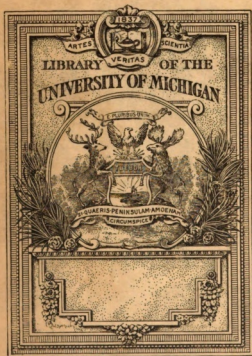


A 518686



828
R 115
1792

THE

Romance of the Forest :

3-6265-

INTERSPERSED WITH

SOME PIECES OF POETRY.

“ Ere the bat hath flown
“ His cloister'd flight ; ere to black Hecate's summons,
“ The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,
“ Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
“ A deed of dreadful note.”

MACBETH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BY ANN RADCLIFFE,

AUTHOR OF

“ A SICILIAN ROMANCE,” &c.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. HOOKHAM AND J. CARPENTER,
NEW AND OLD BOND STREET.

M.DCC.XCII.

8

THE

Romance of the Forest:

INTERLUDE TO WITH

SOME PIECES OF POETRY.

BY

MARY WOODMAN AND J. C. BENTLEY,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MARY WOODMAN.

LONDON:

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BY ANN RADCLIFFE,

AUTHOR OF

"A SICILIAN ROMANCE," &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. MOORMAN AND J. C. BENTLEY,

157, AND OLD ST. PAUL'S.

M DCCC XXXI.

THE
ROMANCE

OF THE
FOREST.

CHAPTER VIII.

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

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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

VOL. II.

B

A disturbed

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She

She retired to her chamber, where, being once more alone, her oppressed heart found relief from tears, in which she freely indulged. Ideas crowded so fast upon her mind, that it was long ere she could arrange them so as to produce any thing like reasoning. She endeavoured to account for the abrupt departure of Theodore. "Is it possible," said she, "that he should take an interest in my welfare, and yet leave me exposed to the full force of a danger which he himself foresaw? Or am I to believe that he has trifled with my simplicity for an idle frolic, and has now left me to the wondering apprehension he has raised? Impossible! a countenance so noble, and manners so amiable, could never disguise a heart capable of forming so despicable a design. No!—whatever is reserved for me, let me not relinquish the pleasure of believing that he is worthy of my esteem."

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

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

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

admiration, which he sometimes betrayed by an apparently inadvertent expression.

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

The wind was high, and as it whistled through

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

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

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

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

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

Unable to quit the place, she sat down on some old lumber to recover herself, while her spirits were nearly overcome by a superstitious dread, such as she had never felt before. She wondered to what part of the abbey these chambers belonged, and that they had so long escaped
 B 6 detection.

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

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

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

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

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

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

she

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

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

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

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

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

John

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

It

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the words she had overheard returned to her memory.

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

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

“ to suppose, or, rather, how have you
 “ learned, that your father pursues you?”
 The question confused Adeline, who
 blushed to acknowledge that she had over-
 heard his discourse, and disdained to in-
 vent, or utter a falsity: at length she
 confessed the truth. The countenance
 of La Motte instantly changed to a sa-
 vage fierceness, and, sharply rebuking
 her for a conduct, to which he had been
 rather tempted by chance, than prompt-
 ed by design, he inquired what she had
 overheard, that could so much alarm
 her. She faithfully repeated the sub-
 stance of the incoherent sentences that
 had met her ear; while she spoke,
 he regarded her with a fixed attention.
 “ And was this all you heard? Is it
 “ from these few words that you draw
 “ such a positive conclusion? Examine
 “ them, and you will find they do not
 “ justify it.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ten

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

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

C 3

" Listen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Name