





FRONTISPIECE.



Corbould, del.

C. B. p.

Bonnin shewing his Monkeys to the Little  
Mountaineers.

page 35.

Published by Vernon & Hood, in the Poultry, April 20. 1801.



*Samuel Hellcock*

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THE LITTLE  
MOUNTAINEERS  
OF  
AUVERGNE;  
OR,  
THE ADVENTURES  
OF  
JAMES AND GEORGETTE.

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ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH, AND ADAPTED TO THE  
PERUSAL OF YOUTH.

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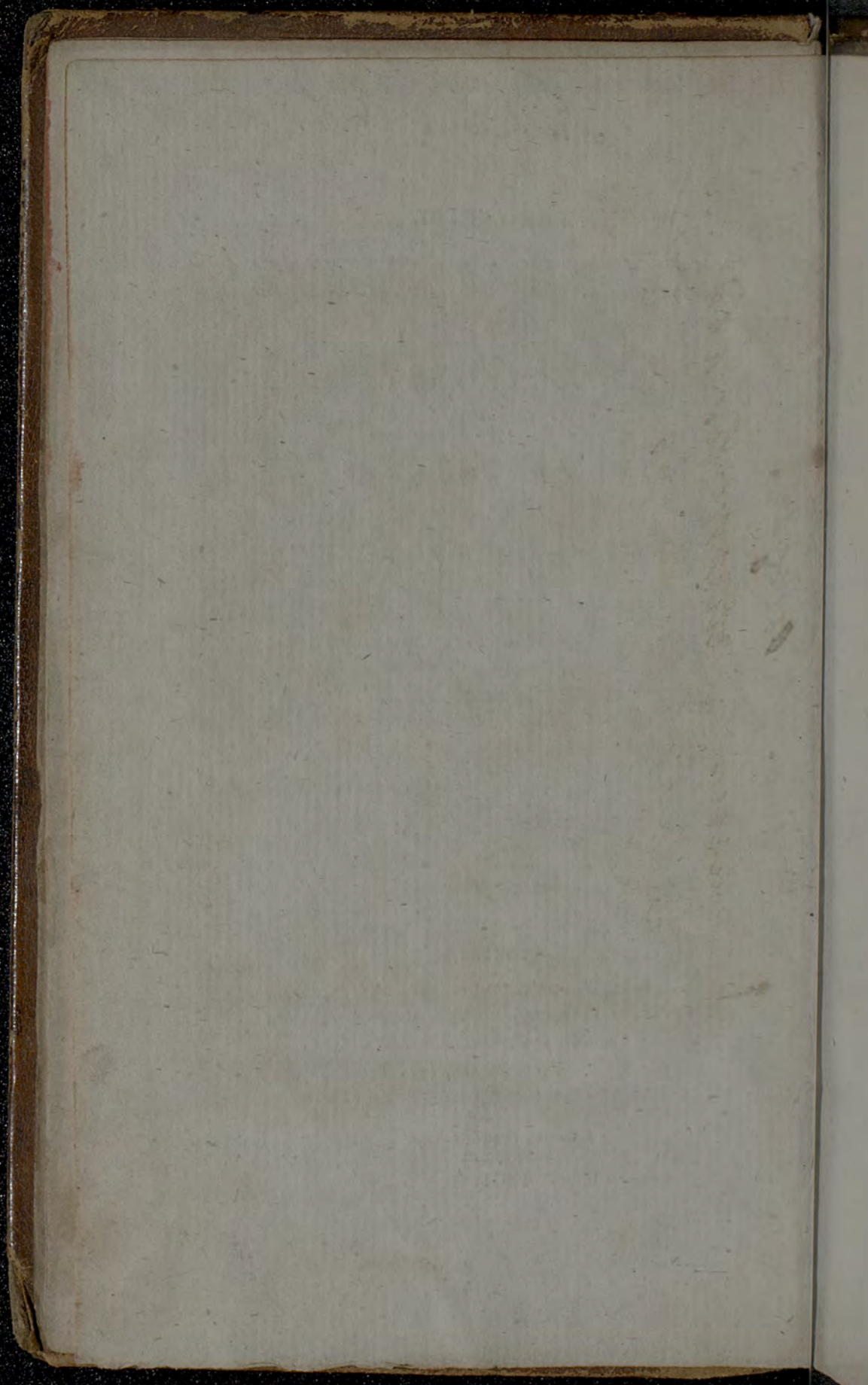
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J. Cundee, Printer, Ivy-Lane.

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1801.







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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*IN* perusing the original from whence the following sheets are translated, and, indeed, materially altered, the Editor was struck with the idea that the story confined to the Little Mountaineers, with proper modifications, might prove instructive, as well as interesting, to youthful Readers. James and Georgette cannot, it is true, lay claim to those brilliant accomplishments which early culture bestows, and which are generally the attendant of an elevated station; but the innocent simplicity of their manners, and the grateful sensibility of their hearts, are among the qualities most estimable in youth:  
Birth,



*Birth, Rank, and Fortune may give distinction with superficial observers, but 'tis the qualities of the heart which can alone render us estimable with the truly wise and virtuous. The character of Bonnin presents an useful lesson; generous and humane, we find that something is still wanting, namely, stability in his pursuits; a defect, which is ever attended with disagreeable, if not with fatal consequences, and for which, many good qualities cannot compensate: a plan once judiciously chosen, should be steadily pursued, and powerful reasons, assisted by the counsel of experienced friends, should alone oblige us to depart from it.*





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 THE



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THE LITTLE

*MOUNTAINEERS.*

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CHAP. I.

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THE mountains of Auvergne, a small province situated towards the south of France, were inhabited by a hardy race of men, whose chief occupation was tending their cattle, threshing their corn, and at certain seasons carrying it to market. One of these was Denis Lemoine, whose humble dwelling was at the foot of a mountain called *Puy de Mountainard*, not far from the village of Sauzet. He supported his little family by feeding and tending the cat-

B

tle



tle of his opulent neighbours, paying nevertheless for each cow a small sum, agreed on for the advantage of appropriating the milk, during the summer months, to his own use. Of this milk he made cheeses, the profits of which, added to a small spot of land, which produced grain for the year, afforded a subsistence for himself and the two children, who are the subject of this history. James and Georgette had lost their mother when very young, but the tenderness of their good father had administered to them every comfort and attention necessary to their tender age.

The cottage in which they lived was formed only of clods of turf, with a door rudely suspended between two stakes. The space within was divided into three departments, one of which contained their instruments of labour, their



their kitchen utensils, and two straw mattresses upon which they slept; and in the other, they made and kept their cheeses. The bread which nourished them was of rye flour, mixed with the bran; and, as it was the custom of Denis, like his neighbours, to bake but once a year, it was so black and heavy that it was as hard as a sea-biscuit. Their drink was water, except that on holydays they mixed with it a little of the whey pressed from their cheeses. As the cold during the winter months is extremely intense in the mountains of Auvergne, and wood is very scarce, their only resource was to withdraw to their cow-house, which was situated near the village of Sauzet, and to shut themselves up with their cattle, where they mutually kept each other warm; but in the summer months, they were employed in sowing their



little field, mowing their grass, gathering in their harvest, or making their cheeses. In these occupations James and Georgette assisted their father, and were so docile and affectionate, that they were not only the delight of their parent but admired by all who knew them. The peasants of Auvergne in the summer months regularly assemble after the labours of the day in large parties, and amuse themselves with dancing. He or she who is considered as the best musician, stands up and sings; several women, when it is not their turn to dance, accompany the song with their shrill voices, and all the rest leap and gambol clumsily. Nothing can be more comical than their appearance; the enormous shoes of the dancers, their great spatterdashes, large hat,—in short their whole appearance, so little formed for dancing, exhibits a  
picture



picture truly grotesque and ridiculous. This dance is called by the mountaineers, "*the Montagnard*," but, in the provinces, "*the Bouree of Auvergne*." —James and Georgette occasionally joined in it with their neighbours, but, except on these occasions, they were secluded from all society but that of their father, whom they, as before observed, assisted in cultivating the pastures, milking the cows, and making the cheeses. Such were their occupations and amusements till James had reached his twelfth, and Georgette her eleventh year, when one fatal day their father, as he was returning from a neighbouring town, was surprised by a violent storm, from which he endeavoured to find shelter under a hollow, which formed the top of one of the mountains. From this retreat he beheld the whole country wasted, vine plots strewed



with torn leaves and broken clusters, grain torn up and destroyed, huts entirely overthrown, and immense hailstones driven with a violence that broke and destroyed every interposing obstacle. His own little domain did not escape the general devastation. Poor Denis from afar beheld his field ravaged, his budding ears cut off and scattered by the wind, and with heartfelt anguish reflected that famine and misery must be the inevitable consequence to him ; and, what was far dearer, to his beloved children. As he was buried in these reflections, the hollow under which he had taken shelter cracked, and a fragment of the mountain, separated by the hurricane, fell with such violence that it laid the unfortunate peasant senseless on the earth. It was a considerable time before he regained his senses, and, when they returned, he found himself



himself so weak from loss of blood that it was with the utmost difficulty he crawled to his little cabin. It is impossible to describe the grief and distraction of James and his sister, on beholding their father return in this sad condition. No time was however lost in vain lamentations; James flew like lightning to Sauzet, the next village, where a barber, who acted as surgeon and physician to the whole canton lived, and communicated the sad tidings, requesting his assistance. The good barber took his lancet and scaple, which were the only instruments he knew how to use, and repaired without loss of time to the hut, where poor Denis lay quite insensible in the arms of little Georgette, who was bathing him with her tears. He stanchd the blood, and applying to the wounds such simples as he thought salutary, bound them



and departed, promising to return in the evening. Poor Denis had recovered the use of his senses, but what a melancholy future was unveiled ! He felt that his end was near, and he saw at the foot of his bed two innocent unprotected orphans, amidst sighs and tears offering up the most earnest prayers for his recovery. " Draw near, my children," said he, in a feeble tone, " suspend your grief, and listen to me attentively. I have not many hours to live, I would therefore employ them in giving you counsel for your welfare when I am gone."

" Oh, our dear good father !" exclaimed the children, again bursting into tears. " Endeavour, my children," said poor Denis, " to restrain this unavailing sorrow ; if you be good and obey the precepts of the Almighty, we shall,



shall, I trust, meet again in a happier world. Nay, Georgette, cease to weep; James, be calm, if you would not render my last moments unhappy."

The children now endeavoured to stifle their sobs; and Denis, making them sit down by him, took the hand of each, and looking tenderly at them, said, "My dear children, with me you lose all. The master which I serve will remand his cattle; he cannot, indeed, confide them to children of your age; but do not be discouraged, if you continue good and virtuous, God will protect you. Go, my children, range the world as our neighbours do.\* Implore the

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\* Such is the severity of the climate, and the sterility of the soil, that the peasants frequently leave their mountains, and solicit employment in the different provinces of France.



assistance of the charitable, and thus make your way to Paris, where you will find employment. Do not blush at any ; every trade is honourable when followed by an honest man. Oh, my children ! endeavour to gain your bread without deviating from the path of virtue. Promise me this, and I die content. Fear drunkenness, and all those shameful vices from which you have hitherto been preserved. Be wise, prudent, faithful to your masters." Poor Denis sunk back on his pillow, exhausted ; but soon recovering himself, " Alas ! my children," resumed he,—  
" you are going to solicit your bread ! my heart dies at the thought ; but it must be so : you will meet with some compassionate hearts—relate your misfortunes—be good, gentle, and endeavour, by your little songs and dances, to attract their beneficent regards ;  
but



but promise me that you will never separate. James never forsake your sister."

"We promise, dear father," said the little creatures, sobbing, "never to forsake each other."

"Draw near then," resumed poor Denis, "and receive the blessing of your father. May you be ever united! Loving in all your actions no other object than probity and virtue. I have no other wealth than probity; that, my children, I transmit to you; it is the sole inheritance I have to leave you."

Poor Denis was proceeding, when the barber-surgeon entered. Whether from his want of skill, or from the na-



tural effect of weakness, is uncertain, but, when he had taken the bandages from the wounds, the unfortunate man expired—his last look resting on his children.



CHAP.



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CHAP. II.

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THE curate of Sauzet, who had accompanied the barber, and received the last sigh of poor Denis, kindly forced the two children from the death-bed of their father, and took them home with him, committing them to the care of an old maid-servant who kept his house. In the evening he interred the corpse of poor Denis ; but, fearful of increasing their grief, did not mention it to James and Georgette. The poor children spent the night in tears, and early the next morning the good old house-keeper took them with her to church. The afternoon was spent in pious exhortations from the good pastor, and lessons on their future conduct



conduct ; but, the children, wholly absorbed in grief, listened without attention. At day-break, pursuant to a project they had formed the preceding evening, James and Georgette rose, stole privately from the parsonage, and repaired to their former habitation, in the hope of once more embracing their beloved father ; but alas ! what was their astonishment ! no trace even of the cabin remained ; they beheld only the spot where it stood. Poor James and Georgette knew not that the proprietor of the herds of which their father had the care, informed of his death, had come, the very same evening, to reclaim them ; and, that two or three creditors, to whom poor Denis owed about fifty livres, had pillaged the cabin, and borne off all it contained, and that the neighbouring cow-herds, having found it empty, had  
carried



carried away the walls and roof of turf to construct another hut. Thus had the children of poor Denis no longer any asylum : no longer any harvest to expect : the hail having laid waste their little field ! They possessed nothing, either for present or future support. A single steel alone seemed to have been forgotten in the general pillage ; this they seized and kissed with transport, as having once belonged to their father, then looking on each other, " What do we do here," said James to his sister, with firmness ; " Our father is dead—our cabin gone—what course shall we take ?—Come, sister, let us obey the last will of our father :—let us travel into the wide world ; you shall sing your little song, *d'yaudouno*, and I will dance the *montagnard*."—" True, brother," said  
Georgette,



"but how shall we dance and sing in so much grief?"

"We shall indeed find it hard," said James; "but what else can we do, sister? it is our trade, and we must follow it."

Thus resolved, they returned to the parsonage-house, to take leave of the good curate and his house-keeper.

"Farewell, reverend father!" said they.

"Whither are you going, my little friends?" said the curate.

"Oh! a great way—over the sea," said James. "Are we going over the sea, brother?" said Georgette.

"We



“ We must go every where, sister,” said James, “ to get our living.”

“ And what trade would you follow, my children ?” said the curate.

“ We will dance the *Montagnard*.”

The good curate was affected. “ My poor children,” said he, “ that is but a poor trade : ’tis better for you to remain here.”

“ O no, good sir,” said they ; “ our father died here, and we love this country no longer.”

“ Gracious heaven !” exclaimed the good curate ; “ why am I not rich enough——Stop, my little friends, here is a crown of six franks ; housewife it well.”

“ Oh



"Oh me! sister Georgette," exclaimed James, "how good! look—six franks!"

"And will you really go, my sweet innocents?" said the good house-keeper.

"Oh yes," replied James; "our father told us to range the world."

"And you too, my poor Georgette?"

"Oh yes," said Georgette; "we must dance the *Montagnard*. Farewell."

"Stop, my girl," said the house-keeper, "here are two round caps with brown binders—and stay—this old apron—here, put it before you; it will hide your little petticoat."

"Oh



"Oh mother, how kind!" exclaimed the children.

"How interesting they are, sir," said the good house-keeper, turning to her master, with tears in her eyes; "'tis very hard at their age to be exiled thus."

From the moment it was known in the village of Sauzet, that the children of honest Le Bran were going to leave the country, all their neighbours, with tears in their eyes, flocked to take a last farewell of them. James and Georgette received their caresses, with the most affecting sensibility; and the good people made a little gathering for them, amounting to nine franks, which, joined to the six the curate had furnished them with, made about fifteen franks; a sum which appeared to our travellers so large, that they thought they should never see  
the



the end of it. The whole village accompanied them to the town of Aidat, where they parted, with many tears on both sides.

James and Georgette now began to consult what road they should take; the shortest and the most direct was doubtless to descend unto the public road; but their father, when he took them to the town of *Clermont*, which was but seldom, pursued his route by the mountains; not because it was the shortest, but because he had business to transact with the inhabitants of some villages in the way. Our little travellers therefore recalling the route their father usually took, and desirous, for the last time, perhaps, of viewing the country that had been their cradle, calmly took the path that lay before them, without reflecting they should have full  
time



time to grow weary. The sun had already run a fourth part of its course; the sky was clear, the winds, which are common to the mountains, were still: all announced to our travellers the fairest weather, and the most agreeable day. As they drew near *Aidat*, they beheld, from the decline of the hill, the beautiful valley and lake that lay beneath them\*. From hence they proceeded to *Frot-Friede*, and passed the night at the village of *Jussat*.

The next morning they resumed their route, and in a short time arrived at

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\* The province of Auvergne formerly contained several burning mountains: the lava, or volcanic matter issuing from these, stopped the course of the rivers of the valley, which then became a superb lake, situated at the foot of a little hill, on the decline of which is built the village of *Aidat*.



*Roche-Blanche*, a village situated at the foot of a steep mountain. Here they gazed with surprise on the houses, built on the decline of the mountain at different heights, and to which it was impossible to ascend but by very steep paths. From this place they proceeded till fatigued with the winding paths of the mountains: they determined to enquire their way into the public road. With this design they addressed a labourer, who good-naturedly descended with them, and conducted them into a fine avenue of trees which leads to the city of *Clermont*. Though this city to James and Georgette, who knew only the inhabitants of their mountains, must have appeared considerable, it excited no surprise, as they remembered once having accompanied their father thither. They made no stay here, for the Clermontoise despise the mountaineers, and



are so accustomed to see them pass through the city in their way to Paris, that they give them very trifling assistance. They proceeded, therefore, three leagues further, and slept at *Gannat*, a little city of the *Bourbonnois*, on the confines of *Auvergne*, and rose early the next morning to continue their way, being desirous of reaching *Moulins* that night. To this city it was thirty miles, enough to discourage them; yet it was surprising to see how briskly they walked side by side. Wherever they passed, their age and persons excited curiosity. At *Chemelly*, especially where they stopped to dine, several travellers were attracted by *Georgette*, who was now thirteen, and extremely pretty. She was asked to dance the *montagnard*, but refused, as both she and her brother had resolved not to display their talents till they arrived at *Moulins*, the capital  
of



of the province of Bourbon. At this city they arrived about nine in the morning, spent with fatigue, and sighing only for repose. They found, indeed, but a wretched lodging; but their finances did not permit a choice; and labour and innocence rendered their sleep tranquil and refreshing.

"Is it not here, brother," said Georgette, upon awaking next morning, "that we are to begin our business?"

"Certainly," replied James; "it is time to begin, for our money is nearly spent."

"I shall never have power to sing," said Georgette.

"Nor I to dance," replied James.

"Yet



"Yet our dear father commanded us," said Georgette.

"True, sister," returned James; "it is our trade; he told us so."

"Where shall we begin?" said Georgette.

"In yon great square," replied James: "see how many people are flocking thither."

"Come then, brother," said Georgette, "let us make haste."

They without loss of time paid their host, and ran to a handsome square, which was almost opposite the place where they lodged. As they observed, their little fortune was somewhat diminished, eight franks only remaining,  
c frugal



frugal as they had been on the road. They found a great concourse of people assembled in the square, drawn thither by a man who was exhibiting a troop of monkeys, which he had trained to perform various feats. "Gentlemen," cried he, "come and see my monkeys; here are little Bernard and great Talmouk, and cunning Grisly, and the little sprightly Doudoux; come all away."

The mountebank was soon surrounded, and his auditors burst into immoderate fits of laughter. James and Georgette knew not whether to begin their little gambols or not: they were doubtful whether they should be heard; however, several persons having observed them, and appeared interested, James ventured to exclaim in his turn, "Ah! will you see the little Mountaineers



taineers dance?" a shrill tone terminated the last syllable of the phrase, and fixed the attention of the spectators, who drew near and surrounded them.

"Do you begin, Georgette," said James.

Georgette hesitated; but necessity urged, and she at length assumed courage to sing the *Clermontoise*, a song common to the mountaineers, accompanying it with little gestures and motions of the head backward and forward, which neither wanted ease nor graces. The youth of Georgette, and the innocent graces with which she accompanied her song, made an impression on the spectators; the crowd increased, and almost entirely forsook the man with the monkeys. James, encouraged by the success of his sister,



soon began his *Montagnard*, which he did not render less pointed by leaps, gambols, and little grimaces truly comic. The audience were delighted; moved by their youth and simplicity, each person opened his purse and bestowed something, so that the gathering amounted to nearly a crown, though it must be owned the audience were not thus liberal till they had obliged them to repeat the couplets several times.— Charmed with their good success, our Mountaineers returned to the inn where they had slept, and spent the remainder of the day in counting their treasure.— In the mean time, the man who shewed the monkeys perceiving that the spectators had deserted him, had approached with the rest to view their performances, and began to think it would be no bad speculation if he could prevail on them to join his company. He accordingly,  
in



in a few hours, went to the inn where they were, and spoke to them in these terms: "You are very young, my poor children, to wander thus through the world without a guide or support—Have you no father?"

"Alas! no," replied the children.

"Nor mother?"

"No," said James.

"Poor little innocents!" exclaimed the mountebank, "and have you no trade?"

"To be sure we have," said James; "is not ours a good one? look at all this money, (shewing what he had collected).



"'Tis a poor trade, my little ones," said the man, smiling at their simplicity; "besides you are not old enough to go about in this manner without a guide or a friend."

"Oh," said James, "we do not need one, we are brother and sister, and that is better than friends."

"Not always, my little man," said the mountebank. "You do not appear to want sense, listen therefore to what I propose. You require a friend and guide,—I will be both to you."

James and his sister were struck with this unexpected proposal; they looked at each other, and at length exclaimed, "You, sir! is it not you that shew those ugly creatures?"

The



The man replied that it was ; upon which the children continued, " we are much obliged to you, sir, but we don't like those beasts, they look mischievous."

" Think nothing of them, my little friends, I am their master, and have them at command ; consider simply whether you will go with me ; I will give each of you twenty-pence a day, and board you."

" We get more by ourselves," said James.

" True," said the mountebank, " but then 'tis not a certainty : but suppose we divide the profits, you shall have one-half and I the other."



"What do you say, sister?" said James, turning to Georgette: "Give us leave to consult, sir."

"Willingly my children," returned the man. "You cannot do better than accept my offer. I usually gain twelve franks a day by shewing my monkeys; you shall have half, that will be six."

"Do you hear, sister?" said James. "Six franks!"

"Ay, brother: six franks—what every day?"

"Yes," replied the man, "every day."

"Well, sister," said James, "what do you say?"

"Nay,



"Nay, brother," said Georgette, "what do you say? I am willing."

"I consent, sir: we will go with you,"

"Marry now," said Georgette, "if he should deceive us! it would be very wicked."

"I deceive you, my poor babes! ah, you will soon know me better! Trust me, you will be very happy under my protection. I already feel that I shall love you; I will take care of you, and instruct you."

"We already know how to read," said James, "and can almost write our father's name."



“Indeed !” said the stranger, with a smile, “you are very learned ; but come, let us depart : you shall lodge at my inn, where it shall not cost you any thing—I will pay all.”

The mountebank had at first addressed our little orphans with a view of making an advantage of their talents ; but he was so charmed with their gentleness and simplicity, that he attached himself to them in good earnest, and began already to look upon them as his children. James and Georgette were on their side delighted to meet a friend so kind and generous ; they hung about him with the most engaging simplicity ; called him their protector ; and followed him without hesitation to the inn where he lodged. *Bonnin*, for that was the name of their new friend, when they arrived at the inn, immediately



diately led them to the cage where his monkeys were confined, in order to surmount their disgust ; but, notwithstanding all he could do, or say, it was much against their inclination that they approached it. They had never before seen such animals, and were terrified at their hideous appearance. Bonnin, however, set the monkeys at liberty, and made them perform a number of droll tricks, which highly diverted his little friends. Then taking them up and stroking them, " Bertrand, Talmouk, Grisly, Doudoux," said he, " go kiss your new masters ; give them the paw, and caress them." The monkeys, which had been well trained, were going to obey, but the children screamed with terror, and precipitately withdrew. Bonnin endeavoured to make them hear reason ; but, finding it impossible, he



resolved to wait till time should surmount their fears, and render them familiar with his monkeys, which were really very tame.



CHAP.



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CHAP. III.

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BONNIN was an elderly man, tall, strong, and well made. Though reduced by a variety of misfortunes to his present condition, he was a man of great learning and abilities. There was scarcely a science which he had not studied, or a country which he had not visited ; but the vexations he had experienced had given a melancholy turn as well to his countenance as his disposition, yet his heart was humane and beneficent ; and the affection he had conceived for the little mountaineers, made him resolve assiduously to cultivate



vate their talents. In the evening, therefore, he gave them a lesson of reading and writing, which he never failed from this time to repeat every day, and James and Georgette were so attentive that they profited in a manner very satisfactory to all three.

As eight days had elapsed since the arrival of Bonnin at Moulins, the whole city had seen his monkeys, and was acquainted with their feats of dexterity; having, therefore, no hopes of drawing further profits from them in this city, he resolved the next day to depart for Paris. Early the next morning, therefore, he secured his monkeys, packed up his boxes, and loading a little cart, which he kept for the purpose, mounted it with his young companions. They soon left the city of Moulins far behind them; and, having travelled  
many



many leagues, at length stopped to dine at *St. Pierre le Moutier*. As this was a city of some importance, they resolved to remain there a day or two. Bonnin exhibited his monkeys, and the mountaineers sang their songs, and thus collected some money. After three days they again set forward, and toward evening arrived at *Never*, where they remained some time. Sojourning thus in the principal cities through which they passed in their way, they at length arrived at Paris. They had some difficulty in finding an inn that would lodge them with their managerie; but at length they succeeded, and took possession of one very commodious. The next day Bonnin asked permission of the police to shew his monkeys; and the day following, fixing upon one of the principal squares for his exhibition, he went thither, accompanied by James  
and



and Georgette, who played off the *Montagnard* and the *Clermontoise* before numerous spectators; but, in this city of gaiety and dissipation, the simple graces of our mountaineers produced less effect than Bonnin expected. Art, here, was more interesting than nature, and their little capers and gambols were viewed with indifference. As to monkeys, they had been seen so often, that, notwithstanding the dexterity of Bonnin's, they excited little curiosity. Thus disappointed in his expectation, and finding his monkeys merely an incumbrance, Bonnin at length decided, that the most prudent step he could take was to part with them. They were accordingly in a few days announced for sale, when purchasers were readily found. Bernard became the property of a public cook, Doudoux was destined to amuse a fine lady; Grisly was exalted to the state-



state-chamber of a great prince ; and Talmouck became the play-thing of a little abbé. While Bonnin was resolving in his mind another expedient to recruit his finances, he sent James and Georgette about the city to display their talents. They danced and sung in the courts before the great houses about Paris, and faithfully transmitted to their friend in the evening what they gained in the day. They had been thus employed some months, when Bonnin, upon their return, told them he was going to leave Paris. " I have met," said he, " a person whom I formerly knew, who informs me that a brother of mine, whom I have long sought, is dead at *Marseilles*, and has left behind him a considerable fortune, which I am likely to inherit."

" Oh



"Oh goodness!" exclaimed James and his sister, "You do not say so?"

"Yes," said Bonnin, "we must set off immediately. My good friend has advanced me this money for my journey."

"What all that!" exclaimed James.

"Yes, twelve louis," replied Bonnin.

"Oh Bonnin! dear Bonnin!" exclaimed the children, transported, "you are going to be rich! how happy we are! when do you set out?"

"In a few days," said Bonnin.

"Dear Bonnin," said James, "how glad we are! but stay as long as you can, Bonnin, for you know we shall never see you more."

"How



"How so?" exclaimed Bonnin.

"Because, Bonnin, my sister and I must stay here to get our living."

"Stay here, my children!" exclaimed their friend, "and do you think Bonnin would forsake you? No, no, my little friends, I have made you the partners of my poverty, it is but just that you should share my good fortune also."

"Oh no, Bonnin! that is not right: we are poor mountaineers without money, without relations."

"Without money and relations, indeed!" said Bonnin; "Am not I your father, and am not I going to possess a fortune?"

"Oh



"Oh Bonnin," said Georgette, "you are very good; but indeed it must not be: we can make you no return."

"Be good and virtuous, my children," said Bonnin, "that is all the return I ask."

"And will you really have it so?" asked James and his sister.

"My dear children, could you think Bonnin would forsake you?"

"Well, then, we will go with you. Good heaven, if our father Denis could know this! Well, Bonnin, we will bless and love thee, as well as we loved that good and tender parent; there, now, because we cry you cry too! Georgette, dry your tears; see, we  
make



make Bonnin cry." In truth, Bonnin did shed tears, but they were tears of sentiment and pleasure.

Before they left Paris, Bonnin, who, as already observed, was well informed upon every subject, wished to point out to his pupils the beauties of this fine capital; the next morning, therefore, he took them to view the church of *Notre Dame*; the outside of this awful pile struck our mountaineers with wonder. "What are all these stone saints, Bonnin," said they, "which are placed over these three doors?"

"They are not saints," Bonnin replied, "but the kings of France; there are twenty-eight; it was one of these kings, named *Childbert*, who laid the first foundation of this cathedral in the year 522; and another, called *Lewis the Young*



*Young*, began to build it in 1160. Let us now enter, my little friends, and see the curiosities it contains."

"Oh, sister!" exclaimed James, as they entered, "look at that fine man on horseback!"—That, said Bonnin, is *Philip de Valois*, king of France, who, arriving at Paris after having obtained the battle of *Cassal*, entered the church on horseback completely armed, to return thanks to God for his victory. They then took a view of the chapel *de Nouilles*, the architecture of which was by a Frenchman, named *Germain Beffrani*. Bonnin pointed out to them the beauty of two figures, *St. Maurice* and *St. Lewis*, sculptured in marble, on each side of the altar, and also of a bas-relief, representing our Lord giving the keys of Paradise to *St. Peter*. "Under the arcades," continued



nued he, "observe the virtues attended by their attributes." Having pointed out all that was curious in *Notre Dame*, he repaired with them to the *Palais Marchand*, which, he informed them, had been the common residence of all the kings of France of the third race, from *Huges Capet* to *Charles Vth*. "You remember," said he, "that I lately read to you the history of all the kings of France. It was formerly," said Bonnin, "an assemblage of large towers, which communicated one with another by galleries, from which there was an extensive view of the country. They now arrived at the *Pont neuf*, which Bonnin informed his pupils was began under the reign of *Henry III.* by an artist named *Certeau*, and finished under *Henry IV.* by *William Marchand*. From hence they proceeded to take



take a view of the *Thuilleries*, and the *Louvre*. "The beautiful palace of the *Thuilleries*," said Bonnin, "was begun in the year 1564, by queen *Catherine de Medicis*; *Henry IV.* continued it, and *Lewis XIV.* completed and embellished it in 1664. They next entered the church of *St. Lewis de Louvre*, and Bonnin did not fail to point out to them the elegant design of the building, which was the work of the celebrated *Germain*, goldsmith to the king. A variety of fine sculpture is to be seen here, and in the choir are three beautiful pictures by a celebrated artist named *Cozpel*; the subjects are, the descent from the cross; the annunciation; and the disciples of *Emmeus*. They now proceeded to the *Pont neuf*, and returned home, having seen enough for one morning.

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In the afternoon, Bonnin took them to see the Sorbonne. "This college," said he, "was endowed by *Robert de Sorbonne*, a theologian, in the time of king *St. Lewis*; but the present beautiful edifice was not constructed till the reign of *Lewis XIV.* by Cardinal Richlieu. The palace of *Luxembourg* next drew their attention; it had a superb appearance from the street in which they then were, and Bonnin informed them, it was begun in 1615, under the direction of one *James de Brosse*, by order of queen *Mary de Medicis*. They next visited the church of the *bare-foot Carmelites*, and then the chapel of the *Virgin*, in which was a very fine statue of white marble, executed by an artist called *Anthony Raggi*. In the dome was represented the prophet *Elias*, caught up to heaven in a car of fire, painted

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by



by Bartolet Flamael. Bonnin shewed them a variety of other edifices, the particulars of which he detailed in the same manner. The children were highly entertained; the painting and the sculpture delighted them; how many questions did they ask Bonnin, which he could only answer according to the degrees of knowledge they had attained! Among other inquiries, James asked, why the city they were in was called *Paris*? Bonnin, with difficulty, made him comprehend that it was derived from the Greek words *Para-Isidos*, near Isis; they could not understand what was meant by the word Isis, till Bonnin informed them, Isis was the goddess of navigation, who had formerly her temple built in fields adjacent, on the ruins of which the church of *St. Vincent* was built. All this our mountaineers, ardent as  
their



their desire of information was, found it rather difficult to comprehend ; their ideas upon etymology, history, and mythology, being at present very obscure.





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CHAP. VI.

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HAVING spent two days in viewing the curiosities of Paris, Bonnin and his young friends, each bearing his little baggage, set out, with light hearts, for *Marseilles*, where Bonnin hoped, at length, to see an end of all his misfortunes. As he was not rich enough to travel post, he resolved to make short stages, for fear of fatiguing the children, purposing, in the different cities through which he should pass, occasionally to take such stages as should not be very expensive. In this manner they arrived, in time for  
I dinner,



dinner, at *Montarges*, where they passed the remainder of the day. In the afternoon, they took several turns in a beautiful forest, which is in the neighbourhood of this city, and then seating themselves beneath the shade of some spreading trees, Bonnin began his lecture on history and geography, which he never failed daily to rehearse. At break of day they again set forward, and before night arrived at a town called *Briare*, where the setting sun permitted them once more to admire that grand canal which forms a communication between the Loire and the Seine; but, not to trouble my reader with too minute an account of their journey, suffice it to say, that at the end of six days, they arrived at the city of *Nevers*, the capital of the province of the same name. They had now travelled on foot fifty-four leagues, and



children were so extremely fatigued, that Bonnin, fearing they might be incommoded, especially Georgette, whose constitution was delicate, determined to take three places in a sort of covered cart, which went twice a week from *Nevers* to *Moulins* ; but, as the vehicle did not set out till the next day, he resolved to pass the intermediate time in the city, with which James and Georgette were well acquainted, from having passed through it in their way to *Auvergne*. They took up their lodging at a good inn, situated on the banks of the Loire, almost opposite a superb bridge, which, by its elevation, renders the entrance of *Nevers*, on that side, extremely magnificent ; it was occupied by several travellers, among whom was an old gentleman and his daughter, with whom Bonnin entered into conversation. The  
young



young lady, who appeared to be about eighteen years of age, was much struck with the innocence and simplicity of James and Georgette, and was still more interested when Bonnin related their story; she even offered to take Georgette under her protection, and place her about her person, but this Bonnin declined, persuaded he should, in a short time, have it in his power to provide for her more advantageously. The agreeable society in which they were engaged kept them so long from rest that when they retired they slept so soundly that the next morning Bonnin was not a little surprised to understand, that the stage in which he intended to have continued his journey, had been set out for *Moulins* more than two hours. As this misfortune could not be remedied, he was obliged to submit, and accordingly re-



solved to pursue his route on foot. James and Georgette were now perfectly recovered of their fatigue, and were by no means disconcerted, pleasing themselves with the thought that they should soon make their friend forget his disappointment by their prattle on the way. They left *Nevers* at about eight o'clock, and designed to sleep at *Moulins*, to reach which they had twelve leagues to travel on foot. At *St. Pierre le Moutier* they stopped to dine, and were advised, instead of taking the public road to *Moulins*, to pursue a cross way, which would at least cut off two leagues of their journey. Our travellers eagerly took the path pointed out to them, little suspecting the misfortunes that awaited them. It was now the beginning of September, a sultry heat reigned in the air, not a breeze was stirring, and thick clouds, succeeding



succeeding each other in the firmament, soon united, and announced a dreadful storm. Bonnin, engaged in conversation with his little companions, did not pay attention to the gloom which obscured the heavens, till roused by some distant claps of thunder, he exclaimed, " Oh ! my children, a dreadful storm is coming on, what shall we do, without shelter in this vast tract ! let us try if we can reach yon thick wood on the left, it is not more than half a league, run James, give me your hand, Georgette : this was no sooner said, than they set off with all their might ; in the mean time the thunder approached, and was heard with the most dreadful crash ; quick flashes of lightning glared from east to west, and enormous hail-stones were precipitated into the furrows they tore up. They at length reached the wood



wet, and bruised with the hail, but the trees were too small to preserve them from the torrents of rain which were beginning to fall ; they, however, entered it, in hopes of finding some place of shelter, and with this view, wandering still further and further, without attending to their path, they at length bewildered themselves in the windings of the wood. After some time, they discovered a sort of cavern, large enough to contain the three, and thankful were they to have found such an asylum. Here they drained the wet from their clothes, and resolved to wait till the storm was over ; but, the cataracts of heaven seemed open, the thunder rolled over their heads, and the lightning continued to flash around them ; in the mean time, darkness began to cover the earth, but they at present knew not whether it proceeded from



from the storm, or the absence of the sun. Bonnin, who had no watch, conjectured that it must be full seven o'clock, and began to think they should be obliged to pass the night in this wild and dangerous place. The thunder, however, by degrees removed to a greater distance, the clouds dispersed, and the heavens again appeared ; but the night had closed in, and it was impossible to discover their route ; they knew not which side they should take to find a path out of the wood, and at every step, seemed more bewildered in an inextricable labyrinth. They had also another inconvenience to encounter, for the storm had cooled the air to such a pitch, that they suffered the most piercing cold ; the earth was inundated with water, while a powerful wind agitated the trees, and formed such whistling sounds, that they appeared like the



roaring of wild and ferocious beasts, with which they thought the forest might be infested; to complete their terror, they, from time to time, heard the report of a pistol, near or distant, according to their different deviations in the wood; Bonnin, however, though at first alarmed, upon reflection, rightly judged that the noise of the pistol could only bespeak some poacher.\* Robbers, thought Bonnin, never spend their powder on sparrows, and travellers are not usually found wandering in a lonely forest at so great a distance from the public road; he resolved, therefore, to call to them, and represent his situation, not doubting but it would

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\* A poacher is a man who lives by ensnaring or shooting game, contrary to the laws of his country.



move them to pity, and that they would readily guide them through the wood. They had already wandered more than three hours, one while on flat ground, another over hills, sometimes obstructed by impenetrable thickets, and sometimes by rapid floods; the children were almost spent with fatigue, but, fearful of affecting Bonnin, who, they were sensible, felt more for them than for himself, forbore to complain. At length, through the branches of the trees, Bonnin perceived a distant faint light, this, he was persuaded, belonged to the poachers, but, fearful of hazarding the lives of his young friends, he still hesitated, whether he should advance; at length resolved,—“Follow me, my children,” said he, to James and Georgette, “step by step; I will go first, and I doubt not we shall find some friendly mortal



mortal to shew us a path out of the wood." Saying thus, he advanced toward the light, which, at first steady, now seemed to fly before them. "These poachers, or whoever they are," said Bonnin, "seem afraid of us; a certain sign that they are not robbers." Encouraged by this favourable omen, he now called aloud, and even fancied he heard a human voice. "Courage, my children," said he, "come on;" and impelled by hope, flew rather than walked. The children, exhausted with fatigue, lagged behind, congratulating themselves that Bonnin would soon reach the light; but what was their consternation and horror! Bonnin, the light all in an instant disappeared! Distracted, they sprung forward, and, in an instant, were on the brink of a deep pit, from whence they heard the voice of Bonnin, faintly articulate these words,



"My children, do not approach, or you are lost as I am."—"Oh, heavens," said Georgette, "he has fallen into this hole!"—"Bonnin, dear Bonnin," exclaimed James, in an agony, "where are you? speak again. Oh, sister, we have lost Bonnin! then listening again, there is water in the bottom," said he, "do you hear how he struggles! Bonnin, dear Bonnin, answer us."

Poor Bonnin spoke no more; he had indeed fallen into this horrid gulf; the perfidious light, which was no other than the *ignis fatuus*, or *will-with-the-wisp*,\*

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\* This delusive flame appears toward the end of summer, in marshy places, and is, in reality, a phosphoric exhalation, which shines till the matter which feeds it is entirely consumed.

had



had prevented his discovering the gulf before him, and he appeared no longer either to speak or hear.



CHAP.



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CHAP. V.

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IT is impossible to express the grief of poor James and Georgette; they loved Bonnin with the tenderest affection, and without this dear friend the world seemed to them a frightful void. They remained on the brink of the pit in unspeakable agony, when the report of a pistol recalled their recollection.

“Hark, sister!” said James, “there is the pistol again: let us try if we cannot find somebody to assist us in getting Bonnin



Bonnin from the pit ; who knows, God may have compassion on us, and restore our dear friend."

"Oh," said Georgette, "that is impossible: he is dead; we have lost him for ever."

"Every thing is possible to God, sister," replied James, "let us endeavour to find these poachers: Bonnin said they were not bad people: they may assist our dear friend. Hark! there is the pistol again."

"But how shall we be able to find this pit again," said Georgette, sobbing, "if we go away?"

"True, sister," said James, "what can we do? stop! I have thought; let us  
us



us break little branches from the trees, and strew them as we go."

This was no sooner said than done. Poor James and Georgette, as they advanced, marked their path by branches, leaves, stones, or any thing they could find in their way. The difficulty now was, to discover the person who had just let off the pistol. They directed their steps to the part from whence the sound proceeded, and committed themselves to the guidance of Providence. They walked about a quarter of a league without perceiving any one, when they heard footsteps advance.— At this sound, which they had so much desired, their hearts sunk, and an involuntary terror seized them, when they were asked by a man, whom they could scarcely distinguish, in a surly tone, who they were. "Alas! good sir,"  
they



they replied, "we are two unfortunate children, who have lost our way, and are wandering in the wood."

"Wandering in the wood at this hour!" returned the voice, "and pray from whence do you come?"

"From Paris, sir," answered James.

"And whither are you going?" said the stranger.

"We do not know, sir," said James.

"Not know," said the voice, "and wander alone at this time of night!"

"Alone! oh, sir, we had a dear friend with us, a man as tall as you, but the storm overtook us at the entrance of the wood, and our dear friend has fallen into a deep pit not far off."

"Into



"Into a pit!" exclaimed the stranger, "there are no pits in this forest."

"Oh indeed, sir," said James, "there are, and one very deep too."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I guess what you call a pit: but have you no money?"

"No, sir—but what did you say about the pit?"

"Oh, we will talk of that by and by," said the stranger, "at present follow me. I will lodge and feed you, if you will follow my trade."

"What the trade of a poacher?" exclaimed the children.

"A poacher!" repeated the man, laughing, "I am not a poacher: this forest



forest belongs to me, and I am at liberty to hunt here."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Georgette; "but, sir, our friend—will you not assist us in getting him out of the pit?"

"Oh, he is either dead or far enough from the pit by this time!" said their guide.

"What do you mean, sir?" said the children, greatly astonished.

"What you call a pit," said the stranger, "is a—a retreat belonging to me."

"To you!" said James and Georgette, "and that wicked man with a  
light



light, that led him into it, does he belong ——

“I do not understand you,” interrupted the stranger, bursting into a laugh, “but come—we have no time for talking.”

The children, terrified at his gruff voice, followed reluctantly in hopes of hearing news of Bonnin. The morning now began to dawn, and their guide at length stopped at a sort of tent erected in one of the thickets of the wood, supported by four stakes, which held it up in a point. Neither door nor window was to be seen, and to enter it was only necessary to lift up a flap of the tapestry. At the sight of this miserable abode, so little agreeing with the ideas they had formed of the *lord of the forest*, James and Georgette

no



no longer doubted that they had fallen into bad hands, and attempted to make their escape; but their guide, perceiving their terror, pushed them into the tent, and immediately closing the linen, burst into a loud laugh. "Hey dey!" said a frightful, decrepid old woman, who at this instant appeared, "what have we here? where, in the name of fortune, did you pick up these babies?" "No matter where I found them," said their guide, who was no other than the chief of a band of robbers,—“you have no children, Monica, and they will be pretty play-things for you; besides, they will be useful to allure travellers.” “To allure travellers indeed!” said old Monica, “they look very fit for that to be sure! faith you were well set to work to bring me such booty as this.”

James



James, who now saw the snare into which they had been deluded, expressed his indignation in reproaches, and Georgette filled the tent with lamentations.

Monica endeavoured to appease them, "Come, come my children," said she, "compose yourselves—nobody will do you any harm. Peace! do not cry: he had much need of you to be sure.

The dispute now between the robber and the old woman, began to grow warm; one was for sending away the children, the other for detaining them; at length the old woman, to end the difference, took Georgette and her brother by the hand, and was going out of the tent, when Barbarin, which was the name of the robber, seized her by

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the



the arm, "Stop, base woman!" said he, "do you mean these children to discover the place of my retreat, and deliver me up to justice? No, no! they shall not go from hence till I have well tutored them, and they have learnt my trade! Think how to dispose of them, or dread my fury. I shall put them in the subterranean vault that conceals my treasures; and, lest you should let them escape in my absence, I shall take the key."

With this he took Georgette's hand, and endeavoured to force her down some steps, which appeared upon his opening a trap-door. She struggled—entreated; and James, frantic at seeing his sister's danger, seized a firelock which lay near, and pointed it at the robber.

"Take



"Take care!" said the latter, "it is charged." He had time to say no more. James, not knowing what he did, pulled the trigger, and the unfortunate man was in the same instant stretched a corpse on the ground. It is impossible to express the horror of poor James, when he perceived the robber dead before him. He stood motionless with terror and remorse.—Georgette was near fainting; and old Monica opened her mouth with a horrible grimace. She then broke forth into dismal howlings and lamentations, till, perceiving her comrade quite dead, she threw off the mask, and told James he had rendered her a great service. "That cruel wretch has for twenty years been my jailor," said she; "I have often wished to murder him, but was always afraid of attempting it, for fear of my stroke missing. We have now the



key of his treasures; you shall have part, and we will decamp without loss of time, lest his comrades should return."

"Keep your treasures," said James, who had by this time recovered his senses, "we would not for the world possess wealth so ill-gotten. What has made you rejoice, will, through life, be a punishment to me: I shall never forgive myself for having deprived a fellow-creature of life."

"But, my child," said Monica, "hear me—the treasures——"

"No," said James, "we will have none: all that we desire is, that you would direct us to a place which there is in this forest under ground, where we have lost a friend."

I do



"I do not understand you, my lamb," said the old woman.

James now related the particulars of the manner in which they had lost Bonnin. "I have heard," said Monica, "that there are many subterraneous windings, which serve as places of retreat to the gentlemen of our band; but as to pointing out their situation, my lamb, I am as unable as yourselves; besides, without we knew the clue, it would be more than our lives were worth to explore them. No, my pretty babes, I will shew you the route you must take to get out of this wood: observe me now, you must take that little path on the left, it will conduct you straight into the high road to *Moulins*: you are at the most not four leagues from it. Good bye, my children."—Saying this, she was going to embrace



them, but they pushed her from them. Persuaded from her discourse that she was as bad as her comrades, and simply bidding her farewell, took the path she had pointed out.





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CHAP. VI.

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THE hearts of our little mountaineers leaped for joy on quitting this fatal place ; but the death of the robber, though it had proved the means of their deliverance, overwhelmed poor James with grief and remorse ; 'tis true, he had not killed him designedly, he had seized the firelock in defence of his sister, but without thought of the catastrophe that followed. Georgette endeavoured to comfort him with these reflections, though not less



afflicted herself; with this sorrow was mingled the remembrance of Bonnin, whose loss they lamented bitterly; they would have returned to the pit where they lost him; but, notwithstanding the precaution they had taken, they were ignorant of its situation; and what Monica had told them concerning the subterraneous retreat, afforded a dawn of hope that Bonnin might have found means to extricate himself, if he had not been killed by the fall; but, should this even be the case, they had little hopes of rejoining him. Overwhelmed with grief and fatigue, they walked slowly on, their steps mechanically tending to Moulins, till Georgette in the morning, grew so weary that she could not proceed a step farther, and entreated her brother to rest a little on a green bank at the side of the public road; James readily complied



plied, and conducted her with such an air of tenderness and affection to the bank, that it attracted the attention of a lady who had just alighted from her chaise, and was, at that moment, taking the air, attended by her servant.

"You seem tired, my little maid," said she, to Georgette, "have you walked far?"

"Yes, madam," said Georgette, "my brother and I have walked a great way."

"You are brother and sister, then," said the lady, "and where are your father and mother?"

"We are poor orphans, madam," said James.



“ And where were you born,” returned the lady ?

“ At *Sauget le Froid*,” said James.

“ I do not recollect such a place,” said the lady.

“ It is in the mountains of Auvergne,” said James.

“ Of Auvergne !” said the lady, “ you are, then, I suppose, going to Paris ?”

“ No, my lady,” said James, “ we are coming from it.”

“ And what do you do for a livelihood,” returned the lady ?”

“ We sing and dance the *Montagnard*,” said James.

“ The



"The *Montagnard* !" said the lady, smiling, "well, I shall like to see the *Bouree of Auvergne* danced ; let me see how you can perform."

"Oh, my good lady," said James, "we are not able ; we are in too much sorrow to sing or dance."

"Sorrow at your age !" said the lady, smiling.

"Indeed, my lady," said Georgette, "we have a great deal."

"Indeed !" said the lady, "tell me the cause of your sorrow, then."

James now proceeded to relate his little narrative, and was seconded by Georgette, who often interrupted him to set him right, and made many artless observations,



observations, which greatly pleased the lady.

When they ceased speaking, "My poor children," said she, "you have indeed had your sorrows, but dry your tears, I will protect you; if you continue good, you shall not want a friend to supply the place of the one you have so unfortunately lost."

"Oh, how good!" exclaimed James and his sister, "If Bonnin were but here!"

"*Victor*," said the lady, to her servant, "tell the carriage to draw up, I shall now return, and shall take this little man and maid home with me, if they be willing."

James and Georgette could only express



press their gratitude, and the coach drawing up, the lady got in; the little mountaineers followed, and the coach instantly drove off, and advanced rapidly towards Moulins.

Madame de Claret, for so their protectress was called, during the journey, put many questions to her young companions, who replied with a simplicity and candour which interested her still farther in their favour. *Bonnin*, however, still occupied their minds, they could not take a last view of the fatal forest in which they had lost that dear friend, without tears; but, the thought that a possibility remained of their once more beholding him, added to the kindness of their benefactress, tended to console them; and their grief was in some measure dissipated when the carriage stopped at the gate of a large mansion,



sion, delightfully situated on the road to *Moulins*.

James and Georgette, when they alighted, were struck with wonder at the elegance that reigned throughout the apartments; but every object tended to recall the recollection of Bonnin; how happy, thought they, would he be could he know of our good fortune!

Madame de Claret was pleased to observe the tenderness of their hearts, and the steadiness of their attachment; she immediately summoned her woman, to whom she gave orders to equip Georgette in a manner more consistent with her new station, and delivered James to the care of Victor, who had been bred in the family, and who undertook the same charge respecting him.

In-



In a few days, James, instead of a coarse brown waistcoat, was dressed in a neat grey coat, a red vest, and a little hat that fitted him to a nicety ; and Georgette had a beautiful frock of India muslin, and a smart cap trimmed with lace ; how delighted they both were, they placed themselves before the glass, set themselves in order, and admired the surprising change.

“ See, brother,” said Georgette, “ how I am dressed !”

“ And what do you think of me, sister !” said James.

Madame Claret surprised them in these extacies, and smiled at their simplicity ; she, however, observed to them, that though, as she had taken them under her protection, she thought  
proper



proper to make a change in their apparel, dress was, in itself, of very small importance, and would neither add to, nor diminish the worth of a character, and that though they might suppose their persons improved by the change, she should hold it a very unfortunate one, if it took from them that humility which had impressed her in their favour.

James and Georgette were abashed at this timely reproof; the fear of offending their benefactress cut them to the heart, and tears involuntarily started into their eyes; but Madame Claret, taking them each kindly by the hand, assured them that what she said was merely as a caution, lest pride, that hateful passion, should gain entrance into their young minds.

“I hope,



"I hope, madame," said Georgette, wiping away her tears, "I shall never be proud : it would be sad indeed for poor orphans like us to be proud."

"Indeed it would," said James, "I hope we shall never forget what we have been."

"I have not the least doubt of the goodness of your resolutions, my children," said Madame de Claret, "but you must pray to the Almighty to strengthen them ; for, without his blessing, the best resolves will avail little."

"We pray to him night and morning," said James.

"Yes," said Georgette, "and we will pray to him to keep us from being proud ;



proud ; and James, we will ask Mrs. Smith (meaning Madame de Claret's woman) for our old cloaths."

"And what will you do with them, Georgette?" said Madame de Claret?

"Why," said Georgette, "we will put them carefully by, and look at them often, that we may not forget we were poor distressed orphans."

"It is a very good resolution, indeed," said Madame de Claret, kissing Georgette.

"I will go directly," said James, "and ask Victor for mine ; that is, if you will give me leave, madam?"

"I should be sorry to oppose so good  
a resolu-



a resolution," said Madame de Claret,  
"continue to encourage such dispositions as these, and be assured, you shall never want a friend while I live."



CHAP.



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CHAP. VII.

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AS Madame de Claret had not determined in what manner she designed to dispose of James and Georgette in future, she for the present deputed Victor, who was fully equal to the task, to instruct James in writing and arithmetic, while she herself undertook to instruct Georgette in reading and works. By this arrangement, she considered she should have an opportunity to form a proper judgment of their talents and dispositions, which she resolved should  
guide



guide her future determination concerning them. A little time served to convince her that their talents were equal to the highest improvement, and that their dispositions rendered them deserving of the tenderest regard ; their gentleness, their modesty, their gratitude, and docility, every day endeared them more strongly to their protectress, who began to feel for them an affection truly maternal. James and Georgette, on their side, looked up to her with all the tenderness and respect of dutiful children. They still thought of Bonnin with gratitude and regret ; but a circumstance shortly happened which revived that lively grief time had nearly extinguished. They had been with Madame Claret about four months, when one evening about six o'clock, in the month of December, Victor entered the apartment of his lady, and told her  
that



that a poor traveller almost frozen to death with cold, had desired permission to sleep in the stable. "Was there any occasion, Victor," said the lady, "to consult me in such a case? the travellers' beds are not all occupied, are they?"

"No," said Victor, "I have given him a bed, and he has just supped and is gone to rest, for he was much fatigued; but I thought, perhaps, your ladyship would bestow a small matter to help him on his journey, for by his appearance he seems much distressed."

"Why did you not tell me that sooner?" said Madame de Claret, "that I might have seen him, and inquired into his situation."

"He asked for nothing, but a place to rest in, madam; and, while I was  
2 in



in the stable talking to the groom about the old mare which you thought had hurt her shoulder, the cook shewed him to his bed."

"Well," said Madam de Claret. "if I am not up in time to see him, inquire into his situation, and relieve him as you find necessary."

"Heaven bless you," said Victor, in a low voice, as he left the room, "you are truly the friend of the poor and needy!"

"How good you are, my dear madam!" said Georgette, throwing her arms round Madame de Claret's neck.

"My dear child," said she, "recollect that our blessed LORD reproved his disciples for calling him good.  
' Why



‘Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, and that is God.’—Beware how you bestow this appellation on a poor sinful mortal.”

“What can we say, then?” said James, kissing her hand, “you took us when we were poor orphans, without a friend, or a place to rest our head; and you feed, and clothe, and instruct us—is not this good?”

“The term *good*,” said Madame de Claret, “can only be used comparatively. I may, perhaps, be more attentive to perform certain duties than another. Compared with him, therefore, I may be considered good; but far, indeed, are the best of us removed from perfection. It is, nevertheless, our duty to approach as near to it as we can. Continue, therefore, my children, to look



up with all humility to your Creator for assistance to suppress the evil propensities that are in your nature, and to encourage that good opinion, which is the parent of every virtuous thought, and which will be able at the last to give you entrance into that blessed kingdom of peace which shall endure for ever." Saying this, she kissed them affectionately, and dismissed them to bed.

The next morning James and Georgette rose at their usual hour. The idea of the poor traveller, whom Victor had mentioned the night before, was the first object that occurred, and they both, at the same instant, interrogated Victor concerning him.

"Oh," replied Victor, "he was on his way at five o'clock."

F

"Oh,"



"Oh," replied Georgette, "how sorry I am! I had two livres which I meant to give him."—"And I," said James, "had three!"

"Well, my good children," said Victor, "you must keep your bounty for another occasion; objects enough will present themselves."

"But you gave this poor man something, Victor, did you not?"

"I would have done so by my lady's orders, but he would not accept any thing but a breakfast before he set out."

"He did not then want assistance?" said James.

"By his appearance," said Victor, "a louis would have been acceptable; but



but he refused it, with many expressions of gratitude for the hospitality he had received, and took the road to *Moulins*, I believe ; but he asked leave to take a view of the park and grounds before he set out."

After this information, James and his sister went hand in hand to take their morning's walk. It was, as I before observed, the depth of winter ; the rivers were all frozen, the plains all covered with a thick snow, and the trees stript of their leaves, were covered with a hoar frost, from whence were suspended icicles, which were occasionally illumined by a transitory sun-beam. James and his sister took their walk by a winding path, which, by a slow ascent, led to the summit of a high hill, which defended the mansion on the north.



"Ah! brother," said Georgette, casting her eyes round, "there, between *St. Imbert* and *St. Pier le Moutier*, is the forest in which we lost poor Bonnin! I fear he lies there still; we can never forget his kindness. And there, sister, behind *Riom*, lies our dear father, Denis! that is certainly *Puy de Dome*, which we see there below."

"Good heavens," said Georgette, "how near we are our country! our own mountains, and to the good inhabitants of Sauzet!"

Having made these observations, they descended the hill and re-entered the park, where they, for some time, amused themselves with playing and running on the bank of a very extensive canal, that formed a number of  
little



little springs, which, during summer, meandered on every side.

In the course of his race, James picked up an old blue handkerchief which lay at his feet:—"Here is a handkerchief belonging to some of the servants," said he, "I will take it into the house."

"It more probably belongs to the poor man," said Georgette; you know Victor said, he asked leave to walk over the grounds."

"Very true," said James, "and it is, perhaps, a great loss to him; but what have we here," continued he, picking up a roll of paper that lay a few paces farther; "this paper and the handkerchief, I will answer for it, belong to the same person, whoever it may be."



Saying this, he unrolled the paper, and looking stedfastly on it for a minute, "Sister," said he, "have you never seen any writing like this?"

Georgette looked over his shoulder, and at length exclaimed, "it is the hand-writing of Bonnin.

"I am convinced that it is," said James, "observe the *h*, and the *g*, and the *y*; but look, sister, in this last page are our names, *James* and *Georgette*! Bonnin has written something about us; Oh, sister, that poor man was certainly Bonnin."

"Is it possible!" said Georgette, "and have we passed a night under the same roof, and not seen him!"

"Dear



“ Dear Georgette, let us run,” said James, “ perhaps we may overtake him.”

In the agitation of their spirits, they forgot that he had been on his way three hours, and that they were ignorant of the road he was travelling.

Animated with the hope of seeing him, they ran like mad creatures to the gate of a long avenue, which led from the house, till they were stopped by honest Victor, who, being informed of their conjecture concerning the poor man, and their present design, represented to them the absurdity of attempting to overtake him; “ my lady,” said he, “ is waiting for you in the breakfast-parlour; go and shew her the paper you have found, and acquaint her with your conjectures.”



James and his sister took the advice of honest Victor, and, hastening into the breakfast room, related their tale to Madame de Claret, and shewed her the writing, which they assured her could be no other than Bonnin's.

Madame de Claret took the manuscript, and having examined it, was of opinion that they were not mistaken in their conjectures. "Your friend," said she, "has, I perceive, made a sketch of his life, and has probably designed it for publication; we will peruse it at leisure; in the mean time, Victor, saddle a horse, and if you can form any idea of the route he took, see if it be not possible to overtake him."

Victor replied, that the stranger said he came from *Marseilles*, and that he thought he took the road to *Moulins*."

"Well,



"Well, then," said Madame de Claret, "try what you can do."

Victor did not stay to reply, but quitting the room, went into the stable to perform the orders of his lady; James and Georgette followed him to the gate, and repeatedly conjured him, with tears in their eyes, to use all possible diligence to overtake their dear friend.

"Well," said Georgette, "it is some consolation to know that Bonnin is alive."

"Yes," said James, "but to be in the same house, and not see him!"

"Victor will, perhaps, overtake him," said Georgette. Oh, my dear madam," continued she, throwing her arms



round the neck of her benefactress,  
“how good you was to send Victor!”

After breakfast, James and Georgette led Madame de Claret to the spot where they had found the manuscript and handkerchief, which they were persuaded belonged to their friend.

“Look, sister,” said James here is the print of Bonnin’s footsteps in the snow; this was the circuit he took; he little thought James and Georgette were so near! I am fearful, sister, that he has been disappointed of the fortune he expected; for, if you observed, he told Victor that he was returning from Marseilles; how I wish for Victor to return!”

In this manner the time passed till Victor returned; but alas! his expedi-



tion had proved unsuccessful; several persons said, they had by the description, seen him, but they could not tell whether he turned towards Paris or Burgundy.

This was sad news for poor James and Georgette; they gave themselves up again to sorrow, but their kind benefactress consoled them by observing, that they were not doomed to lament their friend as dead, as there were proofs amounting almost to a certainty, that he was really alive, and perhaps, said she, this manuscript, which appears to contain a sketch of his life, may afford some information by which he may be traced; we will, this evening, read it together."

The children gratefully received the consolation offered by their friend,



and were not a little pleased, when, in the evening, she opened the manuscript and read as follows.



THE



THE  
ROMAN ADVENTURER.

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I WAS born at Rome, in an island formerly called *Tyberine*. My father's name was *Laurenzo Bonnini*. He was in the service of the Pope, and enjoyed an income of about three hundred crowns a year, out of which he, by rigid economy, contrived to bring up his little family, consisting of two sons and a daughter, and at his death to leave us a decent heritage. My sister was considerably the elder, but I am sorry to say totally devoid of principle; for my father



father was no sooner dead, than, taking advantage of my youth, she seized upon the whole property, and married a dissipated young man, who a few months after stripped her of every shilling, and left her destitute. My unhappy sister, incensed at this treatment, set off in pursuit of her faithless husband, and taking with her my younger brother, left me to shift for myself.—Abandoned thus at the age of eighteen, without friends, without fortune, and without hope, I determined to render myself useful to my fellow citizens by teaching them the language of their country; for, fortunately for me, my father had taken unremitted care of my education, and, naturally addicted to study, I had profited amply by his instructions. I had no sooner, therefore, opened a school than scholars flocked to me in abundance, and I hoped in a short



short time to surmount all my embarrassments ; but, alas ! I was fatally deluded from the bosom of my country and friends, and doomed to struggle with a succession of difficulties that appear to have no end. I had not been long established as master of the Italian language, when a person who pretended to have discovered the art of making glass malleable found me out, and representing to me the brilliant fortune that might be made by his secret, offered to communicate it to me and to share the advantage, if I could command a small sum of money to carry us to England. Dazzled by these brilliant expectations, I bade adieu to my scholars ; and, putting into his hands the whole of the little property I had saved, embarked with him for England.—But, as it is my design to render these memoirs as instructive as interesting, I shall,



before I leave the land of my nativity, present the reader with an account of *Rome*, once so celebrated in history, and still one of the largest and finest cities in Europe, or perhaps in the whole world. The capital of all *Italy*, it is situated on the Tiber, which crosses it in part, in a fine province formerly called *Latium*, and by moderns, 'the *Country of Rome*,' its walls enclosing a large space of land, occupied entirely by gardens, vineyards, &c. This noble city, founded by Romulus, still preserves many precious remains of its ancient splendour; such are its baths, obelisks, amphitheatres, circuses, pillars, mausoleums, triumphal arches, statues, &c. &c. A variety of magnificent edifices are still to be seen; among others, the celebrated *Vatican*, where the popes resided a great part of the year; the *Baths of Antoninus*, which though in ruins



ruins, are very curious, as also those of *Dioclesian*. A superb *temple of Diana*, and one dedicated to the god Mars exists; as also the great theatre, built by Vespasian, which was so spacious that ninety thousand persons might sit at their ease in it. There is also the *Pantheon*, called the Rotunda, a very ancient and beautiful edifice, built by Marcus Agrippa; and a pillar one hundred and seventy-seven feet high, built by Antoninus Pius, containing a winding stair-case, in which there are one hundred and forty steps, and fifty-six windows. This superb city was built on seven hills, the most celebrated of which were the Capitoline, Tarpean, or Saturnine Mount, now called Campi Doglio, or the Capital, on which were sixty temples or houses dedicated to the false gods, worshipped by the ancient Romans. The principal of these

was



was the temple of Jupiter, which conquerors entered after a triumph. Mount Palatine, where Romulus laid the first foundation of his city, and which Helio-  
 gabulus caused to be paved with porphyry. *Mount Aventine*, or *Querquitalars*, on which the church of St. Sebastian was built. The *Esquiline* or *Caspian Mount*, rendered celebrated by the noble cathedral of St. Mary the Major. The *Quininal*, now *Mount Cavelle*, on which a very beautiful palace is built. The *Jamculous*, on which rises the cathedral of St. Peter Monteria. The *Vatican*, on which is to be seen the magnificent Basilicus of St. Peter of Rome, so celebrated for its mosaic work; the palace of the Pope was also over the Vatican; and there is beside an admired library, which is perhaps the most considerable in Europe. On this hill is also to be seen the great hospital.



hospital *du St. Esprit*, one of the finest monuments in all Italy.—But it is time now to return from this digression, and continue my narrative. I have already informed my readers that at the age of nineteen I was induced to join my fortune with an empiric, who pretended to have found out the secret of making glass malleable. Nothing material happened during our voyage; my companion had no money, but as I had a small sum, that was sufficient. I made him every day repeat his experiment, and was highly pleased with the prospect of the affluence it presented; yet, upon mature deliberation, he did not entirely satisfy me; for I began to perceive that he did not succeed equally with all kinds of glass.—He had brought with him a large store of his own fabricating, which he rendered soft enough to mould; but, when a glass or decanter

was



was presented to him which was new, his experiment failed. Still, however, I flattered myself with the hopes of success ; but, on our arrival in London, I began to perceive that my companion was a villain. His discourse, his preparations, his reserve with me, all gave me the alarm ; and I repented the folly I had committed in giving up my establishment, and exiling myself from my native country. It was, however, too late to retract. Soon after our arrival, my partner hired a large room, and posted up that on such a day at four o'clock he should exhibit before the public, the curious experiment of rendering glass malleable. The price of the seats was half a guinea, and he announced in his bill that he was under a necessity of leaving England the day after. Curiosity induced a number of persons to assemble ; the room filled, and



and the money received was considerable; but, alas! seven o'clock arrived, and the mountebank did not appear. The audience naturally grew impatient, and I in vain sought every where for my companion; but what was my astonishment! he had actually absconded with the money he had just received from the credulous audience! For my part I was distracted; terrified at the consequence; and sensible that I must be considered as an accomplice. I, in my turn, left the house by a back-door, and repaired to my lodgings, where, to complete my distress, I learnt that the villain had carried off all that I possessed! But this was the least of my troubles; I was sensible that the abused spectators would soon get information of the place where I had taken refuge, and pursue me as an accomplice of the villain who had imposed on them. Nor was I deceived;  
I had



I had scarcely time to inform my landlord of my situation, and intreat his secrecy and assistance, before the house was surrounded. My landlord, who really possessed a humane heart, touched with my story, consented to conceal me in one of his vaults; and I had scarcely descended into it, when I heard the noise of footsteps, and a confused sound of voices. "Where is he?" said some; "where is the accomplice of the cheat? he shall return us our money: we will have justice." My good-natured landlord in vain assured them that I was innocent; that I was not there; and entreated that they would not throw his house into disorder. All was to no effect; they furiously ran through the house, and in inexpressible agonies I soon heard them at the door of the vault that concealed me. It is impossible to express what I felt at this

mo-



moment; I expected every instant that I should be discovered and torn in pieces. In this extremity a thought suggested itself and preserved me. In sounding several tons that were in the vault, I found one of them empty and staved. I turned the open side to the wall, and, like a second Diogenes, squatted down in it in such a manner that it was impossible to guess I was there. What I had suspected happened: my landlord was obliged to open the vault, and was not a little surprised to find that I was not there; however, fortunately, the retreat I had chosen escaped inspection, and happy was I when my enemies departed to continue their search elsewhere. I passed the whole night in my ton, not daring to leave it, though I no longer heard any noise. Towards morning my landlord again descended into the vault where I was,  
and



and could not help laughing at the hiding place I had chosen. "Fear nothing," said he, "your enemies have left the house, and you may now safely make your escape."—"Alas!" said I, "whither can I go, stripped as I am of every thing."—"I cannot," said my landlord, "suffer you to abide in my house, lest I should be involved in your misfortune; for, depend upon it, the affair will not end here; an information will be laid against you, and, if you are taken, you will be carried to prison."—"Alas!" replied I, "I am innocent." "But you have neither money or friends to appear for you," returned my landlord; "the best thing, therefore, you can do is to leave the metropolis as soon as possible, to elude the pursuit that will be made after you."—As I plainly perceived my landlord was resolved to be rid of me, there was no



alternative. I therefore paid what I owed for my lodging, and departed immediately, being anxious to leave the neighbourhood before it was broad day.

“ I now found myself in the middle of the metropolis, with only two shillings, which was the whole I possessed in my pocket, and not a friend in the world, to whom I could apply for advice or redress ; buried in the most gloomy reflections, I pursued my way, unknowing whither I went, till my attention was caught by a pocket-book, which fell from the coat of a young man who had just passed me ; I stepped forward, and, in a lucky moment, restored it to the owner, whose countenance and expressions of gratitude convinced me that the contents were of considerable value.

G

“ You



"You have done me a service," said he, "which I can never repay, this book contains notes to the amount of many thousand pounds, which belong to the master I serve, the loss of it would have been my ruin; my lodgings are just by, step with me to them, that I may, as far as my slender means will allow, acknowledge the service you have done me."

"I was not in a situation to reject the friendship of any one, and something whispered me that this was the moment to push my fortune; I, therefore, readily followed the young man into an apartment in a street hard by when, opening a bureau, he offered me five guineas, which, he assured me, was all at that time he possessed.

"Desperate as my situation was, the idea of receiving a reward for an act of  
common



common honesty, was so humiliating, that I voluntarily drew back my hand, which was, at first, extended to receive it ; while the contending emotions of my mind produced such an effect on my countenance, that the stranger, whom it was the goodness of Providence to interest in my favour, observed it.

“ You are unhappy,” said he, “ your mind is evidently labouring under some great calamity, if the advice or exertions of a friend can soften your griefs ; freely communicate them to one whom you have so signally obliged, and who will rejoice in an opportunity of returning the obligations.”

“ Naturally open and unsuspecting, this generous invitation entirely gained my confidence : I related my whole story, and expressed my earnest desire



to leave England, where my reputation was for ever blasted by the unfortunate connexion I had formed. The generous young man was touched with my story. 'I have a brother,' said he, 'who will, to-morrow evening, set out for Dover, whence he designs to embark for Calais : what think you, could I prevail on him to take you under his protection ;' I expressed my gratitude in the warmest terms, but added, that, stripped of every thing, I had not even money to defray the expences of my passage. 'Do not disturb yourself on that account,' said the generous stranger, 'I will take care of that.' 'Sir,' I replied, 'though I had courage to refuse a reward which I did not merit, I cannot refuse the assistance so generously held out to me by friendship ; should fortune—' and here I stopped, conscious of the improbability that I should



should ever have the power of returning the obligation I was receiving. The young man relieved me by observing that his business would admit of his absence no longer, and begged me to remain in his apartment till his return; I joyfully obeyed, and, in the evening, was made completely happy, when acquainted that he had related my story to his brother, and had settled every thing for my departure. Not to lengthen my narrative, the next day my kind friend introduced me to his brother, with whom I set out for Dover the following evening. There we embarked for Calais, and it is impossible to express the joy I felt when I set my foot on the opposite shore. Reason, indeed, had I to breathe a thousand grateful ejaculations to heaven for having thus miraculously interposed for my deliverance; nor did my good fortune end



here ; my protector, during our voyage, became attached to me, and introduced me to his uncle, a respectable merchant at Abbeville, with whom he was going to settle ; I was received into the counting-house, and might, I doubt not, have continued there till now, had not the vain ambition of distinguishing myself made me look with contempt on a profession which I considered fit only for grovelling minds, and moderate abilities.

“ At the end of two years, I left the counting-house, much to the regret of my master, to whom I was become very useful, and who paid me a handsome salary for my services. My view now was to study physic, I accordingly obtained a recommendation to one of the most eminent physicians in Paris, with whom I continued two years



years; but the love of change made me again leave the prospect of a good establishment; for my master, being far advanced in life, it was supposed, that had I continued with him a few years, I should have inherited his business; but, an unsettled disposition has ever been my bane. I left the profession of physic for that of the law, which I studied for some years, and abandoned, at the very moment a steady perseverance would have been crowned with success; but the maniac of writing had now seized me; a small pamphlet, which I had published on electricity, happened to have been well received, and I persuaded myself that I should become celebrated as an author; I accordingly took up the pen, and, in less than two years, published more than fifteen volumes on different subjects; I was, however, unsuccessful; my



works, though of acknowledged merit, did not sell, and I was reduced to the greatest poverty; to avoid the calamities of want, I resolved to retire to a cloister, where I thought I might pursue my labours without the fear of misfortune or indigence; I accordingly repaired to the Jesuits College at Paris, and introduced myself to the prior, who, enchanted with my learning and abilities, willingly received me as a member. In less than a year, I went through my noviciate, which was scarcely expired, when I published a work on the origin, increase, labours, and utility of the order; this work did me great honour in my convent; but, though excellent, remained totally unknown to the world. Thus disappointed in my hopes of fame, I resolved, in despair, never again to take up the pen; but, alas! the year following I published another, entitled,

‘ An



‘An Essay on all Religions.’ This book unhappily proved the source of all my misfortunes; for, in it, I obliquely attacked certain superstitions countenanced by the order, which so much exasperated the community against me, that I was looked upon as an impious wretch, an abominable heathen, and banished to a convent in a distant province, where I was thrown into a close prison, and condemned to languish the remainder of my life. What a stroke was this! I beheld myself a prisoner, without books, without pen, without ink, without hope of freedom! but, heaven, who alone knew the purity of my intentions in the work, which thus proved the source of my misfortunes, sent me relief when I least expected it. Father Donein, my prior, or rather jailor, was a great admirer of the arts and sciences; the fame of my

E 5. learning



learning had reached him, and, as it appeared, raised in him a curiosity to see me ; he accordingly, one day, entered my dungeon, and addressed me in these words :—

“ Father Bonnin, you are a man of merit, and I propose to soften your captivity, follow me, and we will converse and study together.”

“ I readily attended the good father into his cell, where he shewed me his library ; it consisted chiefly of old folios, gnawed by the rats, and written in a style almost unintelligible ; for, to confess the truth, though he was fond of the reputation of being learned, he possessed a very small portion of knowledge, being averse to the labour that was requisite to acquire it.

“ We



“ We supped together that night, before I returned to my dungeon, and father Donein was so pleased with my conversation, that he permitted me every evening to repeat my visit ; for my part, I found little pleasure in his conversation, but any thing was preferable to the solitude of my dungeon, and, besides this, I flattered myself that I might, by some means, contrive to deceive the vigilance of my jailor, and make my escape ; this object I had ever in view ; but two years elapsed before a favourable opportunity offered ; nor do I believe I should, after all, have succeeded, had not Father Donein, as I strongly suspect, indirectly favoured my design ; if it were so, he will, I doubt not, have his reward at that tribunal where every act of mercy and benevolence will be returned four-fold.



"I will not detain my reader with the particulars of my escape, suffice it to say, that once, without the walls of the convent, I pursued my route without stopping, during the whole night; I had taken care to bring with me some money and jewels, which I had reserved, and, upon the strength of these, ventured, at break of day, to accost an honest labourer, whom I met in a field.

"Friend," said I, "are you far from your home?"

"No, reverend father," he replied, "it is down there in yon bottom."

"Well," said I, "here are a dozen louis, if you will give me your clothes and throw mine into your well."

"How,



"How, father," said the labourer, surprised.

"Ask no questions," said I, "a dozen louis, look at them, if you will do as I require."

"But, is there not," said the labourer, "something under this that will ruin me?"

"Fear nothing," I replied, "I am not a malefactor, I am merely fleeing my convent."

"The peasant still hesitated, but at length took me to his cottage, opened his box, and drew forth some old garments, which I put on, while he threw mine into a well; I was so pleased with my disguise, that, instead of a dozen, I gave him fourteen louis; the  
honest



honest fellow called down a thousand blessings on me, and I sat out, clad in a coarse brown waistcoat, and a pair of green breeches, and spatterdashes. As I had long since formed the project of making my escape from the convent, I had suffered my hair to grow, the better to disguise me ; it was, therefore, very long and matted to my head, but I had wetted and entangled it, which, added to an old hat, which concealed half my face, rendered it impossible to know me. I took the cross roads, and, about two o'clock, entered a large city, which I learnt was *Arles* ; here I took some refreshment, and, continuing my way without interruption, the third day after arrived at *Marseilles*, where I resolved to seek the means of embarking for my own, or some other country, for, with little money in my pocket, and in constant fear of being pursued, it was  
of



of small importance to me in what part of the world I should again tempt fortune.

"I had scarcely been an hour at Marseilles, when, on the port, a young man drew my attention, from the striking resemblance he bore to my young brother, whom my sister, when she left home, had taken with her.

"The impression was so strong, that I ventured to accost him. 'Pardon me, Sir,' said I, 'but are not you Signior Francis Laurisco Bonnin, of Rome?'

"The same," he replied, looking stedfastly at me, 'and are not you—'  
'I am your elder brother, I replied;  
'Is it possible?' said Francis, 'good heavens, in what a state do I find thee,



thee, my poor brother !' Peace, dear Francis, I replied, ' this is not a place to tell you the surprising events that have befallen me. Francis, who possessed an excellent heart, shed tears of joy, and, notwithstanding my mean appearance, embraced me with the greatest tenderness ; he immediately conducted me to his lodgings, where I recited to him my adventures, and especially the last, which greatly alarmed him.

" Haste, my dear brother," said he, ' we have no time to lose, I have travelled much since our separation ; our sister died in the island where I have made a fortune, which you shall share with me ; my vessel will be under sail in two hours, and I hope we shall never more separate ; but you will see many strange countries, for I have a great deal of business to negotiate.

" The



“The first place I shall touch at, is *Malta*, where I have merchandise to unlade. To unlade, I repeated, why *Malta* is not a commercial island? That may be, he replied, but I go in consequence of a vow I made during a dreadful tempest, in which I expected that my vessel, myself, and my whole fortune would have perished. Our provisions were all exhausted, and famine reduced us to such extremity, that the horrid alternative was agitated of sacrificing one to preserve the lives of the whole. In this dreadful moment, a young knight of *Malta* stepped forward, and unwilling that the choice of the victim should be determined by lot, which, he said, might fall upon a man more useful, nobly devoted himself\*: we were obliged—

Spare

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\* This fact really happened. The young man who devoted himself, seeing the proposal far from



"Spare me the recital. I made a vow if we escaped, to present half my freight to the grand master of Malta, and I am now going to perform it."

"I changed my clothes for others more suitable to my condition, and in a few hours we embarked. Francis was not the captain of the vessel, but the vessel and all its contents belonged to him; the captain was interested in the voyage: we had a skilful pilot and a dozen of agreeable passengers, all promised a prosperous voyage. How was my condition changed! I a thousand times blest Providence, which had united me to a brother so worthy of my affections, at the very moment an immensity of seas was on the point of separating us.

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from being accepted, touched the hearts of all present, fell upon his sword, and thus obliged his companions to make the horrid repast.

The



“ The voyage, though long, was not tedious; the pleasure of seeing my dear Francis, the civilities paid me by the crew, all delighted me: I was the oracle of our little society, and my self-love, was gratified by the deference paid to my opinion. At length, after a prosperous voyage, we landed at Port St. George, in the island of Malta. This island is situated in the Mediterranean Sea. On the north, lies Sicily, from which it is distant about sixty miles, and to the south, Africa and Tripoli. The soil of this island which is not more than seven leagues in length, and four broad, is strong, but the stone is soft and easy to work.

“ It produces figs, apples, almonds, cotton, various kinds of flowers, and a sort of thistle which serves the inhabitants for firing: neither wood nor corn thrive  
in



in Malta, both these articles the Maltese are obliged to import from Sicily. Many domestic animals are found in this island, but no venomous reptile. The city, which is built upon a rock, is said to have been originally founded by the Carthaginians, but in the year 1099, in the time of Godfrey de Bouillon, a certain man named Gerard, having made a journey to visit the holy places at Jerusalem, was inspired with so frequent a devotion, that, in conjunction with several others, he built an hospital, which he called *St. John of Jerusalem*, and they assumed the title of Brothers Hospitalers: but soon from the profession of healing, they took up that of arms, and by their valour, gained from the Turks the island of *Rhodes*, where they continued upwards of two hundred years. Being afterwards driven from this island by the Infidels, they took refuge



refuge in different parts of Italy, till the year 1530, when the emperor Charles presented the isle of Malta to the Grand Master, who established his order there, and his successors have kept possession of it since that time \*.

“ But to return to myself, we experienced some difficulties before we could gain an audience with the grand master; for the Maltese so much fear a surprisal, that they admit strangers with the greatest precaution; however, we at length succeeded, offered our presents, and acquainted him with the vow my brother had made. The grand master was touched with the sacrifice of his self-devoted knight, and pleased with our piety, overwhelmed us in return with the greatest generosity.

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\* Malta was in the year 1799 taken by the French, but has been since retaken by the English, under whose protection it now is.



"We received from him five pieces of cotton, cinnamon in large quantities, goat skins, jewels, &c. and set sail, after having stayed in the island three weeks, which we passed in the palace itself, near the grand master.

"As my brother had some affairs to negotiate with the Spanish merchants of the isle of Minorca\*. We steered towards *Port Mahon*, hoping to conclude our voyage as prosperously as we had begun it; but at the height of Mazarina, or thereabouts, we were overtaken by a very dreadful storm. The pilot took the sails from the yard, and top gallant mast, both which were broken, and orders were given to lower them and take down the rigging, when a dreadful rock appeared above the water. The watch gave the alarm, and

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\* This island is now in the possession of the English.



at the same instant, the vessel was driven with fury against it. A cry of despair succeeded, and the vessel began to fill rapidly with water. In this deplorable situation the captain ordered the long boat to be put to sea, and my brother who was giving some orders, conjured me to get into it; I complied, but not seeing him immediately follow, more uneasy on his account than my own, I attempted to reascend the ship in order to seek him; but in doing this, my foot slipped, and I fell into the sea. I know not whether in the confusion I was perceived or not, all that I remember is, that I struggled against the waves, and swam till my strength being wholly exhausted, I lost my senses.

“ I recovered them, only to bewail my existence, for, judge of my surprise and anguish, to find myself upon the  
deck



deck of an Algerine galley, surrounded by barbarians, who had preserved me from the waves only to deprive me of the most precious of all blessings—liberty. To what a state of despair was I reduced, I had lost all in my brother, of whose fate I was ignorant, and was reduced to the condition of a slave ! I understood from a Frenchman, one of my companions in misery, that I had fallen into the hands of a most inhuman pirate, a slave-dealer ; and that, on my arrival at Algiers, I should be sold to the first bidder. I could not restrain my groans and lamentations, to silence which one of the barbarous wretches applied to my shoulder some strokes with a leather thong, which soon made me silent.

“ I will not detail my sufferings during the voyage, suffice it to say, that I  
was



was exposed to sale in the open air with my comrades, and purchased by a rich taylor, who designed teaching me his trade, and making me work at it. I followed my master to his house, and, from this moment, was busied in the most servile labours. I remained here a year, at the end of which my master, *Saadel*, satisfied that I had no genius for his profession, and despairing of ever qualifying me to make his vests and dolimans, sold me to a grammarian, and my task now was to write all day barbarous words, which I could only copy without comprehending ; sometimes it was a dialect of Arabic, sometimes a sort of mixed dialect composed of Italian, French, and Spanish, and blows were ever sure to follow any mistake. I did not, however, remain long here ; a rich slave-merchant of the

H

city



city of Fez, passing through Algiers, paid a visit to my master, and was so enchanted with the manner in which I had copied his manuscripts, that he purchased me at a very high price, and carried me with him to Fez.

“*Digy Foleb*, which was the name of my master, was not void of humanity ; I recounted to him my history, which interested him so much, that he offered to give me my freedom, and keep me with him as a friend, if I would abjure Christianity ; this I refused, but he gave me his word he would never sell me unless to a humane master.

“*Digy Foleb* frequently travelled at a great expence, to inform himself of the customs, and manners of other countries. In these journies I was his constant companion, and enjoyed many  
4 privileges ;



privileges; we travelled together through all Barbary, Tripoli, Biledulgerid, Morrocco, &c. and returned to Fez, where my master was settled. What more shall I say? with *Digy Foleb* I passed twenty years of my life! twenty years did I endure slavery! at the end of that period my master died, and, by his will, left freedom to all his slaves: I was particularly distinguished by a donation of two hundred sequins. Transported to find myself once more free, I procured passports and set out for *Ceuta*, from whence I meant to embark for Europe.

Unfortunately in my route, I was obliged to cross a little desert of some leagues, very dangerous from the incursions of the wandering Arabs: I had the half of my money in my buskins, but this did not prevent my being robbed; two hours before I arrived



rived at *Ceuta*, I was met by a band of robbers, who stripped me, not only of my money, but of the clothes I had on. Surely I was born for misfortune! but the will of Heaven be done.

“ In this destitute situation I had no other resource than to apply, on my arrival at *Ceuta*, to the bishop: to him I communicated my distress, and the good Spaniard clothed me, gave me ten ducats and recommended me to the captain of a vessel that was going to sail for Cadiz; but this was not enough; it was necessary that I should think of providing for my existence: an Arab whom I met upon the wharf, suggested to me the means, offering me for a moderate sum, four very tame and well-trained monkeys.

The



“The trade he proposed was not agreeable to me, but I was constrained for the present to adopt it; I therefore paid the money, caged my little animals, and embarked.

“At Cadiz I exhibited my monkies, and gained some money. Encouraged by this success, I travelled with them through New Castile, Old Castile, Arrogan and Navarre; my design was then to go to Paris, thinking I had no longer any thing to fear from the Jesuits, since more than twenty years of labour and misery, had wrought such a change in my person, that it was almost impossible to know me. I felt a strong inclination to return and end my days there; but I resolved first to make some little excursions, in the middle and other provinces, to try if I could not there pick up some money.



ney. One day as I was exhibiting in the great square at Moulins, I perceived that the attention of the spectators was drawn from my monkies, to two children, a boy and a girl, about twelve or thirteen years of age, who were dancing the *Bourée of Auvergne*, Curiosity led me to approach, with the rest, and I could not help smiling at their little leaps and gambols, so truly characteristic of their country; but I was above all, struck with the air of simplicity and candour that appeared in their innocent countenances. I followed them to the inn where they lodged, accosted them, and learnt that they were poor orphans, who had nothing to depend on but their little songs and gambols for a subsistence.

“The thought immediately struck me that my company would be improved  
by



by the talents of the little Auvergnâts; I therefore proposed uniting our fortunes, and my proposal being accepted, we set out together for Paris. Here finding that my monkies produced me more expence than profit, I sold them, and began to think of adopting some other plan for a livelihood.

“ In the mean time, my little mountaineers daily went into the squares and court-yards, to display their talents, and every evening brought to me what they had gained in the day, with a fidelity that so much charmed me, and engaged my esteem, that I attached myself to them, with all the tenderness of a father. The children on their side, returned my affection, and I resolved studiously to cultivate the talents, I was persuaded they did not want, and was delighted to perceive



with what avidity they imbibed my instructions.

“ During this time I had made enquiries concerning my brother, and had heard with inexpressible joy, that he had escaped the shipwreck, but that his affairs detained him at Port-au-Prince: this I learnt from the landlord of his house at Marseilles. I immediately dispatched a letter to him, but at the end of a twelvemonth, I had the mortification to learn that the vessel, which was to convey it, had been lost, and consequently that my letter had never been delivered. I now therefore, dispatched another, which I flattered myself would be attended with better success, but three days after, all my hopes were frustrated. As I was slowly walking down one of the streets of Paris, I observed a man several times  
turn



turn and look at me, with an attention that implied a knowledge of me; at length accosting me,—“Sir,” said he, “excuse my freedom, but the resemblance you bear to a friend of mine, is so great that were I not convinced he is long since buried in the waves, I should believe he were before me.” “Sir,” said I, “oblige me with the name of your friend.” “The person I allude to,” said he, “was *Signor Bonnini*.”

“I am the very man,” said I, “How!” returned he, “is it possible? Can you be *Signor Bonnini*?” I assured him that I was, and he informed me that he was a passenger on board the vessel that conveyed me to Malta.



"I now in my turn recollected him, and inquired how they escaped the danger that seemed inevitable, when I fell over board.

"A sudden gust of wind," said he, "drove the vessel off the rock upon which it was striking; the tempest subsided, and the carpenter rectified our masts; but I shall never forget the grief of your brother, when he heard of the accident that had happened to you. I am told that he never ceased to lament you till the day of his death."

"His death!" I exclaimed, "Oh Heavens! my dear Francisco is not dead?" "I am sorry to be the messenger of ill news," replied the stranger; "but your brother died three weeks ago on his passage to Marseilles." I could not restrain my tears at these melancholy



melancholy tidings; but being somewhat recovered, my friend continued—  
“ He leaves an ample fortune, do not delay, dear sir, a moment to set out for Marseilles, and make your claim; for your brother has left neither wife nor child, consequently you are his heir.” I thanked my friend for his advice, but frankly acknowledged to him, that I had not money to defray the expences of the journey. How was I surprised when he drew out his purse, and entreated me to accept twelve louis; I at first refused, but he pressed me with such friendly warmth, that I complied, promising to remit that sum to him, when I should arrive at Marseilles.

“ In the evening I communicated my intended journey to my little Mountaineers, and two days after we de-



parted together; but, alas, on our way an accident happened which has, I fear, separated us for ever. About three leagues from Moulins, a dreadful storm obliged us to take shelter in a forest, where night overtook us and we lost our way. After wandering some time, a light, which I ought to have been aware was no other than the *ignis fatuus*, or *Will-with'-the-wisp*, deluded me to the brink of a precipice, into a gulf, which in reality proved to be no other than a sort of well made in the form of a quarry. The ground softened by the rain, in my fall, bruised without wounding me; but I found myself sunk up to the neck in a pool, which the rain had formed at the bottom. As my recollection by degrees returned, I endeavoured, supporting myself against the walls, to disengage myself from the quagmire; the farther



ther I advanced, the more I felt the ground gradually rise beneath my feet, and at the end of fifty paces, I found myself out of water. It was totally dark, but I advanced without meeting with any obstacle, and at length after proceeding more than three hours, in this dark subterraneous place, I felt one step, then two, then a third. Joy seized my heart, I ascended this dark stair-case, and at the summit, to my unexpressible joy, found myself in the forest, but doubtless at a great distance from the place where I had fallen into the well. I first thanked Heaven for my deliverance, and then fatigued as I was, began to search for my poor children, whose loss gave me the most lively uneasiness. I passed the remainder of the night, and the whole of the next day, beating the forest, without meeting any, except  
a band



a band of robbers, who justly presuming by my appearance that I was poor, did not attack me.

“ Having in vain searched every part of the forest, I left it overwhelmed with regret, and pursued my inquiries at Moulins and all the cities through which I passed, but alas, with the same ill success. At length I arrived at Marseilles, where I hoped that all my pecuniary cares, at least, would have an end; but how was I deceived! my brother, I understood on my arrival, had left considerable effects, but that thinking me dead, he had bequeathed all to his partner, to whom he was much attached, and who resided at St. Domingo. Thus were all the sanguine expectations I had formed, in an instant destroyed, and I was still doomed to poverty and wandering!

My



My thoughts were wholly centered in my little James and Georgette, and I can truly say, that however great my disappointment relative to my brother's property, it was small in comparison to what I felt for their loss. I resolved still to continue my search after them, and though I have hitherto been unsuccessful I still hope one day to——"

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Here Madame de Claret ceased—Bonnin had continued his narrative no farther—and the children, whose eyes had repeatedly filled with tears during the recital, now broke out into the most tender exclamations. "Dear, good Bonnin!" said Georgette, "do you hear, James, he was more grieved for the loss of us, than of his fortune; how good! oh if we had but known it had been he!" Ah, said James, "he little thought we were so near him! He is  
very



very poor, Georgette—that grieves me more than all. I am sure he deserves to be rich; for who except our dear lady, is so wise and good. Madame de Claret was pleased with the affection and sensibility they discovered, and lamented with them the unlucky chance which had put it out of her power to make them happy by alleviating the distresses of their friend.

“He appears to be a man of sense and learning,” continued she, “but seems to have made an ill use of the talents he possesses.”

“How, madam!” exclaimed the children, (surprised and hurt at any reflection on the conduct of their friend,) made an ill use of them!” “Far be it from me, my children,” said Madame de Claret, “to lessen in your esteem



esteem a man whose affection claims from you the warmest gratitude, and the highest veneration ; I am myself strongly prepossessed in favour of Bonnin ; who, appears to have an excellent heart, and a fund of learning ; but his misfortunes, I repeat it, are in a great measure owing to his imprudence. He appears to have studied rather from the vanity of possessing the sciences, than with the laudable view of obtaining any settled establishment. Let his fate, therefore, my children, teach you to avoid his errors, and encourage that steady perseverance, which is necessary to success in every undertaking,

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CHAP. VIII.

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TWELVE months had elapsed since James and Georgette had enjoyed the protection of Madame de Claret, whose affection for them daily increased ; while, on their side, it was returned with a warmth and gratitude which rendered them deserving of every favour she conferred. It was her design to provide amply for her little protégées ; but alas ! before this benevolent intention was put in execution, a paralytic stroke deprived her of her intellects ; and,  
having



having lingered three months in this deplorable state, she died, to the universal regret of all who knew her, but more especially of James and Georgette; who, during her malady, had attended her with every mark of the most dutious and tender affection.

Upon the death of Madam de Claret, her fortune devolved to her brother, who was, in all respects, totally unlike herself: he had ever looked with a malignant eye upon the acts of charity which his sister daily performed, to the detriment, he said, of her fortune, which he hoped, one day, to possess; far, therefore, from feeling any regret for her loss, he considered her death as a most fortunate event, thinking, that the longer she lived, the more her fortune would be diminished; her funeral, therefore, was no sooner over, than



than he sent his own steward, with orders to take possession of every thing ; to lose no time in raising the rents of the tenants, and to clear the house of all his sister's old servants and dependents ; poor James and Georgette were included in the number, and, with the rest, prepared to obey this cruel order.

They were now left again to struggle with the world, without friends and without money ; what were they to do ? “ Oh,” said they, weeping, “ if we did but know where to find Bonnin !”

“ Well, sister,” said James, “ do not cry, who knows but we *may* find him.”

“ But what shall we do for our bread ?” said Georgette.”

“ We



"We can do but one thing," said James, "we must take up our old trade of dancing the *Montagnard*; you know we have our old clothes, we kept them that we might not grow proud, and forget that we were poor orphans; do not let us be ashamed of them, sister."

"No," said Georgette, "I have often looked at them, and thought, though we were poor, how chearful and happy we were when we wore them; but, somehow, now——"

"My dear sister," said James, "we have no other resource; remember what my father Denis said to us, 'Every trade is honourable when followed by an honest man.' Why, then, should we be ashamed of returning to our old trade? besides, who knows but we may find Bonnin."

"Ah,



"Ah," said Georgette, "if we could but find Bonnin!"

"Well," said James, "we will try, however; do not be cast down, sister, consider how much more unhappy we should have been, had our dear lady dismissed us for any fault."

"Very true, brother," said Georgette, "but she loved us to the last; had she lived—but we must not think of that: I am ready to go where you please."

They now went to the coffer where they had preserved their old garments, and James was soon equipt in his coarse brown waistcoat, spatterdashes, and round hat; while Georgette exchanged her muslin frock, and laced cap, for her coarse jacket, red mob, and



and the little apron, which the curate of *Sauzet's* housekeeper had given her upon their first setting out from their mountains: thus attired, they descended the great stair-case, and went to bid Victor farewell.

"My poor children," said the good old man, "is it come to this! little did my poor lady think—you shall not go; stay with me, I will work for you."

"No, good Victor," said James and Georgette, "we thank you, but we are better able to work than you. Farewell, good Victor, we shall always remember your kindness—farewell."

"But, stay, my children," said Victor, "have you any money?"

"We



"We have about a louis between us."

"A louis!" repeated Victor, "is that all? Poor innocents! lend me your purse to count."

James held out the purse, and the good old servant, turning on one side, put six louis into the purse, and returned it.

"Victor," said James, "what have you been doing, 'we had only a louis between us, and here are seven!'"

"Go, go," said Victor, "you have miscounted."

"But, generous Victor, this is not ours, we will not take it."

"Indeed,



"Indeed, but you shall," said Victor, "there, put it in your doublet, James, and keep it close; let no one know that you have so much."

"But, Victor, we will not; indeed, we will not take your earnings; you want it more than we do."

"It is because you are proud and despise poor Victor."

"Despise you, Victor!" said George, "Oh, you know us better; but indeed we will not rob you."

"Go, go, I have enough," said Victor, "I insist——"

"Well, but Victor—indeed——"

Victor would take no refusal; but, with tears in his eyes, bade them farewell



at the end of the avenue that led from the mansion. Two roads lay before them; the one led to their native mountains, and the other to *Moulins*; Bonnin, they remembered, had taken the latter, and they resolved to pursue his steps.

Grief, at leaving a spot where they had, for twelve months, been so kindly sheltered, and lost their benefactress, for some time kept them silent: with their sorrow was also mingled tears at parting with the good old servant, who had given them so strong a testimony of his regard. At length, having vented their feelings in tears, they began to console each other.

“Do not cry, Georgette,” said James, “there is happiness in a cottage, as well as in a fine castle; who knows  
but



but we may, one day, find Bonnin, you see he has not forgot us: he is still seeking us; I would not mind travelling throughout the whole world, could we once have the joy of meeting him; now our dear Madam de Claret is gone, we have no other friend but Bonnin in the world." "And Victor," said Georgette."—"Oh, yes, Victor," replied James, "how good, to take so much thought for us; six louis! it is a great deal for a poor servant; it cut me to the heart to take them."—"And so it did me," said Georgette, "but he would have it so—and how good! he offered to work for us."—"Ah," said James, "Victor and Bonnin are the only friends we have now in the world."

"And do you really think," said Georgette, "that we may find Bonnin?"



“ We will inquire for him at every place we come to,” said James, “ and we are sure he was four months ago at *Moulins* ; for you know it was only the week before our dear Madam de Claret was taken ill, that he slept in her house.”

Pursuant to this resolution, our mountaineers, upon arriving at *Moulins*, inquired of all they met, after a poor traveller, who had passed through the city in the month of December last ; some laughed at the simplicity of their questions and others paid no attention, but turned away from them ; one old woman alone recollected such a man as they described.

“ I do not boast of my hospitality,” said she, “ but I lodged him two nights.



in my hut. Poor dear man, he had experienced many misfortunes, he knew my late husband at Algiers."

“ At Algiers ! ” exclaimed the children, “ oh, it is certainly he ; can you tell us what is become of him ? ”

“ He was going to Paris,” replied the old woman; “ but let me see, that is four months ago.” “ But are you sure, said James, that he was going to Paris?” “ He said so,” returned the old woman. James and Georgette were delighted with this information; they thanked the old woman for her intelligence, and set forward with renewed spirits.

“ He may not yet have left Paris,” said James, “ or, if he has, we may find him there.”



there, perhaps, hear news of him. Conversing thus they continued their route for some hours, but at length grew so fatigued that they despaired before night of reaching *St. Piere le Moutier*, where they had resolved to sleep.

In the mean time four men overtook them upon the road, one of whom, looking upon Georgette, turned to his companions and exclaimed, "Look at that pretty little girl, I have not seen one so handsome this many a day."

"In truth is she," returned another, "and the little man is not amiss neither—where are you going my pretty children?"

"To Paris, sir," said James.

"What



"What, on foot!" exclaimed the traveller, "oh yes," said James, we have been this road before, and we walk very slowly.

"You come from Auvergne, do you not?" said the stranger. "Yes, sir," said James, from *Sauzet le Froid*. "And what are you going to do at Paris, to starve?"

"Why should we starve, sir," returned James, "we have hands, and with the assistance of God, can work."

"You are too handsome, my dear to work," said another, to Georgette; "those fine eyes and that lovely bloom should make your fortune."

Though Georgette had a good understanding, and an excellent heart, she



was not proof against this flattery; her vanity was gratified, and she could not forbear thinking the persons who complimented her thus, uncommonly civil and obliging. This favourable impression was increased by the offer of a louis, which she refused, to the surprise of the strangers. They, however, soon out-walked James and Georgette, who when alone, exclaimed upon their civility. "You see, James," said Georgette, that there are some good hearts in the world; how civil, and good-natured those gentlemen were! and how kind to offer us money!" "Yes," said James, but I was glad you did not take it, for we are now rich, Georgette, and we have no right to money from strangers till we have earned it."

"Very true, brother," said Georgette, "it was that made me refuse it."

Conversing



Conversing thus, they continued their way, but so slowly that night soon surprised them, and they made up to a public house which they perceived on one side of the road, and entering a large kitchen, modestly inquired if they could have a bed."

The landlord, replied in a surly tone, that it was impossible they could sleep there ; " four travellers arrived half an hour ago, (said he), and they occupy all the beds."

" Had not one of them a great brown riding coat, and a round hat on ?" said Georgette. " Yes," replied the landlord, " do you know them ?" " Oh yes," said Georgette, " we met them on the road ; they are good people."



"And where are you going my little man?" said the landlady, who sat by her husband."

"To Paris, madam," said James; "and if you could but let us sleep in any corner, we should be so much obliged to you! for we are afraid to travel farther, for fear of losing our way."

"Well, my poor children," said the landlady, "we have no beds, but you are welcome to sleep in the barn, if you can stretch yourselves on the trusses of straw."

"Thank you madam," said the children, "we do not wish for a better lodging."

"Ay,"



"Ay," said the good woman, "you seem much fatigued, and I doubt not will sleep very soundly. They now asked for some supper, and the landlady having set some frugal fare before them, when they had finished their meal, sent one of the servants to shew them into the barn.





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CHAP. IX.

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OVERCOME with weariness, James and Georgette stretched themselves side by side on the straw, and in a few minutes fell into a profound sleep, which would have continued till morning, had they not about midnight been disturbed by the sound of several voices near them. They listened surprised, and soon found to their inexpressible terror, that a plot was laid by a gang of villains to rob the house, and that they meant to set fire to the barn, in order to facilitate



itate their purpose. James and Georgette lay trembling with horror, scarcely venturing to move or breathe, when one of the gang taking the candle of his dark lanthorn, approached some trusses of straw which he had heaped together, and set them on fire. In an instant all was in a blaze, volumes of flame and smoke forced their way through the windows and roof, and threatened all with destruction. James and Georgette would have perished had they not seized a favourable moment to make their escape, and ran hand in hand screaming from the barn. The robbers hearing their cries, and imagining (such is the effect of guilt) that the barn was filled with people, ran precipitately towards the house, where their comrades had given the alarm. The landlord, his wife, and servants, awakened out of their sleep, flocked



flocked to the burning building, while the villains seized that opportunity, to rifle the house and make their escape, carrying off gold, jewels, plate, furniture, and every thing on which they could lay their hands. James and Georgette joined the people, who were endeavouring to extinguish the flames, little apprehensive of the misfortune that awaited them; but they were soon roused by the appearance of the landlord, who quite beside himself, exclaimed, "it is these little wretches, who have set fire to the barn; they are in league with the villains, and have facilitated to them the means of robbing my house. Justice! justice!—I am ruined."

Poor James and Georgette, scarcely believing what they heard, were immediately seized by two servants belonging to the farm, who shut them in a stable,



stable, while a third went to seek the magistrate of the district, who lived about a league from thence. For some moments they were unable to speak; at length James exclaimed, "Oh Heavens! they think we have set fire to the barn!" "Is it possible!" said Georgette, "what will become of us!—we are undone."

"Do not weep, sister," said James, endeavouring to suppress his tears, "if it please God he can make known our innocence"

"Yes, brother, he is our only friend," sighed Georgette, "he alone knows our most secret thoughts; he does not judge as men do."

As they conversed thus, the door of the stable opened with a great noise,  
and



and the landlord entered, followed by four officers of the police: "where are the little wretches?" said they; "they shall be made to declare their accomplices, and undergo the punishment due to their crimes." "It was not we, sir," said the poor children "indeed it was not we."

"Troop rascals, troop!"—said the men, driving them before them, "we shall soon see whether it be you or not."

James, in vain asserted their innocence, and Georgette endeavoured to soften the hearts of their persecutors, by tears and supplications; the inhuman guards without respect to their age, or innocence loaded them with chains, and forced them along with them. The night was far advanced, but the flames of the barn were so bright



bright that the whole road to Moulins was enlightened. On their arrival at this city, they were taken to the house of the intendant, who first took the depositions of the landlord and his servants. The supposed culprits were next brought before him and examined. "Wretches," said he in a severe tone, "discover to me instantly the villains, who have induced you to commit this horrid crime." "Indeed, sir," said the children trembling, "we do not know them."

"This is evidently false," said the intendant, "for when the landlord, last night spoke to you of them, you replied *they were very good people.*"

"We met them on the road," said James, "they spoke kindly to us, and, as it appeared, stopped at the same house



house we did : indeed, sir, this is all we know."

" This is a very fine story, indeed," said the intendant, " then pray, if you really know nothing of these people, who employed you to set fire to the barn?"

" It was not we, sir, it was the men that were in the barn," said James, " indeed, sir, we know nothing of them." He then, as well as his present agitation would permit, related the conversation they had heard among the robbers, and the terror with which it had inspired them."

The intendant listened attentively; but, after a few minutes replied—" on my word this is a well-arranged story, but not, however, very probable. I see  
very



very well that you are novices in the art of deceiving; for, supposing these men came, as you say, to set fire to the barn, why did you not at that instant, endeavour to make your escape?"

"Oh, sir," said James, "the fear of being killed by the thieves, who were close to the place where we lay, and must have heard and seen us if we had attempted to get away——"

"These are no reasons at all," said the intendant.

"But, sir," said James, emboldened by the consciousness of innocence, "if we had been concerned with those villains, why did we not make our escape as they did? but we never left the spot, and did all we could to assist in extinguishing the fire, as the landlord  
and



and all the servants can testify, if they speak truth; it is not likely, sir, we should have done this had we set fire to the barn."

"How subtle the little fellow is," said the intendant; "he supports his cause ingeniously; but I have too much experience in these things to be imposed on; it is a common contrivance of the guilty to press forward to the assistance of those they have injured, in order to escape suspicion; besides, child, when you were searched six louis d'or were found upon you; how should such a poor boy as you come by such a sum?—not honestly I am sure; I fear it is the bribe that induced you to commit this horrid crime."

"Indeed, sir," said James, "those louis belong to us; they were given us  
by



by a generous man who, unhappily for us, is a great many miles off." "A great many miles off!" said the intendant, "yes, I dare say he is. Go, go, child, you have too much art to succeed with me; your simplicity would have made me hesitate, but your subtilty confirms the accusations that are laid against you—go," said he, turning to the guards, "take them to prison, and to-morrow the rack shall draw from them a confession of their crime, and the names of their accomplices."

James did not weep; the injustice of the sentence excited in his heart an indignation, which he had never before felt. "Come, sister," said he, taking Georgette by the arm, "let us no longer have any hope but in the Almighty, who better knows the truth than all the judges upon earth."

The



The intendant's orders were immediately executed ; poor James and Georgette were carried to separate dungeons, and endured inexpressible anguish at this cruel separation. James thought only of his sister, and she was agonized by the idea that her brother was, perhaps, undergoing the torture which the intendant had threatened ; their only hope was in that Being, who, they had been taught, watched over the innocent, and could deliver them from the deepest misery.

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CHAP.



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CHAP. X.

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THE intendant, though stern and severe, was neither cruel nor unjust; ever on his guard against deception, he took as many precautions before he absolved the innocent, as before he condemned the guilty. Notwithstanding the austerity he had assumed, he was, in reality, favourably impressed by the air of candour and innocence which shone in the countenances of James and Georgette; and he had threatened



threatened them with the rack merely to intimidate them. He was unwilling, strong as the proofs might be, to believe two children, so young, capable of perpetrating so black a crime; and, before he condemned, resolved carefully to investigate all the circumstances. He had, a short time before, married a wife, on whose good sense and judgment he placed great reliance; to this lady he recounted the adventure of the young mountaineers, and she, moved with compassion, begged she might be permitted to examine them, thinking the truth might be more easily obtained by private interrogations, than in a public court of justice, where terror was likely to deprive them of all recollection. The intendant readily granted her request, and the jailors had orders to bring them before her.

What



What was the terror of poor James and Georgette when they heard the door of their dungeon open ! they doubted not but their enemies were come to carry them to the rack, and that they were on the point of undergoing the most excruciating tortures.

They followed their guides, in silent horror, into the apartment of Madame, who made signs to the jailors to leave them alone with her, and having looked stedfastly upon them, exclaimed, "surely those countenances are familiar to me ! yes, I am not mistaken ; did I not, my children, about two years ago, meet you at *Nevers*, in company with a sensible old man named Bonnin ?"

At the name of Bonnin, the children, who had not yet ventured to raise

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their



their eyes from the ground, looked up, and, in the wife of the intendant, recollected the young lady, whom they had met at the inn, when they were travelling to *Marseilles* with that dear friend.

“ Ah ! madam,” said they, “ is it you ?”

“ What is become of that good old man ?” said the lady.

“ Alas, madam,” said James, “ we have lost him.”

“ And you have been capable of connecting yourselves with these villains, who have abused your youth, and seduced you to commit this horrid crime !”

“ Ah,



"Ah, madam," said James, "do not think us so wicked; indeed, indeed, we are innocent—innocent, madam, as yourself."

"If that be really the case," said the lady, "I will see justice done you; prove to me you are innocent——"

"Ah, madam," said the children, "how can we prove it? the intendant will not believe us, and our friends are so far off——"

"Well," said the lady, "be composed—sit down, and relate to me every particular that has happened to you since the day I saw you at *Nevers*."

James, encouraged by the kindness of the lady, sat down beside her, and



gave a particular account of all that had befallen him and his sister, not only since the day they were with Bonnin at *Nevers*, but from the time they departed from *Sauzet le Froid*, their native village. "So you see, madam," said he, as he concluded, "the six louis were ours."

"Poor children," said the lady, affected even to tears by their artless narrative, "dry your tears, since you are innocent you have nothing to fear: I will speak to the intendant."

"But, madam," said Georgette, "he will not believe——"

"Leave that to me," said the lady, "we will think of some means."

With



With these words, she left the poor children, penetrated with gratitude, and revived by hope.

"My dear," said she, addressing her husband, "these poor babes are innocent; they are the very children for whom you may have heard me say I was, two years ago, so much interested at *Nevers*."

"But, my dear," said the intendant, "they may be the children you saw at *Nevers*, and not be the less guilty; take care that pity does not mislead you."

"No, it does not mislead me," said Madame Tourville, "I am convinced they are innocent; they have related to me their story, and indeed, it is truly  
K 3                      pitiable :



pitiable : do, send for the boy, and let him repeat the particulars ; these six louis were really given them by an old domestic in the service of Madame Claret, who is lately dead, and who, for a year, fostered them in her family ; poor children, I am convinced they are innocent, and so will you, my dear sir, if you will hear their artless tale."

James was now sent for, and was ordered, by his benefactress, to repeat to the intendant, all he had just recounted.

"Tell him, my poor child," said the lady, "all that has happened ; tell him how frightened you were when those villains set the barn on fire."

"I have heard all that, my dear," said the intendant ; "but it is no proof ;



however, child, do not be frightened, if you are really innocent, you speak to a friend, who will make every exertion to prove you so."

James, who could not help trembling at the sight of the intendant, encouraged by these words, and the presence of his kind friend, Madame Tourville, repeated his little narrative, with so much simplicity and grace, that the intendant, notwithstanding his natural severity, could not listen unmoved.

When James had ended, he turned to his lady, and observed to her, "I am inclined as you are, to believe the truth of their story, but it is not in my power to release them without more substantial evidence than their bare word; the innkeeper, the witnesses, all restrain me; one only course remains, and that



is, to send for the old servant from whom they received the *louis*, which testify so strongly against them.

The countenance of James and his sister discovered an expression of joy at this proposal, which still more confirmed the intendant in the opinion of their innocence; their only fear was, that Victor might have left the house of his old mistress, as they knew he was to do in the course of a few days. Their good friend, Madame Tourville, however, comforted them with the assurance, that should that even be the case, the intendant would spare no expence or trouble to find him.

How different was the situation of poor James and Georgette now, and a few hours before! Terror and despair had given place to gratitude and joy.  
By



By the interest of their protectors they were not remanded to their dungeons, but suffered to remain in the house of the intendant, where they lived on the best, and were noticed in the kindest manner by the lady and every one.

In the mean time, a messenger was dispatched for honest Victor, who had, fortunately, not left the mansion. The good old man was shocked and alarmed beyond the power of words to express, when he heard the danger to which his young friends were exposed; he immediately departed with the messenger, and, lest his testimony should not be sufficient, engaged two of the other old servants, who had lived with Madame Claret, to go with him.



On his arrival at the house of the intendant, he fell upon the neck of James and Georgette, and dissolving into tears, gave a full testimony of their innocence, by confirming the truth of what they had said relative to the six louis, and their sojourn during a year in the house of Madame Claret, as did also the others who accompanied him.

The inn-keeper, at whose suit they were detained, was sent for to witness all that passed, and confessed himself satisfied that they were innocent of the crime laid to their charge; to conclude, he joined in entreating the intendant to set them at liberty, a request which he very readily granted.

What was the joy of James and Georgette at this moment! their honour



nour was restored, they were caressed by every one, and at liberty again to depart in search of their beloved Bonnin ; but, Madame Tourville, understanding their intention, addressed them in these words ;—“ My dear children, I admire the goodness of your hearts, which shines conspicuous in the gratitude and affection you discover for the friend of your youth, but the clue you have to trace him by, is so very uncertain, that little hope can be entertained of your success ; you say, that you have been informed, Bonnin was, four months ago, certainly travelling to *Paris* ; admitting it to be so, he may have left that city before you reach it ; or, should he even remain there, *Paris* is a large place, in which you may wander long without meeting the friend you seek ; in short, my children, you may in vain pursue Bon-



nin from city to city, and from province to province, and, in pursuing this wandering, unsettled life, may acquire habits of idleness which will unfit you for any creditable establishment; listen, therefore, to what I propose: Providence has led you, as it were, by the hand, through a scene of perplexity and trouble to friends who are willing and able to protect you; I have spoken to the intendant, who, at my request, James, will put you under his secretary, that you may be rendered capable of filling some respectable station; and you, Georgette, shall be my little friend and assistant in the cares of my family."

James and Georgette were struck dumb with amazement and gratitude at a proposal, so far surpassing their expectations; for the moment Bonnin was banished from their remembrance; but,



but, as they became more calm, his kindness, his anxious pursuit of them, expressed in his manuscript, again returned to their recollection, and the name of Bonnin was articulated by both with an expression that convinced the lady they knew not whether to lament or rejoice at an event, which they considered would preclude all hope of being re-united to that dear and faithful friend. "My good children," said she, "the affection you feel for Bonnin is too laudable not to be encouraged and gratified; the intendant has a friend at *Paris*, who, at my request, will, I know, make every inquiry after him; I will write immediately, and through his exertions, am convinced, if Bonnin be at *Paris*, we shall hear tidings of him."

James



James and Georgette were delighted; they threw themselves on their knees before their protectress, and could only express their happiness by a flood of tears; the intendant entered at this moment, and, pleased with their sensibility, confirmed what his lady had said respecting their intentions in their favour..

James and his sister once more laid aside their old garments, for others more suited to the good fortune which awaited them. Victor, who had received permission of the intendant to remain at his house till he had recovered the fatigue of his journey, was almost out of his wits with joy to hear that his young friends had found such warm friends; nor had he less reason to rejoice on his own account, for the intendant perceived so much real worth.



worth in his conduct to James and Georgette, that he recommended him to a nobleman of large fortune, who, at the end of five years, died, and left him a provision for life.





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CHAP. XI.

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FIVE months elapsed, during which James and Georgette every day still more conciliated the esteem and affection of their benefactors; James made a rapid progress in writing and accounts, and Georgette recompensed her kind friend, Madame Tourville, for the pains she took in instructing her, by advancing rapidly in history, geography and needle-work. The happiness of our little friends would have been complete, could they have been  
easy



easy concerning the fate of Bonnin; but notwithstanding all the exertions of the intendant's friend, no tidings had been obtained of him. Time however, which brings surprising things to light, at length revived their hopes, at a moment when it was least expected. One morning at breakfast, Madame Tourville, in the gazette, read aloud the following advertisement, "In the month of September, 1593, James and Georgette, the children of Denis Lemoine, of Sauzet le Froid, were separated from their friend in the forest of Juna; whoever can give information of the said Auvergnats, is desired to apply to the publisher of this paper, who is possessed of information that may prove to their advantage."

What were the feelings of James and Georgette, when Madame Tourville read



read the paragraph! "'Tis Bonnin," exclaimed they, at the same instant; "who but Bonnin could inquire about us."

"I am of the same opinion," said Madame Tourville, "I believe it to be your friend; I will immediately write to Paris, that proper inquiries may be made."

"Dear Madam," said Georgette, kissing her hand, "how good you are! how shall we ever make you amends for all your kindness to such poor orphans as we."

"How indeed," said James; "what will Bonnin say!—dear, good Bonnin. I am sure it is he—he cannot forget poor James and Georgette."

It



It is easy to imagine how anxious our mountaineers were till the post arrived, which was to bring news from the intendant's friend; a letter at length arrived informing them that he had made the desired inquiries, at the post-office, and had been directed to a Mr. Nevers, who informed him that he had been commissioned to insert that advertisement, but that he was not at liberty to give particulars unless it were to the parties themselves, and that if they were at a distance, he would willingly advance money for the expence of their journey to the metropolis.

This letter damp't the spirits of James and Georgette; "then, said they, with a sigh, 'tis not Bonnin: Yet, who else can take such an interest in our fate? perhaps some friend who remembers us when we were with Madame de Claret."

"Well,



"Well, (said the intendant), we can say nothing upon the subject.—Farmer Luc is going to Paris, in a few days; we must put you under his care, and M. Bague, meaning their friend at Paris, will go with you to this Mr. Nevers."

What the intendant proposed, was done; the farmer readily took them under his protection, and the following week they set out for Paris. M. Bague who had been apprised of their arrival by a letter from the intendant, received them with the greatest kindness, and the next day went with them to the house of M. Nevers. They were shewn into a genteel apartment, and we may imagine how great was their impatience and curiosity; but every sensation gave place to that of surprise and joy, on the entrance of Mr. Nevers, in  
whom



whom they beheld Bonnin himself. An exclamation of surprise succeeded, and they were instantly in the arms of their friend. For some minutes each was unable to speak ; but at length growing more calm, " Dear Bonnin," said they, " do we indeed see you again !—why did you not tell us"—Bonnin waved every reply to this question, but expressed his joy at having found them. " I have suffered much on your account, my children," said he, " but this happy meeting repays all my uneasiness ; I resolved to leave no means untried, nor any corner of the world unsearched, till I found you."

" We know it dear Bonnin," said the children.

" *You know it !*" repeated Bonnin, surprised.

" Yes,"



"Yes," replied James, "we have the manuscript you lost, near a twelve-month ago, at the chateau of Madame de Claret."

"The manuscript!" said Bonnin, still more surprised, "Yes indeed," said Georgette; "do you recollect sleeping there? would you believe it, we were in the very house at the time; how grieved we were to find that you were gone!" Bonnin expressed his astonishment at so unexpected an event; and M. Bague perceiving that his presence was a restraint upon them, said he would leave the young people till the evening, when he would call or send for them. The presence of a third person was in reality a restraint upon *Bonnin*, who, though so many years had elapsed, still feared the pursuit of the Jesuits, and had on that account

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changed



changed his name ; but M. Bague departed, all disguise was laid aside, and he acquainted James and Georgette with his reasons for changing his name, and also informed them that he was now possessed of an ample competency for life."

" Since you have read my manuscript," said he, " I need not repeat in what manner I escaped from the pit, nor the disappointment that awaited me at Marseilles ; my brother, as you know, thinking me dead, had bequeathed his fortune to his partner, and thus every hope of advantage on my side, seemed cut off. My thoughts, my children, nevertheless turned upon you ; 'tis true I had nothing but poverty to share with you ; but I loved you, and persuaded myself I was necessary to you for a guide and protector. I will not speak  
of



of my distresses ; of the straits to which I was reduced for a subsistence ; suffice it to say, that I was obliged to submit to the most menial occupations ; it was in one of these moments of extremity that I formed the design of once more taking up the pen, and publishing my life under the title of “ The Roman Adventurer.”

I persuaded myself I could render it interesting to the public, by interspersing an account of the various countries I had seen, and the observations I had made. Preparatory to this, I drew a rough sketch of the principle events, which were depicted in the manuscript you found in the chateau of Madame de Claret : I did not miss it till I was many miles on my way, and concluded I had lost it on the road ; but an event soon happened which produced a sur-

Prising



prising revolution in my affairs. While I thought myself a wretched outcast doomed to poverty and wretchedness, providence ever wise and good was preparing for me a fate prosperous and happy, far beyond my deserts, or most sanguine expectations: I had not been at Paris more than three days, when I was again accosted by that generous friend who, you doubtless remember, my children, supplied me with the ten louis to convey us to Marseilles."

"Oh, yes," said James, "we shall never forget that good man."

"Well," continued Bonnin, "he again proved my tutelary genius."  
 "Alas! M. Bonnin," said he, "shaking me by the hand, do I again see you in a garb so unbecoming your merit and family! I was proceeding to inform him

L

of



of the overthrow of my hopes; but he interrupted me by observing that he knew my brother had left his fortune to his partner, but added, that as M. D.—my brother's partner, had made such urgent inquiries after me, he was in hopes he had done something to render my situation more comfortable. I assured him I had never seen M. D—who I understood resided at St. Domingo.

“What!” replied my friend, “have you not seen him since his return? I answered in the negative, and he proceeded to inform me that to his knowledge my name had been several times inserted in the newspapers, and conjured me immediately to go to his house, which was not five hundred yards from the spot where we then were.



I did not reject this advice ; I thanked my friend for the generous interest he took in my affairs, and immediately proceeded to the house of M. D— Oh, my children, what shall I say of this generous this noble-minded man ! Ever ready to succour the distressed, my mean appearance did not preclude my admittance. I was immediately shewn into his apartment, where beaming an eye of compassion on my woe-worn countenance, he demanded my business, with an air of kindness, which seemed to invite the application my miserable appearance, no doubt, assured him I was going to make ; but when I named myself as the brother of Francisco Bonnini, and confirmed my right to the title by indisputable evidence, what various emotions of joy, compassion, surprise, were blended in his countenance ! He told me that the



last letter I wrote to my brother falling into his hands, informed him of my existence, and that he had immediately addressed a letter to me at the post-office ; but such was my ill-fortune, that my brother being dead, I had never thought of making inquiries for letters, I had no expectation of receiving. In short, to keep you no longer in suspense M. D— told me his resolution was to restore to me all my brother's property.

“Astonished at such unexpected generosity, I replied—“Ah, sir, far be it from me to require such a sacrifice ; a small part of the wealth he has left will satisfy me, and leave me through life your debtor.” “M. Bonnin,” said this generous man, “I admire your moderation, but cannot in justice avail myself of it: had our dear Francisco, your ever lamented brother, known that you had  
2 been



been alive, he would not have made me his heir; to his ignorance alone, I am indebted for the preference, and God forbid that I should take advantage of it to the detriment of one so near and so well beloved! In restoring what is your own, M. Bonnin, I perform only a simple act of justice, but to this is superadded the pleasure of executing the will of a beloved and respected friend, whose memory will be ever dear to me."

"Such were the sentiments of the generous M. D—, the partner of my brother.

"To conclude, my children, he immediately put me in possession of the whole of my brother's property, which I at present enjoy." "Oh what a generous, good man!" exclaimed Georgette, and James.



"I renewed my inquiries concerning you, my children," said Bonnin, "with greater eagerness; you had shared my poverty, how could I enjoy prosperity without you!"

"Oh dear Bonnin," said the children, kissing each a hand which they held, "how can we ever repay such kindness!"

"I repeatedly," said Bonnin, "inserted advertisements in the public papers, but none of them were successful till the last, which has completed my happiness by restoring you to me." James and Georgette now gave Bonnin a particular detail of what had happened to them since their unfortunate separation, in the course of which he could not but admire the providential interference of the Divine Being,



Being, who had successively raised them up friends to protect and advise them, especially in the last instance, when all seemed to conspire for their destruction. "Providence, my children," said he, "has blessed me, after a variety of cares and misfortunes, with an easy competency, which will enable me to indulge the dearest wish of my heart, that of providing for your future subsistence, and bestowing on you an education, which, if you be good and virtuous, will give you respectability in the world, and prove an endless source of mental pleasure to you; but such are your obligations to Madame and M. Tourville, that no step can, with propriety, be taken respecting you, without consulting them; I will therefore accompany you back to Moulins, that our proceedings may be sanctioned by the

L 4      approbation



approbation of such discerning and warm friends.’”

The day passed in such conversation, and in the evening, when M. Bague came to fetch them away, it was agreed that he should write to the intendant, and inclose a letter from Georgette, acquainting Madame Tourville with their happy re-union with their old friend, and his intention of accompanying them to Moulins the beginning of the ensuing week.

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CHAP.



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CHAP. XII.

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GEORGETTE having written, as it had been agreed, to Madame Tourville, at the time appointed, Bonnin, or, as we may now call him, M. Nēvers, set out with his young friends, for *Moulins*, where they were received and entertained by the intendant and his lady with the utmost kindness. After dinner, Madame Tourville, at the request of Georgette, restored Bonnin his manuscript, congratulating him upon the happy change that had taken place



place in his affairs, after so many vicissitudes of fortune. "Your life, M. Bonnin," continued she, "is a proof that talents and learning will not insure success."

"True, Madam," said Bonnin, "something more is necessary, *discretion* and *stability*. The talents I have possessed have, 'tis true, been rather detrimental to me than advantageous, but when I examine coolly into causes and effects, I cannot accuse the world of injustice, or insensibility; my intentions have indeed been upright, but I have wanted that steady perseverance which is necessary to success. When a young man I had more than one opportunity of procuring for myself a permanent establishment, but I had no sooner entered the path that was to conduct me to independence, than I forsook



forsook that for some other, and thus continually defeated the advantage which my abilities would have commanded. "My dear James and Georgette," continued he, "re-peruse my manuscript, and learn, by my errors, to cultivate that stability of character, without which the most shining abilities will neither procure you respectability nor success in the world. A sudden turn of fortune has, providentially, given me, at the close of my life, that independence which I ought to have gained by my talents; but, how many, splitting on the same rock that I have done, have languished out an old age of poverty, which, by consistency and exertion in their youth, might have been crowned with peace and independence.

An



“An English author, who had a wonderful insight into human nature, observes,

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 “Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,  
 “Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 “Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.”

After this, Bonnin conversed with M. and Madame Tourville concerning James and Georgette; he said, that his intention was, as he had no relations, at his death, to divide his fortune equally between them, and that the greatest happiness he could propose to himself was, the task of forming their minds and rendering them capable of doing honour to the rank they would maintain in the world.

Madame Tourville observed, that the young people could not be better situated



tuated than under the eye of one who was so deeply interested in their welfare ; but added, that Georgette's sex rendered a female protector necessary, as there were many little delicacies necessary to be attended to in the conduct of women which one of their own sex only could enter into.

Bonnin had too much good sense not to perceive the propriety of this observation ; he, therefore, requested Madame Tourville to procure a person of respectability, whom she thought equal to the task of assisting in Georgette's education ; this the lady readily undertook, and engaged the widow of an officer, a woman of sense and education, who returned, in the course of the following month, with them to Paris ; but what pleased the young people



people more than all was, that Bonnin, before he left Moulins, engaged a small house within three miles of the intendant's residence, to which he meant to return the ensuing spring; for, though many years had elapsed, he was still in fear lest the Jesuits should, by some accident, discover and again involve him in calamity; he, therefore, resolved to fix his residence at a distance from the metropolis, where he thought he should be more secure. He accordingly, at the end of three months, returned to Moulins, with his young pupils, who were delighted to be so near their good friends, M. and Madame Tourville; but Bonnin's fears respecting his old enemies the Jesuits, were soon put an end to, by an event as sudden as it was unexpected; this was no other than the total dispersion of their order  
by



by Henry IV, who was then King of France.

Nothing now interfered to disturb the felicity of this little society. Bonnin pursued the pleasing task of enlightening the minds of his beloved pupils, forming their judgment, and giving them that knowledge calculated to render them blessings to themselves, and to society; an employment which he would not have exchanged for the highest in the state.

James and Georgette continued to love him with all the tenderness due to the most affectionate parent, and, to his death, which did not happen till many years after, omitted no mark of tenderness or dutiful attention that could contribute to his happiness,



piness, or tend to express the grateful sense they entertained of his kindness.



J. CUNDEE, PRINTER,  
IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.



