, and expressed much concern for that dejection of spirits, which, notwithstanding every effort, her manner betrayed. When Madame La Motte withdrew, Adeline would have followed her, but the Marquis entreated a few moment's attention, and led her back to her seat. La Motte immediately disappeared.

Adeline knew too well what would be the purport of the Marquis's discourse, and his words soon increased the confusion which her fears had occasioned. While he was declaring the ardour of his passion in such terms, as but too of-

ten

ten make vehemence pass for sincerity, Adeline, to whom this declaration, if honourable, was distressing, and if dishonourable, was shocking, interrupted him and thanked him for the offer of a distinction, which, with a modest, but determined air, she said she must refuse. She rose to withdraw. “ Stay, too lovely Adeline !” said he, “ and if compassion for my sufferings will not interest you in my favour, allow a consideration of your own dangers to do so. Monsieur La Motte has informed me of your misfortunes, and of the evil that now threatens you ; accept from me the protection which he cannot afford.”

Adeline continued to move towards the door, when the Marquis threw himself at her feet, and, seizing her hand, impressed it with kisses. She struggled to disengage herself. “ Hear me, charming Adeline ! hear me,” cried the Marquis ; “ I exist but for you.

“ Listen to my entreaties and my fortune
 “ shall be yours. Do not drive me to
 “ despair by ill-judged rigour, or, be-
 “ cause”—

“ My Lord,” interrupted Adeline,
 with an air of ineffable dignity, and still
 affecting to believe his proposal honoura-
 ble, “ I am sensible of the generosity of
 “ your conduct, and also flattered by the
 “ distinction you offer me. I will, there-
 “ fore, say something more than is ne-
 “ cessary to a bare expression of the de-
 “ nial which I must continue to give. *I*
 “ *can not* bestow my heart. *You can not*
 “ obtain more than my esteem, to which,
 “ indeed, nothing can so much contri-
 “ bute as a forbearance from any similar
 “ offers in future.”

She again attempted to go, but the
 Marquis prevented her, and, after some
 hesitation, again urged his suit, though
 in terms that would no longer allow her
 to misunderstand him. Tears swelled into
 her eyes, but she endeavoured to check
 them,

them, and with a look, in which grief and indignation seemed to struggle for pre-eminence, she said, " My Lord, " this is unworthy of reply, let me pass."

For a moment, he was awed by the dignity of her manner, and he threw himself at her feet to implore forgiveness. But she waved her hand in silence and hurried from the room. When she reached her chamber, she locked the door, and, sinking into a chair, yielded to the sorrow that pressed at her heart. And it was not the least of her sorrow, to suspect that La Motte was unworthy of her confidence; for it was almost impossible that he could be ignorant of the real designs of the Marquis. Madame La Motte, she believed, was imposed upon by a specious pretence of honourable attachment; and thus was she spared the pang which a doubt of her integrity would have added.

She threw a trembling glance upon the prospect around her. On one side was

her father, whose cruelty had already been too plainly manifested; and on the other, the Marquis pursuing her with insult and vicious passion. She resolved to acquaint Madame La Motte with the purport of the late conversation, and, in the hope of her protection and sympathy, she wiped away her tears, and was leaving the room just as Madame La Motte entered it. While Adeline related what had passed, her friend wept, and appeared to suffer great agitation. She endeavoured to comfort her, and promised to use her influence in persuading La Motte to prohibit the addresses of the Marquis. “ You know, my dear,” added Madame, “ that our present circumstances
“ oblige us to preserve terms with the
“ Marquis, and you will, therefore, suf-
“ fer as little resentment to appear in
“ your manner towards him as possible;
“ conduct yourself with your usual ease
“ in his presence, and I doubt not this
affair

“ affair will pass over, without subject-
 “ ing you to farther sollicitation.”

“ Ah, Madam!” said Adeline, “ how
 “ hard is the task you assign me ! I en-
 “ treat you that I may never more be
 “ subjected to the humiliation of being
 “ in his presence, that, whenever he
 “ visits the abbey, I may be suffered to
 “ remain in my chamber.”

“ This,” said Madame La Motte, “ I
 “ would most readily consent to, would
 “ our situation permit it. But you well
 “ know our asylum in this abbey de-
 “ pends upon the good-will of the Mar-
 “ quis, which we must not wantonly
 “ lose ; and surely such a conduct as
 “ you propose would endanger this. Let
 “ us use milder measures, and we shall
 “ preserve his friendship, without sub-
 “ jecting you to any serious evil. Ap-
 “ pear with your usual complacence :
 “ the task is not so difficult as you ima-
 “ gine.”

Adeline sighed. “ I obey you, Madame,” said she; “ it is my duty to do so; but I may be pardoned for saying—it is with extreme reluctance.” Madame La Motte promised to go immediately to her husband, and Adeline departed, though not convinced of her safety, yet somewhat more at ease.

She soon after saw the Marquis depart, and, as there now appeared to be no obstacle to the return of Madame La Motte, she expected her with extreme impatience. After thus waiting near an hour in her chamber, she was at length summoned to the parlour, and there found Monsieur La Motte alone. He arose upon her entrance, and for some minutes paced the room in silence. He then seated himself, and addressed her: “ What you have mentioned to Madame La Motte,” said he, “ would give me much concern, did I consider the behaviour of the Marquis in a light so serious as she does. I know
“ that

“that young ladies are apt to miscon-
 “strue the unmeaning gallantry of fa-
 “shionable manners, and you, Adeline,
 “can never be too cautious in distin-
 “guishing between a levity of this kind,
 “and a more serious address.”

Adeline was surprized and offended
 that La Motte should think so lightly
 both of her understanding and disposi-
 tion as his speech implied. “Is it pos-
 “sible, Sir,” said she, “that you have
 “been apprized of the Marquis’s con-
 “duct?”

“It is very possible, and very cer-
 “tain,” replied La Motte with some
 asperity; “and very possible, also, that
 “I may see this affair with a judgement
 “less discoloured by prejudice than you
 “do. But, however, I shall not dis-
 “pute this point. I shall only request,
 “that, since you are acquainted with
 “the emergency of my circumstances,
 “you will conform to them, and not,
 “by an ill-timed resentment, expose me

“ to the enmity of the Marquis. He is
 “ now my friend, and it is necessary to
 “ my safety that he should continue
 “ such ; but if I suffer any part of my
 “ family to treat him with rudeness, I
 “ must expect to see him my enemy.
 “ You may surely treat him with com-
 “ plaisance.” Adeline thought the term
rudeness a harsh one, as La Motte ap-
 plied it, but she forebore from any ex-
 pression of displeasure. “ I could have
 “ wished, Sir,” said she, “ for the pri-
 “ vilege of retiring whenever the Mar-
 “ quis appeared ; but since you believe
 “ this conduct would affect your interest,
 “ I ought to submit.”

“ This prudence and good-will de-
 “ light me,” said La Motte, “ and since
 “ you wish to serve me, know that you
 “ cannot more effectually do it, than by
 “ treating the Marquis as a friend.” The
 word *friend*, as it stood connected with
 the Marquis, sounded dissonantly to
 Adeline’s ear ; she hesitated and looked
 at

at La Motte. “As *your* friend, Sir,” said she; “I will endeavour to”—treat him as mine, she would have said, but she found it impossible to finish the sentence. She entreated his protection from the power of her father.

“What protection I can afford is
 “your’s,” said La Motte, “but you know
 “how destitute I am both of the right
 “and the means of resisting him, and
 “also how much I require protection
 “myself. Since he has discovered your
 “retreat, he is probably not ignorant of
 “the circumstances which detain me
 “here, and if I oppose him, he may
 “betray me to the officers of the law,
 “as the surest method of obtaining pos-
 “session of you. We are encompassed
 “with dangers,” continued La Motte;
 “would I could see any method of ex-
 “tricating ourselves!”

“Quit this abbey,” said Adeline,
 “and seek an asylum in Switzerland or
 “Germany; you will then be freed
 “from

“ from farther obligation to the Marquis
 “ and from the persecution you dread.
 “ Pardon me for thus offering advice,
 “ which is certainly, in some degree,
 “ prompted by a sense of my own safety,
 “ but which, at the same time, seems to
 “ afford the only means of ensuring
 “ your’s.”

“ Your plan is reasonable,” said La
 “ Motte, “ had I money to execute it.
 “ As it is I must be contented to remain
 “ here, as little known as possible, and
 “ defending myself by making those who
 “ know me my friends. Chiefly I must
 “ endeavour to preserve the favour of
 “ the Marquis. He may do much,
 “ should your father even pursue despe-
 “ rate measures. But why do I talk
 “ thus? Your father may ere this have
 “ commenced these measures, and the
 “ effects of his vengeance may now be
 “ hanging over my head. My regard
 “ for you, Adeline, has exposed me to
 “ this;

“ this ; had I resigned you to his will, I
 “ should have remained secure.”

Adeline was so much affected by this instance of La Motte's kindness, which she could not doubt, that she was unable to express her sense of it. When she could speak, she uttered her gratitude in the most lively terms. “ Are you sincere in these expressions ?” said La Motte.

“ Is it possible I can be less than sincere ?” replied Adeline, weeping at the idea of ingratitude.—“ Sentiments are easily pronounced,” said La Motte, “ though they may have no connection with the heart ; I believe them to be sincere so far only as they influence our actions.”

“ What mean you, Sir ?” said Adeline with surprize.

“ I mean to inquire, whether, if an opportunity should ever offer of thus proving your gratitude, you would adhere to your sentiments ?”

“ Name

“ Name one that I shall refuse,” said Adeline with energy.

“ If, for instance, the Marquis should hereafter avow a serious passion for you, and offer you his hand, would not petty resentment, no lurking prepossession for some more happy lover prompt you to refuse it ?”

Adeline blushed and fixed her eyes on the ground. “ You have, indeed, Sir, named the only means I should reject of evincing my sincerity. The Marquis I can never love, nor, to speak sincerely, ever esteem. I confess the peace of one’s whole life is too much to sacrifice even to gratitude.”—La Motte looked displeased. “ ’Tis as I thought,” said he ; “ these delicate sentiments make a fine appearance in speech, and render the person who utters them infinitely amiable ; but bring them to the test of action, and they dissolve into air, leaving only the wreck of vanity behind.”

This

This unjust sarcasm brought tears to her eyes. “ Since your safety, Sir, depends upon my conduct,” said she, “ resign me to my father. I am willing to return to him, since my stay here must involve you in new misfortune. Let me not prove myself unworthy of the protection I have hitherto experienced, by preferring my own welfare to yours. When I am gone, you will have no reason to apprehend the Marquis’s displeasure, which you may probably incur if I stay here : for I feel it impossible that I could even consent to receive his addresses, however honourable were his views.”

La Motte seemed hurt and alarmed. “ This must not be,” said he ; “ let us not harass ourselves by stating *possible* evils, and then, to avoid them, fly to those which are *certain*. No, Adeline, though you are ready to sacrifice yourself to my safety, I will not suffer you to do so. I will not yield you to
“ your

“ your father, but upon compulsion.
 “ Be satisfied, therefore, upon this point.
 “ The only return I ask, is a civil de-
 “ portment towards the Marquis.”

“ I will endeavour to obey you, Sir,”
 said Adeline.—Madame La Motte now
 entered the room, and this conversation
 ceased. Adeline passed the evening in
 melancholy thoughts, and retired, as
 soon as possible, to her chamber, eager
 to seek in sleep a refuge from sorrow.

C H A P. IX.

" Full many a melancholy night
 " He watched the slow return of light,
 " And sought the powers of sleep ;
 " To spread a momentary calm
 " O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
 " Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep."

WARTON.

THE MS. found by Adeline, the preceding night, had several times occurred to her recollection in the course of the day, but she had then been either too much interested by the events of the moment, or too apprehensive of interruption, to attempt a perusal of it. She now took it from the drawer in which it had been deposited, and, intending only to look cursorily over the few first pages, sat down with it by her bed side.

She

She opened it with an eagerness of inquiry, which the discoloured and almost obliterated ink but slowly gratified. The first words on the page were entirely lost, but those that appeared to commence the narrative were as follows :

“ O! ye, whoever ye are, whom
 “ chance, or misfortune, may hereafter
 “ conduct to this spot—to ye I speak—
 “ to ye reveal the story of my wrongs,
 “ and ask ye to avenge them. Vain
 “ hope! yet it imparts some comfort to
 “ believe it possible that what I now
 “ write may one day meet the eye of a
 “ fellow creature; that the words, which
 “ tell my sufferings, may one day draw
 “ pity from the feeling heart.

“ Yet stay your tears—your pity now
 “ is useless: long since have the pangs
 “ of misery ceased; the voice of com-
 “ plaining is passed away. It is weak-
 “ ness to wish for compassion which
 “ cannot be felt till I shall sink in the
 “ repose

“ repose of death, and taste, I hope,
 “ the happiness of eternity !

“ Know then, that on the night of the
 “ twelfth of October, in the year 1642,
 “ I was arrested on the road to Caux,
 “ and on the very spot where a column
 “ is erected to the memory of the im-
 “ mortal Henry, by four ruffians, who,
 “ after disabling my servant, bore me
 “ through wilds and woods to this abbey.

“ Their demeanour was not that of com-
 “ mon banditti, and I soon perceived
 “ they were employed by a superior
 “ power to perpetrate some dreadful pur-
 “ pose. Entreaties and bribes were
 “ vainly offered them to discover their
 “ employer and abandon their design :
 “ they would not reveal even the least
 “ circumstance of their intentions.

“ But when, after a long journey,
 “ they arrived at this edifice, their base
 “ employer was at once revealed, and
 “ his horrid scheme but too well un-
 “ derstood. What a moment was that !

“ All

“ All the thunders of Heaven seemed
 “ launched at this defenceless head ! O
 “ fortitude ! nerve my heart to”——

Adeline's light was now expiring in the socket, and the paleness of the ink, so feebly shone upon, baffled her efforts to discriminate the letters : it was impossible to procure a light from below, without discovering that she was yet up ; a circumstance, which would excite surprize and lead to explanations, such as she did not wish to enter upon. Thus compelled to suspend the inquiry, which so many attendant circumstances had rendered awfully interesting, she retired to her humble bed.

What she had read of the MS. awakened a dreadful interest in the fate of the writer, and called up terrific images to her mind. “ In these apartments !”—— said she, and she shuddered and closed her eyes. At length, she heard Madame La Motte enter her chamber, and the
 phan-

phantoms of fear beginning to dissipate, left her to repose.

In the morning, she was awakened by Madame La Motte, and found, to her disappointment, that she had slept so much beyond her usual time, as to be unable to renew the perusal of the MS. —La Motte appeared uncommonly gloomy, and Madame wore an air of melancholy, which Adeline attributed to the concern she felt for her. Breakfast was scarcely over, when the sound of horses feet announced the arrival of a stranger; and Adeline, from the oriel recess of the hall, saw the Marquis alight. She retreated with precipitation, and, forgetting the request of La Motte, was hastening to her chamber; but the Marquis was already in the hall, and seeing her leaving it, turned to La Motte with a look of inquiry. La Motte called her back, and by a frown too intelligent, reminded her of her promise. She summoned all her spirits to her aid, but advanced,

vanced, notwithstanding, in visible emotion, while the Marquis addressed her as usual, the same easy gaiety playing upon his countenance and directing his manner.

Adeline was surprized and shocked at this careless confidence, which, however, by awakening her pride, communicated to her an air of dignity that abashed him. He spoke with hesitation, and frequently appeared abstracted from the subject of discourse. At length arising, he begged Adeline would favour him with a few moments conversation. Monsieur and Madame La Motte were now leaving the room, when Adeline, turning to the Marquis, told him, “she would not hear any conversation, except in the presence of her friends.” But she said it in vain, for they were gone; and La Motte, as he withdrew, expressed by his looks how much an attempt to follow would displease him.

She

She sat for some time in silence, and trembling expectation. "I am sensible," said the Marquis at length, "that the
 "conduct to which the ardour of my
 "passion lately betrayed me, has in-
 "jured me in your opinion, and that
 "you will not easily restore me to your
 "esteem; but, I trust, the offer which
 "I now make you, both of my *title* and
 "fortune, will sufficiently prove the sin-
 "cerity of my attachment, and atone for
 "the transgression which love only
 "prompted."

After this specimen of common-place verbosity, which the Marquis seemed to consider as a prelude to triumph, he attempted to impress a kiss upon the hand of Adeline, who, withdrawing it hastily, said, "You are already, my Lord, ac-
 "quainted with my sentiments upon this
 "subject, and it is almost unnecessary
 "for me now to repeat, that I cannot
 "accept the honour you offer me."

"Explain yourself, lovely Adeline!!

“ I am ignorant that till now, I ever
 “ made you this offer.”

“ Most true, Sir,” said Adeline,
 “ and you do well to remind me of this,
 “ since, after having heard your former
 “ proposal, I can listen for a moment to
 “ any other.” She rose to quit the room.
 “ Stay, Madam,” said the Marquis, with
 a look, in which offended pride struggled
 to conceal itself; “ do not suffer an ex-
 “ travagant resentment to operate against
 “ your true interests; recollect the dan-
 “ gers that surround you, and consider
 “ the value of an offer, which may afford
 “ you at least an honourable asylum.”

“ My misfortunes, my Lord, what-
 “ ever they are, I have never obtruded
 “ upon you; you will, therefore, excuse
 “ my observing, that your present men-
 “ tion of them conveys a much greater
 “ appearance of insult than compassion.”

The Marquis, though with evident con-
 fusion, was going to reply; but Ade-
 line would not be detained, and retired

to her chamber. Destitute as she was, her heart revolted from the proposal of the Marquis, and she determined never to accept it. To her dislike of his general disposition, and the aversion excited by his late offer, was added, indeed, the influence of a prior attachment, and of a remembrance, which she found it impossible to erase from her heart.

The Marquis stayed to dine, and, in consideration of La Motte, Adeline appeared at table, where the former gazed upon her with such frequent and silent earnestness, that her distress became insupportable, and when the cloth was drawn, she instantly retired. Madame La Motte soon followed, and it was not till evening that she had an opportunity of returning to the MS. When Monsieur and Madame La Motte were in their chamber, and all was still, she drew forth the narrative, and, trimming her lamp, sat down to read as follows :

D. e.

“ The

“ The ruffians unbound me from my
 “ horse, and led me through the hall up
 “ the spiral staircase of the abbey : re-
 “ sistance was useless, but I looked
 “ around in the hope of seeing some
 “ person less obdurate than the men who
 “ brought me hither ; some one who
 “ might be sensible to pity, and capable,
 “ at least, of civil treatment. I looked
 “ in vain ; no person appeared : and this
 “ circumstance confirmed my worst ap-
 “ prehensions. The secrecy of the busi-
 “ ness foretold a horrible conclusion.
 “ Having passed some chambers, they
 “ stopped in one hung with old tapestry.
 “ I inquired why we did not go on, and
 “ was told, I should soon know.

“ At that moment, I expected to see
 “ the instrument of death uplifted, and
 “ silently recommended myself to God.
 “ But death was not then designed for
 “ me ; they raised the arras, and disco-
 “ vered a door, which they then opened.
 “ Seizing my arms, they led me through
 “ a suite

“ a suite of dismal chambers beyond.
 “ Having reached the farthest of these,
 “ they again stopped : the horrid gloom
 “ of the place seemed congenial to mur-
 “ der, and inspired deadly thoughts.
 “ Again I looked round for the instru-
 “ ment of destruction, and again I was
 “ respited. I supplicated to know what
 “ was designed me ; it was now unneces-
 “ sary to ask who was the author of the
 “ design. They were silent to my ques-
 “ tion, but at length told me, this cham-
 “ ber was my prison. Having said this,
 “ and set down a jug of water, they left
 “ the room, and I heard the door barred
 “ upon me.

“ O sound of despair ! O moment
 “ of unutterable anguish ! The pang of
 “ death itself is, surely, not superior to
 “ that I then suffered. Shut out from day,
 “ from friends, from life—*for such I must*
 “ *foretell it*—in the prime of my years,
 “ in the height of my transgressions, and
 “ left to imagine horrors more terrible

“ than any, perhaps, which certainty
 “ could give—I sink beneath the”—

Here several pages of the manuscript were decayed with damp and totally illegible. With much difficulty Adeline made out the following lines :

“ Three days have now passed in so-
 “ litude and silence: the horrors of
 “ death are ever before my eyes, let me
 “ endeavour to prepare for the dreadful
 “ change! When I awake in the morn-
 “ ing I think I shall not live to see ano-
 “ ther night; and, when night returns,
 “ that I must never more uncloze my eyes
 “ on morning. Why am I brought hi-
 “ ther—why confined thus rigorously—
 “ but for death! Yet what action of my
 “ life has deserved this at the hand of a
 “ fellow creature?—Of——

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

“ O my children! O friends far dif-
 “ tant! I shall never see you more—
 “ never more receive the parting look
 “ of

“ of kindness—never bestow a parting
 “ blessing!—Ye know not my wretched
 “ state—alas! ye cannot know it by
 “ human means. Ye believe me happy,
 “ or ye would fly to my relief. I know
 “ that what I now write cannot avail me,
 “ yet there is comfort in pouring forth
 “ my griefs; and I bless that man, less
 “ savage than his fellows, who has sup-
 “ plied me these means of recording
 “ them. Alas! he knows full well,
 “ that from this indulgence he has no-
 “ thing to fear. My pen can call no
 “ friends to succour me, nor reveal my
 “ danger ere it is too late. O! ye, who
 “ may hereafter read what I now write,
 “ give a tear to my sufferings: I have
 “ wept often for the distresses of my fel-
 “ low creatures!”

Adeline paused. Here the wretched
 writer appealed directly to her heart; he
 spoke in the energy of truth, and, by a
 strong illusion of fancy, it seemed as if
 his past sufferings were at this moment
 present. She was for some time unable

to proceed, and sat in musing sorrow. “In these very apartments,” said she, “this poor sufferer was confined—here “he”— Adeline started, and thought she heard a sound; but the stillness of night was undisturbed. — “In “these very chambers,” said she, “these lines were written—these lines, “from which he then derived a comfort “in believing they would hereafter be “read by some pitying eye: this time “is now come. Your miseries, O “injured being! are lamented, where “they were endured. *Here*, where you “suffered, I weep for your sufferings!”

Her imagination was now strongly impressed, and to her distempered senses the suggestions of a bewildered mind appeared with the force of reality. Again she started and listened, and thought she heard “*Here*” distinctly repeated by a whisper immediately behind her. The terror of the thought, however, was but momentary, she knew it could not be; convinced that her fancy had deceived her,

her, she took up the M.S. and again began to read.

“ For what am I reserved ! Why this
 “ delay ? If I am to die — why not
 “ quickly ? Three weeks have I now
 “ passed within these walls, during which
 “ time, no look of pity has softened my
 “ afflictions ; no voice, save my own,
 “ has met my ear. The countenances of
 “ the ruffians who attend me, are stern
 “ and inflexible, and their silence is
 “ obstinate. This stillness is dreadful !
 “ O ! ye, who have known what it is to
 “ live in the depths of solitude, who
 “ have passed your dreary days without
 “ one sound to cheer you ; ye, and ye
 “ only, can tell what now I feel ; and
 “ ye may know how much I would en-
 “ dure to hear the accents of a human
 “ voice.

“ O dire extremity ! O state of
 “ living death ! What dreadful stillness !
 “ All around me is dead ; and do I
 “ really exist, or am I but a statue ? Is

“ this a vision ? Are these things real ?
 “ Alas, I am bewildered !—this death-
 “ like and perpetual silence—this dismal
 “ chamber—the dread of farther suffer-
 “ ings have disturbed my fancy. O
 “ for some friendly breast to lay my
 “ weary head on ! some cordial accents
 “ to revive my soul ! * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * “ I write by stealth. H
 “ who furnished me with the means, I
 “ fear, has suffered for some symptoms
 “ of pity he may have discovered for
 “ me ; I have not seen him for several
 “ days : perhaps he is inclined to help
 “ me, and for that reason is forbid to
 “ come. O that hope ! but how vain.
 “ Never more must I quit these walls
 “ while life remains. Another day is
 “ gone, and yet I live ; at this time to-
 “ morrow night my sufferings may be seal-
 “ ed in death. I will continue my journal
 “ nightly, till the hand that writes shall
 ony “ be

“ be stopped by death : when the journal
 “ ceases, the reader will know I am no
 “ more. Perhaps, these are the last
 “ lines I shall ever write” * * * *

* * * * *

Adeline paused, while her tears fell fast. “ Unhappy man !” she exclaimed, “ and was there no pitying soul to save thee ! Great God ! thy ways are wonderful !” While she sat musing, her fancy, which now wandered in the regions of terror, gradually subdued reason. There was a glass before her upon the table, and she feared to raise her looks towards it, lest some other face than her own should meet her eyes : other dreadful ideas, and strange images of fantastic thought now crossed her mind.

A hollow sigh seemed to pass near her. “ Holy Virgin, protect me !” cried she, and threw a fearful glance round the room ; “ this is surely something more than fancy.” Her fears so far over-

came her, that she was several times upon the point of calling up part of the family, but unwillingness to disturb them, and a dread of ridicule, withheld her. She was also afraid to move and almost to breathe. As she listened to the wind, that murmured at the casements of her lonely chamber, she again thought she heard a sigh. Her imagination refused any longer the controul of reason, and, turning her eyes, a figure, whose exact form she could not distinguish, appeared to pass along an obscure part of the chamber : a dreadful chillness came over her, and she sat fixed in her chair. At length a deep sigh somewhat relieved her oppressed spirits, and her senses seemed to return.

All remaining quiet, after some time she began to question whether her fancy had not deceived her, and she so far conquered her terror as to desist from calling Madame La Motte : her mind was, however, so much disturbed, that she did not venture to trust herself that night
again

again with the M.S. ; but, having spent some time in prayer, and in endeavouring to compose her spirits, she retired to bed.

When she awoke in the morning, the cheerful sun-beams played upon the casements, and dispelled the illusions of darkness : her mind, soothed and invigorated by sleep, rejected the mystic and turbulent promptings of imagination. She arose refreshed and thankful ; but, upon going down to breakfast, this transient gleam of peace fled upon the appearance of the Marquis, whose frequent visits at the abbey, after what had passed, not only displeased, but alarmed her. She saw that he was determined to persevere in addressing her, and the boldness and insensibility of this conduct, while it excited her indignation, increased her disgust. In pity to La Motte, she endeavoured to conceal these emotions, though she now thought that he required too much from her complaisance, and

began seriously to consider how she might avoid the necessity of continuing it. The Marquis behaved to her with the most respectful attention; but Adeline was silent and reserved, and seized the first opportunity of withdrawing.

As she passed up the spiral staircase, Peter entered the hall below, and, seeing Adeline, he stopped and looked earnestly at her: she did not observe him, but he called her softly, and she then saw him make a signal as if he had something to communicate. In the next instant La Motte opened the door of the vaulted room, and Peter hastily disappeared. She proceeded to her chamber, ruminating upon this signal, and the cautious manner in which Peter had given it.

But her thoughts soon returned to their wonted subjects. Three days were now passed, and she heard no intelligence of her father; she began to hope that he had relented from the violent measures hinted at by La Motte, and that he
meant

meant to pursue a milder plan : but when she considered his character, this appeared improbable, and she relapsed into her former fears. Her residence at the abbey was now become painful, from the perseverance of the Marquis, and the conduct which La Motte obliged her to adopt ; yet she could not think without dread of quitting it to return to her father.

The image of Theodore often intruded upon her busy thoughts, and brought with it a pang, which his strange departure occasioned. She had a confused notion, that his fate was somehow connected with her own ; and her struggles to prevent the remembrance of him, served only to shew how much her heart was his.

To divert her thoughts from these subjects, and gratify the curiosity so strongly excited on the preceding night, she now took up the MS. but was hindered from
open-

opening it by the entrance of Madame La Motte, who came to tell her the Marquis was gone. They passed their morning together in work and general conversation; La Motte not appearing till dinner, when he said little, and Adeline less. She asked him, however, if he had heard from her father? “I have not heard from him,” said La Motte; “but there is good reason, as I am informed by the Marquis, to believe he is not far off.”

Adeline was shocked, yet she was able to reply with becoming firmness. “I have already, Sir, involved you too much in my distress, and now see that resistance will destroy you, without serving me; I am, therefore, contented to return to my father, and thus spare you farther calamity.”

“This is a rash determination,” replied La Motte, “and if you pursue it, I fear you will severely repent. I
“ speak

“ speak to you as a friend, Adeline, and
 “ desire you will endeavour to listen to
 “ me without prejudice. The Marquis,
 “ I find, has offered you his hand. I
 “ know not which circumstance most
 “ excites my surprize, that a man of his
 “ rank and consequence should solicit a
 “ marriage with a person without for-
 “ tune, or ostensible connections; or
 “ that a person so circumstanced should
 “ even for a moment reject the advan-
 “ tages thus offered her. You weep,
 “ Adeline, let me hope that you are
 “ convinced of the absurdity of this con-
 “ duct, and will no longer trifle with
 “ your good fortune. The kindness I
 “ have shewn you must convince you of
 “ my regard, and that I have no motive
 “ for offering you this advice but your
 “ advantage. It is necessary, however,
 “ to say, that, should your father not in-
 “ sist upon your removal, I know not
 “ how long my circumstances may ena-
 “ ble

“ble me to afford even the humble pit-
 “tance you receive here. Still you are
 “silent.”

The anguish which this speech excited, suppressed her utterance, and she continued to weep. At length she said,
 “Suffer me, Sir, to go back to my fa-
 “ther; I should, indeed, make an ill
 “return for the kindness you mention,
 “could I wish to stay, after what you
 “now tell me; and to accept the Mar-
 “quis, I feel to be impossible.” The
 remembrance of Theodore arose to her
 mind, and she wept aloud.

La Motte sat for some time musing.
 “Strange infatuation,” said he; “is it
 “possible that you can persist in this he-
 “roism of romance, and prefer a father
 “so inhuman as yours, to the Marquis
 “de Montalt! A destiny so full of dan-
 “ger to a life of splendour and de-
 “light!”

“Pardon me,” said Adeline, “a
 “marriage with the Marquis would be
 “splen-

“splendid, but never happy. His cha-
“racter excites my aversion, and I en-
“treat, Sir, that he may no more be
“mentioned.”

CHAP.

CHAPTER X.

“ Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sound
 “ Reverbs no hollowness.” LEAR.

THE conversation related in the last chapter was interrupted by the entrance of Peter, who, as he left the room, looked significantly at Adeline and almost beckoned. She was anxious to know what he meant, and soon after went into the hall, where she found him loitering. The moment he saw her, he made a sign of silence and beckoned her into the recess. “ Well, Peter, what is it you would say ?” said Adeline.

“ Hush, Ma’m’selle ; for Heaven’s sake speak lower : if we should be overheard, we are all blown up.”— Adeline begged him to explain what he meant.

meant. “ Yes, Ma’mfelle, that is what
 “ I have wanted all day long. I have
 “ watched and watched for an opportu-
 “ nity, and looked and looked, till I
 “ was afraid my master himself would
 “ see me : but all would not do ; you
 “ would not understand.”

Adeline entreated he would be quick.
 “ Yes, Ma’am, but I’m so afraid we
 “ shall be seen ; but I would do much
 “ to serve such a good young lady, for I
 “ could not bear to think of what threat-
 “ ened you, without telling you of it.”

“ For God’s sake,” said Adeline,
 “ speak quickly, or we shall be inter-
 “ rupted.”

“ Well, then ; but you must first
 “ promise by the Holy Virgin never to
 “ say it was I that told you. My mas-
 “ ter would”—

“ I do, I do !” said Adeline.

“ Well, then—on Monday evening
 “ as I—hark ! did not I hear a step ? do,
 “ Ma’mfelle, just step this way to the
 “ clois-

“ cloisters. I would not for the world
 “ we should be seen. I’ll go out at the
 “ hall door and you can go through the
 “ passage. I would not for the world
 “ we should be seen.”—Adeline was
 much alarmed by Peter’s words, and
 hurried to the cloisters. He quickly
 appeared, and, looking cautiously round,
 resumed his discourse. “ As I was
 “ saying, Ma’mfelle, Monday night,
 “ when the Marquis slept here, you
 “ know he sat up very late, and I can
 “ guess, perhaps, the reason of that.
 “ Strange things came out, but it is not
 “ my business to tell all I think.”

“ Pray do speak to the purpose,” said
 Adeline impatiently, “ what is this
 “ danger which you say threatens me?
 “ Be quick, or we shall be observed.”

“ Danger enough, Ma’mfelle,” re-
 plied Peter, “ if you knew all, and
 “ when you do, what will it signify, for
 “ you can’t help yourself. But that’s
 “ nei-

“neither here nor there : I was resolved
 “to tell you, though I may repent it.”

“Or rather you are resolved not to
 “tell me,” said Adeline; “for you
 “have made no progress towards it.
 “But what do you mean? You was
 “speaking of the Marquis.”

“Hush, Ma’am, not so loud. The
 “Marquis, as I said, sat up very late
 “and my master sat up with him. One
 “of his men went to bed in the oak
 “room, and the other stayed to undress
 “his Lord. So as we were sitting to-
 “gether—Lord have mercy! it made
 “my hair stand on end! I tremble yet.
 “So as we were sitting together,—but
 “as sure as I live yonder is my mas-
 “ter: I caught a glimpse of him between
 “the trees, if he sees me it is all over
 “with us. I’ll tell you another time.”

So saying, he hurried into the abbey,
 leaving Adeline in a state of alarm, cu-
 riosity, and vexation. She walked out
 into the forest, ruminating upon Peter’s
 words,]

words, and endeavouring to guess to what they alluded; there Madame La Motte joined her, and they conversed on various topics till they reached the abbey.

Adeline watched in vain through that day for an opportunity of speaking with Peter. While he waited at supper, she occasionally observed his countenance with great anxiety, hoping it might afford her some degree of intelligence on the subject of her fears. When she retired, Madame La Motte accompanied her to her chamber, and continued to converse with her for a considerable time, so that she had no means of obtaining an interview with Peter.— Madame La Motte appeared to labour under some great affliction, and when Adeline, noticing this, entreated to know the cause of her dejection, tears started into her eyes, and she abruptly left the room.

This behaviour of Madame La Motte concurred with Peter's discourse, to
alarm

alarm Adeline, who sat pensively upon her bed, given up to reflection, till she was roused by the sound of a clock which stood in the room below, and which now struck twelve. She was preparing for rest, when she recollected the MS. and was unable to conclude the night without reading it. The first words she could distinguish were the following :

“ Again I return to this poor consolation—again I have been permitted to see another day. It is now midnight ! My solitary lamp burns beside me ; the time is awful, but to me the silence of noon is as the silence of midnight : a deeper gloom is all in which they differ. The still, unvarying hours are numbered only by my sufferings ! Great God ! when shall I be released !

* * * * *
* * * * *

“ But whence this strange confinement ? I have never injured him. If
Vol. II. E “ death

“ death is designed me, why this delay ;
 “ and for what but death am I brought
 “ hither ? This abbey—alas !”—Here
 the MS. was again illegible, and for fe-
 veral pages Adeline could only make
 out disjointed sentences.

“ O bitter draught ! when, when
 “ shall I have rest ! O my friends !
 “ will none of ye fly to aid me ; will
 “ none of ye avenge my sufferings ?
 “ Ah ! when it is too late—when I am
 “ gone for ever, ye will endeavour to
 “ avenge them. * * * * *

* * * * *

“ Once more is night returned to me.
 “ Another day has passed in solitude and
 “ misery. I have climbed to the case-
 “ ment, thinking the view of nature would
 “ refresh my soul, and somewhat enable
 “ me to support these afflictions. Alas !
 “ even this small comfort is denied me,
 “ the windows open towards other parts
 “ of this abbey, and admit only a por-
 “ tion of that day which I must never
 “ more

“ more fully behold. Last night ! last
 “ night ! O scene of horror ! ” * *

Adeline shuddered. She feared to read the coming sentence, yet curiosity prompted her to proceed. Still she paused : an unaccountable dread came over her. “ Some horrid deed has been
 “ done here,” said she ; “ the reports
 “ of the peasants are true. Murder has
 “ been committed.” The idea thrilled her with horror. She recollected the dagger which had impeded her steps in the secret chamber, and this circumstance served to confirm her most terrible conjectures. She wished to examine it, but it lay in one of these chambers, and she feared to go in quest of it.

“ Wretched, wretched victim ! ” she exclaimed, “ could no friend rescue thee
 “ from destruction ! O that I had been
 “ near ! yet what could I have done to
 “ save thee ? Alas ! nothing. I forget
 “ that even now, perhaps, I am like thee
 “ abandoned to dangers, from which I
 E 2 “ have

“ have no friend to succour me. Too
 “ surely I guess the author of thy mis-
 “ ries !” She stopped, and thought she
 heard a sigh, such as, on the preceding
 night, had passed along the chamber.
 Her blood was chilled and she sat mo-
 tionless. The lonely situation of her
 room, remote from the rest of the family,
 (for she was now in her old apartment,
 from which Madame La Motte had re-
 moved) who were almost beyond call,
 struck so forcibly upon her imagination,
 that she with difficulty preserved herself
 from fainting. She sat for a considera-
 ble time, but all was still. When she was
 somewhat recovered, her first design was
 to alarm the family ; but farther reflec-
 tion again withheld her.

She endeavoured to compose her spi-
 rits, and addressed a short prayer to that
 Being who had hitherto protected her in
 every danger. While she was thus em-
 ployed, her mind gradually became ele-
 vated and re-assured ; a sublime compla-
 cency

gency filled her heart, and she sat down once more to pursue the narrative.

Several lines that immediately followed were obliterated.—

* * * * *

* * He had told me I should not be
 “ permitted to live long, not more than
 “ three days, and bade me chuse whether
 “ I would die by poison or the sword.
 “ O the agonies of that moment !
 “ Great God ! thou seest my sufferings !
 “ I often viewed, with a momentary
 “ hope of escaping, the high grated
 “ windows of my prison—all things
 “ within the compass of possibility I was
 “ resolved to try, and with an eager des-
 “ peration I climbed towards the case-
 “ ments, but my foot slipped, and fall-
 “ ing back to the floor, I was stunned
 “ by the blow. On recovering, the first
 “ sounds I heard were the steps of a per-
 “ son entering my prison. A recollec-
 “ tion of the past returned, and deplora-
 “ ble was my condition. I shuddered

“ at what was to come. The same man
 “ approached ; he looked at me at first
 “ with pity, but his countenance soon re-
 “ covered its natural ferocity. Yet he
 “ did not then come to execute the pur-
 “ poses of his employer : I am reserved
 “ to another day—Great God, thy will
 “ be done !”

Adeline could not go on. All the
 circumstances that seemed to corrob-
 orate the fate of this unhappy man,
 crowded upon her mind. The reports
 concerning the abbey—the dreams,
 which had forerun her discovery of the
 private apartments—the singular manner
 in which she had found the MS. and the
 apparition, which she now believed she
 had really seen. She blamed herself
 for having not yet mentioned the disco-
 very of the manuscript and chambers to
 La Motte, and resolved to delay the dis-
 closure no longer than the following
 morning. The immediate cares that
 had occupied her mind, and a fear of lo-
 sing

find the manuscript before she had read it, had hitherto kept her silent.

Such a combination of circumstances she believed could only be produced by some supernatural power, operating for the retribution of the guilty. These reflections filled her mind with a degree of awe, which the loneliness of the large old chamber in which she sat, and the hour of the night, soon heightened into terror. She had never been superstitious, but circumstances so uncommon had hitherto conspired in this affair, that she could not believe them accidental. Her imagination, wrought upon by these reflections, again became sensible to every impression, she feared to look round, lest she should again see some dreadful phantom, and she almost fancied she heard voices swell in the storm, which now shook the fabric.

Still she tried to command her feelings so as to avoid disturbing the family, but they became so painful, that even the

dread of La Motte's ridicule had hardly power to prevent her quitting the chamber. Her mind was now in such a state, that she found it impossible to pursue the story in the MS. though, to avoid the tortures of suspense, she had attempted it. She laid it down again, and tried to argue herself into composure. "What have I to fear?" said she, "I am at least innocent, and I shall not be punished for the crime of another."

The violent gust of wind that now rushed through the whole suite of apartments, shook the door that led from her late bedchamber to the private rooms so forcibly, that Adeline, unable to remain longer in doubt, ran to see from whence the noise issued. The arras, which concealed the door, was violently agitated, and she stood for a moment observing it in indescribable terror, till believing it was swayed by the wind, she made a sudden effort to overcome her feelings, and was stooping to raise it.

At

At that instant, she thought she heard a voice. She stopped and listened, but every thing was still; yet apprehension so far overcame her, that she had no power, either to examine, or to leave the chambers.

In a few moments the voice returned, she was now convinced she had not been deceived, for, though low, she heard it distinctly, and was almost sure it repeated her own name. So much was her fancy affected, that she even thought it was the same voice she had heard in her dreams. This conviction entirely subdued the small remains of her courage, and, sinking into a chair, she lost all recollection.

How long she remained in this state she knew not, but when she recovered, she exerted all her strength, and reached the winding staircase, where she called aloud. No one heard her, and she hastened, as fast as her feebleness would permit, to the chamber of Madame La

Motte. She tapped gently at the door, and was answered by Madame, who was alarmed at being awakened at so unusual an hour, and believed that some danger threatened her husband. When she understood that it was Adeline, and that she was unwell, she quickly came to her relief. The terror that was yet visible in Adeline's countenance excited her inquiries, and the occasion of it was explained to her.

Madame was so much discomposed by the relation that she called La Motte from his bed, who, more angry at being disturbed than interested for the agitation he witnessed, reproved Adeline for suffering her fancies to overcome her reason. She now mentioned the discovery she had made of the inner chambers and the manuscript, circumstances, which roused the attention of La Motte so much, that he desired to see the MS. and resolved to go immediately to the apartments described by Adeline.

Ma-

Madame La Motte endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose; but La Motte, with whom opposition had always an effect contrary to the one designed, and who wished to throw farther ridicule upon the terrors of Adeline, persisted in his intention. He called to Peter to attend with a light, and insisted that Madame La Motte and Adeline should accompany him; Madame La Motte desired to be excused, and Adeline, at first, declared she could not go; but he would be obeyed.

They ascended the tower, and entered the first chambers together, for each of the party was reluctant to be the last; in the second chamber all was quiet and in order. Adeline presented the MS. and pointed to the arras which concealed the door: La Motte lifted the arras, and opened the door; but Madame La Motte and Adeline entreated to go no farther—again he called to them to follow. All was quiet in the

E 6

first

first chamber; he expressed his surprise that the rooms should so long have remained undiscovered, and was proceeding to the second, but suddenly stopped. "We will defer our examination till to-morrow," said he, "the damps of these apartments are unwholesome at any time; but they strike one more sensibly at night. I am chilled. Peter, remember to throw open the windows early in the morning, that the air may circulate."

"Lord bless your honour," said Peter, "don't you see, I can't reach them? Besides, I don't believe they are made to open; see what strong iron bars there are; the room looks, for all the world, like a prison; I suppose this is the place the people meant, when they said, nobody that had been in ever came out." La Motte, who, during this speech, had been looking attentively at the high windows, which, if he had seen them at first, he had certainly
not

not observed; now interrupted the eloquence of Peter, and bade him carry the light before them. They all willingly quitted these chambers, and returned to the room below, where a fire was lighted, and the party remained together for some time.

La Motte, for reasons best known to himself, attempted to ridicule the discovery and fears of Adeline, till she, with a seriousness that checked him, entreated he would desist. He was silent, and soon after, Adeline, encouraged by the return of day-light, ventured to her chamber, and, for some hours, experienced the blessing of undisturbed repose.

On the following day, Adeline's first care was to obtain an interview with Peter, whom she had some hopes of seeing as she went down stairs; he, however, did not appear, and she proceeded to the sitting room, where she found La Motte, apparently much disturbed. Adeline asked him if he had looked at the MS.

“ I have

“ I have run my eye over it,” said he,
 “ but it is so much obscured by time
 “ that it can scarcely be decyphered. It
 “ appears to exhibit a strange romantic
 “ story; and I do not wonder, that after
 “ you had suffered its terrors to impress
 “ your imagination, you fancied you saw
 “ spectres, and heard wondrous noises.”

Adeline thought La Motte did not
 chuse to be convinced, and she, there-
 fore, forbore reply. During breakfast,
 she often looked at Peter, (who waited)
 with anxious inquiry; and, from his coun-
 tenance, was still more assured, that he
 had something of importance to com-
 municate. In the hope of some conver-
 sation with him, she left the room as soon
 as possible, and repaired to her favourite
 avenue, where she had not long remain-
 ed when he appeared. “ God blefs you !
 “ Ma’amselle,” said he, “ I’m sorry I
 “ frightened you so last night.”

“ Frighted me,” said Adeline; “ how
 “ was you concerned in that ?”

He

He then informed her, that when he thought Monsieur and Madame La Motte were asleep, he had stole to her chamber door, with an intention of giving her the sequel of what he had begun in the morning; that he had called several times as loudly as he dared, but receiving no answer, he believed she was asleep, or did not chuse to speak with him, and he had, therefore, left the door. This account of the voice she had heard relieved Adeline's spirits; she was even surpris'd that she did not know it, till remembering the perturbation of her mind for some time preceding, this surpris'e disappeared.

She entreated Peter to be brief in explaining the danger with which she was threatened. "If you'll let me go on my own way, Ma'am, you'll soon know it; but if you hurry me, and ask me questions, here and there, out of their places, I don't know what I am saying."

"Be

“ Be it so ;” said Adeline, “ only re-
 “ member that we may be observed.”

“ Yes, Ma’amfelle, I’m as much
 “ afraid of that as you are, for I believe
 “ I should be almost as ill off; however,
 “ that is neither here nor there, but I’m
 “ sure, if you stay in this old abbey ano-
 “ ther night, it will be worse for you ;
 “ for, as I said before, I know all about
 “ it.”

“ What mean you, Peter ?”

“ Why, about this scheme that’s go-
 “ ing on.”

“ What, then, is my father ?”——
 “ Your father,” interrupted Peter ;
 “ Lord bless you, that is all fudge, to
 “ frighten you ; your father, *nor nobody*
 “ else has ever sent after you ; I dare say,
 “ he knows no more of you than the
 “ Pope does—not he.” Adeline looked
 displeased. “ You trifle,” said she, “ if
 “ you have any thing to tell, say it
 “ quickly ; I am in haste.”

“ Bless

“ Bless you, young Lady, I meant no
 “ harm, I hope you’re not angry ; but
 “ I’m sure you can’t deny that your fa-
 “ ther is cruel. But, as I was saying,
 “ the Marquis de Montalt likes you ;
 “ and he and my master (Peter looked
 “ round) have been laying their heads
 “ together about you.” Adeline turned
 pale—she comprehended a part of the
 truth, and eagerly entreated him to
 proceed.

“ They have been laying their heads
 “ together about you. This is what
 “ Jacques, the Marquis’s man, tells me :
 “ Says he, Peter, you little know what
 “ is going on—I could tell all if I chose
 “ it, but it is not for those who are trusted
 “ to tell again. I warrant now your
 “ master is close enough with you.
 “ Upon which I was piqued, and re-
 “ solved to make him believe I could be
 “ trusted as well as he. Perhaps not,
 “ says I, perhaps I know as much as
 “ you, though I do not chuse to brag
 “ on’t ;

“ on’t ; and I winked.—Do you fo ?
 “ fays he, then you are clofer than I
 “ thought for. She is a fine girl, fays
 “ he, meaning you, Ma’amfelle ; but
 “ fhe is nothing but a poor foundling
 “ after all—fo it does not much fignify.”
 “ I had a mind to know farther what he
 “ meant—fo I did not knock him down.
 “ By feeming to know as much as he, I
 “ at laft made him difcover all, and he
 “ told me—but you look pale, Ma’am-
 “ felle, are you ill ?

“ No,” faid Adeline, in a tremulous
 accent, and fcarcely able to fupport her-
 felf, “ pray proceed.”

“ And he told me, that the Marquis
 “ had been courting you a good while,
 “ but you would not liften to him, and
 “ had even pretended he would marry
 “ you, and all would not do. As for
 “ marriage, fays I, I fuppofe fhe knows
 “ the Marchionefs is alive ; and I’m fure
 “ fhe is not one for his turn upon other
 “ terms.”

“ The

“ The Marchioness is really living
“ then !” said Adeline.

“ O yes, Ma’amfelle ! we all know
“ that, and I thought you had known it
“ too.”—“ We shall see that, replies
“ Jacques ; at least, I believe, that our
“ master will outwit her.”—I stared ; I
“ could not help it.—“ Aye, says he,
“ you know your master has agreed to
“ give her up to my Lord.”

“ Good God ! what will become of
“ me ?” exclaimed Adeline.

“ Aye, Ma’amfelle, I am sorry for
“ you ; but hear me out. When Jacques
“ said this, I quite forgot myself. I’ll
“ never believe it, said I ; I’ll never be-
“ lieve my master would be guilty of
“ such a base action : he’ll not give her
“ up, or I’m no Christian.”—“ Oh !
“ said Jacques, for that matter, I thought
“ you’d known all, else I should not
“ have said a word about it. However,
“ you may soon satisfy yourself by going
“ to the parlour door, as I have done ;
“ they’re

“ they’re in consultation about it now,
 “ I dare say.”

“ You need not repeat any more of
 “ this conversation,” said Adeline;
 “ but tell me the result of what you
 “ heard from the parlour.”

“ Why, Ma’amfelle, when he said
 “ this, I took him at his word and went
 “ to the door, where, sure enough, I
 “ heard my master and the Marquis talk-
 “ ing about you. They said a great
 “ deal, which I could make nothing of;
 “ but, at last, I heard the Marquis say,
 “ You know the terms; on these terms
 “ only will I consent to bury the past in
 “ ob---ob---oblivion —— that was the
 “ word. Monsieur La Motte then told
 “ the Marquis, if he would return to
 “ the abbey upon such a night, meaning
 “ this very night, Ma’amfelle, every
 “ thing should be prepared according to
 “ his wishes; Adeline shall then be
 “ yours, my Lord, said he,—you are
 “ already acquainted with her chamber.”

At

At these words, Adeline clasped her hands and raised her eyes to Heaven in silent despair.—Peter went on. “When I heard this, I could not doubt what Jacques had said.—“Well, said he, “what do you think of it now?”—“Why, that my master’s a raical, says I.”—“It’s well you don’t think mine one too, says he.”—“Why, as for that matter, says I”——Adeline, interrupting him, inquired if he had heard any thing farther. “Just then,” said Peter, “we heard Madame La Motte come out from another room, and so we made haste back to the kitchen.”

“She was not present at this conversation then?” said Adeline. “No, Ma’amfelle, but my master has told her of it, I warrant.” Adeline was almost as much shocked by this apparent perfidy of Madame La Motte, as by a knowledge of the destruction that threatened her. After

musing a few moments in extreme agitation, “Peter,” said she, “you have a good heart, and feel a just indignation at your master’s treachery—will you assist me to escape?”

“Ah, Ma’amfelle! said he, “how can I assist you; besides, where can we go? I have no friends about here, no more than yourself.”

“O!” replied Adeline, in extreme emotion, “we fly from enemies; strangers may prove friends: assist me but to escape from this forest, and you will claim my eternal gratitude: I have no fears beyond it.”

“Why, as for this forest,” replied Peter, “I am weary of it myself; though, when we first came, I thought it would be fine living here, at least, I thought it was very different from any life I had ever lived before. But these ghosts that haunt the abbey, I am no more a coward than other men, but I don’t like them: and then there is so
“ many

“ many strange reports abroad ; and my
 “ master—I thought I could have served
 “ him to the end of the world, but now
 “ I care not how soon I leave him, for
 “ his behaviour to you, Ma’amfelle.”

“ You consent, then, to assist me in
 “ escaping ?” said Adeline with eager-
 nefs.

“ Why as to that, Ma’amfelle, I
 “ would willingly if I knew where to go.
 “ To be sure, I have a sister lives in
 “ Savoy, but that is a great way off : and
 “ I have saved a little money out of my
 “ wages, but that won’t carry us such a
 “ long journey.”

“ Regard not that,” said Adeline,
 “ if I was once beyond this forest, I
 “ would then endeavour to take care of
 “ myself, and repay you for your kind-
 “ nefs.”

“ O ! as for that, Madam”——
 “ Well, well, Peter, let us consider how
 “ we may escape. This night, say you,
 “ this night—the Marquis is to return ?”

“ Yes,

“ Yes, Ma’amfelle, to-night, about
 “ dark. I have juft thought of a fcheme :
 “ My mafter’s horfes are grazing in the
 “ foreft, we may take one of them, and
 “ fend it back from the firft ftage : but
 “ how fhall we avoid being feen ? be-
 “ fides, if we go off in the day-light, he
 “ will foon purfue and overtake us ; and
 “ if you ftay till night, the Marquis will
 “ be come, and then there is no chance.
 “ If they mifs us both at the fame time
 “ too, they’ll guefs how it is, and fet off
 “ directly. Could not you contrive to
 “ go firft and wait for me till the hurly-
 “ burly’s over ? Then, while they’re
 “ fearching in the place under ground for
 “ you, I can flip away, and we fhould
 “ be out of their reach, before they
 “ thought of purfuing us.”

Adeline agreed to the truth of all this,
 and was fomewhat furprized at Peter’s
 fagacity. She inquired if he knew of
 any place in the neighbourhood of the
 abbey, where ſhe could remain con-
 cealed

cealed till he came with a horse. " Why
 " yes, Madam, there is a place, now I
 " think of it, where you may be safe
 " enough, for nobody goes near : but
 " they say it's haunted, and, perhaps,
 " you would not like to go there." Ade-
 line, remembering the last night, was
 somewhat startled at this intelligence ;
 but a sense of her present danger pressed
 again upon her mind, and overcame
 every other apprehension. " Where is
 " this place ?" said she, " if it will con-
 " ceal me, I shall not hesitate to go."

" It is an old tomb that stands in the
 " thickest part of the forest about a quar-
 " ter of a mile off the nearest way, and
 " almost a mile the other. When my
 " master used to hide himself so much in
 " the forest, I have followed him some-
 " where thereabouts, but I did not find
 " out the tomb till t'other day. How-
 " ever, that's neither here nor there ; if
 " you dare venture to it, Ma'amfelle, I'll
 " shew you the nearest way." So saying,

he pointed to a winding path on the right. Adeline, having looked round, without perceiving any person near, directed Peter to lead her to the tomb : they pursued the path, till turning into a gloomy romantic part of the forest, almost impervious to the rays of the sun, they came to the spot whither Louis had formerly traced his father.

The stillness and solemnity of the scene struck awe upon the heart of Adeline, who paused and surveyed it for some time in silence. At length, Peter led her into the interior part of the ruin, to which they descended by several steps. “ Some old Abbot,” said he, “ was formerly buried here, as the Marquis’s people say ; and it’s like enough that he belonged to the abbey yonder. But I don’t see why he should take it in his head to walk ; *he* was not murdered, surely ?”

“ I hope not,” said Adeline.

“ That’s

“That’s more than can be said for all
 “that lies buried at the abbey though,
 “and”—— Adeline interrupted him;
 “Hark! surely, I hear a noise;” said
 she, “Heaven protect us from disco-
 “very!” They listened, but all was
 still, and they went on. Peter opened
 a low door, and they entered upon a
 dark passage, frequently obstructed by
 loose fragments of stone, and along
 which they moved with caution. “Whi-
 “ther are we going?” said Adeline.—
 “I scarcely know myself,” said Peter,
 “for I never was so far before; but the
 “place seems quiet enough.” Some-
 thing obstructed his way; it was a door,
 which yielded to his hand, and disco-
 vered a kind of cell, obscurely seen by
 the twilight admitted through a grate
 above. A partial gleam shot athwart
 the place, leaving the greatest part of it
 in shadow.

Adeline sighed as she surveyed it.
 “This is a frightful spot,” said she,

“ but if it will afford me a shelter, it
 “ is a palace. Remember, Peter, that
 “ my peace and honour depend upon
 “ your faithfulness; be both discrete
 “ and resolute. In the dusk of the
 “ evening I can pass from the abbey
 “ with least danger of being observed,
 “ and in this cell I will wait your ar-
 “ rival. As soon as Monsieur and Ma-
 “ dame La Motte are engaged in search-
 “ ing the vaults, you will bring here a
 “ horse; three knocks upon the tomb
 “ shall inform me of your arrival. For
 “ Heaven’s sake be cautious, and be
 “ punctual.”

“ I will, Ma’amfelle, let come what
 “ may.”

They re-ascended to the forest, and
 Adeline, fearful of observation, directed
 Peter to run first to the abbey, and in-
 vent some excuse for his absence, if
 he had been missed. When she was
 again alone, she yielded to a flood of
 tears, and indulged the excess of her dis-
 tress.

reflections. She saw herself without friends, without relations, destitute, forlorn, and abandoned to the worst of evils. Betrayed by the very persons, to whose comfort she had so long administered, whom she had loved as her protectors, and revered as her parents! These reflections touched her heart with the most afflicting sensations, and the sense of her immediate danger was for a while absorbed in the grief occasioned by a discovery of such guilt in others.

At length she roused all her fortitude, and turning towards the abbey, endeavoured to await with patience the hour of evening, and to sustain an appearance of composure in the presence of Monsieur and Madame La Motte. For the present she wished to avoid seeing either of them, doubting her ability to disguise her emotions: having reached the abbey, she, therefore, passed on to her chamber. Here she endeavoured to direct her attention to indifferent subjects,

but in vain ; the danger of her situation, and the severe disappointment she had received, in the character of those whom she had so much esteemed, and even loved, pressed hard upon her thoughts. To a generous mind few circumstances are more afflicting than a discovery of perfidy in those whom we have trusted, even though it may fail of any absolute inconvenience to ourselves. The behaviour of Madame La Motte in this, by concealment, conspiring to her destruction, particularly shocked her.

“ How has my imagination deceived me !” said she ; “ what a picture did it draw of the goodness of the world ! And must I then believe that every body is cruel and deceitful ? No—let me still be deceived, and still suffer, rather than be condemned to a state of such wretched suspicion.” She now endeavoured to extenuate the conduct of Madame La Motte, by attributing it to a fear of her husband. “ She
“ dare

“dare not oppose his will,” said she,
 “else she would warn me of my dan-
 ger, and assist me to escape from it.
 “No—I will never believe her capable
 “of conspiring my ruin. Terror alone
 “keeps her silent.”

Adeline was somewhat comforted by this thought. The benevolence of her heart taught her, in this instance, to sophisticate. She perceived not, that by ascribing the conduct of Madame La Motte to terror, she only softened the degree of her guilt, imputing it to a motive less depraved, but not less selfish. She remained in her chamber till summoned to dinner, when, drying her tears, she descended with faltering steps and a palpitating heart to the parlour. When she saw La Motte, in spite of all her efforts, she trembled and grew pale: she could not behold, even with apparent indifference, the man who she knew had destined her to destruction. He observed her emotion, and inquiring if she

was ill, she saw the danger to which her agitation exposed her. Fearful lest La Motte should suspect its true cause, she rallied all her spirits, and, with a look of complacency, answered she was well.

During dinner she preserved a degree of composure, that effectually concealed the varied anguish of her heart. When she looked at La Motte, terror and indignation were her predominant feelings; but when she regarded Madame La Motte, it was otherwise; gratitude for her former tenderness had long been confirmed into affection, and her heart now swelled with the bitterness of grief and disappointment. Madame La Motte appeared depressed, and said little. La Motte seemed anxious to prevent thought, by assuming a fictitious and unnatural gaiety: he laughed and talked, and threw off frequent bumpers of wine: it was the mirth of desperation. Madame became alarmed, and would have restrained him, but he persisted in his libations

bations to Bacchus till reflection seemed to be almost overcome.

Madame La Motte, fearful that in the carelessness of the present moment he might betray himself, withdrew with Adeline to another room. Adeline recollected the happy hours she once passed with her, when confidence banished reserve, and sympathy and esteem dictated the sentiments of friendship: now those hours were gone for ever; she could no longer unboisom her griefs to Madame La Motte; no longer even esteem her. Yet, notwithstanding all the danger to which she was exposed by the criminal silence of the latter, she could not converse with her, consciously for the last time, without feeling a degree of sorrow, which wisdom may call weakness, but to which benevolence will allow a softer name.

Madame La Motte, in her conversation, appeared to labour under an almost equal oppression with Adeline: her

F 5 thoughts

thoughts were abstracted from the subject of discourse, and there were long and frequent intervals of silence. Adeline more than once caught her gazing with a look of tenderness upon her, and saw her eyes fill with tears. By this circumstance she was so much affected, that she was several times upon the point of throwing herself at her feet, and imploring her pity and protection. Cooler reflection shewed her the extravagance and danger of this conduct: she suppressed her emotions, but they at length compelled her to withdraw from the presence of Madame La Motte.



C H A P T E R X.

Thou! to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
 Who see'st appall'd th' unreal scene,
 While fancy lifts the veil between;
 Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
 I see, I see thee near!
 I know thy hurry'd step, thy haggard eye!
 Like thee I start, like thee disordered fly!

COLLINS.

A DELINE anxiously watched from her chamber window the sun set behind the distant hills, and the time of her departure draw nigh: it set with uncommon splendour, and threw a fiery gleam athwart the woods, and upon some scattered fragments of the ruins, which she could not gaze upon with indifference. "Never, probably, again shall I see the sun sink

“below those hills,” said she, “or if-
 “lumine this scene! Where shall I be
 “when next it sets—where this time
 “to-morrow? sunk, perhaps, in misery!”
 She wept to the thought. “A few
 “hours,” resumed Adeline, “and the
 “Marquis will arrive—a few hours, and
 “this abbey will be a scene of con-
 “fusion and tumult: every eye will be
 “in search of me, every recess will be
 “explored.” These reflections inspired
 her with new terror, and increased her
 impatience to be gone.

Twilight gradually came on, and she
 now thought it sufficiently dark to ven-
 ture forth; but, before she went, she
 kneeled down and addressed herself to
 Heaven. She implored support and
 protection, and committed herself to the
 care of the God of mercies. Having
 done this, she quitted her chamber, and
 passed with cautious steps down the
 winding staircase. No person appeared,
 and she proceeded through the door of
 the

the tower into the forest. She looked around; the gloom of the evening obscured every object.

With a trembling heart she sought the path pointed out by Peter, which led to the tomb; having found it, she passed along forlorn and terrified. Often did she start as the breeze shook the light leaves of the trees, or as the bat flitted by, gambling in the twilight; and often, as she looked back towards the abbey, thought she distinguished, amid the deepening gloom, the figures of men. Having proceeded some way, she suddenly heard the feet of horses, and soon after a sound of voices, among which she distinguished that of the Marquis: they seemed to come from the quarter she was approaching, and evidently advanced. Terror for some minutes arrested her steps; she stood in a state of dreadful hesitation: to proceed was to run into the hands of the Marquis ;

quis ; to return was to fall into the power of La Motte.

After remaining for some time uncertain whither to fly, the sounds suddenly took a different direction, and wheeled towards the abbey. Adeline had a short cessation of terror. She now understood that the Marquis had passed this spot only in his way to the abbey, and she hastened to secrete herself in the ruin. At length, after much difficulty, she reached it, the deep shades almost concealing it from her search. She paused at the entrance, awed by the solemnity that reigned within, and the utter darkness of the place ; at length she determined to watch without till Peter should arrive. “ If any person approaches,” said she, “ I can hear them before they can see me, and I can then secrete myself in the cell.”

She leaned against a fragment of the tomb in trembling expectation, and, as she listened, no sound broke the silence

of the hour. The state of her mind can only be imagined, by considering that upon the present time turned the crisis of her fate. "They have now," thought she, "discovered my flight; even now they are seeking me in every part of the abbey. I hear their dreadful voices call me; I see their eager looks." The power of imagination almost overcame her. While she yet looked around, she saw lights moving at a distance; sometimes they glimmered between the trees, and sometimes they totally disappeared.

They seemed to be in a direction with the abbey; and she now remembered, that in the morning she had seen a part of the fabric through an opening in the forest. She had, therefore, no doubt that the lights she saw proceeded from people in search of her; who, she feared, not finding her at the abbey, might direct their steps towards the tomb. Her place of refuge now seemed too near
her

her enemies to be safe, and she would have fled to a more distant part of the forest, but recollected that Peter would not know where to find her.

While these thoughts passed over her mind, she heard distant voices in the wind, and was hastening to conceal herself in the cell, when she observed the lights suddenly disappear. All was soon after hushed in silence and darkness, yet she endeavoured to find the way to the cell. She remembered the situation of the outer door and of the passage, and having passed these she unclosed the door of the cell. Within it was utterly dark. She trembled violently, but entered; and, having felt about the walls, at length seated herself on a projection of stone.

She here again addressed herself to Heaven, and endeavoured to re-animate her spirits till Peter should arrive. Above half an hour elapsed in this gloomy recess, and no sound fore-
told

told his approach. Her spirits sunk, she feared some part of their plan was discovered, or interrupted, and that he was detained by La Motte. This conviction operated sometimes so strongly upon her fears, as to urge her to quit the cell alone, and seek in flight her only chance of escape.

While this design was fluctuating in her mind, she distinguished through the grate above a clattering of hoofs. The noise approached, and at length stopped at the tomb. In the succeeding moment she heard three strokes of a whip; her heart beat, and for some moments her agitation was such, that she made no effort to quit the cell. The strokes were repeated: she now roused her spirits, and, stepping forward, ascended to the forest. She called "Peter;" for the deep gloom would not permit her to distinguish either man or horse. She was quickly answered, "Hush! Ma'amfelle, our voices will betray us."

They

They mounted and rode off as fast as the darkness would permit. Adeline's heart revived at every step they took. She inquired what had passed at the abbey, and how he had contrived to get away. "Speak softly, Ma'amfelle; you'll know all by and bye, but I can't tell you now." He had scarcely spoke ere they saw lights move along at a distance; and coming now to a more open part of the forest, he sat off on a full gallop, and continued the pace till the horse could hold it no longer. They looked back, and no lights appearing, Adeline's terror subsided. She inquired again what had passed at the abbey, when her flight was discovered. "You may speak without fear of being heard," said she, "we are gone beyond their reach I hope."

"Why, Ma'amfelle," said he, "you had not been gone long before the Marquis arrived, and Monsieur La Motte then found out you was fled. Upon this
" this

“ this a great rout there was, and he
 “ talked a great deal with the Marquis.”

“ Speak louder,” said Adeline, “ I
 “ cannot hear you.”

“ I will, Ma’amfelle.”—

“ Oh ! Heavens !” interrupted Ade-
 line, “ What voice is this ? It is not
 “ Peter’s. For God’s sake tell me who
 “ you are, and whither I am going ?”

“ You’ll know that soon enough,
 “ young lady,” answered the stranger, for
 it was indeed not Peter ; “ I am taking
 “ you where my master ordered.” Ade-
 line, not doubting he was the Marquis’s
 servant, attempted to leap to the ground,
 but the man, dismounting, bound her
 to the horse. One feeble ray of hope at
 length beamed upon her mind : she en-
 deavoured to soften the man to pity, and
 pleaded with all the genuine eloquence
 of distress ; but he understood his in-
 terest too well to yield even for a moment
 to the compassion, which, in spite of
 himself, her artless supplication inspired.

She

She now resigned herself to despair, and, in passive silence, submitted to her fate. They continued thus to travel, till a storm of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, drove them to the covert of a thick grove. The man believed this a safe situation, and Adeline was now too careless of life to attempt convincing him of his error. The storm was violent and long, but as soon as it abated they sat off on full gallop, and having continued to travel for about two hours, they came to the borders of the forest, and, soon after, to a high lonely wall, which Adeline could just distinguish by the moon-light, which now streamed through the parting clouds.

Here they stopped; the man dismounted, and having opened a small door in the wall, he unbound Adeline, who shrieked, though involuntarily and in vain, as he took her from the horse. The door opened upon a narrow passage, dimly lighted by a lamp, which hung
at

at the farther end. He led her on; they came to another door; it opened and disclosed a magnificent saloon, splendidly illuminated, and fitted up in the most airy and elegant taste.

The walls were painted in fresco, representing scenes from Ovid, and hung above with silk drawn up in festoons and richly fringed. The sofas were of a silk to suit the hangings. From the centre of the ceiling, which exhibited a scene from the Armida of Taffo, descended a silver lamp of Etruscan form: it diffused a blaze of light, that, reflected from large pier glasses, completely illuminated the saloon. Busts of Horace, Ovid, Anacreon, Tibullus, and Petronius Arbiter, adorned the recesses, and stands of flowers, placed in Etruscan vases, breathed the most delicious perfume. In the middle of the apartment stood a small table, spread with a collation of fruits, ices, and liquors. No person appeared. The whole seemed the
works

works of enchantment, and rather resembled the palace of a fairy than any thing of human conformation.

Adeline was astonished, and inquired where she was, but the man refused to answer her questions, and, having desired her to take some refreshment, left her. She walked to the windows, from which a gleam of moon-light discovered to her an extensive garden, where groves and lawns, and water glittering in the moon-beam, composed a scenery of varied and romantic beauty. “What can this mean!” said she: “Is this a charm to lure me to destruction?” She endeavoured, with a hope of escaping, to open the windows, but they were all fastened; she next attempted several doors, and found them also secured.

Perceiving all chance of escape was removed, she remained for some time given up to sorrow and reflection; but was at length drawn from her reverie by the notes of soft music, breathing
such

such dulcet and entrancing sounds, as suspended grief, and waked the soul to tenderness and pensive pleasure. Adeline listened in surprize, and insensibly became soothed and interested; a tender melancholy stole upon her heart, and subdued every harsher feeling: but the moment the strain ceased, the enchantment dissolved, and she returned to a sense of her situation.

Again the music sounded—"music such as charmeth sleep"—and again she gradually yielded to its sweet magic. A female voice, accompanied by a lute, a hautboy, and a few other instruments, now gradually swelled into a tone so exquisite, as raised attention into ecstasy. It sunk by degrees, and touched a few simple notes with pathetic softness, when the measure was suddenly changed, and in a gay and airy melody Adeline distinguished the following words:

SONG.

S O N G.

Life's a varied, bright illusion,
 Joy and sorrow—light and shade ;
 Turn from sorrow's dark suffusion,
 Catch the pleasures ere they fade.

Fancy paints with hues unreal,
 Smile of bliss, and sorrow's mood ;
 If they both are but ideal,
 Why reject the seeming good ?

Hence! no more ! 'tis Wisdom calls ye,
 Bids ye court Time's present aid ;
 The future trust not—hope enthral's ye,
 " Catch the pleasures ere they fade."

The music ceased, but the sound still vibrated on her imagination, and she was sunk in the pleasing languor they had inspired, when the door opened, and the Marquis de Montalt appeared. He approached the sofa where Adeline sat, and addressed her, but she heard not his voice—she had fainted. He endeavoured to recover her, and at length succeeded ; but when she unclosed her eyes, and again beheld him, she relapsed into
 a state

a state of infensibility, and having in vain tried various methods to restore her, he was obliged to call assistance. Two young women entered, and, when she began to revive, he left them to prepare her for his re-appearance. When Adeline perceived that the Marquis was gone, and that she was in the care of women, her spirits gradually returned; she looked at her attendants, and was surpris'd to see so much elegance and beauty.

Some endeavour she made to interest their pity, but they seem'd wholly infensible to her distress, and began to talk of the Marquis in terms of the highest admiration. They assured her it would be her own fault if she was not happy, and advis'd her to appear so in his presence. It was with the utmost difficulty that Adeline forebore to express the disdain which was rising to her lips, and that she listened to their discourse in silence. But she saw the in-

convenience and fruitlessness of opposition, and she commanded her feelings.

They were thus proceeding in their praises of the Marquis, when he himself appeared, and, waving his hand, they immediately quitted the apartment. Adeline beheld him with a kind of mute despair, while he approached and took her hand, which she hastily withdrew, and turning from him with a look of unutterable distress, burst into tears. He was for some time silent, and appeared softened by her anguish. But again approaching, and addressing her in a gentle voice, he entreated her pardon for the step, which despair, and, as he called it, love had prompted. She was too much absorbed in grief to reply, till he solicited a return of his love, when her sorrow yielded to indignation, and she reproached him with his conduct. He pleaded that he had long loved and sought her upon honourable terms, and his offer of those terms he began to repeat,

peat, but, raising his eyes towards Adeline, he saw in her looks the contempt which he was conscious he deserved.

For a moment he was confused, and seemed to understand both that his plan was discovered and his person despised; but soon resuming his usual command of feature, he again pressed his suit, and solicited her love. A little reflection shewed Adeline the danger of exasperating his pride, by an avowal of the contempt which his pretended offer of marriage excited; and she thought it not improper, upon an occasion in which the honour and peace of her life was concerned, to yield somewhat to the policy of dissimulation. She saw that her only chance of escaping his designs depended upon delaying them, and she now wished him to believe her ignorant that the Marchioness was living, and that his offers were delusive.

He observed her pause, and, in the eagerness to turn her hesitation to his

advantage, renewed his proposal with increased vehemence. — “ To-morrow
 “ shall unite us, lovely Adeline; to-
 “ morrow you shall consent to become
 “ the Marchioness de Montalt. You
 “ will then return my love and”——

“ You must first deserve my esteem,
 “ my Lord.”

“ I will—I do deserve it. Are you
 “ not now in my power, and do I not
 “ forbear to take advantage of your
 “ situation? Do I not make you the
 “ most honourable proposals?” — Ade-
 line shuddered: “ If you wish I should
 “ esteem you, my Lord, endeavour, if
 “ possible, to make me forget by what
 “ means I came into your power; if
 “ your views are, indeed, honourable,
 “ prove them so by releasing me from
 “ my confinement.”

“ Can you then wish, lovely Adeline,
 “ to fly from him who adores you?” re-
 plied the Marquis, with a studied air of
 tenderness. “ Why will you exact so
 severe

“ severe a proof of my disinterestedness, a
 “ disinterestedness which is not consistent
 “ with love? No, charming Adeline,
 “ let me at least have the pleasure of be-
 “ holding you, till the bonds of the
 “ church shall remove every obstacle to
 “ my love. To-morrow”——

Adeline saw the danger to which she
 was now exposed, and interrupted him.
 “ *Deserve* my esteem, Sir, and then you
 “ will *obtain* it: as a first step towards
 “ which, liberate me from a confine-
 “ ment that obliges me to look on you
 “ only with terror and aversion. How
 “ can I believe your professions of love,
 “ while you shew that you have no in-
 “ terest in my happiness?” Thus did
 Adeline, to whom the arts and the prac-
 tice of dissimulation were hitherto equally
 unknown, condescend to make use of
 them in disguising her indignation and
 contempt. But though these arts were
 adopted only for the purpose of self-pre-
 servation, she used them with reluctance,
 and almost with abhorrence; for her mind

was habitually impregnated with the love of virtue, in thought, word, and action, and, while her end in using them was certainly good, she scarcely thought that end could justify the means.

The Marquis persisted in his sophistry. “ Can you doubt the reality of that
“ love, which, to obtain you, has urged
“ me to risque your displeasure? But
“ have I not consulted your happiness,
“ even in the very conduct which you
“ condemn? I have removed you from
“ a solitary and desolate ruin to a gay
“ and splendid villa, where every lux-
“ ury is at your command, and where
“ every person shall be obedient to your
“ wishes.”

“ My first wish is to go hence,” said Adeline; “ I entreat, I conjure you,
“ my Lord, no longer to detain me. I
“ am a friendless and wretched orphan,
“ exposed to many evils, and, I fear,
“ abandoned to misfortune: I do not
“ wish to be rude; but allow me to
“ say,

“ say, that no misery can exceed that I
 “ shall feel in remaining here, or, in-
 “ deed, in being any where pursued by
 “ the offers you make me !” Adeline
 had now forgot her policy : tears pre-
 vented her from proceeding, and she
 turned away her face to hide her emo-
 tion.

“ By Heaven ! Adeline, you do me
 “ wrong,” said the Marquis, rising from
 his seat, and seizing her hand ; “ I love,
 “ I adore you ; yet you doubt my pas-
 “ sion, and are insensible to my vows.
 “ Every pleasure possible to be enjoyed
 “ within these walls you shall partake,
 “ but beyond them you shall not go.”
 She disengaged her hand, and in silent
 anguish walked to a distant part of the
 saloon ; deep sighs burst from her heart,
 and, almost fainting, she leaned on a
 window-frame for support.

The Marquis followed her ; “ Why
 “ thus obstinately persist in refusing to
 “ be happy ?” said he ; “ recollect the

“ proposal I have made you, and ac-
 “ cept it, while it is yet in your power.
 “ To-morrow a priest shall join our hands
 “ — Surely, being, as you are, in my
 “ power, it must be your interest to
 “ consent to this ?” Adeline could an-
 swer only by tears; she despaired of
 softening his heart to pity, and feared
 to exasperate his pride by disdain. He
 now led her, and she suffered him, to a
 seat near the banquet, at which he
 pressed her to partake of a variety of
 confectionaries, particularly of some li-
 quors, of which he himself drank freely :
 Adeline accepted only of a peach.

And now the Marquis, who inter-
 preted her silence into a secret com-
 pliance with his proposal, resumed all
 his gaiety and spirit, while the long and
 ardent regards he bestowed on Adeline,
 overcame her with confusion and in-
 dignation. In the midst of the banquet,
 soft music again sounded the most ten-
 der and impassioned airs; but its effect

on

on Adeline was now lost, her mind being too much embarrassed and distressed by the presence of the Marquis, to admit even the foothings of harmony. A song was now heard, written with that sort of impotent art, by which some voluptuous poets believe they can at once conceal and recommend the principles of vice. Adeline received it with contempt and displeasure, and the Marquis, perceiving its effect, presently made a sign for another composition, which, adding the force of poetry to the charms of music, might withdraw her mind from the present scene, and enchant it in sweet delirium.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

In the fightless air I dwell,
 On the sloping sun-beams play;
 Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
 Where never yet did day-light stray:

Dive beneath the green sea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim ev'ry shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone;
Follow the day-star's flaming course
Through realms of space to thought unknown:

And listen oft celestial sounds
That swell the air unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody steep, and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eve I sit at ease,
While dying music murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy clift,
That hangs upon the western main,
I watch the gay tints passing swift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
And ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea-nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells! I hear them now,
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
 And trembles through the leafy shade,
 And tints the scene with softer hue,
 Calls me to rove the lonely glade ;

Or hie me to some ruin'd tower,
 Faintly shewn by moon-light gleam,
 Where the lone wanderer owns my power
 In shadows dire that substance seem ;

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
 And pausing silence make more dread ;
 In music breathing from below
 Sad solemn strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move—unknown am fear'd !
 Fancy's wildest dreams I weave ;
 And oft by bards my voice is heard
 To die along the gales of eve.

When the voice ceased, a mournful strain, played with exquisite expression, founded from a distant horn ; sometimes the notes floated on the air in soft undulations—now they swelled into full and sweeping melody, and now died faintly into silence : when again they rose and trembled in sounds so sweetly tender, as drew tears from Adeline, and exclamations of rapture from

the Marquis; he threw his arm round her, and would have pressed her towards him, but she liberated herself from his embrace, and with a look, on which was impressed the firm dignity of virtue, yet touched with sorrow, she awed him to forbearance. Conscious of a superiority, which he was ashamed to acknowledge, and endeavouring to despise the influence which he could not resist, he stood for a moment the slave of virtue, though the votary of vice. Soon, however, he recovered his confidence, and began to plead his love; when Adeline, no longer animated by the spirit she had lately shewn, and sinking beneath the languor and fatigue which the various and violent agitations of her mind produced, entreated he would leave her to repose.

The paleness of her countenance, and the tremulous tone of her voice, were too expressive to be misunderstood; and the Marquis, bidding her remember

to-morrow, with some hesitation, withdrew. The moment she was alone, she yielded to the bursting anguish of her heart, and was so absorbed in grief, that it was some time before she perceived she was in the presence of the young women, who had lately attended her, and had entered the saloon soon after the Marquis quitted it: they came to conduct her to her chamber. She followed them for some time in silence, till, prompted by desperation, she again endeavoured to awaken their compassion: but again the praises of the Marquis were repeated, and perceiving that all attempts to interest them in her favour were in vain, she dismissed them. She secured the door through which they had departed, and then, in the languid hope of discovering some means of escape, she surveyed her chamber. The airy elegance with which it was fitted up, and the luxurious accommodations with which it abounded, seemed designed to fascinate the imagination,
and

and to seduce the heart. The hangings were of straw-coloured silk, adorned with a variety of landscapes and historical paintings, the subjects of which partook of the voluptuous character of the owner; the chimney-piece, of Parian marble, was ornamented with several reposing figures from the antique. The bed was of silk the colour of the hangings, richly fringed with purple and silver, and the head made in form of a canopy. The steps, which were placed near the bed to assist in ascending it, were supported by Cupids, apparently of solid silver. China vases, filled with perfume, stood in several of the recesses, upon stands of the same structure as the toilet, which was magnificent, and ornamented with a variety of trinkets.

Adeline threw a transient look upon these various objects, and proceeded to examine the windows, which descended to the floor, and opened into balconies towards the garden she had seen from the saloon. They were now fastened,
and

and her efforts to move them were ineffectual; at length she gave up the attempt. A door next attracted her notice, which she found was not fastened; it opened upon a dressing closet, to which she descended by a few steps: two windows appeared, she hastened towards them; one refused to yield, but her heart beat with sudden joy when the other opened to her touch.

In the transport of the moment, she forgot that its distance from the ground might yet deny the escape she meditated. She returned to lock the door of the closet, to prevent a surprize, which, however, was unnecessary, that of the bedroom being already secured. She now looked out from the window; the garden lay before her, and she perceived that the window, which descended to the floor, was so near the ground, that she might jump from it with ease: almost in the moment she perceived this, she sprang forward and alighted safely in an extensive garden, resembling more an
English

English pleasure ground, than a series of French parterres.

Thence she had little doubt of escaping, either by some broken fence, or low part of the wall; she tripped lightly along, for hope played round her heart. The clouds of the late storm were now dispersed, and the moon-light, which slept on the lawns and spangled the flowers, yet heavy with rain-drops, afforded her a distinct view of the surrounding scenery: she followed the direction of the high wall that adjoined the chateau, till it was concealed from her sight by a thick wilderness, so entangled with boughs and obscured by darkness, that she feared to enter, and turned aside into a walk on the right; it conducted her to the margin of a lake overhung with lofty trees.

The moon-beams dancing upon the waters, that with gentle undulation played along the shore, exhibited a scene of tranquil beauty, which would have soothed an heart less agitated than was
that

that of Adeline : she sighed as she transiently surveyed it, and passed hastily on in search of the garden wall, from which she had now strayed a considerable way. After wandering for some time through alleys and over lawns, without meeting with any thing like a boundary to the grounds, she again found herself at the lake, and now traversed its border with the footsteps of despair :—tears rolled down her cheeks. The scene around exhibited only images of peace and delight ; every object seemed to repose ; not a breath waved the foliage, not a sound stole through the air : it was in her bosom only that tumult and distress prevailed. She still pursued the windings of the shore, till an opening in the woods conducted her up a gentle ascent : the path now wound along the side of a hill, where the gloom was so deep, that it was with some difficulty she found her way : suddenly, however, the avenue opened to a lofty grove, and she perceived

ceived a light issue from a recess at some distance.

She paused, and her first impulse was to retreat, but listening and hearing no sound, a faint hope beamed upon her mind, that the person to whom the light belonged, might be won to favour her escape. She advanced, with trembling and cautious steps, towards the recess, that she might secretly observe the person, before she ventured to enter it. Her emotion increased as she approached, and having reached the bower, she beheld, through an open window, the Marquis, reclining on a sofa, near which stood a table, covered with fruit and wine. He was alone, and his countenance was flushed with drinking.

While she gazed, fixed to the spot by terror, he looked up towards the casement; the light gleamed full upon her face, but she stayed not to learn whether he had observed her, for, with the swiftness of sound, she left the place and ran,
without

without knowing whether she was pursued. Having gone a considerable way, fatigue, at length, compelled her to stop, and she threw herself upon the turf, almost fainting with fear and languor. She knew if the Marquis detected her in an attempt to escape, he would, probably, burst the bounds which he had hitherto prescribed to himself, and that she had the most dreadful evils to expect. The palpitations of terror were so strong, that she could with difficulty breathe.

She watched and listened in trembling expectation, but no form met her eye, no sound her ear; in this state she remained a considerable time. She wept, and the tears she shed relieved her oppressed heart. “O my father!” said she, “why did you abandon your child? If you knew the dangers to which you have exposed her, you would, surely, pity and relieve her. Alas! shall I never find a friend; am I destined still to trust and be deceived?—Peter too, could he

“ he

“ he be treacherous ?” She wept again, and then returned to a sense of her present danger, and to a consideration of the means of escaping it—but no means appeared.

To her imagination the grounds were boundless; she had wandered from lawn to lawn, and from grove to grove, without perceiving any termination to the place; the garden wall she could not find, but she resolved neither to return to the chateau, nor to relinquish her search. As she was rising to depart, she perceived a shadow move along at some distance; she stood still to observe it. It slowly advanced and then disappeared, but presently she saw a person emerge from the gloom, and approach the spot where she stood. She had no doubt that the Marquis had observed her, and she ran with all possible speed to the shade of some woods on the left. Footsteps pursued her, and she heard her name repeated, while she in vain endeavoured to quicken her pace.

Suddenly

Suddenly the sound of pursuit turned, and sunk away in a different direction : she paused to take breath ; she looked around and no person appeared. She now proceeded slowly along the avenue, and had almost reached its termination, when she saw the same figure emerge from the woods and dart across the avenue ; it instantly pursued her and approached. A voice called her, but she was gone beyond its reach, for she had sunk senseless upon the ground : it was long before she revived, when she did, she found herself in the arms of a stranger, and made an effort to disengage herself.

“ Fear nothing, lovely Adeline,” said he, “ fear nothing : you are in the arms
“ of a friend, who will encounter any
“ hazard for your sake ; who will pro-
“ tect you with his life.” He pressed her gently to his heart. “ Have you
“ then forgot me ?” continued he. She looked earnestly at him, and was now
con-

convinced that it was Theodore who spoke. Joy was her first emotion; but, recollecting his former abrupt departure, at a time so critical to her safety, and that he was the friend of the Marquis, a thousand mingled sensations struggled in her breast, and overwhelmed her with mistrust, apprehension, and disappointment.

Theodore raised her from the ground, and while he yet supported her, “Let us immediately fly from this place,” said he; “a carriage waits to receive us; it shall go wherever you direct, and convey you to your friends.” This last sentence touched her heart: “Alas, I have no friends!” said she, “nor do I know whither to go.” Theodore gently pressed her hand between his, and, in a voice of the softest compassion, said, “My friends then shall be yours; suffer me to lead you to them. But I am in agony while you remain in this place; let us hasten to quit it.” Adeline was going to reply, when voices

were heard among the trees, and Theodore, supporting her with his arm, hurried her along the avenue : they continued their flight till Adeline, panting for breath, could go no farther.

Having paused a while, and heard no footsteps in pursuit, they renewed their course : Theodore knew that they were now not far from the garden wall ; but he was also aware, that in the intermediate space several paths wound from remote parts of the grounds into the walk he was to pass, from whence the Marquis's people might issue and intercept him. He, however, concealed his apprehensions from Adeline, and endeavoured to soothe and support her spirits.

At length they reached the wall, and Theodore was leading her towards a low part of it, near which stood the carriage, when again they heard voices in the air. Adeline's spirits and strength were nearly exhausted, but she made a last effort to proceed, and she now saw the ladder at
some

some distance by which Theodore had descended to the garden. “ Exert yourself yet a little longer,” said he, “ and you will be in safety.” He held the ladder while she ascended; the top of the wall was broad and level, and Adeline, having reached it, remained there till Theodore followed and drew the ladder to the other side.

When they had descended, the carriage appeared in waiting, but without the driver. Theodore feared to call, lest his voice should betray him; he, therefore, put Adeline into the carriage, and went himself in search of the postillion, whom he found asleep under a tree at some distance; having awakened him, they returned to the vehicle, which soon drove furiously away. Adeline did not yet dare to believe herself safe, but, after proceeding a considerable time without interruption, joy burst upon her heart, and she thanked her deliverer in terms of the warmest gratitude. The sympathy

thy expressed in the tone of his voice and manner, proved that his happiness, on this occasion, almost equalled her own.

As reflection gradually stole upon her mind, anxiety superseded joy : in the tumult of the late moments, she thought only of escape, but the circumstances of her present situation now appeared to her, and she became silent and pensive : she had no friends to whom she could fly, and was going with a young Chevalier, almost a stranger to her, she knew not whither. She remembered how often she had been deceived and betrayed where she trusted most, and her spirits sunk : she remembered also the former attention which Theodore had shewn her, and dreaded lest his conduct might be prompted by a selfish passion. She saw this to be possible, but she disdained to believe it probable, and felt that nothing could give her greater pain than to doubt the integrity of Theodore.

He interrupted her reverie, by recurring to her late situation at the abbey. “ You would be much surpris’d,” said he, “ and, I fear, offended, that I did not attend my appointment at the abbey, after the alarming hints I had given you in our last interview. That circumstance has, perhaps, injured me in your esteem, if, indeed, I was ever so happy as to possess it : but my designs were over-ruled by those of the Marquis de Montalt ; and I think I may venture to assert, that my distress upon this occasion was, at least, equal to your apprehensions.”

Adeline said, “ She had been much alarmed by the hints he had given her, and by his failing to afford farther information, concerning the subject of her danger ; and”— She checked the sentence that hung upon her lips, for she perceived that she was unwarily betraying the interest he held in her heart. There were a few moments of silence,
 2 and

and neither party seemed perfectly at ease. Theodore, at length, renewed the conversation: "Suffer me to acquaint you," said he, "with the circumstances that withheld me from the interview I solicited; I am anxious to exculpate myself." Without waiting her reply, he proceeded to inform her, that the Marquis had, by some inexplicable means, learned or suspected the subject of their last conversation, and, perceiving his designs were in danger of being counteracted, had taken effectual means to prevent her obtaining farther intelligence of them. Adeline immediately recollected that Theodore and herself had been seen in the forest by La Motte, who had, no doubt, suspected their growing intimacy, and had taken care to inform the Marquis how likely he was to find a rival in his friend.

"On the day following that, on which I last saw you," said Theodore, "the Marquis, who is my colonel, com-

“ manded me to prepare to attend my
 “ regiment, and appointed the following
 “ morning for my journey. This sudden
 “ order gave me some surprize, but I
 “ was not long in doubt concerning the
 “ motive for it : a servant of the Mar-
 “ quis, who had been long attached to
 “ me, entered my room soon after I had
 “ left his Lord, and expressing concern
 “ at my abrupt departure, dropped some
 “ hints respecting it, which excited my
 “ surprize. I inquired farther, and was
 “ confirmed in the suspicions I had for
 “ some time entertained of the Marquis’s
 “ designs upon you.

“ Jacques farther informed me, that
 “ our late interview had been noticed
 “ and communicated to the Marquis.
 “ His information had been obtained
 “ from a fellow servant, and it alarmed
 “ me so much, that I engaged him to
 “ send me intelligence from time to time,
 “ concerning the proceedings of the
 “ Marquis. I now looked forward to
 “ the

“ the evening which would bring me
 “ again to your presence with increased
 “ impatience : but the ingenuity of the
 “ Marquis effectually counteracted my
 “ endeavours and wishes ; he had made
 “ an engagement to pass the day at the
 “ villa of a nobleman some leagues dif-
 “ tant, and, notwithstanding all the ex-
 “ cuses I could offer, I was obliged to at-
 “ tend him. Thus compelled to obey, I
 “ passed a day of more agitation and
 “ anxiety than I had ever before expe-
 “ rienced. It was midnight before we
 “ returned to the Marquis’s chateau. I
 “ arose early in the morning to com-
 “ mence my journey, and resolved to
 “ seek an interview with you before I
 “ left the province.

“ When I entered the breakfast room,
 “ I was much surprized to find the Mar-
 “ quis there already, who, commending
 “ the beauty of the morning, declared
 “ his intention of accompanying me as
 “ far as Chineau. Thus unexpectedly

“ deprived of my last hope, my coun-
 “ tenance, I believe, expressed what I
 “ felt, for the scrutinizing eye of the
 “ Marquis instantly changed from seem-
 “ ing carelessness to displeasure. The
 “ distance from Chineau to the abbey
 “ was, at least, twelve leagues; yet I
 “ had once some intention of returning
 “ from thence, when the Marquis should
 “ leave me, till I recollected the very
 “ remote chance there would even then
 “ be of seeing you alone, and also, that
 “ if I was observed by La Motte, it
 “ would awaken all his suspicions, and
 “ caution him against any future plan I
 “ might see it expedient to attempt: I,
 “ therefore, proceeded to join my re-
 “ giment.

“ Jacques sent me frequent accounts
 “ of the operations of the Marquis, but
 “ his manner of relating them was so
 “ very confused, that they only served
 “ to perplex and distress me. His last
 “ letter, however, alarmed me so much,
 “ that

“ that my residence in quarters became
 “ intolerable ; and, as I found it impos-
 “ sible to obtain leave of absence, I se-
 “ cretly left the regiment, and concealed
 “ myself in a cottage about a mile from
 “ the chateau, that I might obtain the
 “ earliest intelligence of the Marquis’s
 “ plans. Jacques brought me daily in-
 “ formation, and, at last, an account of
 “ the horrible plot which was laid for the
 “ following night.

“ I saw little probability of warning
 “ you of your danger. If I ventured
 “ near the abbey, La Motte might dis-
 “ cover me, and frustrate every attempt
 “ on my part to save you : yet I deter-
 “ mined to encounter this risk for the
 “ chance of seeing you, and towards
 “ evening I was preparing to set out for
 “ the forest, when Jacques arrived and
 “ informed me, that you was to be
 “ brought to the chateau. My plan was
 “ thus rendered less difficult. I learned
 “ also, that the Marquis, by means of
 H 4 “ those

“ those refinements in luxury, with which
 “ he is but too well acquainted, de-
 “ signed, now that his apprehension of
 “ losing you was no more, to seduce you
 “ to his wishes, and impose upon you
 “ by a fictitious marriage. Having ob-
 “ tained information concerning the
 “ situation of the room allotted you, I
 “ ordered a chaise to be in waiting, and
 “ with a design of scaling your window,
 “ and conducting you thence, I entered
 “ the garden at midnight.”

Theodore having ceased to speak, “ I
 “ know not how words can express my
 “ sense of the obligations I owe you,”
 said Adeline, “ or my gratitude for your
 “ generosity.”

“ Ah ! call it not generosity,” he re-
 plied, “ it was love.” He paused. Adeline
 was silent. After some moments of
 expressive emotion, he resumed ; “ But
 “ pardon this abrupt declaration ; yet
 “ why do I call it abrupt, since my ac-
 “ tions have already disclosed what my
 “ lips

“ lips have never, till this instant, ven-
 “ tured to acknowledge.” He paused
 again. Adeline was still silent. “ Yet
 “ do me the justice to believe, that I am
 “ sensible of the impropriety of pleading
 “ my love at present, and have been
 “ surprized into this confession. I pro-
 “ mise also to forbear from a renewal of
 “ the subject, till you are placed in a
 “ situation, where you may freely ac-
 “ cept or refuse, the sincere regards I
 “ offer you. If I could, however, now
 “ be certain that I possess your esteem,
 “ it would relieve me from much
 “ anxiety.”

Adeline felt surprized that he should
 doubt her esteem for him, after the sig-
 nal and generous service he had rendered
 her; but she was not yet acquainted
 with the timidity of love. “ Do you
 “ then,” said she, in a tremulous voice,
 “ believe me ungrateful? It is impossi-
 “ ble I can consider your friendly inter-
 “ ference in my behalf without esteem-

“ing you.” Theodore immediately took her hand and pressed it to his lips in silence. They were both too much agitated to converse, and continued to travel for some miles without exchanging a word.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XI.

“ And Hope enchanted smil’d, and wav’d her
 “ golden hair ;
 “ And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
 “ Revenge impatient rose.”

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

THE dawn of morning now trembled through the clouds, when the travellers stopped at a small town to change horses. Theodore entreated Adeline to alight and take some refreshment, and to this she at length consented. But the people of the inn were not yet up, and it was some time before the knocking and roaring of the postillion could rouse them.

Having taken some slight refreshment, Theodore and Adeline returned to the carriage. The only subject upon which Theo-

H 6

dore

dore could have spoke with interest, delicacy forbade him at this time to notice ; and after pointing out some beautiful scenery on the road, and making other efforts to support a conversation, he relapsed into silence. His mind, though still anxious, was now relieved from the apprehension that had long oppressed it. When he first saw Adeline, her loveliness made a deep impression on his heart : there was a sentiment in her beauty, which his mind immediately acknowledged, and the effect of which, her manners and conversation had afterwards confirmed. Her charms appeared to him like those since so finely described by an English poet :

“ Oh! have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
 “ The budding rose its infant bloom display ;
 “ When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
 “ It shrinks and scarcely trusts the blaze of day ?

“ So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
 “ Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek,
 “ I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
 “ Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion
 “ weak.”

A know-

A knowledge of her destitute condition, and of the dangers with which she was environed, had awakened in his heart the tenderest touch of pity, and assisted the change of admiration into love. The distress he suffered, when compelled to leave her exposed to these dangers, without being able to warn her of them, can only be imagined. During his residence with his regiment, his mind was the constant prey of terrors, which he saw no means of combating, but by returning to the neighbourhood of the abbey, where he might obtain early intelligence of the Marquis's schemes, and be ready to give his assistance to Adeline.

Leave of absence he could not request, without betraying his design where most he dreaded it should be known, and, at length, with a generous rashness, which, though it defied law, was impelled by virtue, he secretly quitted his regiment. The progress of the Marquis's plan he had observed, with trembling anxiety,
till,

till the night that was to decide the fate of Adeline and himself roused all his mind to action, and involved him in a tumult of hope and fear—horror and expectation.

Never, till the present hour, had he ventured to believe she was in safety. Now the distance they had gained from the chateau, without perceiving any pursuit, increased his best hopes. It was impossible he could sit by the side of his beloved Adeline, and receive assurances of her gratitude and esteem, without venturing to hope for her love. He congratulated himself as her preserver, and anticipated scenes of happiness when she should be under the protection of his family. The clouds of misery and apprehension disappeared from his mind, and left it to the sunshine of joy. When a shadow of fear would sometimes return, or when he recollected, with compunction, the circumstances under which he had left his regiment, stationed, as it was,

was, upon the frontiers, and in a time of war, he looked at Adeline, and her countenance, with instantaneous magic, beamed peace upon his heart.

But Adeline had a subject of anxiety from which Theodore was exempt; the prospect of her future days was involved in darkness and uncertainty. Again she was going to claim the bounty of strangers—again going to encounter the uncertainty of their kindness; exposed to the hardships of dependance, or to the difficulty of earning a precarious livelihood. These anticipations obscured the joy occasioned by her escape, and by the affection which the conduct and avowal of Theodore had exhibited. The delicacy of his behaviour, in forbearing to take advantage of her present situation to plead his love, increased her esteem, and flattered her pride.

Adeline was lost in meditation upon subjects like these, when the postillion stopped the carriage; and pointing to
part

part of a road, which wound down the side of a hill they had passed, said there were several horsemen in pursuit ! Theodore immediately ordered him to proceed with all possible speed, and to strike out of the great road into the first obscure way that offered. The postillion cracked his whip in the air, and sat off as if he was flying for life. In the meanwhile Theodore endeavoured to re-animate Adeline, who was sinking with terror, and who now thought, if she could only escape from the Marquis, she could defy the future.

Presently they struck into a bye lane, screened and overshadowed by thick trees ; Theodore again looked from the window, but the closing boughs prevented his seeing far enough to determine whether the pursuit continued. For his sake Adeline endeavoured to disguise her emotions. " This lane," said Theodore, " will certainly lead to " a town or village, and then we have
 " nothing

“ nothing to apprehend ; for, though
 “ my single arm could not defend you
 “ against the number of our pursuers,
 “ I have no doubt of being able to
 “ interest some of the inhabitants in our
 “ behalf.”

Adeline appeared to be comforted
 by the hope this reflection suggested,
 and Theodore again looked back, but
 the windings of the road closed his
 view, and the rattling of the wheels
 overcame every other sound. At length
 he called to the postillion to stop, and
 having listened attentively, without per-
 ceiving any sound of horses, he began
 to hope they were now in safety. “ Do
 “ you know where this road leads ? ”
 said he. The postillion answered that
 he did not, but he saw some houses
 through the trees at a distance, and be-
 lieved it led to them. This was most
 welcome intelligence to Theodore, who
 looked forward and perceived the houses.
 The postillion sat off, “ Fear nothing,
 “ my

“ my adored Adeline,” said he, “ you
“ are now safe ; I will part with you
“ but with life.” Adeline sighed, not
for herself only, but for the danger to
which Theodore might be exposed.

They had continued to travel in this manner for near half an hour, when they arrived at a small village, and soon after stopped at an inn, the best the place afforded. As Theodore lifted Adeline from the chaise, he again entreated her to dismiss her apprehensions, and spoke with a tenderness, to which she could reply only by a smile that ill concealed her anxiety. After ordering refreshments, he went out to speak with the landlord, but had scarcely left the room, when Adeline observed a party of horsemen enter the inn-yard, and she had no doubt these were the persons from whom they fled. The faces of two of them only were turned towards her, but she thought the figure of one of the others not unlike that of the Marquis.

Her

Her heart was chilled, and for some moments the powers of reason forsook her. Her first design was to seek concealment; but while she considered the means one of the horsemen looked up to the window near which she stood, and speaking to his companions, they entered the inn. To quit the room, without being observed, was impossible; to remain there, alone and unprotected as she was, would almost be equally dangerous. She paced the room in an agony of terror, often secretly calling on Theodore, and often wondering he did not return. These were moments of indescribable suffering. A loud and tumultuous sound of voices now arose from a distant part of the house, and she soon distinguished the words of the disputants. "I arrest you in the King's name," said one; "and bid you, at your peril, attempt to go from hence, except under a guard."

The

The next minute Adeline heard the voice of Theodore in reply. "I do not mean to dispute the King's orders," said he, "and give you my word of honour not to go without you; but first unhand me, that I may return to that room; I have a friend there whom I wish to speak with." To this proposal they at first objected, considering it merely as an excuse to obtain an opportunity of escaping; but, after much altercation and entreaty, his request was granted. He sprang forwards towards the room where Adeline remained, and while a serjeant and corporal followed him to the door, the two soldiers went out into the yard of the inn, to watch the windows of the apartment.

With an eager hand he unclosed the door, but Adeline hastened not to meet him, for she had fainted almost at the beginning of the dispute. Theodore called loudly for assistance, and the mistress of the inn soon appeared with
 her

her stock of remedies, which were administered in vain to Adeline, who remained insensible, and by breathing alone gave signs of her existence. The distress of Theodore was in the mean time heightened by the appearance of the officers, who, laughing at the discovery of his pretended friend, declared they could wait no longer. Saying this, they would have forced him from the inanimate form of Adeline, over whom he hung in unutterable anguish, when fiercely turning upon them, he drew his sword, and swore no power on earth should force him away before the lady recovered.

The men, enraged by the action and the determined air of Theodore, exclaimed, "Do you oppose the King's orders?" and advanced to seize him, but he presented the point of his sword, and bid them at their peril approach. One of them immediately drew, Theodore kept his guard, but did not advance.

vance. "I demand only to wait here till the lady recovers," said he; "you understand the alternative." The man, already exasperated by the opposition of Theodore, regarded the latter part of his speech as a threat, and became determined not to give up the point; he pressed forward, and while his comrade called the men from the yard, Theodore wounded him slightly in the shoulder, and received himself the stroke of a sabre on his head.

The blood gushed furiously from the wound; Theodore, staggering to a chair, sunk into it, just as the remainder of the party entered the room, and Adeline unclosed her eyes to see him ghastly pale, and covered with blood. She uttered an involuntary scream, and exclaiming, "they have murdered him," nearly relapsed. At the sound of her voice he raised his head, and smiling held out his hand to her. "I am not much hurt," said he faintly, "and shall
" soon

“ soon be better, if indeed you are re-
 “ covered.” She hastened towards him,
 and gave her hand. “ Is nobody gone
 “ for a surgeon ?” said she, with a look of
 agony. “ Do not be alarmed,” said
 Theodore, “ I am not so ill as you
 “ imagine.” The room was now crowd-
 ed with people, whom the report of the
 affray had brought together ; among
 these was a man, who acted as physician,
 apothecary, and surgeon to the village,
 and who now stepped forward to the as-
 sistance of Theodore.

Having examined the wound, he de-
 clined giving his opinion, but ordered
 the patient to be immediately put to
 bed, to which the officers objected, al-
 ledging that it was their duty to carry
 him to the regiment. “ That cannot
 “ be done without great danger to his
 “ life,” replied the doctor ; “ and”—

“ Oh ! his life,” said the serjeant ;
 “ we have nothing to do with that, we
 “ must do our duty.” Adeline, who
 had

had hitherto stood in trembling anxiety, could now no longer be silent. “ Since “ the surgeon,” said she, “ has de- “ clared it his opinion, that this gentle- “ man cannot be removed in his present “ condition, without endangering his “ life, you will remember, that if he “ dies, yours will probably answer it.”

“ Yes,” rejoined the surgeon, who was unwilling to relinquish his patient, “ I declare before these witnesses, “ that he cannot be removed with “ safety : you will do well, therefore, “ to consider the consequences. He “ has received a very dangerous wound, “ which requires the most careful treat- “ ment, and the event is even then “ doubtful ; but, if he travels, a fever “ may ensue, and the wound will then “ be mortal.” Theodore heard this sentence with composure, but Adeline could with difficulty conceal the anguish of her heart : she roused all her fortitude to suppress the tears that struggled

in her eyes; and though she wished to interest the humanity, or to awaken the fears of the men, in behalf of their unfortunate prisoner, she dared not to trust her voice with utterance.

From this internal struggle she was relieved by the compassion of the people who filled the room, and becoming clamorous in the cause of Theodore, declared the officers would be guilty of murder if they removed him. “Why he must die at any rate,” said the serjeant, “for quitting his post, and drawing upon me in the execution of the King’s orders.” A faint sickness seized the heart of Adeline, and she leaned for support against Theodore’s chair, whose concern for himself was for a while suspended in his anxiety for her. He supported her with his arm, and forcing a smile, said in a low voice, which she only could hear, “This is a misrepresentation; I doubt not, when the affair is inquired into,

“it will be settled without any serious consequences.”

Adeline knew these words were uttered only to console her, and therefore did not give much credit to them, though Theodore continued to give her similar assurances of his safety. Meanwhile the mob, whose compassion for him had been gradually excited by the obduracy of the officer, were now roused to pity and indignation by the seeming certainty of his punishment, and the unfeeling manner in which it had been denounced. In a short time they became so much enraged, that, partly from a dread of farther consequences, and partly from the shame which their charges of cruelty occasioned, the serjeant consented that he should be put to bed, till his commanding officer might direct what was to be done. Adeline's joy at this circumstance overcame for a moment the sense of her misfortunes, and of her situation.

She

She waited in an adjoining room the sentence of the surgeon, who was now engaged in examining the wound; and though the accident would in any other circumstances have severely afflicted her, she now lamented it the more, because she considered herself as the cause of it, and because the misfortune, by illustrating more fully the affection of her lover, drew him closer to her heart, and seemed, therefore, to sharpen the poignancy of her affliction. The dreadful assertion that Theodore, should he recover, would be punished with death, she scarcely dared to consider, but endeavoured to believe that it was no more than a cruel exaggeration of his antagonist.

Upon the whole, Theodore's present danger, together with the attendant circumstances, awakened all her tenderness, and discovered to her the true state of her affections. The graceful form, the noble, intelligent countenance, and

the engaging manners which she had at first admired in Theodore, became afterwards more interesting by that strength of thought, and elegance of sentiment, exhibited in his conversation. His conduct, since her escape, had excited her warmest gratitude, and the danger which he had now encountered in her behalf, called forth her tenderness, and heightened it into love. The veil was removed from her heart, and she saw, for the first time, its genuine emotions.

The surgeon at length came out of Theodore's chamber into the room where Adeline was waiting to speak with him. She inquired concerning the state of his wound. "You are a relation of the gentleman's, I presume, Madam; his sister, perhaps." The question vexed and embarrassed her, and, without answering it, she repeated her inquiry. "Perhaps, Madam, you are more nearly related," pursued the surgeon, seeming also to disregard her question, "per-
haps

“haps you are his wife.” Adeline blushed, and was about to reply, but he continued his speech. “The interest you take in his welfare is, at least, very flattering, and I would almost consent to exchange conditions with him, were I sure of receiving such tender compassion from so charming a lady.” Saying this, he bowed to the ground. Adeline assuming a very reserved air, said, “Now, Sir, that you have concluded your compliment, you will, perhaps, attend to my question; I have inquired how you left your patient.”

“That, Madam, is, perhaps, a question very difficult to be resolved; and it is likewise a very disagreeable office to pronounce ill news—I fear he will die.” The surgeon opened his snuff-box and presented it to Adeline. “Die!” she exclaimed in a faint voice, “Die!” “Do not be alarmed, Madam,” resumed the surgeon, observing her grow

pale, "do not be alarmed. It is possible
 "that the wound may not have reached
 "the ——," he stammered; "in that
 "case the ——," stammering again, "is
 "not affected; and if so, the interior
 "membranes of the brain are not
 "touched: in this case the wound may,
 "perhaps, escape inflammation, and the
 "patient may possibly recover. But if,
 "on the other hand, ——"

"I beseech you, Sir, to speak intel-
 "ligibly," interrupted Adeline, "and
 "not to trifle with my anxiety. Do you
 "really believe him in danger?"

"In danger, Madam," exclaimed the
 surgeon, "in danger! yes, certainly,
 "in very great danger." Saying this,
 he walked away with an air of chagrin
 and displeasure. Adeline remained for
 some moments in the room, in an excess
 of sorrow, which she found it impossible
 to restrain, and then drying her tears,
 and endeavouring to compose her coun-
 tenance, she went to inquire for the mis-
 tress

treas of the inn, to whom she sent a waiter. After expecting her in vain for some time, she rang the bell, and sent another message somewhat more pressing. Still the hostess did not appear, and Adeline, at length, went herself down stairs, where she found her, surrounded by a number of people, relating, with a loud voice and various gesticulations, the particulars of the late accident. Perceiving Adeline, she called out, "Oh! here is Mademoiselle herself," and the eyes of the assembly were immediately turned upon her. Adeline, whom the crowd prevented from approaching the hostess, now beckoned her, and was going to withdraw, but the landlady, eager in the pursuit of her story, disregarded the signal. In vain did Adeline endeavour to catch her eye; it glanced every where but upon her, who was unwilling to attract the farther notice of the crowd by calling out.

“ It is a great pity, to be sure, that
 “ he should be shot,” said the landlady,
 “ he’s such a handsome man ; but they
 “ say he certainly will if he recovers.
 “ Poor gentleman ! he will very likely
 “ not suffer though, for the doctor says
 “ he will never go out of this house
 “ alive.” Adeline now spoke to a man
 who stood near, and desiring he would
 tell the hostess she wished to speak with
 her, left the place.

In about ten minutes the landlady ap-
 peared. “ Alas ! Mademoiselle,” said
 she, “ your brother is in a sad condition ;
 “ they fear he won’t get over it.”
 Adeline inquired whether there was any
 other medical person in the town than
 the surgeon whom she had seen. “ Lord,
 “ Madam, this is a rare healthy place ;
 “ we have little need of *medicine* peo-
 “ ple here ; such an accident never hap-
 “ pened in it before. The doctor has
 “ been here ten years, but there’s very
 “ bad encouragement for his trade, and
 “ I be-

“ I believe he’s poor enough himself.
 “ One of the fort’s quite enough for us.”

Adeline interrupted her to ask some questions concerning Theodore, whom the hostess had attended to his chamber. She inquired how he had borne the dressing of the wound, and whether he appeared to be easier after the operation; questions to which the hostess gave no very satisfactory answers. She now inquired whether there was any surgeon in the neighbourhood of the town, and was told there was not.

The distress visible in Adeline’s countenance, seemed to excite the compassion of the landlady, who now endeavoured to console her in the best manner she was able. She advised her to send for her friends, and offered to procure a messenger. Adeline sighed and said it was unnecessary. “ I don’t know,
 “ Ma’amfelle, what you may think ne-
 “ cessary,” continued the hostess, “ but
 “ I know I should think it very hard to

“ die in a strange place with no relations
 “ near me, and I dare say the poor gen-
 “ tleman thinks so himself; and, be-
 “ sides, who is to pay for his funeral if
 “ he dies ?” Adeline begged she would
 be silent, and, desiring that every proper
 attention might be given, she promised
 her a reward for her trouble, and re-
 quested pen and ink immediately. “ Ay,
 “ to be sure, Ma’amselle, that is the pro-
 “ per way; why your friends would ne-
 “ ver forgive you if you did not ac-
 “ quaint them; I know it by myself.
 “ And as for taking care of him, he
 “ shall have every thing the house affords,
 “ and I warrant there is never a better
 “ inn in the province, though the town
 “ is none of the biggest.” Adeline was
 obliged to repeat her request for pen
 and ink, before the loquacious hostess
 would quit the room.

The thought of sending for Theo-
 dore’s friends had, in the tumult of the
 late scenes, never occurred to her, and
 she

she was now somewhat consoled by the prospect of comfort which it opened for him. When the pen and ink were brought, she wrote the following note to Theodore.

“ In your present condition, you have
 “ need of every comfort that can be pro-
 “ cured you, and surely there is no cor-
 “ dial more valuable in illness, than the
 “ presence of a friend : suffer me, there-
 “ fore, to acquaint your family with
 “ your situation ; it will be a satisfaction
 “ to me, and, I doubt not, a consolation
 “ to you.”

In a short time after she had sent the note, she received a message from Theodore, entreating most respectfully, but earnestly, to see her for a few minutes. She immediately went to his chamber, and found her worst apprehensions confirmed, by the languor expressed in his countenance, while the shock she received, together with her struggle to disguise her emotions, almost overcame her. “ I thank you for this goodness,” said

he, extending his hand, which she received, and, sitting down by the bed, burst into a flood of tears. When her agitation had somewhat subsided, and, removing her handkerchief from her eyes, she again looked on Theodore, a smile of the tenderest love expressed his sense of the interest she took in his welfare, and administered a temporary relief to her heart.

“Forgive this weakness,” said she; “my spirits have of late been so variously agitated”—Theodore interrupted her—“These tears are most flattering to my heart. But, for my sake, endeavour to support yourself: I doubt not I shall soon be better; the surgeon”—

“I do not like him,” said Adeline, “but tell me how you find yourself?” He assured her that he was now much easier than he had yet been, and mentioning her kind note, he led to the subject, on account of which he had solicited

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ed to see her. "My family," said he,
 "reside at a great distance from hence,
 "and I well know their affection is such,
 "that, were they informed of my situa-
 "tion, no consideration, however rea-
 "sonable, could prevent their coming
 "to my assistance; but before they can
 "arrive, their presence will probably be
 "unnecessary," (Adeline looked earnest-
 ly at him) "I should probably be well,"
 pursued he, smiling, "before a letter
 "could reach them; it would, there-
 "fore, occasion them unnecessary pain,
 "and, moreover, a fruitless journey.
 "For your sake, Adeline, I could wish
 "they were here, but a few days will
 "more fully shew the consequences of
 "my wound: let us wait, at least, till
 "then, and be directed by circum-
 "stances."

Adeline forbore to press the subject
 farther, and turned to one more immedi-
 ately interesting. "I much wish," said
 she, "that you had a more able sur-
 "geon;

“geon; you know the geography of
 “the province better than I do; are we
 “in the neighbourhood of any town
 “likely to afford you other advice?”

“I believe not,” said he, “and this
 “is an affair of little consequence, for
 “my wound is so inconsiderable, that a
 “very moderate share of skill may suf-
 “fice to cure it. But why, my be-
 “loved Adeline, do you give way to
 “this anxiety? Why suffer yourself to
 “be disturbed by this tendency to for-
 “bode the worst? I am willing, per-
 “haps presumptuously so, to attribute it
 “to your kindness, and suffer me to as-
 “sure you, that, while it excites my gra-
 “titude, it increases my tenderest esteem.
 “O Adeline! since you wish my speedy
 “recovery, let me see you composed;
 “while I believe you to be unhappy I
 “cannot be well.”—She assured him she
 would endeavour to be, at least, tranquil,
 and fearing the conversation, if prolong-
 ed,

ed, would be prejudicial to him, she left him to repose.

As she turned out of the gallery, she met the hostess, upon whom certain words of Adeline had operated as a talisman, transforming neglect and impertinence into officious civility. She came to inquire whether the gentleman above stairs had every thing that he liked, for she was sure it was her endeavour that he should. “ I have got him a nurse, “ Ma’amfelle, to attend him, and I dare “ say she will do very well, but I will “ look to that, for I shall not mind help- “ ing him myself sometimes. Poor “ gentleman ! how patiently he bears it ! “ One would not think now that he be- “ lieves he is going to die ; yet the “ doctor told him so himself, or, at “ least as good.” Adeline was extremely shocked at this imprudent conduct of the surgeon, and dismissed the landlady, after ordering a slight dinner.

Towards

Towards evening the surgeon again made his appearance, and, having passed some time with his patient, returned to the parlour, according to the desire of Adeline, to inform her of his condition. He answered Adeline's inquiries with great solemnity. "It is impossible to determine positively, at present, Madam, but I have reason to adhere to the opinion I gave you this morning. I am not apt, indeed, to form opinions upon uncertain grounds. I will give you a singular instance of this :

"It is not above a fortnight since I was sent for to a patient at some leagues distance. I was from home when the messenger arrived, and the case being urgent, before I could reach the patient, another physician was consulted, who had ordered such medicines as he thought proper, and the patient had been apparently relieved by them. His friends were congratulating themselves upon his improvement when I arrived,

“ arrived, and had agreed in opinion
 “ with the physician, that there was no
 “ danger in his case. Depend upon it,
 “ said I, you are mistaken; these medi-
 “ cines cannot have relieved him; the
 “ patient is in the utmost danger. The
 “ patient groaned, but my brother phyfi-
 “ cian persisted in affirming that the re-
 “ medies he had prescribed would not
 “ only be certain, but speedy, some good
 “ effect having been already produced
 “ by them. Upon this I lost all pati-
 “ ence, and adhering to my opinion, that
 “ these effects were fallacious and the
 “ case desperate, I assured the patient
 “ himself that his life was in the utmost
 “ danger. I am not one of those, Ma-
 “ dam, who deceive their patients to the
 “ last moment; but you shall hear the
 “ conclusion.

“ My brother physician was, I sup-
 “ pose, enraged by the firmness of my
 “ opposition, for he assumed a most an-
 “ gry look, which did not in the least
 “ affect

“ affect me, and turning to the patient,
 “ desired he would decide, upon which
 “ of our opinions to rely, for he must
 “ decline acting with me. . . The pa-
 “ tient did me the honour,” pursued the
 surgeon, with a smile of complacency,
 and smoothing his ruffles, “ to think
 “ more highly of me than, perhaps,
 “ I deserved, for he immediately dis-
 “ missed my opponent. I could not
 “ have believed, said he, as the phyfi-
 “ cian left the room, I could not have
 “ believed that a man, who has been
 “ so many years in the profession, could
 “ be so wholly ignorant of it.

“ I could not have believed it either,
 “ said I.—I am astonished that he was
 “ not aware of my danger, resumed the
 “ patient.—I am astonished likewise, re-
 “ plied I—I was resolved to do what I
 “ could for the patient, for he was a
 “ man of understanding, as you per-
 “ ceive, and I had a regard for him. I,
 “ therefore, altered the prescriptions, and
 “ myself administered the medicines ;
 “ but

“but all would not do, my opinion was
 “verified, and he died even before the
 “next morning.”——Adeline, who had
 been compelled to listen to this long
 story, sighed at the conclusion of it. “I
 “don’t wonder that you are affected,
 “Madam,” said the surgeon, “the in-
 “stance I have related is certainly a very
 “affecting one. It distressed me so
 “much, that it was some time before I
 “could think, or even speak concerning
 “it. But you must allow, Madam,”
 continued he, lowering his voice and
 bowing with a look of self-congratula-
 tion, “that this was a striking instance
 “of the infallibility of my judgement.”
 Adeline shuddered at the infallibility
 of his judgement, and made no reply.
 “It was a shocking thing for the poor
 “man,” resumed the surgeon.—“It
 “was, indeed, very shocking,” said
 Adeline.—“It affected me a good deal
 “when it happened,” continued he.—
 “Undoubtedly, Sir,” said Adeline.

“But

“ But time wears away the most painful impressions.”

“ I think you mentioned it was about a fortnight since this happened.”

“ Somewhere thereabouts,” replied the surgeon, without seeming to understand the observation.—“ And will you permit me, Sir, to ask the name of the physician, who so ignorantly opposed you ?”

“ Certainly, Madam, it is Lafance.”

“ He lives in the obscurity he deserves, no doubt,” said Adeline.

“ Why no, Madam, he lives in a town of some note, at about the distance of four leagues from hence, and affords one instance, among many others, that the public opinion is generally erroneous. You will hardly believe it, but I assure you it is a fact, that this man comes into a great deal of practice, while I am suffered to remain here, neglected, and, indeed, very little known.”

During

During his narrative, Adeline had been considering by what means she could discover the name of the physician, for the instance that had been produced to prove his *ignorance*, and the *infallibility* of his opponent, had completely settled her opinion concerning them both. She now, more than ever, wished to deliver Theodore from the hands of the surgeon, and was musing on the possibility, when he, with so much self-security, developed the means.

She asked him a few more questions, concerning the state of Theodore's wound, and was told it was much as it had been, but that some degree of fever had come on. "But I have ordered a fire to be made in the room," continued the surgeon, "and some additional blankets to be laid on the bed; these, I doubt not, will have a proper effect. In the mean time, they must be careful to keep from him every kind of liquid, except some cordial draughts, which

“ which I shall send. He will naturally
 “ ask for drink, but it must, on no ac-
 “ count, be given to him.”

“ You do not approve, then, of the
 “ method, which I have somewhere heard
 “ of,” said Adeline, “ of attending to
 “ nature in these cases.”

“ Nature, Madam !” pursued he,
 “ Nature is the most improper guide in
 “ the world. I always adopt a method
 “ directly contrary to what she would
 “ suggest; for what can be the use of
 “ Art, if she is only to follow Nature?
 “ This was my first opinion on setting
 “ out in life, and I have ever since strict-
 “ ly adhered to it. From what I have
 “ said, indeed, Madam, you may, per-
 “ haps, perceive that my opinions may
 “ be depended on; what they once are
 “ they always are, for my mind is not of
 “ that frivolous kind to be affected by
 “ circumstances.”

Adeline was fatigued by this discourse,
 and impatient to impart to Theodore
 her

her discovery of a physician, but the surgeon seemed by no means disposed to leave her, and was expatiating upon various topics, with new instances of his surprising sagacity, when the waiter brought a message that some person desired to see him. He was, however, engaged upon too agreeable a topic to be easily prevailed upon to quit it, and it was not till after a second message was brought that he made his bow to Adeline and left the room. The moment he was gone she sent a note to Theodore, entreating his permission to call in the assistance of the physician.

The conceited manners of the surgeon had by this time given Theodore a very unfavourable opinion of his talents, and the last prescription had so fully confirmed it, that he now readily consented to have other advice. Adeline immediately inquired for a messenger, but recollecting that the residence of the physician was still a secret, she applied to the
hof-

hostess, who being really ignorant of it, or pretending to be so, gave her no information. What farther inquiries she made were equally ineffectual, and she passed some hours in extreme distress, while the disorder of Theodore rather increased than abated.

When supper appeared, she asked the boy who waited, if he knew a physician of the name of Lafance, in the neighbourhood. “Not in the neighbourhood, Madam, but I know Doctor Lafance of Chancy, for I come from the town.”—Adeline inquired farther, and received very satisfactory answers. But the town was at some leagues distance, and the delay this circumstance must occasion again alarmed her; she, however, ordered a messenger to be immediately dispatched, and, having sent again to inquire concerning Theodore, retired to her chamber for the night.

The continued fatigue she had suffered for the last fourteen hours overcame
 anxiety.

anxiety, and her harrassed spirits sunk to repose. She slept till late in the morning, and was then awakened by the landlady, who came to inform her, that Theodore was much worse, and to inquire what should be done. Adeline, finding that the physician was not arrived, immediately arose, and hastened to inquire farther concerning Theodore. The hostess informed her, that he had passed a very disturbed night; that he had complained of being very hot, and desired that the fire in his room might be extinguished; but that the nurse knew her duty too well to obey him, and had strictly followed the doctor's orders.

She added, that he had taken the cordial draughts regularly, but had, notwithstanding, continued to grow worse, and at last became light-headed. In the mean time the boy, who had been sent for the physician, was still absent:---

“And no wonder,” continued the hostess; “why, only consider, it's eight

“leagues off, and the lad had to find the
 “road, bad as it is, in the dark. But,
 “indeed, Ma’amfelle, you might as well
 “have trusted our doctor, for we never
 “want any body else, not we, in the town
 “here; and if I might speak my mind,
 “Jacques had better have been sent off
 “for the young gentleman’s friends than
 “for this strange doctor that no body
 “knows.”

After asking some farther questions concerning Theodore, the answers to which rather increased than diminished her alarm, Adeline endeavoured to compose her spirits, and await in patience the arrival of the physician. She was now more sensible than ever of the forlornness of her own condition, and of the danger of Theodore’s, and earnestly wished that his friends could be informed of his situation; a wish which could not be gratified, for Theodore, who alone could acquaint her with their place of residence, was deprived of recollection.

When the surgeon arrived and perceived the situation of his patient, he expressed no surprize; but having asked some questions, and given a few general directions, he went down to Adeline. After paying her his usual compliments, he suddenly assumed an air of importance, "I am sorry, Madam," said he, "that it is my office to communicate disagreeable intelligence, but I wish you to be prepared for the event, which, I fear, is approaching." Adeline comprehended his meaning, and though she had hitherto given little faith to his judgment, she could not hear him hint at the immediate danger of Theodore without yielding to the influence of fear.

She entreated him to acquaint her with all he apprehended; and he then proceeded to say, that Theodore was, as he had foreseen, much worse this morning than he had been the preceding night; and the disorder having now affected his head, there was every reason to fear it

would prove fatal in a few hours. “The
 “ worst consequences may ensue,” con-
 tinued he; “ if the wound becomes in-
 “ flamed, there will be very little chance
 “ of his recovery.”

Adeline listened to this sentence with
 a dreadful calmness, and gave no utter-
 ance to grief, either by words or tears.
 “ The gentleman, I suppose, Madam,
 “ has friends, and the sooner you inform
 “ them of his condition the better. If
 “ they reside at any distance, it is indeed
 “ too late; but there are other neces-
 “ sary—you are ill, Madam.”

Adeline made an effort to speak, but
 in vain, and the surgeon now called
 loudly for a glass of water; she drank it,
 and a deep sigh that she uttered, seemed
 somewhat to relieve her oppressed heart:
 tears succeeded. In the mean time, the
 surgeon perceiving she was better, though
 not well enough to listen to his con-
 versation, took his leave, and promised
 to return in an hour. The physician

was

was not yet arrived, and Adeline awaited his appearance with a mixture of fear and anxious hope.

About noon he came, and having been informed of the accident by which the fever was produced, and of the treatment which the surgeon had given it, he ascended to Theodore's chamber: in a quarter of an hour he returned to the room where Adeline expected him. "The gentleman is still delirious," said he, "but I have ordered him a composing draught."—"Is there any hope, Sir?" inquired Adeline. "Yes, Madam, certainly there is hope; the case at present is somewhat doubtful, but a few hours may enable me to judge with more certainty. In the mean time, I have directed that he shall be kept quiet, and be allowed to drink freely of some diluting liquids."

He had scarcely, at Adeline's request, recommended a surgeon, instead of the one at present employed, when the latter

gentleman entered the room, and, perceiving the physician, threw a glance of mingled surprize and anger at Adeline, who retired with him to another apartment, where she dismissed him with a politeness, which he did not deign to return, and which he certainly did not deserve.

Early the following morning the surgeon arrived, but either the medicines, or the crisis of the disorder, had thrown Theodore into a deep sleep, in which he remained for several hours. The physician now gave Adeline reason to hope for a favourable issue, and every precaution was taken to prevent his being disturbed. He awoke perfectly sensible and free from fever, and his first words inquired for Adeline, who soon learned that he was out of danger.

In a few days he was sufficiently recovered to be removed from his chamber to a room adjoining, where Adeline met him with a joy, which she found it impossible

possible to repress; and the observance of this lighted up his countenance with pleasure: indeed Adeline, sensible to the attachment he had so nobly testified, and softened by the danger he had encountered, no longer attempted to disguise the tenderness of her esteem, and was at length brought to confess the interest his first appearance had impressed upon her heart.

After an hour of affecting conversation, in which the happiness of a young and mutual attachment occupied all their minds, and excluded every idea not in unison with delight, they returned to a sense of their present embarrassments: Adeline recollected that Theodore was arrested for disobedience of orders, and deserting his post; and Theodore, that he must shortly be torn away from Adeline, who would be left exposed to all the evils from which he had so lately rescued her. This thought overwhelmed his heart with anguish; and, after a long

pause, he ventured to propose, what his wishes had often suggested, a marriage with Adeline before he departed from the village: this was the only means of preventing, perhaps, an eternal separation; and though he saw the many dangerous inconveniences to which she would be exposed, by a marriage with a man circumstanced like himself, yet these appeared so unequal to those she would otherwise be left to encounter alone, that his reason could no longer scruple to adopt what his affection had suggested.

Adeline was, for some time, too much agitated to reply; and though she had little to oppose to the arguments and pleadings of Theodore; though she had no friends to control, and no contrariety of interests to perplex her, she could not bring herself to consent thus hastily to a marriage with a man, of whom she had little knowledge, and to whose family and connections she had no
fort

fort of introduction. At length, she entreated he would drop the subject, and the conversation for the remainder of the day was more general, yet still interesting.

That similarity of taste and opinion, which had at first attracted them, every moment now more fully disclosed. Their discourse was enriched by elegant literature, and endeared by mutual regard. Adeline had enjoyed few opportunities of reading, but the books to which she had access, operating upon a mind eager for knowledge, and upon a taste peculiarly sensible of the beautiful and the elegant, had impressed all their excellencies upon her understanding. Theodore had received from nature many of the qualities of genius, and from education all that it could bestow; to these were added, a noble independency of spirit, a feeling heart, and manners, which partook of a happy mixture of dignity and sweetness.

In the evening, one of the officers, who, upon the representation of the serjeant, was sent by the persons employed to prosecute military criminals, arrived at the village, and entering the apartment of Theodore, from which Adeline immediately withdrew, informed him, with an air of infinite importance, that he should set out on the following day for head-quarters. Theodore answered, that he was not able to bear the journey, and referred him to his physician; but the officer replied, that he should take no such trouble, it being certain that the physician might be instructed what to say, and that he should begin his journey on the morrow. “ Here has been delay
 “ enough,” said he, “ already, and you
 “ will have sufficient business on your
 “ hands when you reach head-quarters;
 “ for the serjeant, whom you have se-
 “ verely wounded, intends to appear
 “ against you; and this, with the offence
 “ you

“you have committed by deserting your post.”——

Theodore's eyes flashed fire, “Deserting!” said he, rising from his seat, and darting a look of menace at his accuser, “who dares to brand me with the name of deserter?” But instantly recollecting how much his conduct had appeared to justify the accusation, he endeavoured to stifle his emotions, and, with a firm voice and composed manner, said, that when he reached head-quarters, he should be ready to answer whatever might be brought against him, but that till then he should be silent. The boldness of the officer was repressed by the spirit and dignity with which Theodore spoke these words, and muttering a reply, that was scarcely audible, he left the room.

Theodore sat musing on the danger of his situation: he knew that he had much to apprehend from the peculiar circumstances attending his abrupt departure from his regiment, it having been sta-

tioned in a garrison town upon the Spanish frontiers; where the discipline was very severe, and from the power of his colonel, the Marquis de Montalt, whom pride and disappointment would now rouse to vengeance, and, probably, render indefatigable in the accomplishment of his destruction. But his thoughts soon fled from his own danger to that of Adeline, and, in the consideration of this, all his fortitude forsook him: he could not support the idea of leaving her exposed to the evils he foreboded, nor, indeed, of a separation so sudden as that which now threatened him; and when she again entered the room, he renewed his solicitations for a speedy marriage, with all the arguments that tenderness and ingenuity could suggest.

Adeline, when she learned that he was to depart on the morrow, felt as if bereaved of her last comfort. All the horrors of his situation arose to her mind, and she turned from him in unutterable
anguish.

anguish. Considering her silence as a favourable presage, he repeated his entreaties that she would consent to be his, and thus give him a surety that their separation should not be eternal. Adeline sighed deeply to these words: “And who can know that our separation will *not* be eternal,” said she, “even if I could consent to the marriage you propose? But while you hear my determination, forbear to accuse me of indifference, for indifference towards you would, indeed, be a crime, after the services you have rendered me.”

“And is a cold sentiment of gratitude all that I must expect from you?” said Theodore. “I know that you are going to distress me with a proof of your indifference, which you mistake for the suggestions of prudence; and that I shall be compelled to look, without reluctance, upon the evils that may shortly await me. Ah, Adeline! if you mean to reject this, perhaps, the
“ last

“last proposal which I can ever make
 “to you, cease, at least, to deceive
 “yourself with an idea that you love
 “me; that delirium is fading even from
 “my mind.”

“Can you then so soon forget our con-
 “versation of this morning?” replied
 Adeline; “and can you think so lightly
 “of me as to believe I would profess a
 “regard, which I do not feel? If, in-
 “deed, you can believe this, I shall do
 “well to forget that I ever made such
 “an acknowledgement, and you, that
 “you heard it.”

“Forgive me, Adeline, forgive the
 “doubts and inconsistencies I have be-
 “trayed: let the anxieties of love, and
 “the emergency of my circumstances,
 “plead for me.” Adeline, smiling
 faintly through her tears, held out her
 hand, which he seized and pressed to his
 lips. “Yet do not drive me to despair
 “by a rejection of my suit,” continued
 Theodore; “think what I must suffer to
 “leave

“leave you here destitute of friends and
“protection.”

“I am thinking how I may avoid a
“situation so deplorable,” said Adeline.
“They say there is a convent, which re-
“ceives boarders, within a few miles,
“and thither I wish to go.”

“A convent !” rejoined Theodore,
“would you go to a convent ? Do you
“know the persecutions you would be
“liable to ; and that if the Marquis
“should discover you, there is little pro-
“bability the superior would resist his
“authority, or, at least, his bribes ?”

“All this I have considered,” said
Adeline, “and am prepared to encoun-
“ter it, rather than enter into an en-
“gagement, which, at this time, can
“be productive only of misery to us
“both.”

“Ah, Adeline ! could you think thus,
“if you truly loved ? I see myself about
“to be separated, and that, perhaps,
“for ever, from the object of my ten-
“derest

“ dearest affections—and I cannot but
 “ express all the anguish I feel—I can-
 “ not forbear to repeat every argument
 “ that may afford even the slightest pos-
 “ sibility of altering your determination.
 “ But *you*, Adeline, *you* look with com-
 “ placency upon a circumstance which
 “ tortures *me* with despair.”

Adeline, who had long strove to sup-
 port her spirits in his presence, while she
 adhered to a resolution which reason sug-
 gested, but which the pleadings of her
 heart powerfully opposed, was unable
 longer to command her distress, and burst
 into tears. Theodore was in the same
 moment convinced of his error, and
 shocked at the grief he had occasioned.
 He drew his chair towards her, and,
 taking her hand, again entreated her par-
 don, and endeavoured in the tenderest
 accents to soothe and comfort her.—
 “ What a wretch was I to cause you this
 “ distress, by questioning that regard
 “ with which I can no longer doubt you
 “ ho-

“honour me! Forgive me, Adeline;
 “say but you forgive me, and, what-
 “ever may be the pain of this separa-
 “tion, I will no longer oppose it.”

“You have given me some pain,”
 said Adeline, “but you have not offend-
 “ed me.”—She then mentioned some
 farther particulars concerning the con-
 vent. Theodore endeavoured to con-
 ceal the distress which the approaching
 separation occasioned him, and to con-
 sult with her on these plans with compo-
 sure. His judgement by degrees pre-
 vailed over his passions, and he now per-
 ceived that the plan she suggested would
 afford her best chance of security. He
 considered, what in the first agitation of
 his mind had escaped him, that he might
 be condemned upon the charges brought
 against him, and that his death, should they
 have been married, would not only deprive
 her of her protector, but leave her more
 immediately exposed to the designs of the
 Marquis, who would, doubtless, attend his
 trial.

trial. Astonished that he had not noticed this before, and shocked at the unweariness by which he might have betrayed her into so dangerous a situation, he became at once reconciled to the idea of leaving her in a convent. He could have wished to place her in the asylum of his own family, but the circumstances under which she must be introduced were so awkward and painful, and, above all, the distance at which they resided, would render a journey so highly dangerous for her, that he forbore to propose it. He entreated only that she would allow him to write to her; but recollecting that his letters might be a means of betraying the place of her residence to the Marquis, he checked himself: "I must deny myself even this melancholy pleasure," said he, "lest my letters should discover your abode; yet how shall I be able to endure the impatience and uncertainty to which prudence condemns me! If you are in
 " danger,

“ danger, I shall be ignorant of it ;
 “ though, indeed, did I know it,” said
 he with a look of despair, “ I could not
 “ fly to save you. O exquisite misery !
 “ ’tis now only I perceive all the horrors
 “ of confinement—’tis now only that I
 “ understand all the value of liberty !”

His utterance was interrupted by the violent agitation of his mind ; he rose from his chair, and walked with quick paces about the room. Adeline sat, overcome by the description which Theodore had given of his approaching situation, and by the consideration that she might remain in the most terrible suspense concerning his fate. She saw him in a prison—pale—emaciated, and in chains :—she saw all the vengeance of the Marquis descending upon him ; and this for his noble exertions in her cause. Theodore, alarmed by the placid despair expressed in her countenance, threw himself into a chair by her’s, and, taking her hand, attempted to speak comfort to
 her,

her, but the words faltered on his lips, and he could only bathe her hand with tears.

This mournful silence was interrupted by the arrival of the carriage at the inn, and Theodore, arising, went to the window that opened into the yard. The darkness of the night prevented his distinguishing the objects without, but a light now brought from the house shewed him a carriage and four, attended by several servants. Presently he saw a gentleman, wrapped up in a roquelaure, alight and enter the inn, and in the next moment he heard the voice of the Marquis.

He had flown to support Adeline, who was sinking with terror, when the door opened, and the Marquis, followed by the officers and several servants, entered. Fury flashed from his eyes, as they glanced upon Theodore, who hung over Adeline with a look of fearful solicitude — “Seize that traitor,” said he, turning

turning to the officers ; “ why have you
 “ suffered him to remain here so long ? ”

“ I am no traitor,” said Theodore,
 with a firm voice, and the dignity of
 conscious worth, “ but a defender of in-
 “ nocence, of one whom the treacherous
 “ Marquis de Montalt would destroy.”

“ Obey your orders,” said the Mar-
 quis to the officers. Adeline shrieked,
 held faster by Theodore’s arm, and en-
 treated the men not to part them. “ Force
 “ only can effect it,” said Theodore,
 as he looked round for some instru-
 ment of defence, but he could see none,
 and in the same moment they sur-
 rounded and seized him. “ Dread every
 “ thing from my vengeance,” said the
 Marquis to Theodore, as he caught the
 hand of Adeline, who had lost all power
 of resistance, and was scarcely sensible
 of what passed ; “ dread every thing
 “ from my vengeance ; you know you
 “ have deserved it.”

“ I defy

“ I defy your vengeance,” cried Theodore, “ and dread only the pangs of conscience, which your power cannot inflict upon me, though your vices condemn you to its tortures.”

“ Take him instantly from the room, and see that he is strongly fettered,” said the Marquis; “ he shall soon know what a criminal, who adds insolence to guilt, may suffer.” — Theodore, exclaiming, “ Oh Adeline! farewell!” was now forced out of the room; while Adeline, whose torpid senses were roused by his voice and his last looks, fell at the feet of the Marquis, and with tears of agony implored compassion for Theodore: but her pleadings for his rival served only to irritate the pride and exasperate the hatred of the Marquis. He denounced vengeance on his head, and imprecations too dreadful for the spirits of Adeline, whom he compelled to rise; and then, endeavouring to stifle the emotions of rage, which the presence of
of

of Theodore had excited, he began to address her with his usual expressions of admiration.

The wretched Adeline, who, regardless of what he said, still continued to plead for her unhappy lover, was at length alarmed by the returning rage which the countenance of the Marquis expressed, and, exerting all her remaining strength, she sprung from his grasp towards the door of the room; but he seized her hand before she could reach it, and, regardless of her shrieks, bringing her back to her chair, was going to speak, when voices were heard in the passage, and immediately the landlord and his wife, whom Adeline's cries had alarmed, entered the apartment. The Marquis, turning furiously to them, demanded what they wanted; but not waiting for their answer, he bade them attend him, and quitting the room, she heard the door locked upon her.

Adeline

Adeline now ran to the windows, which were unfastened, and opened into the inn-yard. All was dark and silent. She called aloud for help, but no person appeared; and the windows were so high, that it was impossible to escape unassisted. She walked about the room in an agony of terror and distress, now stopping to listen, and fancying she heard voices disputing below, and now quickening her steps, as suspense increased the agitation of her mind.

She had continued in this state for near half an hour, when she suddenly heard a violent noise in the lower part of the house, which increased till all was uproar and confusion. People passed quickly through the passages, and doors were frequently opened and shut. She called, but received no answer. It immediately occurred to her, that Theodore, having heard her screams, had attempted to come to her assistance, and that the bustle had been occasioned

by the opposition of the officers. Knowing their fierceness and cruelty, she was seized with dreadful apprehensions for the life of Theodore.

A confused uproar of voices now sounded from below, and the screams of women convinced her there was fighting; she even thought she heard the clashing of swords; the image of Theodore, dying by the hands of the Marquis, now rose to her imagination, and the terrors of suspense became almost insupportable. She made a desperate effort to force the door, and again called for help, but her trembling hands were powerless, and every person in the house seemed to be too much engaged even to hear her. A loud shriek now pierced her ears, and, amidst the tumult that followed, she clearly distinguished deep groans. This confirmation of her fears deprived her of all her remaining spirits, and growing faint, she sunk almost lifeless into a chair near the door. The

uproar gradually subsided till all was still, but nobody returned to her. Soon after she heard voices in the yard, but she had no power to walk across the room, even to ask the questions she wished, yet feared, to have answered.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed, when the door was unlocked, and the hostess appeared with a countenance as pale as death. "For God's sake," said Adeline, "tell me what has happened? Is he wounded? Is he killed?"

"He is not dead, Ma'amfelle, but —"

"He is dying then?—tell me where he is—let me go."

"Stop, Ma'amfelle," cried the hostess, "you are to stay here, I only want the hartshorn out of that cupboard there." Adeline tried to escape by the door, but the hostess, pushing her aside, locked it, and went down stairs.

Adeline's distress now entirely overcame her, and she sat motionless, and scarcely conscious that she existed, till
roused

roused by a sound of footsteps near the door, which was again opened, and three men, whom she knew to be the Marquis's servants, entered. She had sufficient recollection to repeat the questions she had asked the landlady, but they answered only that she must come with them, and that a chaise was waiting for her at the door. Still she urged her questions. "Tell me if he lives," cried she.—"Yes, Ma'amfelle, he is
 "alive, but he is terribly wounded, and
 "the surgeon is just come to him."
 As they spoke they hurried her along the passage, and without noticing her entreaties and supplications to know whither she was going, they had reached the foot of the stairs, when her cries brought several people to the door. To these the hostess related, that the lady was the wife of a gentleman just arrived, who had overtaken her in her flight with a gallant; an account which the Marquis's servants corroborated.

“ ’Tis the gentleman who has just fought
 “ the duel,” added the hostess, “ and
 “ it was on her account.”

Adeline, partly disdainful to take any notice of this artful story, and partly from her desire to know the particulars of what had happened, contented herself with repeating her inquiries; to which one of the spectators at last replied, that the gentleman was desperately wounded. The Marquis’s people would now have hurried her into the chaise, but she sunk lifeless in their arms, and her condition so interested the humanity of the spectators, that, notwithstanding their belief of what had been said, they opposed the effort made to carry her, senseless as she was, into the carriage.

She was at length taken into a room, and, by proper applications, restored to her senses. There she so earnestly besought an explanation of what had happened, that the hostess acquainted her with some particulars of the late encounter.

counter. “ When the gentleman that
 “ was ill heard your screams, Madam,”
 said she, “ he became quite outrageous,
 “ as they tell me, and nothing could
 “ pacify him. The Marquis, for they
 “ say he is a Marquis, but you know
 “ best, was then in the room with my
 “ husband and I, and when he heard
 “ the uproar, he went down to see what
 “ was the matter; and when he came
 “ into the room where the Captain was,
 “ he found him struggling with the ser-
 “ jeant. Then the Captain was more
 “ outrageous than ever; and notwith-
 “ standing he had one leg chained, and
 “ no sword, he contrived to get the
 “ serjeant’s cutlafs out of the scabbard,
 “ and immediately flew at the Marquis,
 “ and wounded him desperately; upon
 “ which he was secured.”—“ It is the
 “ Marquis then who is wounded,” said
 Adeline; “ the other gentleman is not
 “ hurt?”

“No, not he,” replied the hostess; “but he will smart for it by and bye, for the Marquis fwears he will do for him.” Adeline, for a moment, forgot all her misfortunes and all her danger in thankfulness for the immediate escape of Theodore; and she was proceeding to make some farther inquiries concerning him, when the Marquis’s servants entered the room, and declared they could wait no longer. Adeline, now awakened to a sense of the evils with which she was threatened, endeavoured to win the pity of the hostess, who, however, was, or affected to be, convinced of the truth of the Marquis’s story, and, therefore, insensible to all she could urge. Again she addressed his servants, but in vain; they would neither suffer her to remain longer at the inn, or inform her whither she was going; but, in the presence of several persons, already prejudiced by the injurious assertions of the hostess, Adeline was hurried

ried into the chaise, and her conductors mounting their horses, the whole party was very soon beyond the village.

Thus ended Adeline's share of an adventure, begun with a prospect not only of security, but of happiness; an adventure, which had attached her more closely to Theodore, and shewn him to be more worthy of her love; but which, at the same time, had distressed her by new disappointment, produced the imprisonment of her generous and now-adored lover, and delivered both himself and her into the power of a rival, irritated by delay, contempt, and opposition.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
“ Nor silent desarts, nor the sullen grave,
“ Where flame-ey'd Fury means to frown—can save.”

THE surgeon of the place, having examined the Marquis's wound, gave him an immediate opinion upon it, and ordered that he should be put to bed: but the Marquis, ill as he was, had scarcely any other apprehension than that of losing Adeline, and declared he should be able to begin his journey in a few hours. With this intention, he had begun to give orders for keeping horses in readiness, when the surgeon persisting most seriously, and even passionately to exclaim, that his life would be the sacrifice of his rashness, he was carried

to a bed-chamber, where his valet alone was permitted to attend him.

This man, the convenient confidant of all his intrigues, had been the chief instrument in assisting his designs concerning Adeline, and was indeed the very person who had brought her to the Marquis's villa on the borders of the forest. To him the Marquis gave his farther directions concerning her; and, foreseeing the inconvenience, as well as the danger of detaining her at the inn, he had ordered him, with several other servants, to carry her away immediately in a hired carriage. The valet having gone to execute his orders, the Marquis was left to his own reflections, and to the violence of contending passions.

The reproaches and continued opposition of Theodore, the favoured lover of Adeline, exasperated his pride, and roused all his malice. He could not for a moment consider this opposition, which was in some respects successful,

without feeling an excess of indignation and inveteracy, such as the prospect of a speedy revenge could alone enable him to support.

When he had discovered Adeline's escape from the villa, his surprize at first equalled his disappointment; and, after exhausting the paroxysms of his rage upon his domestics, he dispatched them all different ways in pursuit of her, going himself to the abbey, in the faint hope, that, destitute as she was of other succour, she might have fled thither. La Motte, however, being as much surprized as himself, and as ignorant of the route which Adeline had taken, he returned to the villa, impatient of intelligence, and found some of his servants arrived, without any news of Adeline, and those who came afterwards were as successful as the first.

A few days after, a letter from the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment informed him, that Theodore had quitted
his

his company, and had been for some time absent, nobody knew where. This information, confirming a suspicion which had frequently occurred to him, that Theodore had been by some means, or other, instrumental in the escape of Adeline, all his other passions became, for a time, subservient to his revenge, and he gave orders for the immediate pursuit and apprehension of Theodore: but Theodore, in the mean time, had been overtaken and secured.

It was in consequence of having formerly observed the growing partiality between him and Adeline, and of intelligence received from La Motte, who had noticed their interview in the forest, that the Marquis had resolved to remove a rival so dangerous to his love, and so likely to be informed of his designs. He had therefore told Theodore, in a manner as plausible as he could, that it would be necessary for him to join the regiment; a notice which af-

fectcd him only as it related to Adeline, and which seemed the less extraordinary, as he had already been at the villa a much longer time than was usual with the officers invited by the Marquis. Theodore, indeed, very well knew the character of the Marquis, and had accepted his invitation rather from an unwillingness to shew any disrespect to his Colonel by a refusal, than from a sanguine expectation of pleasure.

From the men who had apprehended Theodore, the Marquis received the information, which had enabled him to pursue and recover Adeline; but, though he had now effected this, he was internally a prey to the corrosive effects of disappointed passion and exasperated pride. The anguish of his wound was almost forgotten in that of his mind, and every pang he felt seemed to increase his thirst of revenge, and to recoil with new torture upon his heart. While he was in this state, he heard the voice of
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the innocent Adeline imploring protection; but her cries excited in him neither pity or remorse; and when, soon after, the carriage drove away, and he was certain both that she was secured, and Theodore was wretched, he seemed to feel some cessation of mental pain.

Theodore, indeed, did suffer all that a virtuous mind, labouring under oppression so severe, could feel; but he was, at least, free from those inveterate and malignant passions which tore the bosom of the Marquis, and which inflict upon the possessor a punishment more severe than any they can prompt him to imagine for another. What indignation he might feel towards the Marquis, was at this time secondary to his anxiety for Adeline. His captivity was painful, as it prevented his seeking a just and honourable revenge; but it was dreadful, as it withheld him from attempting
the

the rescue of her whom he loved more than life.

When he heard the wheels of the carriage that contained her drive off, he felt an agony of despair which almost overcame his reason. Even the stern hearts of the soldiers who attended him were not wholly insensible to his wretchedness, and by venturing to blame the conduct of the Marquis, they endeavoured to console their prisoner. The physician, who was just arrived, entered the room during this paroxysm of his distress, and, both feeling and expressing much concern at his condition, inquired with strong surprize why he had been thus precipitately removed to a room so very unfit for his reception?

Theodore explained to him the reason of this, of the distress he suffered, and of the chains by which he was disgraced; and perceiving the physician listened to him with attention and compassion, he became desirous of acquaint-
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ing him with some farther particulars, for which purpose he desired the soldiers to leave the room,. The men, complying with his request, stationed themselves on the outside of the door.

He then related all the particulars of the late transaction, and of his connection with the Marquis. The physician attended to his narrative with deep concern, and his countenance frequently expressed strong agitation. When Theodore concluded, he remained for some time silent and lost in thought; at length, awaking from his reverie, he said, “ I fear your situation is desperate. The character of the Marquis is too well known to suffer him either to be loved or respected; from such a man you have nothing to hope, for he has scarcely any thing to fear. I wish it was in my power to serve you, but I see no possibility of it.”

“ Alas !” said Theodore, “ my situation is indeed desperate, and—for that
“ suf-

“suffering angel”—deep sobs interrupted his voice, and the violence of his agitation would not allow him to proceed. The physician could only express the sympathy he felt for his distress, and entreat him to be more calm, when a servant entered the room from the Marquis, who desired to see the physician immediately. After some time, he said he would attend the Marquis, and having endeavoured to attain a degree of composure, which he found it difficult to assume, he wrung the hand of Theodore and quitted the room, promising to return before he left the house.

He found the Marquis much agitated both in body and mind, and rather more apprehensive for the consequences of the wound than he had expected. His anxiety for Theodore now suggested a plan, by the execution of which he hoped he might be able to serve him. Having felt his patient’s pulse, and asked some questions, he assumed a very serious look,

look, when the Marquis, who watched every turn of his countenance, desired he would, without hesitation, speak his opinion.

“ I am sorry to alarm you, my Lord, but here is some reason for apprehension : how long is it since you received the wound ?”

“ Good God ! there is danger then !” cried the Marquis, adding some bitter execrations against Theodore.—“ There certainly *is* danger;” replied the physician, “ a few hours may enable me to determine its degree.”

“ A few hours, Sir !” interrupted the Marquis ; “ a few hours !” The physician entreated him to be more calm. “ Confusion !” cried the Marquis, “ A man in health may, with great composure, entreat a dying man to be calm. Theodore will be broke upon the wheel for it, however.”

“ You mistake me, Sir,” said the physician, “ if I believed you a dying man,

“ or,

“ or, indeed, *very* near death, I should
 “ not have spoken as I did. But it is of
 “ consequence I should know how long
 “ the wound has been inflicted.” The
 Marquis’s terror now began to subside,
 and he gave a circumstantial account of
 the affray with Theodore, representing
 that he had been basely used in an affair,
 where his own conduct had been perfectly
 just and humane. The physician heard
 this relation with great coolness, and
 when it concluded, without making any
 comment upon it, told the Marquis he
 would prescribe a medicine, which he
 wished him to take immediately.

The Marquis, again alarmed by the
 gravity of his manner, entreated he would
 declare most seriously, whether he
 thought him in immediate danger. The
 physician hesitated, and the anxiety of
 the Marquis increased : “ It is of conse-
 “ quence,” said he, “ that I should
 “ know my exact situation.” The phy-
 sician then said, that if he had any
 worldly

worldly affairs to settle, it would be as well to attend to them, for that it was impossible to say what might be the event.

He then turned the discourse and said, he had just been with the young officer under arrest, who, he hoped, would not be removed at present, as such a procedure must endanger his life. The Marquis uttered a dreadful oath, and, cursing Theodore for having brought him to his present condition, said, he should depart with the guard that very night. Against the cruelty of this sentence, the physician ventured to expostulate; and endeavouring to awaken the Marquis to a sense of humanity, pleaded earnestly for Theodore. But these entreaties and arguments seemed, by displaying to the Marquis a part of his own character, to rouse his resentment, and re-ignite all the violence of his passions.

The physician at length withdrew in despondency, after promising, at the
Mar-

Marquis's request, not to leave the inn. He had hoped, by aggravating his danger, to obtain some advantages, both for Adeline and Theodore, but the plan had quite a contrary effect ; for the apprehension of death, so dreadful to the guilty mind of the Marquis, instead of awakening penitence, increased his desire of vengeance against the man, who had brought him to such a situation. He determined to have Adeline conveyed, where Theodore, should he by any accident escape, could never obtain her ; and thus to secure to himself, at least, some means of revenge. He knew, however, that when Theodore was once safely conveyed to his regiment, his destruction was certain, for should he even be acquitted of the intention of deserting, he would be condemned for having assaulted his superior officer.

The physician returned to the room where Theodore was confined. The violence of his distress was now subsided into

into a stern despair, more dreadful than the vehemence which had lately possessed him. The guard, in compliance with his request, having left the room, the physician repeated to him some part of his conversation with the Marquis. Theodore, after expressing his thanks, said, he had nothing more to hope. For himself he felt little; it was for his family, and for Adeline he suffered. He inquired what route she had taken, and though he had no prospect of deriving advantage from the information, desired the physician to assist him in obtaining it; but the landlord and his wife either were, or affected to be, ignorant of the matter, and it was in vain to apply to any other person.

The serjeant now entered with orders from the Marquis for the immediate departure of Theodore, who heard the message with composure, though the physician could not help expressing his indignation at this precipitate removal, and his

his dread of the consequences that might attend it. Theodore had scarcely time to declare his gratitude for the kindness of this valuable friend, before the soldiers entered the room to conduct him to the carriage in waiting. As he bade him farewell, Theodore slipped his purse into his hand, and turning abruptly away, told the soldiers to lead on; but the physician stopped him, and refused the present with such serious warmth, that he was compelled to resume it: he wrung the hand of his new friend, and, being unable to speak, hurried away. The whole party immediately set off, and the unhappy Theodore was left to the remembrance of his past hopes and sufferings, to his anxiety for the fate of Adeline, the contemplation of his present wretchedness, and the apprehension of what might be reserved for him in future. For himself, indeed, he saw nothing but destruction, and was only relieved from total despair, by a feeble hope that she, whom

whom he loved better than himself,
might one time enjoy that happiness, of
which he did not venture to look for a
participation.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Have you the heart? When your head did but ach,
 “ *I knit my handkerchief about your brows,*
 “ And with my hand at midnight held up your head;
 “ And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 “ Still and anon cheer’d up the heavy time.”

KING JOHN.

“ If the midnight bell

“ Did, with his iron tongue, and brazen mouth,
 “ Sound one unto the drowfy race of night;
 “ If this fame were a church-yard where we stand,
 “ And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 “ Or if that furly spirit melancholy,
 “ Had baked thy blood and made it heavy, thick;
 “ Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
 “ I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.”

KING JOHN.

MEANWHILE the persecuted Adeline continued to travel, with little interruption, all night. Her mind suffered such a tumult of grief, regret, despair,
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and terror, that she could not be said to think. The Marquis's valet, who had placed himself in the chaise with her, at first seemed inclined to talk, but her inattention soon silenced him, and left her to the indulgence of her own misery.

They seemed to travel through obscure lanes and bye-ways, along which the carriage drove as furiously as the darkness would permit: when the dawn appeared, she perceived herself on the borders of a forest, and renewed her entreaties to know whither she was going. The man replied, he had no orders to tell, but she would soon see. Adeline, who had hitherto supposed they were carrying her to the villa, now began to doubt it; and as every place appeared less terrible to her imagination than that, her despair began to abate, and she thought only of the devoted Theodore, whom she knew to be the victim of malice and revenge.

They now entered upon the forest, and it occurred to her that she was going to the abbey; for though she had no remembrance of the scenery, through which she passed, it was not the less probable that this was the forest of Fontangville, whose boundaries were by much too extensive to have come within the circle of her former walks. This conjecture revived a terror, little inferior to that occasioned by the idea of going to the villa, for at the abbey she would be equally in the power of the Marquis, and also in that of her cruel enemy, La Motte. Her mind revolted at the picture her fancy drew, and as the carriage moved under the shades, she threw from the window a look of eager inquiry for some object which might confirm, or destroy her present surmise: she did not long look, before an opening in the forest shewed her the distant towers of the abbey—"I am, indeed, lost then!" said she, bursting into tears.

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They were soon at the foot of the lawn, and Peter was seen running to open the gate, at which the carriage stopped. When he saw Adeline, he looked surprized and made an effort to speak, but the chaise now drove up to the abbey, where, at the door of the hall, La Motte himself appeared. As he advanced to take her from the carriage, an universal trembling seized her; it was with the utmost difficulty she supported herself, and for some moments she neither observed his countenance, nor heard his voice. He offered his arm to assist her into the abbey, which she at first refused, but having tottered a few paces, was obliged to accept; they then entered the vaulted room, where, sinking into a chair, a flood of tears came to her relief. La Motte did not interrupt the silence, which continued for some time, but paced the room in seeming agitation. When Adeline was sufficiently recovered to notice external objects, she observed

his countenance, and there read the tumult of his soul, while he was struggling to assume a firmness, which his better feelings opposed.

La Motte now took her hand, and would have led her from the room, but she stopped, and, with a kind of desperate courage, made an effort to engage him to pity, and to save her. He interrupted her; "It is not in my power," said he, in a voice of emotion; "I am not master of myself, or my conduct; inquire no farther—it is sufficient for you to know that I pity you; more I cannot do." He gave her no time to reply, but, taking her hand, led her to the stairs of the tower, and from thence to the chamber she had formerly occupied.

"Here you must remain for the present," said he, "in a confinement, which is, perhaps, almost as involuntary on my part as it can be on yours. I am willing to render it as easy as possible,"

“ sible, and have, therefore, ordered
 “ some books to be brought you.”

Adeline made an effort to speak, but he hurried from the room, seemingly ashamed of the part he had undertaken, and unwilling to trust himself with her tears. She heard the door of the chamber locked, and then, looking towards the windows, perceived they were secured: the door that led to the other apartments was also fastened. Such preparation for security shocked her, and, hopeless as she had long believed herself, she now perceived her mind sink deeper in despair. When the tears she shed had somewhat relieved her, and her thoughts could turn from the subjects of her immediate concern, she was thankful for the total seclusion allotted her, since it would spare her the pain she must feel in the presence of Monsieur and Madame La Motte, and allow the unrestrained indulgence of her own sorrow and reflection; reflection which, how-

ever distressing, was preferable to the agony inflicted on the mind, when agitated by care and fear, it is obliged to assume an appearance of tranquillity.

In about a quarter of an hour, her chamber door was unlocked, and Annette appeared with refreshments and books : she expressed satisfaction at seeing Adeline again, but seemed fearful of speaking, knowing, probably, that it was contrary to the orders of La Motte, who, she said, was waiting at the bottom of the stairs. When Annette was gone, Adeline took some refreshment, which was indeed necessary ; for she had tasted nothing since she left the inn. She was pleased, but not surprized, that Madame La Motte did not appear, who, it was evident, shunned her from a consciousness of her own ungenerous conduct, a consciousness, which offered some presumption, that she was still not wholly unfriendly to her. She reflected upon the words of La Motte, “ I am not master of myself, or
“ my

“ my conduct,” and though they afforded her no hope, she derived some comfort, poor as it was, from the belief that he pitied her. After some time spent in miserable reflection and various conjectures, her long-agitated spirits seemed to demand repose, and she laid down to sleep.

Adeline slept quietly for several hours, and awoke with a mind refreshed and tranquillized. To prolong this temporary peace, and to prevent, therefore, the intrusion of her own thoughts, she examined the books La Motte had sent her: among these she found some that in happier times had elevated her mind and interested her heart; their effect was now weakened, they were still, however, able to soften for a time the sense of her misfortunes.

But this Lethæan medicine to a wounded mind was but a temporary blessing; the entrance of La Motte dissolved the illusions of the page, and awakened her

to a sense of her own situation. He came with food, and having placed it on the table, left the room without speaking. Again she endeavoured to read, but his appearance had broken the enchantment—bitter reflection returned to her mind, and brought with it the image of Theodore—of Theodore lost to her for ever!

La Motte, mean while, experienced all the terrors that could be inflicted by a conscience not wholly hardened to guilt. He had been led on by passion to dissipation—and from dissipation to vice; but having once touched the borders of infamy, the progressive steps followed each other fast, and he now saw himself the pander of a villain, and the betrayer of an innocent girl, whom every plea of justice and humanity called upon him to protect. He contemplated his picture—he shrunk from it, but he could change its deformity only by an effort too nobly daring for a mind already effeminated by vice. He viewed the dangerous

rous labyrinth into which he was led, and perceived, as if for the first time, the progression of his guilt; from this labyrinth he weakly imagined farther guilt could alone extricate him. Instead of employing his mind upon the means of saving Adeline from destruction, and himself from being instrumental to it, he endeavoured only to lull the pangs of conscience and to persuade himself into a belief that he must proceed in the course he had begun. He knew himself to be in the power of the Marquis, and he dreaded that power more than the sure, though distant punishment that awaits upon guilt. The honour of Adeline and the quiet of his own conscience he consented to barter for a few years of existence.

He was ignorant of the present illness of the Marquis, or he would have perceived that there was a chance of escaping the threatened punishment at a price less enormous than infamy, and he would,

perhaps, have endeavoured to save Adeline and himself by flight. But the Marquis, foreseeing the possibility of this, had ordered his servants carefully to conceal the circumstance which detained him, and to acquaint La Motte that he should be at the abbey in a few days, at the same time directing his valet to await him there. Adeline, as he expected, had neither inclination nor opportunity to mention it, and thus La Motte remained ignorant of the circumstance, which might have preserved him from farther guilt and Adeline from misery.

Most unwillingly had La Motte made his wife acquainted with the action, which had made him absolutely dependent upon the will of the Marquis, but the perturbation of his mind partly betrayed him: frequently in his sleep he muttered incoherent sentences, and frequently would start from his slumber and call, in passionate exclamation, upon Adeline. These instances of a disturbed
mind

mind had alarmed and terrified Madame La Motte, who watched while he slept, and soon gathered from his words a confused idea of the Marquis's designs.

She hinted her suspicions to La Motte, who reproved her for having entertained them, but his manner, instead of repressing, increased her fears for Adeline; fears, which the conduct of the Marquis soon confirmed. On the night that he slept at the abbey, it had occurred to her, that whatever scheme was in agitation would now most probably be discussed, and anxiety for Adeline made her stoop to a meanness, which, in other circumstances, would have been despicable. She quitted her room, and, concealing herself in an apartment adjoining that in which she had left the Marquis and her husband, listened to their discourse. It turned upon the subject she had expected, and disclosed to her the full extent of their designs. Terrified for Adeline, and shocked at the guilty

weakness of La Motte, she was for some time incapable of thinking, or determining how to proceed. She knew her husband to be under great obligation to the Marquis, whose territory thus afforded him a shelter from the world, and that it was in the power of the former to betray him into the hands of his enemies. She believed also that the Marquis would do this, if provoked, yet she thought, upon such an occasion, La Motte might find some way of appeasing the Marquis, without subjecting himself to dishonour. After some farther reflection, her mind became more composed, and she returned to her chamber, where La Motte soon followed. Her spirits, however, were not now in a state to encounter either his displeasure, or his opposition, which she had too much reason to expect, whenever she should mention the subject of her concern, and she, therefore, resolved not to notice it till the morrow.

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On the morrow, she told La Motte all he had uttered in his dreams, and mentioned other circumstances, which convinced him it was in vain any longer to deny the truth of her apprehensions. His wife then represented to him how possible it was to avoid the infamy, into which he was about to plunge, by quitting the territories of the Marquis, and pleaded so warmly for Adeline, that La Motte, in fullen silence, appeared to meditate upon the plan. His thoughts were, however, very differently engaged. He was conscious of having deserved from the Marquis a dreadful punishment, and knew that if he exasperated him by refusing to acquiesce with his wishes, he had little to expect from flight, for the eye of justice and revenge would pursue him with indefatigable research.

La Motte meditated how to break this to his wife, for he perceived that there was no other method of counteracting her virtuous compassion for Adeline, and
the

the dangerous consequences to be expected from it, than by opposing it with terror for his safety, and this could be done only by shewing her the full extent of the evils that must attend the resentment of the Marquis. Vice had not yet so entirely darkened his conscience, but that the blush of shame stained his cheek, and his tongue faltered when he would have told his guilt. At length, finding it impossible to mention particulars, he told her that, on account of an affair, which no entreaties should ever induce him to explain, his life was in the power of the Marquis. “ You see the alternative,” said he, “ take your choice of evils, and, if you can, tell Adeline of her danger, and sacrifice my life to save her from a situation, which many would be ambitious to obtain.”—Madame La Motte, condemned to the horrible alternative of permitting the seduction of innocence, or of dooming her husband to destruction, suffered a distraction

tion of thought, which defied all controul. Perceiving, however, that an opposition to the designs of the Marquis would ruin La Motte and avail Adeline little, she determined to yield and endure in silence.

At the time when Adeline was planning her escape from the abbey, the significant looks of Peter had led La Motte to suspect the truth and to observe them more closely. He had seen them separate in the hall in apparent confusion, and had afterwards observed them conversing together in the cloisters. Circumstances so unusual left him not a doubt that Adeline had discovered her danger, and was concerting with Peter some means of escape. Affecting, therefore, to be informed of the whole affair, he charged Peter with treachery towards himself, and threatened him with the vengeance of the Marquis if he did not disclose all he knew. The menace intimidated Peter, and, supposing that all chance of assisting
Ade-

Adeline was gone, he made a circumstantial confession, and promised to forbear acquainting Adeline with the discovery of the scheme. In this promise he was seconded by inclination, for he feared to meet the displeasure, which Adeline, believing he had betrayed her, might express.

On the evening of the day, on which Adeline's intended escape was discovered, the Marquis designed to come to the abbey, and it had been agreed that he should then take Adeline to his villa. La Motte had immediately perceived the advantage of permitting Adeline to repair, in the belief of being undiscovered, to the tomb. It would prevent much disturbance and opposition, and spare himself the pain he must feel in her presence, when she should know that he had betrayed her. A servant of the Marquis might go, at the appointed hour, to the tomb, and wrapt in the disguise of night, might take her quietly thence

thence in the character of Peter. Thus, without resistance, she would be carried to the villa, nor discover her mistake till it was too late to prevent its consequence.

When the Marquis did arrive, La Motte, who was not so much intoxicated by the wine he had drank, as to forget his prudence, informed him of what had happened and what he had planned, and the Marquis approving it, his servant was made acquainted with the signal, which afterwards betrayed Adeline to his power.

A deep consciousness of the unworthy neutrality she had observed in Adeline's concerns, made Madame La Motte anxiously avoid seeing her now that she was again in the abbey. Adeline understood this conduct, and she rejoiced that she was spared the anguish of meeting her as an enemy, whom she had once considered as a friend. Several days now passed in solitude, in miserable retrospection, and dreadful expectation. The perilous situation of
Theo-

Theodore was almost the constant subject of her thoughts. Often did she breathe an agonizing wish for his safety, and often look round the sphere of possibility in search of hope: but hope had almost left the horizon of her prospect, and when it did appear, it sprung only from the death of the Marquis, whose vengeance threatened most certain destruction.

The Marquis, mean while, lay at the inn at Baux, in a state of very doubtful recovery. The physician and surgeon, neither of whom he would dismiss, nor suffer to leave the village, proceeded upon contrary principles, and the good effect of what the one prescribed, was frequently counteracted by the injudicious treatment of the other. Humanity alone prevailed on the physician to continue his attendance. The malady of the Marquis was also heightened by the impatience of his temper, the terrors of death, and the irritation of his passions.

One

One moment he believed himself dying, another he could scarcely be prevented from attempting to follow Adeline to the abbey. So various were the fluctuations of his mind, and so rapid the schemes that succeeded each other, that his passions were in a continual state of conflict. The physician attempted to persuade him, that his recovery greatly depended upon tranquillity, and to prevail upon him to attempt, at least, some command of his feelings, but he was soon silenced, in hopeless disgust, by the impatient answers of the Marquis.

At length the servant, who had carried off Adeline, returned, and the Marquis having ordered him into his chamber, asked so many questions in a breath, that the man knew not which to answer. At length he pulled a folded paper from his pocket, which he said had been dropped in the chaise by Mademoiselle Adeline, and as he thought his lordship would like to see it, he had taken
care

care of it. The Marquis stretched forth his hand with eagerness and received a note addressed to Theodore. On perceiving the superscription, the agitation of jealous rage for a moment overcame him, and he held it in his hand unable to open it.

He, however, broke the the seal, and found it to be a note of inquiry, written by Adeline to Theodore during his illness, and which, from some accident she had been prevented from sending him. The tender sollicitude it expressed for his recovery striking the soul of the Marquis, and drew from him a comparison of her feelings on the illness of his rival and that of himself. "She could be sollicitous for his recovery," said he, "but for mine, she only dreads it." As if willing to prolong the pain this little billet had excited, he then read it again. Again he cursed his fate and execrated his rival, giving himself up, as usual, to the transports of his passion. He was
going

going to throw it from him, when his eyes caught the seal, and he looked earnestly at it. His anger seemed now to have subsided, he deposited the note carefully in his pocket-book, and was, for some time, lost in thought.

After many days of hopes and fears, the strength of his constitution overcame his illness, and he was well enough to write several letters, one of which he immediately sent off to prepare La Motte for his reception. The same policy, which had prompted him to conceal his illness from La Motte, now urged him to say, what he knew would not happen, that he should reach the abbey on the day after his servant. He repeated this injunction, that Adeline should be strictly guarded, and renewed his promises of reward for the future services of La Motte.

La Motte, to whom each succeeding day had brought new surprize and perplexity concerning the absence of the
 I Marquis,

Marquis, received this notice with uneasiness, for he had begun to hope that the Marquis had altered his intentions concerning Adeline, being either engaged in some new adventure, or obliged to visit his estates in some distant province : he would have been willing thus to have got rid of an affair, which was to reflect so much dishonour on himself.

This hope was now vanished, and he directed Madame to prepare for the reception of the Marquis. Adeline passed these days in a state of suspense, which was now cheered by hope, and now darkened by despair. This delay, so much exceeding her expectation, seemed to prove that the illness of the Marquis was dangerous ; and when she looked forward to the consequences of his recovery, she could not be sorry that it was so. So odious was the idea of him to her mind, that she would not suffer her lips to pronounce his name, nor make
the

the inquiry of Annette, which was of such consequence to her peace.

It was about a week after the receipt of the Marquis's letter, that Adeline one day saw from her window a party of horsemen enter the avenue, and knew them to be the Marquis and his attendants. She retired from the window in a state of mind not to be described, and, sinking into a chair, was for some time scarcely conscious of the objects around her. When she had recovered from the first terror, which his appearance excited, she again tottered to the window; the party was not in sight, but she heard the trampling of horses, and knew that the Marquis had wound round to the great gate of the abbey. She addressed herself to Heaven for support and protection, and her mind being now somewhat composed, sat down to wait the event.

La Motte received the Marquis with expressions of surprize at his long absence,

fence, and the latter, merely saying he had been detained by illness, proceeded to inquire for Adeline. He was told she was in her chamber, from whence she might be summoned if he wished to see her. The Marquis hesitated, and at length excused himself, but desired she might be strictly watched. “Per-
 “haps, my Lord,” said La Motte smiling, “Adeline’s obstinacy has been
 “too powerful for your passion; you
 “seem less interested concerning her than
 “formerly.”

“O! by no means,” replied the Marquis; “she interests me, if possible,
 “more than ever; so much, indeed,
 “that I cannot have her too closely
 “guarded; and I, therefore, beg La
 “Motte, that you will suffer no body
 “to attend her, but when you can ob-
 “serve them yourself. Is the room
 “where she is confined sufficiently se-
 “cure?” La Motte assured him it was; but at the same time expressed his wish
 that

that she was removed to the villa. “ If
 “ by any means,” said he, “ she should
 “ contrive to escape, I know what I
 “ must expect from your displeasure ;
 “ and this reflection keeps my mind in
 “ continual anxiety.”

“ This removal cannot be at present,”
 said the Marquis ; “ she is safer here,
 “ and you do wrong to disturb your-
 “ self with any apprehension of her
 “ escape, if her chamber is really so
 “ secure, as you represent it.”

“ I can have no motive for deceiving
 “ you, my Lord, in this point.”

“ I do not suspect you of any,” said
 the Marquis ; “ guard her carefully, and
 “ trust me, she will not escape. I can
 “ rely upon my valet, and if you wish
 “ it, he shall remain here.” La Motte
 thought there could be no occasion for
 him, and it was agreed that the man
 should go home.

The Marquis, after remaining about
 half an hour in conversation with La

Motte, left the abbey, and Adeline saw him depart with a mixture of surprize and thankfulness that almost overcame her. She had waited in momentary expectation of being summoned to appear, and had been endeavouring to arm herself with resolution to support his presence. She had listened to every voice that sounded from below, and at every step that crossed the passage, her heart had palpitated with dread, lest it should be La Motte coming to lead her to the Marquis. This state of suffering had been prolonged almost beyond her power of enduring it, when she heard voices under her window, and rising, saw the Marquis ride away. After giving way to the joy and thankfulness that swelled her heart, she endeavoured to account for this circumstance, which, considering what had passed, was certainly very strange. It appeared, indeed, wholly inexplicable, and, after much fruitless inquiry, she quitted the subject, endeavouring

vouring to persuade herself that it could only portend good.

The time of La Motte's usual visitation now drew near, and Adeline expected it in the trembling hope of hearing that the Marquis had ceased his persecution; but he was, as usual, sullen and silent, and it was not till he was about to quit the room, that Adeline had the courage to inquire, when the Marquis was expected again? La Motte, opening the door to depart, replied, "On the following day," and Adeline, whom fear and delicacy embarrassed, saw she could obtain no intelligence of Theodore but by a direct question; she looked earnestly, as if she would have spoke, and he stopped, but she blushed and was still silent, till upon his again attempting to leave the room, she faintly called him back.

"I would ask," said she, "after that unfortunate chevalier who has incurred the resentment of the Marquis

“ by endeavouring to serve me. Has
 “ the Marquis mentioned him ?”

“ He has,” replied La Motte; “ and
 “ your indifference towards the Marquis
 “ is now fully explained.”

“ Since I must feel resentment towards
 “ those who injure me,” said Adeline,
 “ I may surely be allowed to be grate-
 “ ful towards those who serve me. Had
 “ the Marquis deserved my esteem, he
 “ would, probably, have possessed it.”

“ Well, well,” said La Motte, “ this
 “ young hero, who, it seems, has been
 “ brave enough to lift his arm against
 “ his Colonel, is taken care of, and, I
 “ doubt not, will soon be sensible of the
 “ value of his quixotism.” Indignation,
 grief, and fear, struggled in the bosom
 of Adeline; she disdained to give La
 Motte an opportunity of again pro-
 nouncing the name of Theodore; yet
 the uncertainty under which she laboured,
 urged her to inquire, whether the Mar-
 quis had heard of him since he left
 Caux?

Caux? "Yes," said La Motte, "he has been safely carried to his regiment, where he is confined till the Marquis can attend to appear against him."

Adeline had neither power nor inclination to inquire farther, and La Motte quitting the chamber, she was left to the misery he had renewed. Though this information contained no new circumstance of misfortune, (for she now heard confirmed what she had always expected) a weight of new sorrow seemed to fall upon her heart, and she perceived that she had unconsciously cherished a latent hope of Theodore's escape before he reached the place of his destination. All hope was now, however, gone; he was suffering the miseries of a prison, and the tortures of apprehension both for his own life and her safety. She pictured to herself the dark damp dungeon where he lay, loaded with chains, and pale with sick-

ness and grief; she heard him, in a voice that thrilled her heart, call upon her name, and raise his eyes to Heaven in silent supplication: she saw the anguish of his countenance, the tears that fell slowly on his cheek, and remembering, at the same time, the generous conduct that had brought him to this abyss of misery, and that it was for her sake he suffered, grief resolved itself into despair, her tears ceased to flow, and she sunk silently into a state of dreadful torpor.

On the morrow the Marquis arrived, and departed as before. Several days then elapsed, and he did not appear, till one evening, as La Motte and his wife were in their usual sitting-room, he entered, and conversed for some time upon general subjects, from which, however, he by degrees fell into a reverie, and, after a pause of silence, he rose and drew La Motte to the window. "I would speak with you alone," said he,
 " if

“ if you are at leisure ; if not, another
 “ time will do.” La Motte, assuring
 him he was perfectly so, would have
 conducted him to another room, but
 the Marquis proposed a walk in the
 forest. They went out together, and
 when they had reached a solitary glade,
 where the spreading branches of the
 beech and oak deepened the shades of
 twilight, and threw a solemn obscurity
 around, the Marquis turned to La Motte,
 and addressed him :

“ Your condition, La Motte, is un-
 “ happy ; this abbey is a melancholy
 “ residence for a man like you fond of
 “ society, and like you also qualified to
 “ adorn it.” La Motte bowed. “ I
 “ wish it was in my power to restore
 “ you to the world,” continued the Mar-
 quis ; “ perhaps, if I knew the parti-
 “ culars of the affair which has driven
 “ you from it, I might perceive that
 “ my interest could effectually serve
 “ you. I think I have heard you hint

“ it was an affair of honour.” La Motte was silent. “ I mean not to dis-
 “ tress you, however ; nor is it common
 “ curiosity that prompts this inquiry,
 “ but a sincere desire to befriend you.
 “ You have already informed me of
 “ some particulars of your misfortunes.
 “ I think the liberality of your temper
 “ led you into expences which you af-
 “ terwards endeavoured to retrieve by
 “ gaming.”

“ Yes, my Lord,” said La Motte,
 “ ’tis true that I dissipated the greater
 “ part of an affluent fortune in luxurious
 “ indulgences, and that I afterwards
 “ took unworthy means to recover it :
 “ but I wish to be spared upon this sub-
 “ ject. I would, if possible, lose the
 “ remembrance of a transaction which
 “ must for ever stain my character, and
 “ the rigorous effect of which, I fear,
 “ it is not in your power, my Lord, to
 “ soften.”

“ You

“ You may be mistaken on this point,”
 replied the Marquis ; “ my interest at
 “ Court is by no means inconsiderable.
 “ Fear not from me any severity of cen-
 “ sure ; I am not at all inclined to judge
 “ harshly of the faults of others. I well
 “ know how to allow for the emergency
 “ of circumstances ; and, I think, La
 “ Motte, you have hitherto found me
 “ your friend.”

“ I have, my Lord.”

“ And when you recollect, that I
 “ have forgiven a certain transaction of
 “ late date——”

“ It is true, my Lord ; and allow
 “ me to say, I have a just sense of your
 “ generosity. The transaction you allude
 “ to is by far the worst of my life ;
 “ and what I have to relate cannot,
 “ therefore, lower me in your opinion.
 “ When I had dissipated the greatest
 “ part of my property in habits of vo-
 “ luptuous pleasure, I had recourse to
 “ gaming to supply the means of con-

“ taining them. A run of good luck,
 “ for some time, enabled me to do this,
 “ and encouraging my most sanguine
 “ expectations, I continued in the same
 “ career of success.

“ Soon after this a sudden turn of
 “ fortune destroyed my hopes, and re-
 “ duced me to the most desperate ex-
 “ tremity. In one night my money was
 “ lowered to the sum of two hundred
 “ hundred louis. These I resolved to
 “ stake also, and with them my life; for
 “ it was my resolution not to survive
 “ their loss. Never shall I forget the
 “ horrors of that moment on which
 “ hung my fate, nor the deadly anguish
 “ that seized my heart when my last
 “ stake was gone. I stood for some
 “ time in a state of stupefaction, till
 “ roused to a sense of my misfortune,
 “ my passion made me pour forth exe-
 “ crations on my more fortunate rivals,
 “ and act all the frenzy of despair:
 “ During this paroxysm of madness, a
 “ gen-

“gentleman, who had been a silent
 “observer of all that passed, approached
 “me.—Your are unfortunate, Sir, said
 “he.—I need not be informed of that,
 “Sir, I replied.

“You have, perhaps, been ill used,
 “resumed he.—Yes, Sir, I am ruined,
 “and, therefore, it may be said, I am
 “ill used.

“Do you know the people you have
 “played with?

“No; but I have met them in the
 “first circles.

“Then I am, probably, mistaken,
 “said he, and walked away. His last
 “words roused me, and raised a hope
 “that my money had not been fairly
 “lost. Wishing for farther information,
 “I went in search of the gentleman,
 “but he had left the rooms; I, how-
 “ever, stifled my transports, returned
 “to the table where I had lost my
 “money, placed myself behind the
 “chair of one of the persons who had

“ won it, and closely watched the
 “ game. For some time I saw nothing
 “ that could confirm my suspicions, but
 “ was at length convinced they were
 “ just.

“ When the game was ended I called
 “ one of my adversaries out of the
 “ room, and telling him what I had ob-
 “ served, threatened instantly to expose
 “ him if he did not restore my property.
 “ The man was, for some time, as po-
 “ sitive as myself; and, assuming the
 “ bully, threatened me with chastisement
 “ for my scandalous assertions. I was
 “ not, however, in a state of mind to
 “ be frightened, and his manner served
 “ only to exasperate my temper, al-
 “ ready sufficiently inflamed by misfor-
 “ tune. After retorting his threats, I
 “ was about to return to the apartment
 “ we had left, and expose what had
 “ passed, when, with an insidious smile
 “ and a softened voice, he begged I
 “ would favour him with a few mo-
 “ ments

“ments attention, and allow him to
 “speak with the gentleman his partner.
 “To the latter part of his request I
 “hesitated, but, in the mean time, the
 “gentleman himself entered the room.
 “His partner related to him, in few
 “words, what had passed between us,
 “and the terror that appeared in his
 “countenance sufficiently declared his
 “consciousness of guilt.

“They then drew aside, and remained
 “a few minutes in conversation to-
 “gether, after which they approached
 “me with an offer, as they phrased it,
 “of a compromise. I declared, how-
 “ever, against any thing of this kind,
 “and swore, nothing less than the whole
 “sum I had lost should content me.—
 “Is it not possible, Monsieur, that you
 “may be offered something as ad-
 “vantageous as the whole?—I did
 “not understand their meaning, but,
 “after they had continued for some
 “time

“ time to give distant hints of the same
 “ sort, they proceeded to explain.

“ Perceiving their characters wholly
 “ in my power, they wished to secure
 “ my interest to their party, and, there-
 “ fore, informing me, that they be-
 “ longed to an association of persons,
 “ who lived upon the folly and inexpe-
 “ rience of others, they offered me a
 “ a share in their concern. My for-
 “ tunes were desperate, and the propo-
 “ sal now made me would not only pro-
 “ duce an immediate supply, but enable
 “ me to return to those scenes of diffi-
 “ pated pleasure, to which passion had
 “ at first, and long habit afterwards,
 “ attached me. I closed with the offer,
 “ and thus sunk from dissipation into
 “ infamy.”

La Motte paused, as if the recollec-
 tion of these times filled him with re-
 morse. The Marquis understood his
 feelings. “ You judge too rigorously
 “ of yourself,” said he ; “ there are few
 “ per-

“ persons, let their appearance of ho-
 “ nesty be what it may, who, in
 “ such circumstances, would have acted
 “ better than you have done. Had
 “ I been in your situation, I know
 “ not how I might have acted. That
 “ rigid virtue which shall condemn you,
 “ may dignify itself with the appellation
 “ of wisdom, but I wish not to possess
 “ it ; let it still reside, where it generally
 “ is to be found, in the cold bosoms
 “ of those, who, wanting feeling to be
 “ men, dignify themselves with the title
 “ of philosophers. But pray proceed.”
 “ Our success was for some time un-
 “ limited, for we held the wheel of
 “ fortune, and trusted not to her ca-
 “ price. Thoughtless and voluptuous
 “ by nature, my expences fully kept
 “ pace with my income. An unlucky
 “ discovery of the practices of our party
 “ was at length made by a young no-
 “ bleman, which obliged us to act for
 “ some time with the utmost circum-
 “ spection.

“spection. It would be tedious to re-
 “late the particulars, which made us at
 “length so suspected, that the distant
 “civility and cold reserve of our ac-
 “quaintance rendered the frequenting
 “public assemblies both painful and
 “unprofitable. We turned our thoughts
 “to other modes of obtaining money,
 “and a swindling transaction, in which
 “I engaged, to a very large amount,
 “soon compelled me to leave Paris.
 “You know the rest, my Lord.”

La Motte was now silent, and the
 Marquis continued for some time musing.
 “You perceive, my Lord,” at length
 resumed La Motte, “you perceive that
 “my case is hopeless.”

“It is bad, indeed, but not entirely
 “hopeless. From my soul I pity you.
 “Yet, if you should return to the world,
 “and incur the danger of prosecution,
 “I think my interest with the Minister
 “might save you from any severe pu-
 “nishment. You seem, however, to
 “have

“ have lost your relish for society, and,
 “ perhaps, do not wish to return to it.”

“ Oh ! my Lord, can you doubt this ?

“ —But I am overcome with the excess
 “ of your goodness ; would to Heaven
 “ it were in my power to prove the gra-
 “ titude it inspires.”

“ Talk not of goodness,” said the
 Marquis ; “ I will not pretend that my
 “ desire of serving you is unalloyed by
 “ any degree of self-interest. I will
 “ not affect to be more than man, and
 “ trust me those who do are less. It
 “ is in your power to testify your gra-
 “ titude, and bind me to your interest
 “ for ever.” He paused. “ Name but
 “ the means,” cried La Motte, “ name
 “ but the means, and if they are within
 “ the compass of possibility they shall
 “ be executed.” The Marquis was still
 silent. “ Do you doubt my sincerity,
 “ my Lord, that you are yet silent ? Do
 “ you fear to repose a confidence in the
 “ man whom you have already loaded
 “ with

“ with obligation ? who lives by your
 “ mercy, and almost by your means.”
 The Marquis looked earnestly at him,
 but did not speak. “ I have not de-
 “ served this of you, my Lord ; speak,
 “ I entreat you.”

“ There are certain prejudices attached
 “ to the human mind,” said the Mar-
 quis in a slow and solemn voice, “ which
 “ it requires all our wisdom to keep
 “ from interfering with our happiness ;
 “ certain set notions, acquired in infancy,
 “ and cherished involuntarily by age,
 “ which grow up and assume a gloss so
 “ plausible, that few minds, in what is
 “ called a civilized country, can after-
 “ wards overcome them. Truth is often
 “ perverted by education. While the
 “ refined Europeans boast a standard of
 “ honour, and a sublimity of virtue,
 “ which often leads them from pleasure to
 “ misery, and from nature to error, the
 “ simple, uninformed American follows
 “ the impulse of his heart, and obeys the
 “ in-

“inspiration of wisdom.” The Marquis paused, and La Motte continued to listen in eager expectation.

“Nature, uncontaminated by false refinement,” resumed the Marquis, “every where acts alike in the great occurrences of life. The Indian discovers his friend to be perfidious, and he kills him; the wild Asiatic does the same; the Turk, when ambition fires, or revenge provokes, gratifies his passion at the expence of life, and does not call it murder. Even the polished Italian, distracted by jealousy, or tempted by a strong circumstance of advantage, draws his stiletto, and accomplishes his purpose. It is the first proof of a superior mind to liberate itself from prejudices of country, or of education. You are silent, La Motte; are you not of my opinion?”

“I am attending, my Lord, to your reasoning.”

There

“ There are, I repeat it,” said the
 Marquis, “ people of minds so weak,
 “ as to shrink from acts they have been
 “ accustomed to hold wrong, however
 “ advantageous. They never suffer
 “ themselves to be guided by circum-
 “ stances, but fix for life upon a certain
 “ standard, from which they will, on
 “ no account, depart. Self-preservation
 “ is the great law of nature; when a
 “ reptile hurts us, or an animal of prey
 “ threatens us, we think no farther, but
 “ endeavour to annihilate it. When my
 “ life, or what may be essential to my
 “ life, requires the sacrifice of another,
 “ or even if some passion, wholly un-
 “ conquerable, requires it, I should be
 “ a madman to hesitate. La Motte, I
 “ think I may confide in you — there
 “ are ways of doing certain things—
 “ you understand me. There are times,
 “ and circumstances, and opportunities
 “ —you comprehend my meaning.”

“ Explain yourself, my Lord.”

“ Kind

“ Kind services that—in short there
 “ are services, which excite all our gra-
 “ titude, and which we can never think
 “ repaid. It is in your power to place
 “ me in such a situation.”

“ Indeed ! my Lord, name the
 “ means.”

“ I have already named them. This
 “ abbey well suits the purpose ; it is shut
 “ up from the eye of observation ; any
 “ transaction may be concealed within
 “ its walls ; the hour of midnight may
 “ witness the deed, and the morn shall
 “ not dawn to disclose it ; these woods
 “ tell no tales. Ah ! La Motte, am I
 “ right in trusting this business with
 “ you ; may I believe you are desirous
 “ of serving me, and of preserving
 “ yourself ?” The Marquis paused, and
 looked stedfastly at La Motte, whose
 countenance was almost concealed by the
 gloom of evening.

“ My Lord, you may trust me in
 “ any thing ; explain yourself more
 “ fully.”

“ What

“ What security will you give me for
 “ your faithfulness ?”

“ My life, my Lord ; is it not al-
 “ ready in your power ?” The Marquis
 hesitated, and then said, “ To-morrow,
 “ about this time, I shall return to the
 “ abbey, and will then explain my
 “ meaning, if, indeed, you shall not
 “ already have understood it. You, in
 “ the mean time, will consider your
 “ own powers of resolution, and be pre-
 “ pared either to adopt the purpose I
 “ shall suggest, or to declare you will
 “ not.” La Motte made some confused
 reply. “ Farewel till to-morrow,” said
 the Marquis ; “ remember that freedom
 “ and affluence are now before you.”
 He moved towards the abbey, and,
 mounting his horse, rode off with his
 attendants. La Motte walked slowly
 home, musing on the late conversa-
 tion.

END OF VOL. II.



