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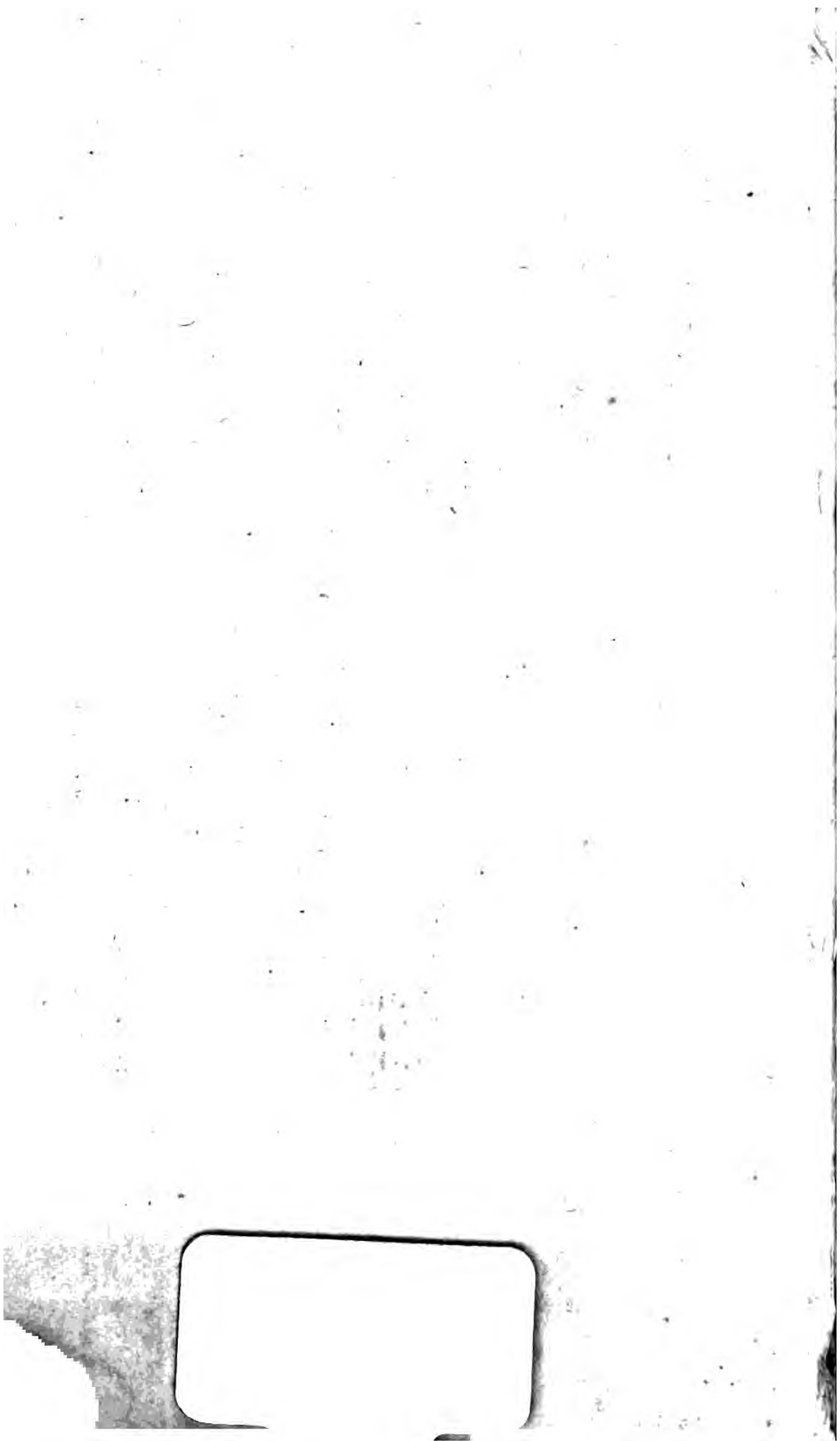
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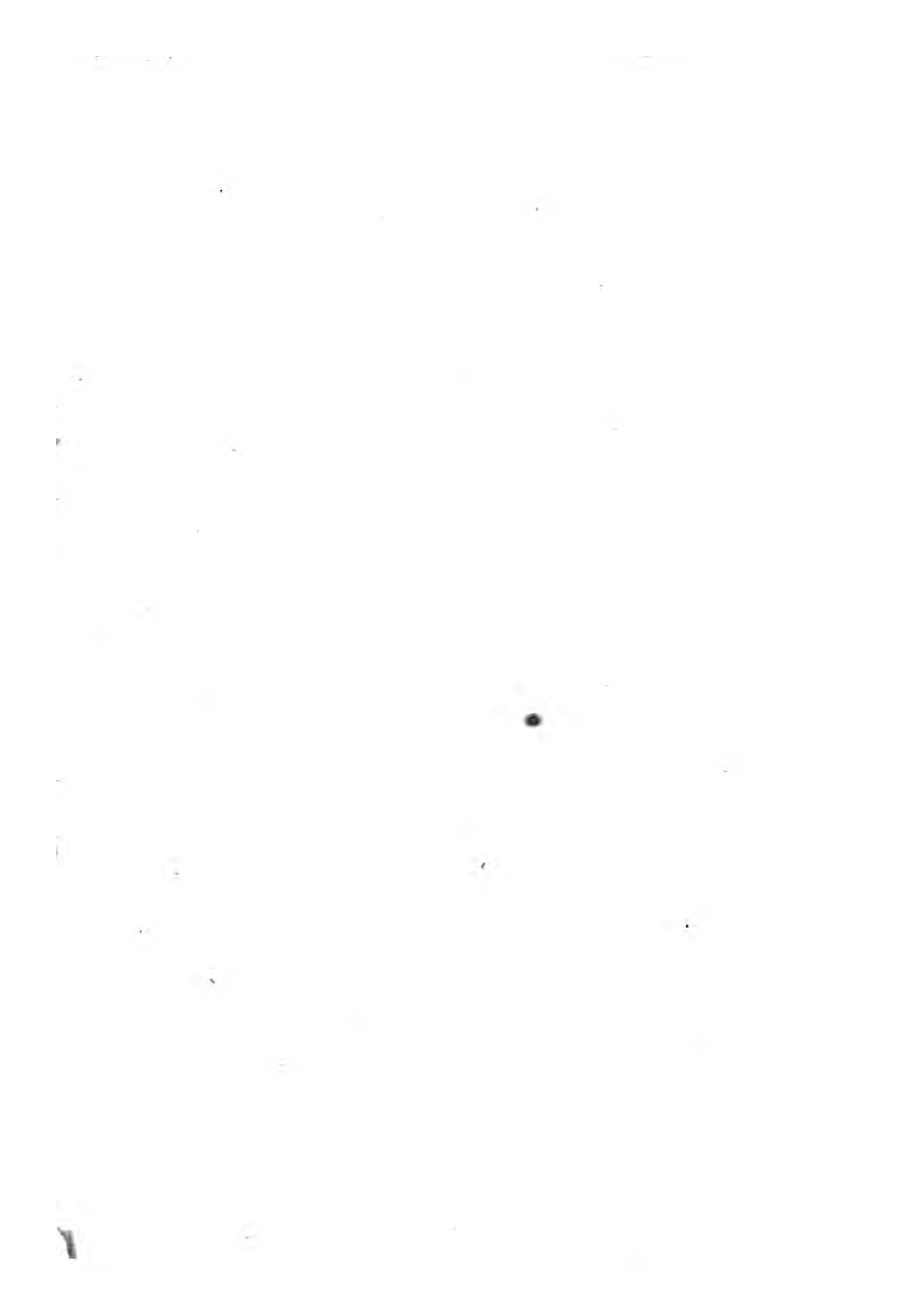
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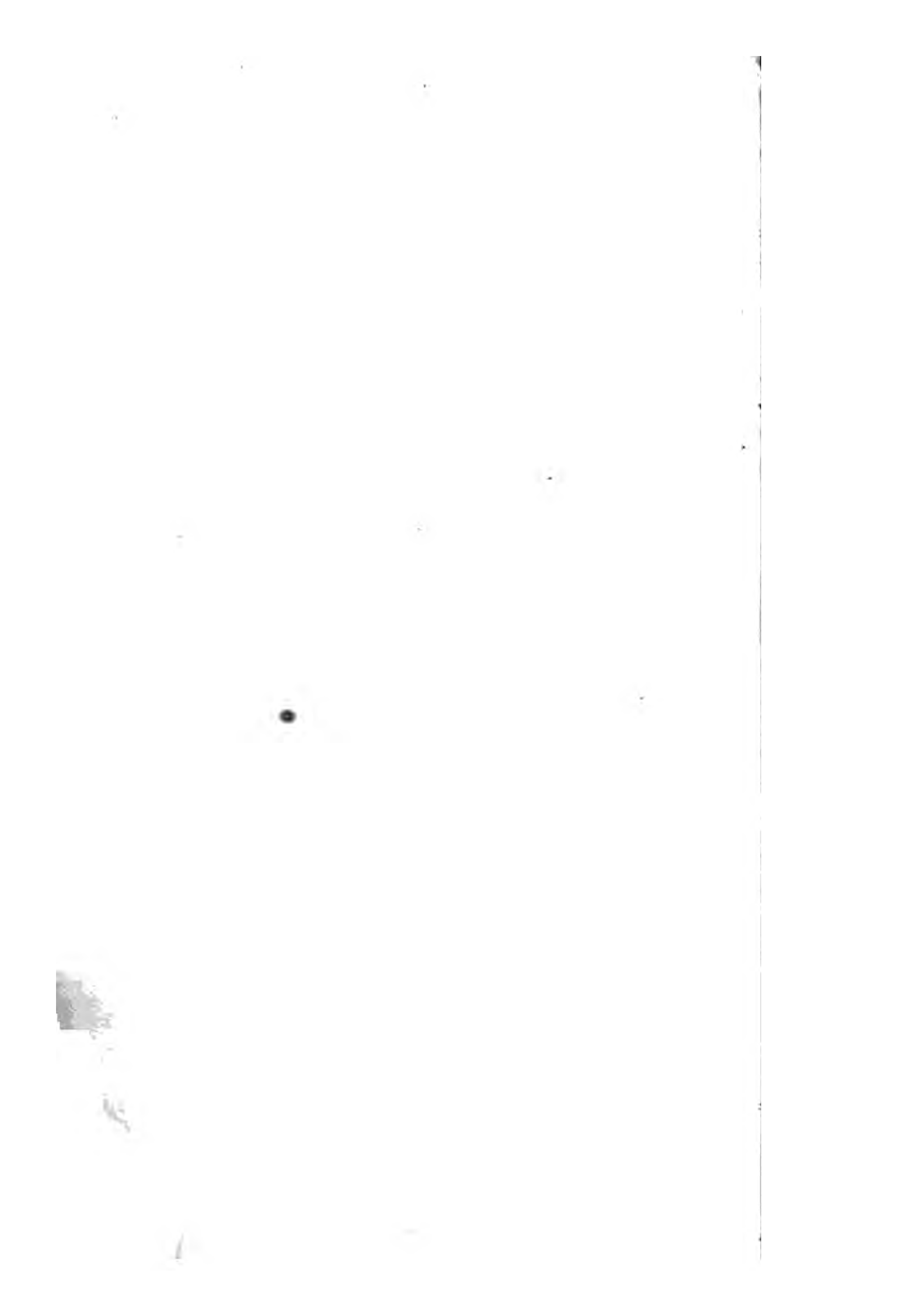


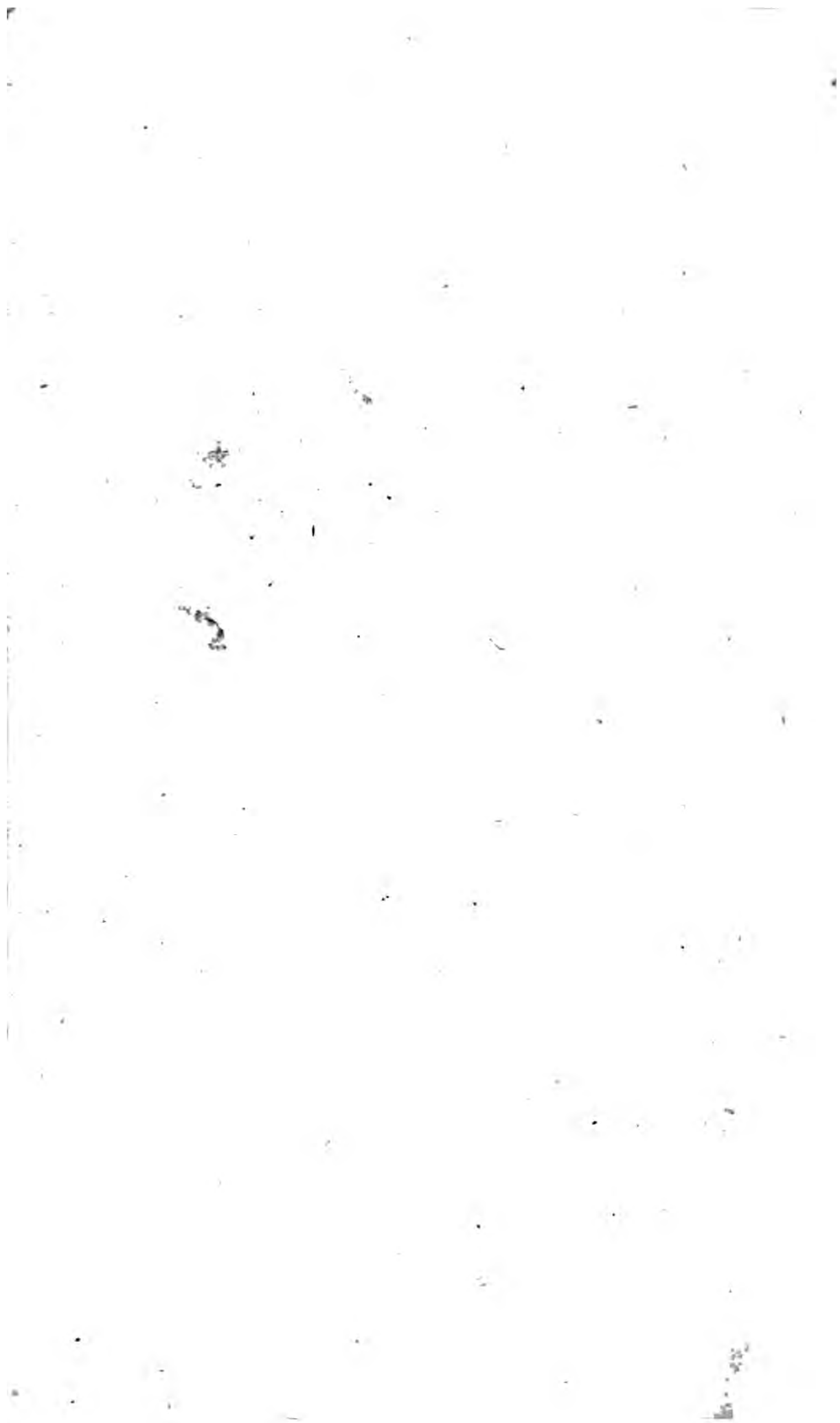


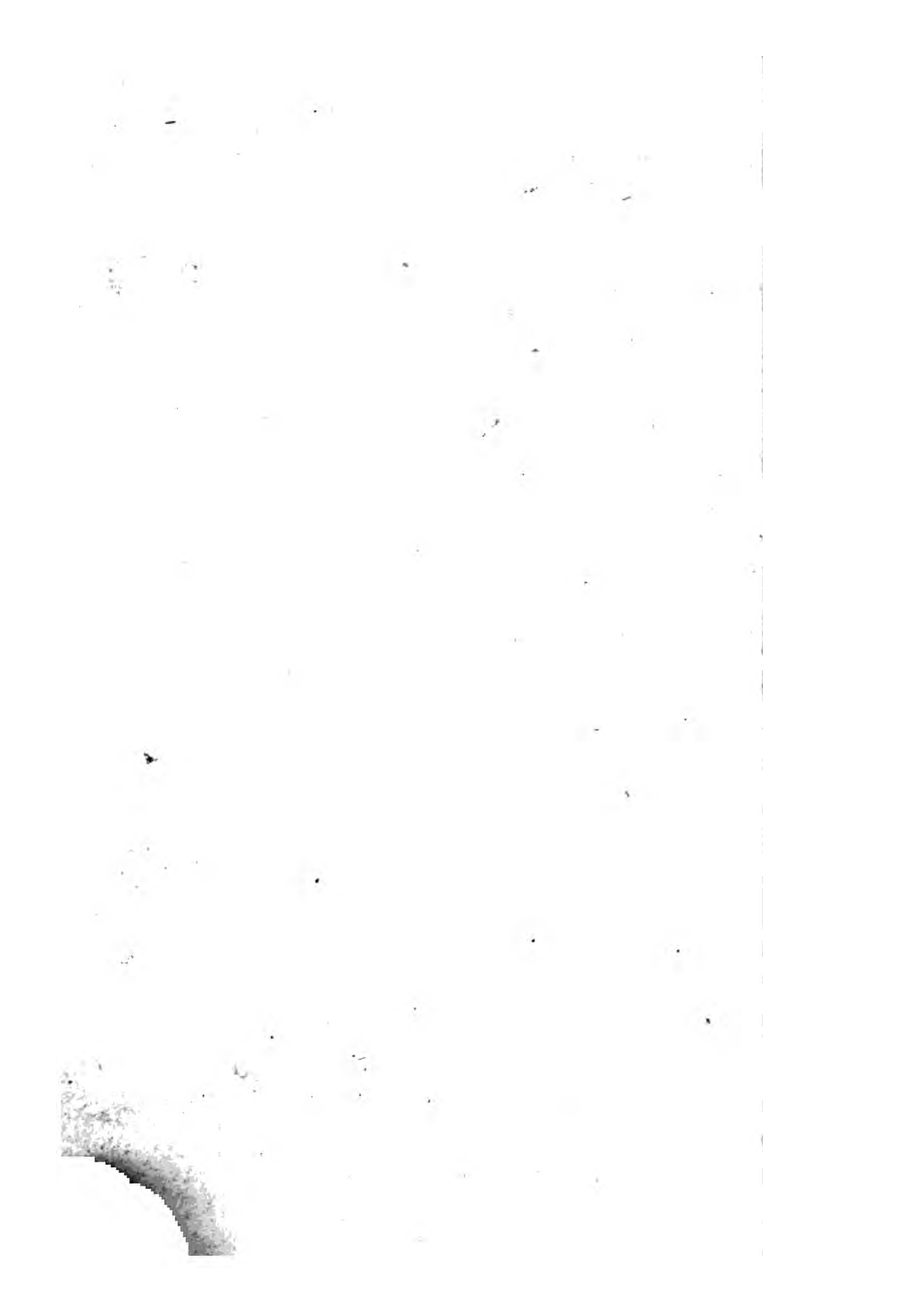












THE
MEMOIRS
AND
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Marquis de BRETAGNE,
AND
Duc D' HARCOURT:

OR,
The wonderful Vicissitudes of Fortune,
exemplified in the LIVES of those
Noblemen.

To which is added,
The HISTORY of the Chevalier *de Grien*
and *Moll Lescaut*, an extravagant Love
adventure.

Translated from the Original *French*.

By Mr. *ERSKINE*.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the G
Pater-noster-Row, MDCCXLIII.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

THE Marquis having put me in Mind that we owed the Dutchess of *Marlborough* a Visit, we went to wait of her at her House near *St. James's*, upon her Return from *Tunbridge*. After several Questions about our Travels, and particularly what we had remarked at *Blenheim* House, she put one to me which I little expected, and which did not a little puzzle me. *A propos*, Sir, *said she*, I am told that you can give me News of my Lady R—— who has not been seen for four Months; 'tis confidently reported that she had a private Conference with you, five or six Days before her Elopement; did she discover any Thing of her Design to you? Having while she spoke endeavoured to recover out of my first Surprize and Confusion, I am no better informed, *said I*, than the Public, of the Lady's Designs, nor of the Situation of her Affairs: My Acquaintance with her was so small, that there's no great likelihood she would have trusted me with her secret Designs. My Lord R—— has, however, some Suspicion, *replied the Dutchess*, and has been at some Pains to make a fuller Discovery. I saw him when he was much animated against y

and I doubt whether he be not still in the Opinion that you was concerned in his Wife's Flight.

PEOPLE may have what Notions they think proper, *said I*, but they are unjust when without Foundation. I am surpris'd that my Lord R—— is not cured of his Suspicion, since your Grace tells me that he has made Inquiry, which must have justified me in his Thoughts. I thus kept, as it were, in the Center between Truth and Falshood, which was acting a Part not at all agreeable, but it succeeded and drew me out of the Scrape; for, some Days after, the Dutches told me, that she had seen my Lord R——, and had fully convinced him with regard to me.

I had discovered nothing to the Marquis of what had pass'd betwixt this Lord's Lady and me. Some Words spoken by *Scoti* upon his Return from *France* had let him into the Knowledge of that Affair, and his Discretion had prevented his asking me any Questions about it; but the Dutches having spoke so plainly, at Night he begged I would acquaint him with the Truth of that Adventure, which I did without any Difficulty. This gave him a Handle to press our Departure for *France*, in order to render all the Service in our Power to my Lady R——; I promised that we should be gone whenever he thought proper, and we were fully determin'd to leave *London* by a Letter which I received from my Daughter, the following Week, acquainting me that *Amulem* was return'd, and that all my Family were impatient to see me, so that we fix'd the 24th of *June* for the Day of our Departure.

I cannot finish the Relation of our Travels in *England*, without taking Notice of a comical Adventure, of which the illustrious *Briffant* was the Hero. I have already said something of his agreeable Figure and Impudence. He knew very well how to act the Pettit-maitre and the Man of Gallantry,

lantry, and the Marquis being fond to see him well dressed, there were few in his Station at *London* upon a better Footing ; and I make no doubt but his Conquests were considerable among Milliners and Ladies-Maids, and yet he found among them some who had not all the Respect due to his Merit. One Evening a Letter was brought me from him, informing me that he was confin'd in *Newgate*, one of the *London* Prisons ; he mentioned nothing of the Cause of his being there, only begged that I would have Pity on him, and get him speedily out of that dismal Place. I resolv'd however to let him lye all Night, being pretty well assured that he was not there without having deserved it ; and besides, I was willing that he should have this instructive Lesson, of which he had more than once had Occasion in his Life. The next Day I sent *Scoti* to inform himself of the Affair, and to procure his Liberty, which he did at a small Expence, and brought him home ; but in a Pickle to make a dying Man laugh, without Hat and Coat, his Vest tore in a hundred Parts, and but Bits here and there of his Shirt remaining : His Hair, which he had naturally long and beautiful, so mixed and out of Order, that one would have sworn he had made his Escape from *Bedlam*. I ordered him to go and get himself put into a decent Dress, and then come and let us know his Adventure ; but *Scoti*, who was already informed, satisfied our Curiosity. *Brissant* had a very pretty Mistress to whom he had very assiduously made his Court for three or four Months. Two Days before he had paid his *Dulcinea* a Visit, in order to prepare her for his Departure ; and to moderate her Grief he used great Precautions in telling her this disagreeable Piece of News. His Princess appeared to be inconsolable, nevertheless, to soften as much as possible this cruel Separation, she made him promise to come and sup with her

next Night; to which *Brissant* readily agreed. She had invited two or three of her Friends, and these fine Ladies resolved to make him drunk and thereafter to strip him to the Shirt. They had already found Means to get hold of his Watch and Purse; but as they resolved to leave him nothing, it was proposed that he should strip and go to bed, no new Thing I suppose to him. He agreed to all, but he had scarce put off his Clothes, when he perceived that his Watch was gone; he was not so much fuddled, but that he began to be suspicious, and putting his Hand in his Pocket to search for his Purse, found that it was gone as well as his Watch, and no longer doubting but that he was robbed, began to make a terrible Noise. The two pretended Friends having disappeared with the Watch and Treasure, he fell foul of his Princess, and maltreated her in a desperate Manner, upon which she fell a crying and reproached him for the Ingratitude with which he rewarded her sincere and constant Love; however, as *Brissant* was not to be softened with Dears and Sweets, he insisted on the Restitution of his Watch and Money. She swore that she knew nothing of them, and that if he had lost any Thing, she had herself been deceived by her Friends, whom, till then, she had taken for Persons of the strictest Virtue. The enraged *Brissant*, being ashamed to be so bubbled by a Girl, fell a second Time to beating his fair one, and even her Ladyship's pretty Face bore some Marks of his Indignation. The Watchmen, hearing the Noise, came to separate the Combatants, and carried them both to Prison, where another Scene attended the poor Adventurer. *Newgate* is a large Prison, always filled with Rogues, who are not put there for their good Deeds. It is the Custom of the Place, that new Comers pay Entry-money. *Brissant*, in vain, pretended that he had not a Farthing. They threatened to take
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off his Coat, and without farther Ceremony put their Threats in Execution. He both gave and received Strokes, and defended himself with great Courage and Bravery; but superior Numbers at last prevailed, and reduced our Hero to the deplorable State in which he was presented to us. He could not hinder himself from laughing in repeating his Adventure; but it was a forced Laugh of an enraged Warrior, who sighed that he could not remain long enough at *London* to be revenged. But he became a little more cool and serious upon it, when I told him, that these nocturnal Exploits were no ways agreeable to the Marquis nor me; and that as soon as we arrived in *France*, he should be at full Liberty to seek for another Master.

I took some Measures to recover his Watch and Purse, but it was to no Purpose; all was irrecoverably lost, as I had already judged.





MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

B O O K XII.

BEING satisfied with what we had seen at *London* and other Parts of *England* that we had visited, we resolved to make the best of our Way for *France*. We took formal Leaves of our Friends, whose Civility kept up to the very last. Several of them went in the Boat with us to *Gravesend*, where we were to take post: In our Way we had the Diversion of Instruments proper for the Water, which our Friends had provided, in order, *said they*, to soften the Concern they were under to part with us; and at *Gravesend* we had a magnificent Supper, which they had sent Orders to provide. The best Part of the Night was spent in Gaiety and Mirth, and but a short Time left for Sleep. Next Morning, after a thousand Embraces, we bid them a last Farewel, got into our Chaise, and in a few Hours reached *Canterbury*, where we dined, and arrived at *Dover* before Night; but were obliged to lie there, the Wind proving contrary.

trary. Next Morning it was more favourable, and the Ship we were to go in being ready, and waiting for us, we put to Sea, and soon got o' Shore, but our Eyes were as yet towards it: Happy Island! *said I to the Marquis*, too happy People, if they were but sensible of the Advantages of their Climate and Situation! What want they that can render Life agreeable or commodious? If we consider what Nature has done for them: The Heat of their Summers is not excessive, nor the Cold of their Winters immoderate: Their Lands produce in abundance what is fit for Use, and they have no Occasion for any Assistance from their Neighbours; and yet they add to their own Product what is rare and precious in all the other Countries of the World, so that it would seem they had put the whole Universe under Contribution. *London* is a Sort of Center to which all the Riches of the whole World are drawn by the Lines of Commerce, and from thence are distributed, with due Proportion, in all the Parts of the Island. It is neither Force, Authority, nor Birth, that regulate this Distribution. Every one partakes, so far as he is capable, and knows how to attract them by his Industry, Diligence, and Labour. Are they less happy in the moral Order, since they have had the Dexterity to preserve their Liberty against all the Efforts of Tyranny, and it seems to be established upon a Foundation not to be shaken. Their Laws are wise, and not at all intricate; and there is not one but what has a Regard to the public Good, which among them is not a vain Name that serves as a Mask to the Injustice and Violence of those who are in Authority. Here every one knows the Extent of his Privileges; the People have theirs, which they know how to preserve, as the Great have their Limits beyond which they cannot go. Religion is no less free in this happy Country. The *English* have discover

Restraint is directly contrary to the Spirit of the Gospel; they know that Man's Heart is God's Tabernacle, that Violence produces nothing but external Changes, that forced Worship is equally pernicious to the Imposer and Performer; and upon these Principles their Temples are open to those who are disposed to enter them, without being offended if they are abandoned; thus Virtue, among them, never consists in Grimace and Affectation; every Thing is solid, and answers to the Character of their Genius. The *Roman Catholicks* do not do them Justice in this Respect; they falsely imagine that Religion is neglected in *England*, but if they knew, that there is no Country in the World where the Church Service is performed with more Decency and Modesty, where the Children have a more Christian Education, where scandalous Vices are less suffered, or the Truths of the Gospel more solidly preached, they would, no doubt, change their Opinion. They have destroyed the Abbeyes and Monastries, and most of the *Roman Catholicks* are fully persuaded, that it was with no other View but to enrich the People with the Spoils of the Church; they are ignorant that the *English* have substituted in their Place Establishments much more useful. We see in all the Towns of *England*, and even in the Villages, Hospitals for the Sick, Charity-houses for the Poor, Retreats for the Old of both Sexes, Schools for the Instruction of Youth; in short, a thousand Monuments of Piety and Zeal for their Religion, and for their Country. What Man is there, of even common Sense, that would not prefer these wise and religious Foundations to our Convents and Monastries, where it is but too well known, that Sloth and Idleness honour themselves with the glorious Name of Contempt of the World, and Contemplation of Coelestial Truths.

THE Marquis interrupted this Effusion of my Esteem for the *English*. I could lay a Wager, *said he laughing*, that the Bishop *Chichester's* Discourse has made you a Protestant, for what you have now said, favours something of the Reformation. I am, what I think I ought to be, *answered I*, with Respect to Religion. It is neither the Name of Catholic or Protestant that determines me, but the Knowledge of Truth, which I think I have long since acquired, by the Favour of Heaven and by my own Reflections. But were I an *Italian* Bishop, that is to say, intirely led by Prepossession, I could not have hindered myself, while I was travelling in *England*, from observing what is to be seen there, and, consequently, from knowing what I have now said, and what I shall never be afraid to repeat. The Conversation lasted so long, and the Wind was so fair, that we soon approached the *French* Coast, and were not long before we arrived at *Calais*. The Impatience of the Marquis was such, that he wanted to be gone the Moment we landed; but under Pretence of visiting the Fortifications, I begged he would remain till the next Day, that I might have some Time to think of my future Conduct with him; not that I had not already had my Thoughts employed about that, but because the Scheme I had laid down required that we should not precipitate our Departure. I had at first resolved, as a Thing absolutely necessary, not to carry the Marquis to my Daughter's, because if he was not cured of his Passion for my Niece, he was, at least, accustomed not to see her, which was the Commencement of a Cure, that I was not willing should become useless, by bringing them together again; but the Difficulty lay in contriving Pretences. I could not go to *Paris*, where the Duke his Father did not incline he should appear, 'till he had accomplished his Travels. I resolved to cond

him to the Duke's Castle, near the Abbey where I had past some Years in Solitude, and therefore told him that, as we were now in the Season that invites the Nobility to their Country-Seats, it was very probable he would be there; that it was our Duty, on our Return to *France*, after five or six Months Absence, to go and pay our Respects to him; and as I mentioned my accompanying him, he had no Objection to the Proposal. I wrote, in his Presence, a Letter to my Daughter, acquainting her of our Arrival, and ordered *Scoti* to go post with it. But I privately wrote another to the Duke, in which I begged he would come to his Castle, where we would wait upon him in a few Days, and where I should inform him of the Reasons of this Request; and then gave *Scoti* private Orders to go to *Paris* before he went to my Daughter's, and to deliver the Duke's Letter into his own Hands. The next Day we left *Calais*, and I found Means, without Affectation, to make such short Journeys, that arriving only the sixth Day after we had set out, the Duke had got before us. In the first private Conversation we had together. I discovered to him what had brought me there, and he agreed that it was necessary to keep the Marquis while I went to my Daughter's. The best Reason that we could think of was the Necessity of seeing some of his Relations before he set out again upon new Travels. I remained three Days with them, and then prepared to be gone. The Marquis appeared to be much concerned at his being left with his Father; however, as he had no Suspicion of the real Cause, he supported our Separation with the more Patience, as he hoped to come to my Daughter's after he had seen his Relations. He contrived a very cunning Method to write to my Niece before my Departure. I was without a Servant, having

ordered *Scoti* to wait for me at my Daughter's, and therefore I was resolved to take the Stage-coach; but the Marquis privately represented to the Duke, that it would not be civil to let me go in that Method, but to give me a Coach or Chaise of his Grace's. The Duke, who had not thought of it, approved of his Son's Observation, and proposed the Thing to me himself, so that I accepted of the Chaise.

BRISSANT, who, notwithstanding the Threats at *London* of being dismissed when we arrived in *France*, had obtained his Pardon by Prayers and Proteftations of a better Conduct, was ordered to accompany me on Horseback. Being arrived at the Place where I was to lye the first Night, and reflecting on the Marquis's and my own Affairs, it came into my Mind that *Brissant* might very probably have some secret Commission from his Master, and his Answers to the Questions I put to him not only confirmed me in my Opinion, but that he was engaged, by great Promises, to Silence. At last, having told him, in a very serious Manner, that if ever I discovered that he had deceived me, he should not remain a Quarter of an Hour longer with us, he pulled a Letter out of his Pocket, and presented it to me, and having desired him to retire, I opened the Letter, and here is an exact Copy of it.

“ DEAR, but cruel or inconstant *Nadina*,”
 (which as I have said before was my Niece's Name)
 “ is it of your Rigour or Change that I am to com-
 “ plain? I left *France* firmly persuaded that you
 “ did not hate me, and had your Permission to
 “ flatter myself with that pleasing Thought, upon
 “ which I built the most agreeable Hopes. Have
 “ you forgot the Excess of my Joy? Did it not
 “ convince you of that of my Love? and yet, by
 “ a Cruelty which I cannot conceive, or by a
 “ Char

“ Change, which is still more insupportable, you
 “ have, for four Months, rendered a Heart misera-
 “ ble of which you had begun the Felicity, and
 “ from which all Hopes of more is banished, if it
 “ must find you cruel or inconstant. To what
 “ can I attribute your Silence? Surely not to the
 “ Wrath of Heaven that cannot condemn the Sin-
 “ cerity of my Sentiments, and the Innocence of
 “ my Desires, and as little to the Treachery of
 “ our Correspondent, who engaged his Fidelity by
 “ solemn Oaths. It must then of Course be ascrib-
 “ ed to yourself; and if this Melancholy Conjecture
 “ proves true, nothing remains for me, but to die
 “ speedily, for Life will become a Burthen too
 “ heavy for me to bear. Be so good, at least, as
 “ to let me know my Fate by my Servant, whose
 “ Fidelity you may trust to. Mr: *Renoncourt* will
 “ let you know the Reason of my not coming a-
 “ long with him; 'tis a new Misfortune which
 “ will hasten my Ruin if you don't prevent it with
 “ an Answer. Remember your Promises and my
 “ Oaths. Think of your Charms, of the Excess
 “ and Constancy of my Passion, and then consider
 “ if I can lose the Hopes of being loved by you
 “ without dying.”

I was under a great Concern, after reading this
 Letter, to see that I could fix on nothing that
 was agreeable to me. I found no Medium between
 these two Things, *viz.* either to let *Amulem* and his
 two Children return by themselves to *Asia*, if I
 continued taking Charge of the Marquis in his Tra-
 vels, or to break my Engagements with the Duke,
 if I intended to have the Pleasure, for some time
 longer, of *Amulem's* Company, and to conduct him
 some Part of the Road, when he set out, as I proposed
 to myself. But what chagrined me most was, that
 I found there was a Necessity of coming to a
 speedy

speedy Resolution; for I would by no Means deceive the Duke in his Expectation of my continuing with his Son, who, on the other Hand, was become so dear to me that I made now no Difference between him and my Daughter. I continued my Journey under this Uncertainty of Resolution, which gave me so much Uneasiness, that the Effects of it were visible in my Countenance, and my Friends perceived it on my Arrival. I received however their Embraces with an equal Return of Affection, being charmed to find myself with so many Persons to whom I could with Certainty believe I was agreeable. My Lady R— appeared to share in the Joy of my Relations, which gave me not a little; and though I had called all my Reason to assist me against the Power of her Charms, yet I felt that neither Age nor Reflections could stop the Motions of my foolish Heart. I shall love her, *said I to myself*; I plainly see that any longer Resistance would be useless; however, I will, at least, subject my Passion to such Rules, and keep it so secret, that it shall neither be scandalous nor criminal.

I had so many Things to clear up with my Daughter, that I contrived to have a private Conference with her as soon as possible. As that dear Child was the best Part of myself, I communicated my Thoughts to her without Reserve. She had good Sense and a solid Judgment, which rendered her capable of giving me good Advice; she enjoyed, besides, an easy contented Life, so that nothing but her Father's Misfortunes could disturb her Happiness. I began by asking her Opinion of my Niece *Nadina*; and if she had discovered nothing of her Intrigue with the Marquis. She told me that this lovely young Creature had been always thoughtful and melancholy during our Absence; that she courted Solitude, and notwithstanding the Diversions which they had endeavoured to procure her,

often

often gave them the Slip, and went to walk in the Wood alone for Hours together. My Daughter also told me, that after receiving my Letter from *London* she called for her Bailiff, and forced him to confess the Promise he had made to the Marquis to receive his Letters for *Nadina*, and to send hers to him; and that having threatened him with her Displeasure if he did not bring her all the Letters which should come to his Hands, she had received three of the Marquis's at different Times, but none of my Niece's. What shall we do, *said I*, to cure them of this Inclination, which may be attended with disagreeable Consequences? My Daughter answered, that she did not think any great Inconveniency could be the Consequence of their Amours; for, continued she, *Nadina* is virtuous, and has been well educated, so that there's no Danger of her doing any Thing that can dishonour us; that however, by way of Precaution, it would be proper to separate her from the Marquis, and to prevent all Intercourse between them. This is the Difficulty, *replied I*, for the Marquis expects that we shall go to *Vienna* with *Amulem* and his Children; upon which my Daughter told me, that she hoped to keep *Nadina* in *France*; that her Solicitations had almost gained upon *Amulem* already, and that if I would but second her she made no doubt but that he would consent to leave her with us. I have represented to him, *said she*, that if he loves his Daughter, he cannot but wish to see her happy, which she can never be in a Seraglio, after having been a little accustomed to the *French* Manner of living; that in leaving her with me, he can be at no greater Loss than in carrying her back to *Turkey*, where she will be no sooner married, but he must be for ever deprived of seeing her, and will ever be ignorant if her *Turkish* Husband uses her well; whereas in leaving her with me he'll be assured that she's in
the

the Hands of Relations who love her tenderly, who will now and then inform him about her, and who will not fail to procure her a suitable and advantageous Establishment, in which she'll be happier than the *Grand-Signior's* favourite Mistress. We will therefore, I hope, obtain her of my Uncle, *continued she*, and will put her into a Convent for some Years, where she will be perfectly instructed in our Manners, and by Degrees forget the Marquis. I could not hinder myself from embracing my Daughter, to express how much I was obliged to her for this happy Expedient. I then asked her how she had received my Lady R——, and what she thought of that fine Lady. She assured me that she was charmed with her Manners and Conduct; for a few Days after her Arrival, she was thoughtful and melancholy, and seemed to examine us with Attention; but when we became a little better acquainted, she laid open her Heart with so much Sincerity and Candour, that I have loved her ever since as I would a Sister. She has informed me of all her Misfortunes, added my Daughter, without even concealing the Progress you have made in her Heart, which she daily entertains me with. I interrupted this Discourse, which put me out of Countenance, and endeavoured to turn the Conversation upon some other Subject; but my Daughter was too clear sighted not to observe where the Shoe pinched me. How pleased should I be, dear Papa, *cried she in a sort of Rapture*, if my Conjecture does not deceive me, and how willingly would I lay down my Life for my Lady R——, if what I think be true? What do you mean? *answered I, blushing*, your Discourse is a Mystery past my Comprehension. I ask you a thousand Pardons, *replied she, embracing me*, but if you have any Regard for a Daughter that loves you more than her Life, you will not keep her a Stranger to the Sentiments of your Heart. As for me, I lay
mine

mine open, when I assure you, that I should be charmed that my Lady's Affection might make you lose that Impatience you have expressed, these two Years past, to be replaced in your Hermitage. I remained some Time silent, with down-cast Eyes, and found my Heart under such strange Agitations, that I was at a Loss for Terms to express my Thoughts. Ah! my Child, *said I at last*, what strange Wishes are yours? Do you consider, that in a few Days you must prepare to dress me in my dead Linen, since you cannot but too well see, that I have now one Foot in the Grave? How then can you mention Love, or any other Motions of the Heart to me, but those that accompany the Fear of Death? Instead of turning serious upon what I said, she fell a laughing, assuring me, I had so little of the Air of a dying Man, that my Lady never spoke of my Person, but with Extasy and Raptures. I could not hinder myself from smiling at this whimsical Fancy; however, I soon put on a grave Countenance, and told my Daughter, in a melancholy Strain, the Time is now no more for your Father to think of the Follies of Love. The Sources of Joy and Pleasure are dried up in my Heart, and methinks I see your Mother stretching out her Arms, and calling upon me to follow her, which I shall willingly do when Heaven thinks proper. Nevertheless, as I have too much Confidence in your Discretion, to conceal any Thing from you, I shall frankly own, that the alluring Charms of my Lady R——have given me some Uneasiness: You observed me blushing in the Beginning of your Discourse, which proceeded from the Sense my Heart had of it's Weakness. I do not make this Confession with a Design to be flattered or encouraged, on the contrary, my Intention is to prevent, by this Means, your Solicitations. If you are to espouse any body's Interest, let it be that of your
Father,

Father, and do not mention my Lady R——but as a Person who deserves the Esteem of all Mankind. When you would have me entertain more particular Sentiments, I will charge you with want of Friendship. My Daughter hearing me speak so seriously, was afraid of having displeas'd me; but to dissipate her Fears, I took her in my Arms, and told her she was so dear to me, that it was not in my Power to be angry with her; and so far from my being so now, I was very well pleas'd of having this Opportunity to explain myself as I had done. The Ice being once broke, I could with Freedom continue to communicate my Sentiments with Respect to that Lady; and if I had the Misfortune to have my Heart more deeply touch'd than was fit for a Man in my Circumstances, my Weakness being known to none but her I was under no Apprehension of being expos'd. Before the Conclusion of this long Conversation, I asked her if my Lady had not mention'd where and in what manner she propos'd to spend the Remainder of her Life. She answer'd, that if Credit might be given to that Lady's Protestations, the Place where she now was would be the most agreeable she could think of, and where she would esteem herself happier than amidst the Pleasures of a Court.

WE pass'd fifteen Days at my Daughter's in the most agreeable manner that I ever had done in my Life: Health, Joy, Friendship, and Openness of Heart, a Desire to oblige one another, and to contribute to the Satisfaction of the whole; in short, every thing that might render a Society agreeable, where the Members love and esteem each other, seem'd to reunite in our Favour without the least Interruption. I received from my Lady R——innumerable Marks of Esteem and Affection, such as a modest Woman may give; and I made suitable Returns of Respect, but no farther, being re-
solve

solved not to embark in any new Love-Engagements. I had a Pleasure in conversing with her, and admired her Charms; but whether it was that my Heart aspired to no more but to be in her Company, or that my Reason had subjected it's Desires, I found none in it which my Duty obliged me to suppress. As for her, I found in all her Ways that Air of Modesty which augments the Charms of Beauty, and from which her deviating a little, under her unhappy Situation at *London*, was pardonable. By this Time *Amulem* and his two Children spoke *French* so readily that no Body could have taken them for *Turks*, as they were now in the *French* Dress. *Nadina* was still in her Disguise, and went by the Name of *Memisces*, and my Lady did not as yet know her real Sex. My Daughter and I, however, resolved that she should no longer pass for a Boy, but change her Dress, when we had obtained her Father's Consent to leave her with us in *France*; which he at last agreed to, though not without Tears, and on Condition that the Marquis my Son-in-law, and Daughter, should take the Name of Father and Mother, and be as such to her; which Ceremony was performed with great Formality in Presence of all the neighbouring Gentry, who were invited to be Witnesses. *Nadina* appeared so charming in her new Dress, that she at once made more than one Conquest, of which we had but too good a Proof three Weeks after, by the fatal Catastrophe into which the Rashness of two inconsiderate young Gentlemen, who asked her, at the same Time, in Marriage, plunged them.

WHILE I was in this agreeable Occupation, I received a Letter from the *Abbé du Bois*, whom we have since seen Cardinal and Prime Minister, in which he desired me, by Order of his Royal Highness the Duke of *Orleans*, to come to *Paris*. Such an Order as this to me, who was not known, as I thought,

thought, but to a very few Persons, and who was so great a Stranger to Affairs of State, that I scarce looked into a Gazette, could not but surprize me. I therefore consulted with the Family, and it was thought proper that I should go and advise with the Duke of — (whose Advice and Protection I was sure to have) before I went to *Paris*. Accordingly I set out Post for the more Expedition. The Duke was not at all surprized with what I told him, and explained the Mystery. I mentioned you, *said he*, to the *Abbé du Bois*, as a Man of Merit, who had done me the Favour to accompany my Son to *England*, where you had remained four or five Months with him. You'll find that this *Abbé*, designed in *petto* by his Royal Highness as Ambassador at *London*, wants to confer with you upon the Affairs of that Country. I set out next Day for *Paris*, and upon my Arrival went to the *Palais Royal*, where the *Abbé du Bois* lodged, and having sent in my Name, was soon admitted: He received me civilly, and, without stopping to ask me any Questions, begged I would go along with him to the Duke of *Orleans's* Apartment. We found this Prince with two Ladies; one was, as I have since been informed, *La Comtesse de Parabere*, and the other, *La Marquise de Flavacourt*; and both were present all the Time I remained with the Regent, who being told my Name by the *Abbé*, ordered me to advance. You are, Sir, I am told, a Man of Experience, who have lately been in *England*, can you give me any News about that Country? I answered, that my Observations had not been so much fixed upon State-Affairs, as on the Character of the *English*, and the Customs of the Country. But nevertheless, replied his Royal Highness, you have been a Witness of so many memorable Events, that it is impossible but you must have taken notice of them. What is your Opinion of the Affairs of
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Scotland, and the Divisions of the Parliament? I shall freely give my Sentiments, *replied I*, since your Royal Highness is pleased to desire me. I do not apprehend that it is the History of the *Scotch* Revolt that you want to know, since your Highness is, no doubt, fully informed of that already. As for the present Disposition of the Nation, I believe it not to be what People imagine in *France*. The Prince, whom they call Pretender, found it no difficult Matter to get *Scotland*, and some Provinces in *England* to declare openly for him, from which he would have drawn a great Advantage, had he not failed in Courage or Address; but, by his own or his Council's Fault, he began the War where it could be of no Importance, and neglected the only Place upon which depended the whole Success of his Enterprize; I mean the Capital, where he ought to have had some daring resolute Chief to have put himself at the Head of a hundred thousand brave *Jacobites*, who would have lost the last Drop of their Blood in his Quarrel. I have been an Eye-witness to surprizing Effects of their Zeal, and I know, by very good Information, that the Number was incredible. But their Inclinations are greatly changed, and they would now reject this Prince, should the House of *Hanover* yield to him the Crown. I saw, *continued I*, this Change happen gradually. They were provoked at first, that there was not among the Partisans of this Prince, a Man of Distinction so much devoted to his Service, and bold enough to attempt an Insurrection at *London*. They learned soon after, that upon a trifling Advantage obtained in *Scotland*, he took up his Time in getting himself crowned in a little pitiful Country Place; and that without explaining himself with regard to Religion or Privilege, though in his Manifestos great Things had been promised. This News inspired them with Contempt and Suspicion at the same Time.

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How could their Affection be kept up for a Prince who was so ignorant of his own Interest, and so little mindful of that of his Adherents? Add to this, his sudden Retreat, or rather Flight, when so many brave Men had sacrificed themselves for him at *Pres-ton*, and while he had still remaining a considerable Body of Troops on foot in *Scotland* of which he came to publish himself the List in *France*, and at *Avignon*. All these Faults of Prudence, or of Courage, have made an Impression upon the *English*, which Time will never be able to efface; so that I may venture to assure your Highness, that this unfortunate Prince has not so many Partisans now in *England*, as People in this Country imagine.

As for the Parliament, your Royal Highness may be persuaded, that their Debates and Divisions may be sometimes prejudicial to the Laws of the Country, to the Church, to Commerce, and to the Tranquillity of the Nation, but never to the Security and Safety of it. What I mean is, that the Genius of the *English* prompts them to be in constant Broils among themselves; when they have no Disturbance from abroad, the different Factions and Parties leave no Stone unturned to blacken and supplant their Adversaries; but to whatever Excess they may carry their domestick Animosities and Quarrels, their Neighbours never reap any Advantage by it. They resemble the Dogs in the Fable; what is most pressing still determines them; and when the publick Safety is in Danger, they suspend all private Quarrels, and join all together against the common Enemy, that they may thereafter fight among themselves without being interrupted.

THE Duke of *Orleans* answered me smiling, that People of this Character were not to be despised. It is true, *continued I*, that the *English* are formidable Neighbours, but I am deceived, if their Friendship can be so useful to *France*, as their Hatred may
be

be prejudicial and dangerous. It is, without doubt, in their Power to be uneasy to us; but of what Advantage is their Friendship? Our Wines, Oils, and Salt can be disposed of without them. In Time of War they purchase them from us, at a much dearer Rate than in Peace. On our Part, we bring nothing from their Country but Tobacco, and what hinders us from bringing it from our Plantations in *America*, as they do from theirs? The other Commodities that come to us from *England* are hurtful to our Manufactures, and take the Bread from our Workers. If it then be true, as your Royal Highness thinks, that we are to keep in with the *English*, it is less for the Good than for the Evil that they can do us. I look upon it as a certain Maxim, *replied the Prince*, that the Hatred or Friendship of the *English* is not a Thing indifferent to *France*, and if they will but hearken to Reason, I will spare no Pains to keep a good Correspondence with them. I took the Liberty to say, that his Royal Highness had given them a manifest Proof of his good Intentions, in obliging the Pretender to retire out of the Kingdom. I have hitherto done, *said he*, for that unfortunate Prince much more than I ought; but since he makes so bad a Use of the Opportunities which have been laid in his Way, I can afford him nothing now but Compassion. I remained more than an Hour discoursing in this Manner with the Prince, who turning all of a sudden towards *Madam Parabere*, whom he embraced without any Ceremony, told her that he loved the *English*, because they had good Sense, and had shaken off the Yoke of Bigotry and Superstition more than any People in the World. I know not, *continued he*, when we shall be able to make our Nation imitate so good an Example. The *Abbé du Bois* asked if he had any farther Orders for me. No, *said he*, but

but only that I would advise you to get all the Information you can from him concerning *England*.

WE then retired, and the Abbé desired that I would return with him to his Apartment, where we had a long Conference upon the Manners and Customs of *England*. I found he was a Man of Sense, but had no Knowledge but what a thorough Acquaintance with the World and Men have given him; and to be sure he must have been no Man of Learning, since I, who had never made it my Business to apply to any profound Study, could observe it. I remarked two Things in his Conversation, the one was that he often made use of the Name of God in a very profane Manner, and the other that he was no Enemy to the fair Sex. He asked me a great many Questions, concerning the Beauty of the *English* Ladies with a Curiosity that plainly discovered the Disposition of the Man. I told him, a little maliciously, I own, that it was a Pity his Character should exclude him from the Favours of these lovely Ladies. He answered with a Sincerity that made me laugh; the Character is nothing in *England*, since it is the Custom that Ecclesiasticks have Wives in that Country. It is true, replied I, that one must conform himself to the Customs of the Country where he is. He did me the Honour to invite me to Supper with very good Company, and the whole Conversation ran upon the Women. In three or four Hours I was informed of all the Gallantries of *Paris*; but I shall not stop to relate them, having no Intention that these Memoirs should become a Chronicle of Scandal. What I took most Pleasure in, was to hear that the Prince *Don Manuel* of *Portugal* was arrived in *Paris*; and having asked where he lodged, I was told at the *Hotel de Bretonvilliers*, with the Count *de Ribeira*. Next Morning I went to pay my Respects to this Prince, and, finding him coming down

from his Apartment to take Coach, he had the Complaisance to return back to his Chamber for a Minute or two. He asked News of the Marquis, and appeared to be sorry that he was not at *Paris*. I observed, by a Brightness in his Eyes, that he had got the better of his Melancholy for the Loss of *Donna Clara de Bermudos*. As he made no mention of her, I took care to say nothing that might renew her Memory. Some Days after, the Count *de Ribeira* gave an Entertainment upon the Prince *Don Carlos's* Birth-day, the Magnificence whereof was admired. His Royal Highness did him the Honour to be present, with the Dutchess of *Berry*, all the Princes and foreign Ministers; and *Don Telles*, who still accompanied the Prince of *Portugal*, was so good as to procure me a convenient Place. The Dutchess of *Berry* was turned so prodigiously fat, that I did not at first know her. I had seen her five or six Years before, and then admired her genteel Shape, and delicate Features; and to be sure, a Lady must be strangely fond of Pleasures, that purchases them at the Expence of her Beauty and Charms. For some Days there was nothing but Entertainments and publick Diversions at *Paris*. The Earl of *Stairs*, Embassador from *England*, made a most splendid Entertainment for the Birth-day of the King his Master. He gave at the same Time two very extraordinary Balls, one in the Wood of *Bulogne* illuminated with an infinite Number of Torches and Flambeaus, and the other by Way of Masquerade in the *Elysian Fields*, opposite to the Garden of the *Thuilleries*. I was not so fond of Pleasures as to be present at these Diversions, I procured one which suited my Age and Humour better; instead of the *Elysian Fields*, I went to the *Cameldules*, where I was told the *Mareschal de Tessé* had just then retired, to pass the Remainder of his life. The World, apt to put a bad Construction

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on the best Actions, did not fail to insinuate, that the Motives of this Retreat proceeded from the Mareschal's finding himself neglected by the Regent, and even obliged to yield his Employment of General of the Gallies to the *Chevalier d'Orleans*, the Duke's natural Son. But there was no great Likelihood that his Hatred of the World proceeded from the Reason just now assigned, since he was fully recompensed for his Dismission, by a Sum of three or four hundred thousand Livres, which was paid him down upon the Nail; besides, the Tranquillity that appeared in his Looks and Behaviour, plainly contradicted the injurious Opinion that the World had of this extraordinary, and, in my Opinion, highly commendable Step. Though I had not the Honour of his Acquaintance, yet I adventured to pay him a Visit, and was so well received that we entered into a Conversation that lasted above two Hours, which fortified my Contempt of the World and my Inclination for Solitude. I remember, among many other Things, that he said he was not at all surprized that the Levity of Youth and the Heat of Passions should, for some Time, throw a Veil over Men's Eyes that prevented their seeing the terrible Truths of Religion, but that an old Man, continued he, a Man of my Age, should not reform, and think of the Concerns of another Life, is what I look upon as the greatest Piece of Folly and Blindness. Let us put Things in the most favourable View for Vice; I'll suppose Eternity uncertain, nay even contradictory and impossible, but I have not the least ground to believe that there will not be another Life after this, in which I shall soon find myself, whether I will or not, as I have into this without my contributing towards it: I'll agree that it will, perhaps, be a short and perishing Life like unto this; but I'm just on the Brink of that dark Leap, and the Fate of Mortals for six

thousand Years is an undeniable Proof that I must soon disappear. Would it not therefore be the greatest Folly not to employ a few remaining Moments in thinking of it? I compare myself to a Man who is ready to leave the House where he now resides, to go and take Possession of another, and, with that Design, takes down the Furniture of the old House, in order to fit up his new Habitation. Thus, *added the Mareschal*, far from repenting that I have retired from the World, I'm only afraid that 'tis less the Work of Religion than of Reason, and that the former has not such a Share as Self-love, which studies it's own Welfare in a dark and unknown Futurity. When our Conversation ended the Mareschal desired to know who I was; but I told him that I did not deserve this obliging Curiosity, and what I possessed most esteemable, was a great Resemblance of my Sentiments with his. When I took my Leave of the Mareschal I returned to the Duke of——s Hotel, where, by his Order I had taken up my Lodging. The Porter informed me that he was come Home an Hour before. I went immediately to wait on him, and to let him know what had past at the *Palais Royal*. He asked me if I intended to make any long Stay at *Paris*; as I had nothing to detain me, I answered, that I intended to leave it next Day, if his Orders did not prevent me; so far from stopping you, *said he*, my Intention was to beg you would return to my Son, (who, no doubt, finds it very dull to be by himself in the Country) and to keep him Company for eight Days, in which Time I expect to be with you. I took post next Morning, and arrived in the Evening at the Duke's Seat, hugging myself with the Thoughts of agreeably surprizing the Marquis, but was very much surprized not to find him there. I was told that, as soon as his Father was gone, he mounted on Horseback, attend-
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ed only by *Brissant*, and had left no Word where he was gone. I immediately guessed what Road he had taken, and took Post early next Morning for my Daughter's, where I was pretty sure to find him, and my Conjecture proved true; for there he was, and I could easily discover, by the Surprize which my Presence gave him, that he did not expect me so soon; he advanced however, and embracing me, acknowledged himself guilty of a Fault in coming away without acquainting his Father or me, but being at my Daughter's, he could not think himself in a strange House, since my Family was as dear to him as his own. The Evil being without Remedy, I expressed great Joy upon finding him there, and affected to take no Notice, all the Evening, how much he was taken up with *Nadina*. He was very merry and witty upon his pretended Ignorance of her Sex, and complained of my allowing him to continue so long in this Error. I humoured his Raillery, and I believe he retired very well satisfied both with me and himself. I took my Daughter a-part to converse with her upon this Accident, which disconcerted all our Measures. She owned that the Difficulty seemed the greater, because the Marquis's Passion appeared to be increased, since he had seen *Nadina* dressed in Clothes suitable to her Sex. I observed, *said she*, all their Motions, at first when he arrived, she behaved with an Air of Indifference and Coldness, but in spite of all my Endeavours, he found Means to entertain her in private, and ever since I have remarked that they have an equal Ardour to see and speak with one another; so that I think it is now fit to put your Niece in a Convent, and it must be your Care to remove the Marquis. I promised that in six Days he should be with his Father, who by that Time was to be at his Country-seat. Before I went to Bed I called for *Brissant*, and asked

him how he had managed to conceal the Interception of his Master's Letter, he answered that, by some well-contrived Lies, he had got out of the Scrape; that he had made the Marquis believe that a Hole had been made in his Pocket by rubbing on the Saddle as he rode, and that he had not only lost the Letter, but also some other valuable Things, for which Reason his Master had bestowed two *Louis d'Ors* upon him. I told him it was a Shame that a Man of his Sense should have Recourse to lying for a Trifle. Alas! answered Mr. Impudence, you know not that in our wretched Condition we are often obliged to lie; 'tis the only Thing of Importance, that we are capable of doing for the Service of our Masters. I went to Bed, but could not get a Moment's Rest, and could not conceive the Meaning of it. I had no Trouble of Mind that was, strictly speaking, capable to keep me from sleeping; on the contrary, for some Time past, Fortune seemed to have made a Truce with me, particularly since my Return from *England*, and yet neither this Reflection, nor the Fatigue of travelling could procure me one Moment's Sleep. Good God! cried I upon getting out of Bed, am I threatened with some new Misfortune. I remember 'twas always thus Heaven was pleased to advertise me. Spare my Daughter and the Marquis, and if some new Trial is preparing for me, grant me Strength to support it. In such melancholy Thoughts I passed the Morning, and did not come out of my Chamber till the Hour of Dinner. I found in the Hall five or six neighbouring Gentlemen who had come to visit my Son-in-law, whom he kept to Dinner. While we were at Table, the Conversation was polite and civil, and after Dinner, the Company took different Diversions, according to the Custom in the Country. Among the six Strangers, there were two of the same Age with the Marquis, and who,

who, by their Manner, appeared to be as lively and sprightly as he, the very same whom I already mentioned. Both of them had conceived a violent Passion for my Niece *Nadina*, and few Days had past, while I was absent, without their visiting at my Daughter's, and giving Proofs of their Attachment; and though Rivals they behaved so as to give no Suspicion but that they were very good Friends; but the Sight of the Marquis, and his Fondness of *Nadina* gave them the Alarm, and inspired them with Sentiments less pacifick, and though they knew his Name and Quality, Love has no Respect of Persons; besides, our Country Gentlemen are so vain and proud within the Limits of their own Territories, that they think themselves inferior to none. When they therefore perceived that not only the Marquis was continually about *Nadina*, but that she regarded none but him, they held Counsel together, and resolved to insult him in the Presence of my Niece. An Occasion offered in the Garden, where they artfully drew him and her, under the Pretence of walking, and without Rhime or Reason insulted him in the most atrocious Manner, with Language unbecoming Gentlemen. To a Man of the Marquis's Mettle and Fire, such an Affront was intolerable, and demanded Blood, and had not their Swords been left in the House, it must that Moment have been shed. He only told them, that they were Brutes, who deserved to be caned, and, without appearing under any great Concern, led *Nadina* towards us on the other Side of the Garden. As they walked along, he begged she would say nothing of what had happened, which she, not knowing our Customs in such Cases, nor having any Notion of the Consequences, readily promised. The Marquis having walked with us for some Minutes, left us without Affectation, and went to find the two Gentlemen who were returned to the House, and having de-

clared that he would have Satisfaction Sword in Hand, they agreed on the Time and Place where they should meet, he bringing a Second along with him, and who should it be but *Brissant*, of whose Courage he had already made a Trial in *Spain*, and who, on this Occasion, behaved as well as formerly. The Marquis had so much Regard to his Family, that he exempted him from wearing a Livery, and by his Air and Appearance, no Body would have taken him for a Servant. About seven o'Clock at Night they went to the Field of Battle, and were so lucky, if the Name of Happiness can be given to such fatal Accidents, as to kill each his Man; the Marquis received no Wound, but *Brissant* was run through the Thigh. I was leaning over a Window that looked into the Court, far from thinking of any such tragical Scene, when I perceived them at a Distance advancing slowly Side by Side; The Marquis had his Arm under *Brissant's*, to assist him in walking. Such a familiar Posture displeas'd me, and I was preparing a Reprimand, when upon their entering the Court, I perceived *Brissant* pale, and Marks of Blood upon his Stockings, which, with the Posture of the Marquis, who still supported him, gave me a Suspicion of some unlucky Accident. At last the Marquis, who took me aside, unriddled the whole Mystery, by recounting his Adventure, which I could scarce believe, though I made him repeat, more than once, all the Circumstances, and my Surprize augmented every Time.

THIS Affair was not to be kept a Secret from the Family, with whom I consulted, and we unanimously agreed to send for the Judge of the District, and cause him to take the Marquis's Deposition, with *Nadina's* Declaration upon the Circumstances of the Fact, to which we all signed our Names. By this Attestation, it appeared evidently that the Marquis was not the Aggressor, that he had been most scandalously

scandalously insulted, and had taken immediate Satisfaction, since, in effect, the Distance of the Insult and the Combat was so short, that it might pass for an accidental Rencontre. When the Writing was finished, I immediately dispatched *Scoti*, who went Post with a Letter to the Duke, in which I explained the Affair more fully than by the Attestation that was inclosed; not doubting, but that his Credit, with what I sent him, would hush this Affair. Nevertheless, to prevent all Accidents, I left my Daughter's that very Evening with the Marquis, and went to the *Carthusian* Convent, where my Father had ended his Days. I made choice of this Place of Retreat, because it lay on the Frontiers, and that we could get out of the *French* Territories in less than an Hour; besides, I was sure of welcome there, and that we might remain a long Time without being discovered. My Son-in-law, Daughter, and *Scoti*, were the only Persons that knew where we were gone.

WE arrived without Obstacle at the *Carthusian* Convent. The Father-Prior and all the other Monks of that House were extremely glad to see me again. I did not let them know the Reason of our coming there, but only told them that we were come to pass a few Days in Retirement, and would live as they did without interrupting, in the least, their pious Exercises. The Sight of this silent and melancholy Place, where my Father died in the Exercises of an austere Life, brought back to my Memory the first Scenes of my Youth. I led the Marquis to his Tomb; the Sight of it drew Tears from me, which I was not ashamed to shed in his Presence, and the Tenderneſs of his Heart made his Eyes bear me Company, though he endeavoured to hide his Tears from me. Do not be ashamed, *said I*, of these Marks of Tenderneſs and Compassion, which are a certain Sign of Good-nature. The

cruel and hard-hearted are not capable of shedding Tears, which, when kept within the Bounds of Decency and Moderation, are an evident Proof of a gentle and generous Character. He asked what had induced my Father to lead a monastick Life, particularly that of this rigid Order; and, in Answer, I promised to give him the whole History of my Life, of which he knew only, as yet, but a few Passages. Some Days after I performed my Promise, and the Narration was so moving, that he burst out every now and then in Tears. When I had ended it, I told him, you have now heard, my dear Marquis, what you desired, do you think it deserved your Curiosity? *He answered with an Ardour and Tendernefs that I shall never forget, Mr. Renoncourt, my dear Papa, I have hitherto loved you by Inclination, and because I could not without the highest Ingratitude but make such a Return to the Services you have rendered me, and for your Care of me; but my Heart is so penetrated with Affection and Admiration by your Story, that neither your Father nor Spouse ever loved you more tenderly than I do, and I pray Heaven may not be propitious to me but in so far as I shall continue in this Sentiment during the whole Course of my Life. I assured him that he would find it very difficult to surpass me in Friendship. I know it well, replied he, embracing me, and this is just what ought to be a new Spur to mine. I laid hold of this Moment, in which his Heart seemed to be upon his Lips, to mention the rash and inconsiderate Heat that had engaged him in such a dangerous and criminal Action as that of a Duel; of which, till then I had not spoke a Word, being unwilling to add to the Trouble which this Affair could not but give him. He did not want Reasons to excuse it; and to speak the Truth, I was at a Loss for Arguments to prove that he was*

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in the Wrong. Nevertheless, I represented to him with Warmth, the Enormity of this bloody Scene, and made him acknowledge that he ought, at least, to have given me Notice of his Quarrel, that we might have tried such Expedients as were consistent with Honour, before running to the last Extremity. *Scoti's* Return made us quite easy, he arrived six Days after we had come to our Retirement, with a Letter from the Duke, acquainting us that we might appear again without Fear, so that we soon left our solitary Mansion.

THE Marquis expected that we would return to my Daughter's; but I told him there was no likelihood that he should think of appearing in a Place where perhaps his Life was in Danger; that it was to be feared the Parents of the unfortunate young Men who had been killed, losing Hopes of Satisfaction, in the Way of Justice, would have Recourse to other Methods of being revenged; and that if Honour seemed to justify the first Danger to which he had exposed himself, Prudence and Religion ought to make him avoid new ones, so that with great Reluctancy he took the Road to the Duke's Seat; and his Melancholy while we were on our Journey made me judge of the Situation of his Heart. The Absence of *Nadina*, and the Fear of never seeing her more, if he could not return to my Daughter's, tormented him sadly. My Niece had not failed to let him know that her Father was to leave her behind him in *France*. I know not what Hopes he conceived from this; but in the Evening of our first Day's Journey, he asked me if it was certain that *Amulem* consented to his Daughter's remaining with us. As I affected to know nothing of his Passion for her, I answered him directly, that it was a Thing determined, and that I believed he would not be sorry at it, since he had so much Esteem for her as *Memisces*.

I committed a grand Oversight by giving him so favourable an Opportunity of declaring his Sentiments; for whether it was that he found something which flattered his Passion in my Manner of expressing myself, or that he had been long waiting for a favourable Opportunity of discovering it, I know not, but I had no sooner left off speaking than he told me that it was but too true he had conceived a violent Affection for my Niece, when he believed her to be *Memisces*; but do you think, *continued he, looking at me with a languishing Eye*, that the Knowledge of her Sex has extinguished it? I believe, *answered I*, that the Friendship you have for me extends even to my Niece, and I thank you for the Honour done my Family; a poor *Turkish* Girl, *continued I*, to prevent his going on in his Discovery, who is soon to be separated from her Father, and who would lose all, should any Misfortune happen to me, will perhaps, some Time or other, be very happy to have the Protection of such a Man as you. I have some Thoughts, *added I*, of getting her admitted into *St. Cyr*, a Place in that House would be a Settlement for her during Life; and for this End, I'm resolved to make Application to the Duke your Father, and I flatter myself that you will use your Interest with him on Behalf of this poor little Stranger. He was silent for some Minutes, but after fetching a deep Sigh, Ah, Sir, *said he*, how unhappy am I in your seeming not to understand me! Why do you affect not to know that I am desperately in Love with your charming Niece, and that 'tis impossible I can ever cease to love her! 'Tis not a Passion of to-day or yesterday, nor a sudden Flash of Youth, such as I have been guilty of formerly, but the most important and serious Affair that ever I was engaged in. You know yourself that after the Affair of *Donna Diana* I was far from thinking of new Engagements, and I could have

swore,

swore, that my Heart should never have felt the Pains of Love: Nevertheless you may remember that I loved your Niece long before I knew her, how is this to be accounted for otherwise, than that 'tis the Will of Heaven I should be attached to her while I live? Must I be the only Man who shall be always obliged to do Violence to his Heart? Why would you condemn an Inclination to which I have not in the least contributed, which offends no Body, and which perfectly agrees with the Rules of the most rigid Virtue? Have you not told me a thousand Times that Love is not a criminal Passion, when it keeps within the Bounds prescribed by Honour and Virtue? You make me no Answer, *continued he*, tell me, at least, if I am mistaken, or if you have deceived me?

My Attention was divided, during his Discourse, between that of listening to what he said, and meditating upon my Answer; his Understanding was so ripened by our Travels, that I resolved to explain myself with him as I would have done with one of more Years; I therefore answered very sedately, that far from having deceived him, I could assure him he might safely follow the Maxims which I had endeavoured to trace out to him, as Rules for his Conduct; as to love, he was in the Right to believe that when it became criminal, Honour and Virtue were it's Enemies; that he needed fear no Reproaches from me if he had followed two such excellent Guides, nor had he any Occasion to be displeas'd with himself, if such had been his Care. But to discover whether he was mistaken or not, there was a Necessity of having Recourse to Reason, before whose Tribunal the Case was to be fairly tried. You love my Niece, *said I*, and your Sentiments are honourable and virtuous, so far right; but you suppose that Honour and Virtue permit your indulging this Passion, which is a Question to be discuss'd

discussed. You resemble a Man who makes a discreet and prudent Use of what belongs to his Neighbour; he cannot be, strictly speaking, culpable for his Discretion in using, but for his assuming a Right to use what does not belong to him. Whatever Innocence you may suppose in your Passion for my Niece, what could you propose to yourself by such an Engagement? Is it only to love her, as you say, in an honourable Way without any farther Prospect? If such a Thing be possible, 'tis very well, and I give my Consent to it, because I think *Nadina* is highly honoured by your Affection. But if you are not ignorant that such a metaphysical Love is a Chimera, why don't you agree, that 'tis impossible for you to keep within these Bounds? And yet I see nothing but Precipices upon all Hands should you transgress them. The least dangerous for you will, perhaps, be the Infamy of my Niece. 'Tis your Business to examine if the Care I have taken of your Youth, and the sincere Friendship I have for you, deserve this melancholy Recompence. Know then, my dear Marquis, that you make a very wrong Application of the Principles, which I have laid down to you. There is nothing vicious just now in your Sentiments. I'll grant it, but as you cannot miss foreseeing that they must, some time or other, become so, Honour and Virtue (to which you have recourse, as to your strong hold) ought to have made you suppress them. What can you oppose to such convincing Reasons? One single Answer, *said he*, that destroys them all. Far from pretending to be satisfied with that Chimera, which you call metaphysical Love, I propose to marry your Niece, if you consent to it. This is what I wanted, that you should understand by the Terms of Virtue and Honour, by which I'm directed in the Views I have with respect to her. Were you still a Child, reply'd I, such a Project were pardon-
able

able in you, but, at your Age, to entertain such whims, is not only surprizing, but very much grieves me; and I should be extremely sorry, that the Duke your Father should ever know you had made me such a Proposal, and that I had heard it with so much Patience. No, no, Sir, *continued I*, starting up from my Chair of a sudden, don't hope to bring me as a Partner in your little Disorders: You have hitherto, it seems, neither known my Character nor Principles. I would sooner perish, than betray, in the least, your Father's Confidence. Do you know what will be the Consequence of this whim of yours? Why truly to cure you of it, I must deprive my self of the Pleasure of seeing my Niece, by sending her to *Asia* with her Father. I had never spoke to the Marquis before so warmly, and the Impression which my Discourse made upon him, joined to the bad Success of his Proposal, and the fear of losing *Nadina*, gave him such a terrible Shock, that he shed Tears, which he endeavoured to conceal by holding his Handkerchief before his Eyes. I affected to be more rigid than I really was, in order to banish all Hopes of his ever finding me favourable to his Designs, and, upon retiring, exhorted him to have more command of himself, and to draw some Advantage from his Experience in former Adventures.

THE Duke did not come to his Country-Seat till two or three Days after our Arrival. I remarked that, far from being dissatisfied with the Marquis upon what had happened, he was glad of his Son's having had this Opportunity of giving Proofs of his Courage, before he made his publick Appearance upon the Stage of Life. As I expressed my Concern for not having been able to prevent this Quarrel, he told me that though such Things ought always to be avoided, yet it was not absolutely pardonable in a young Man, when he came off

flying Colours, and I perceived that he embraced his Son with more Tenderneſs than uſually. Having heard him ſay, that he intended to remain a Month or ſix Weeks in the Country, I begged he would allow me to return, for ſome Time, to my Daughter's, to which he conſented, after we had agreed about the Time of our Departure for *Germany*. As we were not as yet entered the *Autumn*, we could eaſily reach *Vienna* before *Winter* came on, and paſs it in that City. *Amulem* had the ſame Deſign, and I reſolved, that we ſhould go together. That Morning I was to leave the Duke's, the Marquis came into my Chamber, and begged, with a very ſubmiſſive Air, that I would not think of ſending *Nadina* back to *Turkey*. I told that it was I myſelf who begged of him not to force me to it; that my Niece being extremely dear to me, I ſhould not willingly deprive my ſelf of the Pleaſure of ſeeing her, but that I had, upon the other Hand, ſo ſincere a Friendſhip for him, I would ſacrifice every Thing to keep him in his Duty, and to reap the Fruit of my Inſtructions. He promiſed every Thing, I deſired, except ceaſing to love *Nadina*. I little thought, as I was peaceably jogging on to my Daughter's, that new Troubles attended me there. The firſt Piece of News which I learned upon my Arrival was the Death of my Lord R —, of which my Lady had received Advice two Days before, by private Letters from *London*. I went to pay her my Compliments of Condoleance. 'Twas natural to think, that her Grief would not be exceſſive, and I even imagined that it would require no ſmall Art to diſſemble her Joy; and yet, to my Surprize, I found in her Countenance and Behavior viſible Marks of a deep Concern. I was alone with her, and fully reſolved not to remain long, having always, from the Experience of my own Weakneſs, avoided, as much as poſſible, all

private

private Conversations with her, and flood upon my Guard against the strong Attacks that her Charms made upon my poor silly Heart. How a Man of my Years can make such a Confession without the greatest Confusion, is pretty odd; but Truth obliges me not to conceal my Failings, though I blush to own them. After some moments Conversation, I got up to be gone, but she desired I would sit down again, and then told me, that she wanted to be informed of something from my own Mouth, on which depended her Peace and Tranquillity. You know with what Views, *continued she*, I accepted the Offer you made me of retiring to your Daughter's, and what has retained me at her House so long. As my Promises were sincere, I thought your Consent was so too; and yet now, when we are at Liberty to perform our Engagements, and that I rejoiced in this Liberty as a Thing that would be as agreeable to you as to my self, I understand, by your Daughter, that you have intirely changed your Sentiments with respect to me; as a Favour let me beg you will, at least, tell me what has made me lose your Esteem, and by what Means I am become despicable in your Eyes? This Discourse was so intelligible, that at first I was in a doubt what to think of the Soundness of her Judgment. She no doubt took my Silence and Astonishment for a Confirmation of the pretended Contempt with which she reproached me. I judged so by the Disorder which appeared in her Countenance and Eyes, and more by some bitter Expressions upon my Ingratitude, Baseness, and Treachery, and even upon my Age, which was not forgot, all which was followed by a Flood of Tears, which streamed from her Eyes. This Scene, which I so little expected, put me into the utmost Confusion; but having at last recovered my self so as to speak, I asked her, with all the Calmness I was Master of, what had put her in

into such a Passion, and why she treated me so roughly, without telling me in what I was so unlucky as to have offended her? This Question would perhaps have provoked her still more, had I not gone on, by protesting that I did not in the least feel myself guilty, that my Esteem for her had suffered no Diminution, and that I never had made any Promises to her which I was not ready to perform, at the Expence of my Life and Fortune.

THESE Assurances made her something easier. Come, Sir, *said she*, speak ingenuously, for I cannot bear to be deceived. Is it not true, that your Sentiments for me are not such as you gave me Ground to believe, and that I have had a mistaken Notion of them? I tell you nothing but what I have from the Marchioness your Daughter, and she assured me that she had it from yourself. As this Discourse was a Riddle which I could not comprehend, I restricted my self to this general Answer, that, certainly, none had a greater Esteem and Veneration for her than I, and that, far from any Change in my Sentiments, I could assure her, the more I knew her, the more my Respect increased, and then asked Permission to leave her for a Minute, that I might go and clear up this Matter with my Daughter.

I was so impatient to have this Mystery unriddled, that I went directly to her Apartment and began with Reproaches, which she as little understood as I did those of my Lady. Let us speak plain, *said she*, that we may understand one another, what ruffles you in this Manner? I told her what had passed between my Lady and me. 'Tis true, *said she*, that my Lady when she received the News of her Husband's Death, came and desired me to join with her in thanking Heaven for delivering her from the most cruel of her Enemies. That after this I became the Subject of their Conversation, my Lady declaring that she was now ready to receive me as her
 Husband,

Husband, which Title she imagined I would willingly accept of. I answered, *continued my Daughter*, that without doubt, you would be extremely sensible of her Goodness; but that, knowing as I did, your Inclination for Solitude and a retired Life, I doubted much if you could be easily induced to think of a married State again; upon which she pressed me to tell her plainly what I knew of your Intentions, and I made no Difficulty to inform her, that having lately sounded you, I had found my Discourse so little agreeable, that I had been forced to pacify you by Excuses and Submissions. She replied not a Word, *added my Daughter*, but has been thoughtful and melancholy ever since, without discovering the Occasion of this Change of Humour.

I now saw clearly into the whole Affair, and did not doubt but that my Lady was offended at this Sort of Refusal which she imagined my Daughter had made, perhaps by my Order. I conceived well enough what she meant by her Promises, but I did not as yet understand, why she talked of my Consent, and our Engagements. I remembered perfectly well that, upon her leaving *London*, she engaged to marry me, when she was at Liberty to do it, and found me inclinable to be her Husband: But as I had then made no Answer to the Honour she did me, I could not think I lay under any Engagement, or could justly be branded with Breach of Promise. I considered how I was to behave with my Lady, and consulted with my Daughter, who, as she secretly wished that this Marriage might be accomplished, artfully made use of all the Arguments she could think of, to persuade me, and my silly Heart, I must own, joined with her; so that in some Moments, I thought it was ridiculous, and even barbarous, to reject the Offers of a charming Lady, who gave me so many Proofs of a sincere Affection, for to what else but Love, could I ascribe

the

the Advantages she had made, and to such a Love as had the Power to make her over-look my old Age and the Want of Fortune. Her Resentment and Reproaches flattered my Vanity not a little, and this very Thought, of making a Conquest at my Age, of so charming a Lady, was like to turn the Balance and to overturn a thirty Years Resolution. But will I be loved, *said I in a Moment after to myself*, as I was by *Selima*? Shall I meet with such Ardours, Transports, and unexpressible Delicacies? A Heart so accustomed to a Manner of being loved so peculiar to my dear Spouse, is it proper to enter into Engagements with any other Heart? Will it understand the Language of another, or make it's own be understood? I must acknowledge, that I remained long irresolved, and saw my Lady R. — again before I came to any settled Determination. She was however resolved to know my Intentions, and pressed me often in a Manner that almost made me yield; and I am deceived, if she had not concerted Matters with my Daughter, who constantly attacked me with the most seducing Reasons; and even *Amulem*, whom she had let into the Secret, employed many *Turkish* Arguments to convince me that, without a Wife, there was no Happiness, neither in this World nor in the next. I should perhaps have yielded at last to such powerful Attacks, had not Providence come to my Assistance, by an Event that opened my Eyes, and inspired me with Courage and Strength to do my Duty; which was the sudden Death of poor *Scoti*. That faithful Valet had served me forty-eight Years, excepting the Time I was a Slave in *Turky*. I should be at a Loss to determine, whether the Confidence and Regard I had for him exceeded the Zeal, Respect, and inviolable Attachment he had for me; he was continually running out in Praises of his Master, and I must in Justice say, that never Master had a better

better Servant. He died of an extraordinary Distemper for a Man of his Age, *viz.* a Pleurisy which he got by over-heating himself at hunting, and which in three Days conducted him to his Grave. As I was by him when he breathed his last, such Spectacles are affecting to People of Humanity. But after I had dropped some Tears for his loss, my Compassion turned towards myself. I reflected how little Time I was to be behind him, and having accompanied his Corps to the Grave, I looked upon it as a Place which was e're long to be my own Habitation, and examined it with a melancholy Curiosity, not being able for a considerable Time to withdraw my Eyes from this fatal Object. Instead of returning home, when I came out of the Church, I brushed into a Wood that lay near the House, to entertain myself with the melancholy Thoughts with which my Mind was wholly taken up.

WHEN I was got into the midst of the shady Groves, the first Object that presented itself to my Imagination, was that long and unfortunate Tract of Years that had revolved since the Time of poor *Scoti's* entering into my Service; that is to say, since my Infancy, and I could fix my Thoughts on no Part of this vast Space, without finding Traces of Grief and Sorrow. In almost an Age, I could scarce reckon up a few Moments of Pleasure, and not one of them that had not been followed by innumerable Crosses and Vexations. I was deprived successively either by Death or Fortune, of every Thing that may be called Objects of Esteem, Love and Attachment, and the very Remedies of my Losses were changed into Poison; the only one that I thought infallible, and of which I had happily begun to feel the Effect, (I speak of my Retreat from the World) was lost by a silly Complaisance, for which I was severely punished, in launching out in-

to a new Sea of Troubles; but what mortified me most of all was, to see that my Misfortunes could not get the better of my Follies; to suffer, to lose, to be constantly tossed to and fro, and deprived of Joy and Rest, is chargeable upon Fortune; but to be a Slave to Love at the Age of threescore, to be the Victim of a shameful Flame, and a Tool to all the Passions of an effeminate Heart, is my own proper Crime, and an endless Reproach upon my Character. Let us see, at least, *said I within myself*, what Excuse I can make, or what Pretences can be urged to diminish my Shame. Alas! in vain do I seek for any. The World, Religion, Nature, my own Reason, do they not all condemn me? Could I but get out of myself for a Moment, and look upon this Body weakened with Age, this Heart languid and faint for want of Blood and Spirits. These gray Hairs, true Emblems of Mortality, in one Word, this Compound, whose Blood and Colour retire by Degrees, this tottering frail Machine, that gradually ceases to be animated, what other Thoughts would such a Sight as this inspire, but those of Pity, and perhaps personal Contempt. I should, no doubt, admire my foolish Vanity, in believing my self as yet lovely, and I should laugh at my ridiculous Desires. How much more monstrous must they appear to other Eyes than my own? No, no, I shall neither believe my Lady R—— nor my Daughter. Friendship blinds the one, and Gratitude the other. My Reason only must be my Judge, and how happy am I that it is still so sound as to make me perceive the Precipice, to the Brink of which I had so imprudently advanced, and I owe Heaven-Thanks for stopping me the very Moment I was going to plunge into the dreadful Gulph. Two or three Hours Reflection of this Kind made me put on an unalterable Resolution, not to flatter my Lady R——, but to
tell

tell her plainly that I could not think of marrying again, and I returned to the House fully determined to execute my Scheme, with which it seems Heaven corresponded, for having entered by the Back-door of the Garden, I found her Ladyship walking alone. After some Compliments on the Death of *Scoti*, to whom she reckoned herself under some Obligation, for attending her in her Flight from *England*, she told me without any Ceremony, that if I was still in the Resolution of becoming her Husband, further Delays were useless; that in Reality the Death of my Lord *R*—— was recent yet his Behaviour to her, their long Separation, and the Time she had been in *France*, put Things in a different Light from what might be the Case of other Women. I did not in the least hesitate to make such an Answer as I had proposed to myself when I was alone. I am highly sensible, Madam, *said I*, of this generous Constancy that makes you persist in your Offers, and do assure you, that my Acknowledgment bears a just Proportion to the Obligation. But I should be unworthy of your Esteem did I not sincerely explain my Sentiments upon the Engagement which you are pleased to propose to me. You don't know me, Madam, I dare be bold to say it. The Art I have acquired of composing my Countenance makes you fancy that my Mind corresponds with my Looks, and that I am capable of relishing the Happiness you offer me; you little imagine that my exterior Tranquillity is a false and deceitful Image, and the Knowledge of the true Situation of my Mind, must make you tremble. Imagine that you see before you an unfortunate Man oppressed with the Rigours of adverse Fortune, distracted with the Loss of what was most dear to him upon Earth, in the constant Habit of Sighs and Tears for forty Years past. For ever uneasy, pensive, agitated,
wishing

wishing Death as the End of his Pains, and yet dreading it as the Conclusion of a Life that has not been always regular; a Man whose Thoughts are gloomy, and all his Sentiments heavy and dejected. Add to this dismal Picture, the Infirmities that old Age, Travelling, and constant Fatigues of all Kinds have brought upon me. Such, Madam, is the real State of what's within this imposing Form of mine, and Truth obliges me not to disguise it. You now see clear into the Bottom of my Heart: What fatal Present should I make you in offering it! What a monstrous Companion must a Wretch be to you who should be insensible of your Charms, who would disturb your Peace and Quiet by his Sighs, and perhaps oblige you to bear a Part in his Troubles; or, at least, shun your Presence, and seek in Solitude and in Tears the only Sort of Happiness that he is capable of relishing. Consider well of it, Madam, you deserve a better Fate, your Generosity would prove fatal, should you, after all this, give Way to it. Here I left off speaking and waited for my Lady's Answer. She had listened to me without lifting up her Eyes, and I could perceive no Alteration in her Countenance. She at last told me, in a very calm Manner, that if my Declaration was not gallant, it was at least sincere and honest; that she should perhaps think herself affronted by my Coldness and Indifference had she ground to believe they proceeded from Contempt of her Person, but as she could not but agree to the Validity of my Reasons, she gave up all Pretensions to a Heart that could not be given without doing itself Violence; that my Countenance had indeed deceived her, but being very easy about sensual Pleasures, my advanced Age wou'd have been no Obstacle, had she but found in me a Husband civil and complaisant, as my Manners and Figure had made her hope; but being now informed, by myself, that I could by no Means

Means contribute to make her happy, she renounced all the Rights which her Offers and Advances might have justly claimed to my Heart. Upon which I kissed her Hand, and assured her that she should always have the first Place in my Esteem and Friendship. I depend so much the more upon the one and the other, *replied she*, because I have not, to my Knowledge, given you any Occasion to refuse them, and it will not be long before I put you to a Trial.

I have Occasion to consult with you about a new Plan of Life; for there is no thinking of staying longer here, since I have no further Prospect of what retained me till now, what Place shall I make Choice of for a Retirement? I answered, that as long as my Daughter's Company and House were agreeable to her, she had no other Retirement to seek for; to which, after some small Resistance, she agreed, and turning towards the House, 'tis then here, *said she*, I shall pass the Remainder of my Days, adding, that it should be upon three Conditions; the first, that she should be told without Ceremony, if her being there happened to become at any Time inconvenient to the Family; the second, that since I could not be her Husband, I should direct her by my Advice and Friendship, as if I really were; and the last, that *Amulem* and my Son-in-law should consent to her adopting *Nadina* for her Daughter and Heiress. This Generosity drew Tears from me, and gave me a different Idea of this charming Lady's Character from what I had before. You shall, Madam, *said I*, be absolute Mistress in this Family; my Daughter is too happy in having such a Friend as you, and I myself look upon the Occasion of doing you some trifling Services, as one of the greatest Favours that Fortune has done me in the whole Course of my Life. We then went towards the House and my Lady was the first that told my Daughter what had passed.

twixt her and me, and she pressed us so earnestly to grant her *Nadina* as her Daughter, that we could not but consent to what she so generously proposed, so that my Niece had a Bed made up for her in my Lady's Apartment, and it will be seen in the Sequel that she had all the Tenderness of a real Mother for her, and even carried it a little too far; but this is what I shall not as yet explain, being unwilling to lay before my Reader, sooner than is necessary, the melancholy Scene that is to be acted in this House.





MEMMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

B O O K XIII.

THE happy Conclusion of this Adventure made me very thankful to Providence that seemed to have a particular Hand in it. I employed some Days in settling with *Amulem*, the Plan of our intended Journey to *Germany*. He was absolutely determined to set out before Winter, but not having seen *Paris*, he desired to go and pass some Weeks there before our Departure, which did not at all clash with the Measures I had taken with the Duke, so that, instead of dissuading him, I promised to conduct him there. We arrived in that great City, at a Time when Strangers were to see it in the greatest Splendour, that is to say, when the *Mississipi* System was at it's Height. Pomp and Magnificence were not confined then to certain Persons, but seemed to be the peculiar Priviledge of every individual. Gold and Money flew like Dust about the Streets. Having, as it were, made their Escape from the Prisons in which they used to be confined.

Clothes, Equipages, high Gaming, luxurious Feasting and Diversions of all Kinds, discovered the Opulence of the Kingdom; or, rather, if I may speak sincerely, it's real Weakness, by thus foolishly consuming it's Riches in external Vanity and Nonsense. *Amulem* was so struck with what he saw, that, notwithstanding his *Turkish* Prejudice, he could not deny but *Paris* was more brilliant than *Constantinople*.

WE had abundance of Difficulty to find a commodious Lodging, and still more to hire a Coach, such Demand there was for them, and so few Persons that inclined to walk the Streets a-foot. Not a Day passed without some Prodigy of Fortune, in Favour of the meanest and lowest Class of Men, and the surprizing Wheel was set a going by the celebrated Mr. *Law*, whom I had the Pleasure to see, being introduced by some *English* Gentlemen that I knew at *London*, and who were at that Time in *Paris*. This wonderful Man, though loaded with so great Variety of weighty Affairs, was not only calm and sedate, but also very far from being an Enemy to Pleasures, in which he indulged himself, now and then, and laid aside the Statesman. His Wife, not the only one he had, if Credit may be given to Fame, was a gay Dame, and in great Intimacy with the *Abbé du Bois*, without the Husband's appearing to be in the least uneasy at their Familiarity. He invited us to sup with him that Evening, and I was surprized to find that *Abbé* there, who immediately remembered me, and, not knowing that I had left *Paris* after I had seen him five or six Weeks ago, complained of my Unkindness in not calling to see him. He was too agreeably employed in entertaining Madam *Law*, next to whom he sat at Table, to think of having any serious Discourse with me, he only made me promise, that I should pay him a Visit the next Day. During
Supper,

Supper, we were all full of Joy, Wit, and good Humour, and Mr. *Law* said a thousand pretty Things, but not one Word was spoken of the System, though I wished much that the Conversation might turn to that Side: The Severities of the *Chamber of Justice*, and the Terrour into which it had thrown all those who were concerned in the King's Revenues, were the Subjects mostly discoursed upon. Mr. *Paparel*, Pay-master general of the Army, had been condemned to die some Days before, and People were at a Loss to account for the Reasons why his Royal Highness delayed the Execution of his Sentence. As it is usual to reflect upon People condemned to a shameful Death, poor *Paparel* was not spared by Mr. *Law*, and the *Abbé du Bois*, and I must own that, if what they laid to his Charge was true, he must have been a consummate Rogue; but this is certain, that if he had a covetous corrupted Mind, his Imagination perfectly corresponded with it; he deserves Death, said the *Abbé du Bois*, were there no other Reason but to purge the World of a Monster who dishonours human-kind, for I am credibly informed, that his most delicious Morfel, is the Excrement of the first Person that comes in his Way. I did not at first understand what the *Abbé* meant, but was soon informed, by his adding that this Wretch commonly fed upon what we void, that he always carried about him a little Spoon for this Use, and that more than once, when he happened to meet with a Footman, who appeared to be of a vigorous healthy Constitution, he had, by the prevailing Argument of Money, obtained from him some of this abominable Victuals. Such a depraved Taste appeared to me to be so strange, that I scarce should have ventured to recount this as a Truth, had the Fact not been so positively asserted, that I could not doubt of it. About twelve o'clock Mr. *Law* withdrew

on Pretence of Business which was to be dispatched before he went to Bed, and I retired a little after with the two *English* Gentlemen that had introduced me. As they lodged not far from me, we went together, and, in our Way home, the Conversation ran upon the prodigious Run of Mr. *Law's* Fortune, and the Industry with which he had raised himself. Mr. *Stepney*, one of the two who knew him better than the other, told me some Passages of his Life that deserve to be recounted. Mr. *Law*, said he, is a *Scotchman*, and of a tolerable good Family. His Genius from his Youth was turned to Commerce and Business. His Parents put him, when he was young, into a Merchant's Counting-house, but by what Means he scraped together, in that Place, a considerable Sum, so as to have no Occasion for any farther Assistance from his Family, is still a Mystery. I knew, continued Mr. *Stepney*, the Merchant with whom he was at *Edinburgh*, and have heard him say much in Commendation of his Prudence and Fidelity. He took the Road to *Bristol* with his Money and Letters of Recommendation, which soon procured him a better Place than what he left, being made first Clerk to the *Jamaica* Company, and by his Assiduousness and Ingenuity was not long of getting intirely into the good Graces of the Merchants. Nevertheless, whether he had till then acted the Hypocrite, or that he was seduced by the large Sums that passed through his Hands, some Mistakes in Calculation were discovered in his Accounts, which gave ground for Suspicion. The *English* Merchants require Exactness, and therefore had a strict Eye over him, which he perceived, and made use of this Stratagem to frustrate their Attempts of discovering his Tricks, or proving any Malversation in his Management. He had contracted an intimate Acquaintance with the Cashier of another considerable Company, who was not honest
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than himself. They agreed to support one another, and by that Means to cheat with Certainty and Impunity. When either of them was required to give up their Accounts, he had Recourse to the other for what Cash he wanted, and as they played to one another's Hands in this Shape, they were always prepared for the most rigorous Examination, and at the same Time employed considerable Sums in Trade, which People were surprized at, not being able to judge how they could raise them. Though this Scheme was very artfully contrived, yet their Employers, particularly the Company by whom *Mr. Law* was employed, had so strong Suspicions, that they could not hinder themselves from letting him know their Sentiments. Upon which he, finding that his Credit would be undone, resolved to draw himself out of the Scrape by a Treachery that ruined his Colleague, to whom he pretended an Obligation of making up his Cash Account, desiring he would furnish him, according to Agreement, with the Sum he wanted, which he accordingly received, but with no Intention to return it. The other, who expected no such Thing, called for his Money some Days after. *Mr. Law* appeared to be astonished, as if he did not understand the Meaning of such a Demand, and finding himself sorely pressed, made a Noise, which covered this poor unfortunate Fellow with Shame and Confusion, and obliged him to take to his Heels to avoid Punishment. The clearer sighted saw through his Villainy, but it would have been hazardous to attack *Mr. Law*, without a full and evident Conviction. Nevertheless, this Adventure having thrown a Blemish upon his Character, it determined him to leave *Bristol*, and to go to *London*, where he did not employ himself in the Service of other People, being now rich enough to act for himself, and I make no doubt, continued *Mr. Stepney*, but that in a little

Time he would have been one of the richest private Men in *England*, had not Love made him the Bubble of two Women, who had very near ruined him. The first was my Lady—— a professed *Coquette*, who had already beggared twenty Lovers at *London*, and who was as famous for her Debaucheries as her Beauty. Mr. *Law* had the Misfortune to see and love her, which she was apprized of before he had the Boldness to declare his Passion, and had already laid her Scheme to strip him. He was a Novice in Gallantry, though well versed in Business, and having always been in the mercantile Way, was an absolute Stranger to polite Life; and it was upon this weak Side that my Lady made her first Attack. Scarce had he made his first Declaration, when she artfully made him understand, that nothing wanted to make him agreeable, but some Alteration in his Manner; that the Public might give him the Character of a Man of polite Taste. He understood well enough what she meant, but could not act the Beau with any good Grace. Instead of accustoming himself by Degrees to the Court Airs, he thought himself qualified to assume them all at once, but was so awkward a *Petit-maitre*, that his Friends pitied him, and Strangers laughed at the Contrast of his Dress and Manners. And yet, as he was a Man of Wit, and of an insinuating Temper, he by Degrees attained to my Lady's good Graces, and the only Obligation he had to this Lady, was her having thus contributed to polish him. The other Lessons he received from her were not so useful, having engaged him in such excessive Expences, that he soon perceived a great Diminution in his Cash, and, what was most shocking to him, when the Lady found that the Source of his Liberalities was in a Manner drained, she sent him Word not to appear any more at her House. This Disgrace affected him so much, that he was
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insensible of the Loss of a Part of his Estate. His Friends who perceived him to be of so amorous a Constitution, advised him to satisfy himself at a less Expence, that is to say, to follow the Custom of *London*, by keeping a pretty Girl, over whom he would have a more absolute Command; they accordingly procured him a very handsom Mistress, with whom he lived contentedly enough for some Months; but it was always his Fate to pay for the Pleasures of Love at a dear Rate, for his Mistress made an Elopement one Morning, and carried off with her three thousand Guineas, and a great many Jewels. Such Losses upon the Back of one another, put his Affairs into such Disorder, that all his Address could not set them to Rights. The Court Airs which my Lady—— had taught him, put his Head quite off Trade, so that he commenced Gamester, and every body knows the Life that such commonly lead. Sometimes he had immense Sums, and then he launched into all Manner of Extravagancies, and at other Times scarce a Morsel of Bread to put in his Mouth. I have seen him, for three Months, with a Coach and six, Town and Country-houses, both richly furnished, but Fortune soon turned the Scale: Colonel *Charters* ruined him in one Night, as he since did the Duke of *Wharton* and many others. After this, Mr. *Law* turned Projector, that is to say, formed Plans for trading Companies, which he presented to the Merchants; contrived Engines for the more easy Execution of several great Undertakings, particularly for cleaning Ditches, Canals, and Docks for Shipping, for which last he contrived a Machine that was extremely useful. He was the first that put the Duke of *Montague* upon the Project of settling a Colony in the Island of *St. Lucia*, which cost this Duke the half of his Estate, and which miscarried at last. In short, he supported himself in a very decent Manner, by the As-

stance of his Genius, till Fortune called him over to *France*, and paved his Way to the particular Favour and Protection of the Duke of *Orleans* Regent. He still preserves, added Mr. *Stepney*, a strong Inclination for Women, his Heart is not Proof against the Charms of the fair Sex, on whom he bestows his Favours and Liberalities with Profusion, particularly on some *English* Beauties, whom he has caused to be brought from *London*, and with whom he, now and then, passes an agreeable Hour, to recreate his Spirits fatigued with Business; so that instead of bringing Horses and Dogs from *England*, as our *French* Quality do, he brings pretty Girls, of whom he may be said to have a Seraglio, which costs him very dear.

MY Head was so full of Mr. *Law*, when I parted with Mr. *Stepney*, that I dreamed of him after I was in Bed, and thought I saw him in a Situation very different from what he was, or in the least apprehended to be. I imagined that I saw his Royal Highness pushing him out of his Apartment by the Shoulders, and that being thereupon abandoned by all his former Friends and Creatures, he was obliged to go and seek for Bread out of the Kingdom, after having taken it from so many others.

THE next Day I paid the *Abbé du Bois* a Visit, who might be called a second *Law* for the Looseness of his Morals, and I must confess that nothing ever gave me so much Contempt of Fortune's Favours, as to see them bestowed, with so much Lavishness, upon People of this Character. I have a thousand Times made this Reflection in the Course of my Life, and the seeing so many Wretches jump at once into immense Fortunes, brought it fresh into my Mind every Hour of the Day. Can it be possible, said I to myself, that Providence esteems what it puts into such Mens Hands? No, their Riches are as despicable as themselves. I do not, however,
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mean to put the *Abbé du Bois* into this Class altogether, his Wit and Manners distinguished him from the Crowd of those worthless Creatures. The Visit which I now paid him, was more familiar than the first, and he told me even incredible Instances of his Royal Highness's Affection, and of the Confidence he placed in him, which the Event of his Life vouched for. As he had been this Prince's Preceptor, he took the Glory of his good Taste for Arts and Sciences to himself. God knows how just his Vanity was upon this Score, and if he was capable to inspire him with it. He did me the Favour to get me a Sight of his Closet, Pictures and Laboratory. The Closet was full of Books and Papers lying up and down without Order. I had the Curiosity to look into some of his Books, being persuaded, that the best Way to know the Character and Inclinations of an ingenious Man, was to observe what employed him most in his private Closet. In that of his Royal Highness I saw a Mixture of Divinity, History, Literature, and particularly of natural Philosophy. The extraordinary Works, I mean those of *Spinoza*, *Hobbs*, *Vanini*, *Toland*, *Paracelsus*, &c. were placed by themselves, and with them a large MS. written with his Royal Highness's own Hand, in which he had taken the Pains to extract, by Way of Abridgment, what was most curious in those Authors. The *Abbé du Bois* made me take Notice of a *Latin Manuscript de Deo, an possibilis*; for which he told me his Royal Highness had paid fifty *Louis d'Ors*, adding, that the Duke of *Orleans* sometimes passed four or five Hours among his Books, and never read without the Pen in his Hand, to put down his Remarks and Reflections. He had caused to be translated for his own Use, a great many *English* Books which he highly esteemed, and Mr. *d'Aguesseau*, Attorney-General, who understood *English* perfectly well, was often his

Translator. If Credit may be given to our Abbé, this Prince's Curiosity was unlimited, and he has oftener than once caused to be brought, from the farthest Part of *Europe*, Men who had the Character of having acquired extraordinary Knowledge. One Day having read, in an *English* Relation of *Lapland*, that the People of that cold Part of our Hemisphere were much given to Magick, and that very surprizing Things happened in those Parts, he could not be easy till he had one of those Magicians brought to him in his Closet. No body ever knew what passed between them, but it is probable that he was not satisfied, the *Laplander* not having remained long with him. He was better pleased with one *Valtas*, who was taken into Favour upon Account of his profound Knowledge in Chemistry, and they wrought together sometimes two Hours in the Laboratory. He was extremely skilful in distilling and making Elixirs, and often invented new ones, which he took a Pleasure to have sold, at *London* and *Paris*, by Quacks who gained considerably by them. In short, he has made Pearls and Tinctures of Crystal beautiful to Admiration.

As for the grand Work of the Philosopher's Stone, he attempted it without Success, but found out another Secret almost equivalent, which was the Bank-Bills. He threw out a great deal of Money upon the Transmutation of Metals, assisted by Mr. *Carriage* an *Englishman*, but they could not catch the Secret of Nature. All the Fruit of their Labours was composing mixt Metals to great Perfection, but the Expence exceeded the Value. An impudent *Italian* who had heard of his *R. H.* Taste for Chemistry, demanded a private Audience in his Laboratory. When he was admitted, he took Care to shut the Door, and then took out of his Pocket a small Crucible of an extraordinary Shape, at the Bottom whereof was a little Copper-Vessel which
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he filled with an Elixir that he had in a Bottle. He took a Bit of burnt Stick with which he put his Elixir in a Flame, and then begged that his *R. H.* would lend him a *Louis D'Or* for a Moment, which, in his Presence, he put into the Crucible, and in less than three Minutes drew out a Piece of Silver of the same Bigness, delivering it to the Duke of *Orleans*, from whom he next asked a Crown-Piece, and having put it in the same Manner into the Crucible, drew out of it a *Louis d'Or*, which only differed a little from others in Thickness. After this Operation, which he went through without speaking any Thing but to ask the Duke to give him the Money, he took his Crucible and went out of the Laboratory, telling his *R. H.* that if he would have Patience to wait a Moment, he would let him see something more extraordinary. His *R. H.* waited but to no Purpose. The *Italian* had contrived this Stratagem to facilitate his Escape. The Abbé was so kind as to shew me the two Pieces which the Duke of *Orleans* had preserved. I should make the Narration of this Visit too tedious were I to report all the curious Things that he made me observe. After giving him many Thanks for the Trouble he had taken, the Conversation began again about *England*, to which Country he proposed that I should accompany him when he went thither as Embassador, but I pleaded the Engagements I was under with the Duke of —— as an Excuse. He did not fail to ask what had brought me so soon back to *Paris*, and I mentioned my Brother-in-law *Amulem* and his Son *Muleid*. I must see them, said he, and procure them the Honour of paying their Respects to his *R. H.* I thanked him for this Offer, and presented them to him next Day, and he conducted them to his *R. H.* who received us very graciously. He asked *Amulem* several Questions about

bout the *Turkish* Government, and, speaking of his Religion, told him, I don't look upon it to be very holy, and yet it appears to me to be very agreeable and convenient, were it for no other Reason but this, that it does not confine a Man to one Woman; *Amulem* answered agreeably, that if one Woman was an Evil, more than one must be a greater. No Equivocation, replied the Duke of Orleans; the Evil of being confined to one is so great, that 'tis no Subject to jest upon, and were we not a little *Turkish* in certain Articles, a poor Christian would have a poor Time of it. His R. H. was so good as to order one of his Guards to attend us to *Versailles* and to shew us every Thing that was to be seen in that glorious Place, and in the other Royal Palaces where Strangers are not admitted without being introduced.

By Chance we happened to meet, at *Fontainebleau*, with the Marquis *d'Antermond* the *Cicilian* Embassador. I knew him formely at *Rome*, and was even intimate with him. As I had no Notion of his being at *Paris* and much less of his being there with so distinguished a Character, I did not remember his Face when they shewed me him under the Name of his Excellence. He knew me first, and very civilly advanced to embrace me; we walked together, and the Subject of our Conversation was our old Acquaintance, and our Adventures in *Rome*, where he had like to have perished by the Jealousy of a Cardinal whose Mistress he secretly visited. Two *Sbires*, gained by this Prelate, attacked him at Night in the Street, and it was only to his Address and Valour that he owed his Life. The Danger he had run gave him so little Concern, that he went to this *Venus* the very next Day, taking only the Precaution of disguising himself with a *Jacobin* Monk's Habit, and continued to visit her daily under this Mask. The Cardinal discovered
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the Contrivance, and ordered him to be taken up by the Officers of the Inquisition, as a debauched Frier who gave Scandal to the Church. He was shut up in a close Prison from whence he could not get himself delivered, but after remaining six Weeks. The Cardinal was malicious enough to causé it to be rumoured all about that he had been treated there as a Monk would have been in the like Case, that is to say, severely whipt. But this Report was at last contradicted by the Cardinal himself, who being soon after attacked with a dangerous Distemper, sent to beg of the Marquis to come to his Bed-side, where he publickly asked pardon for throwing this Scandal upon his Reputation. We had the Honour to dine with the Embassador, and to return next Day in his Coach with him to *Paris*, where we did not remain much longer, *Amulem's* Curiosity being satisfied, but returned to the Country.

WHEN we were not far from my Daughter's I made my Servant go before, to acquaint her that we would be there to Supper, and I was surpris'd to see him come galloping back to meet us; he inform'd me that the Marquis my Pupil had been there three or four Days, and, presenting a Letter, told me it was by the Marquis's Order that he had returned, and that he begged I would read the Letter, which was from the Duke his Father, before my Arrival. I opened it immediately. The Duke wrote me that his Son had sollicit'd him so earnestly for Permission to go and wait for me at my Daughter's, that he could not think of afflicting him with a Denial, that he believed him to be in as good Hands there as his own, and that he was perswaded I would not disapprove of what he had done. As this Letter contained nothing else, I could not imagine what had induc'd the Marquis to send it in this Manner, but upon second Thought

I concluded that the Fear of my being dissatisfied on finding him there, and suspicious that he had stole away from his Father, had engaged him to do what he had done, and at Night he confessed that I had guessed right. I was however, notwithstanding the Letter, not at all pleased to find him there, and I admired how the Duke had consented, after the Danger to which he had been but lately exposed in that Place, without reckoning upon his Passion for my Niece; of which he was not ignorant, and which by frequent Opportunities of seeing her could not miss but to grow upon him. I could draw no good Omen from his Presence, and would to God, for his own Interest as well as that of my Family, that my Prediction and Fears had been less founded, and that they had not been justified by Events that crowned the Misfortunes of my Life, which I shall now recount without Interruption, for it would be difficult for me to mix foreign and indifferent Things with the Story now in Hand, and which so nearly concerns me.

THE Marquis had made no bad Use of his Time, during the four Days that he had been at my Daughter's, he not only had found many Opportunities of conversing with *Nadina*, but also, by an Address with which Love alone had inspired him, for naturally he was a Stranger to Artifice, had found Means to bring my Lady R—— so strongly into his Interest that she strenuously approved of his Passion. Such a powerful Assistance could not well miss to lead my Niece a long Way in a short Time. Not that I ever suspected my Lady capable of favouring what was criminal, but what may not two young Lovers be capable of, who are encouraged, and Means used to grant them Interviews commodiously. My Daughter, who had discovered the whole Mystery, but durst not speak her Sentiments, did at fail, on my Arrival, to tell me all she knew, and

Fear represented Things to me in a more dreadful Shape than they could possibly be. I lost no Time in coming to an Explication with my Lady, and endeavouring to know the Ground of the Affair from her, observing, however, great Precautions, that she might have no Suspicion of my Daughter. When I had said enough to make my self understood, she acknowledged that she had favoured the Passion of the Marquis, because she believed it to be real and sincere, and because the poor little *Nadina* was equally smitten, and added laughing, that one must have a Heart of Stone, to see two such lovely Children suffering, without having some Compassion for them; protesting however, that her Indulgence had gone no farther than to allow them to converse together in her Apartment, and always in her Presence. I am far, Madam, *replied I*, from suspecting any other, but you will, I hope, allow that even this Favour, small as it is, was unnecessary. You know what a Distance there is between the Marquis and my Niece. *Amulem* is a Stranger, whose Rank, though considerable among the *Turks*, is not known in *France*. *Nadina* draws no Advantage from the Quality of my Niece, being only such by the Mother's Side. She does not belong to my Family, and therefore nothing can bring her upon a Level with the Marquis, from whom she is infinitely distant in Name, Rank, Riches, and Views of Settlement in the World. Of what Advantage can it be, Madam, to indulge the Passion of a Child, that may be attended with bad Consequences? I am willing to look upon it now as a childish Amusement, but don't you and I know, that these Amusements may in the Event become serious. I know the Temper of the Marquis, whose Vivacity is such that it would frighten you did you but know it as well as I. My Lady replied, interrupting me, that she had before-hand thought of my Difficulties, and ha

had found them so weak, that she made no Account of them; that in reality *Nadina* was inferior to the Marquis in Rank, but that it was the common Work of Love to reconcile such Inequalities, particularly in *England*, where daily Instances happen of such Things; that the Weakness of our Sex for theirs, was almost the only Means that Providence had granted, by which the Women could raise their Fortune; that the little *Nadina* was a Prize for a Prince, and then she gave many Instances of *English* Dukes and Lords, who had only consulted their Hearts in the Choice of Wives. It is true, Madam, said I, that this is common in *England*, but our Customs are different. Besides, the Charge that I have taken of the Marquis's Education, obliges me in Honour to study his real Interest. Make no doubt but that if it were not so, I should be very glad to see *Nadina* made a Dutchess, that poor Child should be a Queen, were her Fortune to be proportioned to my Inclination; but I am Governor to the Marquis; his Father and Family trust to my Honour and Prudence as to his Conduct. I will not betray my Trust, I do not say only for my Niece, but even for all my Posterity. In short, Madam, added I, I should look upon Incertitude itself in this Affair as criminal, and I thank God that I have too much Honour, to be one Moment in Suspence between what I think a Crime and my Duty.

THE Issue of this Conversation was, that my Lady R—— engaged not to favour their Intrigue. I should have directly clapped *Nadina* into a Convent, had I not thought it barbarous and cruel to take her from her Father during the short Time he had to remain in *France*, and therefore as I could not push Things to this Extremity, I turned my Thoughts on some new Stratagem to remove the Marquis from my Daughter's; and as I could think of no Pretence but what he might suspect, I concluded

cluded to write to the Duke, and to let him know the Reasons I had to desire his Grace would recal him. I desired him to mention some Cause of this sudden Order, either Clothes that he designed to have made for him, or that he wanted that he should take some Doses of Physick before his Departure for *Germany*. The Answer came in a few Days, and the Marquis, who had a vast Respect for his Father, durst not disobey, and I played the Hypocrite so far as to express some Uneasiness at his leaving us. However, inwardly I rejoiced at the Success of my Stratagem, which I thought would prevent what I dreaded. I proposed to be with the Marquis in fifteen Days, and to take our Journey for *Germany* from the Duke's, without returning to my Daughter's. *Amulem* and his Son were to take another Road, and we proposed to meet at a certain Place that borders *France* and *Germany*. This Project was simple, and I thought infallible. But alas! it is the greatest of all human Infirmities that we cannot penetrate into Futurity. Men are obliged to labour continually, in order to render themselves more perfect; but how is this to be done, when their Knowledge is confined to the present Moment? How is it possible to avoid Errors or Misfortunes, of which we cannot foresee the Causes? What Certainty is there that we shall obtain the Good at which we aim, if we cannot promise ourselves that we shall have the Means? People talk of past Experience as a Light to direct our future Steps, and as a Help to form Conjectures on Events. But how weak will this Assistance appear to be, when we consider the infinite Variety of Motives that determine free Agents, and the Obscurity of the Springs which set the necessary Causes a going! I have sixty Years Knowledge and Experience of the World, and all the Fruit I have reaped from it, with Regard to Futurity, is only that I have, Day after Day.

more and more discovered, that all the Rules of Prudence are precarious, and absolutely uncertain, of which I shall now give a new and convincing Instance.

WHILE I was perfectly pleased with the Order in which I had put the Family, as well as my own private Affairs, a neighbouring Gentleman came and asked my Niece in Marriage; besides a very considerable Estate, he was a Person of Merit, so that the Match was more advantageous than what she could reasonably expect, and as Love was his only Motive, there was no Objection to his Offer but his Age, about thirty, and this Child's not above fifteen. I conferred with *Amulem*, my Son-in-law, and Daughter, upon this Match, and we all unanimously agreed, that it was by no means to be rejected. I saw no other Difficulty but the Violence that must no doubt be committed on that little Heart, where Love had taken such a deep rooting. This Thought afflicted me, for I never could relish the Tyranny of Parents, who require a blind Obedience in their Children. The Example of my Grandfather was still fresh in my Memory, and I had not forgot, that from this fatal Source sprung all the Misfortunes of my Life. Nevertheless the Case, with respect to my Niece, appeared to be very different. Her Marriage with the Marquis was a Thing impossible, and the Loss of her Life as well as of my own, would not have made me yield an Inch that way, so that on this Supposition, which was certain and unchangeable, instead of Cruelty to her, it was treating her with Affection to bring about her Cure, which I thought nothing could do so effectually as to give her a Husband, who was a Man of Merit and Honour, who loved her extremely, and who would spare nothing to make her Life easy and happy! This reasoning appeared to be solid, and does so still, notwithstanding

ing the tragical Effect that it produced; and if I found myself in the same Situation, with as little Knowledge of Futurity, I should certainly act the same Part again.

HAVING at last come to a final Resolution, I ordered my Niece to be called, and acquainted her that Mr. B—— having a very tender Love for her, and wishing to be joined with her in Matrimony, I thought it a very advantageous Match, and your Father and all the rest of the Family are of the same Opinion. Nothing remains, my dear Niece, but to know your Sentiments. She answered with a great deal of Sweetness, that to a Girl of her Age, this was a Language so extraordinary, that she was at a Loss what Answer to make, that she was ready to conform herself in every Thing to my Will, but that if I were so good as to allow her to follow her own Inclination, she would chuse to live with my Daughter, and my Lady R—— who was so good a Friend to her. I affected to take her Answer for an Effect of her Modesty, and mixed Embraces with my Praises, promising, that if she would trust her Fate to me, I would make her as happy as a little Queen. Mr. B——, *said I to her*, whom we intend for your Husband will make you a Visit this very Day, and I hope you'll receive him civilly. She said nothing but made a Courtesy, and went off in some Hurry to my Lady's Apartment.

Mr. B—— came to pay her his first Visit after Dinner. She appeared at last, and I remarked an Alteration in her Eyes, and I made no Doubt but that she had shed Abundance of Tears, and I was extremely concerned to see her so; but she had so much Command of herself as to appear to be easy and even chearful, and affected no excessive Rigour, when her Lover, to whom I had already promised her, took the Liberty to kiss her Hand. He retired perfectly pleased, and begged I would con-
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clude the Marriage before my Departure for *Germany*, which I was resolved to do, and spoke of it in the Evening to my Lady, who affected Ignorance, because I had not 'till then declared my Intentions to her. You have so much Regard, *said I*, for my Niece and for all my Family that I'm resolved to take no Step in an Affair of Importance, without first communicating it to you. There's a Proposal of Marriage made to me for *Nadina*, and the Affair is so advantageous that I have accepted it. She was no doubt informed beforehand of what I now told her, and had prepared an Answer. You are then resolved to be your Niece's Butcher, *said she*, and to kill her more cruelly than if you were to stab her with a Dagger. Who ever saw a Girl of fourteen or fifteen Years of Age forced to marry against her Will! this poor Child is already half dead with Grief, and I am so moved with her Tears, that notwithstanding all the Friendship I have for your Daughter, I'm resolved not to stay a Moment longer in this House, if you persist in your Resolution of forcing her. Moreover, *added she, with an Air of Displeasure*, after the Right which you in the most solemn Manner gave me to her, I think I ought, in Justice, to have been consulted before you concluded upon this noble Resolution of yours. I assured her that the Proposal and Consent to the Marriage followed so close upon one another, that I had not Time to let her know of it before. As to the Rigour of which she accused me, I represented all the Reasons that made me think there was none in it, and made her acknowledge, that as my Niece could not have the Marquis, we could wish for nothing more happy for her, than the Occasion that now offered.

I agree, *said she, at last*; but 'tis not by the Ideas that you and I may form to ourselves that we ought to judge of the Advantages of this Occasion,
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but by the Satisfaction that your Niece may expect from it. She'll be unhappy, *continued my Lady*, I know by Experience what it is to be married without Inclination. To satisfy her and to end this Dispute, I desired *Nadina* might be called for, to whom I thus spoke in my Lady's Presence.

I understand that you are dissatisfied with the Marriage that I proposed to you. I love you with too much Tenderness to force your Inclinations, but I'm glad to have an Opportunity of explaining my Sentiments upon what is the Cause of your Repugnancy. I am not ignorant of your Inclination for the Marquis, nor of his for you. If you flattered yourself with any Hopes upon that Side, you must begin, my dear Niece, this very Day to undeceive yourself, for I swear by all that is sacred, that you shall never be his Spouse, 'tis a Thing impossible, and what you must not pretend to; 'tis your Business therefore to consider, since he cannot be yours, whether you will give over all Thoughts of any other Engagement. You are free, but consider that you'll afflict your Parents and Relations who expect other Things from you, and that you'll give no favourable Idea of your Modesty and Virtue.

I confess that my Discourse was somewhat subtle for a Child of that Age, who had been always accustomed to Respect and Obedience; accordingly she made no other Answer, but that she was ready to do what her Father and I required of her. I told her it was thus a Girl of Virtue ought to conduct herself, and that if it was doing Violence to her Heart to forget the Marquis, she ought to consider that it was a necessary Sacrifice which she must absolutely make in all Events. Upon which I went out and left her with my Lady, though I had some Suspicion of her Counsels. I told Mr. B—— that he must take speedy Measures for his Marriage, if he designed to have it concluded before my Depa-

ture. He wrote immediately to the Bishop, and, in less than eight Days, received the necessary Licences, which were no sooner come, but the Ceremony was performed; so that *Nadina* was baptized and married the same Day, and she appeared to support this grand Trial with a very good Grace, but my Lady R—— absolutely refused to witness her Nuptials.

THAT Lady had her Reasons for this Behaviour, and I should perhaps speak of it with more Warmth, had she not been too rigorously punished. Her blind Affection for *Nadina* had made her take some irregular Steps to disappoint Mr. B——, and seeing her Schemes overturned by our Expedition, she was so vexed that she would not appear during the Marriage Solemnity. She had sent the Marquis a Letter, by an Express, acquainting him that he was upon the Point of losing *Nadina* irrecoverably; that her Marriage was concluded, and would be solemnized in less than fifteen Days; that if he still loved her with the same Tenderness, nothing but a bold Stroke could now render him happy; that she would befriend him in all Respects, and that if he could only make sure of two trusty Men, and come in the Night-time to my Daughter's, she undertook not only to put him in Possession of his Mistress, but to accompany her herself, that the World might have no Opportunity of branding her Reputation; that they would retire together to a Convent, or pass over to *England*, if they were forced to it; that, in fine, he need not be under any great Concern about the Duke's Anger, because she was in a Condition to make *Nadina* worthy of him, by settling her Estate upon her; she concluded her Letter with begging he would lose no Time, and fixed upon the very Night that she hoped she could do him the Service proposed.

'T WAS no small Happiness that she could not foresee the precise Time of the Marriage, and that it happened two Days before the Term of her Affignation. The Marquis had taken the Alarm upon the Receipt of this Letter, and his Vivacity made him think every Minute an Age. He resolved, without hesitating a Moment, to follow my Lady's Instructions, and wrote that he would be with her at the Time appointed. Instead of two, he brought four Men along with him. My Lady expected him in great Grief for the Disappointment of her Project. In the Evening he stole up to her Apartment without being perceived by any Mortal, having left his Men and Horses in the Wood; but good God! how great was his Despair, when he understood that *Nadina* was in the Arms of another? He told me since that this fatal News threw him into a fainting Fit, out of which he no sooner recovered, than he begged to know all the Circumstances of his Loss, and seeing that there was not the least Shadow of Hopes left, he gave Way to all the Extravagancies of a wretched Lover.

THE Night being far gone, my Lady advised him to retire, but he could not think of taking the Road so soon back to his Father's, and therefore begged she would allow him to return the next Night, that he might discourse with her more at large; and in order to remain as near my Daughter's House as possible, he went and staid with his People at a Village about a League off, and near the same Distance from Mr. B——'s House, where *Nadina* was already.

I was told in the Morning that, the Night before, five Men on Horseback had been seen near the House, but I had not the least Suspicion of the Truth, so far from it that I made my Lady a Visit that very Day. She appeared still to be under a Concern for *Nadina's* Marriage, which did not,

however, hinder her from consenting to go with me next Day and see her. She carried along with her a considerable Present of Jewels which she forced her to accept. She had a long Conversation with her in a Corner, but as it was in the same Hall where we were, I watched all their Motions, and observed that my Niece blushed several Times. I fancied that my Lady was pressing her to something that she did not incline to grant.

WE passed a part of the Evening with her, and returned home about Midnight. On entering the Court I perceived a Stranger at a Distance, who very much resembled the Marquis. The Night was something dark, and he escaped my Sight so swiftly, that I could not be certain. I asked my Lady if she had not perceived the same Thing; but she answered, that it was not to be imagined he was so near us unknown to me; it was however the very Man who was wearied waiting for her. In his former Night's Conversation with her he had exclaimed much against my Cruelty, *Nadina's* Ingratitude, and the Malignity of Fortune; swearing that he would never see me more, and fancying that he had no true Friend now but my Lady, to whom he had laid open his Heart without Reserve. The first Trial to which he had put her Friendship was to procure a private Interview with *Nadina*. It was from himself that I afterwards learned this, as well as what I have said before.

MY Lady was sensible of the Difficulty and Danger of this Interview, and I am apt to think that it was with Reluctancy she promised to do her Endeavours. The pressing Solicitations of the Marquis moved her, and it was with a View to serve him that she went to my Niece's. She was so accustomed to manage the Humour of this young Creature, that she succeeded in her Design. But it was no easy Matter to introduce the Marquis into her House,

House, where the Husband, who adored her, was always at her Heels; so that they parted without coming to any settled Resolution, but my unhappy Fate made me contribute to procure them the Opportunity that they wished for. Upon our Return to my Daughter's from Mr. B——'s, I proposed to my Son-in-law, in Presence of my Lady, that he would oblige me to invite him and his Lady to Supper next Night, which he promised to do: Though my Lady affected not to hear us, what was said gave her a favourable Opportunity of executing her Design, which she communicated that Night to the Marquis, and this was her Contrivance, that he should pass the whole Day in her Apartment, 'till the Hour of Supper, and to inform my Niece privately of it upon her Arrival, who, if she could not give her Husband the Slip before they sat down to Table, was to pretend, when at Supper, that an urgent Necessity obliged her to retire for a Moment. This Plan appeared very feasible, and yet my Niece, when she understood it, found a Difficulty which they could not prevail with her to over-look; to be alone in a locked Chamber with the Marquis, was what all my Lady's Rhetorick could not make her agree to, so that to make Things easy upon all Sides, that Lady was obliged, on Pretence of Indisposition, not to go out of her Apartment. Mr. B——, who had not seen her at his Marriage, and who knew that she did not approve of it, told us frankly when we sat down to Supper, that he attributed her Absence to her Hatred of him; but that Time would make her more tractable, or, if he continued to displease her, he was resolved to make himself easy. My Niece did not immediately mention the Occasion she had of leaving the Table, she had not Experience enough, nor Courage to take such a Step as this without trembling; she rose up however about the Middle of Supper, and

going out of the Room, told us she would be back in a Moment. She was ignorant that Love shortens the Minutes, those she passed with my Lady and the Marquis appeared so short, that not returning so soon as she said, Mr. *de B*— became uneasy, and rose from the Table to inquire what was become of her. A Servant told him that she was gone up to my Lady's Apartment. He returned to the Dining-room to tell us this News, and my unlucky Genius put it into my Head to tell him that he should take this Opportunity of paying his Civilities to my Lady, and of engaging her to favour us with her Company. Scarce had he been four Minutes absent, when I heard a Pistol shot, and the Domestics crying out Murder, Murder, Help, Help. All we Men run out directly. The first Object that presented itself to my View was the Marquis coming down the Stairs, with a fierce Countenance and a Pistol in his Hand. Sir, *said he, as he approached me*, I'm under a terrible Concern for the Misfortune that has happened in your House. Mr. *de B*— has murdered my Lady in my Presence, and I have shot him through the Head. Assist your Niece whom I left above in a deep fainting Fit. I fly, Sir, *added he going off*, though I don't think myself criminal.

IN my present Confusion I took little Notice of his going out, but ran up Stairs to my Lady's Apartment, whom I found sitting in a Chair bleeding, but having still some Remains of Life. Mr. *de B*— was stretched on the Floor quite dead, and his Brains appeared in several Places. My Niece was in a deep Swoon, and I was told by my Lady's Woman, that the Marquis had taken Care to raise her from the Ground, and place her in the Arm-chair before he went out. I made them remove the Corps of Mr. *B*—, and gave all possible Assistance

sistance to my Lady, who scarce knew me, so much was she weakened by the Loss of Blood. *Nadina* soon recovered her Spirits, and I begged my Daughter to remove her to another Chamber and to take Care of her.

WHEN we were a little recovered out of the terrible Shock that the first Surprise gave us, I made my Lady's Woman recount all the Circumstances of this fatal Scene, to which she had been a Witness. She told me, that while the Marquis was talking with my Niece in Presence of my Lady, Mr. *de B*— had come into the Apartment without knocking at the outer Door; that my Lady hearing one walking in the Anti-chamber, had hastily rose from her Chair, and half opened her Chamber Door; upon which Mr. *B*— who was close to it, had perceived the Marquis sitting by his Wife, and pushed rudely to get in, in spite of my Lady; but finding that he could not force it quite open, he had made a Thrust at her through the Opening, in which he had passed one of his Legs; that the Marquis, who upon this Struggle had rose from his Chair, seeing my Lady fall, and Mr. *B*— coming full butt upon him, Sword in Hand, had fired a Pistol and shot him through the Head. O Providence! *cried I*, I adore thy Dispensations, but how bloody and cruel are the Effects! If thou hast still in reserve dreadful Thunder-bolts, their falling on my Head is not what terrifies me. Alas! I should be too happy, if with one Blow Heaven were pleased to finish my unhappy Life. My Lady having recovered so much Strength as to give us some Hopes, I left her Chamber and went to that where my Daughter was still with *Nadina*, who was lying on the Bed. I sat down by her, and observing by her Paleness and Tears, how much she was affected with the Misfortunes that had happened upon her Account, I was loth to add to

her Affliction by Reproaches. I took her Hand, which was shaking, into mine, and exhorted her to take Courage, and to endeavour to surmount the Agitation with which she was seized. She had too much good Sense not to perceive that my not expressing a high Resentment, was owing to an excessive Indulgence. In squeezing my Hand, she told me, ah! Sir, do not treat me with so much good Nature, if you would not have me believe myself still more guilty than I am. Nevertheless, I hope my Crime has not been magnified, and that a faithful Report has been made to you, how innocently I saw the Marquis, which was to be the last Time I was to see him while I lived. Good God! *added she bursting out in Tears,* is it possible that it should have been so fatal, and must I reproach myself with the Death of Mr. *de B*—. I gave her all the Comfort that was in my Power, and hindered her Father from saying any Thing that was harsh, which would have added to her Sorrow.

I had not, till then, a Moment to think of the Marquis. I knew not what was become of him, and I would have been glad to have learned something about him, before I wrote to the Duke to acquaint him of our fatal Adventure. I was resolved to send out Servants in the Morning different Ways, in Hopes that they would give me some Information what Road he had taken, but I was prevented by a Letter which was brought me from him in the Morning, of which here is the Copy without any Alteration.

*W*ere I not very sure, Sir, that, notwithstanding the Prepossession which the Sight of two Persons killed may have justly given you against me, you are too just and too good absolutely to condemn me without a Hearing, I should be extremely afflicted at my having risked the Loss of your Esteem and Friendship; but
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I am persuaded, that if you had Difficulty, according to Appearances, to believe me altogether innocent, your Goodness reserves one Ear to hear what I can say for my Justification. It is not Check of Conscience that made me fly, but only the Fear of augmenting your Grief by the Presence of him who is unfortunately the Cause. If I could hope that my Presence were not become too odious to you, I would propose a meeting, where I might have the Satisfaction to lay my Heart open to you, and to force your Acknowledgment of my Innocence. The Bearer of this Letter will tell you where I am, and will receive your Directions as to the Place where you think proper to see me.

I had scarce ended reading this Letter, when I received another from the Duke, by an Express, in which he expressed his Uneasiness at his Son's having disappeared three or four Days, but that he believed he was with me, and desired me to let him know by the same Express if he guessed right. As his Messenger had not any Opportunity of informing himself of our Misfortune, I took no Notice of it to the Duke, reserving the dismal Story till I saw him; I only wrote that his Son was safe, and that he and I would be with him in a few Days. I then began to think how I should behave with the Marquis. In the main I could not, strictly speaking, say that he was guilty. He had killed Mr. de B—— in a Case of Necessity, and to preserve his own Life. His Secret Interview with my Niece, was a Fault of which he was less guilty than my Niece herself, and my Lady R——. I was as yet ignorant of the Project, in Concert with this Lady, of carrying off *Nadina*, and therefore far from being prepossessed, I rather pityed than condemned him, and resolved to treat him with more Mildness and Affection than he expected. The Bearer told me where he was, and I took Horse

that Moment to go to the Place, which was the same Village where he had been the two preceding Days. When he saw me come so soon, contrary to Expectation, he appeared to be greatly surprized. He was in a Dress that gave me Concern, his Linnen dirty, his Hair disordered, his Stockings tore, in one Word, he was in the Equipage of a Man that had passed four or five Nights without undressing. I affected to ask *Brissant*, who was close by him, if he knew where his Master was? I conceive, Sir, *said the Marquis*, why you scarce know me, but ought you to be surprized, *continued he, drawing me aside*, to see me in this Disorder, when you know the Excess of my Trouble and Sorrow, which could not but give you Concern were you to know them in their full Extent. I am resolved to give you a faithful Account of all that passed, and after that be yourself my Judge. I continued silent, that he might have full Liberty to speak. He recounted all that he could tell me, without exposing my Lady; he did not, for Instance, speak at that Time of the Letter that he had received from her, nor of the Project of carrying off my Niece by her Advice, but did not conceal, that having heard of her intended Marriage, he had come with a Design to thwart it; that having unfortunately come too late, he had seen my Lady sometimes in the Night when the Family was gone to rest; that by Intreaties and Prayers, he had at last prevailed upon her to procure him the Satisfaction of seeing my Niece in private, &c. By what Oaths, *added he*, can I persuade you that my whole Intention in this Interview was to adore her and weep at her Feet? Alas! during the few Moments that I passed with her, I had not Courage to look her in the Face, nor durst I so much as accuse her of Ingratitude and Inconstancy. My Sighs were my only Complaints and Reproaches, and far was I from any Thoughts of dishonouring

dishonouring her Husband. Had he only attacked my Life, I would have welcomed his Sword for doing me a good Office, so that it was much less my own Preservation, than the Brutality with which he assassinated my Lady, and my Fears of the same Treatment to your Niece, that forced me to kill him. It is certain, that my Death must have ensued, had I not prevented him, but I am not certain, whether for my own Sake I should have endeavoured to avoid it. The Marquis then added, that he did not find himself guilty in any Thing with respect to me; that I ought not to charge him with a Misfortune occasioned by the Brutality of Mr. *de B*——, that all his Sentiments for my Niece would stand the Test of an Examination of Heaven itself: In short, that if he had any Reproaches to make to himself it was not with regard to me, whom he had constantly loved notwithstanding my Cruelty, but rather in having left the Duke his Father without Leave, who no doubt was under some Concern for his Absence. After having thus endeavoured to justify himself, he held his Peace in Expectation of my Answer. He appeared so calm, and so fully satisfied of his Innocence, that I resolved to frighten him a little, and therefore spoke to him in the following Manner: How terrible soever the Misfortune may be that you have occasioned in my Family, I am willing to make some Distinction between your Faults and those of Fortune. I neither charge you with the Death of Mr. *de B*——, which it would seem that unfortunate Gentleman drew upon himself; nor do I think your Intentions, with regard to my Niece, were criminal, since you assure me they were innocent; but if you could not avoid killing Mr. *de B*—— to preserve your own Life, how will you justify your Rashness in coming here to seek the Occasion? What Irregularity, or rather, what Excess of Folly, to have stole a-

way from the Duke your Father, and to expose yourself to a thousand Dangers, from no other Motive but a blind and useless Passion? I grant that you did not foresee them, but is it not in that very Thing that you have been wanting in Conduct and in Judgment. Such a heedless and irregular Step, could it be attended with a happy Issue? Consider what the Consequences will be. In the first Place, I see in it an irreparable Blemish upon your Character and Reputation. The World is not at the Pains to examine into the Reasons and Motives of Things; they will see nothing in you but the Murderer of my Nephew, that is to say, the Nephew of a Man whom you ought to love as a second Father. You have killed him in my House, and almost in my Sight. What horrible Return for the Friendship and Love that I bore you, and of which I have given you so many Proofs. On the other Hand, you have laid me under a Necessity of breaking all Engagements that I was under with your Family for your Education; for you must perceive, that there can be no farther Correspondence between us. It is not for an Ingrate, the Assassin of my Nephew, that I shall go to consume the rest of my Strength and Life, even Decency itself, though I were willing, puts an effectual Stop to all Thoughts of my continuing any longer about your Person; and lastly, Sir, what Reception can you expect from the Duke your Father, when he comes to be informed of all this? He is already offended at your Absence, I received a Letter from him this Morning by an Express, I know his Character, if he is indulgent and tender when he sees you attached to your Duty, do not imagine that he will suffer your Disorders to remain unpunished. This is, Sir, *added* I, what I had to say to you, and which engaged me to come here and speak to you for the last Time. Any other but myself, would not perhaps

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have come but to secure your Person, and to deliver you into the Hands of Justice that punishes Murderers; but I sacrifice my Resentments to the Ties that once bound me to you. Return to your Father's, and be assured, that you shall meet with no Prosecution from me.

UPON ending my Discourse I called for my Horse, and was preparing to be gone; but he stopped me, and said with a troubled and perplexed Air, if you have any Regard for my Life don't abandon me; for you have not seen but half of my Troubles, and I cannot tell to what Extremities they may drive me. I answered that I could not conceive what he had to disturb him so much, except it was the Trouble of Repentance. Be it Repentance or Despair, *replied he*, my Troubles are such, that if you are resolved to abandon me, as you say, and to let me return alone to my Father's this very Moment shall determine me to leave the Kingdom, and to go where it shall please Heaven to conduct me. Well, *said I*, I consent to re-conduct you to the Duke's, and thus I shall have answered, to the very last, the Trust he committed to my Care; and I wish to God you had not forced me to give up my Charge. My Promise made him a little calmer. I begged he would remain where he was till next Morning, when I should without Fail come to him. As I was ready to mount my Horse, he took me once more aside: I am afraid, *said he*, to give you new Cause of Offence by mentioning your Niece, but since you are no Stranger to my Passion for her, be so good as to let me know in what Condition you left her. I answered plainly, and without seeming to be any ways disobliged at the Question, that she was in good Health when I left her, and I really found upon my Return, that she had no other Incommodity, but that she was deeply afflicted; the Case however was very different with my

Lady R——, the Surgeon upon probing and dressing her wound, declared that it was mortal; she neither appeared to be surprized or much concerned at this News; on the contrary, having turned her Face towards me, she told me that she thanked Heaven for taking her out of the World sooner than she expected, that she had so often desired Death, it's Presence did not in the least terrify her; that she asked Pardon of my Family for what had happened, but as for the Death of Mr. de B—— she begged we would not lay it to her Charge, because there was nothing criminal in all her Views, what she had done being out of Friendship for *Nadina*, and Compassion for the Marquis; and that she hoped Heaven would not punish these two Weaknesses as it does Crimes. She then made her Will, by which she left *Nadina* the two Thirds of all that she possessed, and the other Third to the Poor and Sick of the Parish. That very Night she died in great Agony, and I was sincerely grieved for a Lady of her Rank and Merit; her Life had been extremely unfortunate, and her Death no less, of which she had no doubt been the Cause herself by some irregular Steps, but it was easy to see that there was less Malice than Weakness in her Actions. She never was able to set Limits to her Passions, and she had constantly been a Slave to the Caprices of Love or Hatred. Such is the Character of the Generality of your fine Women, particularly of those who have less Reason and Virtue than Beauty. Their Charms, those precious Gifts of Heaven, are more fatal to themselves than to the unhappy Lovers whom they load with their Chains. All their Life is in a continual Agitation, either with the Pleasure of being loved, or the Grief of being neglected, so that the most whimsical Passion of their Lovers does not expose them to more Vicissitudes than their own Levity. But if it happens that to this Nature has join-

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ed a soft and tender Heart, their Misery is complete; because, in that Case, they are at the same Time Victims to their own Folly, and the Sport of what their Hearts idolize. They have two blind and whimsical Guides, their own proper Passion, and that of the Objects beloved. *Cupid*, who was ever a Tyrant, treats them as Slaves, at the same Time that he makes Use of them to extend his Power and employs them as his Ministers.

MY Lady and my Nephew's Deaths did not hinder me from setting out next Morning. I left the Care of the Funerals to my Son-in-law and Daughter, which were privately performed. The Marquis was waiting for me, attended only by *Brissant*, having sent off the three other Persons that were with him, lest I should have suspected something of the intended Design of carrying off his Mistress. On the Road he used all the Art he was Master of to persuade me not to complain of his Conduct to the Duke. He put me in Mind of his constant Respect, and the Docility with which he had always hearkened to my Advices. To convince me of the Sincerity of his Heart, he made an ample Confession of all his Faults, even those that he had resolved to conceal from me; such as the Project of carrying off my Niece, protesting however, that he did not intend to marry her without his Father's and my Consent, that his Design was only to place her in a Convent in order to prevent her Marriage with *Mr. de B——*, and then to return to his Duty, being fully resolved to use no other Means to obtain my Consent but by Tears and Prayers: That provided I would be favourable he did not Despair to obtain his Father's Consent; that he had several Times talked with him upon his *Spanish* Adventure, and that far from finding Fault with his Passion for *Danna Diana* he had expressed a very great Concern for her Loss: That if it could be so contrived

contrived, as that he might see my Niece, she would certainly please him: That he could find no great Difficulty in bringing this about, nor any just Ground of my being against it: In one Word, that if I would but countenance the Thing ever so little, he made no doubt of prevailing with his Father to approve of his Marriage. I answered, that he joined together Things that could not easily be made to correspond: That instead of asking Favours of his Father, he had Occasion to throw himself at his Feet for Pardon of Offences: That instead of an Alliance with my Family, he had broke the Ties that he had with me: That he proposed marrying my Niece, the Moment after dipping his Hands in her Husband's Blood. I thought this Answer would have perplexed him; but without the least Stop or Hesitation, he replied with an Openness of Heart that discovered the Excellency of his natural Temper; it is true, I am guilty, but nothing can ever persuade me, that I am not to depend upon your Goodness, as well as on my Father's and your Niece's. I must confess, that I was sensibly touched with this tender Mark of Confidence, and yet, that I might keep up to my Duty and reclaim him, I told him that though I would not dissuade him of the good Opinion he had of the Duke's Friendship and of mine, I wished, however, that he might not deceive himself; that he knew the Duke to be a Man inflexible in certain Points, and as for me, if he had learned to know me in the strict Commerce that we have had together, he would not flatter himself to see me one Moment in Suspence about what I thought my Duty. You are then resolved to leave me, *said he sorrowfully!* Once more, *replied I,* I am resolved to do my Duty. I could not hinder myself however, to promise that I should give the best Turn that was possible to his Absence, and

and to the unlucky Accident that had happened at my Daughter's.

WE found a numerous Company at the Duke's Castle, upon the Occasion of the Saint of the Parish's Festival, and it diverted him to have it solemnized in the Country Fashion, to which he had invited all the Nobility and Gentry in the Neighbourhood. On our Arrival, the Marquis was loaded with Compliments, and while they were about that Ceremonial, I took the Opportunity to talk with the Duke in private. He appeared to be very much surpris'd with the News of his Son's Adventure. I forgot the Interest of my Family, in order not to tell him the Story but in the most favourable Light for the Marquis. He saw, however, through the Excess of my Complaisance, and appeared to be very much taken with it: But having continued to tell him, that whatever Attachment I might preserve for the Marquis, Decency oblig'd me to give up my Charge of his Conduct and Education; it was then I began really to give him Concern. He asked me if I seriously thought myself oblig'd to take this Resolution. It appear'd to me so very indispensable, that I immediately answer'd that his Honour and mine were equally concern'd in this Separation; that his Son's Character would suffer no Harm by it, because the Publick could not be ignorant in what Manner I had behav'd to him since my Nephew's Death, and People would reasonably conclude, that having repented it so little, it was evident I did not look upon the Action as a Crime in him; however, that did not hinder but that we had Measures to keep, were it for no other Reason than to prevent popular Reflections; that this should not in the least diminish my Respect for his illustrious House, nor, in particular, make any Alteration in my Affection for the Marquis, whom I should have the Pleasure of seeing often, and putting him in mind of my In-
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structions. In short, excepting such a particular Intimacy as that of living and travelling together, there should be no Change in my Sentiments and Manners. I added moreover, that it was not my Intention to remain longer on the publick Stage of Life; that I longed for Solitude, from whence the Desire of obliging him had drawn me; that my Age, my late Fatigues, and new Troubles, made Retirement more necessary than ever to me; that I had made a Vow to retire so soon as my Brother-in-law had taken the Road to *Asia*, and that I was at a Stand, whether I should execute my Promise of accompanying him to *Vienna*.

THE Duke did not relish my Reasons, and employed all his Wit to weaken them, but finding that I was not to be beat from them, made this Proposal: There are now in this House, fifteen or sixteen Persons of Quality, who are Men of Merit, and acquainted with the World, let us consult them upon the present Case. If their Opinion agrees with yours, that you cannot with Honour stay with my Son, I shall not press you any more. I answered laughing, that the Respect they had for him would not fail to cast the Balance. By no means, *said he*, I will put them upon Honour to declare what they really think, excluding my own and my Son's Voice. They shall be our Judges, and if they are divided in Opinion, the Majority shall determine the Case, to which I agreed. In a Moment he had them all brought together, thirteen in Number, and most of them of great Distinction. The Duke began by informing them of my Nephew's Death, with all the Circumstances of that Accident, and then proposed our Difficulty, and to prevent Complaisance or Favour, he begged that every one would give in his Opinion in Writing. This extraordinary Ceremony was finished in a Moment, and of thirteen Voices, twelve were in
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my Favour. The Duke complied with this Decree, and only testified in the most polite and civil Terms, his Concern. The Marquis was so much grieved that he immediately left the Assembly, and I followed him: In going out, he told me with Tears in his Eyes: I have been under a cruel Mistake, Sir, in believing I had acquired a sincere and faithful Friend. I begged he would listen to what I had to say: I have to this Moment given you all the Marks of Friendship in my Power, and Heaven is my Witness, that there are none but what I am still ready to give you, my Life not excepted, and therefore if you have any Thing to reproach me with, it can be none other but the Resolution I have taken of not remaining longer with you. Consider then, which of us is most to be pitied, you, who only lose in me an ordinary Man, whose only Merit is Integrity and Probity; or I, who lose in you a dear Son, whose Presence and Company made the principal Part of my Happiness. What I say is to make you conceive, that if I leave you, it is not without Regret, and powerful Reasons, stronger indeed than that which I mentioned to the Duke, though it appeared sufficient to so many Men of Honour just now in this Place; depend then so far upon my Assurances as to persuade yourself, that it is neither Discontent, want of Friendship, nor Diffidence of yours, that obliges me to part with you.

As I found myself alone with him, I led him to the Garden, where we sat down under the Shade of a covered Alley, where I thus pursued my Discourse: Receive here, my dear Marquis, the last Sentiments of my Tenderness, or, rather, the last Expressions of it, for the Sentiments will not end but with Life. I forget all the little Mistakes into which you have fallen, by not stedfastly following my Counsels; I lay the blame on the Vivacity of your Youth: I for-
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get also the last Grief which you have given me, knowing to what Source it ought to be ascribed: Your Mind is upright and without Artifice: Your Heart is sincere, kind, and generous, such as it ought to be, to make of you the most amiable and the most virtuous of all Mankind. O God! *cried I, interrupting myself, that I might make the stronger Impression upon him,* why is it that the most perfect Works of your Hands should be corrupted by the Passions, and disfigured by Vice! without these cruel Enemies, how many happy Tempers would be naturally disposed to Virtue! what Fruits of Honour, Wisdom, and Moderation, would not be reaped for the general Benefit of human Society! Love alone is capable to destroy them: O my dear Marquis, arm yourself with Courage against this shameful Weakness. Alas! I know that the Poison is lodged in the very Bottom of your Heart. Think of the fatal Effects it has already produced; in less than six Weeks you have dipt your Hands thrice in Blood. Love is violent, unjust, cruel, capable of all Excesses, and gives into them without Remorse. Get only the better of this Weakness, and I pronounce you almost without a Fault; for Age will ripen your Virtues: It will give you the Merit of practising them with Knowledge, you will become an honest Man by Principle, that is to say of a constant and unmoveable Probity; for Reason fortifies Nature, and when they join in their mutual Assistance, they form the great Men and the highest Virtues.

I was so wrapt up in what I said to the Marquis, that I did not perceive a Footman close by me, and who durst not interrupt me. He was sent by the Duke, to desire us to come in, where we were waited for, to be present at the Recital of a Story which a Gentleman of the Company was to relate. As they were talking of my Resolution of leaving
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the Marquis, and surprized that there should have been one of the thirteen Voices against me, he who refused me his, declared openly that he differed from the rest; but Gentlemen, *added he*, you will not be surprized at this Singularity, if you can have Patience to hear the Reasons of it. I found myself in a Case something like this, and as I acted quite differently from what was your Advice in the Case proposed to us, I thought my Opinion ought to be conformable to my Conduct. He then offered to the Duke to relate his Story, which was known to some of the Company, and looked upon by them to merit the Attention of the whole Assembly, for which Reason our Presence was desired. The Gentleman's Name was Mr. *de Sauvebœuf*, who thus began his Narration :

AFTER the Death of my Father and Mother, I remained sole Heir of my Family, with a Sister about six or seven Years of Age. I was then twenty two, and was already a Captain of Horse. My Employment not permitting me to take Care of my Sister's Education, my Father, on his Death-bed, had begged of a rich neighbouring Gentleman, who had a Daughter of very near the same Age, to bring them up together, and to be as a Father to my Sister, till she arrived at the Age, of Marriage. This honest Gentleman, named Mr. *d' Erletan*, willingly undertook the Charge recommended to him by his dying Friend. He took my Sister home to his own House, and made no Distinction between her and his own Daughter. He had besides that Daughter, two Sons about my Age, and with whom I was very intimate. Every Year I came to pass some Months in the Country, and it being dull to remain at home alone, I was almost continually at Mr. *d' Erletan's*, where I was always well received. I took Pleasure in the sensible Difference that seven or eight Months Absence made me perceive every

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Year in my Sister, her Features opened, her Shape began to form, and in a few Years the young *d'Erletans* began to view her with Lovers Eyes, and both were smitten almost at the same Time. The eldest went by the Family Name, and the other was called *d'Olingry*. It was impossible that, as both their Hearts were the Conquest of the same Object, and equally favoured with Opportunities of declaring their Passion, they could be long without knowing that they were Rivals; but this Knowledge did not hinder them from being Friends. They had all along been better together than commonly two Brothers of almost the same Age are. Nevertheless, as they could not both pretend to my Sister's Affection, they mutually promised that their Happiness should depend on her Choice to be obtained by their Services, so that he who was to be the unhappy Man, was to yield the Place without murmuring at his Fate. Their Passion, no doubt, was not rose to the full Height when they entered into this Agreement, or they knew little of Love, if they thought themselves capable of observing it. They had added a separate Article to the Treaty, which was, that they should fairly and honestly communicate reciprocally the Progress they made, and that each of them should so dispose themselves as to behold the Triumph of the happy Lover without looking upon him under the odious Title of a Rival. My Sister became the Object of their Study and Care, and they made regular Attacks to gain her Heart. Their Friendship supported itself long so perfect, that they conferred together on the Means of gaining her; and though they appeared to act differently, the two Systems were the Result of the Resolutions agreed upon by mutual Consent, and for a considerable Time they faithfully communicated to each other their most secret Designs; but this lasted only while their Fortune was equal,
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and while my Sister's Inclination was doubtful. The eldest was favoured, and his Brother soon perceived it. He was of a fiery hot Temper, and perhaps his Views were not so honourable as his Brother's, the Sequel, at least, gives room to suspect it. A Coldness in their Behaviour to each other soon got the better of their Friendship. *D'Erletan* was the first who appeared more reserved, which was less from Hatred than out of Regard to his Brother; he would have gladly spared him the Grief of knowing his Misfortune by the Mouth of a happy Rival. In the mean-time *d'Olingry*, who perceived this Change in the Behaviour of his eldest Brother, easily discovered the Cause, and was too passionate, not to upbraid him with the Diffimulation and Breach of Faith. He protested, but in vain, that his Diffimulation proceeded from Friendship; all his Submissions had no Influence on a haughty Heart which could not bear the Thoughts of being supplanted, and which looked upon all his Careless as new Insults.

THEIR Affairs were in this Posture, continued Mr. *d' Sauvebœuf*, when I arrived at *Erletan*. The Division between the two Brothers was one of the first Things I perceived. As I loved them tenderly, I used all possible Means to reconcile them. The Obstinacy of their Hatred made me so attentive to all their Motions, that I at last discovered the secret Cause of their Discord, and I trembled for my Sister, who was dearer to me than myself. I earnestly begged of her to acquaint me with all that she knew of this fatal Mystery. I but too plainly perceived, by the Confusion she was under, that she had a deep Concern in it, and though she made a sort of Confession, I could still see that one half of the Truth was kept within her own Breast. My Uneasiness became so great, that I resolved to take her from Mr. *d' Erletan's*. I did not, it is true, mis-

trust her Virtue, but I saw her exposed to an unnecessary Danger: She was not rich enough for the Heir of the Family, and *d' Olingry's* bad Temper made me plainly understand that he was not the happy Lover. I therefore desired her to get ready for her Departure, but that I might not seem to do such a Thing without a reasonable Cause, I represented to the old Gentleman, that having Occasion for one to govern my House, my Sister was now of an Age to take that Charge upon her. This Separation did not relish well with her Lover, being afraid that it might perhaps make him lose his Conquest. His Views were honourable, and he would have married my Sister directly, had he not been stopped by the Fear of displeasing his Father, and out of Regard to the unhappy *d' Olingry*; seeing himself however on the Point of being separated from her, and being apprehensive of his Brother's Violence, Love smothered all his Scruples; so that he proposed to marry her privately before her Departure, to which she consented, and that very Evening the Ceremony was performed by the Curate of the Parish in the Chapel of the Castle; however watchful *d' Olingry* was of all their Motions, they had concerted Matters so well, that he had not the least Suspicion of their Marriage; but they were not so cautious after the Ceremony was over, for having stopt in an Entry to concert Measures how they should be together that Night, the bad Genius of our Family brought him near enough to hear a Part of their Discourse. My Sister's Chamber was the next to old Mr. *d' Erletan's*, and her Woman, who was privy to the Marriage, lay in the Closet of her Room. *D' Erletan* agreed with my Sister, that at the Hour of going to Bed, he should come to her Door, which was to be opened upon a certain Signal, and then they parted to avoid giving Suspicion.

EVERY Body did *d' Olingry* the Justice to believe that he had not the least Knowledge of their Marriage, otherwise the Project he formed must be looked upon as most horrible and inhuman. He, no doubt, imagined that my Sister had allowed herself to be seduced by his brother, and had consented to sacrifice her Honour, and the Rage he was in to see him so happy, made him get over all Considerations, so that he resolved to carry by Address, what he thought the other had obtained by Artifice; in one Word, he hoped by the means of Silence and Darknes to pass for *d' Erletan*, and to obtain the Favours which my Sister was to grant him. He was at no Loss for Inventions to keep him employed for a Part of the Night, and his horrible Design succeeded beyond Expectation. My Sister herself contributed to her own Misfortune, by recommending Silence to her Husband lest the old Gentleman should be awaked; thus *d' Olingry* violated with Impunity the most sacred Laws. *D' Erletan* at that Time was out of all Patience at the unforeseen Obstacle that had stopped him, and no sooner saw himself at Liberty, than he ran to my Sister's Chamber and made the Signal, which he repeated several Times that he might be heard. At last, her Woman coming to the Door, and asking softly who it was, he expressed his Uneasiness for having been so long detained, in the strongest Terms. This Waiting-maid, who believed *d' Erletan* to be in her Mistress's Arms, pushed him off with Rudeness, and believing it was *d' Olingry*, rallied him maliciously on his vain Hopes lying with my Sister, and added some offensive Words upon the Folly and Idleness of his Pretensions. All this passed in the Dark. *D' Erletan* piqued to the Quick at this Treatment, retired pronouncing Curses against the Inconstancy of Women. His Anger went even so far, as to persuade him that my Sister's Desigⁿ

Design was to begin with haughty Airs, and to initiate him into Slavery on his very Wedding-night. Incensed Love is capable of any Excess, so that he returned to his Chamber full of Resentment, and forming terrible Projects of Revenge.

WHEN *d' Olingry* had satisfied his brutal Passion, he left my Sister abruptly, and with a seeming Coldness, under Pretence of not exposing her by staying till it was Day. He went elsewhere to hug himself with the Success of his Crime, or, perhaps, to divert the Remorse with which it already checked him. Next Morning, as I was going to take the Air in the Gaaden, I met with my Sister in a Parlour alone, and drowned in Tears, and my unexpected Presence seemed to augment her Trouble. Being extremely moved at the Sight, I hastily asked the Cause, and I saw that she was at a Loss what to answer; at last, she said, it was nothing but Fits of Melancholy to which she was sometimes subject. As her Looks and Sighs betrayed her, I suspected some fatal Adventure, and pressed her so much, mixing Threats with Flatteries, that she at last consented to open her Heart, provided I would promise whatever she pleased, but such Precautions made me expect a strange Secret. At length she discovered her Amour and Marriage. This Night, *continued she*, he was admitted into my Bed-chamber, and made so much of me, that I thought myself the happiest Woman alive. As he was obliged to leave me towards Day, I got up sooner than usual, meerly out of Eagerness to see him. I met him here, a Moment since, but O! Brother, *added she*, renewing her Sighs, how false and wicked are Men! when I ran to meet him with open Arms, he pushed me from him with an Air of Contempt, threatned me in the most terrible Manner, and, in short, treated me with a Cruelty that kills me. I fell on my Knees to stop him, but far from being
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moved with my Tears, he thrust me from him with such Violence, that I fell backwards, in which State he had the Barbarity to leave me. O! said she, scarce able to speak, I must die, my Heart is cruelly racked, it is impossible I can support the Affliction I am under. I was so struck with this Discourse, as to remain some time immoveable. My Rage can be better conceived than expressed. How, *cried I*, did the Villain throw you down, and barbarously leave you? Ah! were he in the Center of the Earth, I will tear out his monstrous Heart with these very Hands. She in vain attempted to stop me, by putting me in mind that I had promised Secrecy; that cruel as he was, she still loved him, and would pardon him her Death: But I got away from her, fully resolved to plunge my Sword into the base *d'Erletan's* Breast, without even giving him Time to draw. The first Person I met was his Father, who asked me if I had seen his eldest Son. No, *said I with a furious Look*, but I am in Quest of him, and if you should happen to find him before me, you will see a Villain, a Rascal. What hinders me, *added I, clapping my Hand to my Sword*, from piercing thy Breast, for having given Life to such a Monster. Mr. *d'Erletan* was so frightened, that he remained speechless for a Moment. I looked at him with a stern Countenance, but at last I took Pity on the good old Gentleman, and was ashamed to have abused a Man who had been as a Father to my Sister and me. Alas! *said I, embracing him*, lay the Blame of my Folly, on the Rage that transported me; I am an unfortunate Man to have insulted you without a Cause, it is your unworthy Son, *added I, going away*, who shall pay for all. He earnestly begged that I would let him know the Cause of my Trouble; assuring me, that if his Son had offended me, he would oblige him to make such Satisfaction as would please me. Of-

fended me *replied I*, the Coward durst not, he is only proper to insult Women. He has affronted my Sister, and his Punishment shall soon follow. My Fury was such, that I could not bear a Moment's Delay; however, the old Gentleman prevailed with me to tell him in two Words, the Injury done my Sister. Your Son has married my Sister, *said I*, and has——married your Sister, *interrupted he with Surprise*: Yes, my Sister, *continued I*, who is of as ancient and honourable a Family as yours, and whom a Prince might take into his Bed without Dishonour; he married her last Night, and this Morning treated her in a Manner that none but a base unworthy Wretch could be capable of. Justice shall be done you, *replied he quickly*, if he has married her, there is no Remedy, I promise that he shall use her well; but I beg of you, by the Memory of your Father, to give me Time to inquire a little farther into this Affair. I give you my Word of Honour, that you shall be satisfied with the Justice that shall be done you; I will punish my Son by forcing him to his Duty, and I only ask you a few Minutes to perform my Promise. His Intreaties were so earnest and pressing, that they had the Power of rendering me a little calmer. I promised to return to my Chamber, and to give him Time to use his Authority with his Son. While this fatal Mistake was like to have made me cut *d'Erletan's* Throat, his unhappy Brother had learned from a Servant something of what had passed betwixt his Father and me, and as I was going up Stairs, I met him coming down, with an Intention, as I suppose, to inform himself more fully; he coloured upon seeing me, and asked if there was any Thing extraordinary had happened in the Family. As I was as yet too full of Resentment to make a Mystery of it to any Body, I told him the Story of my Sister's Marriage,

Marriage, and of his Brother's barbarous Behaviour, accompanying my Narration with visible Marks of Hatred against *d'Erletan*. I did not remark the Changes which my Discourse made in his Countenance, but I had scarce left off speaking, when he cried out in a more lamentable Tone than can be expressed, Heavens! what Horrors! who is the Author of this dismal Tragedy! with that he left me without saying one Word more, and I was so full of my own Trouble that I did not mind what became of him. I shut myself up in my Chamber, where I remained till I was called to be present at a most terrible and affecting Scene. Gentlemen, said Mr. *de Sauvebœuf*, a very little Time will bring you to the Catastrophe.

D' Olingry, continued he, needed no farther Explication to know his Crime, and to make him at once perceive the melancholy Consequences, which he thought inevitable but by confessing his Fault to my Sister, and engaging her, for both their Sakes, to Silence. He resolved to make this Trial before he proceeded to the Extremities which he was already revolving in his Mind. With this Resolution he went and demanded to speak with her in private, and though he was naturally bold, yet upon this Occasion he could not express himself without trembling. My Sister told me before her Death, that though she was far from having any Notion of the Villainy with which he accused himself, his distracted Looks and pale Countenance had made her tremble before he began to speak. He had no Occasion to make a long Harangue, three or four Words sufficed to make her understand him. She gave a terrible Shriek, which drew together all who were in the neighbouring Chambers, and they found her in a fainting Fit, that differed little from Death. In the mean Time, *d' Olingry* thought it was proper for him to retire. When she had a little recovered her Spirits, she abandoned herself to all the Ex-

cesses of Grief and Despair. Her dear *d' Erletan* was for ever lost; she had complained of his Rigour, and it was now she herself who was so guilty, that she ought eternally to shun his Presence; she called upon him nevertheless, to her Assistance, and pronounced his Name a thousand Times, so that her Women, who were ignorant of the Affair, thought themselves obliged to acquaint him, but sought him up and down in vain; for he had got into the Wood with his Father, to let him know his melancholy Story. *D' Erletan* was generous and tender-hearted, and notwithstanding his Anger, which appeared to him to be well grounded, still loved my Sister passionately. Though all his Father said could not bend his Mind, nor bring him to a Reconciliation, yet he could not hear of her melancholy Condition, and that she so ardently desired to see him, without shewing a deep Concern, and therefore ran to her Apartment, leaving his Father, who willingly let him go, imagining that upon their meeting the Peace would be made up. He approached his Spouse in a Manner so submissive, as if he had really been the Offender. She, who thought he was informed of her Misfortune and Shame, and who attributed her Treatment in the Morning to that Knowledge, was shaking from Head to Foot, so that this strange Interview could not be explained but by *d' Olingry*, the wretched Author of so many Misfortunes. Though nothing dropt from my Sister's Mouth that could give her Husband any Knowledge of the fatal Mystery, yet the very Obscurity of her Expressions was a new Torment to him; he could by no means conceive why she refused his Caresses, and the Offer of his Hand, which he presented, in order to a Reconciliation, at the same Time that she appeared to be overjoyed on seeing him in a different Temper from what he was in the Morning. He observed, in her Behaviour, a Mixture of Joy
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and Despair, of Horror and of Tendernefs; ſhe wiſhed to have him always before her Eyes, and ſpoke of an eternal Separation. So many Contrarieties filled him with dreadful Apprehenſions; but it was *d'Olingry* alone that could bring them to an Underſtanding, and the unravelling Moment was not far off. This unfortunate Man was in a Place where he could hear all their Converſation, and was much moved by it; but whether his Concern proceeded from Repentance or Deſpair, God only knows. He contrived ſomething to get his Father to call out his Brother for a few Minutes, and the Moment he ſaw him come out, he went into the Chamber, and begged of my Siſter, who appeared to be frightned at the Sight of him, to hear him for the laſt Time; he told her that not having loſt one ſingle Word of the Converſation which ſhe juſt now had with her Husband, he obſerved that he had no Knowledge, nor was in the leaſt ſuſpicious of the Miſfortune of the preceding Night, and therefore the Evil might be eaſily remedied, by keeping it eternally ſecret; that ſhe had no more to do but to answer for herſelf and her Women, and to live peaceably with her Husband: That as for him, beſides his own proper Intereſt and the Honour of his Family, both which obliged him to Silence, he would put it out of his own Power to reveal it, by throwing himſelf into a Convent the reſt of his Days. My Siſter had Patience to hear him out, but answered, without ſo much as looking at him, that it was too much he had covered her with Shame, and ruined all the Happineſs of her Life, by a Crime of which he alone was guilty, without making her become as criminal as himſelf by his damnable Advice, and in bringing to her Husband's Bed what he had polluted; that ſhe would commit to Fortune her Life and Deſtiny, but would take Care not to loſe her In-

nocence. Think well of it, Madam, *replied he*, you have but a Moment for it. My Resolution is fixed, *said my Sister*, and mine too, *added he going out*. He found his Brother in another Chamber, and drawing him aside, after many bitter Reproaches for his Treachery in his private Marriage, as well as in every Step of his Courtship, he told him plainly, that he had stained his Bed the preceding Night, and as *d'Erletan*, in his first Transport upon hearing this fatal News, clapped his Hand to his Sword, he prevented him with a Poniard, which he plunged into his Breast. Though the Stab was deep, *d'Erletan's* Fury hindered his being directly disabled, so that he had Strength enough to draw his Sword and run his Murderer through the Body: It is true, *d'Olingry* stood calmly and received it. The Domesticks alarmed by the Noise came running in, saw him fall, and heard him pronounce some Words as he was dying, by which he expressed his Joy that his Brother had charged himself with the Crime of his Death, as he accused him of having been guilty already of his Incest, and then expired. A horrid Mixture of Tears and Cries ringing all over the House, made me come to my Chamber-door, and I saw a Servant running up Stairs to desire me to come down. O! Sir, *said he*, our Gentlemen are all killed. I ran, or rather flew down the Stairs, and saw the two Brothers stretched, the one intirely dead, and the other expiring. Their Father, frighted almost out of his Wits, was endeavouring, in vain, to assist them. Come Mr. *de Sauvebauf*, *said Mr. d'Erletan*, with a feeble Voice, come and see the most criminal of all Men breathe his last. Though I did not as yet know the Cause of this melancholy Accident, I could not hinder myself from being moved at what he said, and *d'Erletan*, without giving me Time to speak, told me, in a few Words, his Misfortune and his Brother's Crime.

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I trembled with Horror, and he perceived it. I do not know, *continued he*, if I deserve your Hatred, but how have I incurred that of Heaven? Alas! what have I done in the whole Course of my Life, to be thus cruelly treated! I exhorted him to make his Peace with God. Oh! *said he*, the Manner in which Heaven treats me, makes me but too plainly see that I have no Mercy to expect. At this instant my Sister came in, tearing her Hair, and making the House ring with her Cries; but when he opened his Arms to receive her, she stopt, and he himself appeared to be ashamed at what he had done. I must die then, *said he*, without embracing her, even that Satisfaction I must not allow myself. O abominable Crime! O wicked Brother! She, on her Part, stared at him with wild Looks, and appeared to be intirely deprived of the Use of Speech. She went round him twice or thrice, as if she had intended to come close to him, and he endeavoured to turn his Head to follow her with his Eyes. It seemed as if an invisible Hand retained her, or that she was upon the Brink of a dreadful Precipice, the Sight of which terrified her: At last, not able to support such violent Agitations any longer, she dropt down near to him in a deep fainting Fit, he made an Effort to catch hold of one of her Hands, which he greedily kissed for two or three Minutes. For Heaven's Sake, *said he to me*, take care of her, and prevent her Death. In the mean-time Endeavours were using to stop the Blood that streamed from his Wound, and he was under such Trouble for my Sister that he did not mind them, but when they were going to transport him to a more convenient Place: No, no, *cried he*, *tearing off the Linnen Rags that had been put upon his Wound*, I do not intend to live. He opened his Arms to embrace his Father, and his last Words were to beg that he would give me his Daughter in Mar-

riage, and make me his Heir. When I had seen him expire, I retired to take care of my Sister, who had been carried off under her fainting Fit; she came to herself again, but her Eyes appeared to be so dull and sunk, and her Strength so much exhausted, that I despaired of her Life; she drooped some Time under continual Swoonings, and died soon enough to be put in the same Grave with her Husband. Mr. *de Sauvebœuf* ended his Story, by telling us that he was since married to Miss *d'Erletan*; and then addressing himself to me: You see, Sir, *added he*, that I had strong Reasons for not being of the Company's Opinion with Regard to you. The Motive that induces you to leave the Marquis is not stronger than what might have hindered me from wedding Mr. *d'Erletan's* Sister. I thought my own Example, which has been approved by all my Acquaintances, authorized me to advise to the same Conduct. I made him sensible of some Difference in the two Cases, and his Story did not alter my Resolution.

As I was persuaded that my Resolution of separating did not oblige me to break through the Rules of Civility and Friendship, I remained some Days at the Duke's, and would have staid longer, had I not been obliged to return to my Daughter's to extricate her out of a troublesome Affair. One Evening as I was at Supper with the Duke, a Servant of my Son-in-law's arrived in great haste, and demanded that he might deliver me a Letter without any Delay. The Letter was from my Daughter, and she wrote to me that the preceding Night a Billet had been patched to the Gate, with Threats to set fire to the House, if she did not order in four Days, two thousand Crowns to be carried to a certain Place mentioned in the Letter, and she was not the only Person who had been thus threatned by those Incendiaries, a great many Gentlemen and rich Farmers

mers had been treated with the same Sauce, for three or four Months past, and those who were not willing to part with their Money, had been actually ruined by Fire. The Duke offered to send some of his Servants to guard my Daughter's House. But after having maturely considered the Affair, I thought it was better to have Recourse to Address than Force, and therefore resolved to return myself without Delay; from this to my Daughter's it was two Days ordinary Journey, but could be performed in one by Post, so that I thought I might defer setting out till next Morning. I took leave of the Duke that Night, and as the Moment of my Separation from the Marquis approached, he passed Part of the Night with me. I renewed my Advices with regard to his Conduct in Life, and drew an exact Picture of his Character, without sparing his Faults, or concealing his good Qualities. I ran over all the Situations in which a Person of his Rank and Birth may find himself, exposing the Dangers, and shewing him that Vice lay always in his Road. In short, I laid before him the Path of Virtue in the most perspicuous Manner. Here, *said I*, you may walk with Glory and Joy; Nature and Education are your Assistants, and I know none that can attain to Wisdom with more Ease than yourself: What Obstacles lye in your Way? Shall some youthful Passions pretend to dispute with the most powerful of all Motives? Shall they make you forget your Birth, extinguish your Knowledge, and combat against your happy natural Parts? I speak in particular of Love, the only Weakness that will still expose you to Danger. I know very well, that it is just now Master of your Heart, but if we may speak sincerely, can you be at a Loss to find a Cure? You shall immediately see how many Remedies I have in store for such a Distemper; let me therefore descend to the Bottom of that Heart,

which you think incurable, where we shall set up, in Opposition to Female Charms, those of Virtue and Innocence; to vain sensual Pleasures, the inestimable Advantage of being constantly under the Influence of Reason; to the Transports of a fleeting Enjoyment, the permanent and sweet Tranquillity that Virtue produces. The Advantages which I mention are not chimerical, or unknown to you, since you enjoyed them before you gave Way to your Passion, and it is surprizing, that you made no Struggle to preserve them; it is pardonable in the mean and groveling Part of our Species, to place Happiness in the Pleasures of Love, because they raise their Minds far above their usual Reach, by opening Sources of Joy to which they were intire Strangers in their primitive Stupidity; but a Soul truly grand is debas'd and turns effeminate, (if I may be allowed the Expression) by the tender Passions; more delicate Pleasures ought to be it's Object, and it's Happiness is to be viewed in a quite different Light; since by it's Reflections and Taste for Truth, Honour, Humanity and Justice, it finds that the Treasure is within it's own Limits; why should it then seek for one of less Value elsewhere? And since it can certainly secure itself in the Possession of this Happiness, why should it have any Dependance on a Thing so frail as the Beauty of Women, or so light as their Humour, still more subject to change than their Charms? No, my dear Marquis, there can be no true Grandeur of Soul in one that is a Slave to Love, for an excessive Tenderness seems to exclude Resolution; Flattery and Caresses render effeminate; Jealousies and Disquietudes disturb the Serenity of the Mind; and when one is wholly wrapt up in the Care of pleasing, there is no Time left to think of any serious Undertaking. In short, sensual Pleasures are diametrically
opposite.

opposite to Virtue, and will sooner or later crush all it's Efforts.

THE Marquis listened to this Morality with his usual Docility, but, notwithstanding my Declamations against Love, before I left him he begged I would let him know the Duke's Sentiments about his Inclination for my Niece, and this Question made me plainly see that all I had said was to no purpose. I nevertheless answered, without appearing to be dissatisfied, that the Duke had not spoke of it as an Affair that was serious; that in reality, no Mortal could ever look upon it otherwise than as an Amusement, which had indeed produced melancholy Effects, but that I was easy, if they could but contribute to make him wiser. These were my last Words, to which I gave him no Time to answer that Night, and next Morning before Daylight, I was gone in my Post-chaise.





MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

B O O K XIV.

ON my Return, my Thoughts were much employed upon the Step that I had taken of leaving the Marquis, and Heaven knows, that my first Acknowledgment for being now at Freedom from my Engagements, was directed thitherwards, and knows likewise, that my Assurance of a tender Esteem and Concern at our Separation was sincere. Nevertheless, this Regret was perhaps less owing to the Separation itself, than to the Reasons which I thought obliged me to it; that is to say, I could have wished with all my Heart, that Age and the Disposition of my Mind had permitted me to serve the Duke, but as it was not possible to reconcile my present Situation to any such Engagement, I was inwardly overjoyed to find myself now at full Liberty. The Motives of Decency, which served me as a Pretence, were not the strongest, though they had appeared sufficient to justify my Retreat. My Age was still a weaker Reason, for I enjoyed
Health

Health and Strength. The Secret and true Cause I will here reveal. A new Scene of late passed in my Mind, which very much augmented it's Trouble, or rather, made me feel in it one of an extraordinary Nature unknown to me till then. I had undergone, in the Course of my Life, Losses of all Kinds, and consequently had passed through all the Degrees of Grief: But having been always a Stranger to Vice, I had never lost that sort of inward Contentment, which accompanies Innocence. I thought I might look upon all my Misfortunes only as a Trial of my Patience from Heaven, because I had never felt Remorses that had made me dread them as a Punishment. This Disposition of the Heart is a great Comfort and Assistance to those that are unhappy, even in the very Transports that touch upon Despair. However, this sweet Consolation in my Troubles had of late quite abandoned me, and the Death of my Lady R—— disturbed my Peace of Conscience. I constantly charged myself with it as a Crime to which I had, at least, been accessory. In the first Place, it was I who contributed to her leaving *England*, and ought I to have been insensible so long, that an Action of this Nature was offensive to God and dishonourable? What Right had I to take this Lady from her Husband, and to assist her in breaking through the Ties of Marriage? What strange Compassion is that which cannot be exercised without committing a Crime, and mortally injuring an innocent Person, in order to relieve another that's unfortunate? Besides, *continued I*, who can assure me that the Motive which made me act, and which I then called Pity, was not an irregular Passion? It is true, I subdued it at last, but did I constantly struggle against it! And if a Moment is sufficient for Love to spread it's Poison, who can ascertain me, that the Design of my Heart, in serving my Lady, was not the secret Hope

Hopes of satisfying itself more easily, when she was removed from her Husband; consequently, it is perhaps a criminal Inclination that drove me to undertake the Flight of a married Woman. What other Reason could I have to procure her a Retreat at my Daughter's? Why should I have taken so much Interest in the Fortune of a Stranger? Have I forgot my Agitations, my Sighs and Tears, and can I believe, that all this could agree with Innocence? As to the fatal Accident of her Death, 'tis certain, I could not foresee it, and that I would have spared nothing to prevent it, since it's Source springs from the Weaknesses of which I have now been accusing myself. In one Word, had I not loved my Lady R——, a Thing repugnant to Honour, would she have left *England*, stayed with my Daughter, and there miserably perished? It is therefore I that am chargeable with the Disorder of her Flight, and the Crime of her Death.

WHETHER the terrible Concern, which such Reflections gave me, proceeded from Weakness of Mind, or from a lively Sentiment of Religion, I shall not determine; but if from the latter, a speedy Repentance to pacify Heaven was my Business; and if from the former, the Clamours of my Conscience were to be appeased, by removing my Scruples; from the one and the other this natural Consequence might be drawn, that Retirement was become more necessary to me than ever. I have now laid my Heart open to my Reader, but don't know what Opinion he will have of my Delicacies, and Fears with respect to Virtue and Vice, but what convinces me now that I ought not to repent of being so severe a Judge upon myself, is, the nearer I approach my last Moments of Life, the more I am pleased with that Rigour, which augments my Confidence in the supreme Judge, and diminishes the Fears of an approaching Eternity.

IN the Evening I arrived at my Daughter's, and found every body there alarmed, as if the House had been a'ready on Fire. I had the Case explained, and particularly the Place, to which the two thousand Crowns were to be carried, which was in a large Plain about a quarter of a League from the Village, at the Foot of an old Oak-tree alone by itself, five or six Yards from a little Foot-path. I went directly to view the Place, which appeared to be well chosen for the Safety of Robbers, because they could not have been observed by Spies without their perceiving them, and yet I fell upon a Stragem that baffled their Caution. As the Money was to be carried to the Place appointed the next Night, I caused immediately to dig a Hole in the Ground about twenty Paces from the Tree, large enough to conceal six Men, and ordered the Earth taken out of the Hole to be carried off, and spread upon Corn-ground. When this was done, I returned home, and ordered six resolute Men, with each a Gun and Provisions, to go and lodge themselves in the Hole, and remain in it the Remainder of that Night, and all the next Day, with Orders not to attack the Thieves till they were at the Foot of the Tree, and they had seized on their Prey. I should have accompanied them myself, had not my Daughter assured me that I might rely on her two Huntsmen, who were stout brave Fellows. In the Evening appointed by the Incendiaries, I gave my Servant two thousand Crowns in a Purse, to carry to the Foot of the Tree, and ordered him to make no Stay at the Place, or so much as to look back upon his Return. About eleven or twelve o'Clock at Night our People in Ambush saw three Persons advancing in the little Path, and who seemed to come from a Cottage that stood at one End of the Plain. When they were opposite to the Tree two of them walked on, and the Third stopped, saying

loud enough to be heard from the Hole, that a natural Necessity pressed him, and so went to ease himself at the Foot of the Tree, where he took the Purse, and put it into his Pocket. One of our People that Moment fired upon him, and lodged a Pair of Balls in his Body, which was wrong; for he might have been taken as easily as the other two, who were surrounded in a Moment. They were brought home Prisoners, and known to be Peasants in the Neighbourhood. I interrogated them separately, and found at last that the wounded Person was only guilty. He was an old Rogue thought to be rich, and who no doubt had become so by the same Method that he made use of with my Daughter. His two Companions did not know him for what he was, he had engaged them to go and drink with him at the Place from whence our People had seen them coming, that he might, without Affectation, upon his Return take the Money, if it was placed where he had ordered it. He was so desperately wounded, that we suffered him to die at my Daughter's House; though he lived about eight Days, in which Time he might have been tried, and no doubt, would have been condemned to be broke upon the Wheel or burnt alive.

As the *Autumn* was coming on, and *Amulem* still resolved to be at *Vienna* before *Winter*, we began to think seriously of our Departure, and fixed on a time so short, that we could not imagine any Obstacle would prevent it. But Heaven had decreed that I should not go to *Germany*, so that the last Measures were as fruitless as the former, and the Cause of their being broke not more advantageous to the Duke of ****, and to *Amulem* than to me. We all three had our proportionable Share in Vexation, occasioned by a very disagreeable Adventure; but mine was in one respect beneficial, since it served to advance the Moment of my retiring, and
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made it still more agreeable to me, which now remains to be narrated, and with it I shall conclude these Memoirs.

As I was always mistrustful of the Passion and enterprizing Humour of the Marquis, I resolved to secure *Nadina* from all his Attempts before my Departure, and the Convent seemed to me to be the fittest Place for that Purpose; for which reason, I made choice of one some Leagues from *Paris*, called *H—*. Besides that the Prioress was my Acquaintance, I knew that a great many young Ladies were educated in it, whose Company would hinder my Niece from looking on a Cloister as a Prison. I went myself to the Place to make an Agreement with the Nuns about her Pension, and my Nephew *Muleid* accompanied me out of Curiosity. The Situation of the House appeared beautiful and healthful, and we visited, with Pleasure, every Thing that Nuns are allowed to shew to People of our Sex; but nothing charmed *Muleid* so much as the Sight of a hundred young Boarders, among whom, there were some exceeding handsome. It was in the Church we saw this fine Show, they were all drawn up in Order, and so nicely dressed out, that I was surprized to see such Affectation allowed in a Cloister. *Muleid* looked very earnestly at them, and I suppose they put him in mind of his Father's Seraglio. On the Road back to my Daughter's, his whole Conversation was upon the Beauty of these young Ladies, and I told him, laughing, that had he not been so near the Time of his Departure, I would not have thus exposed him to the Danger of losing his Heart. When we were got home, I proposed the Convent to my Niece, who, being now pretty well recovered out of the Trouble occasioned by her Husband's Death, was so far from expressing any Aversion to it, that she protested it was agreeable to her Inclination, particularly, after she had learn-

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ed from her Brother, that she should neither want Company nor Diversion in it. *Muleid* was very desirous to return with her, and not only he, but the whole Family accompanied her. My Daughter, who was of a merry Disposition, having heard *Muleid* frequently extolling the Charms of some of the Boarders, proposed that he should dress himself in Women's Clothes, that he might be admitted with her into the Convent. He readily agreed to the Proposal, and though I opposed it in a very serious Manner, I was forced to yield to my Daughter's comical Reasons, who knew well how to deal with a fond Father, hardly able to contradict her in any Thing; so that *Muleid* was metamorphosed into a Girl, at least to outward Appearance, and his Age and Features made him look so like one, that the Nuns had not the least Suspicion of his Sex. He freely went into the Convent for two Days, and had not only Time to observe who was prettiest among the Boarders, but to make up an Acquaintance with some of them. I never, however, should have imagined, that he would have been capable of falling in Love in such a Place, for, besides that he had not at all the *French* Manner, he was naturally serious, and I believed his Thoughts and Inclinations were still towards *Turkey*. His Figure was however very agreeable, and the *Turkish* Air, which he still retained, did no Dishonour to the Nation. After *Amulem* and he had taken a tender farewell of *Nadina*, we returned to my Daughter's, and hastened so much the Preparations for our Departure, that in four Days every Thing was ready; but the very Evening before we were to set out, *Muleid* declared to his Father that he found himself so much out of Order that he was not in a Condition to undertake the Journey.

HE affected the sick Man so artfully, that we were persuaded of it. A Physician was called, who
could

could make nothing of his Distemper by any Symptoms that he could discover, but as great Faith was to be had to what the sick Person said, we doubted so little of his Distemper, that we put off our Journey till he was recovered. But all was a meer Contrivance to gain Time, his Heart being deeply smitten by the Charms of *Mademoiselle Theresa de*— a young Lady in the Convent, about fourteen or fifteen Years of Age. I conceal her Family Name, because of the great Grief which her Adventure has given her Relations. I cannot imagine what he could propose to himself in the Beginning of his Passion, for there was no Likelihood that a young Girl, brought up in a Convent from her very Infancy, would listen to a Lover of a different Country, and of a different Religion; his Hopes, no doubt, were built upon *Nadina's* Assistance, whom he had trusted with his Secret. In short, *Muleid's* Distemper was Love, which for eight Days he very artfully concealed, under the Name of Colick, and Pains in the Head and Stomach. One Evening having retired to his Chamber early, and worse, as he pretended, than he had as yet been, before I went to Bed, I sent to enquire how he was; but my Servant came back and told me, that he was not in his Room; upon which I made him return to see where he was. After some Enquiry, he understood that *Muleid* had gone out privately, and was gone off, accompanied by one of my Daughter's Footmen. This News obliged me to go immediately to his Father's Apartment, who was as much surprized as I, and no Mortal in the Family could imagine the Cause of his Departure.

SOME Weeks passed before we knew what was become of him, though we had People in Search of him every where. *Amulem* had no more Sons, and the Concern he was under for him, threw him into a Fit of Sickness. I sent to all the Places where I
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had carried him since his coming to *France*, and even to *Holland*, where we had remained some Months together; but all to no Purpose. We had been already more than a Month in this Trouble about him, when I received a Letter from the Prioress of the Convent where I had placed *Nadina*. She gave me Notice that the Marquis de—— Son to the Duke of—— had come two or three Times to see my Niece without discovering himself; that she had made no Difficulty to permit his Visits, but as they became more frequent, she had informed herself of his Name, which he had refused to tell her, but that she had learned it from other People, and imagining that there might be something of Love in the Motive of so many Visits, she wanted my Directions how she was to behave to him.

I could not conceive by what Means the Marquis had discovered where my Niece was. I knew that he had gone to *Paris* with the Duke his Father, and made no Doubt, but that the Court and the Hurry of Pleasures, would banish *Nadina* out of his Mind. Till I could deliberate at Leisure upon this new Difficulty, I wrote to the Prioress that if he continued his Visits, I begged she would tell him, in a civil Manner, that she could not allow her Boarders to receive them so frequently. As I had always a Notion that *Muleid* had gone to *Paris*, I resolved to go and seek him there myself, with a Design, at the same Time, to see the Marquis, and once more to try what I could do with him. My first Visit was to the Duke. I could have obtained his Authority to put a Stop to his Son's Amours, but two Reasons hindered me, the one was, the Fear I had of afflicting too much the young Lover, if he came to know that I was the Cause of his Father's severe Reprimands; and the other, not less strong, was the Opinion, which I had but too good Ground to entertain of the Duke's
Way

Way of Thinking upon that Article. I had not delayed so long to speak of this Affair to him in a very serious Manner, but since I make Profession of Sincerity in these Memoirs, I shall not endeavour to conceal how little I was satisfied with his Answers. He had always looked upon my little Fears as frivolous, and could see nothing in his Son's Attachment, but a youthful Gallantry, which served to amuse him, and if there was any Danger, it was all on my Niece's Side. The high Birth of the Marquis appeared to him to be a Preservative against the Sincerity as well as Duration of all Engagements, so that I could lay no Stress upon his Assistance, and therefore I did not so much as mention a Word of it to him. When I came out of his Apartment, I went straight to that of the Marquis, and I thought I had still a Right to enter without sending in my Name. Let the Reader judge of my Surprize, when, opening the Door, I perceived *Muleid* playing at Tables with him. They were both as much at a Loss as I, nevertheless I put on a merry Countenance, to tell him that I thought myself very happy of finding, when I least expected it, my dear Son and Nephew. The Marquis came and took me in his Arms, but *Muleid* kept at a Distance, and appeared to be much out of Countenance. I gently chid him for the Uneasiness into which he had thrown his Father and all the Family. He endeavoured to excuse himself, by alledging that the Marquis had kept him so busied in Diversions, that he had not a leisure Minute to write to us. I asked if he was perfectly recovered, and if he would soon be in a Condition to return to *Asia*. He begged I would allow him to enjoy the Air of *Paris* a little longer, which he found agreed perfectly well with him. I could not refuse him this Favour, and only begged he would write sometimes to his Father, whose Concern for his

his Absence had impaired his Health. I dined with the two young Gentlemen, and after Dinner took the Marquis aside to tell him that the Prioress of the Convent, where my Niece was, complained that he had made her, more than once, break through her Rule, which did not allow her to admit Visits from young Gentlemen to her Boarders; that at first, he had been received upon account of his Name, which he had vainly endeavoured to conceal, but that for the future, she was resolved to be more exact in her Duty. He easily conceived the Meaning of this round-about Story, and, as his Plan was already concerted with *Muleid*, answered, with a seeming Sincerity, with which I was deceived, that he should be extremely sorry to give the Prioress the least Disturbance by his Visits to my Niece, whom he promised to see no more, or, at least, so seldom, that no Encroachment should be made upon the most rigorous Rules. I past the remaining Part of the Day with him and my Nephew, and having nothing that retained me at *Paris*, I left it next Morning to go and visit my Niece. The first Person I called for was the Prioress, who told me what had passed in the Visits of the Marquis, or, at least, what the Nun, who accompanied *Nadina*, according to the Custom of Convents, had told her. Nothing has happened, said she, in Cloister Stile, that could throw the least Spot upon the very Mirrour of Modesty. But this pious Lady did not know that her Nun was a Cheat, who had been gained by the Address of the Marquis. She next told me, that my other Niece was a very lovely Person, and was received, every Time she came to the Convent, by the whole Community, with great Pleasure. Of what Niece, Mother, said I, with Surprise, do you speak? Why your other Niece, replied she, that you brought here with her, who now remains with

us. Yes, *continued she*, this young Lady has a vast Share of Merit; though she has something of the foreign Manner, yet her Sweetness of Temper and Wit have gained the Hearts of all our Sisters, and particularly of one of our young Boarders, who is never so well pleased as when she sees her here. This Discourse was too clear to admit of any Obscurity, and notwithstanding the Concern it gave me, I could not hinder myself from laughing at the Credulity of these good Nuns, who continued to take *Muleid* for a Girl, for I could not in the least doubt but that it was he who imposed upon them under the Name of my Niece. I was at a Loss what Answer to make, but at last resolved to thank her only in general, for the Favours shewed by her and the Community to my Friends, and after recommending to her, not to let *Nadina* see the Marquis any more, I used the Freedom to give her my Opinion, how necessary it was to have a strict Eye upon the Conduct of the young Ladies her Boarders. My Visit to *Nadina* was short. I was impatient to return to my Daughter's, to make *Amulem* easy about his Son, but what vexed me was, to find that his Sentiments, with respect to his Son's Intrigue with this young Girl in the Convent, were much of a Piece with those of the Duke of **** with Regard to my Niece, that is to say, *Amulem*, extremely well pleased to have found his Son, laughed at his Love, and could not hinder himself from telling me, that he wished him good Success. Not so fast, *said I*, you fancy yourself to be at *Amasia*; besides, what Success can you wish your Son here, that is not contrary to your own Desires. Do you imagine that he can obtain a *French* Girl without becoming a good Christian. Let him become one with all my Heart, and you also, and bring your Fortune from *Asia* to *France*; we shall perhaps, after that, fall upon a Way to
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make *Muleid* happy. No, answered *Amulen*, I have told you a thousand Times, that I would not abandon my Religion, good or bad, and I will not suffer *Muleid* to quit it neither; but if he could prevail upon his young Mistress to go with us to *Asia*, we will make her one of *Mahomet's* Daughters. That is a Thing you are not to flatter yourself with, replied I, my Nephew would greatly expose himself in the Attempt, and if you think me capable of giving you a good Advice, you will order him to return quickly from *Paris*: At last, he took my Advice, and wrote to his Son to come to the Country the Moment he received his Letter; but we had Occasion to know, that paternal Authority is no more respected by *Turks*, than by a great many *French*. The Marquis and *Muleid* had formed a very odd Project, which was, that they should carry off their Mistresses to *Turkey*. No doubt but the Invention of this glorious Project was owing to my Nephew, for, on leaving my Daughter's, he had gone straight to find out the Marquis, whom he informed where his Sister was, and they had agreed to assist one another in their Amours. *Muleid* had hired an Apartment at *Paris*, and having provided himself with Clothes fit for a Girl, had Access to *Nadina's* Convent as often as he pleased. He had discovered his Sex to Miss *Theresa*, and, assisted by my Niece, had made a great Progress in a short Time. The Proposal of their going to *Turkey* was made by him; for though the Marquis had paid several Visits to *Nadina*, he had not always the Pleasure of entertaining her freely, it being only of late, that by his Address he had gained over the Guardian Nun that attended her, not only to allow him to converse freely with her, but likewise to accompany them in their Flight. Thus they went by Turns to see their Mistresses, and he, whose Day it was, carried a Letter from the other,
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and brought back an Answer. Miss *Theresa* was a pert little Damsel, who had Charms enough to make two pretty Girls. I do not know whether she had heard of a Seraglio, but it appeared in the Event, that the Idea of it did not at all frighten her. She heartily entered into the Project of taking a Trip to *Amasia*, and her Affection for *Muleid* was nothing inferior to that of *Nadina* for the Marquis. Such was the Posture of their Affairs when my Nephew received his Father's Letter, and the only Effect that it produced was to make them hasten the Execution of their Design. They took care to provide themselves with proper Servants, Ladders, Post-chaises, and every Thing else that was necessary. *Muleid* did not want Money, and the Marquis had scraped together all he could. They went to the Convent on the Night appointed, and took their Mistresses over the Walls of the Garden, with the Nun who was to follow their Fortune. Their Elopement was discovered next Morning, but as the Convent is situated in a Plain by itself, and as the Prioress had not People to send after them, she only caused two Servants to take Post, the one to inform *Theresa's* Father, of what had happened, and the other to me, with the same News, which I received about twelve o'clock. The Authors were not named, but I was at no Loss to guess who they were, and it came into my Mind at once that, since the Marquis and my Nephew had come to this Extremity, their Design was to leave the Kingdom, and to take the Road to *Turkey*. As it was scarce to be imagined that they would run the Risk of traversing *France*, in order to embark at *Marseilles*, I imagined that they had taken the Road to *Germany*. This Thought flattered me with Hopes of overtaking them, because my Daughter's Seat, as I have already often said, is towards the Frontier. Nevertheless, as they

might have resolved to pass over into *England*, I dispatched, in all Haste, some Persons of Confidence to *Calais*, and other Sea-ports. I mounted on Horseback directly myself, and made the best of my Way to the Post-road to *Germany*, accompanied by three Men well armed. Having made Information at the first Stage, I understood that, two or three Hours before, two Chaises, followed by four Men on Horseback, had passed riding Post, but that they could not find Horses sufficient at every Stage. I could see that my young Sparks had not had the Precaution to order Relays of Horses [before they set out, and I concluded, from that Oversight, that I should come up with them before Night. However, perceiving at last themselves the Fault, they made their Guides double the Stages near the Frontier with the same Horses, by which Means they not only went quicker on, but retarded me; because in some Places I could get no Horses, so that I could not possibly get up with them before Night. But as they stopped to pass a Part of it at *Mons*, the first Town in the Emperor's Dominions, I arrived in it next Morning before their Departure. Though I perhaps had Reason to be apprehensive of two such resolute young Men, yet I would not give the Marquis the Displeasure of seeing himself arrested by any but myself; and therefore, without calling any to my Assistance, which I might have easily done, I alighted at the Inn where they were lodged, and was told upon going in that they were as yet in Bed. Though they were four, I was sadly afraid that two Beds had served them, and that they had not stayed for the Priest's Benediction of the nuptial Bed. I artfully informed myself, and was told that one of the young Gentlemen was with one of the young Ladies, and that the other two had separate Chambers. Alas! *said I to myself*, how I tremble for my Niece; she has been
married

married, and is got over that nice Modesty of un-
 experienced Maids. I made them conduct me
 however to her Chamber, who was without a male
 Companion; and how rejoiced was I upon entering,
 to perceive the last Gown which I had seen *Nadina*
 dressed in. Thanks to Heaven, *cried I*, she has
 at least some Remains of Virtue and Modesty. As
 she had caused the Landlady to lock the Door her-
 self at Night, she was frightened to see a Man when
 she awaked. I approached her Bedside, and told
 her softly not to be afraid; but she no sooner knew
 me, than she fainted away. And when she reco-
 vered her Spirits, she jumped out of Bed, and in
 spite of me threw herself at my Feet weeping bit-
 terly. I lifted her up, and put her again into Bed,
 and all this was a mute Scene, neither of us having
 as yet spoke one Word. Ah! my dear Niece,
said I at last, is it possible that I find you at *Mons*
 with a young Man who is not your Husband? Is it
 Charm or Poison that has made you forget your
 Duty? What have you done? What will become
 of you? Tell me at least what are your Intentions?
 Alas! were they innocent you would not have con-
 cealed them from your Father, nor from me; you
 would not in the Silence of Night have made your
 Escape over the Walls of your Convent; you would
 not now be in a Tavern abandoned to all the De-
 sires of a Man, who, as you, has lost Sight of Vir-
 tue and Prudence. Where is he? Tell me. How
 afraid am I that he has already past the Night in
 your Arms! This Suspicion, which I designedly
 mentioned, made her at last open her Mouth. I
 confess, *said she, weeping*, that I am guilty of the
 greatest of Faults, but it is only in consenting to
 follow the Marquis; for, may Heaven punish me
 with it's severest Rigours, if I have suffered the
 least Thing that may touch my Honour. What
 could I do, *continued she, with streaming Eyes?*

You know but too well, that I love him. He promised to marry me, and spend his Days with me in *Amasia*. Is it possible, *replied I*, that a Person of your good Sense did not discover the Folly of such a childish Promise? What Appearance could there be of his Sincerity, in promising a Thing which he could not perform. Have you forgot his Birth, and the Extent of his Father's Power. But supposing you had crossed over *Germany*, without being pursued and stopped, what Assurance had you that he would not have abandoned you even in *Turkey*, when he had obtained of you what cools and often gluts a young Man? Ah! if you knew, *interrupted she*, with what Tendernefs he loves me, you would not have such an Idea of him. I am sure he would lose his Life for me. Ha! poor Thing, *said I*, how little art thou as yet acquainted with the seducing Ways of young Lovers. Make yourself quickly ready to return with me to *France*, and thank Heaven that has not permitted your entire Ruin. I asked if the Marquis had not desired to pass the Night with her; she answered ingenuously, that he had made the Proposal, but had not insisted after she had declared that she would by no Means consent till after their Marriage. And Miss *Theresa*, *said I*, has she been as nice with your Brother? I do not know, *answered she*; but I believe they are together in the same Chamber. While we were talking thus, and that my Indulgence began to give her some Courage, I heard the Marquis calling on his Valet de Chambre. He was just awaked, and far, no doubt, from imagining I was so near him. I ordered my Niece to dress herself, and when she was getting up, I perceived the Nun, who had slept with her that Night, but had hid herself till then under the Bedclothes, that I might not see her. I gave her some sharp Reprimand for her bad Conduct, and for the Part she had act-

ed in this dishonourable Action, to which she made no Answer.

WHAT I have hitherto recounted, was only the Prelude to a more serious Scene. The Marquis having called his Valet, was strangely surprized to hear that I was in the House; not that his Servant had seen me coming, but had been, no doubt, told by my People, to whom I had not enjoined Secrecy. My Niece was scarce dressed, when her Lover appeared with such Consternation in his Looks, that if the Eyes are the Index of the Mind, his Grief was violent; he came however straight to me: I must in Justice acknowledge, Sir, *said he*, that I am guilty, but if you will not pardon this Fault, by attributing it to the Violence of a Passion, of which I am not Master, you must deprive me of Life without Pity, and you must not expect to drag your Niece from me, till you have pierced my Heart, for I am resolved to defend the Right which she has been pleased to give me to her Person, to my last Breath. My dear Marquis, *answered I*, it is neither in a Tavern, nor by piercing your Heart, that I pretend to dispute your Right; your Reason and Generosity will be the Arms I shall make use of. I am not surprized to see you hurried by Love to such Excesses; it is long since I was acquainted with your Vivacity on that Article, but I am not less acquainted with the Honesty and Candour of your Heart, which by the Violence of your Passion may be suspended for a Moment, but cannot be quite extinguished. Take my Advice, and let us return peaceably to *France*. If you cannot get the better of your Passion, it is by prevailing with your Father, that you are to shew us the Force of it, and what you are capable of doing to gratify it. Obtain, if possible, my Niece in this Manner, it being the only Way worthy of you, of her, and of me. He did not answer one Syllable, but stood leaning

on the Back of a Chair, with his Eyes fixed on the Floor, as if he had been in a deep Meditation. I took him by the Hand, and begged he would accompany me to *Muleid's* Chamber; to which he allowed me to lead him without the least Resistance.

Muleid was also informed of my Arrival, and, by a Subtilty of which I did not think him capable, had like to have given me the Slip. Having understood that I was in his Sister's Chamber, he had given Orders to have the Horses put with all Expedition to the Post-chaise, while he was dressing; so that if I had delayed going to his Apartment, both he and his Mistress would have been gone. My Presence quite disconcerted him, and he waited till I spoke. I told him, in a few Words, that his Father was so dissatisfied with his Conduct, that I did not very well know how the Peace was to be made up, and that, on the other hand, I would not advise him to return to *France*, if he would avoid a great deal of Trouble and Danger; that a *Turk* who takes it into his Head to carry off a Christian Girl out of a Convent, cannot easily make up Matters with the Judges. In short, that if he took my Advice, he would let Miss *Theresa* return with us, and wait for his Father at *Mons*. This little Damsel, whom I had not till then seen, and who appeared to be extremely handsome, took up the Cudgels, with a great deal of Fire, for her Lover, and told me very pertly, that what I said with Respect to the Judges and to Justice was true, when a Lady was carried off against her Will; but that this was not the Case with Regard to her, since she acknowledged, that it was with her Consent *Muleid* had taken her out of the Convent, and that far from returning to *France*, she was resolved never to part with him. Very well, said I, my pretty Child, you shall remain with him; I have no Right here to use Violence with you, but I
must

must tell you, at the same Time, that you shall not leave *Mons* till your Family gives Consent. I will go and beg of the Governor to confine you within the Gates of the City. She replied, with a Sort of a Tone that had something of the *Turk* in it, that I might have her confined at *Mons*, but that she desired me to separate her from *Muleid*. As for him, he only told me, that being safely out of *France*, and having no Design to return to it, he was under no Concern about it's Laws, and that with Regard to his Father, to whom he was never wanting in the Respect due from a dutiful Son, he hoped that he would not look upon his Amour as a Crime. I begged they would come to my Niece's Chamber, and breakfast with me. *Muleid* and Miss *Theresa* eat with a very good Appetite, but the Marquis and *Nadina* only looked at one another, with a languishing Melancholy, as two Victims ready to be sacrificed. I was very much affected with their Case, and could have wished to have made them happy, at the Expence of my Blood; but it was a Thing absolutely impossible. I was surpris'd not to see the Nun with us, and ordered her to be called; but what I suspected happened to prove true, she being afraid that I would have her arrested, and reconducted to her Convent, had made her Escape. I did not think myself oblig'd to seek after her, nor had I any Right to do her the least Violence. When we had ended Breakfast, I made the following Proposal to Miss *Theresa*: As I cannot allow you to go with my Nephew without the Consent of your Parents, consider, my dear Miss, whether you'll chuse to be confined within the Gates of this City, 'till your Family is informed where you are; or, which would be more honourable for you, to go, for some Time, into a Convent here. She answered, that, to avoid a publick Scandal, she would willingly go into a Con-

vent, were she not afraid that they would keep her Prisoner in it. *Muleid* was entirely against the Convent, which I could have wished they had both agreed to, for I was loth to have Recourse to the other Extremity. I therefore took *Muleid* aside, and told him, that if he would give me his Word of Honour not to leave *Mons* with his Mistress, before he heard from me, I would leave them together 'till I could come back myself, or write to him. Though I spoke pretty low, Miss *Theresa*, who had Eyes and Ears every Way, heard a Part of my Discourse, and very confidently told me, that if I would take her Word, she engaged not to stir from *Mons* 'till farther Orders: That she was very easy about her Family, because she was very sure they could not take her from *Muleid*, who was her Husband, and with whom, *added she*, she had passed the Night in Quality of his Spouse. I admired the Pertness of this little Creature, and I was pretty much assured that she would prove a troublesome Piece of Furniture in a Seraglio. However, I thought I had done enough for her, by taking this Precaution; and I only told *Muleid*, that he might depend upon his Father's Displeasure, if he broke his Word.

I imagined after this, that nothing remained but to set out with the Marquis and my Niece, but the most serious and most difficult Work was still to be done. I had given Orders to have the Chaise and Horses ready to depart at twelve o'Clock, with a Design to reach my Daughter's that Night, which we could easily have accomplished going Post. When Word was brought that all was ready, I begged of the Marquis to walk down Stairs, but was surpris'd to see him remain in his Chair, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground, without making me any Answer. I reiterated my Intreaties, and got up myself to lead the Way. Stop, Sir, *said he*, stop, did you ima-
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gine that I could so easily lose the Hopes of possessing your Niece, and that after having risked all for her, I should tamely submit to the being deprived of the Fruit of my Labours; or, if you will, of my Faults? No, no; you may take my Life, which I will not defend against you; but you shall not easily carry off the Treasure of my Heart. Be Witness, *added he*, to the Oath I make at my dear *Nadina's* Feet, that nothing but Death shall make me abandon her. I answered laughing, that Lovers Oaths are fleeting as the Wind, and of no Account with *Jupiter*. Come, my Niece, *continued I, speaking to Nadina*; the Marquis, I dare say, will not refuse to follow you; upon which I took hold of her Hand, with an Intention to lead her down Stairs; but he pushed me with such Violence, that it was with great Difficulty I kept myself from falling; and then, taking her in his Arms, sat down in a Chair, holding her upon his Knees. She fell a crying, and he, still more enraged at the Sight of her Tears, loaded me with harsh and bitter Reproaches, calling me Barbarian, Tiger, a Man void of Friendship, and who had all along preached up Morals to him, directly contrary to my own Practice; adding that, besides a hundred Proofs I had given him of my Harshness and Rigour, he remembered very well, with what an Air of Mockery I had spoke of his Passion, when I had given up the Employment of being his Governor, which he would never forget; that I was much deceived, if I took him to be a Child; or if I continued to look upon myself as a Person who had any Authority over him; that my Reign was over, and that I also was under a great Mistake in ascribing to myself any Power over my Niece, whose Father was alive, and to whom alone she was accountable for her Actions; that she had been already married to Mr. *B——*, against her Inclination, by my Cruelty;

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and that she ought rather to look upon me as her Tyrant, than her Uncle.

I listened to all these harsh Things with Patience, but my Niece, who perceived that I had Reason to be offended, got herself disengaged from his Hold, and threw herself at my Feet, begging Pardon. I told her, that if she retained any more Regard for me, than the Marquis did, she must convince me of it by following me directly; and her Answer was, that she was ready to obey my Commands. It was then he became quite outrageous, and took her into his Arms a second Time, swearing, in a most terrible Manner, that he knew how to defend her, both against herself and me. I was frightened with his Action, and saw no other Remedy but Mildness to calm his Fury; for fighting was a Thing not to be thought of; and less, that of demanding Assistance, which I was not very certain of obtaining, in a Town that was not under the Dominion of *France*, and where clandestine Marriages are not contrary to the Laws: Besides, it would have been the greatest Affront that I could have put upon the Marquis; so that I did not stop a Moment upon that Thought. He has an excellent Heart, *said I to myself*, and with such there's always Hopes of gaining Ground; so that I must, by no Means, despair of bringing him to Reason. While I was making these Reflections, he was speaking a thousand moving Things to my Niece. You consent then to abandon me, *said he*; you are resolved to deprive me of an Opportunity of being your's, which I shall never recover: Good God! upon what can one depend, if you thus forget your Oaths? Have not you sworn that even the Sight of Death itself should not hinder you from being mine? What Opinion must I have of your Constancy? How can I believe but that you'll be as changeable in your Inclination, as you are in your Resolution
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of following me? You betray me, I see it but too plainly, and perhaps this very Moment that I am speaking, you wish me dead, that you may be at Liberty to return with your Uncle; is this all the Progress that I have made in your Heart? Heavens! what Recompence for so much Love and Fidelity! Here I interrupted him, by begging that he would give me a Moment's Attention. He answered, that I was his Enemy and Persecutor, and that he would hear me no more. I only ask you a Moment, *said I*; and if you grant it, you will be convinced, not only that I love you, and am not the Barbarian you represent me, but that I seriously wish your Happiness. Let us return to *France*, I promise to speak to the Duke of your Passion in the strongest Terms; you yourself shall dictate my Expressions, and then it will be your Business to support your own Cause, and to represent the Violence of your Passion. He gave his Consent to your marrying *Donna Diana* in *Spain*, why may not he consent to the same Thing in Favour of my Niece? is not the Case pretty much the same? Come, Sir, and make a Merit of your Submission to him; a Father's Heart is not void of Pity. As for the rest, you have no Ground to doubt, on this Occasion, of my Sincerity; for you have too much good Sense not to perceive that if I had any Intentions to hurt you, I should have no Occasion to have Recourse to Artifice; for you may depend upon it, that were it necessary, I should find Assistance at *Mons* sufficient to make my Niece return to her Duty. This last Expression afflicted *Nadina*, and she said, interrupting me, that if she had deviated in the least from it, she was ready to make Amends; and then addressed herself to her Lover, to persuade him to follow my Advice, adding, that if she could not lose him without dying, she would prefer Death to the Loss of her Honour.

This Firmness in her pleased me much, and even had an Effect upon the Marquis himself, and I laid hold on this favourable Minute to take them both by the Hands, and conduct them to the Chaise, into which I placed them and made the best of our Way, leaving *Mulcid* and Miss *Theresa* at *Mons*.

I do not know how the Lovers entertained themselves for some Leagues that they were together in the same Chaise, but when we came to the Place where we were to leave the publick Post-road and take that which led to my Daughter's House, the Marquis declared that he would now leave us, and go directly to *Paris*, to which Resolution I readily agreed. You ought to be satisfied, *said he to me*, with my Obedience, I deliver up your Niece, though I am in a better Condition to prevent your taking her from me here than at *Mons*; but I respect her Will, and reckon that you will grant me two Things: The first is, that you will not oblige her to return to the Convent; the other, that you will come speedily to *Paris*, to execute the Promise that you have made me. Upon these two Conditions, *added he*, I will ask your Pardon for what is past, and beg to be restor'd to your Friendship. I embraced him, and promised to be as good as my Word; which I really intended, because I could see no other Way of ending this Affair, but by the Duke's interposing in it, and by his laying his Commands on him to think no more of it; or by consenting to his Happiness. We then parted, and I returned with my Niece to my Daughter's. *Amulem* was very easy about his Son's carrying off *Theresa*, when I told him that he had succeeded, and was got into a Place of Safety. Do you remember, *said he*, that you assisted me in an Affair of this Nature at his Age? Yes, *answered I*, but it was for a Woman to whom your Emperor had no more Right than you; whereas your Son has unjustly taken
what

what did not belong to him, and has done an irreparable Injury to the Family of his Mistress. Her Parents, *replied he*, will perhaps consent to let her remain with us, People being often willing enough to find an Opportunity of disposing of a Girl. You will find, *said he laughing*, that she will be a sticking Commodity upon our Hands, and his Conjecture proved truer than I could have imagined. I wrote by Post to Miss *Theresa's* Father who was a good Gentleman of *Picardy*, loaded with a numerous Family. I told him plainly the Case, and only concealed the Place where his Daughter was. I insinuated that if he inclined to have her taken from her Lover, it might be done, and she restored to him. I received a long Answer, the Conclusion of which was, that his Daughter's Misfortune appearing to him to be past Remedy since she had already bedded with her Lover, he was resolved to leave her with him; that he did not doubt but that she might be as happy with a *Turk* as another Man, or if it happened otherwise, her Misfortune would be her Punishment; he only begged that I would prevail with her Father-in-law, not to straiten her about Religion. I shewed this Letter to *Amulem*, who was very well pleased, and promised that no Violence should be offered to her Conscience. The Impatience he was under of seeing his Son, made him resolve on leaving us directly. He still expected that I would accompany him to *Vienna*; but I made him conceive, that *Muleid's* Action did not permit me, lest the World should imagine that I had been concerned in the Affair. I consented, however, to conduct him as far as *Mons*, on Condition that he would delay his Departure till my Return from *Paris*, where I was to perform my Promise to the Marquis. Before my Departure, I wrote a short Billet to *Muleid*, acquainting him that his Mistress's Parents had consented

ented to her remaining with him, and that he might with Tranquillity wait his Father's Arrival at *Mons*.

My Journey to *Paris* was an Enterprize of no small Concern. The bare Thoughts of mentioning a second Time an Affair to the Duke, which he had several Times treated as a Jest, gave me some Uneasiness; nevertheless, I was resolved to speak to him so seriously, and in so strong Terms, that I should bring him off his merry Strain. My first Visit was to the Marquis, who was overjoyed to see me. We are now, *said I to him*, at the critical Moment, and I am going to lead up the Dance; it is your Business, after that, to push your own Affair. He proposed to be present at the Conference I was to have with his Father, which I did not think proper. Having sent in my Name to the Duke, I was directly admitted, and, after the first Civilities, I told him plainly the Subject of my Visit. I began, by begging that he would be persuaded that I had employed all that Prudence, and even Artifice could suggest to cure the Marquis: I represented, that his Passion was almost of a Year's standing, and had taken such deep rooting in his Heart, that I could scarce think it was to be removed; that it had cost me many troublesome Hours, the Death of my Nephew, and for some Time past all my Quiet; that had not my Niece embraced the Christian Religion, I should certainly have sent her back to *Turky*: But that I doubted much if even that Way would have succeeded better, since the Marquis had designed to go there himself; and here I told him the Story of his Son's carrying off *Nadina*; and his Flight with her out of the Kingdom; that I had been so lucky as to stop them at *Mons*, and to make them return to *France*; but that the Marquis had not consented to it, but upon Condition that I should come and be a Solicitor in his Favour. I would not, however, have your Grace to believe,

continued I, that in promising to speak to you about his Passion, I had any other Views but to render you Service in his Person; I know to what Rank Heaven has limited my Niece, and with my Will she shall never arrive at a higher; but I beg of you to consider, that even in the Mediocrity of our Fortune, Honour and Peace are dear to us; and that after having made so many Attempts to bring the Marquis to his Duty, I may at least hope, that you will give me your Assistance; he proposes to come and lay his Case before you himself, and be assured that, with a vast Respect for your Person, you will find in him a Resoluteness far above his Age. If I may be so bold as to give you an Advice, prepare your Answer such as will either satisfy him, or intirely make him lose Hopes.

THE Duke listened to my Discourse with an Air as serious as mine was. You surprize me, *said he*, with the News of carrying off your Niece; at that Time I believed him to be at my Country-seat, where he had my Permission to go and pass some Days: I see that his Passion is violent, but what Answer do you advise me to make? I answered, that I had already gone through all the Stratagems that I could invent, and that if I could have thought of any new Method to cure him, I would not have failed to employ it. I will have him called for, *replied the Duke*, and in your Presence tell him what Heaven inspires me with. This Confidence in heavenly Inspiration appeared somewhat singular to me. The Marquis was accordingly called for, and he shewed something of Timidity upon his entering; however, he was the first that spoke. I doubt not, Sir, *said he to his Father*, but that you are now informed of my Troubles, which are heightned by the Apprehensions I have of their giving you some Uneasiness; but if Heaven only punishes voluntary Faults, I hope I shall find the
far

same Indulgence in you. The Duke answered, that he had, indeed, been informed that he was in Love, which was no extraordinary Thing at his Age, and did not make one the less an honest Man, only that he ought to be a little more moderate. An Answer so little conclusive, did not at all satisfy the Marquis: He answered, however, in a respectful Manner, that Moderation was a Virtue very difficult where Love swayed, and that he was so little capable of it, that without a very great Confidence in the Affection of so good a Father, he had already sunk under the Weight of his Grief: Very well, *said the Duke to me smiling*, he expresses himself in a tender and moving Manner; I question if he can speak with more Softness to your Niece. This Raillery was not much relished by the Marquis, who made this Answer: I know not, Sir, what Idea you have of my Passion, but it is certain; that if you have not some Pity, I must certainly die; for Death would be less horrible to me, than the continual Agitation and Uneasiness I lye under. If Mr. *Renoncour* has discovered to you what has happened to me within these eight Days, you must have seen that my Conduct speaks a Man who has not the right Use of his Reason, and who cannot be made easy but by your Compassion. Well, well, *said the Duke*, what do you desire of me? Ah! my dear Father, *replied the Marquis*, what I desire of you! has not Mr. *de Renoncour* told you, and do not you plainly see it yourself? No, *saith, answered the Duke*, for I believe you have too much Prudence to think of marrying your Mistress, and are too much this Gentleman's Friend to debauch her. I swear to you, *continued he*, that if the fair Lady were either his Daughter or Niece, as he is Man of Quality, I should with all my Heart consent to give you her; but I am told she is only Niece to his Spouse, and the Daughter of a *Turk*; would you,
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in good earnest, make me form an Alliance with *Mahomet* and the *Alcoran*? What I can do that is best for your Consolation, *added he laughing*, is to advise you to wait till my Death, you will then be in full Liberty to commit a Folly, but I will never consent to it while I live. Such were the Inspirations that the Duke received from Heaven.

THE Situation of the Marquis gave me a great deal of Uneasiness, seeing Tears trickling down his Cheeks. He turned to me, Sir, *said he*, you say nothing in my Favour, this is not fulfilling your Promise. I answered that he had no Reason to reproach me, since the Duke, I hoped, would acknowledge that I had represented his Passion in the strongest Terms. He threw himself at his Father's Feet, and, fetching a deep Sigh, cried, what must I then do to prevail on you, and to whom must I have Recourse since he who has given me Life refuses to pity me? These Words were pronounced in so melancholy and moving a Manner, that the Duke, notwithstanding the Air of Mockery that he had hitherto assumed, appeared to be very much touched, and therefore hasted to make him get up, embracing him. My dear Son, *said he*, in the main thy Melancholy affects me, but thou askest a Thing impossible. I know that the Duke *de St. Agnan* married his Wife's Woman, and the *Maréchal de Bassompierre* a Wh— but though there is no Comparison to be made between them and thy Mistress, yet the Example of these Noblemen has no Influence on me. I love thee, however, with a Tenderness that cannot be expressed, and am sorry that I cannot satisfy thee. Promise me only that thou wilt no more think of this foolish Passion, and I am ready to grant whatever thou desirest. The Marquis assured him, that if he did not obtain *Nadina*, he desired nothing but Death. Does she love him, *replied the Duke, addressing himself*

self to me? And then turning to the Marquis without waiting for my Answer, as if he intended to tell him something that was favourable; If she loves thee, said he to him, she will consent to any Thing that will make thee happy; marry her privately for some Years, on Condition that she shall go into a Convent when I think proper to marry thee in Form. I could not here hinder myself from letting the Duke understand, very seriously, that such a Raillery neither agreed with my Niece's Virtue, nor with that of the Marquis, and he was that Day in such a Strain of jesting, that he rallied me upon my Scruples. However, to terminate our principal Affair in a Manner to make me easy, I told the Marquis, that he now saw I had fulfilled my Engagement, by coming to *Paris*, and representing to the Duke the Excess of his Passion, and that it was none of my Fault if he was not happy, but of Fortune, which had made him too great. I hope then, *continued I*, that you will endeavour to recover your Tranquillity, which will add to ours, for you are not ignorant, that such Attachments in a young Girl as my Niece occasion many Disorders in a Family. Upon this I took Leave of the Duke and him, and went out of the Chamber where we were, and he followed me in a Moment after. I wish I had been born a Peasant, *said he with Tears in his Eyes*, I should then have a Father who would feel my Pains, and not take a Pleasure in rendring me unhappy. What Advantage have I from Birth, if not that I must sacrifice my Inclinations? My Footmen are more happy than I. How I ought to hate you, *continued he looking at me*, for having stopped me at *Mons*; I should now be perfectly happy with *Nadina*, I should adore her, and be loved by her; O God! how happy should I be. He added a thousand Things that his Grief dictated, cursing his Grandeur with

with all the Dukes and Peers of the Kingdom. I never saw him shed such Floods of Tears, and all I could do, was to exhort him to take Courage and Patience. When I spoke of leaving him he would by no Means let me go. Ah! *said he*, permit me to entertain you with my Troubles. You are going to see *Nadina*, and I must remain here! what terrible Life am I condemned to! tell her, at least, that I die for her; that I have no more Happiness to expect in a Life that I must pass without her, and that I shall languish away my unhappy Days 'till Death comes to my Relief. Tell — he here stopt short, as if he had been struck with a new Thought: No, *resumed he of a sudden*, tell her nothing; but grant me the last Favour that I have to ask of you, after which I shall never more importune your Friendship. Allow me to go with you and bid *Nadina* a last Farewel. I answered, that as the Duke had explained himself in a Manner that banished all Hopes, this Journey could only augment his Trouble. He pressed me however with so much Earnestness that I at last consented on Condition that he should obtain his Father's Permission, which he did, and we set out together. I make no doubt but that *Nadina*, seeing him arrive with me, flattered herself that the Success of my Journey had answered to her Desires; but I did not leave her long in the agreeable Error. The Marquis, *said I to her*, comes to see you for the last Time. Shew him all the Acknowledgment which the Honour he does you deserves, but remember that neither you nor he must think any more of Love. He approached with a very respectful Air, and kissed her Hand. He made some general Complaints of his unhappy Fate, to which she answered with Modesty. I conceived by the Reserve with which he spoke in Presence of the Family that he hoped to have an Opportunity of entertain-

ing her in private, but being willing to prevent it, I affected to remain in the Hall under Pretence of keeping him Company. At length Night coming, and perceiving, no doubt, that he would be constantly watched, he took a Resolution which I little expected. He begged I would call for my Son-in-law, my Daughter, and *Amulem*, who had all left us, and told me in their Presence; I am glad, Sir, to tell you publickly the Motive that induced me to come with you here. Since my Father has explained himself so positively, the Knowledge I have of his Temper makes me lose all Hopes of his retracting; but if he has a Right to oppose my Inclinations, he never will have the Power to extinguish them. I take God to witness that my Passion will continue as long as my Life, and I swear by all that is sacred that I shall never be otherwise engaged. If Heaven takes me out of the World before my Father, I shall die with this Sentiment in my Heart; but if he should die before me, I shall that Minute come and offer your Niece the same absolute Power over my Fortune that she has now over my Heart. Do you consent to accept of it, continued he addressing himself to *Nadina*? May I hope that, while I am absent from you consuming myself with Melancholy, you will preserve the Remembrance of my Love, and be faithful to your Promises? He then took her by the Hand, and holding it in his, put a Diamond Ring upon her Finger, without either she or I perceiving it. He held up her Finger that I might see it, and kissing her Hand a second Time: May Heaven, *said he*, punish me with all it's Rigour, if ever I break the Faith which I now give you in Presence of all your Family. Surprised with this Action, I ordered *Nadina* to return the Ring: But he rose from his Chair directly, and walking towards the Stables, ordered his Horses to be made ready that Moment, and would by no Means stay that
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that Night, and mounted on Horseback without saying any Thing, but that he hoped I would permit him to write sometimes to my Niece.

SHE had retired to her Chamber, from whence she could scarce be prevailed upon to come to Supper. As she had not the Marquis's Ring upon her Finger, I begged she would send for it that I might see it, and I did not well know whether I should allow her to keep a Present that was worth, at least, a thousand Crowns; but she appeared so dejected, that I had not the Heart to add to her Affliction by taking it from her. I even affected not to speak of the Marquis, but only of *Amulem's* Departure, which was fixed for the next Day. He had purchased a Coach and six Horses. A Part of our Family placed themselves in my Daughter's Coach, and the rest in his to keep him Company, and to go and take Leave of *Muleid*. The next Day in the Evening we arrived at *Mons. Amulem* was charmed with the Beauty of Miss *Theresa* whose Affection for her Lover did not seem in the least diminished; on the contrary, she wished herself already at *Amasia*. I made a Compliment to *Amulem* on his losing nothing by leaving *Nadina* with us, since he had so soon got another Daughter. At last we parted, after giving and receiving a thousand Marks of Regret and Friendship, and after I had earnestly recommended to Miss *Theresa* to remain, at least, firmly attached to the *Christian* Religion, and to *Muleid*, still to grant her the Liberty. This young Creature was scarce sixteen. Her Father, as I have already said, had abandoned her to her Destiny, and I doubt much if this Indifference of his will be agreeable to all my Readers.



MEMMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

BOOK XV.

WHEN I had taken some Days to repose after the Agitation of so many Events, I began to think of my own Condition. It was high Time to execute my Projects of Retreat, now that I was at Liberty. How many Obstacles had I surmounted! I thanked Heaven with all my Soul, and without farther Delay wrote to the Father-prior of the Abbey of—— to desire he would prepare my old Lodging. The only Thing that could Trouble me now was *Nadina*. I was sorry to leave her behind me unsettled. She was not to be pitied upon Account of her Situation, the Generosity of my Lady R—— having made her rich enough to have no Occasion for Assistance that Way; but she was extremely young, good, and without Artifice. I was afraid to leave her exposed to the Dangers that constantly surround a young Person, particularly when she joins an exceeding good Temper to a great deal of Beauty: Besides, I was not easy about the Marquis; for what Strefs could

could I lay upon the Moderation of a young Man whose Vivacity was not unknown to me, and who was so little Master of himself! I could have wished for some new Opportunity of a Husband for her, and yet even this Wish carried a Regret along with it, because I am no *Barbarian*. I was not insensible what Violence this lovely Child had already done to her Inclination in marrying Mr. *de B*—; my Heart had bled for her, and I was resolved not to be perpetually her Tyrant. Her Sweetness, her Regard to my Will, and a hundred natural Charms that I could not hinder myself from admiring, deserved a better Fate. After having long meditated upon this, I fancied that the Diversions of the Town might work some Change in her Inclinations, and make her forget the Marquis. Ocular Impressions are stronger than those that our Imagination forms. The Sight of a new Lover, *said I*, will by degrees weaken her ancient Chains. I proposed the Thing to my Son-in-law and Daughter. *D*— is a good Town not far distant from her Estate. I advised them to go and pass the Winter there with their Family. It was resolved upon in an Instant, and *Nadina* was told of it, but she had already formed a Scheme which she longed to execute, and of which she came next Day to make me the Proposal.

SHE told me, that having seriously reflected on the State of her Heart, and on what Foundation stood her Hopes, she could see nothing, but a melancholy Prospect of an unhappy Life; that it would be silly in her to pretend concealing from me her Inclination to the Marquis, who she confessed was absolute Master of her Heart; but that being however still so much Mistress of her Reason, as to perceive the Impossibility of ever being united to him, she had made a Vow to Heaven to renounce all the Sex, by shutting herself up in a Cloister the rest of
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her Days; for which Reason, she begged I would make choice of one for her, the sooner the better; that she had resolved upon this from the Moment of our returning from *Mons*, and had been confirmed in her Resolution by the last Visit of the Marquis, and by the Oath he had made of continuing faithful to her; that she knew him too well to imagine, he would break his Oath, but saw so plainly that in whatever Situation he might find himself, he would never be allowed to marry her, that she thought herself obliged to sacrifice her own Liberty in a Convent, that he might be at freedom to dispose of himself; that however cruel this Sacrifice might be to her, she felt a delicate Joy in giving her Lover this Proof of an uncommon Regard; that she was pretty well convinced, he would leave no Stone unturned to oppose her Resolution, but that her Design, and the Place of her Retreat, might be kept secret till she had pronounced her Vows.

I did not fail to represent every Thing that I thought proper to dissuade her from this Design, not only by laying before her Eyes all the innocent Pleasures of the World, from which she was going to deprive herself, but attacked her on the side of Religion. A Victim, *said I*, offered to God from such a Motive as yours, cannot be an agreeable Sacrifice. You do it for the sake of your Lover, and since it is so, what Merit can you plead upon that Account! You will be subjected to all the disagreeable Things of a Cloister, without the Satisfaction of imagining that such an austere Life, will, at least, be recompensed, because you have already had your Reward in that delicate Satisfaction of giving the Marquis such a Proof of your Love; and when this tender Vapour is dissipated, you will be left to your self, equally deprived of human as of divine Consolation. My Remonstrances were much longer, but had no Influence upon her Resolution. She
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even told me, in very plain Language, that if I would not procure her an Admission into some Monastery, she would return to the Convent, from which the Marquis had taken her. I pass over a thousand endearing Things, that my Son-in-law and Daughter said to shake her Resolution, but all was in vain, and I was at last obliged to seek out for a religious House, where she could be agreeably. She inclined to be in the Country, but I insisted absolutely, that she should be in a Town, and accordingly fixed upon the famous Abbey of ——— where most Part of the Nuns are Women of Quality, and where they receive a great Number of Boarders. I went with her to this Abbey, where an Agreement was soon concluded. My Design was to bring her back to my Daughter's before she should make her Entry, but I in vain pressed her to return. No, no, *said she*, one never leaves their Tomb; this is mine! and I will this Moment be buried in it.

SHE begged of the Lady Abbess, to cause open the inner Door, and I accompanied her as far as it is allowed for our Sex to go, and when she stopped to embrace me for the last Time, Tears run down my Cheeks, in spite of all my Resolution. She at first affected a great deal of Composure, but in spite of all her Resolution, the Tears stood trembling in her Eyes, and at last broke forth in Streams. Adieu, my dear Uncle, *said she*, clasping me in her Arms, pity your unfortunate Niece, think of her sometimes, as a Person dead that you formerly wished well to. As I was extremely affected with her Tears, and could not precisely tell why, I begged of the Abbess to retire, and leave us a Moment by ourselves. I then repeated a Part of what I had said to her at my Daughter's. Consult well, *added I*, your own Strength, and don't listen too much to a disappointed Passion, that may perhaps involve you into a

bitter Repentance. A happy and quiet Life can never be the Result of a sudden and violent Resolution. Consider well these Iron Grates, and these thick Walls, that are to keep you Prisoner for Life. I dread, my dear Niece, your future Happiness, and the Tears which you now see me shed, are the Effects of a tender Concern which my Heart feels for you.

SHE answered, that her Tears neither proceeded from the Sight of the Grates, nor the dread of Futurity, but from a Sentiment of Grief, of which the Cause was not unknown to me, and which she hoped I would pardon. Ah! *continued she*, how will the poor Marquis torment himself, when he knows that I am for ever lost, and that it is by my own doing! My God! What if his Despair should turn upon himself! In effect, how can I abandon him after so many Oaths of Fidelity! Am not I wretchedly criminal, to betray a Lover so tender, and who loves me more than his Fortune and his Life! Tell me yourself, my dear Uncle, is it not the Height of Cruelty, and will Heaven pardon my Treachery? As to your Oaths, *answered I*, if you have made any to the Marquis, I don't think they are very binding, since neither of you had, strictly speaking, any good right to make them; but I cannot be answerable to myself to leave you here under your present Disorder; you must absolutely return with me to my Daughter's. You will always be at liberty to go into this Place, but the Case alters as to coming out. My Reasons had no weight, she begged, that the Abbess might return, and after embracing me a second Time without opening her Mouth, went courageously into that Place of Silence and Oblivion, there for ever to remain.

I stept into another Parlour alone, where I fell a musing upon her Resolution, which I admired. I would have opposed it in spite of her, and easily
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found Means of stopping her Progress, if I had not reflected that her Ardour might cool before her ultimate Engagement. The Noviciat lasts above a Year, and besides, my Design was to beg of the Abbess not to hasten her taking the Nun's Habit. I was long wrapt up in a sort of Enthusiasm in this Parlour. Never had the World appeared to me so little and despicable as it did at that Moment. See, *said I to myself*, how an amorous Passion is capable of rendering it odious. A Girl, a Child of fifteen or sixteen Years totally abandons it; she would sacrifice the whole World for her Lover, and she has even the Courage to sacrifice her Lover with it; to what? To a vain Phantom of Delicacy and Generosity of Love. The World then, since this is the Case, must be something very weak and impotent! It's Benefits and Pleasures, which are called strong and weighty Chains, ought not to appear such, but to mean Souls, who have not a Spark of Courage to break them! How ought I to look upon them, I who have not known it but by the heavy Weight of it's Sorrows and Crosses! I who have one Foot in the Grave, and will by the Course of Nature, soon be obliged to leave it, though I were not led to hate it by the Experience of it's Miseries, and by the Light of Reason. O dear Solitude, *added I*, with a Sort of enthusiastick Rapture. Sweet Harbour to a Heart too long tossed by a capricious World, and it's own Passions, shall I soon enjoy thee, shall I not at least be allowed to make a Trial of peace and quiet before I drop into the silent Grave?

I asked to see my Niece once more at the Grate, and she came with her Eyes swelled with Tears. Adieu, *said I*, adieu, my dear *Nadina*, I am going to follow your Example, and by all Appearance, this is the last Time that I shall ever speak to you. Farewel, my dear Child. I shall put up my Prayers

to Heaven for the Tranquillity of your poor distressed Heart, and that you may find more Happiness here than in the miserable World which you have abandoned! May Solitude become your Delight, since you have made Choice of it for the remaining Part of your Life! May your Sacrifice be attended with a pure and christian Intention, and with Views worthy of the Master, into whose Service you list yourself! It is from him alone, that such a Favour is to be expected, and he grants it when he pleases. His Hand opens, and shuts, according to his infinite Wisdom, unsearchable and past finding out. I shall incessantly implore him in favour of my dear Niece, with all the Ardour of my Soul. Adieu, tender Victim! O that I might say of divine Love. Good God! *added I*, when will the Influences of divine Power reach a Heart so good and tender, and make it sensible that it's Felicity consists in the Service and Love of the Almighty. She said but little after I had ended this long Discourse, unless to beg, that I would assure all the Family of her good Wishes, and take Care that the Marquis should not be informed where she was. I at last left her after recommending earnestly that she would write, and let me know sincerely her Sentiments, if they happened to change with respect to the Convent. I returned to my Daughter's, who was very much surpris'd to see me alone. I gave her the whole History of my Journey, which drew Tears from her. I told her that it was now my turn, and that I resolv'd speedily to imitate my poor Niece's Example, adding, that I foresaw all the Difficulties I had to encounter from her Friendship, but that I was so firmly resolv'd upon it, neither her Prayers nor Solicitations could make me retract, and I made her even promise, that she should leave me at full Liberty upon this Article; and yet two reasonable Obstacles prevented, for some Weeks, the Execution

tion of my Design. Upon my Return from placing my Niece in her Convent, I found an Answer from the Father Prior of * * * * to the Letter which I had wrote him eight Days before, to be admitted a second Time into his Abbey, and I had the Pleasure to see that he granted my Request with his usual Civility; so that my Occupation for some Days was putting my Books in order, and taking leave of our Neighbours. One Day, when I least expected any Hindrance, and was packing up to be gone, I received a Letter from the Viscount of * * * *, Brother to the Prince of R—, by which he begged, as a Relation, that I would come to the Castle of B—, where all his Kindred were to be assembled upon an Affair that concerned the Honour of his Family. I had entertained so little Correspondence with them, though we were nearly related, that I was in a Doubt, whether I should retard my Departure to satisfy him. Nevertheless, as I was the only Relation of my Name, my late Uncle the Count of —s Children, being but Infants, I at last resolved to comply with his Desire, and accordingly went to the Castle of B—, where I found a Part of the Company already assembled. The Princess of R— had been dead about eight Days, and her eldest Daughter a little Time before her. This News I learned upon my Arrival. The Prince of R— was a poor silly Creature, incapable of Business, either for himself or any body else, so that the Viscount his Brother had been obliged to supply his Place in the important Affair now on the Carpet, and it was he who was to preside in the Assembly. While we were waiting for several Persons not yet arrived, I got myself fully informed of the Adventure which had been the Occasion of our being called, and here is what I was told.

THE Prince of R— chief of the illustrious Family of B— had four Daughters by his Spouse

without a Male-child. He was, as I have already said, the next Thing to an Ideot, wholly employed in telling over his Beads, and mumbling *Pater noster's* and *Avé Maria's*, a downright Slave to his Wife, who was far from being a Saint. This Lady, though she had past the greatest Part of her Life in the Country, gave herself Airs suitable to her Birth. Expensive Living, Gaming, and Diversions of all Kinds, Gallantry not excluded, made the only agreeable Parts of her Life, and to speak the Truth, how could she be blamed for taking Diversions to make amends for the stupid Coldness of a Husband, who was scarce capable of doing or saying a kind Thing. Such was her Condition, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood of *St. O***** named the Count *de B——* undertook to get into her good Graces. He passed for one of the genteelest and best shaped Men in the Province, but of confined Circumstances, which perhaps was the first Motive of his making Love to the Princess, who enjoyed an Estate of at least sixty thousand Livres à Year. He had been married, and his Spouse had given him an only Son, who went by the Name of Baron *de L***** a Man of a very disagreeable Figure, to which he joined a stinking Breath. The Count *de B——* had the Address to get himself introduced to the Princess, and attacked her on her weak Side, that is to say, flattered her, and acted the passionate Lover, and in a short Time supplanted all his Rivals. The Princess saw no more but by his Eyes, and he soon became her *fac totum*. He took upon him the Management of her Estate, and the Government of her Family, and he only wanted the Name to be absolute Master of herself and all she possessed. Had the Count known how to keep within Bounds, he would perhaps have drawn more solid Advantages from this Commerce, but Ambition and Interest blinded him. The haughty
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and proud Manner in which he treated the Domesticks, rendered him odious in the Family. The Intendant particularly, who was a Man of Honour and good Sense, could not easily bear the haughty Airs of this Stranger. He durst not make his Complaint to the Princess, who was entirely governed by her Lover, nor to the Prince whom he treated as a Fool and an Idiot; nor to the young Ladies, who had been brought up with infinite Fear and Respect for their Mother. The eldest, however, began to feel the heavy Yoke, but was more to be pitied, that she did so without being able to avoid it. The Count extended his Tyranny to such a length, that at last he was not at the Pains to be commonly civil, but several Times publickly affronted him, by setting Bounds to his Pocket-Expences, and took a Pleasure of offering him sometimes a *Louis d'or* or two, which he respectfully received as a Favour. But all this was not enough to satisfy the Count, he had formed a Project of greater Importance, which had long been the Motive of his Addresses to the Princess, *viz.* to get his Son married to the eldest of the young Ladies, and by that means to carry over to his Family the Title and Estate of *B*—— he conducted this Design with all the Address that he was Master of. Far from proposing it to the Princess, he had so artfully contrived it, that she herself made him the Proposal. At first he affected Surprize, and to look upon her Offer as a Thing much above his Hopes. This Disinterestedness confirmed her in the Esteem which she thought due to him, so that she at last came, not only to wish for this Marriage as much as he, but openly to declare her Intentions with respect to it, while he only endeavoured secretly by his Artifices to keep her firm in her Design. The Intendant was among the first in the House who learned this News, and his Hatred to the Count, as well as

Zeal for his Master, made him use his utmost Endeavours to make this odious Project miscarry: He first of all address'd himself to the young Lady whom they design'd for the Baron of L—— who was till then ignorant of their Intentions; her Surprise was extreme, but her Indignation was still greater, and he endeavour'd all he could to keep her firm in these Sentiments. As I had the Story from himself, I shall give it in his own Words, and if the Reader finds it dull and languid, let him at least bear his Share of the Blame.

I made the young Lady very sensible, said the Intendant, of the Plot that was hatch'd against her, and the Disgrace that such an Alliance would throw upon the whole Family of B—— if the Titles and Estates of the principal Branch should pass into a Family neither ancient nor rich; joined to this, the fine Present they were to make her of a Husband loaded with so many nauseous Infirmities, that a Girl of the meanest Rank would not accept of him. I did not forget the Count's Tyranny, and his insolent Behaviour, particularly to the Prince, whom he affronted upon all Occasions; and though I durst not mention all that I knew of his Intrigue with the Princess, I let her, however, into the Knowledge of a great many Things that extremely surpris'd her, and concluded the Conversation with some Advices how she was to behave. You are very soon to expect, Madam, *said I*, a Proposal of Marriage: If you have the Aversion to it that you ought, my Opinion is, that you receive it at first with Contempt and Disdain, rather than with Anger; if they renew the Attack, as they certainly will, the only Answer that you can make, is, that in an Affair of such Importance, wherein the Honour of the House of B—— is concerned, you are resolv'd to conclude nothing, without first consulting all your illustrious Family. In short, I begged
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ſhe would inform me of every Step they took, that I might give her the beſt Advice I could. It was not long before ſhe had Occaſion to conſult with me, for the Princeſs having called for her, openly declared, that ſhe had diſpoſed of her in Favour of the Baron of L—— and that ſhe muſt look upon him as a Man who was very ſoon to be her Huſband. The young Lady, who had been in the conſtant Cuſtom of reſpecting her Mother's Commands, was ſo intimidated with the imperious Tone in which ſhe had declared her Reſolution, that ſhe had not ſo much as Courage to open her Mouth, and after a low and reſpectful Courteſy, in ſign of Obedience, left the Room and retired to her Chamber, where I was ordered to come, and found her all in Tears. She told me what had paſſed betwixt her Mother and her, without concealing her Weakneſs of not daring to make an Answer. I was inwardly provoked at this Timidity of her's, and, to inſpire her with a little more Boldneſs, affected to look upon her Marriage as a Thing abſolutely certain, and to pity her unhappy Fate. She begged that I would not abandon her, but endeavour to ſave her from a Diſaſter which ſhe dreaded more than Death. How can you be ſaved, *ſaid I*, ſince you voluntarily conſent to your own Ruin? I make no doubt, Madam, *added I*, but that the Baron of L—— is agreeable to you, ſince you have not had the Courage to reject him as a Huſband; depend upon it, he has made a greater Progreſs in your Heart than you are aware of, for this certainly muſt be the Reaſon of your ſhewing ſuch Timidity. If it be therefore true, that you really love him, the Reſpect I have for you will ſtop my Mouth from all Complaints about your Marriage, or from ſpeaking of it to you as a Stain upon yourſelf, or the Family of B——. This Diſcourſe wrought her up to the Pitch of Courage to which I wanted to

bring her, so that she proposed to return to her Mother, if necessary, and to tell her very plainly, that she would rather chuse Death than the Baron. No, *replied I*, you must wait 'till another Occasion offers. But if the Baron should come and pretend to make Love to you, treat him with so much Disdain that he may be discouraged from returning a second Time; upon which I left her to prepare for his Reception. The Baron did not fail to make her a Visit in the Afternoon, and spoke as a Man destined to be her Husband, and who, being already assured of the Prize, only wished to obtain her Heart with her Hand. She listened to his Compliment without so much as looking at him, and at last told him that she was willing to hear him to a close, because she did not at first conceive his Meaning; but since he had so plainly discovered his Insolence, she was resolved to call for Assistance to have him thrown out at the Window, if he did not decamp that Moment. He attempted to answer and to justify his Boldness, by the Order he had received from the Princess and his Father, upon which she gave him a threatenng and disdainful Look, and actually called upon some Servants. He went out of the Chamber under great Confusion, and ran to complain of his Treatment to his Father. The Count, who was the most haughty Man alive, could not bear the Thoughts of such Usage, and therefore made terrible Complaints to the Princess, who, that Moment, called for her Daughter, and sufficiently revenged the Baron, by loading her with all the bitter Reproaches that her Anger could suggest, protesting that if she continued to give the least Sign of Unwillingness to obey her Commands, she would shut her up the rest of her Days in a Convent, and transfer to her Sister, what by Priority of Birth belonged to her. The poor young Lady was quite confounded with such Threatning,
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and left the Room trembling in every Joint. As I had been informed that the Baron had been to visit her, and that a little after her Mother had called for her, I suspected what had happened, and was waiting in her Apartment when she returned. Her Consternation was visible in her Looks. I'm undone, *said she*, never Wretch was so cruelly treated as I have just now been by my Mother, who threatens to strip me of every Thing that my Birth intitles me to, and to clap me into the most rigorous Cloister that she can think of. I have a good Mind, *added she*, to go of my own Accord to avoid Misfortunes that cannot be otherwise prevented. I answered, that she was too soon discouraged, and then asked if she had made no Objections to the Proposal. None at all, *said she*, for had I given her the least Contradiction, I would certainly have been mal-treated. I see plainly, *replied I*, that I must render you Service in spite of yourself. In the first Place, be assured, that her Threats with respect to your Rights as eldest, and to putting you into a Convent, are vain and empty Words, because 'tis not, I am very certain, in her or the Count's Power to do either. As to the Baron's Visits, which they will force you to receive, for the sake of Peace, I would advise you not to refuse them, but keep up to the Contempt with which you have already treated him. When he finds that you persist in using him ill, he will perhaps be, at last, disgusted, and if they should press you to conclude the Match, I shall acquaint the Viscount your Uncle, and your nearest Relations. 'Tis scarce to be imagined that they will tamely see you so unworthily oppressed, or that, for their own Honour they will not oppose the Count's unjust Designs. She promised to follow exactly my Counsels. I would not have been so dilatory of letting the Viscount know all that passed, had not my Attachment to the Family made

loth to breed Disturbance in it, and therefore I resolved to lye by 'till Things came to the last Extremity; in which I was to blame, *continued the Intendant*, for the Disorders arising from that could not have been more fatal than what has happened since, and which, perhaps, is owing to my Silence. The Baron renewed his Visits by Order of the Princess, who was so zealous in the Affair, that she conducted him herself into her Daughter's Chamber, commanding her to receive him as a Gentleman who was to be her Husband, and then left them alone. *Mademoiselle de R*—— was mute to all his fine Speeches, and continued so during all his Visits, sometimes two or three in a Day. The Princess was informed of her Conduct, and her Persecutions became so violent and insupportable that the poor young Lady fell into a languishing Distemper, which, in two or three Months, conducted her to the Grave; and yet this Death did not open the Princess's Eyes, on the contrary, she was overjoyed to be rid of her eldest Daughter, in Hopes of finding the second more tractable; so that her Project suffered no Disappointment by this Change, and the mercenary Sighs of the Baron easily turned towards a new Mistress. *Mademoiselle de R*—— succeeded to all her Sister's Pains as she did to her Fortune. This unhappy Accident gave me great Concern, being obliged to begin anew with this young Lady to inspire her with the same Sentiments which I had given her Sister, and as she was much younger, I was afraid to miscarry in the Attempt; nevertheless my Zeal surmounted all Difficulties. I raised her Indignation to such a Degree, by representing the cruel Treatment which her Sister had met with, that she swore she would have less regard to the Baron, and even her Mother's Commands than her Sister had shewn. Accordingly an Occasion soon offering of declaring her Sentiments to the Baron, she

she did it in such a haughty Manner as must have made him lose all Hopes, had he not been supported by the Princess and the Count. That Lady, who was resolved upon this Marriage at any Rate, and who had found by the Example of her eldest Daughter that it is not always fit to employ Violence, tried at first to gain her by gentle Means, loading her with Caresses without declaring what were her Views, and admitting her into all their Parties of Pleasure, so that she often passed whole Nights with the Princess, Count, and Baron, at play and feasting, and, by the Freedoms that she allowed the Count in her Presence, endeavoured to give her a Taste for Love and Gallantry, and the Baron put all his Address in Practice to make her imitate her Mother's Example. She must have infallibly been undone, had I not endeavoured to fortify her daily by my Advices, and the Hatred I bore her Lover made me eloquent. I made such an Impression upon her Mind that she resolved to disengage herself intirely from a Commerce that tended to no less than the Loss of her Reputation, so that she rejected the new Parties of Pleasure that were proposed to her, and absolutely forbid the Baron to appear in her Presence. The Princess astonished at such an unexpected Change, suspected the Cause. The frequent Conversations which I had with the young Lady, made the Count suspicious of me, and it was therefore resolved that I should be dismissed from the Service, and it was the Count himself who had the Boldness to take the Commission in Hand. As I was innocent and my Intentions good, I did not value him much, and he was surprized to hear me say, that I acknowledged no other Masters but the Prince and Princess, and that I admired how a Stranger pretended to command me in a Family where my long Services intitled me to what he never could have. You forget yourself, Master-intendant,

dant, *said he*, and you'll force me to let you know your Distance, and instruct you in what is your Duty. My Duty, *answered I*, would be to deliver the Princess from such a Man as you. This Answer touched him to the Quick, and he was just going to attack me with all the Fury imaginable. Stop, *said I*, clapping my Hand to my Sword, if you would not have me to punish you at once, for all the Injustice that I have seen you commit here. He retired not doubting but that I would endeavour to be as good as my Word. I foresaw very well that after such a Scene as this, the Princess would not suffer me to remain longer in her House, and I resolved to prevent her discharging me, by retiring of my own Accord; but before I went, I did her a Piece of Service, which I imagine was not at all acceptable. I went up to her Apartment and told her of the Quarrel with the Count, and of my Design of quitting her Service, and when she was going to answer, no doubt, that she consented, I interrupted her, begging she would grant me a Moment's Audience. I represented the Scandal of her Conduct in the publick Intrigue which she had with the Count. I told her that even her Servants were ashamed, and that this alone was a sufficient Motive for my retiring, but I insisted particularly on the horrid Injustice which she did her Daughters. You have sent one, *said I*, to her Grave, and her Fate is happier than what you prepare for the other. 'Tis impossible, Madam, that Heaven will permit so base a Design to succeed, and I am astonished that you do not dread it's Punishment. I have rendered you all the Service in my Power, by secretly thwarting the base Designs of the Count, and have endeavoured to prevent the Ruin which you are drawing upon your Family; but since my good Intentions are so ill rewarded, and that you have thought proper that the Enemy of your House should

should deprive you of the most faithful of your Servants; Adieu, Madam, adieu, I leave you. I despise the Count's Orders, but I resolved to be before-hand with yours. The only Service that I shall still render you, and of which I chuse to inform you, is, to carry to the Viscount the News of your irregular Life, and to let him know the Injustice that you intend to the Heires of the House of—, upon which I retired without giving her Time to answer. A Servant informed me as I was going down Stairs, that the Count was seeking me with a Pistol in his Hand. Very well, *said I*, we shall see who is most terrible, he or I. I immediately went to my Chamber, took a Pistol, and came out directly to search for the Count, whom I at last perceived at the farther End of the Court, and he perceived me too, but finding that I was prepared for him with equal Arms, he silyly concealed his Pistol under his Coat. Count, *said I*, coming close up to him, know that it is much easier to tyrannize over Women than Men. I leave the Castle, not in Obedience to your Orders, which I highly despise, but to avoid seeing a Man whom I cannot endure. If I want Power to put a Stop to your Injustices, I shall, at least take Care to publish them, and to inform those who are able to do the Business. I left him without his having the Courage to open his Mouth, or to shew his Pistol.

THE only Thing that gave me Uneasiness, upon leaving the Family, was *Mademoiselle de R—*, for I was sensible that the Count would precipitate the Execution of his Design to prevent it's miscarrying and the Knowledge I had of his Character, made me apprehensive that if Artifice failed, he would have recourse to Violence. The deep Concern therefore that I was under for the Danger to which the young Lady was exposed, made me resolve not to leave the Village, that I might be at Hand to
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assist her as far as I was able. I only wrote by Post to the Viscount and informed him of the Project which the Princess and Count had concerted to the Prejudice of a Family to which I was extremely attached, acquainting him at the same Time, how I had been obliged to leave the House, and of the Motive that made me remain at B—— in Expectation of the Orders which he would be pleased to send me. As several of the Domesticks in the Castle wished me well, by their Means I kept a secret Correspondence with the young Lady, and took Care to let her know that I had wrote to her Uncle, who probably would fall upon some speedy Method to give her Assistance. She sent me a melancholy Answer, by which I understood that the Princess had gone to her Chamber immediately after my Departure, and had declared that she must marry the Baron of L—— upon the Return of a Messenger from the Bishop with a Licence, which was, at most, but a Delay of three Days. I concluded she was lost, having no other Resource now left, but to exhort her to a vigorous Opposition by representing, with more Warmth than ever I had yet done, what she owed to herself and to her Family. The Messenger arrived with the Licence at the Time appointed, and I was informed by a Note from the young Lady; but while I thought her Affairs desperate, Heaven brought about a great Change by a melancholy and unforeseen Accident, *viz.* the sudden Death of the Princess by an Apoplectick Fit, and it was but too visible that this Blow was struck by the immediate Hand of Providence, and any other but the Count would have been terrified. Had I been speedily informed of it, it is certain, that I would have ran to the young Lady's Assistance, and employed force, if necessary, to deliver her out of the Hands of her Persecutors. I could have easily got a Parcel of Peasants together, who would have heartily concurred

in the Delivery of their young Mistrefs. But if Heaven did not permit fo great an Evil, as might have been reasonably expected, it allowed us to be involved in Trouble enough, to make a tedious Trial of our Patience. The Count was alone with the Princess when ſhe died, and inſtead of calling Servants to his Aſſiſtance, he reſolved to conceal her Death till he had accompliſhed his Project. He left the Room where the Corps lay, locked the Door, took the Key along with him, and, without loſing a Moment, forced *Mademoiſelle de R—* to perform the nuptial Ceremonies with the Baron, and to get this effected, made uſe of ſuch Violence as never was heard of. The Lady having conſtantly reſuſed her Conſent, and to go to the Chapel where the Baron and the Chaplain were waiting, he cauſed the Servants to drag her along notwithstanding her Tears, Intreaties, and Shrieks; when ſhe was got there, the Count took her Hand, which ſhe endeavoured to draw back, and preſented it to his Son, upon which ſhe fell into a Swoon, during which they performed the Ceremony, and fooliſhly imagined, that ſuch a monſtrous Scene would paſs for a lawful Marriage. The Count's Tyranny did not ſtop here. He conſidered, that if the Marriage was not conſummated before the Death of the Princess came to be known, he ran the Riſk of loſing the Fruits of his Labour. *Mademoiſelle de R—* would have urged Violence, and never conſented to his Wiſhes; for which Reaſon, he had her carried in her preſent Condition, that is to ſay, without Motion or Senſe, to the nuptial Bed, and the Baron made all poſſible Haſte to go to bed to her. But divine Juſtice had decreed, that the Count ſhould make himſelf as guilty as poſſibly he could, without reaping the Fruits of his villainous Enterprize. The Lady recovered her Senſes and Strength enough, being extremely animated with
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the horrid Usage she had met with, to get rid of the Baron without being really his Wife, and to shut herself up in her Chamber. In the mean Time, the Count finding that he could no longer conceal the Princess's Death, declared it to the whole Family. The News of it reached the Village in a Moment, and I learned it from some of the Peasants. While I was meditating upon this unexpected Adventure, I received a Billet from the poor young Lady, acquainting me of her Misfortune, and begging my Assistance. I advised her, in the Answer that I immediately wrote, to steal out of the Castle in the Dusk of the Evening, and to come to a little Wood behind the Garden, where I should be with Horses to receive her, adding, that if she found it impossible to make her Escape without the Count's Knowledge, she would take the Trouble to let me know directly, and that I would get Assistance sufficient to deliver her in spite of him; her Answer was, that she believed she could give him the Slip, and come to the Place appointed. I went to the Wood with some Peasants armed, where she came alone, not daring to trust her Woman. She was mounted behind me, and we took the Road to *Bethune*, which led us to the Viscount's Country-Seat. The Night was dark, and the Road slippery, which hindered me from advancing with such Speed as was necessary. Her Elopement did not long remain undiscovered by the Count, and his Fury was equal to his Surprize. He did not question, but that I was concerned in her Flight, for he could not be ignorant of my staying in the Village. He made all the Servants in the Castle mount Horse, himself on their Head, and pursued us almost close at the Heels. We were marching peaceably, when one of the Peasants, who accompanied us, told me, that he heard the Noise of several Horses. I listened, and heard them too,
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and told the young Lady, that we were certainly pursued, but that I would perish, rather than let her fall into the Hands of her Tyrants. I did not doubt but that their Number was superior to ours, and therefore thought it advisable to join Address, if possible, to Resolution, unfortunately we had neither Wood nor Hedge near us, to serve as a Retreat; all we could do, was to go a little out of Road. We dismounted, and left our Horses in ploughed Ground, and I begged of the Lady to advance alone about a hundred Paces from us, and to sit down on the Ground, that she might not be perceived, and recommended to her not to stir till she heard me calling to her; I left one of my People to hold the Horses, and returning to the Road, my Companions and I clapt upon our Bellies to observe the Number, and Disposition of those who pursued us, and prepared our Fusils and Pistols. In a Moment, we discovered them ten Paces from us, only five with the Count at their Head, and the Baron not being there, I judged, that they were gone in Parties different Roads. I was resolved, finding that they neither perceived us, nor our Horses, to let them pass on peaceably, but one of the Peasants, who had a particular Cause of hating the Count, and being unwilling to miss such a favourable Opportunity, fired upon him without letting me know any Thing of his Design; by good Luck his Address did not answer to his Resentment, for the Ball neither touched him, nor any of his Company. I did not doubt but upon this we should be attacked, and therefore got speedily up to put myself in a Posture of Defence; but the Count was too fond of Life to expose it, and whether it was that he took us for Robbers, or that he only consulted his own Safety, he wheeled about, and went off with his Companions at full Gallop, and you may believe, that we gave him full Liberty to make his Escape.

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When they were got clear off the Field of Battle, I returned to our Horses, and called with a loud Voice to the Lady, who was sadly frightened with the Shot, but could not hinder herself from laughing at her Fears, when she heard of the Count's Bravery. In the Evening, we arrived at the Viscount's, who had received my Letter, and was preparing to come to the Castle of B—— with some of his Friends. He was in a terrible Rage at the new Effects of the Count and Baron's Impudence, and, at first, thought that this Affair could not be terminated, but by the Deaths of Father and Son, and that he would, no doubt, have made such haste as to find them still at B——, had not some of his Friends hindered him from following the first Movements of his Anger; but prevailing with him to reflect more seriously upon the Affair, they at last got him over to their Opinion, which was to assemble the Relations and Friends of the Family, that they might deliberate together, what Satisfaction was to be had for so great an Injury. We only arrived at B—— Yesterday, and you will easily believe that the Count and Baron took care not to wait our Arrival.

THIS Adventure has made too much Noise in the Province not to be known by every Body in it. I remained four Days at the Castle of B—— and it was debated in the Assembly, if the Viscount's Honour demanded Reparation in the way of fighting, and as my Age gave me the Preference of speaking first, I went upon the pacifick Scheme, which was approved of by the Majority. My Reasons were neither founded upon the Horrors with which Duels ought to inspire us, nor of their Opposition to the Laws of Christianity, such Morality would not have gone down with a Parcel of young Gentlemen of a very different Way of thinking. I insisted only that this Affair was of a nature to be terminated by civil Justice. The Count of ——
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had wrought himself into the good Graces of the Princess, a Case very common. He had endeavoured to get his Son married to the Heiress of the House of B——, which was, indeed, no advantageous Match to it, but of so great Consequence to him, that he could not be blamed for desiring it; so that the brutal Manner in which he had gone about it, was the only Thing that seemed to render him guilty, and even this could plead it's Excuse from the sudden Death of the Princess, by which his Project was in Danger of Miscarriage. In short, *said I to the Assembly*, it would seem to me, that Injuries proceeding from Contempt and Hatred are the only Affronts that demand Blood, and I can see nothing in the Count or Baron's Conduct that springs from either of these two Sources: wherefore, I concluded, that if the Count insisted upon the Validity of his Son's Marriage, his Pretensions were to be disputed in the common Courts of Judicature, which was at last agreed to by the Majority of the Gentlemen then present.

IMAGINE a Man extremely thirsty, and who reckons every Moment a Year, till he arrives at the refreshing Fountain, and you may form an Idea of my Impatience to be at my Solitude. Upon my Arrival at my Daughter's, I told her, that since her House daily opened new Scenes of Trouble and Sorrow to me, I was resolved not stay twenty four Hours in it. This little Spot of Ground, *added I*, has put me to more severe Trials than all the Parts of *Europe* or *Asia*, where I have been. I confess it is so, *answered she*, but you still had a Daughter who shared in your Pains, what must become of her now, that she is to be deprived of her dear Father, and how is she to look upon his Eagerness to leave her? Do not accuse me, *replied I*, of Indifference, you know too well your Father's Heart, to imagine any such Thing, and you must allow, that

that it is high Time for me to go and hide myself in a Cell, to enjoy a little Tranquillity. What can I do here? It is true, I am neither paralytick nor decrepit as yet, but do you think that I am not beginning to feel the Infirmities of old Age, and that in the Interior of this Body, there are not Signs of an approaching Dissolution? Be assured, my Dear, that whatever Tendernefs a Child may have for a Father, it is but a melancholy Thing to see him oppressed with Age and Infirmities. If he is sincerely loved, it is afflicting, and if otherwise, the Sight is disagreeable. Old Age is disgusting, peevish and troublesom, and I have remarked, that filial Sentiments extinguish in Proportion as the Body of a Father becomes weak and drooping, they want, if I may be allowed the Expression, by Degrees the proper Nourishment, from whence proceeds the short Grief which an old Man's Death gives. Truly, *cried my Daughter*, if such be your Idea of me, I have great Reason to be thankful for your Affection and Esteem. No, my dear Daughter, *replied I*, dear *Julia*, I have no such mean Opinion of thy Heart. I know that it is of an extraordinary Mould, such as thy Father's is, and thy Mother's was: As thou art the Child of Tendernefs, and the Fruit of the most perfect Love, how can thy Heart be hard or ungrateful? It is not therefore thee that my Satire had in View, but the Result of my Observations with respect to the Generality of Mankind. But I still lay it down as a Maxim, that a prudent Man, when he is become a Prey to old Age, ought not to appear in the World; to bear with him, is doing him a Favour, and if honest People do not insult, but pity him, they draw a Vanity from their Goodness, and think they bestow Favours upon him to which he cannot justly lay Claim; believe me, it is but a poor Story to be in such a Situation, or the Object of Compassion. On
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the other Hand, if we join to these Considerations purely human, the stronger Motives of Christianity, we shall find that an old Man, attached to the World, is a Prodigy of Folly and Blindness, and there needs no stronger Proof than this, that his Judgment fails, and that he returns to a kind of Childhood. I thank God, this is not as yet my Case; but I find that I am now grown useless upon Earth, or, if I am capable of doing any Good, that it is only to myself; and therefore ought to engross my whole Care; the *Good* I mean is to procure, at any Rate, the most necessary, the most important, nay even the only sovereign *Good*.

I kept my Word to my Daughter, not to remain twenty-four Hours at her House. Our Separation was not attended with unreasonable Marks of Grief, because she expected to see me now and then at the Abbey of——and that I did not exclude myself from the Liberty of going sometimes to pass two or three Days at her House. My Son-in-law conducted me in his Coach, and he was the Occasion of another Accident that retarded for some Days the Moment of my Retreat. It had rained for three Weeks, and the Roads were very much broke, so that we advanced but very slowly, though drawn by six vigorous Horses. When we arrived at the Forest of *Senlis*, we were obliged to get out to lighten the Coach, and walk about half a League in a Foot-path. For a Man of my Age I walked briskly enough, and pushed on without taking Notice, that my Son, who followed me, had stopt. On looking about at last, I was surprized not to see him, and though I called him by his Name pretty loud, as he was above a hundred Paces from me, he did not hear me; which made me return back in quest of him, and I at last found him talking with a Woman of a pretty good Shape, and well dressed, and who might have passed for a Woman

man of some Distinction, had she not been so dirty, that it was easy to see she had been obliged to trudge on Foot. I asked him by what Accident he had met with this fine Lady, and he told me, that having by Chance looked about, he had seen her coming behind him, and that Curiosity to know the Meaning of a Lady walking alone in the Middle of a Forest, had induced him to stop. Have you learned from her, *said I*, what you wanted to know? Yes, *answered he*, she is a *Flemish* Lady, who has had the Misfortune to lose her Husband in their Way to *Paris*, and the Expence of his Indisposition and Burial has so emptied her Purse, that she is forced to perform the rest of her Journey to *Paris* on Foot, where she says she will find Assistance from her Acquaintances. I am sorry, *added he*, that our Road does not lead us that Way, otherwise I should willingly offer her a Place in my Coach. I made her a Compliment, to which she answered very politely, and continued to walk with us. When we thought proper to get into the Coach, the Marquis told her, that as we were to follow the *Paris* Road two Leagues farther, if she pleased to take the Advantage of the Coach, it would at least ease her so far. She required no pressing to accept of this Offer. We scarce had advanced fifty Paces, when we saw some Horsemen, whom we knew to be a Party of the Guards appointed for clearing the Roads of Highwaymen. We were not surprized to see them, knowing that the Forest of *Senlis* is the principal Place of their Residence; or, at least, where they perform their greatest Exploits. But what surprized us, was to see our Coach stop, and one of the Guards come close up to us, who made some Excuses for their Incivility. You know, Gentlemen, *added he*, the Duties of our Employment, be so good as to tell us if you have met with any Insult in the Forest.

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We answered, No; and asked if any Disorder had lately happened in it. Scarce a Day passes, *said the Guard*, without Robberies; in less than a Week three Persons have been killed, and many stript to the Skin. We have certain Information, that the Gang of Robbers is composed of eleven Men and one Woman, and they tell strange Stories of the Female, who does more Harm than all the rest besides. He then proceeded to tell us in what Manner this She-Robber stript the Travellers, and often killed them. She walks on Foot, *said he*, and genteely dressed. She generally carries under her Arm a Box, less incommodious for Weight than Bulk. When she perceives a Gentleman travelling this Road, she appears; and there are few Men, who seeing a Woman of a certain Air in the Middle of a Forest, are not tempted by Curiosity to approach her, and to ask what Business she has there: She answers what she thinks proper, and complaining of Weariness gives the Traveller an Opportunity of offering to take her on Horseback behind him; which is just what she wants; she therefore, without Ceremony, accepts; and the better to execute her wicked Intentions, begs of the Horseman to carry her Box on the Tore of his Saddle, that his Hands not being at Liberty, she may, with the more Certainty, plunge a Dagger, which she carries privately about her, in his Back or Side. A poor Wretch, whom we found expiring yesterday in the Forest, informed us, that he had been used in this barbarous Manner, by that Devil of a Woman. We perhaps might have seized her, *continued the Guard*, since she could not have got far from the Place; but our Number being then too small to come to Blows with her eleven Companions, we delayed till to Day, that we were in a Condition to engage them; and are actually five or six Parties in quest of them; so that if the Gang be

still hereabouts, they will not easily make their Escape.

DURING the Guard's Narration, the Marquis and I looked at one another, and now and then eyed our Companion, whose Countenance betrayed so little Concern, that our Suspicion was confounded: For the Reader will easily conceive what our first Thoughts were upon hearing the Story, which seemed in every Circumstance to agree with what we knew of this Woman, even to the Box, which she had with her, and placed it at our Feet in the Coach. I prevented the Marquis, who was just opening his Mouth to speak, by squeezing his Hand, and turning towards the Guard, told him, that if he would escort our Coach to the going out of the Forest, it would oblige us, with which he willingly complied. When he had retired from the Coach-Door, I clapt my Hand on our Female's Shoulder, who was sitting by me, and desired her civilly to confess the Truth, if she did not incline to be delivered up. As she plainly saw that Artifice would do her no Service, she confessed that she was the very Person, and begged earnestly that we would save her Life. You don't deserve it, *said I*, but since your good Fortune has thrown you into our Power, we are resolved to have no Hand in your Destruction, only to put you in a Place where you shall be at no Liberty of doing farther Mischief. When we reached the Extremity of the Forest, I dismissed the Guards, and whispered in the Marquis's Ear, that, as *Paris* was very little out of our Way, I thought it was best to take that Road, that we might get rid of this wretched Woman, which he agreed to, and gave his Coachman Orders to drive to *Paris*. I then turned to our Heroine, and desired that, for the good Office we had done her, she would let us know by what Accidents she found herself engaged in such a detestable
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Kind of Life. She answered that she would with Pleasure satisfy our Curiosity, and here's what she told us.

ALL my Misfortunes, *said she*, proceed from being cruelly deceived by several Lovers. I was born of an honest Family, with virtuous Inclinations, naturally generous and bountiful; and, finding myself incapable of Deceit, I had the same Opinion of those with whom I familiarly conversed. I had such a Share of Beauty, as made a young Man in our Neighbourhood think me worthy of his Addresses; and he was so assiduous in his Courtship, that he at last found the Way to my Heart; I thought him the most passionate of all Lovers, and as he solemnly swore to marry me, I yielded to his impatient Desires. The Effects of our Intrigue soon began to appear, but when I pressed him to accomplish our Marriage, to save me from Infamy, I was thunder-struck to hear him coldly answer, that, his Father having purchased a Lieutenancy of Dragoons for him, he was obliged to join the Regiment. My Despair, you may easily believe, was intolerable; and yet the Interest of my Reputation obliged me to smother it; and my perfidious Lover had the Barbarity to leave me, without giving my Grief the small Satisfaction of a single Tear at parting. I remained alone, with the Shame of having been betrayed, and under the Dread of a Father extremely severe, and who could not but soon perceive the Effects of my bad Conduct. My Terror was such, at the Approaches of my lying-in, that I resolved to run away; and, to prevent Misery, I robbed my Father of about ten thousand Crowns, the best Part of his Fortune, which he had acquired by Trade. With this Sum I went to *Paris*, where I hired private Lodgings, and took a Maid to attend me. The Time of my lying-in being come, I was safely delivered of a Son, who died

soon after. By Degrees, I recovered my former Tranquillity, and appeared in the Places of publick Diversions, where I was attacked by several professed Gallants, and felt, that, notwithstanding the cruel Cheat that had been already put upon me, my Heart was willing to run the Risk of a new Engagement; I was only determined to act a little more cautiously, which was all the Fruit I proposed to reap from my Experience. In a short Time, a Lover came in my Way, such as I would have made Choice of among a thousand. Ye Gods! how amiable was he! and how tender and generous he appeared! All my Resolutions of putting him to a tedious Trial were soon forgot, and I was such a silly loving Fool, as to yield upon his third Visit. He was so far from appearing to make a bad Use of his Victory, on the contrary, he affected to make me believe that Enjoyment gave new Vigour to his Passion. He could not be a Moment without me, and made me consent to receive him into my Lodgings, where we were to live as Husband and Wife. I asked him why we should not be such in Reality, and he begged a few Days to consider of it, for certain Reasons; after which he returned from a little Journey, as he pretended, and we were married according to the Ceremonies of the Church. My Goodness, or rather my Stupidity, was such, that I neither informed myself of his Fortune nor Family. He lived at my Expence, and I thought I could not too dearly purchase so charming a Husband. My Happiness lasted only fifteen Days, for on a *Sunday* Morning, when I was gone to Mass, he took the Opportunity of my Absence, to go off with all my Money, Jewels and Clothes; so that, upon my Return from Church, I found myself stript of every Thing, except what I had on my Back. My Maid was in the Plot, and they had gone off together. Upon my coming in, and finding that

all was gone, I dropped down in a fainting Fit, and remained so long in it, that it was next to a Miracle I ever recovered it, being almost Night before I came to myself; the State to which I saw myself reduced, was so desperate, that I could think of no other Remedy but Death. My Cries, Tears, and Sighs, drew into my Chamber a Stranger, who was coming down from an upper Apartment, to which his Business had brought him. My Door being half open, Curiosity or Compassion made him come in. I should reckon myself happy, Madam, *said he*, could I render you any Service in the deplorable State that you appear to be under; upon which I told him my Misfortune, and he seemed to be very much moved with it.

As I had mentioned my being stript of every Farthing, he had the Generosity to offer me some Money, which Necessity obliged me to accept; nay, he even provided Supper for me, and kept me Company the whole Evening. When he left me, he asked Permission to visit me next Day, which I could not well refuse; he was punctual to his Word, and made me a Present of a larger Sum than the Day before, assuring me I should want for nothing as long as I would do him the Favour to accept of his Assistance; so that his Visits and Liberalities were frequent. At length he made me understand that he thought me agreeable, and that his Services were not altogether disinterested. I consulted with my Heart, which told me, that, after two such terrible Instances of the Treachery of Men, I should no more trust to their Oaths. How could I trust to their Fidelity? I had been deceived by two Persons whom I adored; could I expect more Sincerity and Constancy from those that were indifferent to me; for I found I had no Disposition now to Love, and thought myself for ever cured of that fatal Passion. My new Lover did not lose Courage, though

I sincerely told him the Cause of my Indifference ; on the contrary, he loved me the more, because he plainly saw that I was a Stranger to Deceit, and therefore continued his Courtship and Careffes, and, what was still more prevailing, his Liberalities. He loves me sincerely, thought I within myself, what else but Love could make him so constant and so liberal. I have nothing to risk, since I have nothing to lose, let me therefore embark once more. Thus, by Degrees, I came to love him, and I applauded myself the more upon this new Amour, as it appeared on my Part to be a reasonable Attachment that would not be subject to the fatal Consequences of a blind and irregular Passion. I soon yielded after these Reflections, and found in my Lover all the Tenderness and Complaisance that a Woman can desire to make her happy. We lived in this Harmony about three Weeks ; after which he proposed our going to the Country, to settle some domestick Affairs. I asked him if my Presence would not give Umbrage to his Relations, and be of Prejudice to him ; my Delicacy upon his Reputation seemed to give him Pleasure, but he told me that he was his own Master, and accountable to none for his Conduct ; so that I thought myself the happiest of my Sex. We set out for the Place of his Nativity, where we remained a few Days. He appeared impatient to return to *Paris*, and I was no less ; so that by common Consent, we set out for it, and reckoned to be there after an Absence of about fifteen Days. Perfidious Men, *cried our She-Robber*, why cannot I extinguish the whole Race ! The third Day of our Journey being about ten Leagues from *Paris*, we went to Bed with our usual Marks of Fondness, and I passed the whole Night in a profound Sleep. Having awaked in the Morning about nine o'Clock, and missing my Lover, I thought that, finding me fast asleep, he had
gone

gone to order our Chaise to be ready. I got up, and ordered him to be called, but was told that he was gone three or four Hours before. *Gone, cried I:* Yes, Madam, he is gone in the Chaise, and told us, that you intended to remain some Days here. I was without a Sous in my Pocket, and he even carried off the Trunk in which were my Clothes; it is true I had got them from him, but still they were my Clothes. The only Favour he had done me, was to pay our Expences at the Inn. O Heavens! *continued she,* a Woman cannot die with Rage, since mine did not kill me. It was then I wished that the whole Race of Men had but one Life, and that I could bite and scratch them to Death with my Teeth and Nails. After several Extravagancies, such as biting my Arms out of Rage and Despair, I left the Inn more like a Woman furiously mad, than any Thing else, and pursued my Traitor on Foot, without considering that I could have no Hopes of coming up with him. My Rage was such, that I walked five or six Leagues, without being sensible of any Fatigue; but my Strength failing me all at once, I was obliged to sit down in the Entry of a Forest, retiring a few Paces from the High-Road, that I might not be seen by Passengers. There I fell cursing the whole Race of Men from the Beginning of the World to this Day; and after invoking Death, and delivering my perfidious Husband to all the infernal Furies, I spent myself so much with Tears and Cries, that I could not proceed in my Journey. Night was coming on, and I found it was impossible for me to go to any Place where I could get Lodging. While I was under this Disquiet, augmented by Darknes, I heard the Noise of People passing, and I made a Shift to get at them, to desire their Assistance, or that they would at least conduct me to some House; and now was the

Moment in which my unhappy Fate was to be consummated. These Passengers were a Gang of Robbers seeking for Prey ; they received me, however, with Humanity ; but, by their Discourse, I soon found into whose Hands I was fallen. Ought I to confess, *added our Female*, that I did not look upon this Adventure as a Misfortune. The Fury, that I was animated with against the whole Race of Men, made me rather glad than sorry, to find myself with a Dozen of Persons, who were professed Enemies to Mankind. I found them more open and sincere, than the Traitors that had deceived me, and capable of Sentiments of Humanity ; for, finding me half dead with Fatigue and Want of Victuals, the first Thing they did, was to present me with a Part of their Provisions, which gave me new Strength. I was Witness that very Night to the stripping of several Travellers ; and, instead of being terrified, I could have wished that they had killed them ; so deeply was my Hatred against Men already rooted in my Breast. When the Hour came of leaving the High-Road, they conducted me to the thickest Part of the Wood, where they had a Sort of Hut ; and if they had not all the Conveniencies of Life, they did not want what was absolutely necessary. Lamps were lighted that we might see one another, and while Curiosity led them to observe me narrowly, I perceived among them my second Traitor, I mean him who had married me in due Form at *Paris*, and decamped with my Maid. My Fury, not yet extinguished, rose to as high a Pitch as ever at this Sight. I jumped to a Poniard, which I plunged three or four Times into his Breast, before he had Time to prevent it. Traitor, *said I*, just as he was expiring, may all who resemble thee, be exterminated with as much Cruelty. All his Companions looked at one another with great Surprize, and retired

at a little Distance from me, to wait the End of this Tragedy. Gentlemen, *said I, throwing the Poi- niard from me,* I have now delivered the Earth and you of the greatest of all Villains, and I have done what you ought to have done yourselves, had you known his Crimes as I do. I then told them the cruel Trick that he had played me, and, lest they should be diffident of a Woman who could not but appear to them to be a Person of Resolution, I assured them, that, in the short Space of four Hours that I had been in their Company, I already esteemed them more than all the rest of Mankind, and that I heartily consented to pass my Life among them; to which they very readily agreed. I have now been three Months in their Company, and I dare venture to say, that I am in some Consideration among the Gang. I did not at once exercise the Trade, but remained alone in the Cabin, while they were out upon the Account, and my Business was to prepare Supper against their Return; but my Hatred to Men (which gave me no Peace) and the Discourses which they held in my Presence, raised my Courage to such a Pitch, that, at last, I proposed to share in their Exploits; my first Actions did me Honour; and I have since held one of the first Ranks in our Troop, both for my Courage and Conduct. All the Men that I have killed are so many Victims that I have sacrificed to my Fury, rather than to Avarice, or a Desire of getting Riches. This is, Gentlemen, *added our Heroine,* the History that you desired to hear. I have always concluded, that our Troop would be at last dispersed or seized by the *Maréchaussée*, and that we would meet with the common Fate of Robbers. I confess that this Thought sometimes brought a Damp upon my Spirits, and I look upon it as a Happiness for me to have fallen into your Hands, since you have promised to secure my Life; the

greatest Mark, said this impudent Creature, that I can give you of my Gratitude, is to give you up my Arms, and with that she took out of her Pockets two little Pistols, and from under her Petticoat, a large Dagger. When I saw these Instruments of Death; I trembled at my Imprudence, in not taking them from her before she began her Story; for she might have easily made use of them against us, while we were listening to what she said. Being arrived at *Paris*, I sent for one of the Directors of the *Salt-peter House*, to whom I recounted her History, after having required a Promise from him, that he should take no other Advantage of this Knowledge, but that it might be a Motive of shutting her up the rest of her Days. We thus got rid of this strange Woman, and made the best of our Way to the Abbey, where we arrived without any Obstacle or bad Accident.

FROM this Day I may begin to date the Tranquillity and Peace of my Mind, and if any slight Subject of Trouble has since happened to me, it is owing to the Delicacy of my Friendship, or the Ties of Blood. Providence, seemingly satisfied with the Trials to which I had been so long exposed, has spared my Weakness in these latter Years, and treated me as an old Man, deprived of Vigour, unfit for Combat, and whose Intentions alone are henceforth the only Merit that can entitle him to a Reward. A weak one, indeed, it is in the Eyes of a formidable Master, who has a Right to require so much of his Servants; but his Mercy is the comfortable Foundation of my Hopes. He has not preserved me so long with a Design to lose me, nor has he made my Heart so sensibly feel that he is the only proper Object of all it's Wishes, to deprive me, some Time or other, of what he has made me love, and to banish me his Presence, after having made me look upon it as my only Felicity.

WHETHER it proceeds from the Disposition of my Mind, or from the agreeable Situation of the Abbey of ****that it appears to me the most charming Place in the World, I shall not determine. The Edifice is magnificent, and the Gardens perfectly correspond, by their Beauty and Extent. Here Art has spared no Cost to adorn Nature; and we every where meet with the agreeable Variety of Woods, Fountains, and, almost in every Season, Flowers and Verdure. I always was fond of these simple Ornaments of the Earth, which are, in a Manner, the Remains of our first Innocence; and I have an infinite Pleasure in cultivating them with my own Hands.

My first Occupation after my Arrival, was to lay down a Scheme how to employ all the Hours of the Day, that I might have no idle Moments. Reading, Conversation, and Walking, are the chief Parts of my Business; and I do not read for meer Amusement, but rather for Instruction and Edification; and the new Knowledge I endeavour to acquire, serves to extend, and render more perfect, the Ideas which I always had of Honour and Virtue. This View warms my Imagination. My Heart is more closely than ever attached to Duty, and my Mind is unwearied in affording it the necessary Support, by continual Reflections, that fortify it, and multiply it's Motives. Human Sciences have now lost their Relish with me; or, if I reap any Advantage from them, Age does not permit me to make the proper Use of it; so that I look upon useless Study to be Idleness, and therefore I confine myself to the Study of Religion and Morality, as the only proper Sphere now for me to move in, and the only solid Knowledge, since it's Utility is eternal.

As for Conversation, I am not anxious of any other, but what I have with the Anchorets, with whom I live; and though they are not eminent for

Knowledge, yet they are endowed with solid Sense. Solitude renders them serious and diligent, and they are not distracted or diverted by the Objects of Passions. Their Reason is not interrupted by the Phantoms of a heated Imagination, and, if their Conversation is not refined and delicate, they think solidly, and reason justly.

WALKING is my third Occupation, at every Step I view the Works of Nature, and admire their Variety. I have taken some Flowers, Plants, and Fruit Trees, under my Direction, and they are the Objects of my tender Care. I consider, with Admiration, that vast and immense Canopy that surrounds me; my Eyes measure the Distance from Heaven to Earth, and I sometimes complain of this Clog of Clay, that prevents my mounting up to that Region of Felicity; the Result of all which is, falling on my Knees, adoring the Power, Wisdom, and Mercy of the supreme Being, and begging with all the Ardour of a Soul, wholly wrapt up in Admiration of the wonderful Works of Providence, that I may, after this Life, be admitted to that State of Perfection, in which I shall more fully conceive the Grandeur and Beauty of the Creation, and be capable of a more exalted Adoration.

WHEN my Son-in-law left me to return Home, this was the Scheme of Life which I laid down, and which I hope I shall punctually follow to my Last Hour. I heard nothing for some Months of my Pupil the Marquis, nor of my Niece *Nadina*, and I made a favourable Construction of their Silence. They are now, *said I*, calm and undisturbed, Absence has produced it's usual Effect. Nevertheless, one Day as I was peaceably at work in my little Garden, I was much surprized to see the Marquis pop into it; he embraced me with Transport, and having conducted him to my Apartment, I asked if I might flatter myself, that the Honour of his

Visit

Visit was owing to the Remains of Friendship. He did not dissemble, but that with the Pleasure of seeing me, the Hopes of learning the Place where my Niece was retired, had engaged him to come. I make no doubt, *said he*, but that she is gone into some Convent. But I must confess, *added he*, that having writ to her several Times at your Daughter's, where I thought she still was, I flattered myself, at least, that wherever she might be, they would have sent her my Letters, which I am sure she has not received, since I have had no Answer. I want to know what Right the Marchioness your Daughter pretends to have to Letters that come from me, and that are not directed to herself. As he appeared to be incensed, I answered calmly, that he perhaps accused my Daughter a little rashly, and that it might be true, that she had either not received his Letters, or had sent them to *Nadina*, who, perhaps, did not think that Decency permitted her to answer them. No, no, *replied he*, I have been at your Daughter's, who not only confesses the Receipt of my Letters, but has even returned them sealed. Of what then do you complain, *said I*? If you do not find, *replied he*, that I have Reason of Complaint, it is, no doubt, because you condemn me, and in that Case I must be silent. But why should you find me culpable in writing to your Niece, since you are not ignorant of the Promises I have made her, and which I shall always willingly execute? I was at some Loss for a proper Answer. But—*said I, hesitating a little*, I would have you consider, that though such Promises may be a Mark of Goodness on your Part, they make no Change as to my Niece, who is not thereby authorized to entertain a Correspondence, which cannot but be hurtful to her Reputation. You did not, however, forbid it, *replied he, with a dejected Air*, when I asked you Permission. It is true, *said I*,
I did

I did not then explain myself otherwise than by my Silence, which was the Effect of Friendship, and my being loth to give you Uneasiness. Well, well, *added he*, I see but too plainly, that you are resolv- ed not only to refuse me the Satisfaction of writing to your Niece, but also to keep the Place of her Retreat a Secret from me. I told him coldly, that it was possible she had changed the Place of her Abode since I came to this Abbey, and that I could assure him, I had not heard from her for three Months. These Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when he bluntly turned his Back upon me, and, notwithstanding my Intreaties, went out, repeating several Times, that I made a Jest of him; but that he would fall upon a Way to find her out, were she shut up in a Dungeon by my Barbarity. He mounted his Horse directly, and was deaf to all I said. Though there was no Likelihood that he could discover where my Niece was, I wrote to my Daughter to go to her Convent, and to recommend the Secret more than ever to the Abbess; besides, I was glad that she should see *Nadina*, and let me have News of her. My Daughter immediately obeyed my Commands, came to see me on her Return, and told me that *Nadina* began to be pleased with Solitude; that she sighed no more, and her Tears were dried up. She still spoke of the Marquis, but her Passion was converted by Degrees into a tender Friendship: In one Word, that if Despair had thrown her into a Convent, it was to be hoped Inclination would keep her in it. I blessed Heaven for this Change, particularly when my Daughter added, that she was going through the Rigours of her Noviciate with great Fervour, and that the Abbess highly extolled her Zeal and Piety. In a little Time after I received a Letter from her, and the Smoothness of her Style ^{persuaded} me that her Heart had not irreparably
lost

lost it's Peace. She appeared to wish for the Moment of taking on the Vows, and spoke of her former Agitations as of a distant Object, adding Encomiums on the Sweets of a peaceful solitary Life. In short, I perceived in her Letter all the Symptoms of a Cure begun, which Time would finish. I made her a long Answer, to fortify such happy Dispositions, which, indeed, sensibly augmented the Peace of my own Heart, because I had all along been obliged to use her with Severity, and, perhaps, too much Rigour, from a Punctilio of Honour, which some will perhaps condemn. Nothing now remained to chagrin me but the Thoughts of the Marquis, who was still dear to me, and his Happiness the only Thing wanting to complete mine. He returned to my Solitude, about two Months after his last Visit. Though he ought to have known me too well, to suspect my having any Resentment for his Manner of leaving me last Time I saw him, yet he accosted me with the Air of a Person, who had something to lay to his own Charge, and accordingly made Excuses for speaking to me in such a hot Manner; and if I let him go on, it was that I might have an Opportunity of admiring the Goodness of his Heart. *Nadina* must, to be sure, be immediately brought upon the Tapis. He told me, in a very melancholy Manner, that he had sent to almost all the Convents in the Kingdom, but to no Purpose. As he appeared to be excessively afflicted, and that his Design was, no doubt, to excite my Compassion, which he knew to be as easily moved, I told him, that I was now going to render him a Service, which he little expected. What would you do, *continued I*, on a Supposition that *Nadina* was false to you? He answered, without hesitating, that he would die with Grief, or perhaps take away his Life with his own Hands; but, *added he*, it is impossible it should be

fo. What would you think, *replied I*, if without being false, that is to say, if, continuing to love you tenderly, she nevertheless renounced the Hopes which you have given her of being your Spouse? I should say——but I should say nothing, *replied he*, interrupting himself, for you tell me Impossibilities, I am certain she loves me, and that she is convinced I adore her. She would not throw me into Despair, which she knows very well must be the Consequence of her abandoning me. Give me leave, *said I*, to explain myself. My Niece loves you, no doubt, passionately; she would be the most ungrateful Girl in the World, if, after so many Proofs of the Ardour and Constancy of your Love, she did not make a suitable Return. But she has discovered, that her Affection produces the same Effect with Respect to you, as would the Hatred of another. It disturbs your Quiet, disorders your Fortune, makes you forget the Grandeurs to which your Birth entitles you, and to deviate from that Submission which is due to the Duke your Father. To be the Cause of so many Disorders terrified her, and therefore, by an Effort, even of Love, she has resolved to sacrifice her Inclination to your Interest; and if this be the Case, of what can you accuse her? I look upon her Procedure, as an admirable Instance of Generosity, which ought to make you esteem her as long as you live. We see Abundance of People, who offer Violence to their Heart, when they perceive that their Passions are hurtful to their Interest; but where find we Persons, who sacrifice both Passion and Fortune to the Interest of the Object beloved! This Disinterestedness is so strange, that I look upon it as a Prodigy, in a young Creature of my Niece's Age; and were I moreover to tell you, that she stops not here, but is resolved to discharge you of the Ties with which you may think yourself bound by your Promises and Oaths; and,

and, in order to render you this Service, proposes to make a Sacrifice of her own Liberty ; must you not allow, that this is perhaps the highest Effort that the Mind is capable of ; an Effort which would meet with no Credit in a Romance. This, however, my dear Marquis, is what my Niece has done for you. Read the Letter which she writes me, *added I, pulling it out of my Pocket,* and you'll see to whom this poor Child sacrifices herself, and may judge if she truly loves you. He read the Letter, returned it without saying a Word, and threw himself upon a Chair, lifting his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, with a Motion that spoke the dismal Condition of his Heart. Tears dropt in a Moment from his Eyes without his being sensible of it, or endeavouring to wipe them off. I sat down by him, and told him that I thought these Tears ought to owe their Cause to Esteem and Admiration, rather than to Grief. I dare not add, *continued I,* that Joy itself ought to have some Part ; and yet few there are who would not feel it from this very Thought, that their Merit, or their Happiness, has given Birth to the most noble and generous Passion that ever was. It is a Pleasure, which neither Riches nor Grandeur can afford ; a Sort of Pleasure, that is not the peculiar Privilege of any particular Set of Men ; and which may be said to be singular, in so far as it springs from a Cause only proper for itself : I am served from a Motive of Interest ; I am praised from Flattery, and Deceit cajoles me ; but Love proceeds from no By-end ; and the only Motive of loving me is, because I am lovely. In vain do People endeavour to disguise a real Passion, or to counterfeit a sincere one. A thousand Things betray the Heart ; and in Love and Hatred there are Proofs that will admit, of no Doubt. I thus endeavoured to amuse and dissipate the Marquis's Melancholy, by vain, though flattering Arguments, which

which he listened to without opening his Mouth, being, no doubt, taken up with the Thoughts of what he was to do. Do you know, my dear Marquis, *added I*, what Part remains for you to act? it is this; endeavour, if possible, from the Example of my Niece, to moderate your Passion, so as it shall no longer prove your Tyrant. You will by this Means recover your Tranquillity, and will still satisfy your Heart by preserving in it the Tenderness and Esteem which you think she deserves. When you have got yourself brought to this Situation, I shall make no Difficulty to conduct you myself to the Place of her Retreat, and to procure to you both, the Satisfaction of seeing and conversing innocently together. You shall love her as your Sister, she shall receive you with the Affection that one has for a Brother, and I, whom you have sometimes honoured with the Title of Father, who look upon *Nadina* as my Daughter, will enter into your Sentiments and partake of your innocent Caresses, and we shall thus be the Image of the most pure and most perfect Union, of which three Hearts are capable.

I was upon this Occasion a Dupe to the Marquis, in not reflecting that the Place of my Niece's Retreat was put down with the Date in her Letter, of which he took particular Notice, and took Care not to forget it. After having long listened to my Discourse with great Patience, and without any other Mark of Emotion but his Tears, he took Leave of me, and when I asked if he designed to return to *Paris*, he answered ambiguously, that he intended to remain some Time in the Country, but it was not where I imagined. He went directly to a Castle of the Duke's some Leagues from the Abbey, and stayed only there 'till some Domesticks were ready to accompany him to the Convent where my Niece was. Before going to call for her,

he

he wrote a long Letter to prepare her for his Visit, being ignorant that by the Custom of Convents, the Abbess opens and reads all Letters directed to her Nuns, so that his, sent by a Footman, was read by her, and she did not well know how to behave. As the Marquis made mention in it of his intended Visit that Day, she was at a Loss whether she should refuse or admit him. On the one Hand she must give Offence to the Marquis whose Quality deserved Respect, and on the other Hand, it was exposing her young Novice. But as the Servant was waiting and must have an Answer, she at last determined to tell him, that if his Master would take the Trouble to come to the Convent, he should be very welcome. The Marquis was there in a Moment, and took the Message which his Servant brought, as a Mark of my Niece's Affection; he was however surpris'd upon entering into the Parlour to see an unknown Person waiting for him at the Grate, which was the Abbess herself. She made him a Compliment upon the Honour he did her in coming to the Abbey, and entertained him for some Time on indifferent Things without daring to be the first that should speak of *Nadina*. He had not Patience long to bear this troublesome Conversation, and therefore asked if he might not be permitted to see *Nadina*. The Abbess employed all her Rhetorick in a civil Manner, to make him understand that it was contrary to the Custom of Convents to allow Strangers to entertain young Novices at the Grate. How, Novice, *cried the Marquis!* the Abbess told me since that he was like to drop down at this News. A thousand Complaints were uttered by him against the Rigour of his Fate, and my Niece's Infidelity. He got up from his Chair, walked up and down the Parlour like a distracted Man, then sat down, and rose again, weeping, and sighing, so that the Ab-
bess

ness, who was tender-hearted, as all Nuns are, found herself much affected, and under a deep Concern for him. At last he came close to the Grate, and begged of her in the most pressing Manner to let him see *Nadina*, were their Interview to be in her Presence and but for a Moment. She thought she could not well refuse this, and sent to call her down. My Niece was not in the least expecting this Visit, and her Astonishment was so great on the Sight of the Marquis, that she gave a loud Shriek at the Door, without being able to advance; so that the Abbess was obliged to go and take her by the Hand and lead her to the Grate. The young Lover pronounced his Complaints and Reproaches in so moving a Manner, that he drew Tears from the old Lady's Eyes. *Nadina* listened to him with Modesty, and her Answers were prudent and kind, she recounted naturally by what Motives she had been determined to the religious Life; thanked him for the Affection with which he had honoured her, and even begged of him to preserve it so far as his own Tranquillity, and the State which she had embraced would permit, protesting that there should never be any **Diminution** in hers. This poor Child had so much Command of herself as not to shed a Tear, so that she who was the Occasion of so many Tears, was the only Person that was dry-eyed. Their Conversation lasted about an Hour, and when she proposed to retire, the Marquis was so little Master of himself, that one would have thought him delirious; at last he begged of her at least to suffer his Visits, but she excused herself from the Obligations of her Rule, and told him that it was a Pleasure of which she would deprive herself until the Time of her Engagement, at which she would be infinitely glad to see him present. He could obtain nothing of her beyond these last Words, and a general Promise to love and esteem him all her Life.

THE Abbess told me that the Tears, which my Niece had the Courage to retain while the Marquis was present, broke forth in Floods after he was gone, she remained in her Chamber three or four Days without seeing any Body 'till the Strength of her Reason and the Assistance of Heaven brought her by Degrees to a State of Tranquillity. I know not what became of the Marquis for six Weeks, at the End of which he came again to my Abbey. I had been informed of his Visit to my Niece, and it was the first Thing that he spoke of. It appeared to me that his Affliction was considerably diminished, and that he expressed himself more coolly than formerly, upon the Loss of his Hopes, which made me hope to see him so easy before the End of the Year that I might venture to beg he would assist with me at *Nadina's* Profession, to which, he told me, she herself had invited him. She was no longer the But of his Reproaches, on the contrary, he admired the Grandeur of her Courage, and spoke with Raptures of the Delicacy and Disinterestedness of her Love; but complained bitterly of the Rigours of Heaven that denied him the Possession of such a Heart, after having been so happy as to make it favourable to his Wishes. He spoke of his Birth and Rank with a Contempt that would have elevated him to the Pinnacle of *Christianity*, had it proceeded from a better Cause. As for the Liberty to which *Nadina* pretended to restore him, he protested that he would not accept of it, or ever make any Use of it; that he would preserve his Passion while he lived, and that he would pass the greatest Part of his Time in the Place where she was, in Hopes that he would, at least, have the Satisfaction of seeing her, in which, having no other Felicity to expect, would consist all he wished or desired. I humoured him in every Thing, so that we parted very good Friends. He returned to the Duke's Castle where he remained
several

several Months, and employed his whole Time in Study and Hunting, making no other Visits but to me thrice a Week, and from Time to Time, I went to see him, and *Nadina* was introduced into all our Conversations. Sometimes in speaking of her, Tears dropt from his Eyes, and at other Times he appeared more resolute; but upon the whole, I could easily perceive that this Image still reigned in his Heart, and my Endeavours were less to efface it than to bring him to the Habit of keeping it there without Trouble and without Grief.

At length the Time approached in which the Sacrifice was to be consummated, and he informed himself too often not to know it. I received a Letter from the Abbess, giving me Information of it, and begging in the Name of my Niece, that I, with the rest of the Family, would assist at this Solemnity. I shewed the Letter to the Marquis. I shall go, *said he with a profound Sigh*; make no doubt, but that I shall be there, happy if I can but leave my Life at the Foot of the same Altar where she is to offer herself up a Sacrifice. My Son-in-law and Daughter, having come to the Abbey to take me along with them in their Coach, the Marquis took a Place in it too, though his own Coach and Servants were there, and went along with us. Being arrived at C——, I desired to see my Niece before the Day of the Ceremony, and I could not withstand the Intreaties of the Marquis to be present at our Interview. This tender Victim appeared at the Gate dressed in a Manner that I had not before seen her, and I was dazzled with her Charms. Never had she appeared so lovely to me as under this doleful Livery of Death and Penance. The Tranquillity of a Solitude gives a Freshness and Liveliness to the Complexion of the Nuns, and an Air of Health to which all the Art of uncloistered Ladies cannot attain. She was surpris'd to see the Mar-

quis with me, for though she had wished that he should witness her Profession, she neither durst write to him nor desire me to do it in her Name. I began to speak to her in this Manner. You are now, my dear Niece, at the Eve of that grand Day that must separate you for ever from the World; can nothing shake your Resolution? She answered, that the Ceremony that she was going to perform was an external renewing of what was concluded in her Heart a Year ago. It is however still Time, *replied I*, to get rid of your Bonds, if they can become a Burthen to you. Examine anew to the very Bottom of your Heart, consult your Strength and consider that Heaven accepts only of voluntary Oblations.

THE Oblation is made, *replied she in a resolute Tone*, and if it's being voluntary will make it acceptable, I flatter myself that Heaven has graciously received mine. The Marquis listened to us without daring so much as to look at her: Nevertheless he found something so cruel, with respect to him, in her last Words, that he could not hinder himself from sighing and interrupted her; Ah! Madam, *said he*, is it possible that the State to which you reduce me, gives you no Concern! You deny me then the only Comfort that could allay an excessive Grief, and you force me to have Recourse to Death to end my Pains! She turned her Eyes towards him and answered, that if he was still so good as to retain any Affection for her, there was nothing afflicting in the Expression that she had made Use of; that her Sacrifice was, without doubt, free and voluntary, but that he was not ignorant of the Means that Providence had used to inspire her with this Will, that she had two Motives to make her look upon Solitude with Joy: The one, that she had an Opportunity to let him know that she was not perhaps unworthy of his Esteem, by her speedily executing

cuting what was incumbent upon her, when she knew that it was impossible she could ever be united to him; and the other, to have been so happy as to have attributed this Impossibility to a Mark of her Vocation to a religious Life, and to have obtained from Heaven, Resolution to embrace it without Hesitation. To all which, the Marquis made no Answer, but by his Sighs. Our Conversation being ended, I kissed my Niece's Hand, and presented it to the young Lover, who was like to sink down when he held it at his Mouth.

THE next Day, which was the Time appointed for the Ceremony, he appeared to be under such a Load of Grief, that I advised him not to come to the Church, and I came to him as soon as possible. I found him under a Dejection which I shall not attempt to describe, only mention that his Face was as pale as Death, and his Eyes swelled with Tears. I used all the Reasons I thought most proper to comfort him, and by which I had found, on former Occasions, that he was mostly touched. We remained some Days at C. — during which we had often the Pleasure of seeing my Niece. The Marquis made one in all our Visits, but his Presence made us all melancholy; he looked on *Nadina* sighing, and was under strange Agitations; sometimes he started up from his Chair, and the Moment after sat down again as if he had been ashamed of his Behaviour. He seemed as if he had been upon the Banks of a large and deep River that separated them, and that seeing her at a Distance, his Desires carried him towards her, while he consumed himself with Grief that he could not reach her.

WE returned to the Place of my Retirement, where I retained him for some Weeks, and engaged him to return to *Paris* when I thought he was in a Condition to appear in Publick. I am so perfectly acquainted

acquainted with the Character of this tender and lovely Nobleman, that I make no doubt, but the Remembrance of my Niece will accompany him to the Grave.

My Days since have passed away in a perfect Tranquillity. I exactly follow the Order of my Exercises, and the Persons with whom I live charitably support my Weaknesses and the Infirmities of Age. Death, which I expect every Hour, gives me no Terror; I look upon it as the Beginning of a happier Life. Every Moment that brings me nearer, appears to be so much gained upon my Hopes. I count the Hours with an eager Joy, and my Sentiments will change much, if I am not pleased when I hear the last Hour strike.

HEAVEN is so kind as to afford me sometimes Opportunities of doing good Offices. Some Months since, two Persons of Quality in the Neighbourhood quarrelled upon a very trifling Difference. Their Friends prevented a Duel, which they had resolved on, and begged of me to be a Mediator between them. The Office I accepted with Pleasure, and the injured Person was with great Difficulty pacified. I represented in vain to him, that his Hatred and Projects of Revenge far exceeded the slight Offence he had received; that consequently there was Injustice in his Designs, and that should we even refer ourselves in this Case to the Laws of Honour, the Excess to which he was carried would be disapproved of by them, and by all Men of Sense. My Reasons had no Influence upon him, but a Stroke of Morality, which escaped me in the Conversation which I had with him, disposed him at once to Peace. Do not you see, *said I*, that your Honour not being essentially wounded in this Quarrel, all the Advantage is on your Side? Your Enemy has debased himself beneath you, in offending you; for he that gives Offence to another gives him a

real Superiority, by giving him the Power of pardoning it. This Reflection was so agreeable to his Taste, that for this very Reason he consented to a Reconciliation.

I have nothing more to add to these Memoirs, but the Life of the Chevalier *de Grieu*, and a Wish in Favour of my Work; may it be read by the Publick with the same innocent Views as mine are in Writing! I do not design that it should be published before my Death, because the Publication of the two first Parts has given but too much Curiosity to know me; and whether it be this, or Compassion for my Misfortunes, but one or the other has procured me the Visits of a great many Strangers, which I resolve to avoid for the future. Besides, I doubt much if this last Part can be printed in *France* with the Approbation of the Inquisitors of the Press.

The End of the Memoirs of the Marquis de Bretagne and Duc d'Harcourt.



Preface by the Author, to the History of
Chevalier de Grieu, and Moll Lescout.

THOUGH I might have inserted in my *Memoirs*, the *Adventures of the unfortunate Chevalier de Grieu*, yet as they had no necessary *Connexion* with them, I thought it would be more agreeable to the Reader to read them separately. A *Narration* of such a Length would have too long interrupted the *Thread* of my own *Story*. How far soever I may be from pretending, in this *Work*, to the Title of an exact *Writer*. I am not, however, ignorant that a *Narration* ought not to be clogged with a great many *Circumstances* that would render it dull and tiresom, according to the *Precept of Horace*.

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc Debentia dici.
Pleraque differat ac præsens in Tempus omittat.

There is no *Occasion* for an *Authority* of such *Importance* to prove so plain a *Truth*, for good *Sense* is the first *Source* of those sort of *Rules*. If the *Public* has found any *Thing* agreeable and moving in the *History* of my *Life*, I dare say that it will not be dissatisfied with this. The *Conduct* of *Mr. de Grieu* presents us with a terrible *Example* of the *Force* of *Passions*. I am to paint a blind young *Man*, who refuses to be happy, and precipitates himself voluntarily into the greatest *Misfortunes*; who with all the *Qualities* requisite to form the brightest *Merit*, prefers, by *Choice*, an obscure and wandering *Life*, to all the *Advantages* of *Fortune* and *Nature*; who foresees his *Misfortunes*, without endeavouring to avoid them; who feels them, and is ready to sink under the *Weight*, without applying the *Remedies* that are constantly offered, and which would put an *End* to them; in short, an ambiguous

Character, a Mixture of Virtues and Vices, a perpetual Contrast of noble Sentiments and shameful Actions. Such is the Picture that I am going to present to my Readers, and People of good Sense will not look upon a Work of this Nature as an useless Amusement. Besides the Pleasure of agreeable reading, there are few Events in it but what may serve to improve our Manners, and in my Opinion to mix the utile with the dulce is rendering a considerable Service to the Public.

We are amazed sometimes, in reflecting upon the Precepts of Morality, to see them at the same Time esteemed and neglected, and one is apt to ask the Reason of this Extravagance in the Heart of Man, that makes him fond of Virtue in Idea, but disgusts him with the Practice of it: If, for Instance, Persons endowed with a certain Share of Wit and Politeness, will but examine what are the common Topicks of their Conversation, or even of their solitary Meditations, it will be easily remarked, that they turn almost always upon moral Reflections. The softest Moments of Life, for Persons of a certain Taste, are those which they pass alone, or with a Friend with whom they can speak freely of the Charms of Virtue, the Sweets of Friendship, of the Means of arriving at Happiness, of the Weaknesses of Nature that throw Rubs in our Way to it, and of the Remedies proper for their Cure. Horace and Boileau look upon such a Conversation as the best Sketch from which they draw the Picture of a happy Life. How happens it then that we so easily fall off from those high Speculations, and find ourselves upon a Level with the lowest Class of Men. I am deceived, if the Reason that I shall here produce, does not fully explain this Contradiction of our Ideas and Practice, which is this: All the Precepts of Morality being undeterminate and general Principles, it is very difficult to make a particular Application of them to Manners and Actions, but to evince the Thing by an

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Example.

Example. Generous and noble Souls are sensible that Sweetness of Temper and Humanity are amiable Virtues, and are carried by Inclination to the Practice of them; but come they to the Moment of Execution, they often remain in Suspence. Is this really the proper Time? Are we certain how far they are to be extended? Are we not deceived in the Object? A thousand such Difficulties arise and stand in our Way: We are afraid of being Dupes by doing good-natured and generous Things, and to pass for silly weak Creatures in appearing too tender and compassionate, in one Word, of exceeding or of being deficient in Duties which are contained too obscurely in the general Notions of Humanity and Mildness. In this Uncertainty, nothing but Experience or Example can reasonably determine the Inclination of the Heart. But as Experience is an Advantage that every Person cannot have, since it depends upon the different Situations in which Fortune has placed us, therefore, nothing but Example can serve as a Rule to a great many Persons in the Exercise of Virtue. It is particularly to that sort of Readers, that Works, such as this, may be extremely useful, provided they are written by a Person of Honour and good Sense. Every Fact related, is a Degree of Knowledge, and an Instruction that supplies the Want of Experience. Every Adventure is a Model after which one may copy, only taking Care to adjust it to the Circumstances in which we find ourselves; so that the whole Work may be called a Treatise of Morality agreeably reduced into Practice.

A severe Reader will, perhaps, be scandalized at my taking up the Pen again at my Age, to write Love Adventures; but if the Reflection that I have made use of be just, it justifies me, and if otherwise, my Error will at least plead my Excuse.



*History of the Chevalier de Grieu and
Moll Lefcaut.*

I Am obliged to lead my Reader back to that Part of my Life when I first met with the *Chevalier de Grieu*, which was about five or six Months before my Departure for *Spain*. Though I seldom went out of my Solitude; yet Complaisance to my Daughter engaged me sometimes to several little Journeys, which I shortened as much as possible. I was one Day returning from *Rouen*, where she had begged of me to go and solicit an Affair which was before the Parliament, for the Succession of some Lands, which she claimed as belonging to my Grandfather on the Mother's Side. Having taken the Road to *Evreux*, where I lay the first Night, I arrived next Day about Dinner Time at *Passy*, distant five or six Leagues. I was surprized upon entering this Borough, to find all the Inhabitants greatly alarmed, and running from all Corners to the Door of a sorry Inn, before which stood two covered Waggon. The Horses that were still harnessed and smoking with Fatigue and Heat, made me conceive that the Waggon were but newly arrived. I stopped a While to ask the Reason of this Tumult, but could learn nothing from the giddy curious Mob, that did not mind me nor my Questions, and who were still advancing to the Inn, pushing one another with great Confusion. At last a Sheriff's Officer, with a Bandoleer and a Musket upon his Shoulder, having appeared at the Door, I beckoned to him to
come

come to me, and begged he would tell me the Occasion of this Tumult. 'Tis nothing, Sir, *said he*, but a Dozen of Wh—— that my Companions and I are conducting to *Havre de Grace*, where they are to be embarked for *America*. There are some of them pretty, and this is probably what excites the Curiosity of these honest Peasants. I would have proceeded after this Explication, had I not been stopped by the Exclamations of an old Woman who came out of the Inn, joining her Hands, and crying that it was the Height of Barbarity, and a Cruelty that raised Horror and Compassion. What is the Matter, *said I to her*? Ah Sir, *answered she*, take the Trouble to come into this House, and see a Spectacle enough to break one's Heart. Curiosity made me alight from my Horse, which I gave my Servant to hold, and having with great Difficulty pressed through the Crowd, I saw, in Effect, something very moving. Among the twelve Females, who were chained six together by the Middle of their Bodies, there was one whose Air and Figure was so little conformable to her Condition, that in any other Situation I should have taken her for a Princess. Her Melancholy, and the Dirtiness of her Linen and Clothes, were so far from diminishing her Charms, that her Sight inspired me with Respect and Pity. She endeavoured, however, to turn herself as much as her Chain would permit, to conceal her Face from the Spectators, and the Effort she made to hide herself was so natural, that it appeared to proceed from a Sentiment of Sweetness and Modesty. As the six Guards who conducted this unhappy Band were also in the Chamber, I called aside their Chief, and desired he would let me know something of the Case of this beautiful Girl, but he could only tell me that they had taken her out of the Work-house, by Order of the *Lieutenant of Police*, where, probably, she had not been

put for her good Actions. I have asked her several Questions upon the Matter, but she obstinately refuses to make me any Answer, and though I have no Orders to be more indulgent to her than the rest, I nevertheless make some Difference, because I think she deserves a little more than her Companions. Here is a young Man, *added he*, who can inform you better than I about her. He has followed her from *Paris*, and his Eyes have been constant Fountains of Tears, so that he must either be her Brother or Lover. I turned towards the Corner of the Chamber where this young Man was sitting. He appeared to be in a profound and melancholy Thoughtfulness, and I think I never saw a more lively Image of Grief. He was in a very plain Dress, but it is easy upon the first Glance to distinguish a Person of Birth and Education. I went up to him, upon which he rose up, and I observed in his Eyes, Shape, and Gestures, something so delicate and noble, that I felt myself intirely disposed to serve him. Do not let me disturb you, *said I, sitting down by him*. Will you be so good as to satisfy my Curiosity about that beautiful Person, who seems not to be calculated for her present unhappy Condition? He told me very civilly, that he could not tell me who she was, without discovering himself, and that he had strong Reasons to wish that he might remain unknown. I can tell you, however, *added he*, what these Wretches (pointing to the Guards) are not ignorant of, that is to say, I love her with so violent a Passion, that it renders me the most unfortunate of all Mankind. I employed all the Means I could think of to procure her Liberty at *Paris*. Solicitations, Stratagems, and even Force, having all proved unsuccessful, I have resolved to follow her to the World's End; I shall therefore accompany her to *America*. But what is inhuman to the last Degree, is, that these unworthy

worthy Rascals (speaking of the Guards) will not suffer me to approach her. My Design was to attack them some Leagues from *Paris*, and I got four Men, who, from the Prospect of a considerable Sum which I paid them, promised to assist me, but the Villains left me engaged alone, and fled with my Money. The Impossibility of succeeding by Force made me throw down my Arms, and I proposed to the Guards to let me follow them, for which I would reward them. Their Avidity for Gain made them consent, and they insisted upon Payment every Time they allowed me to speak to my Mistress. In a short Time my Purse was emptied, and now that I am without a Farthing, they have the Barbarity to push me rudely back when I offer to make a Step towards her, and it is but a Moment ago, that, having ventured to approach her, notwithstanding their Threats, they gave me two or three Strokes with the But-end of their Firelocks, so that I am obliged, in order to satisfy their Avarice, and to enable me to continue the Journey, at least on foot, to sell, here, a sorry Horse which till now has served me.

THOUGH he appeared to narrate what is above, with a good deal of Calmness, yet some Tears dropt when he left off speaking. This Adventure appeared to me very extraordinary and moving. I do not press you, *said I*, to discover the Secret of your Affairs, but if I can be any ways useful to you, I willingly offer you my Service. Alas! *replied he*, all Hopes have abandoned me, and I must submit to all the Rigour of my Fate. I will go to *America*, where I shall, at least, have the Liberty of seeing and speaking with the Object of my Wishes. I have writ to one of my Friends at *Paris* who will send me some Money to *Havre de Grace*, my only Difficulty is how to get there, and to procure what is necessary to this poor Creature

(looking with a languishing Eye on his Mistress) on the Road. Very well, *said I*, as to that I will now end your Trouble. Here is a Trifle that I beg you will accept of, and I am sorry that I cannot otherwise serve you. I slip four *Louis d'ors* into his Hand without the Guards perceiving it, for I considered that if they knew that he possessed such a Sum, they would make him purchase Favours at a much dearer Rate, and it even came into my mind to bargain with them for permitting the young Lover to entertain his Mistress whenever he thought proper. I made a Sign to the Chief to come to me, and proposed the Thing to him. Notwithstanding his Impudence, he appeared to be ashamed. We do not, Sir, *said he*, under some Confusion, hinder him from speaking to that Girl, but he would be constantly about her, which being inconvenient and troublesome to us, it is but just he should pay for our Trouble. Let us see then, *said I*, what you must have. He had the Face to ask me two *Louis d'ors*, which I immediately gave him, but take Care, *said I*, not to be guilty of any Roguery, for I shall give this young Man my Direction, that he may inform me, and depend upon it, that I shall have Interest enough to get you punished. The good Grace and apparent Gratitude, with which this young Man thanked me, confirmed me in the Opinion that he was above the common Rank, and that he deserved my Liberality. I spoke a few Words to his Mistress before I went out, who answered in such a Modest and becoming Manner, that I was led into a Chain of Reflections upon the incomprehensible Character of Women.

HAVING returned to my Hermitage, I could not be informed of the Sequel of this Adventure. Two Years past, which made me quite forget it, and I should never have thought more of it, had

Chance given me an Opportunity of learning
all

all the Circumstances. As I arrived from *London* at *Calais* with the Marquis *de* — my Pupil, we lodged, if I rightly remember, at the *Golden Lion*, where some Reasons obliged us to remain a Day or two. As we were walking in the Streets after Dinner, I met with the same young Man, whom I remembered to have met with at *Passy*. He was in a very indifferent Dress, and much paler than the first Time I saw him. He had a Portmanteau under his Arm, being but just then arrived in Town, but as he had something extraordinary agreeable and striking in his Countenance, I remembered him immediately. We must, *said I to the Marquis*, accost this young Man, and when, in his turn, he called me to mind, his Joy far exceeded what can be said. Ah Sir, *cried he, kissing my Hand*, have I once more an Opportunity of giving you Assurances of my eternal Acknowledgment. I asked from whence he came, and he told me from *Havre de Grace*, by Sea, where he had lately landed from *America*. You do not appear, *said I*, to be in great Circumstances, go to the *Golden Lion*, where I lodge, and I will come to you in a very little Time. The Impatience I was under to learn the Particulars of his Misfortune and of his Expedition to *America*, made me quickly return, and after many Embraces, I ordered that he should want for nothing at the Inn. He did not wait my pressing him to recount the History of his Life, but told me, being in my Chamber; Sir, your Behaviour to me is so noble, that I should accuse myself of base Ingratitude, had I the least Reserve with you. I will not only inform you of my Misfortunes and Crosses, but also of my Disorders, and my most shameful Foibles. I am persuaded that your Condemnation will be mixed with Pity.

I ought here to acquaint the Reader, that I wrote his Story immediately after I heard it, and that

consequently, he may be assured nothing is more exact, or truer than this Narration, even to the very Reflections and Sentiments of our young Adventurer, which he expressed with a very good Grace. Here follows then his Relation, in which, to the very End, I shall put nothing but what is his own.

AT the Age of seventeen, I was ending my Course of Philosophy at *Amiens* where my Parents, who are of the best Families in *P*—, had sent me. I led so regular a Life that I was mentioned by my Masters as a Pattern to the Youth of the College. Not that I had made extraordinary Efforts to deserve this Character, but as I am naturally soft and calm, I applied myself by Inclination to Study, and they attributed to Virtue what was only an Exemption from gross Vices. My Birth, the Success of my Studies, and some good natural Qualities, procured me the Esteem of all the better Sort of People in the Place. I acquitted myself in my publick Exercises with such general Applause, that the Bishop who was present proposed that I should embrace the ecclesiastical State, in which I could not fail, *said he*, to distinguish myself more than in the Order of *Malta*, to which my Parents designed me, and made me already wear the Cross, and go by the Name of *Chevalier de Grieu*. Vacation Time coming on, I was preparing to return to my Father's who had promised to send me soon to the Academy. All my Regret, on leaving *Amiens*, was the Loss of a Friend with whom I had been all along united by the tenderest Friendship. We had been brought up together, though he was some Years older than I, but the Estate of his Family being but small, he was obliged to be a Clergyman, and was to remain at *Amiens* after me to pursue the Studies necessary to that Profession. He had a thousand good Qualities, which the Sequel of my Story

will

will discover, and particularly a Zeal and Generosity in Friendship, which surpasses the most celebrated Examples of Antiquity. If I had but followed his Counsels then, I had still been wise and happy; or if I had, at least, but made the proper Use of his Assistance, I should have saved something of a wrecked Fortune and Reputation: But he reaped no other Fruit of his kind Endeavours than the Grief of seeing them unprofitable, and sometimes rudely rejected by an Ingrate who looked upon them as Importunities.

I had fixed the Day of my Departure from *Amiens*. Alas! that it should not have been a Day sooner! I should have returned to my Father with all my Innocence. The Evening before I thought of leaving the Town, as I was taking a Turn with my Friend, whose Name was *Tiberge*, we saw the *Arras* Coach come into Town, and Curiosity made us follow it to the Inn, where they usually set up. We had no other Design but to see what Persons were in it. Some Women alighted and made the best of their Way, only one remained very young who stopped in the Court while an elderly Man, who appeared to be her Conductor, was busy getting out her Baggage. She was so charming that I, who had never thought of the Difference of Sexes, and who had perhaps never looked at a Girl for a Minute, I say, me whom every Body admired for my Discretion and Modesty, to be at once inflamed even to Folly and Madness, was surprising, and yet such was my Fate. I was naturally extremely bashful and easily dashed, but far from being then stopped by that Weakness, I boldly accosted the Mistress of my Heart. Though she was younger than I, she received the civil Compliment I made her without appearing to be in the least disconcerted. I asked what had brought her to *Amiens*, and if she had any Acquaintances in it. She answered ingenuously

nuously that her Parents had sent her here to be a Nun. Though Love had not been but a Minute in possession of my Heart, yet it rendered me so knowing, that I looked upon her in a Manner that made her conceive my Sentiments, for she had more Experience than I; the Convent was a Place she did not at all relish, and she was sent to it against her Will, and no doubt to stop her Inclination to Pleasure, which had already declared itself, and which, in the Sequel, was the Cause of all her Misfortunes, and of mine. I opposed the cruel Intention of her Parents by all the Reasons that my Infant-love and scholastic Eloquence could suggest to me, and she neither affected Rigour nor Disdain, but told me after a Moment's Silence that she too clearly saw she was going to be unhappy, but that it was probably the Will of Heaven, since it deprived her of all Means to avoid it. The Softness of her Looks, a charming languishing Air in pronouncing these Words, or rather the Influence of my unhappy Stars that dragged me to my Ruin, did not permit me to hesitate in the least upon my Answer, which was an Assurance that if she could lay any Stress upon my Honour, and on the violent Passion with which she had already inspired me, I would risk my Life for her Deliverance from the Tyranny of her Parents, and for to render her happy. I have often been astonished since, how I came then to have so much Assurance and Facility in expressing myself; but Love would not be a Divinity, did it not work Miracles. I added a thousand tender and pressing Things, and my Fair unknown was very sensible that there could be no Deceit in a Person of my Age. She confessed that if I could think of any Project that might set her at Liberty, she would believe herself indebted to me for something dearer than Life. I answered that I was ready to undertake any Thing, but not having Experience enough

to contrive, at once, Means of serving her, I went no farther than a general Assurance, which could be of no great Use to her. The old *Argus* her Conductor, having at last joined us, my Hopes were upon the Wing, had not her Invention supplied the Sterility of mine. I was surpris'd to hear her call me Cousin in his Presence, and, without appearing to be under the least Concern, to tell me that since she was so happy as to find me at *Amiens*, she would delay her entering into the Convent 'till next Day, that she might have the Pleasure to sup with me. I easily took the Hint, and propos'd that she should lodge at an Inn, of which the Master, who had been long my Father's Coach-man, was intirely at my Devotion. I conducted her myself to the Place, whilst the old Fellow was grumbling, and my Friend *Tiberge*, to whom this Scene was a perfect Mystery, following me without speaking one Word. He had heard nothing of our Conversation, having walked to and fro, while I was in hot Engagement with the fair Lady. As I dreaded his Prudence I got rid of him under Pretence of a Commission that I begg'd he would execute for me, so that being arriv'd at the Inn, I had the Pleasure of a *Tete a Tete* with the Sovereign of my Heart. I soon found out that I was less a Child than I believed myself to be. My Heart opened to a thousand Sentiments of Pleasure, which I had never before felt, nor had so much as an Idea of them. A pleasing Warmth run through all my Veins, and I was in a Sort of Transport, that for some Time tied up my Tongue, and could not be express'd but by my Looks. Miss *Moll Lescaut*, which she told me was her Name, was highly satisfi'd with this Effect of her Charms, and I thought I perceiv'd that she was not less mov'd than myself. She said something very favourable and flattering as to my Person, and own'd that she would be very glad to owe her Liberty to me. She

desire'

desired to know who I was, and this Knowledge augmented her Esteem, because, not being a Person of Quality, though of a pretty good Family, it flattered her to have made the Conquest of such a Lover as me. We soon came to talk of a mutual Happiness in the Possession of one another, but after many Reflections, we could find no other Method but that of Flight. The grand Difficulty was, how to give the old Fellow the Slip, who, though a Servant, had a Sort of Authority which her Parents had given him. We came to this Resolution, that I should get a Post-Chaise, and come to the Inn very early before he was awake, that we should slip privately out of Town, and go streight to *Paris*, where we were to commit Marriage on our Arrival. I had about fifty Crowns which I had saved of my Pocket-money, and she had about a hundred. We fancied, like Children without Experience, that this Sum would never be at an End, and we did not less depend upon the Success of our other Schemes.

AFTER I had supped with more Satisfaction than ever I felt, I retired to execute our Project, which was the more easy, as I designed to return the next Day to my Father's, so that my little Luggage was all ready. I had therefore no Difficulty in getting my Trunk transported, and to have a Chaise ready by Five o'Clock in the Morning, which was the Hour when the Gates of the Town are opened. But I found an Obstacle that I did not mistrust, which had like to have ruined my whole Design.

TIBERGE, though only three Years older than me, was a young Man of solid Sense, and of a very regular Conduct. He loved me with an extraordinary Tenderness. The Sight of such a pretty Girl as Miss *Molly*, my Forwardness to conduct her, and the Art I had used to get rid of him by a feign-

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ed Commission, gave him a strong Suspicion that my Case was Love. He durst not return to the Inn for Fear of offending me, but went to my Lodgings to wait for me, where I found him, though it was pretty late before I came Home. His Presence gave me Uneasiness, and he easily perceived it. I am sure, *said he*, that you are upon some Project that you design to conceal from me. I see it by your Air. I answered bluntly that I was not obliged to render him an Account of all my Designs. No, *replied he*, but you have still treated me as a Friend, and that Quality supposes a little Confidence and Frankness. He pressed me so long and so strongly, to discover my Secret, that never having been upon the Reserve with him, I made him the Confident of my intended Flight. He told me that he was too much my Friend not to oppose my Design with all his Power, that he was willing in the first Place, to represent every Thing that he thought might dissuade me, but if after all I persisted in this shameful Resolution, he would acquaint those who could certainly prevent the Execution. Upon which he held a serious Discourse that lasted above a Quarter of an Hour, and ended by renewing the Threat of informing against me, if I did not engage my Word that I would behave with more Prudence and Reason. I was extremely vexed that I had so foolishly betrayed myself. Nevertheless, Love having made me very intelligent and ingenious, in two or three Hours, I considered that I had not discovered that my Project was to be executed the next Morning, and therefore resolved to deceive him by an Equivocation. *Tiberge*, said I, 'till now I thought you was my Friend, and this Confidence has made me put you to the Test. 'Tis true, I love, in that I have not deceived you, but as to my Flight 'tis not a Thing to be rashly undertaken. Call upon me to morrow at nine o'Clock, I will endeavour

endeavour to procure you a Sight of my Mistress, and you'll judge if she deserves that I should do such a Thing for her. He wished me good Night after many Protestations of Friendship. I employed the whole Night in getting Things in Order, and repairing to Miss *Molly's* Inn at break of Day, I found her waiting for me at a Window that looked into the Street, so that having perceived me, she came and opened the Door herself. We went out very quietly, and as she had no other Baggage but her Linen, I took it in my Arms. The Chaise being ready, we were in a Moment out of the Town. I shall hereafter relate what *Tiberge* did, when he had found that I had given him the Slip; his Zeal was not less ardent, and you will see to what Excess he carried it, and what Floods of Tears ought to stream from my Eyes, when I reflect upon the Returns that he has met with.

WE made such Expedition on the Road, that before Night we arrived at *St. Dennis*. As I rode Post on Horse-back, we had no Opportunity of conversing, but at the Stages where we changed Horses; but when we found ourselves so near *Paris*, that's to say, almost out of Danger, we took Time to refresh ourselves, having tasted nothing since we left *Amiens*. However strong my Passion was for charming *Moll*, she had the Art of persuading me that her's for me was nothing inferior. We were so fond of one another, that we had no Patience to forbear kissing, 'till we were by ourselves. The People of the House gazed on us with Admiration, and were surprized to see two Children of our Age so passionately in Love.

OUR Projects of Marriage were quite forgot at *St. Dennis*, we defrauded the Church of it's Rights, and found ourselves Man and Wife without Thought or Reflection. 'Tis certain that constant and tender
 as I naturally am, I was happy for the rest of my
 Days,

Days, had *Moll* been faithful to me. The more I knew her, the more I discovered in her new Perfections. Her Mind, her Heart, her Sweetness of Temper, and her Beauty, formed so strong and charming a Chain that I had placed all my Happiness in being for ever bound. Terrible Change! the Cause of my Despair might have been that of my Felicity. I find myself the most unfortunate of all Men, by that same Constancy from which I might have expected an agreeable Fate, and rewards suitable to the Delicacy of my Love.

WE took a furnished Lodging at *Paris* in *V*—
Street, and unhappily for me, in the Neighbourhood of Mr. *de B*— the famous *Farmer General*. During the first three Weeks I was so wrapt up in my Passion, that I did not so much as think of my Family, nor of the Grief that my Elopement must have given my Father; but as we lived in perfect Harmony and Peace, and that *Moll* behaved with great Prudence and Modesty, and was besides, so charming, I began to think of making my Peace with my Father, not doubting, but the Merit of my Mistress would prevail with him to consent to our Marriage, which I now plainly saw could not be effected without that. I communicated my Project to *Moll*, and made her take Notice, that besides the Motives of Love and Duty, that of Necessity made the Execution of my Reconciliation necessary; for our Funds were much diminished, and I saw, but too plainly, my Error, in thinking they were inexhaustible. She appeared not to relish the Proposal, but as the Difficulties which she opposed, proceeded from her Affection, and her Fears of losing me, should my Father, when he knew where we were, not consent to our Marriage, I had not the least Suspicion of the cruel Stroke that was preparing for me. As to the Objection of Necessity, she answered that we had wherewithal to subsist for some
Weeks

Weeks, and that after that, she would write to some Relations in the Country who she was sure would not let us want. She sweetned her Refusal with such tender and passionate Embraces, that I, who loved her to Distraction, and who had not the least Mistrust of her Heart, approved of all she said. I left to her the Disposal of our Money and the Payment of our daily Expence. A little Time after, I perceived that our Table began to be a little better furnished than usual, and that she had purchased some Apparel of an extraordinary Price. As I was not ignorant that, at most, we could not have above twelve or fifteen Pistoles remaining, I told her how much I was surpris'd at this Augmentation of our Riches. She begged of me laughing, to be under no Concern. Did I not promise to you, *said she*, that I would find a Remedy to our Wants. I loved her with so much Simplicity that I was not to be speedily alarmed.

I went out one Day after Dinner, and told her that I believed I should remain longer than usual, and I was surpris'd on my Return, that they made me wait two or three Minutes at the Door. We were serv'd by a little Girl about our own Age, who came at last and opened the Door, and when I asked why she made me wait so long; she answer'd, under some Confusion, that she had not heard me knocking, and as I had knocked only once, I asked her, if she had not heard me, why did she come to open? This Question so dash'd her, that, not having Wit enough to answer it, she fell a crying, assuring me that it was none of her Fault, and that Madam had forbid her to open the Door, 'till Mr. *de B*— was gone down the back Stair from the Closet. I was so confounded with what I heard, that instead of going into the Apartment I went down Stairs on Pretence of Business, and order'd the Girl to tell her Mistress that I would return in
a Moment,

a Moment, and not to let her know that she had spoken to me of Mr. B——.

My Consternation was so great, that I wept as I went down Stairs, without knowing, as yet, to what Cause I should attribute my Tears. I went into the first Coffee-house I could find, and sitting down at a Table, began to think of this odd Adventure, and to account, if possible, for the heavy Load of Grief that lay upon my Heart. I scarce durst, after all, call to Mind what I had heard. I wanted to take it for an Illusion, and was two or three Times upon the Point of returning Home. It appeared to me to be a Thing so impossible, that *Molly* could betray me, that I was afraid of injuring her by so much as suspecting her. I adored her, that was certain; and I had given her no more Proofs of Love than I had received from her: Why should I accuse her of being less sincere and less constant to me than I was to her? What Reason could she have had to deceive me! It was scarce three Hours since she loaded me with tender Caresses and received mine with Transport, and I could have sworn that I was acquainted with her Heart as well as my own. No, no, *cried I*, it is impossible that she can betray me, knowing as she does, that I live in her and adore her, which can be no Ground for her hating me.

NEVERTHELESS, I was at a Loss how to explain the Visit, and secret going out of Mr. *de B*—— I also called to Mind her late Acquisitions, which far surpassed our Riches. This smelt a little of the Liberalities of a new Lover; add to this, that Confidence she had in finding Supplies unknown to me. I could scarce put such a favourable Construction upon all this, as my Heart desired. On the other Hand, I had scarce lost Sight of her since our Arrival at *Paris*, in all our Occupations, Walks, or Diversions, we had still been at one another's Sides;

my God! a Moment's Separation would have been insupportable to us, and if we passed an Hour, nay, a Minute, without telling how we loved one another, all was lost, and we were both in the Dumps, so that I could not imagine one single Minute in which she could think of any other but me. At last I imagined that I had found out the Myſtery. Mr. de B——, said I within my ſelf, is a Man of great Buſineſs and extenſive Correſpondence, [her Parents have, no doubt, made uſe of this Man to ſend her ſome Money. She has, perhaps, already received of him, and is come to Day to give her more. She makes her Game in concealing it, that ſhe may ſurprize me agreeably, and perhaps ſhe would have ſpoke of it, had I gone inſtead of coming to torment myſelf here; at leaſt, I dare ſay ſhe will ſatisfy me when I ſpeak to her of it.

I was ſo prepoſſeſſed with this Opinion, that I found my Heart much eaſed; and therefore directly returned to my Lodging, where I tenderly embraced *Moll* upon my Entry, and was well received. I was tempted to tell her my Conjectures, which I now looked upon as certain, but retained myſelf, in hopes that ſhe would prevent me, by diſcovering all that had paſſed. Supper was ſerved, and I ſat down to Table in a very jovial Humour, but by the Light of the Candle placed between us, I could obſerve a certain ſort of Melancholy in the Countenance and Eyes of my dear Miſtreſs, which made me ſoon change my Gaiety. I took Notice that ſhe fixed her Eyes now and then upon me, in a Manner very different from her uſual Way; and though I could ſee that it was in a ſoft and languiſhing Manner, I could not rightly diſtinguiſh whether it was the Effect of Love or Compaſſion. I looked at her with the ſame Attention, and perhaps ſhe was equally at a Loſs to judge of the Situation of my Heart by my Looks, ſo that neither of us minded

mind ed eating nor drinking. At last, I perceived Tears dropping from her fair Eyes: Perfidious Tears! O Gods! *cried I*, you weep, my dear *Moll*, your Affliction draws Tears, and you tell me nothing of your Trouble. She answered no otherwise than by heavy Sighs that augmented my Anguish. I got up trembling, and begged of her, with a Lover's Eagerness, to discover the Cause of her Tears, and I not only shed some myself wiping of hers, but was more dead than alive. A Barbarian would have been affected with the terrible Effects that Grief and Fear had upon me. While I was thus wholly taken up about her, I heard the Noise of People coming up Stairs: They knocked softly at our Door, upon which she kissed me, and getting out of my Arms flew to the Closet, shutting the Door when she was got in. I fancied that being under some Disorder, she did not care to appear before Strangers; so that I went to the Door myself, and had scarce opened it, when I was seized by three Men, whom I immediately knew to be my Father's Footmen. They offered no Violence, but two of them having held me by the Arms, the third searched my Pockets for Arms, and took out a little Knife, which was all he could find that might do any Mischief. They asked Pardon for the Necessity they were under to use me in this disrespectful Manner, and told me plainly that it was by my Father's Orders, and that my Brother waited for me in a Coach at the Gate. I was so much confounded that I suffered them to conduct me without Resistance, or opening my Mouth. I was put into a Coach where my Brother actually was, and the Coachman, having his Orders, drove at a great Rate to *St. Dennis*. My Brother embraced me with great Marks of Affection, but spoke nothing, so that I had all the Leisure I could desire to think of my Misfortune.

I found

I found at first so much Obscurity in it, that I could not form the least Conjecture. I was cruelly betrayed, but by whom? *Tiberge* was the first that I suspected. Traitor, said I, if my Suspicion proves true, thy Life shall pay for it. But then I considered that he knew not the Place of my Retreat, and that consequently they could not have learned it from him. To accuse *Moll*, was a Thing that my Heart durst not be guilty of. That extraordinary Melancholy with which I saw her oppressed, her Tears, the tender Kifs which she gave me upon retiring, appeared, indeed, to be a sort of Riddle; but I found myself inclined to explain it as a Foresight of our common Misfortune; and while I was cursing the unhappy Accident that forced me from her, and tormenting myself with Rage and Despair, I had the Credulity to believe, that she was still more to be pitied than I. The Result of my Mediation was to persuade myself, that I had been seen in the Streets of *Paris*, by some Persons that knew me, and had informed my Father. This Thought comforted me, because I laid my Account to be quit for Reproaches, or for some harsh Treatment that I must go through in Obedience to paternal Authority. I resolved to bear all with Patience, and to promise whatever was required of me, that I might the sooner get an Opportunity of returning to *Paris*, and to bring Life and Joy to my dear *Moll*.

WE soon arrived at *St. Dennis*, and my Brother, surprized at my Silence, imagined that it was the Effect of Fear. He undertook to comfort me, by assuring me that I had nothing to apprehend from my Father's Severity, provided I was disposed to return peaceably to my Duty, and to deserve the Affection he had for me. He made me pass the Night at *St. Dennis*, with the Precaution of causing the three Footmen to lye in my Chamber. What gave
me

me great Trouble was, to find myself in the same Inn where I had stopt upon my coming to *Paris*. The Landlord knew me again, and easily guessed what was the Case. I heard him say, *Ha! it is the pretty Youth who passed about a Month since, with a young Miss, of whom he was so fond. My God! how charming was she! the poor Things how they kissed! By my Honesty, it was a Sin to part them!* I affected to hear nothing, and appeared as little as possible. My Brother had a Chair for two, at *St. Dennis*, in which we set out early, and arrived next Day at my Father's Seat. He saw my Father before me, to prepossess him in my Favour, by acquainting him with what Docility I had allowed myself to be conducted, so that I was better received than I expected; my Father having made me only some general Reproaches on the Fault I had committed, in absenting myself without his Permission. As to my Mistress, he told me that I richly deserved what had happened to me, in throwing myself into the Arms of a Stranger; that he had entertained a better Idea of my Prudence, but that he hoped this little Adventure would make me wiser. I interpreted these Words in the Sense that agreed best with my Ideas. I thanked my Father for his Goodness in pardoning me, and promised that my Conduct for the future should be more submissive and regular. I triumphed in my Heart, for in the Manner that Things turned, I did not doubt, but that I should find an Opportunity of giving them the slip this very Night. We sat down to Supper, and I was rallied upon my Conquest at *Amiens*, and Flight with my *Venus*, all which I bore with a good Grace; and I was even charmed that I could talk of her who constantly possessed my Heart. But some Words that dropped from my Father made me all Attention. He spoke of Treachery and of the interested Service

rendered by Mr. *de B*——. I was stunned on his pronouncing this Name, and humbly begged that he would explain himself a little farther, upon which he turned to my Brother to ask him if he had not informed me of the whole Story. My Brother answered that he found me so quiet and easy upon the Road that he did not think I had Occasion for that Remedy to cure me of my Folly. I remarked that my Father was in a Doubt whether to go on with the Story, but I begged of him so earnestly, that he satisfied me, or rather assassinated me cruelly by a most horrible Narration.

HE at first asked me if I had the Simplicity all along to believe that my Mistress loved me. I told him boldly, that I was so sure, that nothing could make me believe otherwise. Ha, ha, ha, *cried he laughing with all his Force*, that is excellent. Thou art a fine Dupe indeed, and I love to see thee in these Sentiments. It is a crying Sin, my poor Chevalier, to make a Knight of *Malta* of thee, since thou art so well calculated to make a commodious and patient Husband, adding a thousand Railleries, such as these, upon what he called my Folly and Credulity. As I remained quite silent, he continued to tell me, that according to the Calculation he could make of the Time since my Departure from *Amiens*, *Moll* had loved me about twelve Days; for, *added he*, I know that thou left *Amiens* the 20th of last Month, and we are now in the 29th of this; Mr. *de B*—— wrote eleven days ago, and I suppose it cost him eight to make up Matters with thy Mistress, consequently subtract eleven and eight from thirty one, which is the Number of Days from the 28th of one Month to the 29th of the next inclusive, the Remainder is twelve. Upon which the Company fell into a Fit of Laughter. I heard all with such an Oppression upon my Heart, that I was apprehensive of sinking down before the

Conclusion

Conclusion of this melancholy Comedy. Thou must know then, *continued my Father*, since thou art as yet in the Dark, that Mr. *de B*—— has gained the Heart of thy Princess, for he ridicules me when he pretends to tell me what he has done is out of Zeal and Respect for my Family. Such noble Sentiments belong not to such a Man as him, and to whom I am besides a Stranger. He learned from her that thou art my Son, and to be delivered from thy Importunities, he informed me by Letter of the Place of thy Retreat, and the Disorder in which you lived, making me understand that he would have Occasion for Assistance to make sure of thy Person. He offered to give Directions to take thee napping, and it was by his and thy Mistress's Contrivance that thy Brother found thee unprovided. Congratulate thyself now on the Duration of thy Triumph. Thou vanquishest with Rapidity, but does not know how to preserve thy Conquests.

I could no longer support a Discourse, of which every Word had pierced my Heart. I rose from Table, and scarce had walked four Steps to go out of the Hall, when I fell upon the Floor without Sense or Knowledge. But as I soon recovered by the Means of speedy Assistance, I opened my Eyes, from which flowed Floods of Tears, and my Mouth to utter the most melancholy and moving Complaints. My Father, who had always a particular Affection for me, did all he could to comfort me. I listened, but could not tell what he said. I threw myself at his Feet, and begged with joined Hands, that he would allow me to go and stab *B*——. No, *said I*, he has not gained *Moll's* Heart, he has seduced her by a Charm or Poison, and perhaps brutishly forced her. *Moll* loves me, don't I know it well? He has forced her with a Dagger at her Breast to abandon me. What is it that he would not have done to rob me of so charm-

ing a Creature! O ye Gods! can it be possible that *Molly* has betrayed me, and ceased to love me! As I still spoke of going quickly to *Paris*, and got up every Moment to be gone, my Father plainly saw, that in my present Transport nothing was capable to stop me. He conducted me himself to a high Chamber, and placed two Servants as Centinels over me, who had Orders not to lose Sight of me. I was quite distracted, and would have given a thousand Lives to be in *Paris* only a Quarter of an Hour. I considered that having explained myself so openly, they would not allow me to stir out of the Chamber. I examined the Windows, and finding that there was no Possibility of escaping that Way, I made Application in a soft and moving Manner to my two Guards, engaging myself by a thousand Oaths to make their Fortune some Time or other, if they would consent to my Evasion. I pressed, caressed, and threatned, but this Attempt not succeeding, I lost all Hopes, and found that Death alone could end my Pains, for which Reason I threw myself upon a Bed with a full Resolution not to leave it as long as there was Life in me. In this Situation I passed the Night and all the next Day, and refused what was brought me to eat. My Father came up to my Chamber after Dinner, and had the Goodness to soften my Pains by all the comforting Reasons that he could think of. He commanded me so absolutely to take some Nourishment, that I obeyed out of Respect to his Orders. He continued still his Endeavours to inspire me with a Contempt of the treacherous *Moll*, and it is certain that I esteemed her no more, knowing her to be the most fickle and perfidious Creature living, but her Charms had made too strong an Impression upon my Heart, to be easily defaced. I may die, *said I*, and indeed after so much Shame, it ought to be my Wish, but I would suffer a thousand

and Deaths without being able to forget the ungrateful *Moll*.

My Father was surprized to see me still oppressed with Grief. He knew that I had Principles of Honour, and not doubting but that her Treachery would make me despise her, he fancied that my Constancy proceeded less from that Passion in particular, than from a general Inclination for the Women, and in this Belief he thus spoke to me. Chevalier, *said he*, till now my Design was to make thee a Knight of *Malta*; but I see that thy Inclinations are not turned that Way. Thou lovest pretty Women, and I have a Mind to seek out one that may please thee; tell me plainly thy Sentiments upon this. I answered, that all Women were now alike to me, and that after what had happened, they were all equally odious to me. I shall endeavour to find out one, *continued my Father, smiling*, who resembles *Moll*, and will be more faithful. Ah! if you have any Regard for me, *said I*, 'tis she that must make me happy: Be assured, my dear *Papa*, that she has not deceived me, for she is not capable of so much Baseness. The perfidious *B*— deceives you, her, and me. If you knew how tender and sincere she is, you would, I'm sure, love her yourself. You are a Child, *replied my Father*, how is it possible that you can be so far blinded after what I have told you of her? It was she herself that delivered you up to your Brother, you ought to forget her very Name, and make a good Use of the Indulgence that I shew you. I saw but too plainly that she was in the Right, and it was in a Manner against my Will that I endeavoured to excuse her? Alas! *replied I after a Moment's Silence*, it is but too true that I am the unfortunate Object of the blackest Perfidy. Yes, *continued I*, shedding Tears out of mere Spite, I see plainly that I am but a Child. To

impose upon my Credulity was no hard Task to them, but I know well how I shall be revenged. My Father would know my Design. I shall go to *Paris*, said I, set Fire to *B—*'s House, and burn him with the perfidious *Moll* alive. This Transport made my Father laugh, and only served to make me be confined more closely in my Prison.

I remained in it six whole Months, in the first of which there was no Alteration in my Sentiments, which were nothing but a perpetual Alternative of Hatred and Love, of Hope and Despair, according to the *Idea* under which *Moll* presented herself to my Imagination. Sometimes I only considered in her the most amiable of her Sex, and then I languished with a Desire to see her, at other Times I saw nothing but a base and false Mistress whom I swore not to seek after but with a View to punish her. I got Books which helped to settle my distracted Mind. I read over all my former Authors, acquired new Knowledge, and took great Delight in Study; you'll see of what Advantage it was to me in the Sequel. The Insight which I owed to Love, made me perfectly understand a great many Passages in *Horace* and *Virgil*, which formerly seemed to be very obscure. I made an amorous Commentary on the fourth Book of the *Æneid*. I resolve to have it printed, and am hopeful that it will please the Publick. Alas! said I, when I was composing it, It was a Heart such as mine that should have been the Conquest of the faithful *Dido*. *Tiberge*, whom I had not thought of for some Time, came popping into my Prison when I least expected him. I found such an Alteration to the Advantage, in his Shape and Behaviour, since five or six Months that I had not seen him, that I was awed with a Sort of Respect when he spoke of my bad Conduct, not indeed as a School-Comrade, but rather as a wise and experienced Tutor. He congratulated me

on my Cure which he thought far advanced, and exhorted me to make this Error of Youth subservient to open my Eyes upon the Vanity of Pleasures. I looked at him with Astonishment, and he perceived it. My dear Chevalier, *said he*, I tell you nothing but what is solid Truth, and of which I have not been convinced but after a serious Examination. I was naturally as much inclined to Sensuality as you, but Heaven had given me at the same Time a Taste for Virtue. I made Use of my Reason to compare the Fruits of the one and the other, and was not long before I discovered the Difference by the Assistance of Heaven joined to my Reflections, so that I conceived a Contempt for the World that cannot be expressed. Can you guess, *added he*, what prevents my throwing myself into a Cell! Nothing else but the tender Friendship I have for you. I know the Excellency of your Heart and Mind, and there's nothing that's good but what you are capable of. The Allurements of Sensuality have led you astray, and what a Loss is it to Virtue. Your Flight from *Amiens* gave me so much Grief, that I have not enjoyed a Moment's Satisfaction since, and I leave yourself to judge whether it be so or not, after I tell you what Steps it has made me take. He then recounted that after he found I had deceived him, and was gone with my Mistress, he had mounted on Horseback to follow me, but that having the Advantage of five or six Hours of him, he could not possibly get up with me; that he had arrived at *St. Dennis* about half an Hour after I had left it; that being very certain I would stop at *Paris*, he had sought me up and down for six Weeks to no Purpose; that as he visited all the publick Places where there was any Appearance of finding me, he had at last discovered my Mistress at the Play so magnificently dressed, that he judged she owed her Grandeur to the Liberality of some

new Lover ; that he had followed her Coach Home to her House, and learned from one of the Domesticks that she was kept by Mr. *de B*——. I returned next Day, *added he*, to know from herself, what was become of you, but the Moment I mentioned your Name, she brushed from me, and I was obliged to return to the Country as wise as when I came from it, and having since been informed of your Adventure, and the terrible Consternation into which it threw you, I did not incline to make you a Visit 'till I was assured to find you more easy.

You had the Pleasure then of seeing *Moll*, answered I with a Sigh, alas! you are happier than I, who am condemned never to see her more. He reproached me for this Sigh, which was a Sign that I still loved her, and then flattered me so artfully upon the Excellency of my Character and Inclination, that I began from this very Visit to have a strong Desire to renounce, as he had done, all the Pleasures of the Age, and to enter into the ecclesiastical State. I was so fond of this Idea, that when alone I could think of nothing else. I called to Memory the Discourses of the Bishop of *Amiens*, who had given me the same Advice, and the happy Predictions which he made in my Favour, should I happen to chuse that State: Piety also slept in with all her Charms, and urged her invincible Arguments. I shall lead a pure and Christian Life, *said I*. Study and Devotion will be my sole Occupation, and will not permit my Thoughts to be taken up with the dangerous Pleasures of Love. I shall despise what the Generality of the World admire, and as I am pretty certain that my Heart will desire nothing but what it esteems, I shall have as few Cares as Desires. Upon this Footing I formed before hand the System of a peaceful solitary Life, not forgetting a retired House with a little Grove, and a Rivulet of clear Water at the End of a Garden ;

den; a Library composed of choice Books; a few sensible and virtuous Friends; a Table proper, but frugal and moderate; to all which I joined a corresponding by Letters with a Friend at *Paris*, who should inform me of the publick News, less to satisfy my Curiosity, than to laugh at the foolish Bustle of the World. Shall I not be happy, *added I*, in such an innocent Life? And would not all that the Heart of Man can reasonably wish for, be the Result of such a comfortable Situation? I was, it is certain, intirely wrapt up in this agreeable Project for some Time; but shall I own it, my Heart gave in a Demurrer, and told me plainly, that to complete my Happiness in the most agreeable Solitude, *Moll*, the charming *Moll* must be there.

IN the mean Time, *Tiberge* continuing to render me frequent Visits upon the Design that he had inspired me with, I took an Opportunity of proposing it to my Father, who declared that his Intentions were to leave his Children at Liberty in the Choice of their Condition, only reserving to himself the right of advising; and his Advices to me tended less to disgust me with my Project than to embrace it with Prudence, and after mature Deliberation. When the Time of entering the Seminaries approached, *Tiberge* and I determined to go together, to that of *St. Sulpice*; he to finish his Studies in Theology, and I to begin mine. His Merit, known to the Bishop of the Diocese, made this Prelate bestow a considerable Benefice upon him before our Departure.

MY Father believing me entirely cured of my Passion, made no Difficulty to let me go, and upon our Arrival at *Paris*, the ecclesiastical Habit succeeded to the Cross of *Malta*, which I laid aside, and the Name of *Abbé de Grieu* to that of *Chevalier*. I applied myself so closely to my Studies, that in a few Months I made an extraordinary Progress, so

that my Reputation became so great, that I was congratulated upon future Dignities, and without any Solicitation was entered in the List of ecclesiastical Promotions. *Tiberge* was charmed with what he looked upon as his own Work, and I have frequently seen him moved to Tears with what he called my Conversion. That human Resolutions should be subject to Change, is what never surprized me. One Passion gives them Birth, and another may destroy them; but when I think of the Motives that conducted me to St. *Sulpice*, and of the inward Joy that accompanied the Execution of my Plan, I am frightened when I think how easily I abandoned it. If 'tis true, that divine Assistance is at all Times of an equal Force to that of the Passions, I would gladly know by what fatal Ascendant we are hurried at once out of the Road of our Duty, without being capable of the least Resistance, and without feeling the least Remorse. I thought myself entirely cured of the Follies of Love, and that I would have preferred the reading of a Page of St. *Austin*, or a Quarter of an Hour of Christian Meditation to all sensual Pleasures, even the Enjoyment of the bewitching *Moll*; and yet an unlucky Minute plunged me once more into the Gulph of Folly and Misery, and my Overthrow was the more irreparable, in that I found myself at once precipitated to the same Depth as before; nay, the new Disorders into which I fell drove me to the very Bottom of the Abyss.

I had remained a whole Year at *Paris* without so much as inquiring after her. At first my Heart murmured sadly, but the constant Assistance of *Tiberge's* good Advices, joined to my own Reflections, gave me Courage to stand my Ground, and during the last Months I was so easy, that I believed myself upon the Point of eternally forgetting this charming false Creature. The Time came,
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in which I was to make my first publick Exercise in the Theological School, and I invited several Persons of Distinction to honour me with their Presence, which made my Name known all over *Paris*, and it even reached the Ears of my false one, who though she was not certain, under the Disguise of *Abbé*, yet Curiosity, or perhaps Remorse of having betrayed me, I know not which, made her come to the *Sorbonne* with some other Ladies the Day of my publick Appearance, and she soon discovered her abandoned Lover. As there are private Closets in that Place where the Ladies can see without being seen, I knew nothing of her being there; and I returned to *St. Sulpice*, about six at Night covered with Glory and loaded with Compliments. A Moment after my Arrival I was told by the Porter, that a Lady wanted to see me, and I went immediately to the Parlour. Ye Gods! what a surprising Apparition to find *Moll* there, but more charming and brilliant than ever I had seen her.

I was quite stunned at the Sight of her, and not being able to guess at the Design of this Visit, I waited trembling and with down cast Eyes, till she should speak. Her Confusion for some Time was equal to mine, but finding that I continued silent, she told me with a timorous Voice, that she confessed her Treachery deserved my Hatred, but that if it was true I had ever loved her, there was also some Cruelty on my Part, to let two Years pass without inquiring about her, and that there was still more to see her now oppressed with Grief, without so much as opening my Mouth. The Disorder into which this Discourse threw me is not to be expressed. She sat down, and I remained standing with my Body half turned, not daring to look her in the Face. I several Times began an Answer, but could not finish it. At last I made an Effort to cry out in a melancholy Tone, Perfidious *Moll*,

herous, treacherous Creature! She repented, weeping bitterly, that she did not pretend to justify her Treachery. What do you then pretend, cried I, shedding Tears which I in vain endeavoured to restrain, ask my Life, which is the only Thing that I can now offer thee; for my Heart never ceased to be thy Slave? I had scarce pronounced these last Words, when she started up with Transport, clasped me in her Arms, and loaded me with a thousand passionate Embraces; calling me by all the Names that Love invents to express it's strongest Ardours, to which I did not as yet make a suitable Return. In Effect, what strange Passage from the peaceable Situation in which I had been, to the tumultuous Motions which I now felt coming upon me. I trembled like one that loses himself in a Desert, and is filled with Horror at the Approach of a dark and gloomy Night.

WE sat down close to each other, and I took hold of her Hands. Ah! *Moll*, said I, looking on her with languishing Eyes, I did not expect that so pure a Love as mine should have been so basely rewarded. To deceive a Heart which acknowledged you as it's sovereign Mistress, and placed all it's Felicity in pleasing and obeying you, was no difficult Matter. Tell me now if you have found any so tender and submissive. No, no, Nature forms few tempered as mine is. Tell me at least, if it sometimes gave you Concern. What Dependance am I to have on the Return of Friendship that brings you here to Day, to afford it Comfort. I see but too well that you are more charming than ever, but by all that you have made me suffer, tell me, dear *Moll*, if you will be more constant and faithful. She said so many moving Things upon her Repentance, and engaged her Fidelity by so many Protestations and Oaths, that I was quite melted into an unexpressible softness. Charming *Moll*, said I, with a profane
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Mixture of amorous and theological Expressions, thou art too adorable for a Creature, and I find my Heart transported by a victorious Delectation. All that is said about Liberty at St. *Sulpice* is a Chimera. I am going to lose my Fortune and Reputation for thee, I plainly foresee it; I read my Destiny in thy fair Eyes, but of what Losses would not thy Love comfort me? Fortune's Smiles are indifferent to me, I look upon Glory as an empty Shadow, all my Projects of the ecclesiastical State were foolish Imaginations; in short, all Pleasures or good Things different from what I expect with thee are contemptible, since they cannot stand their Ground in my Heart against one of thy Glances. Upon granting a general Pardon of her Faults, I insisted to know in what Manner she had been seduced by *B—*, she answered, that having seen her at her Window, he became passionately in Love with her; that he made his Declaration as a *Farmer-General*, that's to say, by letting her know in a Letter, that the Payment should be proportioned to the Favours; that she had at once capitulated, but with a Design only to pick his Pocket of a considerable Sum, that might serve to make us live commodiously, but that he had dazzled her with such magnificent Promises, that she had by Degrees allowed herself to be gained; that I ought however to judge of her Remorses, by the Concern that she was under the Moment of our Separation; that notwithstanding the Riches that he bestowed upon her, she had never been happy with him; because, *said she*, I neither found him in the Delicacy of your Sentiments, nor Politeness of your Manners, but because even in the midst of Pleasures and Diversions, which he constantly procured me, I carried in the Bottom of my Heart the Remembrance of your Love, and the Remorse of my own Infidelity. She spoke of *Tiberge*, and the terrible Confusion which his Visit gave her; and then

told me how Curiosity from the Name, had led her to the Place of my publick Exercise, where she soon knew me, and had great Difficulty not only to stop her Tears, but to hinder herself from shrieking out; in short, that upon her coming out, giving full Scope to the Dictates of her Heart and Impetuosity of her Desires, she had come streight to St. *Sulpice* with a Resolution to die in it, if she did not find me disposed to pardon her. Where can we find a Barbarian who could have rejected this fair Penitent? For my Part, I confess that I would have sacrificed for her all the Bishopricks of *Christendom*. I asked her how we were now to dispose of ourselves, and she answered, that the first Thing was to get away from the Seminary, and to consider in a Place of more Safety what was to be done. I consented to what she pleased. She got into her Coach, and went to wait for me at the Corner of a Street. In a Moment I was with her, and we went first to a Broker's Shop, where I bought with her Money, not having a Farthing in my Pocket, a Sword and laced Clothes: She was so rich with the Liberalities of Mr. B——, that she undervalued the little Trifle that I had laid by in my Chamber at St. *Sulpice*, and would not allow me to stop a Minute for it. We conferred at the Broker's on the Measures to be taken, and that she might make a Merit of sacrificing B——, she resolved to leave him without any Formality. I will leave the Furniture of the House, *said she*, that belongs to him, but as for the Jewels, and about sixty thousand Livres which I have squeezed from him in two Years, as this Treasure belongs to myself, I cannot in Justice be blamed for securing it. I am under no Engagement with him, *added she*, consequently we may safely remain at *Paris*, by taking a convenient House, where we shall live happily together. I represented that if there was no Danger for her, the

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Case was different with me, who sooner or later must be discovered, and continually exposed to the Misfortune I had already undergone. But as she made me understand that she would be loth to leave *Paris*, I was so afraid of making her uneasy, that I would have run any Hazard to please her; at last we thought of an Expedient, which was to hire a House in some neighbouring Village, from whence we could easily come to Town when Diversion or Business called us. We fixed upon *Chaillot*. I went to wait for her at the back Door of the Garden of the *Thuilleries*, where she came about an Hour after in a Hackney-Coach, with her Maid and some Trunks, in which she put her Clothes and Treasure.

WE lodged the first Night at an Inn, and next Day hired a commodious Apartment in a private House. My Happiness I now thought was established in a Manner not to fear the Power of Fortune. *Moll* was all Complaisance and Sweetness, and had such a tender Regard for me, that I thought myself too well recompensed for all my past Pains. As we had both of us acquired a little Experience, we reasoned upon the Solidity of our Fortune. Sixty thousand Livres our capital Stock, was not a Sum sufficient for a long Life. Neither of us were much disposed to restrict our Expences, and Oeconomy was a Thing unknown to us both. Here's the Plan that I proposed to her. Sixty thousand Livres, *said I*, may serve us ten Years at the Rate of six thousand Livres yearly, which will be enough if we continue to live at *Chaillot*, in a decent but moderate Manner. Our only Expence will be the keeping a Coach, and for the Diversions at *Paris*. You love the Opera, we shall go to it thrice a Week, and for gaming we will be so moderate as not to lose ten Pistoles in a Year, and 'tis scarce possible, but that in ten Years, some Change will happen in

my Family; my Father is already old and may die, in which Case I shall have my Fortune, which will put an End to all our Fears. This Scheme was reasonable enough, but we lost Sight of it in a very little Time. *Moll* was passionately fond of Diversions, and I was passionately fond of her. New Occasions of expending Money happened daily, and far from finding Fault with what she threw out sometimes with Profusion, I was the first that proposed what I thought might be agreeable to her. Our Stay even at *Chailot* began to appear dull and tedious to her. The Winter was coming on, and every Body was leaving the Country; she proposed our taking a House again at *Paris*, so that we had Town and Country Houses, which was the Occasion of two Adventures that brought on our Ruin.

MOLL had a Brother in the Life-Guards, who happened unfortunately to lodge in the same Street with us. He chanced to see his Sister at the Window, and knowing her, came running to our House. He was a hair-brained Sort of a Man, and void of Honour. As he knew a Part of his Sister's Story, he loaded her with injurious Language, and it was a Happiness for him or me that I was gone out, for I was not at all of a Temper to bear an Insult. I returned a little after he was gone, and judged by *Moll's* Melancholy, that something extraordinary had happened. She told me of her Treatment, and I was so provoked, that had she not stopped me by her Tears, I should have gone directly to find him out. While we are discoursing upon this Adventure, who should come in but the very Man, without sending in his Name. I would not have received him so civilly as I did, had I known him; but having saluted us in a very friendly Manner, he had Time to tell his Sister that he came to make Excuses for his late Behaviour, which proceeded from his Opinion of her leading a disorderly

derly Life, which had provoked him ; but that being informed by one of our Domesticks who I was, and heard so much to my Commendation, he desired to live well with us. Though this Information from a Footman had something odd and fantastical in it, I received his Compliment civilly, which I thought would please his Sister, and indeed she appeared to be overjoyed that he would be reconciled to her. We invited him to dine with us, and in a few Moments we became so familiar, that hearing us talk of our Return to *Chaillet*, he would absolutely accompany us, which he accordingly did in our Coach. Being thus as it were installed, he took or pretended to take so much Pleasure in our Company, that he made our House his own, and under the Pretence of fraternal Liberty, put himself upon the Footing of bringing all his Friends to *Chaillet*, and treating them there at our Expence ; not only this, but purchased fine Clothes with our Money, and engaged us to pay all his Debts. I overlooked all this to please *Moll*, and even seemed not to perceive that from Time to Time he drew considerable Sums from her. 'Tis true, that being a Gamester by Profession, he was so honest as to return her a Part when Fortune favoured him, but our's was too small to furnish long to so immoderate Expences. I was upon the Point of telling him my Mind plainly to get rid of his Importunities when a fatal Accident spared me the Pains by bringing about another that ruined us to all Intents and Purposes.

WE happened to lye at *Paris* one Night as we frequently did. The Maid who remained alone in our House at *Chaillet* came in the Morning to acquaint me, that it had taken Fire in the Night-time, and that it had been extinguished with great Difficulty. I asked if our Furniture and Clothes and other Things had suffered great Damage. She answered, that the Confusion had been so great by

the Concourse of People who came to assist, that she could not certainly inform me. I trembled for our Money which was in a little Box, and went directly to *Chaillot*, but the Bird was flown. I then found by Experience, that one may love Money without being covetous. This Loss was so terrible that I had almost gone mad upon it, conceiving at once, into what new Misfortunes it would in all Probability plunge me. I knew *Moll's* Character, and had already found by Experience, that however faithful and tender she might be while Fortune favoured us, there was no depending upon her if we were reduced. I shall lose her, *cried I*, unhappy *Chevalier* thou wilt once more lose what is so dear to thee! This Thought threw me into such a terrible Consternation, that I was at a Doubt for a few Minutes whether I ought not at one Blow to end my Misery. Nevertheless I had so much Reason still remaining as to examine, before I had Recourse to this Remedy, whether there was any other, and Heaven inspired me with a Thought that prevented the Effects of my Despair. I did not think it impossible to conceal our Loss from *Moll*, and that either by my Industry or some favourable Turn of Fortune, I might be enabled to furnish what would entertain her in a moderate Way. I reckoned, *said I*, to sooth my Pain, that our sixty thousand Livres would serve us ten Years, now suppose that Time expired, and no Changes in my Family, what must I do? I cannot well tell, but what hinders me to do now what I should do, were that the Case. How many Persons live at *Paris*, who have neither my Genius nor Talents, and yet to these, such as they are, owe their Livelihood. Providence, *added I*, in reflecting upon the different States of Life, has it not disposed every Thing wisely? The Majority of the Great and Rich, are they not Fools? This is a Thing notorious to every one who

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has the least Acquaintance with the World. If they joined Wit to Riches they would be too happy, and the rest of Mankind too miserable. The Qualities of Body and Mind are granted to these, as Means to keep them from Poverty and Misery. Some share in the Riches of the Great, by contributing to divert them and serving them in their Pleasures, and by this Means makes Dupes of them; others serve to instruct them, and endeavour to make them Men of Honour; 'tis true indeed, that they seldom succeed, this not being the Design of Providence, but rather that they should still reap some Fruit of their Labours by living at their Expence, and whatever Way we turn the Thing, it still appears that the inferior People draw an excellent Subsistence from the Folly of the Rich and the Great. These Reflections set my Mind and Head a little to rights. I resolved to go and consult with Mr. *Lescaut*, *Moll's* Brother, who perfectly knew *Paris*, and I had but too great Occasion to know that it was neither by his own Family Income, nor the King's Pay that he subsisted. I had only about twenty Pistoles remaining, which I happened to have about me, and which I shewed him as the Remains of my Fortune, and asked him if after such Misfortunes as mine, there was any Medium between dying with Hunger and shooting one's self through the Head. He answered, that the last belonged only to Lunatics, and as for dying for Hunger, that there were several Persons of Wit who saw themselves reduced to this, when they would not employ their Talents; that it was my Business to consider what I was proper for, promising me his Assistance and Advice in all my Undertakings. This is very undeterminate, Mr. *Lescaut*, said I, my Necessities require a speedy Remedy, for what shall I say to *Moll*? *A propos* about her, replied he, what troubles you? Have you not

in her what may put an End to your Troubles whenever you please? A Girl such as she ought to entertain herself, you and me. He cut me short in the Answer that I was designing to this Impertinence, by adding that he would answer for a thousand Crowns to be gained among us before Night, if I would follow his Advice; that he knew a Nobleman so liberal upon a certain Article, that he was sure a thousand Crowns would be reckoned a Bagatelle with him, for a Night's Lodging with such a Girl as *Moll*. I answered that I had a better Opinion of him, and imagined that the Motive which had induced him to grant me his Friendship, was a quite different Sentiment for his Sister from what I now found it. He impudently confessed that he had always thought the same Way, and that as she had once made free, or rather broke through the Rules of Honour, he never would have been reconciled to her, but with a View to draw an Advantage from her bad Conduct, by which I easily perceived that we had been Dupes to him all along; and yet whatever Trouble this Discourse gave me, the Occasion I had of his Assistance made me answer laughing, that his Advice was a last Resource, which was to be made Use of only at the last Extremity; and in the mean Time begged that he would think of some other Way. He proposed next that I should make the proper Use of my Youth and Advantages that Nature had bestowed upon me, in order to get into the good Graces of some old Lady, who would be willing to pay for Favours; but this Proposal was rendering me unfaithful to *Moll*, which I could not think of. I mentioned Gaming as the best Expedient and most agreeable to my Situation; he answered, that it was indeed a Resource, but that the Manner wanted to be explained: To play, for Instance, simply and upon the common Hopes was the true Way to accomplish my Ruin: That to practice

tise alone and without being supported, the little Stratagems necessary to correct Fortune, was a dangerous Sort of a Trade; that there was a third Way, which was that of Association; but that my Youth made him apprehensive that the Gentlemen Confederates would think that I was not as yet qualified to be admitted into the Society. He offered however to use his good Offices with them in my Favour, and what I did not expect, to let me have some Money when I found myself in Want. The only Favour I asked him at present was, that he would say nothing of my Loss to *Moll*, nor of the Subject of our Conversation.

I left him less satisfied than when I came to his Lodging, and repented that I had trusted him with my Secret, being under terrible Apprehensions that he would discover it to his Sister, and form a Design of taking her from me; or, at least, advising her to leave me and take up with a more rich and happy Lover. I made a thousand Reflections upon this, which only served to augment my Pain. It came after in my Thoughts to write to my Father, and to pretend a new Conversion to draw some Money from him; but I remembered that, notwithstanding all his Goodness, he had confined me a close Prisoner for six Months as a Punishment of my first Fault, and that consequently he would punish me more rigorously for my Elopement from *St. Sulpice*. At last, this Variety of Thoughts brought one that made me much easier, and which I was surprized I had not thought of before, *viz.* To apply to my Friend *Tiberge*, in whose Zeal and Friendship I might still confide Nothing is more admirable, nor does more Honour to Virtue, than the Confidence with which we address ourselves to Persons, whose Probity we are perfectly assured of: We are sensible that we run no risk in discovering our Distress, and if they cannot always conveniently
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give us Assistance, we are sure at least of Pity and Compassion. A Heart, which so carefully locked itself up from the rest of Mankind, naturally opens to them, as a Flower blows with the Heat of the Sun, from which it expects a refreshing and useful Influence.

I looked upon my thinking so opportunely of him as an Effect of providential Care, and resolved, if possible, to see him that very Day, and therefore returned directly home to write him a Note, desiring he would meet me at a certain Place, recommending Secrecy and Discretion to him, as the most important Service that he could render me in my present Situation. The Joy which the Hopes of seeing him gave me, defaced the Traces of Grief that *Moll* must have otherwise observed in my Looks and Countenance. I spoke of our Misfortune at *Chaillot*, as a Trifle that ought to give her no Disturbance, and as *Paris* was the Place of the World which she would have chosen for her Residence; she was not at all displeas'd at my saying that it was necessary she should remain without going to *Chaillot*, till some small Damages occasioned by the Fire were repaired. About an Hour after I received an Answer from *Tiberge*, that he would immediately come to the Garden of the *Palais-Royal*, the Place appointed. I went or rather run to meet him, though I felt some Shame to appear before a Person whose Presence alone could not but reproach me with my Disorders; yet the Opinion I had of his excellent Temper, and the Interest of my Charmer supported my Courage. He was at the Place of *Rendezvous* before me, and came running to embrace me the Moment I appeared. He kept me long clasped in his Arms, and I felt my Face wet with his Tears. I told him that it was with Confusion I appeared before him, that I carried in my Heart a lively Sense of my Ingratitude; that the

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first Thing I begged to know was, if I might be still allowed to look upon him as my Friend, after having so justly deserved to lose his Esteem and Affection. He answered, in a most frank and tender Manner, that nothing was capable to make him lose that Title, that even my Misfortunes, and, if he might use the Expression, my Faults and Disorders had increased his Affection for me, but that it was a Tenderneſs mixed with the most lively Grief, ſuch as we feel for a Perſon dear to us, and whom we ſee upon the brink of Ruin, without being able to give the leaſt Aſſiſtance. *Alas!* ſaid I, after we were ſeated on a Bank, with a Sigh that flowed from the bottom of my Heart, your Compaſſion, my dear *Tiberge*, muſt be exceſſive if it equals my Pains. I am aſhamed to let you know them, becauſe they ſpring, I muſt confeſs, from an inglorious Source, but the Effect is ſo melancholy, that there is no occaſion of loving me ſo much as you do to be moved by them; upon which, he asked, as a Proof of my Friendſhip, that I would tell him, without Diſguiſe, all that had happened, ſince my leaving *St. Sulpice*, which I did without the leaſt Deviation from Truth, or the leaſt Diminution of my Faults to render them more excuſable; ſo that I ſpoke of my Paſſion with all the Force which it made me feel; and repreſented it as the particular Work of Fate that intends the Ruin of a poor Wretch, and from which it is as impoſſible for Virtue to defend itſelf, as it has been to Prudence to foreſee it. I drew a lively Picture of my Agitations, my Fears, the Deſpair I was under two Hours before I ſaw him, and into which I ſhould be plunged, if my Friends abandoned me with as little Pity as Fortune had done. In ſhort, the good *Tiberge* was ſo much moved, that I could perceive he was as much afflicted by Compaſſion, as I was by the Senſe of my Troubles. He was unwearied

in his Embraces, and exhorted me, in the most earnest manner, to take Courage; but as he still supposed that I must abandon *Moll*, I made him understand very plainly, that I looked upon this Separation, as the greatest of my Misfortunes, and that I was resolved not only to suffer the greatest Misery, but also the most cruel Death, before I had Recourse to such a desperate Remedy. Explain yourself then, *said he*, what sort of Assistance am I capable of giving you, if you reject all my Proposals? I durst not declare that it was his Purse I wanted; however, he at last understood my Meaning, and was silent some Time, as a Man who is in Suspence. Do not imagine, *said he*, after a short Pause, that my Thoughtfulness proceeds from a Coldness of Friendship; but to what Alternative do you reduce me, if I am put under the Necessity of refusing you the only Assistance that you accept of, or to wound my Reputation by granting it; for is it not sharing in your Disorder, to contribute to your persevering in it? However, *continued he*, after a Moment's Reflection, I imagine that it is perhaps the pinching Effect of Indigence, that does not allow you to think of reforming, for one must have a free and easy Mind to relish Virtue and Piety. I shall endeavour to procure you some Money, but permit me, my dear Chevalier, *added he*, embracing me, to put one Condition, which is that you will let me know the Place of your Abode, and that you will allow me, at least, to use my Endeavours to bring you back to the right Road, from which I know your Passions alone have made you stray. I sincerely agreed to what he desired, and begged he would pity the Malignity of my Fate, that made me deaf to the Advices of so virtuous a Friend. He then conducted me to a Banker of his Acquaintance, who advanced me a hundred Pistoles upon his Note, for he was far from being in Cash, not being, as I have
said,

said, rich ; his Benefice, it is true, was worth two thousand Livres yearly, but as this was only the first Year that he had been in Possession of it, he had received nothing, and this Money was advanced upon his future Rents.

I was so far touched with his Generosity as to deplore the Blindness of a fatal Love, that made me violate all my Duties. For some Minutes, Virtue had Strength enough to make a Struggle in my Heart with my Passion, and, in that Moment, I perceived at least the Shame and Indignity of my Chains. But this Combat was slight and momentary. A tender Glance of *Moll* would have made me precipitate myself from Heaven itself, and I was astonished, when I was by her, that it could enter into my Mind to be ashamed of loving so charming an Object.

MOLL indeed was a Creature of a very fantastical Temper, never Female was less desirous of Money, and yet the Thoughts of wanting it was worse than Death to her, because it afforded Diversions, without which no Happiness for *Moll* ; give her but that, and all was right ; provided she past her Time agreeably, she gave herself no trouble about what was spent, nor how the Cash stood ; so that not being excessively addicted to Gaming, nor inclined to live in a pompous Manner, nothing was so easy as to procure her the little Amusements that she wanted ; but these failing, there was no depending on her Humour and Inclinations. Though she loved me tenderly, and was the only Person, as she often confessed, that could make her perfectly relish the Sweets of Love ; I was almost certain, that her Tenderness would not hold out against certain Fears. She would have preferred me to all others, with a moderate Fortune, yet I made no doubt, if I had nothing but a faithful Heart to offer her, she would abandon me for some new *B*—— I therefore resolved to restrict my own Expences, so far as even

to deprive myself of Necessaries, rather than to let her want, even what was superfluous. The Coach was what straitned me most, for there was no thinking of keeping it longer up. This I communicated to Mr. *Lescout*, and likewise told him of my having got Money, upon which he again mentioned my turning Gamester, and told me that, by sacrificing, with a good Grace, about an hundred Livres to treat his Associates, he did not doubt but that, upon his Recommendation, I might be admitted a Member in the Society of Sharpers; and though I abhorred such Villainy, Love and Necessity made me comply. Mr. *Lescout* presented me that very Evening as a Relation of his, adding, that though I had occasion for an Augmentation of Fortune, yet it was not mere Necessity that forced me to desire Admission; and, for a Proof of this, told that I resolved, if they would accept of it, to give them a Treat this very Evening. The Offer was graciously received, and I treated them magnificently. The Conversation ran much upon my Figure and Physiognomy, in which they found out an Air of Honesty, that would certainly prevent all Suspicion of Artifice, so that the general Thanks were returned to Mr. *Lescout* for procuring them a Novice of my Merit, and one of the Sharpers was ordered to give me the necessary Instructions. The principal Theatre of my Exploits, was to be at the *Hotel de Transylvanie*, where a *Pharo* Bank was kept, and several other Tables for Cards and Dice in the Gallery. This Academy was set up for the Benefit of the Prince of R——, who lived then at *Clogny*, and the most of his Gentlemen and Officers were of our Society. In a little Time I was perfectly instructed in my Business, and was particularly dexterous at flipping or palming a Card, so that I easily ruined a great many fair Gamesters. In a few Weeks I acquired considerable Sums, besides
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the Share I honestly gave my Partners, and then told *Moll*, without any Ceremony, our Misfortune at *Chaillot*.

TIBERGE, during this favourable Turn of Fortune, visited me frequently, and regaled me with Lectures of Morality, upon the Wrong that I did my Conscience, Honour and Fortune. I patiently heard him, and pardoned his Zeal, knowing from what Source it flowed. Sometimes I rallied him in *Moll's* Presence, and exhorted him not to be more scrupulous, than the greatest part of the Bishops and other Priests, who know perfectly well how to reconcile a Mistress with a Benefice. See, *said I*, shewing him *Moll's* Eyes, and tell me if there are any Faults that such a fair Cause cannot justify. He took Patience, and extended it to a certain Point; but when he saw that my Wealth increased, and that I had not only returned his hundred Pistoles, but hired another House, and augmented my Equipage, he changed his Tone and Manner, complaining bitterly of my Hardness of Heart, threatening me with Punishment from Heaven, and prophesying a Part of the Misfortunes that soon came upon me. It is impossible, *said he*, that the Riches which serve to entertain you in your Disorders, can be lawfully acquired, and as they have come by unjust Means, they will be taken from you the same Way, and the greatest Punishment from Heaven, is to allow you the peaceable Enjoyment of them. All my Counsels, *added he*, have been useless, and I see but too plainly, that they would soon importune you: Adieu ungrateful deluded Friend; may your criminal Pleasures be fleeting as the Wind, and vanish as Smoke! May your Fortune and Money perish without Resource! And may you remain solitary and naked, that you may feel the Vanity of Pleasures, with which you are intoxicated! It is then, and only then, that you

shall find me disposed to love and serve you; but this Day I give up all Correspondence with you, and I detest the Life that you lead. It was in my own Chamber and in *Moll's* Presence, that he pronounced this apostolical Harangue; after which, he rose to be gone. I wanted to stop him, but was prevented by *Moll*, who told me, he was a Fool, whom I ought not to detain.

HIS Discourse made some Impression upon me, of which I take Notice, and of the different Occasions, in which my Heart tended to what was good, because it is to that Remembrance I owed, in the Sequel, a Part of my Constancy in the most unhappy Circumstances of my Life. But *Moll's* Caresses dissipated, in a Moment, the gloomy Thoughts which this Scene had raised in my Breast. We continued to lead a Life composed of Pleasures and Love, which was redoubled by the Increase of our Riches, so that *Venus* and the fickle Goddess *Fortune* had no such happy Slaves. Gods! Why is the World called a Place of Misery, since we may taste such delicious Pleasures in it? But alas! here lyes the Rub, they are momentary and fleeting; and were they durable, as they are delightful, what other Felicity could we desire. Our's had the common Fate, that is to say, lasted but a short Time, and was followed by many bitter Draughts.

Mr. *Lescout* having invited us to Supper, it was near twelve at Night before we returned home. I called for my Footman and *Moll* for her Maid, but neither of them appeared, and we were told, that they had left the House about eight o'Clock, after carrying off some Trunks by our Orders. I began immediately to suspect something, and was soon confirmed in my Opinion. The Lock of my Closet had been forced, and my Money and Clothes carried off, and while I was meditating upon this unhappy Event, *Moll* came running in, very much fright-

ed,

ed, to tell me that they had made the same Havock in her Apartment. This Accident appeared to be so cruel, that nothing but a last Effort of Reason could prevent my Cries and Tears; but lest my Despair should have a bad Effect upon *Moll*, I put as good a Face as possible upon it, and told her jestingly, that some Bubble at the Gaming-house should pay for this; nevertheless our Misfortune sunk so deep in her Mind, that her Affliction gave me much more Pain than my feigned Joy could give her Comfort. We are undone, *said she*, with Tears in her Eyes. I endeavoured to comfort her with my Caresses, but my own Tears betrayed the Situation of my Mind. In effect, we were so absolutely ruined, that we had not a Shirt left.

I sent immediately for Mr. *Lescaut*, who advised me to go directly to the *Lieutenant de Police*, and the grand Sheriff of *Paris*. I went, but to augment my Misfortune, for, what I as well as these two Magistrates did, was to no purpose, and my Absence gave *Lescaut* an Opportunity of entertaining his Sister, and of inspiring her with a horrible Resolution. He spoke to her of Mr. *de M— G—* an old Lecher, who paid Favours with great Profusion, and made her sensible of so many Advantages that attended her being in his keeping, that she yielded to whatever he proposed; so that this honourable Project was concluded on before my Return, and the Execution only delayed till next Day that *Lescaut* was to speak to *M— G—* I found him waiting for me at my Lodging, but *Moll* was gone to bed in her own Apartment, and had given Orders to a Servant to tell me that, being in the greatest Disorder with our Misfortune, she begged to be alone that Night. *Lescaut*, after offering me a few Pistoles, which I accepted, went away and left me alone. It was near four o'Clock before I went to bed, where I was musing a long Time, how to re-

establish my shattered Fortune; I at last fell into a profound Sleep, and did not wake till eleven o'Clock, when I got up in a Hurry to go and inform myself about *Moll's* Health. I was told by the People of the House, that she was gone out about an Hour before with her Brother in a Hackney-Coach. Though this going out with *Lescout* seemed a little mysterious, I endeavoured to smother my Suspicions, and past some Hours in reading; but at last, my Impatience getting the better of me, I got up and walked up and down our Apartments, as a Man uneasy and disquieted. In the Chamber where *Moll* had lain last Night, I perceived a sealed Letter upon the Table addressed to me, and writ with her Hand. I opened it with a mortal Shivering, and here is what it contained.

“ I swear to thee, my dear Chevalier, that thou
 “ art the Idol of my Heart, and that there is none
 “ in the World I can love in the Manner I do thee;
 “ but dost thou not see, my poor dear Lover, that,
 “ in the State to which we are reduced, Fidelity
 “ is a foolish Virtue! Dost thou think that there can
 “ be Tenderness where there is Want of Bread?
 “ Hunger would make me guilty of a fatal Mistake;
 “ I should, some Day or other, instead of a love
 “ Sigh, breath my last. I adore thee, depend up-
 “ on it, but leave to my Conduct, for some Time,
 “ the Management of our Fortune. Woe be to
 “ him who falls into my Clutches. All my Views
 “ are to render my Chevalier rich and happy. My
 “ Brother will tell thee News of thy *Moll*, and
 “ that the Necessity of leaving thee drew Floods
 “ of Tears from her Eyes.”

AFTER reading this Letter I remained in a Condition not to be described, for I am ignorant to this Hour with what kind of Thoughts I was then possessed, and it may justly be called one of those singular Situations, that one has never before experienced,

mented. One cannot explain them to others, because they have no Idea of them, and we can scarce unravel them to ourselves, because, being without a Parallel, Memory can recal nothing of the Kind, nor can they come within the Reach of common Sentiments. Nevertheless, of what kind soever mine were, Grief, Anger, Jealousy, and Shame, were certainly in the Plea, and happy had I been, if Love had stood off! She loves me, I will believe it; *but cried I*, would she not be a Monster to hate me? What Right had ever any Mortal to a Heart that I have not to hers! What remains for me to do, after all that I have sacrificed for her? And yet she abandons me, and the Ingrate thinks herself screened from my Reproaches, by telling me she still loves me. She's afraid of Hunger, *Great God of Love!* what mean Sentiments, how ill this corresponds with my Delicacy! I was not apprehensive of it, when I voluntarily renounced my Fortune, and the Conveniencies of my Father's Table and House, for the Love of her. I who have refused myself even Necessaries to gratify her little Humours and Caprices: She adores me, *says she*, false Creature! If that were true, I know whom thou wouldst have consulted; at least, thou wouldst not have left me without a Farewel! It is I that can tell what cruel Pains one feels on a Separation from a Person dearly loved. And surely one must be stark-mad to undergo them voluntarily.

My Complaints were interrupted by a Visit which I little expected, that of *Lescaut*. Traitor, *said I*, clapping my Hand to my Sword, where is *Moll*? What hast thou done with her? This Transport frightened him, and he answered that it was thus I received him, when he came to inform me of the best Service he possibly could render me, he would retire, and never set his Foot in my House again; upon which, I ran to the Chamber Door,

and locked it. Do not imagine, *said I*, turning about, that it shall be in thy Power to deceive me once more by Fables, thou must defend thy Life or restore *Moll*. Hey Day! *replied he*, the Man's in a Passion; why, could you but have a little Patience, I would tell you, that I came here with better News, than you could have expected, and which perhaps will let you know, that you are more obliged to me than you imagine. I desired to be informed directly, and he told me that *Moll* being terrified at the Thoughts of Misery, and greatly confounded with the shocking Ideas of no more Coach, had intreated him to make her acquainted with Mr. *de M. G.* who had the Character of a generous Man. He took Care not to tell me that the Project was of his hatching, or that he had paved the Road before she saw this new Lover. I conducted her this Morning, *continued he*, to his House, and this honest Gentleman was so charmed with her Merit, that he invited her directly to go and remain two or three Days with him at his Country House. I, *added Lescaut*, who immediately conceived of what Advantage this might be to you, gave him to understand, in a genteel Manner, that *Moll* had lately suffered great Losses, and I had the Art to wind him up to such a Pitch of Generosity, that he at once made her a Present of two hundred Pistoles. I told him that this was handsom, but that my Sister would in the Sequel labour under great Difficulties, particularly in taking Care of a young Brother that we had the Charge of after the Decease of our Father and Mother, and that if he thought her worthy of his Esteem, he would not allow her to suffer in this poor young Lad, whom she loved as she did herself. He was so moved at this Story, that he engaged himself to hire a convenient House for *Moll* and you, for this poor little Brother so much to be pitied, is your own sweet self;

self; he has promised to furnish your House in a genteel Manner, and to allow you four hundred Livres monthly, which, if I be not mistaken, make four Thousand eight Hundred yearly. He left Orders with his Steward, before he went to the Country, to hire a House, and to have it ready for her Reception upon his Return. You'll then see *Moll* again, who ordered me to assure you that she loves you more than ever. I sat down musing upon this fantastical Project, and was attacked with so many different Thoughts at the same Time, that I could make no Answer to many Questions that *Lescout* asked me. This was one of the critical Moments, in which Honour and Virtue made me once more feel the Stings of Remorse, and in which I mournfully called to mind *Amiens*, my Father's House, *St. Sulpice*, and all the Places where I had lived with Innocence. By what an immense Space was I now separated from that happy State! I saw it only now at a Distance, as a Shadow which attracted my Desires and Wishes, but too weak to fix my Resolution. By what Fatality, *said I*, am I become so criminal? Love is an innocent Passion; how comes it then to be changed into a Source of Miseries and Disorders to me? What hindered me to live peaceably and virtuously with *Moll*? Why did not I wed her before I attempted to enjoy her? Would not my Father, who loves me so tenderly, have consented, had I solicited him in a dutiful Manner! Ah! he would certainly have cherished her as a charming Daughter too worthy of being his Son's Spouse. I should have been happy in *Moll's* Love, in my Father's Affection, in the Esteem of Men of Honour, in Fortune's Favours, and in the Peace of Mind and Conscience, that Virtue and Innocence can only afford. Fatal Reverse! what infamous Part is here proposed to me? What shall I tamely share but am I to form any Difficulties if *Moll's*

Orders be such, and if I must have this Complaisance or lose her? Mr. *Lescout*, cried I, shutting my Eyes as if that would help me drive away such melancholy Reflections, if your Intentions were to serve me I return you Thanks. You might perhaps have thought of a more honourable Way, but as it is, I suppose, a Thing concluded on, and not to be recalled, let us think of nothing but to fulfil your Project. *Lescout*, whom my Anger, and afterwards my Silence had not a little perplexed, being very far from a Man of Bravery, of which I had better Proofs in the Sequel, was charmed to find that I had come to a Resolution quite different from what he for some Minutes apprehended. Yes, yes, answered he, in a Hurry, I have rendered you a good Service, and you'll find in the Event greater Advantages from it than what you are now aware of. We held Counsel how we should prevent the Suspicion which Mr. *M. G.* might have of our Fraternity, when he found that I was bigger and older than he perhaps imagined. We concluded, that the best Way was for me to affect the simple country Air, and to tell him that my Inclination was intirely for the ecclesiastical State, and that I went in that View to College. We resolved that I should be but indifferently dressed the first Time I was to be presented to him, and appear quite silly and awkward. In five or six Days he returned to Town, and conducted *Moll* to the House prepared for her. She immediately sent her Brother word, who acquainted me, and we went together to her House, but the old Lover had already left her.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Resignation with which I submitted to her Will, yet I could not hinder my Heart from murmuring when we met, so that I appeared sad and melancholy, and her Infidelity diminished the Joy which her Presence gave me. She on the contrary seemed to be in Raptures

tures upon seeing me, reproached me for my Coldness and Indifference. The Words perfidious and false accompanied Sighs which broke forth whether I would or not. At first she rallied me upon my Simplicity; but when she observed that I still eyed her with melancholy Looks, and could not digest a Change so contrary to my Humour and Desires, she retired to her Closet, where, having followed her a little Time after, I found her all in Tears, and having asked the Cause, 'tis easy for thee to find it out, *said she*, how wouldst thou have me to behave, if my Presence is only proper to make thee pensive and melancholy? Thou hast been here a whole Hour without so much as embracing me, and received my Caresses with the Majesty of a *Grand Turk* in his Seraglio. Hear me, *Moll*, answered I, taking her in my Arms, I cannot conceal the terrible Situation of my Heart. I don't pretend to mention the Alarm which your unexpected Flight gave me, nor your Cruelty in abandoning me without one Word of Comfort; or your passing the Night with another Bed-fellow. The Enchantment that accompanies your Person and Presence would make me forget much more than all this. But do you believe, *continued I*, that I can think without Sighs and even Tears, of which some Drops fell from my Eyes, upon the sad and wretched Life that you will have me to lead in this House? Let us lay aside my Birth and Honour, such trifling Considerations are not to be put in Balance with such a Passion as mine. But this very Passion, do not you imagine that it must repine to be so ill rewarded; I dare not say to be so tyrannically treated by an ungrateful cruel Mistress? Come, *said she*, my Chevalier, 'tis needless to torment me with Reproaches that pierce my Heart, when they come from you. I see where the Shoe pinches you. I was in Hope that you would consent to my Project of re-

our Fortune, and it was out of a Regard to your Delicacy that I had begun to execute it without your Participation, but I give it up since you don't approve of it; adding, that she only asked a little of my Complaisance, for the remaining Part of the Day; that she had received already two hundred Pistoles from her old Lover, and that he had promised to bring her in the Evening a fine Pearl Necklace with other Jewels, and one half of her yearly Pension. Give me only Time, *said she*, to receive these Presents, and I swear to you that he shall not have the Satisfaction to have passed a Night with me, for I put him off till we should return to Town, and I settled in my own House. I confess he has kissed my Hands a Million of Times; 'Tis just that he should pay for this Favour; and five or six thousand Livres are not too much considering his Riches and Age.

HER Resolution was much more agreeable to me than the Expectation of five thousand Livres, and I had on this Occasion an Opportunity to discover that my Heart had not lost all Sentiments of Honour, since it was so well pleased to avoid Infamy. But I was born for short Pleasures and long Troubles, and Fortune only delivered me from one Precipice to tumble me down a worse; when I had testified, by a thousand Embraces, how happy this Change made me, I told her that it would be necessary to let *Lescout* into the Secret, that we might jointly concert Measures. He at first murmured, but the four or five thousand Livres brought him over. It was therefore resolved that we should all three sup with Mr. *de G. M.* for two Reasons; the one, for the Diversion of such an agreeable Scene as my passing for a Scholar, Brother to *Moll*, and the other, to prevent this old Letcher from taking Liberties with my Mistress, which he might imagine his Liberalities gave him a just Title to. *Lescout* and I

were.

were to retire when he went up Stairs to his Bedroom, where he was to take Possession of his new Acquisition, and *Moll*, instead of following him, promised to give him the Slip and decamp with us in a Coach, which *Lescant* took Care to have waiting at the Gate.

THE Hour of Supper being come, Mr. G. M. did not make us wait for him. *Lescant* was with his Sister in the Parlour. The old Gentleman's first Compliment was presenting to his Goddess a Necklace, Locketts and Ear-rings, that were worth a hundred Pistoles at least, and then counting down in good *Louis d'Ors*, the Sum of two thousand four hundred Livres which was the exact half of the Year's Pension, he seasoned his Present with many old Court Compliments. *Moll* could not refuse him some Kisses, which were dearly paid. I was at the Door listening and waiting 'till *Lescant* introduced me. When *Moll* had put her Jewels and Money in a Place of Safety, he came and conducted me by the Hand towards Mr. *de G. M.* ordering me to make my Bow, and I made half a Dozen very profound. He is a Boy that is quite new, and I hope, Sir, *said Lescant*, that you'll excuse him. He is far from having, as you see, the Airs of *Paris*, but we are in Hopes that he will mend his Manners. You will have the Honour, *said he, turning to me*, to see this Gentleman often here, and I would advise you to do all that is in your Power to please him. The old Enamorato gently chucked me under the Chin, telling me that I was a pretty Boy, but that I must be upon my Guard at *Paris*, where Youth was very liable to be corrupted. *Lescant* assured him that I was naturally so modest, and well inclined, that nothing but being a Priest run in my Head, and that all my Pleasure was to make little Chapels. I find a great Resemblance, *said the old Dotard*, between him and *Moll*. I answered
wit^r

with the Air of a mere Simpleton, Sir, the Reason of this is, because we are almost of the same Flesh, and therefore it is that I love *Moll* as another self. Do you hear him, *said he to Lescaut*, he does not want Wit, and 'tis a Pity that he knows so little of the World. Oh! Sir, *replied I*, I have seen a great many in our Churches at Home; and I am apt to think that I shall meet with greater Fools than myself at *Paris*. See, *said he*, this is admirable for a Country Lad. All our Conversation during Supper was upon the same Strain, and *Moll*, who was a waggish Girl, was often like to spoil all, by breaking out into a loud Laughter. I found an Opportunity to tell him his own Story, and the bad Luck that threatened him. *Lescaut* and *Moll* were trembling all the Time of my Narration, particularly when I drew his own Picture to the Life, but I was very sure that Self-love would prevent his applying any Thing I said to himself, and I conducted my Story so artfully to a Conclusion, that he was the first that found it ludicrous. You will see that it is not without Reasons that I enlarge upon this ridiculous Scene. At last, the Hour of going to Bed drawing nigh, he proposed that *Moll* should go to her Apartment. *Lescaut* and I retired. He was conducted to her Chamber, and she, under Pretence of some natural Necessity, came out to us waiting at the Gate, and getting all three into the Coach, we were in a Moment far enough from the expecting Lover.

THOUGH there was something roguish in this Action, yet I could not think that this Money was so unjustly got, as what I had gained at Play; nevertheless we had as little Good by the one as the other, and Heaven permitted that the slightest of these two Injustices was most rigorously punished. Mr. *de G. M——*, soon perceived that he had been
tricked,

tricked, and I know not if he took some Steps that very Night to discover us, but he had Credit enough not to make many without Effect, and we Imprudence enough to depend too much on the Bigness of *Paris*, and of the Distance from the Quarter of the Town where we lived to this House. He was not only informed of our Lodgings and of our Affairs, but also who I was, the Life that I had led at *Paris*, *Moll's* Commerce with *B—*, and how she had tricked him; in one Word, all the Parts of our Story. Upon which he resolved to have us taken up as arrant Cheats and Libertines. We were in Bed when an *Exempt* of the *Lieutenant de Police's* entered our Chamber, with half a Dozen of Guards. The first Thing they did was to seize on our Money, or rather, on that of *Mr. G. M.* and having made us get up quickly, they conducted us to the Gate, where two Coaches were waiting; in one of which poor *Moll* was carried to the Work-house, and I in the other to *St. Lazare*. To judge of such Catastrophes, one must have had Experience of the Despair into which they plunge us. Our Guards had the Barbarity neither to allow me to embrace *Moll* nor to say a Word to her, and it was long before I knew what was become of her, which was no Doubt a Happiness for me, for I certainly should have lost my Judgment and perhaps my Life.

My unfortunate Mistress was dragged to the Work-house. What Fate for a charming Creature, who would have been placed upon a Throne if all the Men had my Eyes and Heart? Though she was not treated with the utmost Rigour, yet she was closely confined, and condemned to a daily Task, as a necessary Condition to obtain some poor Victuals. This I only learned after having undergone several Months of rude Penance. I did not know to what Prison my Guards were conducting me till we arrived.

rived at the Gate of *St. Lazare**, and as I had terrible Ideas of that Place, I would have preferred Death to being confined in it. After searching my Pockets a second Time for Arms, the Superior appeared, and welcomed me with great Civility and Modesty. Father, *said I*, no Indignities, for I will lose a thousand Lives rather than suffer the least. No, no, Sir, *answered he*, I hope you will behave discreetly, and we shall be satisfied with one another. I was conducted by the Guards to a high Chamber where they left the Superior and me.

I am now Father, *said I*, your Prisoner, what do you pretend to do with me? He answered, that he was charmed to see me behave with so much Calmness and Discretion; that his Duty with Respect to me, was to endeavour to make me relish Virtue and Religion, and that mine was to make a good Use of his Advices and Exhortations; adding, that if I did but correspond ever so little, with the Regard that he would have for me, I should find nothing but Pleasure and Satisfaction in my Solitude. Alas! Pleasure, *replied I*, you are ignorant of the only Thing that can afford me any. I know your Story, *said he*, but I hope your Inclination will change; what a mortifying Thing was it to me, to think that I was to become the Town-talk, and a Disgrace to my Family; for some Days I did nothing but sob, cry, and sigh, and my Ignominy was still present before my Eyes. Even the Remembrance of *Moll* added nothing to my Grief, and what possessed my Mind above all was Shame and Confusion. Few Persons are acquainted with these particular Motions of the Heart. The Vulgar are only sensible of five or six Passions, in the Circle

* A Sort of Prison kept by Priests, where Parents send Boys that contract bad Habits, and where they undergo whipping and severe Usage.

whereof their whole Life is past, and to which all their Agitations are reducible. Take from them Love and Hatred, Pleasure and Pain, Hope and Fear, and nothing else affects them. But Persons of a certain Character can be affected a thousand different Ways: It would seem that they had more than five Senses, and that they are capable of Ideas and Sensations that pass the Limits of Nature; and as they have a Sentiment of that Grandeur, which elevates them above the Vulgar, there's nothing they are more jealous of. From thence arises their Impatience under Contempt or Mockery, and that Shame is one of their most violent Passions.

I had this melancholy Advantage at St. *Lazare*, and my Affliction seemed to be so excessive to the Superior, that dreading the Consequences, he thought proper to treat me with Mildness and Indulgence. He visited me twice or thrice every Day, carried me now and then to take a Turn with him in the Garden, where he exhausted himself in Exhortations and salutary Advices, which I received in good Part, and even testified my Acknowledgment; on which he founded the Hopes of my Conversion. You are of such a sweet and affable Temper, *said he one Day*, that I can scarce allow myself to think you capable of the Disorders with which you are accused. Two Things astonish me in the first Place, how with so good Qualities, you have given yourself up to Debauchery; and in the next Place, how you so willingly receive my Advices and Instructions, after having lived several Years in habitual Disorders. If it proceeds from Repentance, you are a remarkable Instance of God's Mercy; and if it be natural Goodness, you have at least an excellent Foundation of moral Rectitude, which makes me hope that we shall not have Occasion to keep you long here, to bring you to the Resolution of leading an honest and regular Life. I

was charmed to find him possessed with so favourable an Opinion of me, and resolved to augment it by a Conduct that would intirely gain him, being persuaded that it was the best Way to shorten my Confinement. I begged he would lend me Books, and he was surprized to see me make Choice of serious and religious Authors. But instead of applying myself to reading as he fancied, I must own to my Shame, that when I was alone I did nothing but lament my Fate, curse my Prison, and the Tyrants that kept me in it; and I had no sooner some Respite from what Shame and Confusion made me suffer, than I fell again into the Torments of Love. The Absence of *Moll*, the Uncertainty of her Fate, the Dread of never seeing her more, were the only Subject of my melancholy Meditations. I believed her in the Arms of Mr. *de G. M.* not imagining that he had treated her as he had me, whom I thought he had got out of the Way, that he might quietly possess her. It was thus I passed the Days and Nights, consuming myself in vain and empty Complaints, and had no other Hopes but in the Success of my Hypocrisy. I carefully observed the Countenance and Discourse of my Superior, to know his Sentiments of me, and endeavoured to please him as the sole Arbiter of my Destiny. I could easily perceive that I was in great Favour with him, and did not doubt but that he was disposed to render me Service; so that I pulled up my Courage, and asked if my Enlargement depended on him. He told me that he was not absolutely Master, but that upon his Testimony, he hoped that Mr. *de G. M.* at whose Instance the *Lieutenant de Police* had ordered my Confinement, would consent to my Liberty. May I flatter myself, *said I*, that two Months of a Prison will appear to him to be a sufficient Expiation. He promised to speak to him if I inclined, and I earnestly intreated that he would do me this good Office.

Office. Two Days after he told me, that from the favourable Report he had made, Mr. *de G. M.* had been so moved, that he not only seemed inclinable to procure my Liberty, but had testified an earnest Desire to be more particularly acquainted with me, and therefore proposed to render me a Visit in my Prison. Though his Presence could not be agreeable to me, yet I looked upon it as a Means of my being speedily set at Liberty. It was not long before he came to *St. Lazare*, and I could observe an Air more sedate and composed, than when he was acting the Lover at *Moll's* House. He said several sensible Things upon my bad Conduct, and *added*, no Doubt to justify his own Disorders, that Man's Weakness allowed the Use of certain Pleasures which Nature required; but that Roguery and shameful Artifices deserved to be punished. I bore all patiently, and even some Railleries upon my pretended Fraternity with *Lescout* and his Sister, and upon the little Chapels, of which, *said he*, I suppose you have made a great many here since you took so much Pleasure in this pious Occupation; but unfortunately for him as well as for me, *he added*, that *Moll* had no Doubt made pretty ones too at the Work-house. Notwithstanding the trembling into which the very Name of Work-house threw me, I had still the Power to beg of him, in a very calm Manner, to explain himself. Oh yes, *replied he*, she has been for two Months learning to be wise at the Work-house, and I wish she may have reaped as much Benefit as you at *St. Lazare*.

THOUGH I had been to be condemned to an eternal Prison, and even to Death itself, I could not have been Master of my first Transport when I heard this horrid News. I threw myself upon him with such Fury that I lost the Half of my Strength: I had, however, enough to throw him to the Ground.

and was throttling him when he was almost strangled, brought the Superior and several Religious into my Chamber, who delivered him from my Rage. O God! *cried I*, just Heaven! must I survive such Infamy. I made a second Attempt to be at the Barbarian who had assassinated me, but was stopped, which made me weep most bitterly. The Spectators, who were ignorant of the Cause, looked at one another with Dread and Surprize. In the mean Time, Mr. *de G. M.* was 'putting his Wig and Cravat to rights, and to be revenged of his ill Usage, ordered the Superior to confine me closer than ever, and to punish me with all the Rigour that is practised in that Place. No, Sir, *said the Superior*, we are not accustomed to use a Person of the Chevalier's Birth in that Manner'; besides he is so discreet and well behaved, that I cannot allow myself to think he has been transported to such Extremities without strong Reasons. This Answer added to Mr. *G. M.*'s Confusion, so that he went out saying, that he knew how to humble not only the Superior and me, but all who durst resist him.

THE Superior, having ordered the others that were present to conduct him, remained alone with me, and begged that I would immediately tell him the Cause of our Quarrel, which I did, not forgetting the long and fatal Passion which I had for *Moll*, and of which neither Reason nor Religion could bring about my Cure. He could easily perceive by what I told him, from what Source flowed Mr. *G. M.*'s Zeal for my Conversion, and that Revenge had pushed him to get me shut up in this Place, and the poor charming Creature *Moll* in the Work-house. O villainous Barbarity, to use the Master-piece of Nature in such a monstrous Manner! The good Father was extremely moved with my Affliction, and told me, that he had not fore now been informed rightly of my Adventure,
having

having hitherto believed that what Mr. G. M. had done, proceeded from Friendship to my Family, as he himself had insinuated to him ; but that what I had now told him altered the Case extremely, and that he made no Doubt but a faithful Report, which he intended to make to the *Lieutenant de Police*, would contribute to my Liberty. He then asked, why I had not informed my Parents since they had no Hand in my Captivity. I represented my Apprehensions of the Grief which such News must have given my Father, and how much I should have been ashamed myself to write him any such Thing. In short, the good old Priest promised to go that Moment to the Magistrate, were it for no other Reason but to prevent the Malice of Mr. G. M. who would leave no Stone unturned to be revenged of the last Affront.

AFTER many Schemes how to get out of my Prison, in Case the Superior did not succeed with the *Lieutenant de Police*, I at last fixed on one which I resolved to put in Execution, after I lost all other Hopes by Means of the Superior, who having executed his Promise told me on his Return, that G. M. had been before-hand with him, and had so far prepossessed the Magistrate against me, that he was just going to send him new Orders for my closer Confinement. However when I informed him, *continued he*, of the real State of your Affairs, he appeared to be much softened, and after smiling at the Incontinency of the old G. M. told me, that to satisfy him, you must remain six Months here, the rather, *added he*, because your Stay could not but prove to your Advantage. He recommended to me to use you well, and I promise that you shall have no Cause to be dissatisfied with me.

WHILE the Superior rendered me an Account of his Negotiation, I had Time enough to reflect on the Behaviour that was properest for me: To express

too great an Anxiety for my Deliverance was the Means to make all my Designs miscarry; on the contrary, I represented to him, that since the Continuation of my Confinement was a Thing concluded upon, it was a great Comfort to me that I had some small Part in his Esteem; after which I begged of him without Affectation, to grant me a Favour that concerned no-body but myself, and would contribute much to my Tranquillity, *viz.* to inform a pious Ecclesiastick at St. *Sulpice* a Friend of mine of my being here, and to allow me sometimes the Pleasure of his edifying Visits. *Tiberge* was the Man I wanted, and the Superior made no Scruple to acquaint him; not that I expected the necessary Assistance to recover my Liberty from him, but that I designed to make Use of him as an Instrument without his Knowledge. In one Word, here's my Project. I resolved to write to *Lescout*, that he and our Friends might try to rescue me. The first Difficulty was how to convey my Letter to him, this was to be *Tiberge's* Business, and yet as he knew him to be my Mistress's Brother, I was afraid that he would not willingly accept of this Commission, and therefore I resolved to inclose *Lescout's* Letter, in one directed to an honest Man of my Acquaintance, begging of him to deliver it speedily, according to the Direction; and as it was necessary that I should see *Lescout*, that we might concert Matters, I resolved that he should demand Admission to me under the Name of my eldest Brother, who had come to *Paris* on Purpose to be informed of my Adventure. The Superior sent next Day to *Tiberge* to acquaint him, that I earnestly desired to see him. This faithful Friend had not lost Sight of me so far as to be ignorant of my being at St. *Lazare*, and perhaps he was not very much concerned at this Misfortune, which he hoped might be of Use to reclaim me. The Moment he was informed

formed that I wanted to see him, he came running to my Prison.

OUR Conversation was extremely cordial. He desired to be informed of my Situation and Intentions, and I laid my Heart open to him without Reserve, except my designed Flight. 'Tis not to you, dear Friend, *said I*, that I will appear to be what I am not. If you have imagined to find here a Friend discreet and regular in his Desires, a Libertine awaked out of his criminal Lethargy by the Chastisements of Heaven; in one Word, a Heart disengaged from Love, and Proof against the Charms of his *Moll*, you have made too favourable a Judgment of me. You see me just what you left me four Months since, always in Love, and always unfortunate by that fatal Passion, in which with unwearied Endeavours I seek to be happy. He answered, that the Confession I made rendered me inexcusable; that in Reality it was no surprizing Thing to see Sinners intoxicated with the false Glare of Vice, so as to prefer it to the real Brilliant of Virtue, but still they were attached to an Image of Happiness, and were deceived by Appearance; but to acknowledge as I did, that the Object of my Attachments was only proper to render me criminal and unfortunate, and to continue to precipitate myself voluntarily into Crimes and Misfortunes, was a downright Contradiction of Sentiments and Actions, which did no Honour to my Judgment. *Tiberge*, *said I*, how easy it is for you to conquer when your Arms meet with no Opposition, let me argue in my Turn. Can you pretend to say, that what you call the Happiness of Virtue is exempted from Troubles, Crosses, and carking Cares? What Name will you assign to Prisons, Racks, and Tortures of Tyrants? Will you chime in with the Mysticks, and tell us that what torments the Body is a Happiness to the Soul; to be sure you would not
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support such an unwarrantable Paradox. This Happiness then that you so much extol is attended with a thousand Crosses, or to speak more properly, is nothing but a Series of Misfortunes, through which one pushes to get at Happiness. Now if by the Force of Imagination one may feel a Pleasure in the very Pains, because they are conducive to lead us to the happy Point that we aim at, why do you treat as contradictory and foolish in my Conduct the very same Disposition? I love *Moll*, and struggle with many Cares and Crosses, that I may at last live quietly and happily with her. The Road indeed, in which I now walk, is extremely rough and rugged, but the Hopes of arriving at the End of my Journey keeps up my Heart, and one Moment of her Presence is a sufficient Recompence in my Way of thinking, for all that I suffer to obtain it. From all which I conclude, that your Maxims and mine seem to be upon a pretty equal Footing; or if there be any Difference it is in my Favour, for the Happiness I aim at is near, and your's at a great Distance; mine resembles Pains, that is to say, affects the Body, but the other is a Thing unknown, and only certain by Faith.

TIBERGE appeared to be terrified with this Reasoning, and told me in a most serious Manner, that what I had said, not only contradicted good Sense, but was a wretched Sophism of Impiety and Irreligion; for that Comparison, *added he*, of the Term of your Pains, with that proposed by Religion, is a most lewd and monstrous Idea. I confess, *replied I*, that it is not just; but reflect a little, and you'll find that it is not to this Point that my Arguments tend. My Design was to explain what you look upon as a Contradiction in the Perseverance of an unhappy Amour, and I think I have sufficiently proved that if it be one, you can no more escape than I. 'Tis with Respect to that only, that I
 have

have treated Things as equal, and I still affirm that they are so. Will you answer that the Charms of Virtue are infinitely superior to those of Love? Who denies it? But is this the Question! And is not the Case which of the two are most capable to support Troubles? Let us judge by the Effect. How many will you find that desert rigid Virtue, and how few that abandon Love? Will you again answer that if there are Troubles that accompany Virtue, they are not infallible and necessary; that we find no Tyrants nor Racks now, and that we see a great Number of virtuous Persons who lead a quiet and peaceable Life? I can tell you too, that there are happy and fortunate Amours, and what makes a Difference very much in my Favour, I shall add that Love, though it often enough deceives, promises at least nothing but Satisfaction and Joys; whereas Religion tells us, that we must lay our Accounts with a melancholy and mortifying Practice. Don't be alarmed, *added I, seeing his Zeal ready to take Fire,* the only Conclusion that I am to draw from all this is, that there can be no worse Method to disgust a Heart at Love than to exclaim against the Sweets of it, and to promise more Happiness in the Exercise of Virtue. In the Manner that we are composed, it is certain that our Felicity consists in Pleasure; I defy any Mortal to form another Idea: Now the Heart has no Occasion to consult itself long to be sensible, that of all Pleasures the softest are those of Love. When more charming Pleasures are promised elsewhere, it soon perceives the Imposition, and this disposes it to be diffident of the most solid Promises. Preachers, you who strive to bring me back to Virtue, tell me that it is indispensably necessary, but fairly confess that it is severe and toilsom. Do all you can to prove that the Pleasures of Love are momentary, that they are forbidden, that they are followed by eternal Pains,

and what will still perhaps make more Impression upon me, that the more delightful and charming they are, the more abundantly Heaven will reward so great a Sacrifice; but confess that with such Hearts as ours are, they are our greatest Felicities here upon Earth. This Conclusion of my Discourse put *Tiberge* in good Humour, and he agreed that my Thoughts were not altogether unreasonable. The only Remark that he made was, why I did not, at least, act up to my own Principles, by sacrificing my Love to the Hopes of that Remuneration, of which I had formed so grand an Idea. O! my dear Friend, *said I*, it is here that I know my Misery and Weakness. Alas! it is my Duty to act as I argue, but is the former in my Power? What powerful Assistance must I have to forget the Charms of *Moll*? Ho! ho! *said Tiberge*, if I am not mistaken here is one to the Number of our *Jansenists*. I know not what I am, *replied I*, nor am I very certain what I ought to be; but I experience the Truth of what they say.

THIS Conversation served, at least, to renew my Friend's Pity, since he plainly saw that there was more Weakness than Malignity in my Disorders, which prompted him the more to serve me, and without his Friendship I should have miserably perished. I concealed my Design of escaping from my Prison, and only gave him a Letter which I had wrote before he came, and which he punctually delivered. *Lescout*, having got his that Evening, came next Day, and was admitted as my Brother. Let us lose no Time, *said I*, upon his coming in; in the first Place, tell me News of *Moll*, and then give me your Advice how I may get out of this Place. He told me that he had not been able to see his Sister, though he had often attempted it. O wretched *G. M.* *cried I*, how dear shall all this cost thee.

As to your Deliverance, it is not so easy a Matter as you may imagine. Two of my Friends and I have visited all the out-side of the House, and find it impracticable from without, so that some Stratagem must be fallen upon within Doors: No, *said I*, though my Chamber Door be not shut, and that I have Liberty to walk in the Galleries by the Indulgence of the Superior, yet the Stairs are shut up with strong Doors that are locked Night and Day, so that Address alone will not do the Business. Hold, *continued I*, after a short Pause upon a sudden Thought that appeared excellent to me, could you bring me a Pistol? Easily, replied *Lescaut*, but have you an Intention to kill any Body? I assured him, that I was so far from it, that it was indifferent to me whether the Pistol was loaded or not. Bring it to me to-morrow, *added I*, and fail not to come to the Gate with two or three of our Friends about eleven at Night, where I hope I shall be able to join you. He in vain pressed me to explain myself a little more, but I told him that an Enterprize such as mine could not be thought reasonable, but by it's Success. I begged he would shorten his Visit, that he might the more readily be admitted next Day. He came and found no Difficulty to get in. He had a serious stayed Air, and any Body that did not know him would have taken him for a Man of Honour.

WHEN I found myself possessed of the Instrument of my Liberty, I was almost sure of the Success of my Project, which was, to speak the Truth, whimsical and bold; but of what was I not capable, with the Motives that animated me! Since I had been allowed to walk in the Galleries I had observed, that the Porter brought all the Keys of the Doors to the Superior, and that after there was a profound Silence all over the House, which was a Sign, that every Body was gone to Bed, I could easily go by

a Gallery of Communication from my own Chamber to the Superior's. My Resolution was to take his Keys, by frightening him with my Pistol, in case he made any Difficulty to give them.

THE Porter came at the usual Hour a little after nine, and I waited an Hour more, that all the Religious and Domesticks might be fast asleep. I then went to the Father's Door with the Pistol, and a lighted Candle, and knocked softly at first, that I might awake him without much Noise. He heard me at the second Stroke, and fancying, no doubt, that it was some of the Priests that were indisposed, and wanted Assistance, he got up to open the Door, but had the Precaution first to ask who was there, so that I was obliged to tell my Name, but affected a moanful Tone, that he might judge I was indisposed. Ah! is it you, my dear Son, *said he*, opening the Door, what brings you here so late? I went into his Chamber, and declared, that it was impossible for me to remain longer at *St. Lazare*; that the Silence of the Night favoured my going out, which I hoped he would consent to, by opening the Doors himself; or, by giving me the Keys to open them. The Compliment could not but surprise him; he looked at me for some Time without answering; but as I could not bear Delays, I resumed the Discourse to tell him that I was extremely sensible of his Favours, but that Liberty being the greatest of earthly Blessings, particularly to me who was unjustly deprived of it, I resolved to recover it this very Night at any Rate, and lest he should call for Assistance, I shewed him a sufficient Reason of Silence. A Pistol, *said he*, what are you resolved to kill me as a Recompence of the Regard I have had for you? God forbid, *answered I*, you have too much good Sense to put me under that Necessity; but I will be free, and if my Project should fail by your Fault, you are a dead Man. But my dear Son,
said

said he with a pale and frightened Countenance, what have I done that provokes you to seek my Death: No, no, *replied I with Impatience,* I have no Design to kill you, if you chuse to live; open the Doors to me, and I am your Friend for ever. I laid hold of the Keys which I perceived lying on a Table, and desired him to follow me, making the least Noise that he could, which he was forced to do. As he was opening Door after Door, he often repeated sighing, Ah! who would ever have thought it. No Noise, Father, *said I as often as he complained.* At last, we came to a sort of Rail before the great Gate, I behind the Father with a Candle in one Hand, and my Pistol in the other, and while he was opening, a Domestick, who lay in a little Chamber near this Place, hearing some Noise, got out of Bed and looked out. The good Father thought him no doubt able to stop me, and very imprudently called him to his Assistance. He was a stout, strong Fellow, and rushed immediately to seize me, upon which I cocked the Pistol, and drew the Tricker, that if loaded, I might do his Business, and, to my Surprise, lodged, as I suppose, a Ball in his Breast. You are the Cause of this Misfortune, Father, *said I,* but this must be no Stop, so finish, *pushing him towards the great Gate,* what you have begun, which he shaking from Head to Foot, durst not refuse; so that I got safely out, and found my Friends waiting for me in the Street.

WE immediately made the best of our Way. *Lescaut* asked me if I had not fired my Pistol. It is your Fault, *said I,* why did you load it? Nevertheless I thanked him for his Precaution, without which, I had not been now where I am. When we were got to a Place of Safety, the unhappy Situation of my dear *Moll* was the first Thing that I thought of. She must be delivered, *said I to my*

three Friends, I did not wish for my Liberty but upon that Account; I ask the Assistance of your Address, for my own Part, I am resolved to risk my Life. *Lescout*, who did not want Prudence, represented that my Evasion, and the Misfortune that had happened upon it, would no doubt make a Noise; that the *Lieutenant de Police* would certainly endeavour to have me taken up; in short, that if I would avoid something worse than my Confinement at *St. Lazare*, I would at least keep close, till the first Heat was over. His Advice was prudent, but my Passion could not bear with such Delays; all I could be brought to, was, that I should not stir abroad next Day till Night; a Part of this Time was employed in forming Projects and Schemes how to assist *Moll*. I could easily conceive, that her Prison was more impenetrable than mine. Force and Violence were out of the Question, nothing but Address would do; but the Goddess of Invention herself would have been at a Loss where to begin. I saw so little Appearance, that I deferred the farther Consideration of the Affair till I had informed myself exactly, how the Prison was within Doors, and when Night had brought Darkness, I begged of Mr. *Lescout* to accompany me to the Place, where we joined Conversation with one of the Turn-keys, who appeared to be a Man of good Sense. I pretended to be a Stranger, who had heard a great Character of this Place, and the good Order observed in it. I informed myself of every Thing, and at last came to the Administrators, whose Names and Characters I wanted to know; his Answers to this last Question gave me a Thought which pleased me much, and which I soon put in Execution; but I first asked him, as a Thing essential to my Designs, if these Gentlemen had Children? *He answered*, that Mr. *de T*— one of the principal Managers, had a young Gentleman to his Son, who had

had frequently come to the Work-house with his Father. This Knowledge was sufficient, and I immediately retired with *Lescout*, acquainting him as we went to his Lodgings, of the Idea that I had formed. I imagine, *said I*, that Mr. *de T*— the Son, being rich, and of a good Family, can be no Enemy to Pleasures, as most young Men of his Age. It is very unlikely, that he can be a Woman-hater, or so scrupulous, to refuse his Assistance in a love Affair. I have laid a Scheme to make him the Instrument of *Moll's* Liberty. If he is a Man of Honour, he will assist us out of Generosity, and if he is not capable of being conducted by this Motive, he will at least do something for a pretty Girl, were it only the Hopes of sharing in her Favours. I will wait on him, *added I*, to-morrow, and I find a sort of Pleasure in this Project, which I look upon to be a favourable Omen.

NEXT Morning, I dressed myself out in the best Manner that my present indigent State would allow, and went in a Hackney-Coach to Mr. *de T*—'s House. He was surprized to receive a Visit from an intire Stranger, his Physiognomy and civil Behaviour on my entering gave me, at once, some Hopes. I told him frankly my Case, and, to raise his Curiosity and Compassion at the same Time, I spoke of my Passion, and the Charms of my Mistress, as Things that could not be equalled, but by one another. He told me, that though he had never seen *Moll*, he had heard of her, if she was the Mistress of the old *G. M.* As I made no doubt, but that he had been informed of the Share I had in that Adventure, and to gain him more by an unlimited Confidence, I told him every Particular of my Amours with her. You see, Sir, *added I*, that the Interest of my Life, as well as of my Heart, are now in your Hands. The one is no dearer to me, than the other. I have no Reserve

with you, because I have been informed of your generous Character, and the Resemblance of our Ages makes me hope that there will be some in our Inclinations. He appeared to be sensibly touched with my Openness and Candor, and told me, that he looked upon my Visit as a Favour, that Fortune had bestowed upon him; that he would look upon my Friendship, as a happy Acquisition, which, by his Zeal to serve me, he would endeavour to deserve. He did not promise to procure *Moll's* Liberty, because, *said he*, my Interest is not strong enough to undertake that; but engaged to procure me the Pleasure of seeing her, and to do all that was in his Power to restore her to my Arms. I was better pleased with the Diffidence which he seemed to be under, with respect to his Credit, than I should have been with a positive Assurance of accomplishing all my Wishes, and I found in the Moderation of his Offers a Mark of Sincerity with which I was charmed. I insinuated so much to him in a Manner that convinced him, that I had a lively Sense of his good Intentions, so that, in short, we became Friends from a mutual Sympathy of our Hearts, and a simple Disposition that excites a generous good natured Man to love another who resembles him. His Generosity did not stop here, but considering that upon coming out of the Prison where I had been, Money might be a little scarce with me, he offered me his Purse, and pressed my Acceptance; but I told him that this was too much, and that if he was so good as to bring me to my dear *Moll*, I was his for Life; and if it happened that this dear Creature was restored to me by his Means, the shedding all the Blood in my Veins could not acquit me of such a Debt.

WE agreed before we parted upon the Time and Place of our next Meeting at a certain Coffee-house at four o' Clock in the Afternoon, from whence

we went to the Work-house. I trembled from Head to Foot as we passed through the Courts. O! powerful Love, *said I*, shall I then once more see the dear Sovereign of my Heart, the Object of so many Sighs and Tears! Heaven grant me Life, 'till I reach her, and then dispose of my Fortune and Days, I have no other Favour to ask. Mr. *de T*—spoke to some of the Keepers who were ready to do any Thing in their Power to oblige him. He ordered them to conduct us to *Moll's* Chamber, which opened with a Key of a monstrous Bigness. I asked the Servant who had Charge of her, how she had passed her Time in this melancholy Abode. He told us, that her Sweetness of Temper was angelical; that he had never received a harsh Word from her; that the first six Weeks she did nothing but cry, and of late seemed to support her Fate with more Patience, employing the most of her Time in sewing.

WHEN we came near her Door my Heart beat high. I begged of Mr. *de T*— to go in by himself and to give her Notice, because I apprehended she would be so much struck with an unexpected Sight of me, that it might do her harm. The Door was opened. My Friend went in, and I remained in the Gallery, where I could hear what they said. He told her that he came to condole with her, being a Friend of mine, and one who interested himself very much in our Fortune. She asked hastily if she could learn from him what was become of me. He promised to bring me to her Feet as passionate and constant as she could desire. When? *replied she*. This very Day, *said he*, the happy Moment is not far off, nay, just now he will appear if you desire it. She conceived that I was at the Door, and was running with Precipitation towards it as I entred. We threw ourselves into each other's Arms with that overflowing Tender-

ness which an Absence of three Months makes so ravishing to true Lovers. Our Sighs, our broken Exclamations, a thousand soft endearing Names which languishingly flowed from our Mouths, formed for a Quarter of an Hour a Scene that extremely affected Mr. *de T*—— I envy you, *said he*, making us sit down. There is no Condition so glorious to which I would not prefer so charming and tender a Mistress. Truly, *answered I*, to be assured of the Happiness of possessing her Heart, I would renounce all the Empires of the Universe.

ALL the rest of a Conversation so much longed for, could not miss of being extremely tender and moving. Mr. *de T*—— endeavoured to keep up our Spirits by new Promises, but advised us to shorten this Visit, that he might the more easily procure others after. To part was Death, and *Moll* could not bear the Thoughts of it, but made me sit down as often as I got up, holding me by the Hands and Clothes. Alas! in what Place do you leave me, *said she*, who can assure me, that I shall ever see you again? Mr. *de T*—— engaged to come often with me, and as for the Place, *said he eagerly*, it must no longer be called a Jail, but a *Versailles*, since a Person, who deserves an absolute Empire over all Hearts, is shut up in it.

ON my going out I tipped the Man that attended her a *Louis d'Or*. As he had been present at our Interview, and had Sentiments above those of his Station, he took me aside and told me that if I would take him into my Service, or give him a reasonable Reward to indemnify him for the Loss of his Employment in that House, he believed he could set the Lady at Liberty. If you can do this, Friend, *said I*, your Fortune is made; but what Method do you propose? No other, *said he*, but to open her Door at Night, and to conduct her to the outer Gate, where you must be ready to receive her.

her. I asked if there was no Danger of her being discovered as she passed through the Galleries and Courts. He confessed there was; but nothing venture, nothing have. Though I was charmed to see him so resolute, yet I thought proper to consult with Mr. *de T*— upon this Project, who said, that it was possible she might make her Escape in this Manner; but if she should be discovered and stopped, I might bid Adieu to her for ever; besides, in case of Success, you would be obliged to leave *Paris* directly, for strict Search would be made after you, as well as her. A Man alone has some Chance, but it is almost impossible to remain undiscovered with a pretty Woman. How solid soever this Remark appeared, yet I resolved to risk all, and begged that he would excuse a little Temerity in a Lover of my Stamp; adding that, if we succeeded, my Design was to go and remain in some Village near *Paris*. We then agreed with the Servant, that he should execute his Design next Day; and to make it as successful as possible, we resolved to have her dressed in Men's Clothes. I begged Mr. *de T*— to put on two light Vests, and I brought Linen Stockings, &c. under a Surtoot. Mr. *de T*— gave her one of his Vests, and I my Coat, but I had not thought of Breeches, which was a terrible Neglect, and there was no other Remedy but to give her my own, which, as my Surtoot was long, I could the more easily do. At the Hour appointed we went in a Hackney-Coach, pretty near the Work-house, and were not long before we saw *Moll*, and her Conductor appear. We got them in a Minute into the Coach, and the Coach-man having asked where he should drive, Drive to the World's End, said I, or to some Part where I shall never be separated from my dear *Moll*. This Sally of Transport, of which I was not Master, had like to have brought us into a Scrape. The Coach-man re-

flected on my Words, and when I told him the Name of the Street where we wanted to be, he answered, that he was afraid I was bringing him into a dangerous Affair, since he could easily see that the fine young Gentleman called *Moll* was a Girl that I had taken out of the Work-house. As we were too near it to make any Noise, I told him to hold his Peace, and that he should have a *Louis d'Or*, after which he would have assisted me, not only to carry away Girls, but to set the House on Fire; so away we drove to *Lescout's*, who, when I told him what I had promised to give the Coach-man, and desired he would lend me the Money, fell into a Passion, crying out, a *Louis d'Or*, you laugh at me; a Cane for the Rascal, and with that he pulled mine out of my Hand to give the Fellow a Drubbing; but he, no doubt, accustomed to such Presents, got upon his Box, and gave his Horses the Whip, swearing Revenge. His Flight made me so uneasy, not doubting but he would directly go and inform against me, that I told *Lescout* we must that Moment be gone from his House. I supported *Moll* under the Arm, and *Lescout* went with us. The Methods of Providence in bringing about Events is admirable. Scarce had we walked a few Minutes, when a Man, whose Face I did not observe, knew *Lescout*, whom, no doubt, he was in Quest of, upon the abominable Design that he executed. It is *Lescout*, said he, firing a Pistol, I will send him to sup with the Angels this Night, and the Moment after took to his Heels. *Lescout* fell without giving the least Sign of Life. I pressed *Moll* to fly, because our Assistance could be of no Use to the dead Man. I was afraid of being stopped by the Watch; so that we brushed into a little cross Street, and perceiving a Hackney-Coach at the other End we immediately went up, and got into it, but the Question was where to go. After thinking a While, the Inn at

Chailot came into my Mind, and I ordered the Coach-man to drive us there, but he insisted on a Pistole for his Fare at that Time of Night. After some wrangling we agreed for six Livres, which was the whole of my Cash. I endeavoured to comfort *Moll* on our Way, but in Reality I had as much need of a Comforter as she, and nothing but the Thoughts of having in my Arms the Object of all my Wishes could have made me easy. I have her, at least, *said I*, she loves me, and is mine. Let *Tiberge* say what he pleases, this is no imaginary Happiness. I can see the whole Universe perish without being affected, and the Reason is, because she ingrosses my whole Affection. Such were really my Sentiments, nevertheless while I thus despised worldly Advantages, I found that I had occasion for a small Share, at least, to supply the Necessaries of Life. Love is superior to Treasures and Riches, and yet stands in need of them, and nothing is more disagreeable to a delicate Lover than to see himself reduced by this Necessity to the Clownry of the meanest Spirits. We were received at the Inn as Acquaintances, and the People were under no Surprise to see *Moll* dressed in Men's Clothes, a Thing very common in and about *Paris* with your giddy Females. I made her be served in as elegant a Manner as if I had been in tip-top Fortune, and was resolved to go alone to *Paris* to try what I could do. I observed at Supper that she looked pale and lean, which I attributed to the Fright and Concern of her Brother's Death, but she assured me, that however touched she might be at this unhappy Accident, her Paleness proceeded more from what she had suffered upon Account of my Absence for three Months. Thou lovest me then dearly, *said I*; a thousand Times more than I can tell, *answered she*. Then thou wilt leave me no more, *added I*, No, never, never, *replied she*,

and confirmed it with so many Caresses and Oaths, that I really thought it impossible she could forget them. I was always persuaded that she was sincere, what Reason could she have to act the Counterfeit to such a Length? But she was still fickle and inconstant, or rather, she was nothing, and to see others of her Sex living as it were in Clover, while she was in Indigence and Poverty, was what she could not bear. I was upon the Point of having a last Proof that surpassed all the Rest, and has produced the strangest Adventure, that could possibly happen to a Man of my Birth and Fortune.

As I knew her to be of this Temper, I hastened to *Paris* next Day. Her Brother's Death, and the Necessity of getting Clothes and Linen for her and me, were so good Reasons, that I had no Occasion for other Pretences. Though I pretended to take a Coach, yet not having a single Farthing in my Pocket, I was obliged to trudge it afoot. I went very quick as far as the *Cours-la-Reine*, where I designed to take a Breathing, and it was besides necessary that I should consider what I was going to do at *Paris*, I sat me down upon the Grass, and formed many Schemes and Projects, which by Degrees were reduced to three principal Articles. I had Occasion for a present Relief of many present Necessities; next, to think of some Means, that might at least give me some Hopes with regard to Futurity, and what was not of the least Importance, I had Precautions and Measures to observe for both our Safeties. After I had exhausted myself in Projects on these three Heads, I at last determined to lay aside the two last. We were pretty safe I thought at *Chaillot*, and for future Necessities, it was time enough to think of them when I had provided for the Present. The Question now was how to get a little Cash. Mr. de T—— had generously offered me his Purse, but it was a disagreeable Task

to touch upon that String. What a mortifying Thing is it for a Man to go and expose his Misery to a Stranger, and to intreat him to share his Money with us? Nothing but a mean Soul can be capable of it, by a Baseness that prevents his being sensible of the Indignity ; or a humble Christian, by an Excess of Generosity that renders him superior to that Shame. I was neither a sneaking Fellow, nor a good Christian, and I would have willingly lost the Half of my Blood to have avoided this Humiliation. *Tiberge*, said I, the good *Tiberge* will he refuse me what he can conveniently spare? No, my Misery will affect him, but he will kill me with his Morality. I must undergo his Reproaches, Exhortations, and Threats, so that he will make me pay for his Assistance at so dear a Rate, that I would shed another Part of my Blood rather than go through this disagreeable Scene, which must fill me with Trouble and Remorse. Very well, resumed I, since this is the Case, I must lay aside all Hopes, since no other Means can do, and that I am so far from fixing on the two just now mentioned, that I would more willingly lose the Half of all the Blood in my Veins, than take one of them, consequently, all my Blood, rather than take them both. Yes, all my Blood, *added I*, after a Moment's Reflection, than submit to a base Supplication. But is the present Question about me, or my Blood! the Case is *Moll's* Life and Entertainment, her Love and Fidelity. What have I to put in Balance with her; hitherto nothing has been put in Competition with her. She is Glory, Honour, Happiness, and Fortune to me. There are, no doubt, many Things that I would give my Life to obtain or avoid, but to esteem a Thing more than my Life, is no Reason for esteeming it more than *Moll*. I soon determined myself after this Reasoning, and went forward

ward fully resolved, first to go to *Tiberge*, and then to Mr. *de T——*.

THOUGH I had not a Farthing in my Pocket, yet upon the Hopes of raising a little Cash from the one or other of the two Gentlemen, I took a Coach when I entered the Town, and ordered the Coachman to drive to the Gardens of *Luxembourg*; from whence I sent to *Tiberge*, who came directly. I told him my Necessity without Reserve, and he asked if the hundred Pistoles which I had once got from him already would do now, and as I seemed to think that Sum sufficient, he went and brought it directly, putting it into my Hands with that Openness and Pleasure in obliging which is only known to true Friendship. Though I had not in the least doubted of the Success of my Demand, I was however surpris'd of having obtained it at so easy a Rate, that is to say, without a Lecture upon my disorderly Life; but I was deceived in thinking that I was to get off so easily, for when I was preparing to take Leave of him, he asked if I would not take a Turn or two with him in the Walks. I had not spoke to him of *Moll*, and as he was ignorant of her being at Liberty, his Reprimands were confined to the rash Method of my Escape from *St. Lazare*. He told me that, having gone there the Day after my Evasion, he had been strangely surpris'd with the Account of it from the Superior, who nevertheless had the Generosity to conceal the Circumstances from the *Lieutenant de Police*, and had prevented the Porter's Death from being nois'd abroad, and that, consequently, I had nothing to fear from that Quarter; but that if I had the least Sentiment of Prudence, I would make the proper Use of this happy Turn that Providence had given to my Affairs; that it was my Duty in the first Place, to write to my Father, and endeavour to obtain a Reconciliation; and that, if I would but
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for once follow his Advice, his Opinion was, that I should directly leave *Paris*, and go and throw myself at his Feet. I heard him with Patience to the End, and found many satisfactory Things in what he said. I was, in the first Place, overjoyed that I had nothing to fear from St. *Lazare*, by which Means I could boldly walk the Streets. In the second Place, I thanked my Stars that *Tiberge* knew nothing of *Moll's* Escape, and of her being with me. I even remarked that he avoided speaking of her, probably in the Opinion, that she had lost Ground in my Heart, since I had not so much as mentioned her Name. I resolved that if I did not return to my Family, at least, to take his Advice in writing to my Father, and to make Offers of returning to my Duty, and submitting myself intirely to his Will, to engage him to send me Money to perform my Exercises at the Academy; for I scarce thought it was possible for me to persuade him that I had any Inclination now for the ecclesiastical State. In the Main, I was really resolved to perform what I promised in every Respect, so far as was consistent with my Love to *Moll*. I thought my living with her could be no Hindrance to my Exercises, and I promised to write to my Father that very Day, which I accordingly did, in so moving and submissive Terms, that I flattered myself paternal Affection would get the better of his Resentment. Though I was now in a Condition to pay for a Coach, yet I had a Vanity of strutting along on Foot, having nothing to fear; but all of a sudden, the Affair of *Moll's* Evasion and *Lescaut's* Death came into my Mind, and frightened me to such a Degree, that I brushed into the first Alley I met with and waited there till I sent for a Coach to carry me to Mr. *de T*—s House, whom I found at Home. He dissipated all my Fears by telling me that, to avoid all Suspicion of his having any

Hand in *Moll's* Evasion, he had gone that Morning to the Work-house to see her, feigning Ignorance of her Escape, and that far from suspecting him or me, they hastened to tell him the Adventure as a strange Piece of News, admiring now such a pretty Girl as *Moll* could have fled with a Valet; to which all the Answer he had made, was, that as Liberty is the greatest Blessing on Earth, he was not surpris'd at *Moll's* purchasing it at so dear a Rate; he continued to tell me, that he went from thence to *Lescout's* Lodging, in Hopes to see me and my charming Mistress, but had been told by the Landlord that neither of us had appeared there, which was no Surprize to him, since probably we had been informed of *Lescout's* Death occasioned by his refusing to lend a Life-guard Man (from whom he had gain'd, about two Hours before the Accident happened, a hundred Crowns) the half of the Money; upon which a Quarrel had arose, and *Lescout* refusing to fight, the other had sworn to shoot him through the Head at first Meeting, which he had but too well executed that very Evening. Mr. de T— added that he had been very uneasy about us, and renewed his Offers of Service. I made no Difficulty to inform him of the Place of our Retreat, upon which he invited himself to Supper with us. I told him that I would wait upon him whenever he pleas'd, and detain him no longer than I bought some Clothes and Linen for *Moll*. I know not if he imagin'd that this Proposal was designedly made by me to try his Generosity, or if the Thought came of himself; but he went with me to the Merchant who furnish'd his Family, and having made Choice himself of several Pieces of Stuff of higher Prices than I had propos'd, he absolutely forbid the Merchant to receive a Farthing of my Money. He made this Present in so genteel a Manner, that I did not know how to refuse it. After I had got
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my Goods packed up, we took the Road to *Chaillot*, where I arrived in a much better Humour than when I left it that Morning.

THE *Chevalier de Grieu*, having talked for a whole Hour without Intermission, I begged he would take a little Respite 'till after Supper. He confessed that he was glad of the Proposal, and judging, by our Attention, that we had listened to him with Pleasure, he assured us that we would find something more affecting in the Sequel of his Story, which after Supper he began in this Manner. I have remarked during the whole Course of my Life that Heaven has made Choice of the Time wherein I thought myself safest and upon the best Footing, to chastise me with most Severity. When I was supping with Mr. *de T*— and *Moll*, I thought myself so happy, that it would have been impossible to persuade me, I had occasion to be afraid of any new Obstacle to my Felicity, and yet I was just upon the Point of meeting with one so fatal, that it reduced me to the State in which you saw me at *Passy*; and afterwards to such deplorable Extremities that you'll scarce give Credit to my Narration. While we were at Table we heard the Noise of a Coach which stopped at the Gate of the Inn, and Curiosity made us anxious to know who it was that came there at that Hour. We were told that it was the young Mr. *G. M.* that is to say, the Son of our most cruel Enemy, the old Letcher who had lodged me at *St. Lazare*, and *Moll* at the Workhouse. My Face reddened at his very Name. Heaven brings him to me, *said I to Mr. de T*— that I may punish him for his Father's Baseness, he shall not escape me 'till we have first measured our Swords. Mr. *de T*— who was his intimate Friend, endeavoured to give me a favourable Opinion of him, and assured me that he was a very lovely young Gentleman, and so little capable of having any
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Hand in his Father's Action, that he was sure I could not be a Moment in his Company, without granting him my Esteem, and desiring his. After saying a thousand Things to his Advantage, he begged I would give him leave to go and bring him into our Company. He prevented the Objection of the Danger it might be to *Moll*, to discover the Place of her Abode to the Son of her Enemy, by protesting upon his Honour and Conscience, that when he knew us, none would more zealously espouse our Interest. After such Assurances I made no farther Difficulty; So that Mr. *de T*— after a short Conversation with him about us, introduced him, and indeed I must own that his Countenance and Behaviour gave me a favourable Opinion of him. When Supper was over he spoke of his Father's Injustice to us with Detestation, and made the most submissive Excuses, and if they were sincere at first, they became much more so in the Sequel; for he had scarce been half an Hour in our Company, when I perceived, by his Looks, that he was very much struck with *Moll's* Charms, though he said nothing to confirm my Suspicion; but without the Assistance of Jealousy, I had too much Experience in Love, not to discern what flowed from that Source. I was by no Means, as I have already said, subject to Jealousy, and gave implicit Faith to *Moll's* Protections and Oaths; that charming Creature was so absolutely Mistress of my Soul, that I did not harbour the least Sentiment that was not founded on Esteem and Love. I was so far from making a Crime of her Conquest of *G. M.* that I was delighted with this Effect of her Charms, and hugged myself with the thoughts of being loved by a Girl that every Mortal admired. Mr. *de T*— came to see us some Days after, and *Moll* having got Clothes and Linen, had a great Inclination to go to the Play, about which we consulted

faulted with him, who, to please her, was obliged to say that he thought there was no great Danger in it, and therefore it was resolved that we should go with him that Evening, which we could not however execute; for he having taken me aside told me, that he had found himself very much embarrassed since he saw me last, and that the Visit he now made me was in Consequence of it. *G. M.* added he, loves your Mistress, and has made me his Confident. I am his intimate Friend, and ready in every Thing to serve him; but I am no less yours. I have considered that his Intentions are unjust, and therefore have condemned them. Nevertheless I should have kept his Secret had he designed to take the common Methods of making himself agreeable to the Lady, but he is well informed of Miss *Moll's* Humour; he has learned, by what Means I know not, that she loves Opulence and Diversions, and, as he is already in Possession of a considerable Estate, declares that he will tempt her at first by a very large Present and an Offer of ten thousand Livres yearly Pension. If things had been upon a Par, I should not perhaps have been so easily induced to betray his Confidence, but Justice and Friendship combine in your Favour; the rather because, by my Imprudence in introducing him, I am the Cause of his Passion, and consequently obliged to prevent the evil Effects of it.

I thanked Mr. *de T*— for this important Service, and confessed with an equal Confidence that *Moll's* Character was really such as *G. M.* imagined, that's to say, she could not bear the Thoughts of Poverty; and yet, *said I*, if the Case be only the Difference of more or less, I don't think she's capable of abandoning me for another. I am in a Condition of supplying her with Necessaries, and I reckon that my Fortune will augment daily. I only fear one Thing, *added I*, which is, that *G. M.*
knowing

knowing the Place of our Residence may be tempted to do us some bad Office. Mr. *de T*— assured me that I needed be under no Apprehension on that Side, adding, that though *G. M.* was capable of an amorous Folly, he was very much persuaded he would not be guilty of any Thing that was base; but that if it should happen otherwise he himself would take Care to punish him, and by that means make Reparation for the Misfortune of which he should look upon himself as the Author. I am obliged to you, *replied I*, for this generous Way of thinking; but the Evil would be effected and the Remedy uncertain, and therefore, in my Opinion, the most prudent Method to prevent his Designs will be to leave *Chaillot*, and to go to another Place. Yes, *replied Mr. de T*—, but you cannot execute that so speedily as would be necessary, for *G. M.* is to be here at twelve o'Clock; he told me so Yesterday, and I came this Morning to inform you of his Views. This last Circumstance made me think more seriously of this Affair. As I found it was impossible to prevent his Visit, and to hinder him from discovering his Passion to *Moll*, I resolved to let her know the Designs of this new Rival before-hand. I fancied that she, being premonished of his Intentions by me, and receiving his first Declarations in my Presence, he would meet with a Repulse. I communicated my Thought to Mr. *de T*— who answered that this was a delicate String to touch on. I confess it, *said I*, but all the Reasons that one can have to be assured of a Mistress's Heart, I may say that I have them to make me depend on the Affection of her's. Nothing but high Offers can dazzle her; and I have already told you that Avarice is not her Crime. She loves Conveniencies, but she loves me too, and in the present Situation of my Affairs, I think she can prefer the Son of a Man who dragged

dragged her to the Work-house. In one Word, I persisted in my Design, and taking *Moll* a-part, told her plainly all that I had learned. She thanked me for the good Opinion I had of her, and assured me that she would receive the Offers of *G. M.* in such a Manner, as would discourage him from renewing them. No, *said I*, you must not deal with him too roughly, because he may do us Mischief; but all you little roguish Girls know perfectly well how to get rid of a disagreeable Lover. After thinking a little, she cried out in a Rapture, an excellent Thought is come into my Head, and I'm proud of the Invention. *G. M.* is the Son of our most cruel Enemy, let us punish the Father by emptying the young Gentleman's Purse. I will receive him, accept of his Presents, and then laugh at him. The Project is pretty, but, poor Child, thou dost not consider that such a Prank as this landed thee in the Work-house. I in vain represented the Danger of this Undertaking; she said there was nothing in it if we took but right Measures. Shew me a Lover that does not go headlong into the Whims of a Mistress whom he adores, and I shall agree that I was in the Wrong to yield so easily to mine. It was therefore at last concluded to make a Dupe of *G. M.* and by an odd Turn of my bad Luck, I myself was the Cully. About Eleven o'Clock he arrived, and told us without Ceremony, that he came to dine with us; he was not surpris'd to find Mr. *de T*—— with us, because he had promised the Day before to come. Though there was not one of us there who had not Treachery in his Heart, we sat down to Table with an Air of Confidence and Friendship. As I retired sometimes, *G. M.* easily found an Opportunity of declaring his Sentiments to *Moll*, and I could perceive at my Return that she had not been cruel. He was in top Humour, and I affected to be so

too; he laughed within himself at my Simplicity, and I at his; so that the Farce was extremely diverting all the Afternoon; and before he went away I gave him an Opportunity to bid a Tender adieu to his *Belle*. The Moment he was got into his Coach with Mr. *de T*—— *Moll* came running to me with open Arms and embraced me, bursting into a loud Laughter. She recounted his Discourse and Offers without losing a Syllable, of which the Summary was this; that he adored her, and would share with her forty thousand Livres of yearly Rent that he already possessed, without reckoning what he expected at his Father's Death; that she should be Mistress of his Heart and Purse; and, as a Prelude, he was ready to give her a Coach, a furnished House, a Waiting-maid, three Foot-men, and a Cook. Here is a Son, *said I*, that far exceeds his Father in Generosity. Come let us speak freely, *added I*, does not this Offer tempt you? Me? *said she* repeating two Verses of *Racine*.

*Moi? vous me soupçonnez de cette perfidie?
Moi? je pourrois souffrir un Visage odieux,
Qui rapelle toujours l'Hopital a mes yeux?*

Thus paraphrased,

Me of such Perfidy can you suspect?
So long as he should in my Presence be,
So long, methinks, I should the Work-house see.

No, replied I, continuing the Parody.

*J'aurois peine à penser que l'Hopital, Madame,
Fut un trait dont l'amour l'eût gravé dans votre ame.*

Thus paraphrased,

I should conclude a Lover in Disgrace.
Whose Presence must remind you of that Place.

BUT after all, a furnished House, with a Coach and three Footmen is a tempting Bait, and Love has few so strong. She protested that her Heart was for ever mine, and would be Proof against all other Darts but what came from me. The Promises he has made me, *said she*, are a Spur to my Revenge. I asked her if she intended to accept of the House and Coach, and she answered, that her Plot was only upon his Money; but the Difficulty was, how to get the one without the other. We resolved to wait for the Explication of *G. M.*'s Project in a Letter, which he promised to send her. No longer than next Day she received it by a Footman without Livery, who artfully procured an Opportunity of speaking to her alone. She ordered him to wait for the Answer, and then brought me the Letter, which we opened and found, besides the commonplace Compliments, a Repetition of what he had verbally promised; not only so, but engaged himself to furnish her with ten thousand Livres upon her entering on Possession of the House, and that she should always have this Sum by her, he intending to furnish her over and above what would defray all her Expences, whatever they were. The Day of Inauguration was not at a great Distance, since he only asked two to put Things in Order to receive her, and told her the Name of the Street and the Hotel, where he promised to attend her in the Afternoon of the second Day, if she could give me the Slip. This was the only Point that gave him Uneasiness, for he was pretty sure of all the rest, adding that if she thought there was any Difficulty to make her Escape, he would find Means to facilitate her Flight,

G. M. was more cunning than his Father, and would be sure of his Prey before he parted with his Cash. I reiterated my Intreaties to dissuade her from this Enterprize, representing all the Danger:

but she was positive to finish the Adventure. She wrote a short Answer to *G. M.*'s Letter, assuring him that nothing was so easy as her coming to *Paris* the Day appointed, and that he might certainly expect her. After this we resolved that I should go immediately and hire a new Lodging in a Village on the other Side of *Paris*, and carry our Baggage along with me; that next Day after Dinner she should go to the Place of Affignation, and that after she had received Mr. *G. M.*'s Presents, she should beg of him to give her the Diversion of the Play, taking along with her what Cash her Pockets would hold, and giving my Servant who was to attend her, the rest. My Business was to have a Coach waiting in the Entry of the Street called *St. André des Arts*; *Moll* was to invent some Pretence for coming out of the Box (a Thing often practised by the Ladies, and a Room behind where they retire) and promised to give her new Lover the Slip, by coming down to the Door where I was to receive her. This Scheme, though in Reality very extravagant, appeared very feasible to us, but it was the greatest Madness in the World to imagine that, though it had succeeded to our Wish, the Consequences would not have been fatal to us. The Thoughts of her Enterprize made me tremble, but she laughed at me, and went off about three o'Clock accompanied by *Marcel* my Footman. I followed her to Town, and passed the Remainder of the Afternoon in a Coffee-house; about six I posted a Hackney Coach at the Place appointed, and then went to the Play-house Door on Foot, but was surprized not to find *Marcel*, who was to have been waiting for me there. I had Patience for an Hour, standing in the Crowd of Footmen and examining the People as they went in. At last the Clock struck seven without *Marcel*, or any other Person from *Moll* appearing; I took a Pit-

Pit-Ticket to see if G. M. and she were in the Boxes, but could see neither of them, upon which I went out again and remained a Quarter of an Hour longer at the Door, under the greatest Uneasiness and Impatience; at last I went towards the Coach, and the Coachman perceiving me coming advanced some Steps, and told me softly that a pretty Lady had been in his Coach above an Hour waiting for me. I directly imagined that it was *Moll* and went running to get in, but was much surprized upon seeing a pretty little Face that I knew not. Have I the Honour, *said she*, to speak to the Chevalier *de Grieu*, I answered that my Name was such. I have a Letter, *replied she*, to deliver to you, which will unravel the Mystery of your finding me here. I begged Allowance to go into a Tavern hard by to read the Letter, she proposed to go along with me, and advised me to call for a Room above Stairs; as we were going up I asked her from whom this Letter came, and she told me I would know when I read it. Upon the first Glance I knew *Moll's* Writing, and to the best of my Remembrance, here's what it contained. *That G. M. had received her in a grander Manner than could be expressed; that he had loaded her with Presents, and gave her Ground to believe he would make her as happy as a Queen; nevertheless assured me, that this new Splendour in which she found herself, was not capable of making her forget me; that not having been able to prevail with G. M. to conduct her to the Play that Evening, she was forced to deprive herself of the Pleasure of seeing me till another Occasion, and to make Amends for the Trouble which she imagined this Disappointment would give me, she found Means to procure me one of the prettiest Girls in Paris, the Bearer of her Letter, signed —; our faithful Mistress, Moll Lescaut.*

I found something so cruel and insulting in this Letter, that having remained some Time as it were in Suspence between Anger and Grief, I at last resolved to get the better of my fatal Passion, by eternally forgetting the cruel and perjured Object. I looked at the Girl who was with me, and who was extremely handsom, and wished that she might render me faithless and perjured in my Turn; but I could not find the sweet languishing Eyes, the noble Presence, the Complexion which had been Love's Master-piece; in short, the innumerable Charms that Nature had lavished on the perfidious *Moll*. No, no, *said I withdrawing my Eyes from her*, the treacherous and ungrateful Woman that sent you knew well that she engaged you in a needless Errand. Return back and tell her from me, that her base Treachery has opened my deluded Eyes, that I abandon her for ever, and at the same Time renounce all the Sex, not perhaps so charming, but as base and false as she. After this I was preparing to be gone without any farther Pretensions to *Moll*, and the mortal Jealousy that racked my Heart, disguising itself into a dull and sullen Tranquillity, I thought myself so much the nearer to a perfect Cure, as I felt none of those violent Agitations which had been my Case in former Occasions such as this. Alas! I was the Dupe of Love, as much as I believed myself to be of *G. M.* and of *Moll*. The Girl who had brought me the Letter, seeing me ready to go down Stairs, asked what Report she should make to Mr. *G. M.* and the Lady that was with him. I turned back into the Chamber upon that Question, and by a Change incredible to those who have never felt violent Passions, I found myself at once transported from the Tranquillity in which I thought myself, into the greatest Excess of Fury and Rage. Go, *said I,*
relate

relate to the Traitor *G. M.* and his perfidious Mistress, the Despair into which thy cursed Letter has plunged me; but tell them that their Triumph shall be short, and that I will stab both their treacherous Hearts with these Hands; with that I threw myself upon a Chair, dropping my Hat on one Side and my Cane on the other. Two Rivers of bitter Tears began to flow from my Eyes, and the Fit of Rage that had but now possessed me, was converted into a profound Grief, so that I did nothing but weep and groan. Come, my Dear, *cried I to the Girl*, draw near, since thou hast been pitched upon to bring me Comfort, tell me if thou knowest how to cure one of Rage and Despair, and of a Desire to commit Self-murder, after killing two Wretches that deserve not to live. Yes, come Child, *continued I*, perceiving that she made some Steps towards me in a timorous Manner, as if she had been in Suspence. Come and restore Peace in my Heart. Come and tell me that thou lovest me, that I may forget my false Mistress. Thou art pretty, and I may perhaps come to love thee in my Turn. This poor Girl, who did not appear to be above sixteen or seventeen, and who seemed to have more Modesty than Women of her Sort, was extremely surprized at this extraordinary Scene; she advanced however to embrace me, but I pushed her from me. What wouldst thou with me, *said I?* Ah! thou art a Woman, thou art of a Sex that I detest, and that I can no longer bear with. The Sweetness of thy Face threatens me still with more Treachery. Be gone, and leave me here alone. She made me a low Courtesy, without daring to make any Reply, and turned about to go out, but I desired her to stop. Let me know at least, *said I*, wherefore, how, and on what Design thou hast been sent here? She told me that she had been long acquainted with Mr.

G. M. that he had sent for her at five o'Clock, that having followed the Servant who had come for her, she had found him in a fine House playing at Picket with a pretty Lady, and that they had both desired her to be the Bearer of the Letter which she brought me, after telling her that she would find me in a Coach at the End of *St. Andrew's-Street*. I asked her if they had said nothing more, she answered blushing, that they had told her I would take her along with me, to bear me Company. They have deceived thee, my poor Girl, *said I*, quite deceived thee, thou art a Woman, and must have a Man, but one that is rich and happy, which thou cannot find here. Return, return to *Mr. de G. M.* he has all that's necessary to make him agreeable to thy Sex, furnished Houses and Equipages to bestow; as for me, who have nothing but Tendernefs and Fidelity to offer, the Women despise my Misery, and laugh at my Simplicity.

I added a thousand Things in the melancholy or cholerick Strain, as the Passions which by Turns possessed me, bore the Sway, nevertheless by thus fatiguing myself, my Transports diminished so as to give Place to a little Reflection. I compared this last Misfortune to some others of the same Kind that I had met with, and did not find more Cause of Despondency now than before, and therefore I thought it incumbent on me not to yield to the Torrent without struggling, that I might have no Ground to accuse myself of Negligence, upon which my Wits were set a going how to manage.

To take her from *G. M.* by Force, was a desperate Attempt to ruin me, and which had no Appearance of Success; but I fancied that if I could but get a Moment's Conversation with her, I would infallibly gain something upon a Heart, of which I knew all the tender Parts; and besides, was very certain of it's Tendernefs for me; even that Whim
of

of sending me a pretty Girl to comfort me was her own Invention, and the Effect of her Love and Compassion for my Pains; I therefore resolved to employ all my Cunning to see her. Among many Ways that I thought of, one after another, this was at last what I resolved on. Mr. *de T*— had begun to render me Service with too much Affection, to doubt of his Sincerity and Zeal. I proposed to go directly to him, and to beg that he would send for *G. M.* under Pretence of an Affair of the last Consequence, and my Design was to get myself introduced to her Chamber, which I thought might be easily done in his Absence. This Resolution having made me a little easier, I made the young Girl who was still with me, a handsom Present, and to prevent her returning to those who had sent her, I took her Direction, promising to go and pass the Night with her. I got into my Hackney Coach, and made him drive full Speed to Mr. *de T*—'s, whom I had the good Luck to find at Home. I informed him in a Moment of my Misfortune, and the Service that I came to ask of him. He was so astonished to learn that *G. M.* had found Means to seduce my Mistress, that being ignorant of my having contributed myself to this Misfortune, he offered generously to get all his Friends together to force her out of his Hands. I made him understand that such a Noise as must attend this violent Way, would be prejudicial to her as well as to me. Let us reserve our Blood, *said I*, to the last Extremity. I am thinking of a milder Way, which is this; to write a Line to Mr. *G. M.* begging he would come immediately and speak to you upon an Affair of Honour, and to prevent his returning for an Hour or two. We went out together after resolving that he should send him a Billet from a Tavern. I shall watch him, *added I*, as he comes out, and then go into the House, which I can easily

do, being only known to *Moll* and *Marcel* my Footman; as for you when he comes, you may tell him that you have lost not only all your ready Money at Play, but a considerable Sum upon your Word, which you cannot immediately pay without his Assistance. It will take some Time before he can get at his strong Box, and in that Interval I shall have executed my Project.

Mr. *de T*— went into a Tavern to write his Letter, and I went and posted myself at a Distance from her House, where I saw the Messenger come with his Letter, and *G. M.* going out in a Moment after followed by a Footman. When he was got out of that Street, I went and knocked at the Gate, which was luckily opened by *Marcel*. I made a Sign to him not to speak, though I had nothing to apprehend from the other Domesticks, and asked him in a low Voice, if he could conduct me to his Mistress's Chamber, which he said might be easily done, by going softly up the great Stair. Come then quickly, said I, and shew me the Way, and endeavour while I am with her, to prevent any Person's coming to interrupt us: I got to the Apartment without any Difficulty, and found *Moll* with a Book in her Hand, and it was here that I had Occasion to admire the Character of this strange Girl; far from being frightened or dismayed on perceiving me, she only gave some slight Marks of Surprise, which are the Effects of seeing one that we thought at a Distance from us; ah! is it you my Love, said she, coming to embrace me with her usual Fondness! Good God! how bold you are! who would have expected to have seen you here to Day? I disengaged myself from her, and instead of answering her Embraces, pushed her from me with Disdain. She remained in the Place where she was, and looking fixedly at me, changed Colour. Such a silly fond Fool was I, that the Pleasure of seeing her stopt my
Tongue

Tongue from uttering just Reproaches, and yet my tortured Heart was bleeding at the cruel Outrage, which I called to Memory in all it's blackest Colours, to excite my Indignation; and I endeavoured to make my Eyes throw out Darts of Fury instead of Love. As I remained some Time silent, and that she could easily remark the terrible Agitation I was under, I observed her trembling, which was I suppose the Effect of Fear. Ah *Moll!* said I, in a soft and tender Tone, false and perjured *Moll*, where shall I begin my Complaint? I see you pale and trembling, and I am still so sensible of your least Trouble, that I'm afraid to affect you by my Reproaches; but yet I must tell you that your Treachery has pierced my Heart with Grief. This is the third Time *Moll*, well do I remember them, with that I threw myself upon a Chair in a terrible Condition. She spoke not a Word but fell upon her Knees, leaning her Head on mine, and covering her Face with my Hands, which she soon wet with her Tears. Ah! *Moll* 'tis too late to shed a Tear for me, after you have killed me, you affect a Concern which you cannot really have. Your greatest Plague is my Presence, which has been always a Clog upon your Pleasures. Open your Eyes and look on me. Such tender Tears are not shed for a Wretch whom you have so cruelly abandoned. She kissed my Hands without changing her Posture. Inconstant *Moll*, resumed I again, ungrateful and faithless Girl, where are all your Promises and Oaths? Where is that Love which you sealed with solemn Oaths this very Day? If Heaven allows of such Things, Perjury is but a Trifle and Fidelity a Folly. I here dropped some Tears which she perceived, and at last told me in a melancholy Manner, that she must needs be guilty, since she had given me so much Uneasiness, but prayed that Heaven might punish her if she intended it, or thought

herself criminal. This Answer appeared to be so void of Sense and Honesty, that I could not hinder myself from giving Way to Anger. What horrid Diffimulation, *cried I*, I see plainly that thou art a base and perfidious Woman, and 'tis now that I know thy wretched Character; adieu, pitiful Creature, *continued I*, getting up to be gone, I had rather a thousand Times die than to have any more Correspondence with thee. May Heaven punish me if I shall ever honour thee with the least Regard. Stay with thy new Lover, love him, abhor me, renounce all Honour and good Sense, it shall give me no Concern. She was so terrified with this Transport, that she remained on her Knees, and looked at me trembling, and without daring to open her Mouth. I made some Steps towards the Door with my Face turned towards her, but one must have lost all Sentiments of Humanity to have stood out against so many Charms. I was so far from such a barbarous Resolution, that on the contrary, passing all at once to the other Extremity, I came, or rather flew back without Thought, and clasping her in my Arms, gave her a thousand Kisses, and asked as many Pardons upon my Knees, which she granted throwing her Arms about my Neck, and telling me that it was she herself, that had Occasion for all my Goodness to make me forget the Vexation that she had given me, and that she was with Reason apprehensive I would not relish what she had to say for her Justification; I a Justification? I ask none, but approve of every Thing you have done. It does not belong to me to examine your Conduct, too content and happy, if my dear Angel gives me a Place in her Heart; but, *continued I*, all powerful *Moll*, you who make me joyful or sad at Pleasure, after having satisfied you by my Submissions and Repentance, may I not be allowed to mention my Sorrows and Pains? Shall I learn my Fate from you

this

this Day, and if you are resolved to pronounce my Death by passing the Night with my Rival. She began a long Relation of every Thing that had happened since she had been with Mr. *G. M.* too tedious to repeat, and at last concluded that, to convince me there was no real Change in her Sentiments, she was ready that Moment to follow me to the World's End, since my Delicacy would not bear with her executing what she had intended; but, *added she*, shall we go without the ten thousand Livres and Jewels, which he has already given me. I advised her to abandon all, and think of nothing but speedily leaving this House; for though I had not been above half an Hour in it, I was afraid of *G. M.*'s returning; however, she pressed so strenuously against our going away empty handed, that I thought myself obliged to grant something after having obtained so much.

WHILE we were preparing to be gone, I heard knocking at the Gate, and did not Doubt but that it was my Rival. He is a dead Man, *said I*, if he appears, but *Marcel* ended my Pain by delivering me a Letter from Mr. *de T*—— which he had received at the Gate. He wrote me that *G. M.* being gone Home to bring him the Money, he had taken the Opportunity of his Absence, to communicate a comical Thought that had come into his Head, *viz.* to make me eat my Rival's Supper, and to lye that Night in the Bed which he had designed for himself and my Mistress; that he fancied the Thing might be easily executed, if I could procure three or four Men who would have Resolution enough to arrest him in the Street, and keep him Prisoner that Night? As for himself he promised to amuse him a full Hour at least, by Reasons that he had ready for him when he returned. I shewed the Billet to *Moll* who was charmed with the Invention, and insisted absolutely upon it's being executed,

and it was in vain that I represented the Difficulty of finding immediately Persons proper for such an Enterprize. She told me that a Trial might at least be made, adding that she was delighted with the Thoughts of my eating his Supper, lying in his Sheets, and carrying off his Mistress and Money next Morning. I was forced to yield, notwithstanding the secret Motions of my Heart that portended no Good; and therefore went out to speak to two or three of the Life-Guards, with whom *Lescout* had made me acquainted, but I only found one of them a bold daring Man, who had no sooner understood the Affair than he frankly undertook it, and assured me of Success; desiring no more than ten Pistoles to give to three of the Foot-guards that he resolved to employ, putting himself at their Head. I begged he would lose no Time. In a Quarter of an Hour he came with his Associates, and I posted them at the Corner of a Street where *G. M.* must necessarily pass in his Return. I begged he would not mal-treat him, but to be sure not to let him go till seven o'Clock in the Morning. He told me that he intended to carry him to his own Chamber, and to make him lye in his Bed, while he and his Companions would sit up and divert themselves with a Bottle and Cards. I remained with them till I saw *G. M.* appearing, and then retired into an Entry at a little Distance, being willing to be present at this extraordinary Scene. The Life-Guard Man approached him civilly with a Pistol in his Hand, and told him calmly, that he had no Design against his Life or his Purse, but that if he made the least Difficulty to follow him or made any Noise, he would shoot him through the Head. *G. M.* seeing him supported by three Soldiers made no Resistance, but allowed himself to be led like a Lamb. I returned immediately to *Moll*, and to prevent the Servants suspecting any Thing, told her

her before them, that some unexpected Affairs prevented *G. M.*'s coming to Supper, and that he had sent me to bear her Company and to make his Excuses, so that we supped together, and were very reserved while at Table, but when the Servants were gone, we were very merry upon the Success of our Project. About Mid-night I bid her good Night, and went out, but came privately in again, by the Assistance of *Marcel*, and was preparing to take Possession of *G. M.*'s Bed as I had done of his Table, but while we were, if I may so say, drunk with Pleasure, the Sword was hanging over our Heads, and the Thread by which it hung ready to break.

G. M. was attended by a Footman when he was stopped in the Street, who, when he saw his Master carried off, ran directly to his Father's, to whom he recounted all that he knew about his Amour. He having only this Son, was extremely alarmed, and went immediately to the *Lieutenant de Police*, and begged that he would order some of the Guards to attend him. He went directly to the Street where his Son had been arrested, and searched every Place that he could suspect, but not finding him, he ordered the Servant to conduct him to *Moll's* House, where he fancied that he might learn something about him, if he was not there. Our Chamber Door being shut I did not hear him knock at the Gate, but having entered, followed by two of the Guards, and informed himself, to no Purpose, what was become of his Son, he took it in his Head to come up Stairs, still accompanied by the Guards, to see if he could get any Information from his Mistress. We were just going into Bed when he opened the Door, the Sight of him chilled all my Blood. O God! said I to *Moll*, here is the old *G. M.* and with that I jumped to my Sword, which was unfortunately so wrapt about with my Belt, that I could not draw it before the Guards advanced and
feir

seized both it and me. *G. M.* was not long before he knew me, and the Impression which *Moll's* Charms had once made upon his Heart, brought her to his Memory upon the first Glance; is it Illusion, *said he gravely*, or do I really see the *Chevalier de Grieu*, and *Moll Lescaut*? I was so mad with Grief and Shame that I made him no Answer. He appeared for some Time wholly wrapt up in different Thoughts, which at last came bursting forth in Fire and Flame against me. Ha! Wretch, *cried he*, I am sure thou hast murdered my Son. This Abuse touched me to the Quick. Know, thou old profligate Villain, *said I*, that if I had intended to kill any of thy Family, I should have begun with thyself. Hold him fast, *said he to the Guards*, if he does not immediately tell me what is become of my Son, I will have him tuck'd up To-morrow. Thou wilt have me hanged, *replied I*, infamous Rascal, it is such as thee we must look for at the Gallows, I would have thee to know that I am of a nobler and purer Blood than what runs in the Veins of such leech-worm Scoundrels as thyself. Yes, I know, *added I*, what is become of thy Son, and if thou givest me any farther Provocation, I will have him strangled To-morrow, and the Day after, it shall be thy Turn. I committed an Oversight in confessing that I knew where his Son was, but Anger made me guilty of this Indiscretion. He immediately called for five or six more Guards that were waiting at the Gate, and ordered them to secure all the Servants in the House. Ha! *Monseigneur le Chevalier*, resumed he with an Air of Mockery, you know where my Son is, and will have him strangled, say you? It is very well, I will make it my Business to take Care of your Worship. He then approached *Moll*, who was sitting on the Bed weeping, and made her some ironical Compliments on her Conquest of the Father and Son, and the
good

good Use that she made of it. This old lecherous Monster wanted to take some Freedoms with her. Don't dare to touch her, *cried I*, for, by all that is sacred, if thou dost, these two Hands shall pull out thy lascivious Eyes. He went out leaving three Guards in the Chamber whom he ordered to cause us to dress as quickly as possible, and in the mean Time went to interrogate the Servants, whom he had ordered to be secured. None of them knew any Thing of the Matter but *Marcel*, who, believing himself already hanged, told all that he knew about our Scheme of bubbling his Son, and of *Moll's* having already received ten thousand Livres. Upon this Discovery, the old Fellow came running up to her Chamber, and, without saying one Word, went directly into the Closet, where he had no Difficulty to find the Money and Jewels. When he came out with the Booty which he was pleased to call our Theft, he loaded us with the most opprobrious Language, and drawing near *Moll* asked if her Ladyship could call to Mind her having seen this pretty Necklace and the gay airy Bracelets. I remember, *said he laughing*, that you once thought them very pretty. The poor Things, *added he*, are both very amiable, and what a Pity is it that they should be given to thieving. My Blood boiled in my Veins at this insolent Reproach. I would have given for a Moment's Liberty ——— Good God! what would I not have given! At last, I told him with a Moderation, which was nothing but refined Fury, Sir, let us end these insolent Raileries, and see what you pretend to do with us? *Monfieur le Chevalier*, answered he, I pretend that you shall go this Minute to the *Chatelet**. Tomorrow we shall know a little more, and I hope you will, at last, do me the Favour to let me know

* *A Prison for Criminals.*

where my Son is; I easily foresaw that to be shut up in that Place, was a Thing of terrible Consequence for us, and therefore resolved to flatter my most cruel Enemy. I confess, Sir, *said I to him in a civil manner*, that Youth has made me commit great Faults, and that you have just Ground to complain, but if you know the Force of Love, and can judge what an unhappy young Man suffers when his Mistress is taken from him, you will pardon a small Revenge; or, at least, will allow that I am fully punished by the Affront that I have now received. There is no Occasion of having Recourse to Prisons to make me discover where your Son is. I had no Design to hurt him nor to offend you, and am ready to tell you the Place where he has peaceably and safely passed the Night, if you will set us at Liberty. This old Tyger, instead of granting my Request, turned his Back upon me laughing, and gave the Guards Orders to conduct us immediately to Jail, and, above all, *added he*, take Care of the Chevalier, for he is a cunning Spark, and made his Escape lately from *St. Lazare*. With that he went out, and left me in a Condition not easily to be described. O Heaven! *cried I*, I could with Patience bear all the Afflictions that thou art pleased to punish me with, but that a miserable Wretch should have it in his Power to use me so tyrannically, quite distracts me. Were I to relate all my Complaints and Conversation with *Moll*, while the Guards were conducting us in a Coach to the *Chatelet*, there would be no End of my Story, and therefore I shall only tell you that we had scarce a Moment allowed us to bid a tender Adieu, when we came to that Place of Horror. By good Luck I had some Money about me, which I divided with her, and paid the Jaylor for the first Month's Entertainment, so that we were both lodged in very good Rooms. When I

was

was alone I began to think of Means to hasten my Liberty. It was evident that there was nothing absolutely criminal in my Affair, and even supposing that the Design of taking the young *G. M.*'s Money was proved by *Marcel*, yet I knew very well, that as his Father had got it back, there was no Danger that Way ; so that I resolved to write speedily to my Father, and to beg he would come to *Paris*; but I might have spared myself the Trouble, for he was to be in Town next Day upon the Letter which I had wrote to him eight Days before, and which had given him great Joy, though he did not intirely depend upon my Promises of a Reformation. He arrived the Day after my Imprisonment, and was two Days in Town before he found out where I was. Before I received his Visit, which I was far from expecting so soon, I had one from the *Lieutenant de Police*, or, to speak more properly, I underwent an Interrogatory. He reprimanded me for my bad Conduct, but in no harsh Terms; on the contrary, I could easily observe, that he looked upon me as a young Fellow who had more Imprudence than Malice; and was very well pleased with my Answers, which gave me Courage to say something upon the Beauty, Sweetness, and good Nature of *Moll*; to which he answered laughing, that he had not seen her, but had heard that she was a dangerous Person. This Word made me say a thousand passionate Things in Defence of my poor Mistress, shedding Tears. He ordered me to be reconducted to my Chamber, and as I was going out, this grave Magistrate cried *Love, Love, Wilt thou never be reconciled to Wisdom!* As I was entertaining myself with my melancholy Ideas, and reflecting on the Conversation which I had with the *Lieutenant de Police*, my Chamber-door was opened, and whom should I see enter but my Father. Tho' I was half prepared for this Sight, which I

ed in a few Days, yet I was so terribly struck with his Presence, that had the Earth been open under my Feet I would have precipitated myself to the very Bottom of it. I went to embrace him with all the Marks of an extreme Confusion. He sat down without opening his Mouth. As I remained standing with my Hat off and down-cast Eyes, sit down, Sir, *said he*, in a very grave Tone, sit down. Thanks to your Debaucheries and Rogueries, I have at last discovered the Place of your Abode. It is the Advantage of a Merit such as yours, that it cannot lye hid. You take an infallible Road to Renown. I hope it will soon terminate at the *Greve**, and that you will really have the Glory to be exposed there to the Admiration of the Publick. I answered not a Word.* He went on: How unhappy is a Father when, having tenderly loved a Son, and spared nothing to make him a Man of Honour, he finds at last, nothing but a Rogue that dishonours him! We put up with accidental Misfortunes, Time defaces them, and our Grief diminishes: But what Remedy is there to an Evil that increases daily, such as the Disorders of a vicious Son who has lost all Sentiments of Honour! thou sayest nothing unhappy Wretch, *added he*, See that counterfeit Modesty, and that Air of hypocritical Sweetness, would not one take him to be the honestest Man of his whole Race?

THOUGH I could not deny but that I deserved a Part of such Outrages, yet I thought they were carried to Excess, and therefore resolved to speak my Mind freely. I assure you Sir, *said I*, that the Modesty, with which I appear before you, is by no Means affected, but the natural Situation of a Son who infinitely respects his Father, and particularly when he sees him greatly irritated. Far be

* *The common Place of Execution.*

it from me to pretend to be the most regular Man of our Race. I know my Faults, and own that they deserve Reproaches; but I would earnestly beg of you to soften them a little, and not to treat me as the most infamous of all Mankind. I cannot think I deserve such hard Names. All my Faults you know take their Source from Love: Fatal Passion! alas! are you ignorant of it's Power, and is it possible that your Blood, which is the Source of mine, has never felt the like Ardours! — Love has rendred me too tender, too passionate, too constant, and, perhaps, too complaisant to the Desires of a charming Mistress; these are my Crimes. Is there any one of them that dishonours you. Come, my dear Father, *added I tenderly*, a little Pity for a Son who was always full of Respect and Affection for you, who has not, as you imagine, abandoned Honour and Duty, and who is a thousand Times more to be pitied than you fancy; which Words were followed by a Flood of Tears.

A Father's Heart is the Master-piece of Nature, she herself directs all the Springs, and takes the Reins of Government in her own Hands. My Father, who was a Man of Wit and Taste, was so touched with the Turn that I had given to my Excuses, that he was not able to conceal the Change. Come, my poor Chevalier, come and embrace me. I pity thy Case. I flew to him, and he clasped me in such a Manner that made me judge what passed in his Heart. But what Method, *resumed he*, shall we fall on to get thee out of this Place. Let me know thy whole Story without Disguise, which I did, taking Care to give Instances of Princes, Dukes, and Marquisses, and many other Gentlemen, who had been guilty of the same Faults, concluding that all mine proceeded from the two Passions of Love and Revenge. He then asked if I could inform him of the shortest Way of procuring my Liberty, with-

out the Story's coming to the Knowledge of the Publick. I told him how favourable the *Lieutenant de Police* was, and that if he found any Difficulty, it must come from *G. M.* and therefore, *added I*, it would be proper that you should take the Trouble to see him.

My Father upon leaving me went directly to *G. M.*'s, whom he found with his Son now set at Liberty. I never knew the Particulars of their Conversation, but it was easy for me to judge of it by the fatal Effects. The two Fathers went to the *Lieutenant de Police*, from whom they asked two Favours, the first, to take me directly out of Prison, and the next, to shut *Moll* up for the rest of her Days, or to transport her to *Missisipi*, both which were directly granted. Mr. *G. M.* and my Father came to give me the News of my Liberty, and the former made some Excuses for what he had done, and my Father ordered me to return his Compliment: We came out together without my mentioning one Word about *Moll*. I durst not so much as speak to the Turn-keys in their Presence. Alas! my poor Recommendations would have been useles, for the cruel Order was already given, that unhappy Girl was conducted an Hour after to the Workhouse, and added to the Number of some loose Females condemned to be transported. My Father having ordered me to attend him to the Place where he lodged, it was six o' Clock at Night before I could return to the *Chatelet*, to enquire about *Moll*, and was so struck with the dismal News, that I thought my Heart would have burst within me, and sure never Apoplexy had a more sudden Effect than Grief had upon me; for in a Moment, I fell flat upon the Ground without Motion or Sense, and yet by a Miracle proper to Love, I soon recovered strength enough to thank Heaven for the Preservation of my Reason and Understanding. My
Death

Death would have only been useful to myself, *Moll* had occasion for my Life to deliver her, which I was resolved to do, or to perish in the Attempt. My first Scheme was to murder the two *G. M.*'s, and the *Lieutenant de Police*, and then to fall upon the Hospital with all those that I could engage in my Quarrel; even my Father himself would scarce have been respected in what I thought so just a Revenge; for the Jailor had not concealed that he and *G. M.* were the Authors of my Loss. But when the Air in the Street had cooled my Blood a little, my Fury gave Place to more reasonable Sentiments. The Death of our Enemies would have been of no Service to her, since by it I must have deprived myself of all Means of giving her any farther Assistance; besides, could I think of becoming a base Assassin, what other way could I propose to be revenged? I employed all my Wits how to deliver *Moll*. I had but little Money remaining, and there was no doing without it. I could only think of three Persons from whom I could expect it; Mr. *de T*—, my Father, and *Tiberge*. There was little Appearance of obtaining any Thing from the two last, and I was ashamed to importune the other. I went directly to the Seminary of *St. Sulpice*, and called for *Tiberge*, who, I found, was ignorant of my last Adventures, which made me alter the Scheme that I had laid down to move his Pity. I only mentioned, in general, the Pleasure my Father's Presence had given me, and then frankly begged he would let me have a little Money to pay some private Debts before I left *Paris*. He immediately gave me his Purse, and of six hundred Livres which I found in it, I took five, and offered him my Note, but he was generous enough to refuse it. I went from him to Mr. *de T*—, who already knew our last Adventures, and when I asked his Advice, about the Means of delivering *Moll*, he told me that

out a Miracle he thought it impossible, the *Lieutenant de Police* having given strict Orders that no Mortal should see her, which he himself had in vain attempted, and, which was worst of all, the unhappy Crew, to which she was joined, were to set out in two Days. I was under such a Consternation at what I heard, that he might have spoken for an Hour without my interrupting him. He continued to tell me that he had forbore coming to the *Chatelet* that he might the more easily serve me, no Body imagining that we had any Correspondence together, and that having been informed of my being at Liberty he had ardently desired to see me, to give me the only Advice from which some Hopes might be conceived of a Change in *Moll's* Fate, but a dangerous Advice, in which he begged I would for ever conceal his having any Hand; it was this, to make choice of some brave Fellows who would have Courage enough to attack *Moll's* Guards upon the Road. Here is a hundred Pistoles, *added he*, without giving me time to represent my Indigence, which you may return when you can conveniently do it. This noble Generosity made me almost cry, and I testified my Acknowledgment in the strongest Terms, and then asked him if he thought there was nothing to be done in the Way of Intercession. He answered, that he could think of no other Way of Intercession; he answered, that he could think of no other Way, but by my Father and *G. M.'s* soliciting a Revocation of the Sentence, offering to do all that lay in his Power with the young *G. M.* though he behaved coldly with him upon some Suspicion of his being concerned in the Trick that had been put upon him, and then exhorted me to leave no Stone unturned to soften my Father; which was no small Enterprize not only in the Difficulty that I foresaw in prevailing with him, but by another Reason which made me dread his Presence, *viz.* my giving

giving him the Slip contrary to his Orders, and I was very firmly resolved never to return after I had learned the unhappy Fate of *Moll*. I was apprehensive that he would detain me by Force, and have me conducted in the same Manner to the Country. To avoid all these Inconveniencies, I sent under another Name to desire a Meeting with him in the Gardens of *Luxembourg*, to which Place he readily came, followed by a single Footman. We walked together in a retired Alley about a hundred Paces without speaking. He no doubt concluded, that I had something of Importance to communicate, so that he kept silent in Expectation of my Harangue, and I in meditating upon what I should say. At last I broke the Ice. Sir, *said I trembling*, you are the best of Fathers, you have loaded me with Favours, and pardoned an infinite Number of Faults; but it appears to me, that your Rigour — well, my Rigour interrupted he, finding no doubt, that I was too slow for his Impatience. Ah! Sir, *resumed I*, your Rigour is extreme in the Manner that you have treated the unfortunate *Moll*. You have taken her Character from *G. M.* whose Hatred has made him represent her in the blackest Colours, and you have formed a hideous Idea of the sweetest and most charming Creature in the World. Would to Heaven you had seen her but one Moment, I am sure you would have taken her Part, detested the villainous Artifice of *G. M.* and pitied both her and me. He interrupted me again, by asking what I intended by all this passionate Discourse? That you will save my Life, *answered I*, which must end the Moment that *Moll* is sent to *America*. No, no, *said he in a very rough Tone*, I had much rather see thee dead, than without Honour. Let us then go no farther, *cried I taking him by the Arm*, but deprive me at once of this odious and insupportable Life, for in the Despair to which you reduce me.

Death will be a Favour, and a Present worthy of a Father's Hand. I should not give thee but what thou deservest, *replied he*, and I know several Fathers who would not have delayed so long to have been themselves the Executioners, but my unlimited Indulgence has ruined thee. I threw myself at his Knees and embracing them, *said*, Ah! if you have still any remaining, pity my unfortunate Case; Alas! remember how tenderly you loved my Mother; would you have suffered her to be taken from you while a Drop of Blood remained in your Veins, and have not others a Heart as well as you? Speak no more of thy Mother, *said he with an angry Voice*, had she been alive to see thy Disorders, they must have killed her with Grief. Let us put an end to this Discourse, which becomes troublesome, and will not make me change my Resolution, and therefore I command thee to follow me home. The harsh Manner in which he pronounced this Order made me plainly perceive, that he was inflexible. I retired some Steps from him, lest he should have taken a Fancy to lay Hands upon me. Do not augment my Despair, *said I*, by forcing me to disobey you. After the Cruelty with which you treat me, it is impossible for me to follow you, or that I can live much longer, and therefore I bid you an eternal Adieu. My Death, which you will soon hear of will perhaps give you more favourable Sentiments for me. As I turned about to be gone; thou refuseth then to follow me, *cried he with Anger in his Looks*. Go, run headlong to thy Ruin. Adieu, ungrateful rebellious Son. Adieu, *said I in my Transport*, barbarous and inhuman Father.

I left the Garden like one furious, and went directly to Mr. *de T*——'s who had been as unsuccessful with the young *G. M.* as I with my Father, so that I had no Prospect now but of delivering her
by

by Force, and I left him with a Design to try if I could get People as desperate as myself to assist me in this dangerous Undertaking.

THE first that came into my Mind was the same Life-guard Man whom I had employed to arrest *G. M.* By good Luck I found him at home, and told him directly the Design of my Visit. He had good Sense enough to foresee the Difficulties, but was so generous as to promise me his Assistance. He mentioned the three Foot-guards that he had already employed as Men that might be depended on, and as *Moll's* Conductors were only six in Number, five resolute Men were an Over-match for such Wretches. We must have Horses, *said he*, with each a Pair of Pistols and a Blunderbuss, and plain Clothes for our three Soldiers, who must not appear in their Regimentals upon such an Occasion. I gave him the hundred Pistoles that I had received from *Mr. de T*— which was laid out to the last Farthing the next Day. The three Soldiers passed in Review before me. I encouraged them by great Promises, and to prevent all Diffidence, gave each of them ten Pistoles before-hand. On the Day that the unhappy Victims were to begin their March for *Haure de Grace*, we went by different Streets to a Place of Rendezvous in the Suburbs of *St. Honorè*, where we were not long before the two wretched Waggon, which you saw about two Years ago at *Passy* appeared, escorted by six Thieftcatchers. The Sight of them made all my Blood boil in my Veins. O Fortune, *cried I*, cruel Fortune, grant me now Death or Victory. We consulted a Moment upon the Method of our Attack, and resolved, by crossing over a Field, to get before them, and to fall upon them when they came up. The Guards seeing five Horsemen well armed advancing, made no doubt but that we designed to attack them, upon which they screwed their Bayonets,

and prepared to receive us. Upon this resolute Appearance of the Guards, which served only to animate my Friend and me, our cowardly Companions quite lost Courage, and, after a few Words which I did not hear, wheeled about and rode off at full Speed. God's *cried the Life-guard Man, as much confounded as I at this infamous Desertion, what shall we do, we are only two?* Fury and Astonishment made me mute, and I was in Suspence whether I should pursue the Villains that had abandoned me, or attack the Guards; I could have wished myself divided that I might at once have fallen upon these two Objects of my Rage. The Life-guard, who judged of my Uncertainty by the wild rolling of my Eyes from one to the other, begged that I would listen to his Advice, which was, that as we were but two against six, who appeared to be resolute, the best Way was to return to *Paris*, and to endeavour to get Assistants that would not abandon us; adding, that as the heavy Waggons marched slowly, we could easily come up with them the next Day. I reflected a Moment on this Proposal, and finding upon all Sides nothing but Subjects of Despair, I took a Resolution truly desperate, which was to thank my Companion for all his Services, and to beg that the Guards would allow me to accompany my Mistress to *Havre de Grace*, where I resolved to embark with her, adding, that as my Misfortunes were now at the highest, I must submit to them. May Heaven reward your Generosity. Adieu, I will give a helping Hand to my unlucky Fate to complete my Ruin, by voluntarily running to it. He in vain pressed me to return to *Paris*. I begged he would leave me, lest the Guards should fancy that our Design was to attack them.

I went towards them as a Suppliant rather than an Enemy, and told them that I came not to fight, but to ask Favours, which I expected from them,
and

and which I explained as we were going along. They consulted together upon my Proposal, and the chief of the Troops answered, that though their Orders were very strict, yet as I appeared to be a Person of Note, they would do what they could to oblige me; but that I ought to consider them for such a Condescension. I had about fifteen Pistoles in my Purse, and told them sincerely that this Sum was all I possessed. Very well, *said the Guard*; we will use you well. It shall only cost you a Crown an Hour to entertain any of our Girls that pleases you best, which is the current Price at *Paris*. They at first imagined that what I did proceeded from a Whim of Youth, but when they perceived that my Case was Love, and who was the Object, they so augmented the Tribute, that on leaving *Mante* (the Place where we lodged the Night before we arrived at *Passy*) my Purse was quite empty, and consequently no more Allowance from these mercenary Wretches to approach or converse with my unhappy Mistress, of which you yourself was a Witness at *Passy*, and, by a Generosity that I can never forget, furnished me with what was necessary to carry me to *Havre*; where, having no Answer from *Tiberge*, to whom I had wrote to send me a hundred Pistoles, I sold my Horse and embarked only with ten Pistoles in my Pocket, after buying some Sea Provisions. Were I to tell you all the Conversations we had during our Voyage on the Rigours of our Fate, my Narration would tire your Patience, and it has already been more extensive than I designed, I shall in a few Words conclude my melancholy Story.

AFTER an agreeable Navigation for two Months, we arrived safely at *New Orleans*, not a Town, as we had been told, but a Parcel of sorry Cottages, inhabited by five or six hundred Persons. We were received with open Arms by these People, as Com-

panions of their Solitude and Misery. The Governor disposed of about thirty Girls that came in our Ship, to those that wanted Wives, and having ordered them to retire to their several Habitations, he thus spoke to us. The Captain informs me, that you are married, and that you are Persons of Distinction and Merit. I shall not enter into the Causes of your Misfortunes, but if your Behaviour answers to what your Figures promise, I shall spare nothing to soften your Fate; and you will contribute, on your Part, to reconcile me to this wild Desert. He retained us to Supper, and ordered, that we should be conducted to our Cottage, which consisted of two Rooms, and a Sort of Garret. *Moll* appeared terrified at the Sight of such a dismal Habitation, and fell a crying most bitterly; not upon her own account, but upon mine, protesting, that the Thoughts of what I had already, and was in all Probability still to suffer, were worse than Death to her. Of what can I complain, *said I*, since I possess all that I desire. You love me, do you not? What other Happiness did I ever propose? Let us leave our Fate to the wise Direction of Providence. The Governor seems to be a civil Gentleman, and will, I hope, take care not to let us want the Necessaries of Life. As for our poor Habitation, you may have remarked, that few are better lodged, or have better Furniture than we; and then thou art such an admirable Chemist, *said I*, embracing her, that thou transformest every Thing into Gold. If that were the Case, *answered she*, you should be the richest Person upon Earth. I cannot but, in Justice, confess, *added she*, that I never deserved such an Attachment as yours; that even while I loved you passionately, I was fickle and giddy, but you cannot conceive how much I am changed. All the Tears which you have seen me shed so often since we left *France*, proceeded from the deep Impression of your
unpar-

unparallel'd Love to an unfortunate Creature that was not worthy of it, and who could not at the Expence of all her Blood, make amends for the least Part of the Misfortunes, which she has brought upon you. Her Tears, Discourse, and the Tone of her Voice, made such an astonishing Impression upon me, that I felt Raptures in my Soul not to be expressed. Take Care, *said I*, take Care, my Charmer, I have not Strength enough to support such lively Marks of thy Affection; I am not accustomed to these Excesses of Joy. O God! *cried I*, I ask no more, I am assured of her Heart, it is such as I wished it to make me happy. I cannot but be so now, and here is my Happiness settled upon a solid Foundation. It is, *replied she*, if it depends upon me, and I know well, where I can always find mine. I went to bed with these charming Ideas, which changed my Cottage into a Palace fit for the greatest Monarch upon Earth. After this, *America* appeared to be a Paradise. It is to *New Orleans*, *said I often*, that People must come, if they would taste the true Sweets of Love. 'Tis here where Hearts are united without Interest, Jealousy, or Inconstancy. Our Countrymen come here in quest of Gold, but we have found Treasures more to be esteemed.

I got so much into the good Graces of our Governor that a Vacancy happening in the Fort some Weeks after our Arrival, he bestowed the Employment upon me, which enabled us to live without being burthensom to any Body, and by our Regularity and discreet Behaviour with our Neighbours, we became in a little Time the next in Consideration to the Governor. The Innocency of our Occupations, and the Tranquillity of our Lives brought us, by Degrees, to think of Piety and Religion. *Moll* had never been what we may call an impious Girl, nor I a Libertine, who joined Irreligion to the De-

pravation of Manners. Love and Youth had been the Source of all our Disorders. Experience began to supply the Place of Age, and had the same Effect upon us as Years. Our Conversation, often grave and solid, brought us insensibly to the Taste of a virtuous Love. I was the first that proposed this Change, and as I knew that she had honest and sincere Principles, I made her conceive, that the Approbation of Heaven was wanting to complete our Happiness. In *France*, said I, we could neither abandon our Love, nor satisfy it in a lawful Way. But in *America*, where we depend on none but ourselves, where we are no more tied down by the arbitrary Laws of Rank and Decorum, where they even believe us married; what hinders us from being really so, and from sanctifying our Love by Vows that Religion authorises? As for me, added I, there is nothing new in the Offer of my Heart and Hand, but I am ready to renew the Gift at the Altar. This Discourse gave her great Joy. Would you believe, answered she, that I have thought of this a thousand Times, since we were in *America*, but the Fear of displeasing you made me silent, not having the Presumption to aspire to the Quality of your Spouse, though I long much for that glorious Title. I embraced her a thousand Times, and told her, that I would that Moment go to the Governor, acknowledge our having deceived him, and beg his Approbation to what we designed.

I am persuaded that there's no honest Man in the World, who would not have approved of my Design in my present Circumstances, that is to say, fatally subjected to a Passion, that I could not overcome, and stung with Remorses, that I ought not to smother; but will any Mortal accuse my Complaints of Injustice, if I groan under the Rigour of Heaven for rejecting a Design, which was formed to please it? Alas! what do I say, to reject it?
Rather

Rather to punish it as a Crime. Providence suffered me with Patience, while I was blindly running in the Career of Vice, and no sooner did I think of returning to the Road of Virtue, than I am punished with the severest Chastisements. I am afraid, I shall not be able to go through the Relation of the most fatal Event that ever happened.

YOU must know, that the Governor had a Nephew called *Synnelet*, a Man about thirty, brave, but hot and violent. *Moll's* Beauty had touched him upon our Arrival, and the frequent Occasions of being in her Company, for nine or ten Months, had augmented his Passion to such a Degree, that he was dying for her; but believing us to be married, he had been so much Master of himself as to let nothing appear. I found him with his Uncle when I went to the Fort. As I had no Reason to conceal my Design from him, I made no Difficulty to explain myself in his Presence. I gave the Governor a short Abridgment of my Life, and when I begged that he would assist at the Ceremony of my Marriage, he had the Generosity to tell me that he would himself defray the Expences of my Wedding; upon which I retired very well pleased, and ran to give *Moll* the agreeable News of my Success; but I had not been an Hour at Home when the Chaplain came in with a Design, as I thought, to give me some Instructions about my Marriage; but after a cold Salute, he declared, in two Words, that the Governor had changed his Mind about my Marriage, and ordered me to think no more of it, having other Views for *Moll*. Other Views, *said I trembling*, what other Views, pray Mr. Chaplain? He answered, that I must know, the Governor was Master, that my Mistress being sent from *France* for the Colony, he had the Disposal of her; that he had not hitherto done it, believing her to be my Wife; but since he under-

stood by myself that it was not so, he thought proper to give her to *Synnelet* who was passionately in Love with her. My Vivacity got the better of my Prudence. I ordered him in a very haughty Manner to get out of my House, swearing that the Governor, *Synnelet*, and all the Town durst not lay a Hand upon my Spouse or Mistress which they pleased.

AFTER many Reflections, I at last resolved to go to the Governor, and represent with all the Rhetorick I was Master of, the Cruelty of such a Design, and notwithstanding *Moll's* Intreaties and Tears, who was afraid she would never see me more, I ran to the Fort and found the Governor and Chaplain together. I made Use of all the Motives that I thought might make an Impression upon any Heart except that of a wild and cruel Tyger. But this Barbarian had no Regard to my Submissions, and made this Answer, which he repeated a hundred Times, that *Moll* was at his Disposal, and that he had promised her to his Nephew.

I was but too much persuaded on going out, that I had nothing to expect from this obstinate old Man, nevertheless I resolved to be moderate, fully resolved, if they pushed the Thing to the last Extremity, to give to *New Orleans* one of the most bloody and most tragical Scenes that ever Love had produced. I was meditating upon this Project as I returned Home, when Fortune that wanted to hasten my Ruin, brought *Synnelet* in my Way. He read in my Eyes a Part of my Thoughts. As he was brave, he came up to me and asked, if I was not looking for him. I know, *said he*, that my Designs offend you, and have foreseen that we must measure our Swords. Come, let us see, who shall have best Luck. I answered, that he was in the Right, and that my Death only could terminate our Differences. We went about a hundred Paces out of Town, and we had

had scarce made two or three Pushes, when I wounded and disarmed him. He was in such a Rage at his Misfortune, that he refused to ask his Life, which I perhaps might have taken without Injustice. I could not however be guilty of such an ungenerous Action, but threw his Sword to him. Let us take the other Bout, *said I*, and remember that there is no Quarter to be given. He attacked me with great Fury, and though I was but an indifferent Fencer, yet as Love conducted my Sword, in the very Moment that he pierced my Arm, I run him through the Body, and he fell motionless at my Feet. Notwithstanding the Joy which Victory gives, I immediately reflected on the Consequences of his Death, which could not but be fatal to me. I returned to my House, where I found *Moll* half dead with Fear that I had been stopped in the Fort by the Governor's Orders. I could not conceal my Adventure, which she no sooner heard than she fainted away in my Arms, and it was a full Quarter of an Hour before she recovered her Senses. What shall we do, *said I*, when she was fully come to herself, I must necessarily be gone, will you remain in the Town? Yes, *continued I*, remain, you may still be happy in it, while I shall go and seek Death among the Savages or wild Beasts. She got up notwithstanding her Weakness, and took me by the Hand to conduct me to the Door. Let us fly together, *said she*, without losing a Moment. *Synnelet's* Body may perhaps be already found, and we shall not have Time to get out of the Town; but my dear *Moll*, *replied I*, quite confounded, where can we go? Is it not better that you endeavour to live here without me, and that I deliver myself up to the Governor? but she would hear of nothing but to be gone. I had the Precaution before we went, to take some Cordials that I had in my Chamber, and to stuff my Pockets with what Provisions they woul

would hold. We told our Servants who attended in the next Room, that we were going to the Evening Walk, a Thing which we usually did, and made the best of our Way out of Town with more Haste than could be expected from one of her Delicacy. Though I was very uncertain of a Retreat, yet I had some Hopes two Ways. In the first Place, I knew a little of the Language and Customs of the Savages, who were not cruel if they were not roughly dealt with, and thought we might with Safety take Refuge among them for some Time, and then the *English* have a Settlement in this new World, but separated from ours by large barren Plains of several Days Journey, and high Mountains almost inaccessible. However, I flattered myself that the Savages would conduct us, and that the *English* would grant us a Retreat among them.

AFTER we had walked about two Leagues, *Moll* told me that she could go no farther without reposing. Night was approaching, and we sat down upon the Grass in a Plain without so much as a Tree to shelter us. Her first Care was to visit my Wound, which she had dressed herself before we set out, and when that kind Office was done, I stripped myself of my Clothes to put under her by Way of a Bed, and passed the Night as a Centry over her, praying Heaven to grant her a sweet and refreshing Sleep, Oh! how ardent and sincere were my Wishes, and by what rigorous Judgment did Heaven resolve not to ear them.

PARDON me, if I abridge a Narration that kills me, my Misfortune is without a Parallel, and while I live my Eyes will be rushing Fountains; but though it is still fresh in my Memory, yet my Soul seems to start with Horror every Time that I speak of it.

To Appearance, she seemed to be fast asleep the greatest Part of the Night, and having touched her Hands about Day-break, I found them cold and trembling,

trembling, and put them in my Bosom to warm them; upon which taking hold of mine, she told me with a faint Voice, that she believed her last Hour was approaching. At first I took these Words for an usual Expression under Misfortunes, and made such an Answer as Love suggests; but her frequent Sighs, her Silence to my Questions, and the Squeezes which she gave my Hands, made me but too sensible, that she was at the End of her Misfortunes. Spare me a Description of my Sentiments, or a Relation of her last Words. I lost her, and received Marks of Love in the very Moment that she expired. This is all that I have Power to tell you of this fatal and deplorable Moment.

MY Soul did not take it's Flight with her's. Heaven did not think that I was as yet sufficiently punished, and therefore condemned me to lead a languishing and miserable Life, to which I submit the more chearfully, as I desire no better. I remained two Days and Nights with my Mouth by Turns glued to her Face and Hands, and was resolved to die in that Posture; but I reflected in the Beginning of the third Day, that her Body after my Death would be exposed to become the Food of ravenous Beasts, and therefore resolved to bury her, and then to wait for Death upon her Grave. I was already so near my End, by the Weakness to which Fasting and Grief had reduced me, that I could scarce stand upon my Feet, and was obliged to have Recourse to the Cordials that I had brought along with me, which revived me so, as to be able to perform the melancholy Office that I designed. The Ground where I was being sandy, with my Hands and Sword, I made a pretty large Grave, in which I placed the Idol of my Heart, wrapping her Body with my Clothes that the Sand might not touch it. But to cover it with Earth, and deprive my Eyes for ever of the still lovely Object; alas! my poor distracted Heart
coul

could not bear the shocking Thought. At last, after a thousand Embraces, finding my Strength fast a going, and being afraid of losing it altogether, before I finished the Work, my trembling unwilling Hands covered that Body, which, while animated, was the Master-piece of Nature. O Death, *cried I*, come quickly and put an End to my unhappy Fate? With that I laid my myself upon the Grave, shutting my Eyes with a Design never more to open them, and I did not long remain in that Posture, till I lost all Knowledge and Sense.

WHAT remains of my Story is of so little Importance, that it scarce deserves to be related. *Synnelet's* Body being found soon after our Combat and brought to Town and his Wounds visited, they were found not to be mortal. He informed his Uncle of the whole Affair, and his Generosity prompted him to do me Justice. I was immediately sent for, and not being found, they suspected we had fled, and next Morning sent several Parties different Roads in Pursuit. I was at last found without the least Sign of Life, and as they saw me naked and bloody, they concluded I had been robbed and assassinated. I was brought to Town, where giving some Signs of Life, I had all proper Assistance. I was nevertheless confined in a Prison, and as *Moll* did not appear, I was accused of having killed her out of Rage and Jealousy. I told them ingenuously my woful Adventure, and Mr. *Synnelet*, notwithstanding the Excess of Grief into which this dismal News threw him, was so generous as to solicit my Pardon, which he obtained. I was so weak, that they were obliged to remove me from the Prison to my own Bed, to which I was confined for three Months, by a terrible Fit of Sickness. I was so bent upon Death, that I invoked it every Minute, and for a considerable Time, obstinately rejected all Manner of Remedies; but Heaven, after having pursued me with so much Rigour,

Rigour, intended to render my Misfortunes and Chastisements useful to me, by inlightening me with it's Grace, and inspiring me with Thoughts of Repentance; so that recovering by Degrees, Peace of Mind, my Body soon felt the Effects. I gave myself intirely up to pious Exercises, and waited for the Arrival of Ships from *France*, that come every Year to that Part of *America*, being resolved to return to my native Country, that I might by a regular and pious Life repair the Scandal of my past Conduct. I took Care to have the Body of my dear Mistress transported and interred in a decent Manner, and it was after performing this last melancholy Office, that taking a solitary Walk along the River's Side, I saw a Ship arriving, and Persons landing, who took the Road to the Town, and you may judge of my Surprize when among them I discovered *Tiberge*. That faithful Friend knew me at a good Distance, notwithstanding the Change which Misfortunes and Sicknes had made in my Countenance, and we ran with equal Ardour to embrace one another, not without Tears on both Sides. He informed me, that the sole Motive of his Voyage to *America* was to see me, and persuade me to return to *France*; that having received the Letter by which I had desired him to send me Money to *Havre*, he had come there himself to give me what I wanted; that he was very much afflicted when he understood that I was gone, and would have followed me directly, had he found a Ship ready to sail; that he had gone to several Sea-port Towns, and at last had found a Ship at *St. Malo* bound for *Quebec*, from whence he had found an Opportunity of a Passage for this Place. Rare Instance of Friendship seldom to be met with! I conducted him to my House, where I gave him an exact Account of all that had happened to me since I left *France*; and, to give him a Satisfaction which he scarce expected, I declared that the

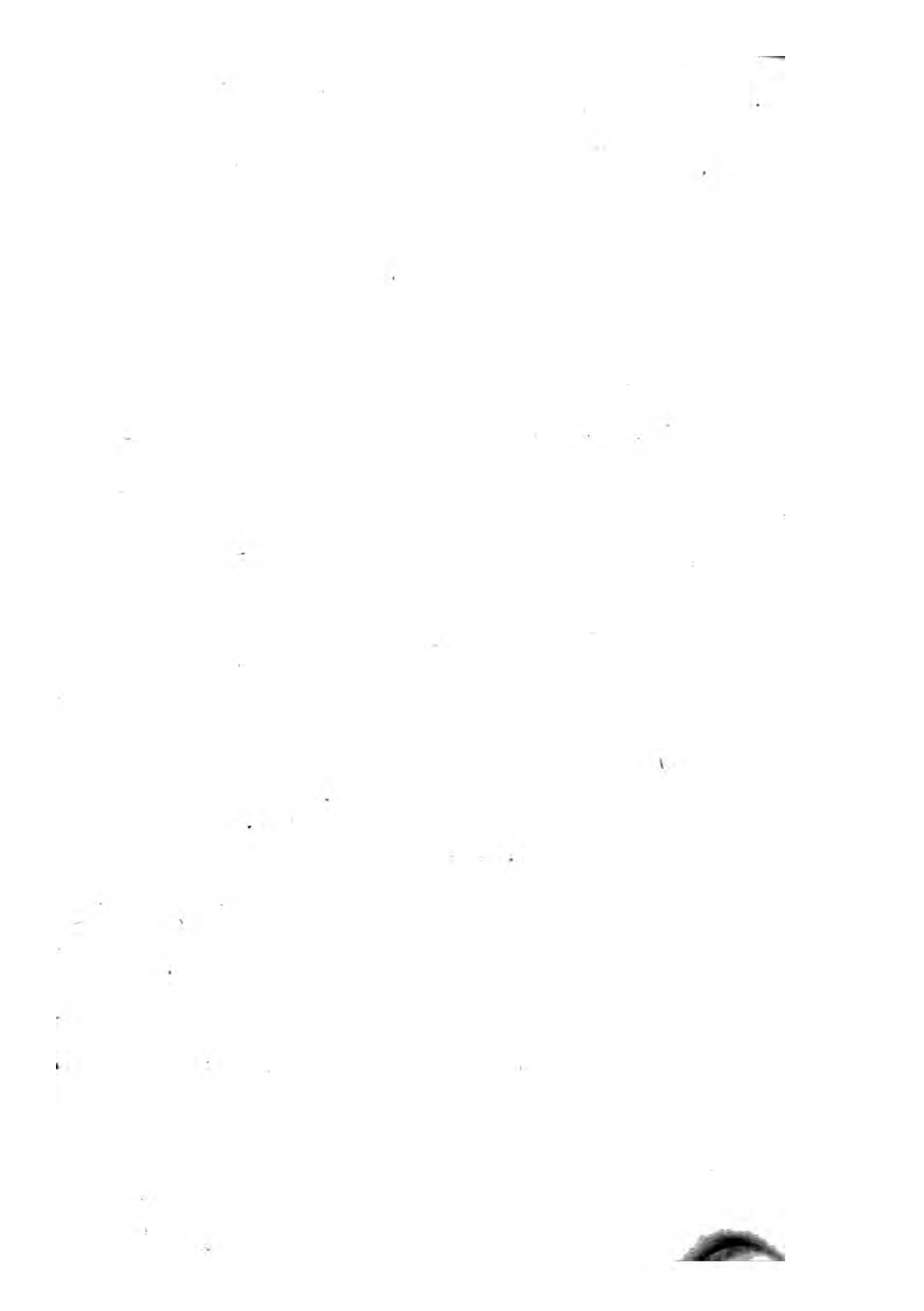
Seeds

Seeds of Virtue, which he had formerly sowed in my Heart, began to produce Fruits, with which he would be satisfied. He protested, that this happy News fully recompensed all the Fatigue he had undergone.

WE remained some Months together at *New Orleans*, waiting the Arrival of Ships from *France*, and having at last embarked, we arrived at *Havre* about fifteen Days ago, from whence I wrote to my Family, and learned by a Letter from my elder Brother, the melancholy News of my Father's Death. The Wind proving favourable for *Calais*, and a Ship ready to sail for this Port, I took that Opportunity, and am now going to a Relation's House in the Neighbourhood, where my Brother is to meet me.

The End of the third and last Volume.

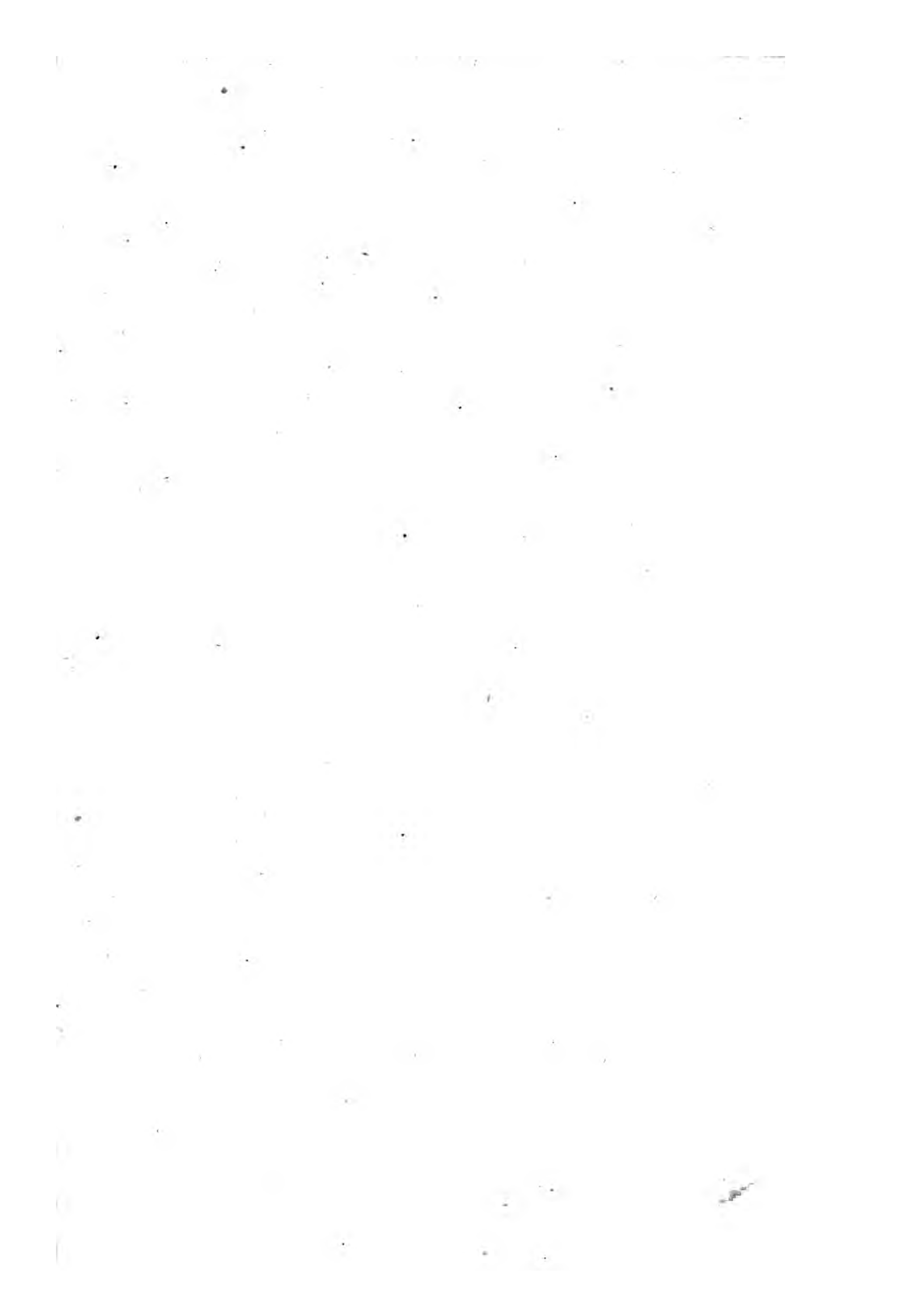


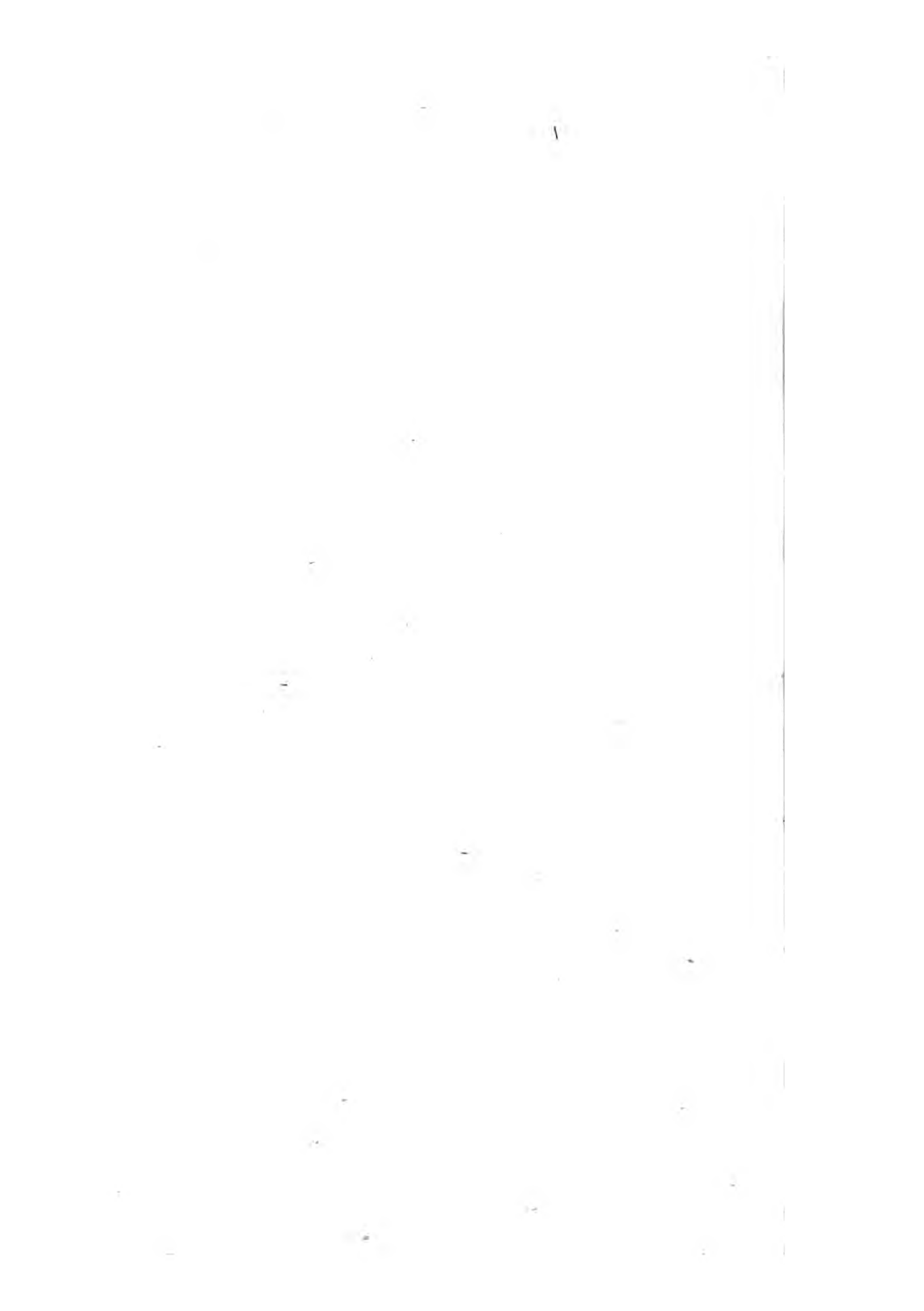


our Fortune, and it was out of a Regard to your Delicacy that I had begun to execute it without your Participation, but I give it up since you do not approve of it; adding, that she only asked for my Complaisance, for the remaining Part of the Day; that she had received already two thousand Pistoles from her old Lover, and that he had promised to bring her in the Evening a fine Pearl Necklace with other Jewels, and one half of her Pension. Give me only Time, *said she*, to receive these Presents, and I swear to you that he shall have the Satisfaction to have passed a Night with me, for I put him off till we should return to London and I settled in my own House. I confess I have kissed my Hands a Million of Times; 'Tis but just he should pay for this Favour; and five or six thousand Livres are not too much considering his Condition and Age.

HER Resolution was much more agreeable than the Expectation of five thousand Livres. I had on this Occasion an Opportunity to discover that my Heart had not lost all Sentiments of Honour, since it was so well pleased to avoid Involvement. But I was born for short Pleasures and long Troubles, and Fortune only delivered me from one Precipice to tumble me down a worse; when I had testified by a thousand Embraces, how happy this *Chevalier* made me, I told her that it would be necessary to let *Lescout* into the Secret, that we might join our concert Measures. He at first murmured, but four or five thousand Livres brought him over. I was therefore resolved that we should all three go with Mr. *de G. M.* for two Reasons; the one, to prevent the Diversion of such an agreeable Scene as my passing for a Scholar, Brother to *Moll*, and the other, to prevent this old Letcher from taking Liberty with my Mistress, which he might imagine his Liberality gave him a just Title to. *Lescout* and









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