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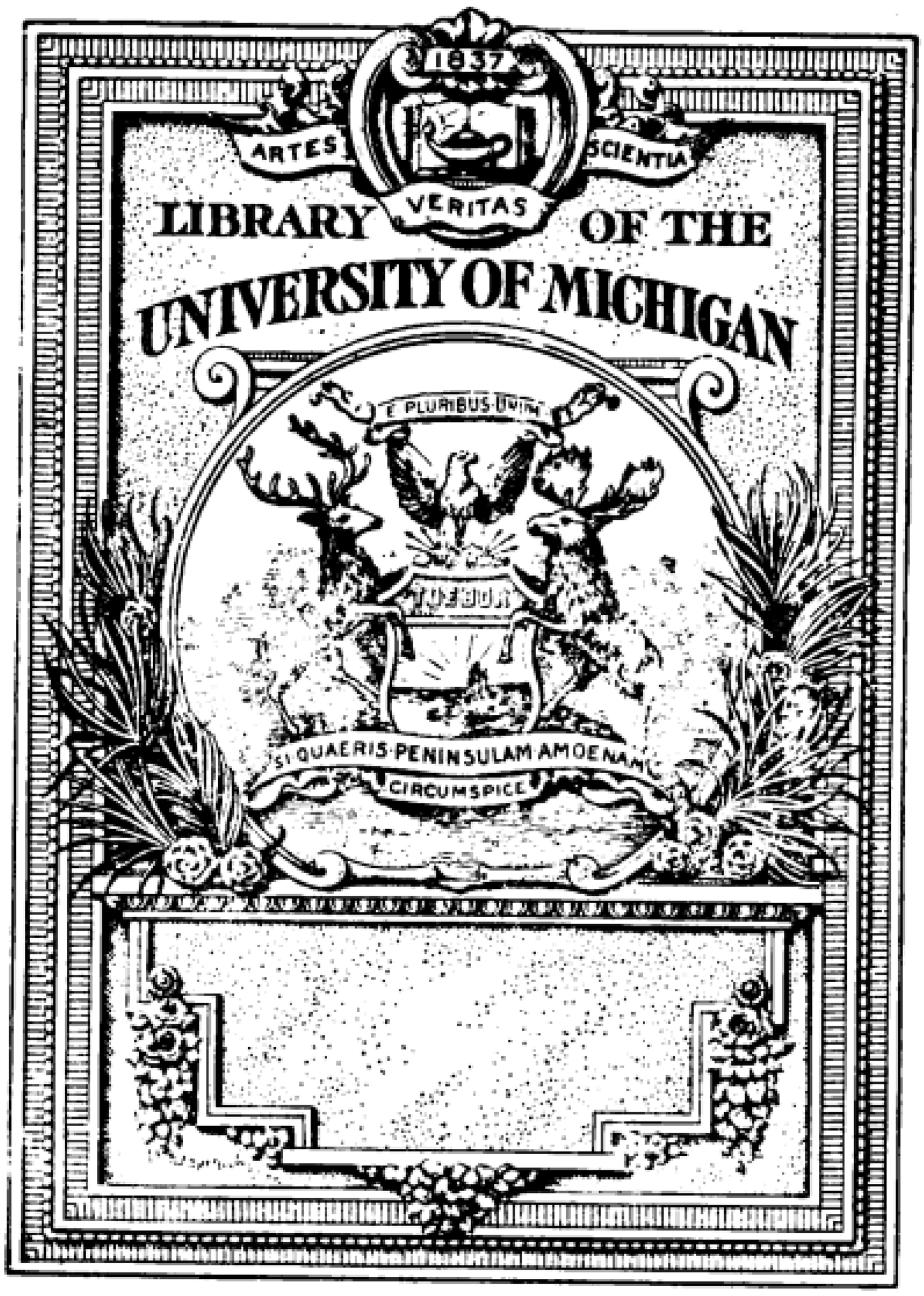

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THE

Romance of the Forest:

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 hum,
" Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
" A deed of dreadful note."

MACBETH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BY ANN RADCLIFFE,

AUTHOR OF

" A SICILIAN ROMANCE, &c."

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THE

ROMANCE

OF THE

FOREST.

CHAPTER XIV.

" Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
" What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
" Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form!
" *Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm!*——
" And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
" *Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind!*——
" On whom that raving brood of Fate,
" Who lap the blood of Sorrow wait;
" Who, Fear! this ghaſtly train can ſee,
" And look not madly wild like thee!"

COLLINS.

THE Marquis was punctual to the hour. La Motte received him at the

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gate, but he declined entering, and ſaid he preferred a walk in the foreſt. Thither, therefore, La Motte attended him. After ſome general converſation, "Well," ſaid the Marquis, "have you conſidered "what I ſaid, and are you prepared to "decide?

"I have, my Lord, and will quickly "decide, when you ſhall farther explain "yourſelf. Till then I can form no "reſolution." The Marquis appeared diſſatisfied, and was a moment ſilent. "Is it then poſſible," he at length reſumed, "that you do not underſtand? "This ignorance is ſurely affected. La "Motte, I expect ſincerity. Tell me, "therefore, is it neceſſary I ſhould ſay "more?"

"It is my Lord," ſaid La Motte immediately. "If you fear to confide "in me freely, how can I fully accom-"pliſh your purpoſe?"

"Before I proceed farther," ſaid the Marquis, "let me adminiſter ſome oath

"which

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" which ſhall bind you to ſecrecy. But " this is ſcarcely neceſſary; for, could " I even doubt your word of honour, " the remembrance of a certain tranſ- " action would point out to you the ne- " ceſſity of being as ſilent yourſelf as " you muſt wiſh me to be." There was now a pauſe of ſilence, during which both the Marquis and La Motte betrayed ſome confuſion. " I think, La Motte," ſaid he, " I have given you ſufficient " proof that I can be grateful; the ſer- " vices you have already rendered me " with reſpect to Adeline, have not " been unrewarded."

" True, my Lord, I am ever willing " to acknowledge this, and am ſorry it " has not been in my power to ſerve " you more effectually. Your farther " views reſpecting her I am ready to " aſſiſt."

" I thank you.—Adeline" —— the Marquis heſitated.—" Adeline," rejoined La Motte, eager to anticipate his

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wiſhes, " has beauty worthy of your " purſuit. She has inſpired a paſſion of " which ſhe ought to be proud, and, at " any rate, ſhe ſhall ſoon be yours. Her " charms are worthy of"——

" Yes, yes," interrupted the Mar- " quis; " but"——he pauſed.—" But " they have given you too much trouble " in the purſuit," ſaid La Motte; " and " to be ſure, my Lord, it muſt be con- " feſſed they have; but this trouble is " all over—you may now conſider her as " your own."

" I would do ſo," ſaid the Marquis, fixing an eye of earneſt regard upon La Motte—" I would do ſo."

" Name your hour, my Lord; you " ſhall not be interrupted.—Beauty ſuch " as Adeline's"——

" Watch her cloſely," interrupted the Marquis, " and on no account ſuffer " her to leave her apartment. Where " is ſhe now?"

" Confined in her chamber."

" Very

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" Very well. But I am impatient."

" Name your time, my Lord——to-
" morrow night."

" *To-morrow* night," ſaid the Mar-
quis—" to-morrow night. Do you un-
" derſtand me now ?"

" Yes, my Lord, this night, if you
" wiſh it ſo. But had you not better
" diſmiſs your ſervants, and remain
" yourſelf in the foreſt. You know the
" door that opens upon the woods from
" the weſt tower. Come thither about
" twelve—I will be there to conduct you
" to her chamber. Remember, then,
" my Lord, that to-night"——

" Adeline dies !" interrupted the Marquis, in a low voice ſcarcely human. " Do you underſtand me now ?" ——La Motte ſhrunk aghaſt—" My " Lord !"

" La Motte !" ſaid the Marquis.—There was a ſilence of ſeveral minutes, in which La Motte endeavoured to recover himſelf.—" Let me aſk, my Lord,

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" the meaning of this?" ſaid he, when he had breath to ſpeak. " Why ſhould " you with the death of Adeline—of " Adeline whom ſo lately you loved?"

" Make no enquiries for my motive," ſaid the Marquis; " but it is as certain " as that I live that ſhe you name muſt " die. This is ſufficient." The ſurpriſe of La Motte equalled his horror. " The means are various," reſumed the Marquis. " I could have wiſhed that " no blood might be ſpilt; and there " are drugs ſure and ſpeedy in their " effect, but they cannot be ſoon or " ſafely procured. I alſo wiſh it over " ——it muſt be done quickly——this " night."

" This night, my Lord!"

" Aye, this night, La Motte; if it is " to be, why not ſoon. Have you no " convenient drug at hand?"

" None, my Lord."

" I feared to truſt a third perſon, or " I ſhould have been provided," ſaid the

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the Marquis. "As it is, take this poig-
"nard; uſe it as occaſion offers, but
"be reſolute." La Motte received the poignard with a trembling hand, and continued to gaze upon it for ſome time, ſcarcely knowing what he did. "Put
"it up," ſaid the Marquis, "and en-
"deavour to recollect yourſelf." La Motte obeyed, but continued to muſe in ſilence.

He ſaw himſelf entangled in the web which his own crimes had woven. Being in the power of the Marquis, he knew he muſt either conſent to the commiſſion of a deed, from the enormity of which, depraved as he was, he ſhrunk in horror, or ſacrifice fortune, freedom, probably life itſelf, to the refuſal. He had been led on by ſlow gradations from folly to vice, till he now ſaw before him an abyſs of guilt which ſtartled even the conſcience that ſo long had ſlumbered. The means of retreating were deſperate —to proceed was equally ſo.

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When he conſidered the innocence and the helpleſsneſs of Adeline, her orphan ſtate, her former affectionate conduct, and her confidence in his protection, his heart melted with compaſſion for the diſtreſs he had already occaſioned her, and ſhrunk in terror from the deed he was urged to commit. But when, on he other hand, he contemplated the deſtruction that threatened him from the vengeance of the Marquis, and then conſidered the advantages that were offered him of favour, freedom, and probably fortune, terror, and temptation contributed to overcome the pleadings of humanity, and ſilence the voice of conſcience. In this ſtate of tumultuous uncertainty he continued for ſome time ſilent, until the voice of the Marquis rouſed him to a conviction of the neceſſity of at leaſt appearing to acquieſce in his deſigns.

"Do you heſitate?" ſaid the Marquis.—"No, my Lord, my reſolution is

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" is fixed—I will obey you. But me-
" thinks it would be better to avoid
" bloodſhed. Strange ſecrets have been
" revealed by"——

" Aye, but how avoid it?" interrupted the Marquis.—" Poiſon I will
" not venture to procure. I have given
" you one ſure inſtrument of death.
" You alſo may find it dangerous to
" enquire for a drug." La Motte perceived that he could not purchaſe poiſon without incurring a diſcovery much greater than that he wiſhed to avoid.
" You are right, my Lord, and I will
" follow your orders implicitly." The Marquis now proceeded in broken ſentences, to give farther directions concerning this dreadful ſcheme.

" In her ſleep," ſaid he, " at mid-
" night; the family will then be at reſt."
Afterwards they planned a ſtory, which was to account for her diſappearance, and by which it was to ſeem that ſhe had ſought an eſcape in conſequence

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of her averſion to the addreſſes of the Marquis. The doors of her chamber and of the weſt tower were to be left open to corroborate this account, and many other circumſtances were to be contrived to confirm the ſuſpicion. They farther conſulted how the Marquis was to be informed of the event; and it was agreed that he ſhould come as uſual to the Abbey on the following day. "*To-night, then,*" ſaid the Marquis, "I "may rely upon your reſolution."

"You may, my Lord."

"Farewell, then. When we meet "again"——

"When we meet again," ſaid La Motte, "it will be done." He followed the Marquis to the Abbey, and having ſeen him mount his horſe, and wiſhed him a good night, he retired to his chamber, where he ſhut himſelf up.

Adeline, mean while, in the ſolitude of her priſon, gave way to the deſpair which her condition inſpired. She tried

to

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to arrange her thoughts, and to argue herſelf into ſome degree of reſignation; but reflection, by anticipating the paſt, and reaſon, by repreſenting the future, brought before her mind the full picture of her misfortunes, and ſhe ſunk in deſpondency. Of Theodore, who, by a conduct ſo noble, had teſtified his attachment and involved himſelf in ruin, ſhe thought with a degree of anguiſh infinitely ſuperior to any ſhe had felt upon any other occaſion.

That the very exertions which had deſerved all her gratitude, and awakened all her tenderneſs, ſhould be the cauſe of his deſtruction, was a circumſtance ſo much beyond the ordinary bounds of miſery, that her fortitude ſunk at once before it. The idea of Theodore ſuffering—Theodore dying—was for ever preſent to her imagination, and frequently excluding the ſenſe of her own danger, made her conſcious only of his. Sometimes the hope he had given her of

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being able to vindicate his conduct, or at leaſt to obtain a pardon, would return; but it was like the faint beam of an April morn, tranſient and cheerleſs. She knew that the Marquis, ſtung with jealouſy, and exaſperated to revenge, would purſue him with unrelenting malice.

Againſt ſuch an enemy what could Theodore oppoſe? Conſcious rectitude would not avail him to ward off the blow which diſappointed paſſion and powerful pride directed. Her diſtreſs was conſiderably heightened by reflecting that no intelligence of him could reach her at the Abbey, and that ſhe muſt remain ſhe knew not how long in the moſt dreadful ſuſpence concerning his fate. From the Abbey ſhe ſaw no poſſibility of eſcaping. She was a priſoner in a chamber incloſed at every avenue: ſhe had no opportunity of converſing with any perſon who could afford her even a chance of relief; and ſhe ſaw herſelf condemned

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condemned to await in paſſive ſilence the impending deſtiny, infinitely more dreadful to her imagination than death itſelf.

Thus circumſtanced, ſhe yielded to the preſſure of her misfortunes, and would ſit for hours motionleſs and given up to thought. "Theodore!" ſhe would frequently exclaim, "you cannot hear "my voice, you cannot fly to help me; "yourſelf a priſoner and in chains." The picture was too horrid. The ſwelling anguiſh of her heart would ſubdue her utterance---tears bathed her cheeks ---and ſhe became inſenſible to every thing but the miſery of Theodore.

On this evening her mind had been remarkably tranquil; and as ſhe watched from her window, with a ſtill and melancholy pleaſure, the ſetting ſun, the fading ſplendour of the weſtern horizon, and the gradual approach of twilight, her thoughts bore her back to the time when, in happier circumſtances, ſhe had watched

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frame was, at length, quite exhauſted, and ſhe retired early to reſt.

La Motte remained in his chamber till ſupper obliged him to deſcend. At table his wild and haggard countenance, which, in ſpite of all his endeavours, betrayed the diſorder of his mind, and his long and frequent fits of abſtraction ſurpriſed as well as alarmed Madame La Motte. When Peter left the room ſhe tenderly inquired what had diſturbed him, and he with a diſtorted ſmile tried to be gay, but the effort was beyond his art, and he quickly relapſed into ſilence; or when Madame La Motte ſpoke, and he ſtrove to conceal the abſence of his thoughts, he anſwered ſo entirely from the purpoſe, that his abſtraction became ſtill more apparent. Obſerving this, Madame La Motte appeared to take no notice of his preſent temper; and they continued to ſit in uninterrupted ſilence till the hour of reſt, when they retired to their chamber.

La

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La Motte lay in a ſtate of diſturbed watchfulneſs for ſome time, and his frequent ſtarts awoke Madame; who, however, being pacified by ſome trifling excuſe, ſoon went to ſleep again. This agitation continued till near midnight, when, recollecting that the time was now paſſing in idle reflection which ought to be devoted to action, he ſtole ſilently from his bed, wrapped himſelf in his night gown, and, taking the lamp which burned nightly in his chamber, paſſed up the ſpiral ſtaircaſe. As he went he frequently looked back, and often ſtarted and liſtened to the hollow ſighings of the blaſt.

His hand ſhook ſo violently, when he attempted to unlock the door of Adeline's chamber, that he was obliged to ſet the lamp on the ground, and apply both his hands. The noiſe he made with the key induced him to ſuppoſe he muſt have awakened her; but when he opened the door, and perceived the ſtill-

neſs

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neſs that reigned within, he was convinced ſhe was aſleep. When he approached the bed he heard her gently breathe, and ſoon after ſigh—and he ſtopped; but ſilence returning, he again advanced, and then heard her ſing in her ſleep. As he liſtened he diſtinguiſhed ſome notes of a melancholy little air which, in her happier days, ſhe had often ſung to him. The low and mournful accent in which ſhe now uttered them expreſſed too well the tone of her mind.

La Motte now ſtepped haſtily towards the bed, when, breathing a deep ſigh, ſhe was again ſilent. He undrew the curtain, and ſaw her laying in a profound ſleep, her cheek yet wet with tears, reſting upon her arm. He ſtood a moment looking at her; and as he viewed her innocent and lovely countenance, pale in grief, the light of the lamp, which ſhone ſtrong upon her eyes, awoke her, and, perceiving a man, ſhe uttered

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uttered a ſcream. Her recollection returning, ſhe knew him to be La Motte, and it inſtantly recurring to her that the Marquis was at hand, ſhe raiſed herſelf in bed, and implored pity and protection. La Motte ſtood looking eagerly at her, but without replying.

The wildneſs of his looks and the gloomy ſilence he preſerved increaſed her alarm, and with tears of terror ſhe renewed her ſupplication. "You once "ſaved me from deſtruction," cried ſhe; "O ſave me now! Have pity upon "me—I have no protector but you."

"What is it you fear?" ſaid La Motte, in a tone ſcarcely articulate.—"O ſave "me—ſave me from the Marquis!"

"Riſe then," ſaid he, "and dreſs "yourſelf quickly—I ſhall be back "again in a few minutes." He lighted a candle that ſtood on the table, and left the chamber. Adeline immediately aroſe and endeavoured to dreſs, but her thoughts were ſo bewildered that ſhe ſcarcely

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ſcarcely knew what ſhe did, and her whole frame ſo violently agitated that it was with the utmoſt difficulty ſhe preſerved herſelf from fainting. She threw her clothes haſtily on, and then ſat down to await the return of La Motte. A conſiderable time elapſed, yet he did not appear, and, having in vain endeavoured to compoſe her ſpirits, the pain of ſuſpence at length became ſo inſupportable, that ſhe opened the door of her chamber, and went to the top of the ſtaircaſe to liſten. She thought ſhe heard voices below; but, conſidering that if the Marquis was there her appearance could only increaſe her danger, ſhe checked the ſtep ſhe had almoſt involuntarily taken to deſcend. Still ſhe liſtened, and ſtill thought ſhe diſtinguiſhed voices. Soon after ſhe heard a door ſhut, and then footſteps, and ſhe haſtened back to her chamber.

Near a quarter of an hour elapſed and La Motte did not appear. When again

ſhe

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ſhe thought ſhe heard a murmur of voices below, and alſo paſſing ſteps, and at length her anxiety not ſuffering her to remain in her room, ſhe moved through the paſſage that communicated with the ſpiral ſtaircaſe; but all was now ſtill. In a few moments, however, a light flaſhed acroſs the hall, and La Motte appeared at the door of the vaulted room. He looked up, and ſeeing Adeline in the gallery, beckoned her to deſcend.

She heſitated and looked towards her chamber; but La Motte now approached the ſtairs, and, with faultering ſteps, ſhe went to meet him. "I fear the "Marquis may ſee me," ſaid ſhe whiſpering; "where is he?" La Motte took her hand, and led her on, aſſuring her ſhe had nothing to fear from the Marquis. The wildneſs of his looks, however, and the trembling of his hand, ſeemed to contradict this aſſurance, and ſhe inquired whither he was leading her.

"To

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"To the foreſt," ſaid La Motte, "that "you may eſcape from the Abbey—a "horſe waits for you without. I can "ſave you by no other means." New terror ſeized her. She could ſcarcely believe that La Motte, who had hitherto conſpired with the Marquis, and had ſo cloſely confined her, ſhould now himſelf undertake her eſcape, and ſhe at this moment felt a dreadful preſentiment, which it was impoſſible to account for, that he was leading her out to murder her in the foreſt. Again ſhrinking back, ſhe ſupplicated his mercy. He aſſured her he meant only to protect her, and deſired ſhe would not waſte time.

There was ſomething in his manner that ſpoke ſincerity, and ſhe ſuffered him to conduct her to a ſide door that opened into the foreſt, where ſhe could juſt diſtinguiſh through the gloom a man on horſeback. This brought to her remembrance the night in which ſhe had quitted the tomb, when truſting to the perſon

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perſon who appeared ſhe had been carried to the Marquis's villa. La Motte called, and was anſwered by Peter, whoſe voice ſomewhat re-aſſured Adeline.

He then told her that the Marquis would return to the Abbey on the following morning, and that this could be her only opportunity of eſcaping his deſigns; that ſhe might rely upon his (La Motte's) word, that Peter had orders to carry her wherever ſhe choſe; but as he knew the Marquis would be indefatigable in ſearch of her, he adviſed her by all means to leave the kingdom, which ſhe might do with Peter, who was a native of Savoy, and would convey her to the houſe of his ſiſter. There ſhe might remain till La Motte himſelf, who did not now think it would be ſafe to continue much longer in France, ſhould join her. He intreated her whatever might happen, never to mention the events which had paſſed at the Abbey. "To ſave you, Adeline, I "have riſked my life; do not increaſe "my

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" my danger and your own by any un-
" neceſſary diſcoveries. We may ne-
" ver meet again, but I hope you will
" be happy; and remember, when you
" think of me, that I am not quite ſo
" bad as I have been tempted to be."

Having ſaid this, he gave her ſome money, which he told her would be neceſſary to defray the expences of her journey. Adeline could no longer doubt his ſincerity, and her tranſports of joy and gratitude would ſcarcely permit her to thank him. She wiſhed to have bid Madame La Motte farewell, and indeed earneſtly requeſted it; but he again told her ſhe had no time to loſe, and, having wrapped her in a large cloak, he lifted her upon the horſe. She bade him adieu with tears of gratitude, and Peter ſet off as faſt as the darkneſs would permit.

When they were got ſome way, " I
" am glad with all my heart, Ma'am-
" ſelle," ſaid he, " to ſee you again.
" Who would have thought, after all,
" that

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" that my maſter himſelf would have " bid me take you away !—Well, to " be ſure, ſtrange things come to paſs; " but I hope we ſhall have better luck " this time." Adeline, not chuſing to reproach him with the treachery of which ſhe feared he had been formerly guilty, thanked him for his good wiſhes, and ſaid ſhe hoped they ſhould be more fortunate; but Peter, in his uſual ſtrain of eloquence, proceeded to undeceive her in this point, and to acquaint her with every circumſtance which his memory, and it was naturally a ſtrong one, could furniſh.

Peter expreſſed ſuch an artleſs intereſt in her welfare, and ſuch a concern for her diſappointment, that ſhe could no longer doubt his faithfulneſs; and this conviction not only ſtrengthened her confidence in the preſent undertaking, but made her liſten to his converſation with kindneſs and pleaſure. " I ſhould never " have ſtaid at the Abbey till this time," ſaid

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ſaid he. " if I could have got away;
" but my maſter frighted me ſo about
" the Marquis, and I had not money
" enough to carry me into my own
" country, ſo that I was forced to ſtay.
" It's well we have got ſome ſolid louis-
" d'ors now; for I queſtion, Ma'amſelle,
" whether the people on the road would
" have taken thoſe trinkets you for-
" merly talked of for money."

" Poſſibly not," ſaid Adeline: " I
" am thankful to Monſieur La Motte
" that we have more certain means of
" procuring conveniences. What route
" ſhall you take when we leave the fo-
" reſt, Peter?"—Peter mentioned very correctly a great part of the road to Lyons: " and then," ſaid he, " we can
" eaſily get to Savoy, and that will be
" nothing. My ſiſter, God bleſs her!
" I hope is living; I have not ſeen her
" many a year; but if ſhe is not, all
" the people will be glad to ſee me,
" and you will eaſily get a lodging,

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" Ma'amſelle, and every thing you
" want."

Adeline reſolved to go with him to Savoy. La Motte, who knew the character and deſigns of the Marquis, had adviſed her to leave the kingdom, and had told her, what her fears would have ſuggeſted, that the Marquis would be indefatigable in ſearch of her. His motive for this advice muſt be a deſire of ſerving her; why elſe, when ſhe was already in his power, ſhould he remove her to another place, and even furniſh her with money for the expences of a journey?

At Leloncourt, where Peter ſaid he was well known, ſhe would be moſt likely to meet with protection and comfort, even ſhould his ſiſter be dead; and its diſtance and ſolitary ſituation were circumſtances that pleaſed her. Theſe reflections would have pointed out to her the prudence of proceeding to Savoy, had ſhe been leſs deſtitute of reſources

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in France; in her present situation they proved it to be necessary.

She inquired farther concerning the route they were to take, and whether Peter was sufficiently acquainted with the road. "When once I get to Thiers, "I know it well enough," said Peter, "for I have gone it many a time in my "younger days, and any body will tell "us the way there." They travelled for several hours in darkness and silence, and it was not till they emerged from the forest that Adeline saw the morning light streak the eastern clouds. The sight cheered and revived her; and as she travelled silently along, her mind revolved the events of the past night, and meditated plans for the future. The present kindness of La Motte appeared so very different from his former conduct that it astonished and perplexed her, and she could only account for it by attributing it to one of those sudden impulses

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of humanity which ſometimes operate even upon the moſt depraved hearts.

But when ſhe recollected his former words, "that he was not maſter of himſelf," ſhe could ſcarcely believe that mere pity ſhould induce him to break the bonds which had hitherto ſo ſtrongly held him, and then, conſidering the altered conduct of the Marquis, ſhe was inclined to think that ſhe owed her liberty to ſome change in his ſentiments towards her; yet the advice La Motte had given her to quit the kingdom, and the money with which he had ſupplied her for that purpoſe, ſeemed to contradict this opfnion, and involved her again in doubt.

Peter now got directions to Thiers, which place they reached without any accident, and there ſtopped to refreſh themſelves. As ſoon as Peter thought the horſe ſufficiently reſted, they again ſet forward, and from the rich plains of the Lyonnois Adeline, for the firſt time, caught a view of the diſtant alps, whoſe majeſtic

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majeſtic heads, ſeeming to prop the vault of heaven, filled her mind with ſublime emotions.

In a few hours they reached the vale, in which ſtands the city of Lyons, whoſe beautiful environs, ſtudded with villas, and rich with cultivation, withdrew Adeline from the melancholy contemplation of her own circumſtances, and her more painful anxiety for Theodore.

When they reached that buſy city, her firſt care was to inquire concerning the paſſage of the Rhone; but ſhe forbore to make theſe inquiries of the people of the inn, conſidering that if the Marquis ſhould trace her thither they might enable him to purſue her route. She, therefore, ſent Peter to the quays to hire a boat, while ſhe herſelf took a ſlight repaſt, it being her intention to embark immediately. Peter preſently returned, having engaged a boat and men to take them up the Rhone to the neareſt part of Savoy, from whence they were to

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proceed by land to the village of Le-loncourt.

Having taken ſome refreſhment, ſhe ordered him to conduct her to the veſſel. A new and ſtriking ſcene preſented itſelf to Adeline, who looked with ſurprize upon the river gay with veſſels, and the quay crowded with buſy faces, and felt the contraſt which the cheerful objects around bore to herſelf—to her an orphan, deſolate, helpleſs, and flying from perſecution and her country. She ſpoke with the maſter of the boat, and having ſent Peter back to the inn for the horſe, (La Motte's gift to Peter in lieu of ſome arrears of wages) they embarked.

As they ſlowly paſſed up the Rhone, whoſe ſteep banks, crowned with mountains, exhibited the moſt various, wild, and romantic ſcenery, Adeline ſat in penſive reverie. The novelty of the ſcene through which ſhe floated, now frowning with ſavage grandeur, and now ſmiling in fertility, and gay with towns and

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and villages, ſoothed her mind, and her ſorrow gradually ſoftened into a gentle and not unpleaſing melancholy. She had ſeated herſelf at the head of the boat, where ſhe watched its ſides cleave the ſwift ſtream, and liſtened to the daſhing of the waters.

The boat, ſlowly oppoſing the current, paſſed along for ſome hours, and at length the veil of evening was ſtretched over the landſcape. The weather was fine, and Adeline, regardleſs of the dews that now fell, remained in the open air, obſerving the objects darken round her, the gay tints of the horizon fade away, and the ſtars gradually appear, trembling, upon the lucid mirror of the waters. The ſcene was now ſunk in deep ſhadow, and the ſilence of the hour was broken only by the meaſured daſhing of the oars, and now and then by the voice of Peter ſpeaking to the boatmen. Adeline ſat loſt in thought: the forlornneſs

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of her circumſtances came hightened to her imagination.

She ſaw herſelf ſurrounded by the darkneſs and ſtillneſs of night, in a ſtrange place, far diſtant from any friends, going ſhe ſcarcely knew whither, under the guidance of ſtrangers, and purſued, perhaps, by an inveterate enemy. She pictured to herſelf the rage of the Marquis now that he had diſcovered her flight, and though ſhe knew it very unlikely he ſhould follow her by water, for which reaſon ſhe had choſen that manner of travelling, ſhe trembled at the portrait her fancy drew. Her thoughts then wandered to the plan ſhe ſhould adopt after reaching Savoy; and much as her experience had prejudiced her againſt the manners of a convent, ſhe ſaw no place more likely to afford her a proper aſylum. At length ſhe retired to the little cabin for a few hours repoſe.

She awoke with the dawn, and her mind

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mind being too much disturbed to sleep again, she rose and watched the gradual approach of day. As she mused, she expressed the feelings of the moment in the following

SONNET.

Morn's beaming eyes at length unclose,
And wake the blushes of the rose,
That all night long oppress'd with dews,
And veil'd in chilling shade its hues,
Reclin'd, forlorn, the languid head,
And sadly sought its parent bed;
Warmth from her ray the trembling flow'r derives,
And, sweetly blushing through its tears, revives.

"Morn's beaming eyes at length unclose,"
And melt the tears that bend the rose;
But can their charms suppress the sigh,
Or chace the tear from Sorrow's eye?
Can all their lustrous light impart
One ray of peace to Sorrow's heart?
Ah! no; their fires her fainting soul oppress——
Eve's pensive shades more soothe her meek distress!

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When Adeline left the Abbey, La Motte had remained for ſome time at the gate, liſtening to the ſteps of the horſe that carried her, till the ſound was loſt in diſtance; he then turned into the hall with a lightneſs of heart to which he had long been a ſtranger. The ſatisfaction of having thus preſerved her, as he hoped, from the deſigns of the Marquis, overcame for a while all ſenſe of the danger in which this ſtep muſt involve him. But when he returned entirely to his own ſituation, the terrors of the Marquis's reſentment ſtruck their full force upon his mind, and he conſidered how he might beſt eſcape it.

It was now paſt midnight—the Marquis was expected early on the following day; and in this interval it at firſt appeared probable to him that he might quit the foreſt. There was only one horſe; but he conſidered whether it would be beſt to ſet off immediately for Auboine, where a carriage might be procured to convey

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convey his family and his moveables from the Abbey, or quietly to await the arrival of the Marquis, and endeavour to impoſe upon him by a forged ſtory of Adeline's eſcape.

The time which muſt elapſe before a carriage could reach the Abbey would leave him ſcarcely ſufficient to eſcape from the foreſt; what money he had remaining from the Marquis's bounty would not carry him far; and when it was expended he muſt probably be at a loſs for ſubſiſtence, ſhould he not before then be detected. By remaining at the Abbey it would appear that he was unconſcious of deſerving the Marquis's reſentment, and though he could not expect to impreſs a belief upon him that his orders had been executed, he might make it appear that Peter only had been acceſſary to the eſcape of Adeline; an account which would ſeem the more probable from Peter's having been formerly detected in a ſimilar ſcheme. He believed

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lieved alſo that if the Marquis ſhould threaten to deliver him into the hands of juſtice, he might ſave himſelf by a menace of diſcloſing the crime he had commiſſioned him to perpetrate.

Thus arguing, La Motte reſolved to remain at the Abbey and await the event of the Marquis's diſappointment.

When the Marquis did arrive, and was informed of Adeline's flight, the ſtrong workings of his ſoul, which appeared in his countenance, for a while alarmed and terrified La Motte. He curſed himſelf and her in terms of ſuch coarſeneſs and vehemence as La Motte was aſtoniſhed to hear from a man whoſe *manners* were generally amiable, whatever might be the violence and criminality of his paſſions. To invent and expreſs theſe terms ſeemed to give him not only relief, but delight; yet he appeared more ſhocked at the circumſtance of her eſcape than exaſperated at the careleſſneſs of La Motte, and recollecting at length that he waſted time

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time, he left the Abbey, and difpatched ſeveral of his ſervants in purſuit of her.

When he was gone, La Motte, believing his ſtory had ſucceeded, returned to the pleaſure of conſidering that he had done his duty, and to the hope that Adeline was now beyond the reach of purſuit. This calm was of ſhort continuance. In a few hours the Marquis returned, accompanied by the officers of juſtice. The affrighted La Motte, perceiving him approach, endeavoured to conceal himſelf, but was ſeized and carried to the Marquis, who drew him aſide.

" I am not to be impoſed upon," ſaid he, " by ſuch a ſuperficial ſtory as you " have invented; you know your life is " in my hands; tell me inſtantly where " you have ſecreted Adeline, or I will " charge you with the crime you have " committed againſt me; but, upon " your diſcloſing the place of her con-" cealment, I will diſmiſs the officers,

" and,

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" and, if you wish it, assist you to leave
" the kingdom. You have no time to
" hesitate, and may know that I will
" not be trifled with." La Motte attempted to appease the Marquis, and affirmed that Adeline was really fled he knew not whither. " You will remember, my Lord, that your character is
" also in my power; and that, if you
" proceed to extremities, you will compel me to reveal in the face of day
" that you would have made me a murderer."

" And who will believe you?" said the Marquis. " The crimes that banish-
" ed you from society will be no testimony of your veracity, and that with
" which I now charge you will bring
" with it a sufficient presumption that
" your accusation is malicious. Officers,
" do your duty."

They entered the room and seized La Motte, whom terror now deprived of all power of resistance, could resistance have availed

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availed him, and in the perturbation of his mind he informed the Marquis that Adeline had taken the road to Lyons. This discovery, however, was made too late to serve himself; the Marquis seized the advantage it offered, but the charge had been given, and, with the anguish of knowing that he had exposed Adeline to danger, without benefiting himself, La Motte submitted in silence to his fate. Scarcely allowing him time to collect what little effects might easily be carried with him, the officers conveyed him from the Abbey; but the Marquis, in consideration of the extreme distress of Madame La Motte, directed one of his servants to procure a carriage from Auboine that she might follow her husband.

The Marquis, in the mean time, now acquainted with the route Adeline had taken, sent forward his faithful valet to trace her to her place of concealment, and return immediately with intelligence to the villa.

Abandoned

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Abandoned to deſpair, La Motte and his wife quitted the foreſt of Fontanville, which had for ſo many months afforded them an aſylum, and embarked once more upon the tumultuous world, where juſtice would meet La Motte in the form of deſtruction. They had entered the foreſt as a refuge, rendered neceſſary by the former crimes of La Motte, and for ſome time found in it the ſecurity they ſought; but other offences, for even in that ſequeſtered ſpot there happened to be temptation, ſoon ſucceeded, and his life, already ſufficiently marked by the puniſhment of vice, now afforded him another inſtance of this great truth,

" That where guilt is, there peace can-
" not enter."

CHAPTER

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CHAPTER XV.

" Hail awful ſcenes, that calm the troubled breaſt,
And woo the weary to profound repoſe!"

BEATTIE.

ADELINE, mean while, and Peter proceeded on their voyage, without any accident, and landed in Savoy, where Peter placed her upon the horſe, and himſelf walked beſide her. When he came within ſight of his native mountains, his extravagant joy burſt forth into frequent exclamations, and he would often aſk Adeline if ſhe had ever ſeen ſuch *hills* in France. " No, no," ſaid he, " the " hills there are very well for French " hills, but they are not to be named on " the ſame day with ours." Adeline, loſt in admiration of the aſtoniſhing and tremendous

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mendous ſcenery around her, aſſented very warmly to the truth of Peter's aſſertion, which encouraged him to expatiate more largely upon the advantages of his country; its diſadvantages he totally forgot; and though he gave away his laſt ſous to the children of the peaſantry that run barefooted by the ſide of the horſe, he ſpoke of nothing but the happineſs and content of the inhabitants.

His native village, indeed, was an exception to the general character of the country, and to the uſual effects of an arbitrary government; it was flouriſhing, healthy, and happy; and theſe advantages it chiefly owed to the activity and attention of the benevolent clergyman whoſe cure it was.

Adeline, who now began to feel the effects of long anxiety and fatigue, much wiſhed to arrive at the end of her journey, and inquired impatiently of Peter concerning it. Her ſpirits, thus weakened, the gloomy grandeur of the ſcenes which

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which had ſo lately awakened emotions of delighful ſublimity, now awed hèr into terror; ſhe trembled at the ſound of the torrents rolling among the clifts and thundering in the vale below, and ſhrunk from the view of the precipices, which ſometimes overhung the road, and at others appeared beneath it. Fatigued as ſhe was, ſhe frequently diſmounted to climb on foot the ſteep flinty road, which ſhe feared to travel on horſeback.

The day was cloſing when they drew near a ſmall village at the foot of the Savoy Alps, and the ſun, in all his evening ſplendour, now ſinking behind their ſummits, threw a farewell gleam athwart the landſcape, ſo ſoft and glowing as drew from Adeline, languid as ſhe was, an exclamation of rapture.

The romantic ſituation of the village next attracted her notice. It ſtood at the foot of ſeveral ſtupendous mountains, which formed a chain round a lake at ſome

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ſome little diſtance, and the woods that ſwept from their ſummits almoſt embo-ſomed the village. The lake, unruffled by the lighteſt air, reflected the vermil tints of the horizon with the ſublime ſcenery on its borders, darkening every inſtant with the falling twilight.

When Peter perceived the village, he burſt into a ſhout of joy. "Thank God," ſaid he, "we are near home; there is "my dear native place. It looks juſt "as it did twenty years ago; and there "are the ſame old trees growing round "our cottage yonder, and the huge rock "that riſes above it. My poor father "died there, Ma'amſelle. Pray heaven "my ſiſter be alive; it is a long while "ſince I ſaw her." Adeline liſtened with a melancholy pleaſure to theſe artleſs expreſſions of Peter, who, in retracing the ſcenes of his former days, ſeemed to live them over again. As they approached the village, he continued to point out various objects of his remembrance.

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brance. " And there too is the good
" paſtor's chateau; look, Ma'amſelle,
" that white houſe, with the ſmoke cur-
" ling, that ſtands on the edge of the
" lake yonder. I wonder whether he is
" alive yet. He was not old when I
" left the place, and as much beloved
" as ever man was; but death ſpares
" nobody!"

They had by this time reached the village, which was extremely neat, though it did not promiſe much accommodation. Peter had hardly advanced ten ſteps before he was accoſted by ſome of his old acquaintance, who ſhook hands, and ſeemed not to know how to part with him. He inquired for his ſiſter, and was told ſhe was alive and well. As they paſſed on, ſo many of his old friends flocked round him, that Adeline became quite weary of the delay. Many whom he had left in the vigour of life, were now tottering under the infirmities of age, while their ſons and daughters, whom he had

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had known only in the playfulneſs of infancy, were grown from his remembrance, and in the pride of youth. At length they approached the cottage, and were met by his ſiſter, who, having heard of his arrival, came and welcomed him with unfeigned joy.

On ſeeing Adeline, ſhe ſeemed ſurpriſed, but aſſiſted her to alight, and conducting her into a ſmall but neat cottage, received her with a warmth of ready kindneſs which would have graced a better ſituation. Adeline requeſted to ſpeak with her alone, for the room was now crowded with Peter's friends, and then acquainting her with ſuch particulars of her circumſtances as it was neceſſary to communicate, deſired to know if ſhe could be accommodated with lodging in the cottage. "Yes, Ma'amſelle," ſaid "the good woman, "ſuch as it is, you "are heartily welcome, I am only ſorry "it is not better. But you ſeem ill, "Ma'amſelle; what ſhall I get you?"

Adeline,

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Adeline, who had been long ſtruggling with fatigue and indiſpoſition, now yielded to their preſſure. She ſaid ſhe was, indeed, ill; but hoped that reſt would reſtore her, and deſired a bed might be immediately prepared. The good woman went out to obey her, and ſoon returning, ſhewed her to a little cabin, where ſhe retired to a bed, whoſe cleanlineſs was its only recommendation.

But, notwithſtanding her fatigue, ſhe could not ſleep, and her mind, in ſpite of all her efforts, returned to the ſcenes that were paſſed, or preſented gloomy and imperfect viſions of the future.

The difference between her own condition and that of other perſons, educated as ſhe had been, ſtruck her forcibly, and ſhe wept. "They," ſaid ſhe, "have "friends and relations, all ſtriving to "ſave them not only from what may "hurt, but what may diſpleaſe them; "watching not only for their preſent "ſafety, but for their future advantage,

"and

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" and preventing them even from in-
" juring themſelves. But during my
" whole life I have never known a friend;
" have been in general ſurrounded by
" enemies, and very ſeldom exempt
" from ſome circumſtance either of dan-
" ger or calamity. Yet ſurely I am not
" born to be for ever wretched; the
" time will come when"——She began to think ſhe might one time be happy; but recollecting the deſperate ſituation of Theodore, " No," ſaid ſhe, " I can
" never hope even for peace !"

Early the following morning the good woman of the houſe came to inquire how ſhe had reſted, and found ſhe had ſlept little, and was much worſe than on the preceding night. The uneaſineſs of her mind contributed to heighten the feveriſh ſymptoms that attended her, and in the courſe of the day her diſorder began to aſſume a ſerious aſpect. She obſerved its progreſs with compoſure, reſigning herſelf to the will of God, and feeling

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feeling little to regret in life. Her kind hoſteſs did every thing in her power to relieve her, and there was neither phyſician or apothecary in the village, ſo that nature was deprived of none of her advantages. Notwithſtanding this, the diſorder rapidly increaſed, and on the third day from its firſt attack ſhe became delirious; after which ſhe ſunk into a ſtate of ſtupefaction.

How long ſhe remained in this deplorable condition ſhe knew not; but, on recovering her ſenſes, ſhe found herſelf in an apartment very different from any ſhe remembered. It was ſpacious and almoſt beautiful, the bed and every thing around being in one ſtile of elegant ſimplicity. For ſome minutes ſhe lay in a trance of ſurpriſe, endeavouring to recollect her ſcattered ideas of the paſt, and almoſt fearing to move, leſt the pleaſing viſion ſhould vaniſh from her eyes.

At length ſhe ventured to raiſe herſelf, when ſhe preſently heard a ſoft voice

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ſpeaking near her, and the bed curtain on one ſide was gently undrawn by a beautiful girl. As ſhe leaned forward over the bed, and with a ſmile of mingled tenderneſs and joy inquired of her patient how ſhe did, Adeline gazed in ſilent admiration upon the moſt intereſting female countenance ſhe had ever ſeen, in which the expreſſion of ſweetneſs, united with lively ſenſe and refinement, was chaſtened by ſimplicity.

Adeline at length recollected herſelf ſufficiently to thank her kind inquirer, and begged to know to whom ſhe was obliged, and where ſhe was? The lovely girl preſſed her hand, " 'Tis we who are " obliged," ſaid ſhe. " Oh! how I re- " joice to find that you have recovered " your recollection." She ſaid no more, but flew to the door of the apartment, and diſappeared. In a few minutes ſhe returned with an elderly lady, who, approaching the bed with an air of tender intereſt, aſked concerning the ſtate of

Adeline ;

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Adeline; to which the latter replied, as well as the agitation of her ſpirits would permit, and repeated her deſire of knowing to whom ſhe was ſo greatly obliged.

"You ſhall know that hereafter," ſaid the lady; "at preſent be aſſured that "you are with thoſe who will think their "care much overpaid by your recovery; "ſubmit, therefore, to every thing that "may conduce to it, and conſent to be "kept as quiet as poſſible."

Adeline gratefully ſmiled, and bowed her head in ſilent aſſent. The lady now quitted the room for a medicine; having given which to Adeline, the curtain was cloſed, and ſhe was left to repoſe. But her thoughts were too buſy to ſuffer her to profit by the opportunity. She contemplated the paſt, and viewed the preſent, and, when ſhe compared them, the contraſt ſtruck her with aſtoniſhment. The whole appeared like one of thoſe ſudden tranſitions ſo frequent in dreams, in which we paſs from grief and deſpair,

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ſpair, we know not how, to comfort and delight.

Yet ſhe looked forward to the future with a trembling anxiety, that threatened to retard her recovery, and which, when ſhe remembered the words of her generous benefactreſs, ſhe endeavoured to ſuppreſs. Had ſhe better known the diſpoſition of the perſons in whoſe houſe ſhe now was, her anxiety, as far as it regarded herſelf, muſt in a great meaſure have been done away; for La Luc, its owner, was one of thoſe rare characters to whom misfortune ſeldom looks in vain, and whoſe native goodneſs, confirmed by principle, is uniform and unaſſuming in its acts. The following little picture of his domeſtic life, his family and his manners, will more fully illuſtrate his character. It was drawn from the life, and its exactneſs will, it is hoped, compenſate for its length.

THE

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THE FAMILY OF LA LUC.

" But half mankind, like Handel's fool, deſtroy,
" Through rage and ignorance, the ſtrain of joy;
" Irregularly wild their paſſions roll
" Through Nature's fineſt inſtrument, the ſoul:
" While men of ſenſe, with Handel's happier ſkill,
" Correct the taſte and harmonize the will;
" Teach their affections, like his notes, to flow,
" Nor rais'd too high, nor ever ſunk too low;
" 'Till ev'ry virtue, meaſur'd and refin'd,
" As fits the concert of the maſter mind,
" Melts in its kindred ſounds, and pours along
" Th' according muſic of the moral ſong."

CAWTHORNE.

In the village of Leloncourt, celebrated for its picturesque ſituation at the foot of the Savoy Alps, lived Arnaud La Luc, a clergyman, deſcended from an ancient family of France, whoſe decayed fortunes occaſioned them to ſeek a retreat in Switzerland, in an age when the violence of civil commotion ſeldom ſpared the conquered. He was miniſter of the village, and equally loved for the

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piety and benevolence of the Chriſtian, as reſpected for the dignity and elevation of the philoſopher. His was the philoſophy of nature, directed by common ſenſe. He deſpiſed the jargon of the modern ſchools, and the brilliant abſurdities of ſyſtems, which have dazzled without enlightening, and guided without convincing, their diſciples.

His mind was penetrating; his views extenſive; and his ſyſtems, like his religion, were ſimple, rational, and ſublime. The people of his pariſh looked up to him as to a father; for while his precepts directed their minds, his example touched their hearts.

In early youth La Luc loſt a wife, whom he tenderly loved. This event threw a tincture of ſoft and intereſting melancholy over his character, which remained when time had mellowed the remembrance that occaſioned it. Philoſophy had ſtrengthened, not hardened, his heart; it enabled him to reſiſt the

preſſure

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preſſure of affliction, rather than to overcome it.

Calamity taught him to feel with peculiar ſympathy the diſtreſſes of others. His income from the pariſh was ſmall, and what remained from the divided and reduced eſtates of his anceſtors did not much increaſe it; but though he could not always relieve the neceſſities of the indigent, his tender pity and holy converſation ſeldom failed in adminiſtering conſolation to the mental ſufferer. On theſe occaſions the ſweet and exquiſite emotions of his heart have often induced him to ſay, that could the voluptuary be once ſenſible of theſe feelings, he would never after forego "the luxury "of doing good."——"Ignorance of "true pleaſure," he would ſay, "more "frequently than temptation to that "which is falſe, leads to vice."

La Luc had one ſon and a daughter, who were too young, when their mother died, to lament their loſs. He loved

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them with peculiar tenderneſs, as the children of her whom he never ceaſed to deplore; and it was for ſome time his ſole amuſement to obſerve the gradual unfolding of their infant minds, and to bend them to virtue. His was the deep and ſilent ſorrow of the heart; his complaints he never obtruded upon others, and very ſeldom did he even mention his wife. His grief was too ſacred for the eye of the vulgar. Often he retired to the deep ſolitude of the mountains, and amid their ſolemn and tremendous ſcenery would brood over the remembrance of times paſt, and reſign himſelf to the luxury of grief. On his return from theſe little excurſions he was always more placid and contented. A ſweet tranquillity which aroſe almoſt to happineſs, was diffuſed over his mind, and his manners were more than uſually benevolent. As he gazed on his children, and fondly kiſſed them, a tear would ſometimes ſteal into his eye, but it

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it was a tear of tender regret, unming'ed with the darker qualities of ſorrow, and was moſt precious to his heart.

On the death of his wife he received into his houſe a maiden ſiſter, a ſenſible, worthy woman, who was deeply intereſted in the happineſs of her brother. Her affectionate attention and judicious conduct anticipated the effect of time in ſoftening the poignancy of his diſtreſs, and her unremitted care of his children, while it proved the goodneſs of her own heart, attracted her more cloſely to his.

It was with inexpreſſible pleaſure that he traced in the infant features of Clara the reſemblance of her mother. The ſame gentleneſs of manner, and the ſame ſweetneſs of diſpoſition ſoon diſplayed themſelves, and as ſhe grew up her actions frequently reminded him ſo ſtrongly of his loſt wife as to fix him in reveries, which abſorbed all his ſoul.

Engaged in the duties of his pariſh, the education of his children, and in

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philoſophic reſearch, his years paſſed in tranquillity. The tender melancholy with which affliction had tinctured his mind was, by long indulgence, become dear to him, and he would not have relinquiſhed it for the brighteſt dream of airy happineſs. When any paſſing incident diſturbed him, he retired for conſolation to the idea of her he ſo faithfully loved. and yielding to a gentle, and what the world would call a romantic, ſadneſs, gradually reaſſumed his compoſure. This was the ſecret luxury to which he withdrew from temporary diſappointment—the ſolitary enjoyment which diſſipated the cloud of care, and blunted the ſting of vexation—which elevated his mind above this world, and opened to his view the ſublimity of another.

The ſpot he now inhabited, the ſurrounding ſcenery, the romantic beauties of the neighbouring walks, were dear to La Luc, for they had once been loved by

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By Clara; they had been the ſcenes of her tenderneſs, and of his happineſs.

His chateau ſtood on the borders of a ſmall lake that was almoſt environed by mountains of ſtupendous height, which, ſhooting into a variety of groteſque forms, compoſed a ſcenery ſingularly ſolemn and ſublime. Dark woods, intermingled with bold projections of rock, ſometimes barren, and ſometimes covered with the purple bloom of wild flowers, impended over the lake, and were ſeen in the clear mirror of its waters. The wild and alpine heights which roſe above were either crowned with perpetual ſnows, or exhibited tremendous crags and maſſes of ſolid rock, whoſe appearance was continually changing as the rays of light were variouſly reflected on their ſurface, and whoſe ſummits were often wrapt in impenetrable miſts. Some cottages and hamlets, ſcattered on the margin of the lake, or ſeated in picturesque points of view on the rocks above, were the only objects

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that reminded the beholder of humanity.

On the ſide of the lake, nearly oppoſite to the chateau, the mountains receded, and a long chain of Alps was ſeen ſtretching in perſpective. Their innumerable tints and ſhades, ſome veiled in blue miſts, ſome tinged with rich purple, and others glittering in partial light, gave luxurious and magical colouring to the ſcene.

The chateau was not large, but it was convenient, and was characteriſed by an air of elegant ſimplicity and good order. The entrance was a ſmall hall, which, opening by a glaſs door into the garden, afforded a view of the lake, with the magnificent ſcenery exhibited on its borders. On the left of the hall was La Luc's ſtudy, where he uſually paſſed his mornings; and adjoining was a ſmall room fitted up with chymical apparatus, aſtronomical inſtruments, and other implements of ſcience. On the right was the

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the family parlour, and behind it a room which belonged exclusively to Madame La Luc. Here were depositedvarious medicines and botanical distillations, together with the apparatus for preparing them. From this room the whole village was liberally supplied with physical comfort; for it was the pride of Madame to believe herself skilful in relieving the disorders of her neighbours.

Behind the chateau rose a tuft of pines, and in front a gentle declivity, covered with verdure and flowers, extended to the lake, whose waters flowed even with the grass, and gave freshness to the acacias that waved over its surface. Flowering shrubs, intermingled with mountain ash, cypress, and ever-green oak, marked the boundary of the garden.

At the return of spring it was Clara's care to direct the young shoots of the plants, to nurse the budding flowers, and to shelter them with the luxuriant branches of the shrubs from the cold blasts

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blaſts that deſcended from the mountains. In ſummer ſhe uſually roſe with the ſun, and viſited her favourite flowers while the dew yet hung glittering on their leaves. The freſhneſs of early day, with the glowing colouring which then touched the ſcenery, gave a pure and exquiſite delight to her innocent heart. Born amid ſcenes of grandeur and ſublimity, ſhe had quickly imbibed a taſte for their charms, which taſte was heightened by the influence of a warm imagination. To view the ſun riſing above the Alps, tinging their ſnowy head swith light, and ſuddenly darting his rays over the whole face of nature—to ſee the fiery ſplendour of the clouds reflected in the lake below, and the roſeate tints firſt ſteal upon the rocks above—were among the earlieſt pleaſures of which Clara was ſuſceptible. From being delighted with the obſervance of nature, ſhe grew pleaſed with ſeeing her finely imitated, and ſoon diſplayed a taſte for poetry

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and painting. When ſhe was about ſixteen ſhe often ſelected from her father's library thoſe of the Italian poets moſt celebrated for pictureſque beauty, and would ſpend the firſt hours of morning in reading them under the ſhade of the acacias that bordered the lake. Here too ſhe would often attempt rude ſketches of the ſurrounding ſcenery, and at length by repeated efforts, aſſiſted by ſome inſtruction from her brother, ſhe ſucceeded ſo well as to produce twelve drawings in crayon, which were judged worthy of decorating the parlour of the chateau.

Young La Luc played the flute, and ſhe liſtened to him with exquiſite delight, particularly when he ſtood on the margin of the lake, under her beloved acacias. Her voice was ſweet and flexible, though not ſtrong, and ſhe ſoon learned to modulate it to the inſtrument. She knew nothing of the intricacies of execution; her airs were ſimple, and her ſtyle equally ſo, but ſhe ſoon gave them a touching

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touching expreſſion, inſpired by the ſenſibility of her heart, which ſeldom left thoſe of her hearers unaffected.

It was the happineſs of La Luc to ſee his children happy, and in one of his excurſions to Geneva, whither he went to viſit ſome relations of his late wife, he bought Clara a lute. She received it with more gratitude than ſhe could expreſs; and having learned one air, ſhe haſtened to her favourite acacias, and played it again and again till ſhe forgot every thing beſides. Her little domeſtic duties, her books, her drawing, even the hour which her father dedicated to her improvement, when ſhe met her brother in the library, and with him partook of knowledge, even this hour paſſed unheeded by. La Luc ſuffered it to paſs. Madame was diſpleaſed that her niece neglected her domeſtic duties. and wiſhed to reprove her, but La Luc begged ſhe would be ſilent. "Let experience teach her her error," ſaid he;

" precept

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" precept ſeldom brings conviction to
" young minds."

Madame objected that experience was a ſlow teacher. "It is a ſure one," replied La Luc, "and is not unfrequently "the quickeſt of all teachers: when it "cannot lead us into ſerious evil, it is "well to truſt to it."

The ſecond day paſſed with Clara as the firſt, and the third as the ſecond. She could now play ſeveral tunes; ſhe came to her father and repeated what ſhe had learnt.

At ſupper the cream was not dreſſed, and there was no fruit on the table. La Luc enquired the reaſon; Clara recollected it, and bluſhed. She obſerved that her brother was abſent, but nothing was ſaid. Toward the concluſion of the repaſt he appeared; his countenance expreſſed unuſual ſatisfaction, but he ſeated himſelf in ſilence. Clara inquired what had detained him from ſupper, and learnt that he had been to a ſick family

in

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in the neighbourhood with the weekly allowance which her father gave them. La Luc had entrusted the care of this family to his daughter, and it was her duty to have carried them their little allowance on the preceding day, but she had forgot every thing but music.

" How did you find the woman ?" said La Luc to his son. " Worse, Sir," he replied, " for her medicines had not " been regularly given, and the chil- " dren had had little or no food to- " day.

Clara was shocked. " No food to- " day !" said she to herself, " and I " have been playing all day on my lute, " under the acacias by the lake !" Her father did not seem to observe her emotion, but turned to his son. " I left her " better," said the latter ; " the medi- " cines I carried eased her pain, and I " had the pleasure to see her children " make a joyful supper."

Clara,

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Clara, perhaps for the first time in her life, envied him his pleasure; her heart was full; and she sat silent. "No food "to-day!" thought she.

She retired pensively to her chamber. The sweet serenity with which she usually went to rest was vanished, for she could no longer reflect on the past day with satisfaction.

"What a pity," said she, "that what "is so pleasing should be the cause of so "much pain! This lute is my delight, "and my torment!" This reflection occasioned her much internal debate; but before she could come to any resolution upon the point in question, she fell asleep.

She awoke very early the next morning, and impatiently watched the progress of the dawn. The sun at length appearing, she arose, and, determined to make all the atonement in her power for her former neglect, hastened to the cottage.

Here

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Here ſhe remained a conſiderable time, and when ſhe returned to the chateau her countenance had recovered all its uſual ſerenity. She reſolved, however, not to touch her lute that day.

Till the hour of breakfaſt ſhe buſied herſelf in binding up the flowers, and pruning the ſhoots that were too luxuriant, and ſhe at length found herſelf ſhe ſcarcely knew how, beneath her beloved acacias by the ſide of the lake. "Ah!" ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh, "how ſweetly "would the ſong I learned yeſterday, "ſound now over the waters!" But ſhe remembered her determination, and checked the ſtep ſhe was involuntarily taking towards the chateau.

She attended her father in the library at the uſual hour, and learned, from his diſcourſe with her brother on what had been read the two preceding days, that ſhe had loſt much entertaining knowledge. She requeſted her father would inform her to what this converſation alluded:

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luded; but he calmly replied, that ſhe had preferred another amuſement at the time when the ſubject was diſcuſſed, and muſt therefore content herſelf with ignorance. "You would reap the rewards "of ſtudy from the amuſements of idle-"neſs," ſaid he; "learn to be reaſon-"able—do not expect to unite incon-"ſiſtencies."

Clara felt the juſtneſs of this rebuke, and remembered her lute. "What miſ-"chief has it occaſioned!" ſighed ſhe. "Yes, I am determined not to touch it "at all this day. I will prove that I am "able to control my inclinations when I "ſee it neceſſary ſo to do." Thus reſolving, ſhe applied herſelf to ſtudy with more than uſual aſſiduity.

She adhered to her reſolution, and towards the cloſe of day went into the garden to amuſe herſelf. The evening was ſtill and uncommonly beautiful. Nothing was heard but the faint ſhivering of the leaves, which returned but at intervals,

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vals, making ſilence more ſolemn, and the diſtant murmurs of the torrents that rolled among the cliffs. As ſhe ſtood by the lake, and watched the ſun ſlowly ſinking below the Alps, whoſe ſummits were tinged with gold and purple; as ſhe ſaw the laſt rays of light gleam upon the waters whoſe ſurface was not curled by the lighteſt air, ſhe ſighed, "Oh! how "enchanting would be the ſound of my "lute at this moment, on this ſpot, "and when every thing is ſo ſtill around "me!"

The temptation was too powerful for the reſolution of Clara: ſhe ran to the chateau, returned with the inſtrument to her dear acacias, and beneath their ſhade continued to play till the ſurrounding objects faded in darkneſs from her ſight. But the moon aroſe, and, ſhedding a trembling luſtre on the lake, made the ſcene more captivating than ever.

It was impoſſible to quit ſo delightful a ſpot; Clara repeated her favourite airs again

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again and again. The beauty of the hour awakened all her genius; ſhe never played with ſuch expreſſion before, and ſhe liſtened with increaſing rapture to the tones as they languiſhed over the waters and died away on the diſtant air. She was perfectly enchanted "No! nothing "was ever ſo delightful as to play on "the lute beneath her acacias, on the "margin of the lake, by moon-light!"

When ſhe returned to the chateau, ſupper was over. La Luc had obſerved Clara, and would not ſuffer her to be interrupted.

When the enthuſiaſm of the hour was paſſed ſhe recollected that ſhe had broken her reſolution, and the reflection gave her pain. "I prided myſelf on "controling my inclinations," ſaid ſhe, "and I have weakly yielded to their "direction. But what evil have I in-"curred by indulging them this even-"ing? I have neglected no duty, for I "had none to perform. Of what then

"have

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" have I to accuſe myſelf? It would
" have been abſurd to have kept my
" reſolution, and denied myſelf a plea-
" ſure when there appeared no reaſon
" for this ſelf-denial."

She pauſed, not quite ſatisfied with this reaſoning. Suddenly reſuming her enquiry, "But how," ſaid ſhe. "am
" I certain that I ſhould have reſiſted
" my inclinations if there *had* been a
" reaſon for oppoſing them? if the
" poor family whom I neglected yeſter-
" day had been unſupplied to day, I
" fear I ſhould again have forgotten
" them while I played on my lute on
" the banks of the lake."

She then recollected all that her father had at different times ſaid on the ſubject of ſelf command, and ſhe felt ſome pain.

" No," ſaid ſhe, " if I do not con-
" ſider rhat to preſerve a reſolution,
" which I have once ſolemnly formed,
" is a ſufficient reaſon to control my in-
" clinations,

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" clinations, I fear no other motive
" would long reſtrain me. I ſeriouſly
" determined not to touch my lute this
" whole day, and I have broken my re-
" ſolution. To-morrow perhaps I may
" be tempted to neglect ſome duty, for
" I have diſcovered that I cannot rely
" on my own prudence. Since I can-
" not conquer temptation, I will fly
" from it."

On the following morning ſhe brought her lute to La Luc, and begged he would receive it again, and at leaſt keep it till ſhe had taught her inclinations to ſubmit to control.

The heart of La Luc ſwelled as ſhe ſpoke. " No, Clara," ſaid he, " it is
" unneceſſary that I ſhould receive your
" lute; the ſacrifice you would make
" proves you worthy of my confidence.
" Take back the inſtrument; ſince you
" have ſufficient reſolution to reſign it
" when it leads you from duty, I doubt
" not that you will be able to control

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" its influence now that it is reſtored to
" you."

Clara felt a degree of pleaſure and pride at theſe words, ſuch as ſhe had never before experienced; but ſhe thought, that to deſerve the commendation they beſtowed, it was neceſſary to complete the ſacrifice ſhe had begun. In the virtuous enthuſiaſm of the moment, the delights of muſic were forgotten in thoſe of aſpiring to well-earned praiſe, and when ſhe refuſed the lute thus offered, ſhe was conſcious only of exquiſite ſenſations. " Dear Sir," ſaid ſhe, tears of pleaſure ſwelling in her eyes, " allow
" me to deſerve the praiſes you be-
" ſtow, and then I ſhall indeed be
" happy."

La Luc thought ſhe had never reſembled her mother ſo much as at this inſtant, and, tenderly kiſſing her, he for ſome moments wept in ſilence. When he was able to ſpeak, " You do already
" deſerve my praiſes," ſaid he, " and
" I reſtore

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" I reſtore your lute as a reward for the " conduct which excites them." This ſcene called back recollections too tender for the heart of La Luc, and giving Clara the inſtrument, he abruptly quitted the room.

La Luc's ſon, a youth of much promiſe, was deſigned by his father for the church, and had received from him an excellent education, which, however, it was thought neceſſary he ſhould finiſh at an univerſity. That of Geneva was fixed upon by La Luc. His ſcheme had been to make his ſon not a ſcholar only; he was ambitious that he ſhould alſo be enviable as a man. From early infancy he had accuſtomed him to hardihood and endurance, and, as he advanced in youth, he encouraged him in manly exerciſes, and acquainted him with the uſeful arts as well as with abſtract ſcience.

He was high ſpirited and ardent in his temper, but his heart was generous

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and affectionate. He looked forward to Geneva, and to the new world it would diſcloſe, with the ſanguine expectations of youth; and in the delight of theſe expectations was abſorbed the regret he would otherwiſe have felt at a ſeparation from his family.

A brother of the late Madame La Luc, who was by birth an Engliſhwoman, reſided at Geneva with his family. To have been related to his wife was a ſufficient claim upon the heart of La Luc, and he had, therefore, always kept up an intercourſe with Mr. Audley, though the difference in their characters, and manner of thinking, would never permit this aſſociation to advance into friendſhip. La Luc now wrote to him, ſignifying an intention of ſending his ſon to Geneva, and recommending him to his care; to this letter Mr. Audley returned a friendly anſwer, and a ſhort time after an acquaintance of La Luc's being called to Geneva, he determined that his ſon

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ſon ſhould accompany him. The ſepa-ration was painful to La Luc, and almoſt inſupportable to Clara. Madame was grieved, and took care that he ſhould have a ſufficient quantity of medicines put up in his travelling trunk; ſhe was alſo at ſome pains to point out their vir-tues, and the different complaints for which they were requiſite; but ſhe was careful to deliver her lecture during the abſence of her brother.

La Luc, with his daughter, accompa-nied his ſon on horſeback to the next town, which was about eight miles from Lelancourt. and there again enforcing all the advice he had formerly given him reſpecting his conduct and purſuits, and again yielding to the tender weakneſs of the father, he bade him farewell. Clara wept, and felt more ſorrow at this part-ing than the occaſion could juſtify; but this was almoſt the firſt time ſhe had known grief, and ſhe artleſsly yielded to its influence.

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La Luc and Clara travelled penſively back, and the day was cloſing when they came within view of the lake, and ſoon after of the chateau. Never had it appeared gloomy till now; but now, Clara wandered forlornly through every deſerted apartment where ſhe had been accuſtomed to ſee her brother, and recollected a thouſand little circumſtances, which, had he been preſent, ſhe would have thought immaterial, but on which imagination now ſtamped a value. The garden, the ſcenes around, all wore a melancholy aſpect, and it was long ere they reſumed thair natural character and Clara recovered her vivacity.

Near four years had elapſed ſince this ſeparation, when one evening, as Madame La Luc and her niece were ſitting at work together in the parlour, a good woman in the neighbourhood deſired to be admitted. She came to aſk for ſome medicines, and the advice of Madame La Luc. "Here is a ſad accident hap-

"pened

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" pened at our cottage, Madam," ſaid ſhe; " I am ſure my heart aches for the " poor young creature."—Madame La Luc deſired ſhe would explain herſelf, and the woman proceeded to ſay, that her brother Peter, whom ſhe had not ſeen for ſo many years, was arrived, and had brought a young lady to her cottage, who ſhe verily believed was dying. She deſcribed her diſorder, and acquainted Madame with what particulars of her mournful ſtory Peter had related, failing not to exaggerate ſuch as her compaſſion for the unhappy ſtranger and her love for the marvellous prompted.

The account appeared a very extraordinary one to Madame; but pity for the forlorn condition of the young ſufferer induced her to inquire farther into the affair. " Do let me go to her, Madam." ſaid Clara, who had been liſtening with ready compaſſion to the poor woman's narrative: " do ſuffer me to go—ſhe " muſt want comforts, and I wiſh much

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" to ſee how ſhe is." Madame aſked ſome farther queſtions concerning her diſorder, and then, taking off her ſpectacles, ſhe roſe from her chair and ſaid ſhe would go herſelf. Clara deſired to accompany her. They put on their hats and followed the good woman to the cottage, where, in a very ſmall, cloſe room, on a miſerable bed, lay Adeline, pale, emaciated, and unconſcious of all around her. Madame turned to the woman, and aſked how long ſhe had been in this way, while Clara went up to the bed, and taking the almoſt lifeleſs hand that lay on the quilt, looked anxiouſly in her face. " She obſerves nothing," ſaid ſhe, " poor creature! I wiſh ſhe was at the " chateau, ſhe would be better accom- " modated, and I could nurſe her there." The woman told Madame La Luc, that the young lady had lain in that ſtate for ſeveral hours. Madame examined her pulſe, and ſhook her head. " This " room is very cloſe," ſaid ſhe.—" Very " cloſe

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" clofe indeed," cried Clara eagerly; " furely fhe would be better at the cha- " teau, if fhe could be moved."

" We will fee about that," faid her aunt. " In the mean time let me fpeak " to Peter; it is fome years fince I faw " him." She went to the outer room, and the woman ran out of the cottage to look for him. When fhe was gone, " This is a miferable habitation for the " poor ftranger," faid Clara; " fhe will " never be well here: do, Madam, let " her be carried to our houfe; I am " fure my father would wifh it. Be- " fides, there is fomething in her features, " even inimate as they now are, that " prejudices me in her favour."

" Shall I never perfuade you to give " up that romantic notion of judging " people by their faces," faid her aunt: " What fort of a face fhe has is of very " little conſequence—her condition is la- " mentable, and I am defirous of amend-

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" ing it; but I wiſh firſt to aſk Peter
" a few queſtions concerning her."

" Thank you, my dear aunt," ſaid Clara; " ſhe will be removed then." Madame La Luc was going to reply; but Peter now entered, and, expreſſing great joy at ſeeing her again, inquired how Monſieur La Luc and Clara did: Clara immediately welcomed honeſt Peter to his native place, and he returned her ſalutation with may expreſſions of ſurpriſe at finding her *ſo much grown*.

" Though I have ſo often dandled you
" in my arms, Ma'amſelle, I ſhould
" never have known you again. Young
" twigs ſhoot faſt, as they ſay."

Madame La Luc now inquired into the particulars of Adeline's ſtory, and heard as much as Peter knew of it, being only that his late maſter found her in a very diſtreſſed ſituation, and that he had himſelf brought her from the Abbey to ſave her from a French Marquis.

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The ſimplicity of Peter's manner would not ſuffer her to queſtion his veracity, though ſome of the circumſtances he related excited all her ſurprife, and awakened all her pity. Tears frequently ſtood in Clara's eyes during the courſe of his narrative, and when he concluded, ſhe ſaid, "Dear Madam, I am ſure "when my father learns the hiſtory of "this unhappy young woman he will "not refuſe to be a parent to her, and "I will be her ſiſter."

"She deſerves it all," ſaid Peter, "for ſhe is very good indeed." He then proceeded in a ſtrain of praiſe, which was very unuſual with him.—"I "will go home and conſult with my "brother about her," ſaid Madame La Luc, riſing: "ſhe certainly ought to "be removed to a more airy room. "The chateau is ſo near, that I think "ſhe may be carried thither without "much riſk."

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" Heaven bleſs you! Madam, cried Peter, rubbing his hands, " for your " goodneſs to my poor young lady."

La Luc had juſt returned from his evening walk when they reached the chateau. Madame told him where ſhe had been, and related the hiſtory of Adeline and her preſent condition. " By " all means have her removed hither," ſaid La Luc, whoſe eyes bore teſtimony to the tenderneſs of his heart. " She " can be better attended to here than in " Suſan's cottage."

" I knew you would ſay ſo, my dear " father," ſaid Clara; " I will go and " order the green bed to be prepared " for her."

" Be patient, niece," ſaid Madame La Luc: " there is no occaſion for ſuch " haſte: ſome things are to be conſi- " dered, firſt; but you are young and " romantic."—La Luc ſmiled.—" The " evening is now cloſed," reſumed Ma- dame;

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dame? "it will, therefore, be dange-
"rous to remove her before morning.
"Early to-morrow a room ſhall be got
"ready, and ſhe ſhall be brought here;
"in the mean time I will go and make
"up a medicine, which I hope may be
"of ſervice to her."—Clara reluctantly aſſented to this delay, and Madame La Luc retired to her cloſet.

On the following morning Adeline, wrapped in blankets, and ſheltered as much as poſſible from the air, was brought to the chateau, where the good La Luc deſired ſhe might have every attention paid her, and where Clara watched over her with unceaſing anxiety and tenderneſs. She remained in a ſtate of torpor during the greater part of the day, but towards evening ſhe breathed more freely; and Clara, who ſtill watched by her bed, had at length the pleaſure of perceiving that her ſenſes were reſtored. It was at this moment that ſhe found herſelf in the ſituation from which we have

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have digreſſed to give this account of the venerable La Luc and his family. The reader will find that his virtues and his friendſhip to Adeline deſerved this notice.

CHAPTER

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CHAPTER XVI.

" Still Fancy, to herſelf unkind,
" Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
" And points the bleeding friend."

COLLINS.

ADELINE, aſſiſted by a fine conſtitution, and the kind attentions of her new friends, was in little more than a week ſo much recovered as to leave her chamber. She was introduced to La Luc, whom ſhe met with tears of gratitude, and thanked for his goodneſs in a manner ſo warm, yet ſo artleſs, as intereſted him ſtill more in her favour. During the progreſs of her recovery, the ſweetneſs of her behaviour had entirely won the heart of Clara, and greatly intereſted that of her aunt, whoſe reports of Adeline, together with the praiſes

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praiſes beſtowed by Clara, had excited both eſteem and curioſity in the breaſt of La Luc; and he now met her with an expreſſion of benignity which ſpoke peace and comfort to her heart. She had acquainted Madame La Luc with ſuch particulars of her ſtory as Peter, either through ignorance or inattention, had not communicated, ſuppreſſing only, through a falſe delicacy, perhaps, an acknowledgment of her attachment to Theodore. Theſe circumſtances were repeated to La Luc, who, ever ſenſible to the ſufferings of others, was particularly intereſted by the ſingular misfortunes of Adeline.

Near a fortnight had elapſed ſince her removal to the chateau, when one morning La Luc deſired to ſpeak with her alone. She followed him into his ſtudy, and then in a manner the moſt delicate, he told her, that, as he found ſhe was ſo unfortunate in her father, he deſired ſhe would henceforth conſider him as her pa-

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rent; and his houſe as her home. "You
" and Clara ſhall be equally my daugh-
" ters," continued he; "I am rich in ha-
" ving ſuch children." The ſtrong emotions of ſurpriſe and gratitude for ſome time kept Adeline ſilent. "Do not thank
" me," ſaid La Luc; "I know all you
" would ſay, and I know alſo that I am
" but doing my duty. I thank God
" that my duty and my pleaſures are
" generally in uniſon." Adeline wiped away the tears which his goodneſs had excited, and was going to ſpeak; but La Luc preſſed her hand, and, turning away to conceal his emotion, walked out of the room.

Adeline was now conſidered as a part of the family, and in the parental kindneſs of La Luc, the ſiſterly affection of Clara, and the ſteady and uniform regard of Madame, ſhe would have been happy as ſhe was thankful, had not unceaſing anxiety for the fate of Theodore, of whom in this ſolitude ſhe was leſs likely

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likely than ever to hear, corroded her heart, and embittered every moment of reflection. Even when ſleep obliterated for a while the memory of the paſt, his image frequently aroſe to her fancy; accompanied by all the exaggerations of terror. She ſaw him in chains, and ſtruggling in the graſp of ruffians, or ſaw him led, amidſt the dreadful preparations for execution, into the field: ſhe ſaw the agony of his look, and heard him repeat her name in frantic accents; till the horrors of the ſcene overcame her, and ſhe awoke.

A ſimilarity of taſte and character attached her to Clara, yet the miſery that preyed upon her heart was of a nature too delicate to be ſpoken of, and ſhe never mentioned Theodore even to her friend. Her illneſs had yet left her weak and languid, and the perpetual anxiety of her mind contributed to prolong this ſtate. She endeavoured, by ſtrong and almoſt continual efforts, to abſtract

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abſtract her thoughts from their mournful ſubject, and was often ſucceſsful. La Luc had an excellent library, and the inſtruction it offered at once gratified her love of knowledge, and withdrew her mind from painful recollections. His converſation, too, afforded her another refuge from miſery.

But her chief amuſement was to wander among the ſublime ſcenery of the adjacent country, ſometimes with Clara, though often with no other companion than a book. There were indeed times when the converſation of her friend impoſed a painful reſtraint, and, when given up to reflection, ſhe would ramble alone, through ſcenes, whoſe ſolitary grandeur aſſiſted and ſoothed the melancholy of her heart. Here ſhe would retrace all the conduct of her beloved Theodore, and endeavour to recollect his exact countenance, his air and manner. Now ſhe would weep at the remembrance, and then, ſuddenly conſidering that he had

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perhaps already ſuffered an ignominious death for her ſake, even in conſequence of the very action which had proved his love, a dreadful deſpair would ſeize her, and, arreſting her tears, would threaten to bear down every barrier that fortitude and reaſon could oppoſe.

Fearing longer to truſt her own thoughts, ſhe would hurry home, and by a deſperate effort would try to loſe, in the converſation of La Luc, the remembrance of the paſt. Her melancholy, when he obſerved it, La Luc attributed to a ſenſe of the cruel treatment ſhe had received from her father; a circumſtance which, by exciting his compaſſion, endeared her more ſtrongly to his heart; while that love of rational converſation, which, in her calmer hours, ſo frequent'y appeared, opened to him a new ſource of amuſement in the cultivation of a mind eager for knowledge, and, ſuſceptible of all the energies of genius. She found a melancholy pleaſure in liſtening

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tening to the ſoft tones of Clara's lute, and would often ſoothe her mind by attempting to repeat the airs ſhe heard.

The gentleneſs of her manners, partaking ſo much of that penſive character which marked La Luc's, was ſoothing to his heart, and tinctured his behaviour with a degree of tenderneſs that imparted comfort to her, and gradually won her entire confidence and affection. She ſaw with extreme concern the declining ſtate of his health, and united her efforts with thoſe of the family to amuſe and revive him.

The pleaſing ſociety of which ſhe partook, and the quietneſs of the country, at length reſtored her mind to a ſtate of tolerable compoſure. She was now acquainted with all the wild walks of the neighbouring mountains, and, never tired of viewing their aſtoniſhing ſcenery, ſhe often indulged herſelf in traverſing alone their unfrequented paths, where now and then a peaſant from a neighbouring village

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lage was all that interrupted the profound ſolitude. She generally took with her a book, that if ſhe perceived her thoughts inclined to fix on the one object of her grief, ſhe might force them to a ſubject leſs dangerous to her peace. She had become a tolerable proficient in Engliſh while at the convent where ſhe received her education, and the inſtruction of La Luc, who was well acquainted with the language, now ſerved to perfect her. He was partial to the Engliſh; he admired their character, and the conſtitution of their laws, and his library contained a collection of their beſt authors, particularly of their philoſophers and poets. Adeline found that no ſpecies of writing had power ſo effectually to withdraw her mind from the contemplation of its own miſery as the higher kinds of poetry, and in theſe her taſte ſoon taught her to diſtinguiſh the ſuperiority of the Engliſh from that of the French. The genius of the language, more perhaps

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haps than the genius of the people, if indeed the distinction may be allowed, occasioned this.

She frequently took a volume of Shakespear or Milton, and, having gained some wild eminence, would seat herself beneath the pines, whose low murmurs soothed her heart, and conspired with the visions of the poet to lull her to forgetfulness of grief.

One evening, when Clara was engaged at home, Adeline wandered alone to a favourite spot among the rocks that bordered the lake. It was an eminence which commanded an entire view of the lake, and of the stupendous mountains that environed it. A few ragged thorns grew from the precipice beneath, which descended perpendicularly to the water's edge; and above rose a thick wood of larch, pine, and fir, intermingled with some chesnut and mountain ash. The evening was fine, and the air so still, that it scarcely waved the light leaves of the

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the trees around, or rimpled the broad expanſe of the waters below. Adeline gazed on the ſcene with a kind of ſtill rapture, and watched the ſun ſinking amid a crimſon glow, which tinted the boſom of the lake and the ſnowy heads of the diſtant Alps. The delight which the ſcenery inſpired,

" Soothing each guſt of paſſion into peace,
" All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
" That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind!"

was now heightened by the tones of a French horn, and, looking on the lake, ſhe perceived at ſome diſtance a pleaſure boat. As it was a ſpectacle rather uncommon in this ſolitude, ſhe concluded the boat contained a party of foreigners come to view the wonderful ſcenery of the country, or perhaps of Genevois, who choſe to amuſe themſelves on a lake, almoſt as grand, though much leſs extenſive, than their own; and the latter conjecture was probably juſt.

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As ſhe liſtened to the mellow and enchanting tones of the horn, which gradually ſunk away in diſtance, the ſcene appeared more lovely than before, and finding it impoſſible to forbear attempting to paint in language what was ſo beautiful in reality, ſhe compoſed the following

STANZAS.

How ſmooth that lake expands its ample breaſt!
Where ſmiles in ſoften'd glow the ſummer ſky:
How vaſt the rocks that o'er its ſurface reſt!
How wild the ſcenes its winding ſhores ſupply!

Now down the weſtern ſteep ſlow ſinks the ſun,
And paints with yellow gleam the tufted woods;
While here the mountain-ſhadows, broad and dun,
Sweep o'er the chryſtal mirror of the floods.

Mark how his ſplendour tips with partial light
Thoſe ſhatter'd battlements! that on the brow
Of yon bold promontory burſt to ſight
From o'er the woods that darkly ſpread below.

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In the ſoft bluſh of light's-reflected power,
The ridgy rock, the woods that crown its ſteep,
Th' illumin'd battlement, and darker tower,
On the ſmooth wave in trembling beauty ſleep.

But lo! the ſun recalls his fervid ray,
And cold, and dim, the wat'ry viſions fail;
While o'er yon cliff, whoſe pointed craggs decay,
Mild Evening draws her thin empurpled veil!

How ſweet that ſtrain of melancholy horn!
That floats along the ſlowly-ebbing wave,
And up the far-receding mountains borne,
Returns a dying cloſe from Echo's cave!

Hail! ſhadowy forms of ſtill, expreſſive Eve!
Your penſive graces ſtealing on my heart,
Bid all the fine-attun'd emotions live,
And Fancy all her loveliеſt dreams impart.

La Luc obſerving how much Adeline was charmed with the features of the country, and deſirous of amuſing her melancholy, which, notwithſtanding her efforts, was often too apparent, wiſhed to ſhew her other ſcenes than thoſe to which her walks were circumſcribed.

He

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