

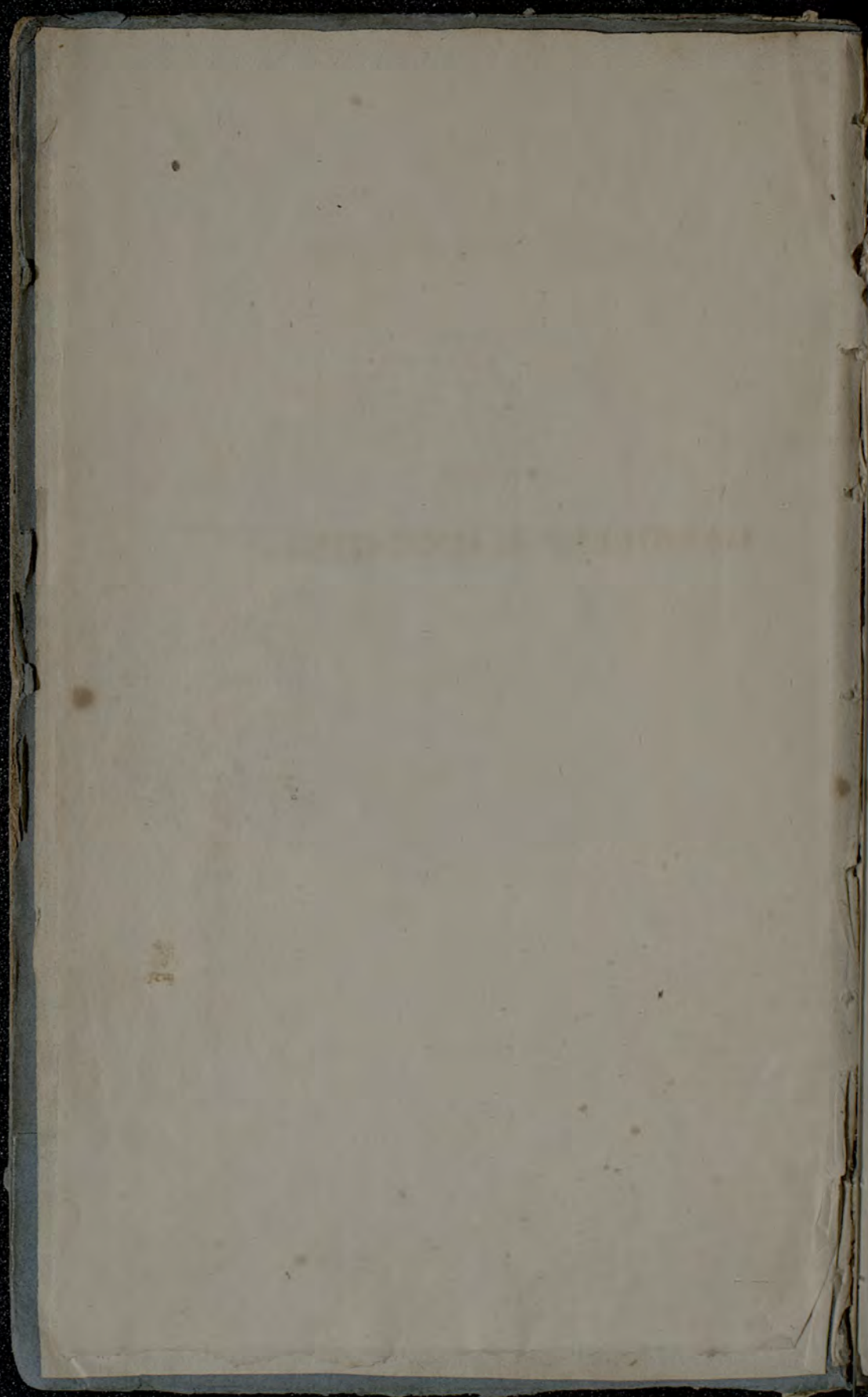
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GABRIELLE & AUGUSTINA.

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GABRIELLE & AUGUSTINA;

OR,

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

A Moral Tale

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Translated from the French

BY

MISS S. FLETCHER.

Coventry:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY N. MERRIDEW, CROSS-
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1811.

ADRIAN & ANTONIA

OF

THE NEW KENNEDY

A NEW

AND

THE NEW KENNEDY

THE NEW KENNEDY

THE NEW KENNEDY

THE NEW KENNEDY

THE NEW KENNEDY

THE NEW KENNEDY

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,
TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S
MOST DUTIFUL,
MOST OBEDIENT,
HUMBLE SERVANT,
S. FLETCHER.

THE HISTORY OF WALES

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PREFACE.

THE Translator of the following little work trusts to the candour of the public to pardon any errors which may have escaped her. She has no literary friend, and not only at a distance from the metropolis, but dependent on her own counsels and exertions. She is aiming at competency in a laborious walk of life. If there be any merit in her little volume, she trusts a generous and candid public will become its patrons.

To those who have honoured her by their patronage, she begs thus publicly to return her sincere thanks; and she hopes, that though many may object to this little volume as being a translation from the French, yet,

after reading it, she trusts their objections will be done away, by the purity of the moral, the innocency and simplicity of the language.

Should it fall into the hands of the reviewers, with whose censures and criticisms she has been threatened, still she rather wishes than fears it; as it is only the presuming and vain-glorious whom they lash. To those who rather court than defy their good opinion they will be merciful.

To Mr. Dimond, jun. she is indebted for the poetry; and it would be ungrateful as well as unjust not to thank him for his kindness to a stranger.

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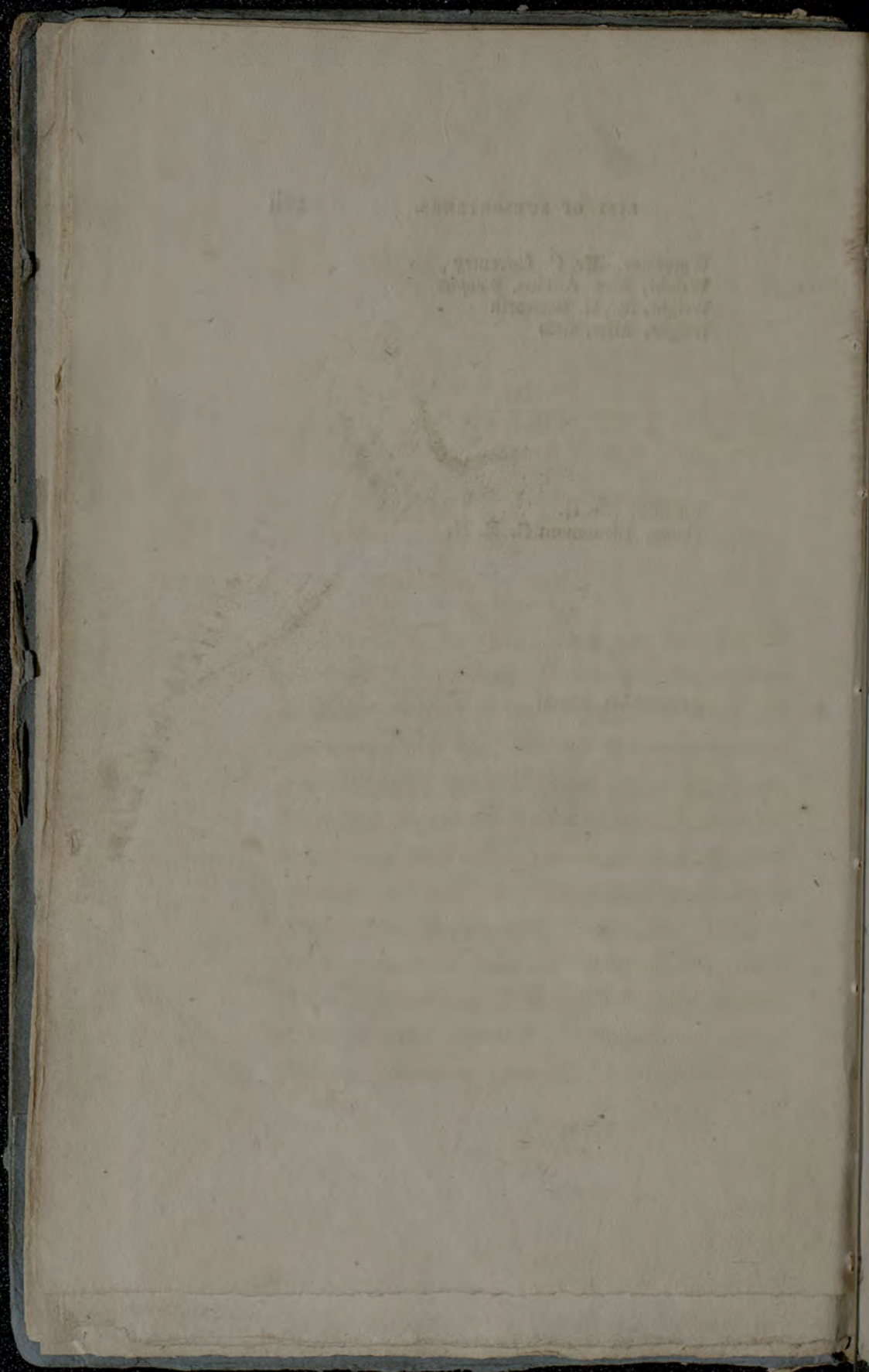
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THE CAVERN.

IN the rich and fertile valley of Tours, which may be justly called the garden of France, on the borders of the Loire, is a small chain of rocks, exposed to the first rays of the morning, and to the fervid heats of noon. The antique forest of Roseville, which crowns it, shelters it from the freezing winds of the North, and thus produces an abundance of cherries, apricots, peaches, and grapes. The greater part of these rocks are peopled by poor vintagers, who, content with the bountiful productions which nature so abundantly bestows, have no other ambition than to enjoy and to share them with others.

The Count de Roseville, lord of a part of this beautiful country, being one day, whilst a hunting, overtaken by a violent storm, was obliged to seek for shelter. He mechanically entered a place which had formerly been used as a lime-kiln; here he walked about, waiting the subsiding of the storm. His dog, after several turnings, conducted him to a vast cavern, which, according to all appearance, extended along the chain of rocks. It was then the 30th of June, 1792: the nobility were pursued, and imprisoned; they were preparing for the 10th of August and the first four days of September; an epoch dreadful in the Revolution; equally terrible from the effusion of blood which at that time watered all parts of France, and by the unparalleled misfortunes which have followed it!

The Count de Roseville, who was rather the father than the master of his vassals, relying on the affection he had a right to expect from them, had till then deferred emigrating; al-

ways indulging a hope that the political cloud which obscured the horizon would clear up, and that the laws and virtue would triumph over corrupt principles and the efforts of vice. Disorder, however, spread rapidly, and plunged France into all the horrors of civil war. Innocence fell under the fatal knife—death was inevitable, and flight impossible. The Count himself was fearful every moment of being arrested: it was then that this cavern, he had now discovered, gave birth to the idea of making it a safe retreat for himself and family. As soon as the rain had ceased, meditating on this plan, he returned to the chateau. He spoke of it to the Countess; she appeared struck with it, and agreed to visit the cavern the following day. Her two daughters, Gabrielle and Augustina, being present during the conversation, begged permission to accompany their mother; this was granted, on the express condition of the greatest secrecy on the subject of their walk. Richard, valet to the Count, who from having reared his master had ac-

quired all his confidence, was the only one of the domestics admitted into the secret. The next morning they set out after breakfast; the carriage was sent to the entrance of the forest, and drew up at the lime-kiln. Richard went first, loaded with flambeaux.

With the aid of their lights they discovered an obscure passage, which had escaped the Count's observation the preceding evening; it conducted them to a grotto, supported by four pillars of rock, in the centre of which they found a fountain, whose water fell in cascades into a basin, and then lost itself under the rock. A gentle light penetrated the grotto, through the crevices which they perceived in different places; further on they found several other grottos, more or less large, which might easily be made habitable. In one of them was an opening between two stones, placed in such a manner that it was almost impossible for the rain to penetrate, yet sufficiently large to let in the day. The greater part of the other places

were less or feebly lightened; a long corridor brought them to a sort of rotunda, very elevated, yet inaccessible to the day; behind this rotunda, a winding and narrow passage led them, after a quarter of an hour's walk, to a stone quarry, a short distance from the bridge at Tours. "What two outlets!" exclaimed Richard; "that is wonderful! If Monsieur the Count will trust to me, I will take upon myself to make this cavern habitable, as well as impenetrable to the curious." — "How?" asked the Countess; "can you suppose other people are less curious than ourselves? besides, may not this cavern be known to the inhabitants of its environs?" — "That is not probable, Madame," answered Richard; "exclusive of its being a true labyrinth, where they may easily lose themselves, consequently the country people are fearful of exploring it; besides they have something else to do: and the townspeople are too timid to visit it; and as for strangers, I assure you they never shall; for I will set bounds to their curiosity." — "And by

what means?" asked the Count. "By placing doors in the most obscure places." "Doors! that will only serve as an inducement to penetrate farther. They will wish to know what is within; they will force the doors, and—" *Pardonnez moi*," hastily interrupted Richard, "these doors shall be invisible to all but your own family." The Countess and her daughters were going to laugh heartily at this reply; but Richard appeared so serious, that they contented themselves with asking an explanation of this invisibility. "These doors," continued the servant, "shall be composed of a frame of wood, which I will fill up with clay, in such a manner, that when any body touches it they shall suppose it to be earth; their being placed in the most retired situation, will, I assure you, make it extremely difficult to find them without light, and the most minute research." The Count, reflecting for some moments on Richard's project, made him explain himself more clearly; and, when he comprehended him, he gave him permission to execute it, promising to furnish him

with all he might want, and to assist him with all his power.

"Yes," said the Countess; "the more I think of it, the more I am persuaded heaven has pointed out this retreat to us. God send we may not want it; but it is prudent to be prepared, at all events."

The following day, Richard went to town and made all the purchases necessary for the execution of his plan. The Count, under a pretence of hunting, went every day to work with him; and their activity and exertions were such, that the cavern was ready for their reception in a very short time. Six weeks after the discovery of it, on the 11th of August, the Countess and her daughters went to the cavern; Richard made them observe the security of the clay door, and the way of opening it; they then went to the chambers, which he had covered with straw mats, over which he had spread some old Turkey carpets, which had till now lain useless in the

store-room; the walls he had lined with thick tapestry, which would be useful in guarding against the damp of the cavern. Plain, but convenient furniture was all they wished for. The largest chamber, being the lightest, was reserved for the Countess; and another, close to it, for her two daughters. They were closed by doors of wood lined with sheep-skins, to guard against the cold; a kitchen was at a little distance, with closets to contain all sorts of provisions, oil, and charcoal. Lamps, placed at certain distances, gave light to the most obscure places; the rotunda formed a study; a lamp, which was suspended from the top, by the reflection of its rays on the petrified stone, made it appear as though paved with diamonds. A piano forte, a harp, music books, a port-folio filled with excellent drawings, crayons, a book-case filled with the best authors, promised the most agreeable relaxations in this retreat. Double doors, as impenetrable as the first, were disposed on the side of the stone-quarry. The Countess examined, admired, and approved of

all; and that same evening, she sent to the cavern the money her husband had received for two large estates he had sold previous to his discovery of this place; also her diamonds, plate, with all her choicest furniture, a great quantity of linen, to which she added some peasant's dresses she had purchased for herself and daughters, whenever it should be necessary for them to take the air.

Every thing being prepared, it was agreed that they should fly to this retreat on the least appearance of danger. Richard was to remain at the chateau, to observe all that passed, and to bring them meat and bread, the only provisions they could not procure for more than a week at a time.

Alas! the danger of which they spoke, but believed not, was not far off. Some days after, about ten o'clock in the evening, the Count received a letter, the contents of which threw him into the greatest possible agitation. "Oh

heavens! what has happened?" hastily demanded the Countess. "Read," said her husband; "it is useless to attempt hiding it from you. My father and your brother have lost their lives in defence of their king. Louis the 16th is a prisoner in the Temple, and terror reigns over our unhappy country!"

It was some time before the Countess durst venture to read the fatal letter, in which were the details of the dreadful 10th of August.—In such a moment as this, grief is silent; they were, for a time, motionless: the one regretted a father; the other, a beloved and amiable brother. Tears are the solace of woe; but their's, as yet, could not flow. At last the Countess, awaking from the horror of the present, to the future dangers which menaced her husband's life, proposed their immediate retreat to their subterranean abode, now become so necessary, and which fortunately was ready for them. The next day she sent for all the servants, and told them, that, being obliged

to make a long journey, the Count and herself had no further occasion for their services; at the same time, to recompense them for their sudden dismissal, gave them one year's wages more than their due.

The Countess had scarcely settled their accounts, when two strangers, notwithstanding the orders she had given to let no one in, forcibly entered, and arrested the Count in the name of the laws. The Countess, horror struck, flew to call her servants to the assistance of her husband. Approaching a window, she saw the court filled with *Gen-d'armes*; she then perceived that resistance would be in vain. A carriage was in waiting at the door; but before the Count entered it, they put seals on all his papers, and left two guards at the chateau, to see that nothing was taken away, or rather to watch the Countess.—“Where are you conducting me?” demanded the Count!—“To Paris; that is all we can tell you,” replied one of the strangers.—“I will go with my hus-

band!" exclaimed the Countess, at the same time giving orders for her departure.—"That cannot be, Madame," replied the officer; "we were to conduct Monsieur, only."

The Count, seeing they must separate, tenderly embraced his wife and daughters, enjoined Richard never to leave them, and then attended his conductors.

All the inhabitants of the chateau were in the greatest consternation; for the Count was idolised by his domestics: Richard was the only one who preserved any presence of mind; he assigned places for the accommodation of the guards; and, pretending to lock the drawers in which the liquors were kept, took away the keys, but the drawers were not locked.

At night, what he had foreseen, happened; the guards asked for the keys of the chateau; they locked the doors themselves; and then, certain that no one could go out without their permission, took off their swords, and, placing

them with their pistols on a table near them, went to the drawers, and pleased with their contents, got drunk in perfect security. As soon as they were asleep, Richard, who had secretly watched them, entering by a concealed door, dexterously took away the keys of the chateau, and, letting out the Countess and her daughters, accompanied them to the cavern.

It was three o'clock, the morning was dark and cloudy; Richard, though provided with a lanthorn, durst not make use of it, from the fear of discovering their flight. They had a mile to walk to the forest; the rain made the road disagreeable, particularly for the children, who had never travelled in this manner, especially in the night.

They walked in profound silence—it was so dark that it was difficult to distinguish objects. Richard, afraid of losing himself, was going to light his lanthorn, to reconnoitre his road, when several voices were heard. “Oh, heavens!”

said the Countess, "we are pursued; what will become of us!"—"Speak not," said Richard; "but let us hide ourselves in the thickest part of the wood, and wait till they are gone by."

He took the youngest of the ladies de Roseville in his arms; the Countess, taking the hand of the eldest, followed Richard: The voices approached nearer to them—a detachment of *Gen-d'armes* and infantry passed very near, without perceiving them. When all was again quiet, they pursued their way. Richard tried to regain the road; but, being bewildered, it was not without difficulty he found the lime-kiln. He was armed with two pair of pistols. Having lighted his lanthorn, he advanced to the cavern, recommending the greatest silence, for fear any vagabond should have taken refuge in those parts which were not secured; happily they found no one, and arrived without any accident at the clay doors. When they were in safety, Richard, addressing

the Countess, begged of her to permit him to go to Paris to bring her news of his master, and, if possible, to rescue him. "Money," said he, "will perhaps be necessary; give me some, and believe me I will either return with Monsieur or share his fate." "No," said the Countess; "my duty commands me to follow my husband, and share his dangers. If I cannot restore him to liberty, the sight of his wife and children will at least soften his captivity."—"As you please, Madame; but, if you will trust to my presentiment, you will remain here, as well for your own security, as for that of your daughters; besides, if I should be so fortunate as to succeed in obtaining Monsieur the Count's deliverance, it will be much easier for him to come here, than if you were with us."—"Oh! if he should recover his liberty, I shall know how to preserve it," replied the Countess.—"Children," she added, "we must wear the dresses which I bought lately, to avoid being remarked; I am ignorant of what may happen during our journey; here is the key of the

drawers which now contain all our fortune; heaven grant we may all return to the cavern, where I may perhaps end my days! But who can foresee events! Richard will teach you how to open the clay doors."

As soon as they had changed their dress, they hastened to quit the cavern, through the stone quarry; the young ladies opened and shut the doors. They took the high road, in order to get into the first conveyance that should chance to pass. They did not wait long; and luckily there was only an old woman in the coach, who appeared so very unhappy, that each were left to meditate on that which most interested them. However, Richard, before the closing of the day, learnt from the good old woman, that she had been housekeeper in a chateau near Saumur; that her master, whom she had seen born, was massacred, and his chateau burned. She was, she said, going to reside with her son, who was settled in Paris; she hoped he would soon

close her eyes; and to die in the arms of her only and very dear child was now the sole consolation she could experience."—"Poor woman!" said the Countess to her daughters, when they were alone, "her son is the only consolation left her. Ah! it is to be hoped that his tenderness will make her forget, or at least lessen, her misfortunes."—"Mamma," replied Gabrielle, "you have children who will endeavour to soften *your's*; and I hope we shall soon be re-united to our dear father."—"Re-united! my dear child; where? and when? Alas! I dare not hope it."

They were now arrived at Paris. Richard hired two small chambers in the Fauxbourg St. James, suitable to the appearance which the Countess wished to make, to avoid being disturbed; he took another for himself in the same street, and enquired for all the friends of his master, with the intention of asking their interest to restore him to liberty. Not one was to be found: the greater part had perished

—others were in prison, or fled. His endeavours to find out where the Count was confined were fruitless; they only served to make himself suspected, in consequence of which he was arrested.

The Countess heard of this new misfortune with inexpressible sorrow; she now felt no other courage than that inspired by despair, and was resolved to save her husband or perish. “Richard,” said she to her daughters, “is arrested; your unfortunate father has now no other remaining friend than his wife! I cannot abandon him! But if I should fall, who will take care of you! My dear Gabrielle, we must be prepared for all events; listen to me—should I not return home in two days, you must set out for Roseville, and inclose yourselves in the cavern. Alone, and on foot—without protection—I tremble at the idea of the dangers which surround you; however, my dear girls, I dread still more your being left alone in Paris. Fear not—have confidence in

the Almighty—he will protect and conduct you ; he alone can save you ! Carefully avoid all public carriages, and profit only by the carts which go to Orleans and Tours : also avoid answering any questions you may be asked relative to your parents ; tell them you have lost them, and that you are returning to your village at Tilly, tell them nothing more. I will sew all the money in your corsets ; never shew more at a time than two notes of 100 sols *, the poorer you appear the less danger you will incur. The dress you wear, and your extreme youth, will be your safeguards, if you are prudent ; fatigue from the carts, bad lodg-

* When the Revolution took place in France, and when bankruptcy became inevitable, an immense quantity of bank-notes, or assignates, were put in circulation, of all price and value, from 20,000 livres to 100 sols ; they were of all shapes and colours : 100 sols were equivalent to four shillings English money. People, whenever they could, refused to take them, so that their value soon sank 50 and 100 per cent.

ings, and worse nourishment, are evils which will require all your patience and courage. I repeat to you, my dear children, confide in God; remember that, in whatever part of the world you may be placed, his paternal eye will watch over you; nothing can happen without his permission; if he afflicts us for a time, it is to recompense us when we support our troubles with resignation and courage.”—“Ah! mamma,” said Gabrielle and Augustina, bursting into tears, “you must not leave us—what will become of us without you or papa?”—“Alas! my dear girls, I will not voluntarily abandon you; but, if I should be arrested, what will become of you, alone, in Paris? without parents, guide, or resources! Your last resort would, perhaps, be an hospital, where misery and every evil would crush you to death. Beloved girls! my daughters.....in an hospital!—I conjure you, my Gabrielle, let me not leave you under this dreadful idea; promise me that you will immediately set out for the cavern, if I do not return within two days.”

—“Yes, mamma,” replied Gabrielle, sobbing, “I will obey you, since it is your wish.”—
“You are well assured, my dear child, that as soon as your father and myself are at liberty, we shall fly to the cavern, and, in the arms of our children, endeavour to forget our misfortunes.”

Gabrielle was then 12 years old; her form was interesting—her features so delicate and regular, they did not strike any one, at first, as being particularly handsome; it was necessary to examine her attentively to see the beauty she really possessed. She was short for her age. It is her elegant mind that we must describe—that gentle sensibility which characterised her; that piety, benevolence, the evenness of her temper; her love, her respect for her parents; her affection for her little sister, and her attention to her instruction. She had a perfect knowledge of her religion, of ancient history, and geography. The harp and piano forte were her sweetest recreations; her voice, without being extensive, was extremely pleas-

ing; she accompanied herself with taste, and promised in process of time to become a good musician; she drew tolerably well for her age, and did various kinds of needle-work with admirable dexterity.

Augustina was six years old, gentle and submissive; she took her sister as her pattern, which is to describe her at once:—her pretty round figure, her beautiful black hair, her eyes, and complexion, made her at first admired, but when she was known it was impossible not to love her.

The Countess conducted them every morning to the barriere, which led to the road to Tours. To her first instructions, she added all she thought necessary in case of accidents; she mournfully re-conducted them home, and went to all the courts of justice and prisons, in hopes of discovering where her husband was confined. One day, when extremely fatigued, as she was dejectedly crossing the Luxembourg,

a tile fell near her feet; it was stained with blood, and letters were traced upon it; trembling she stooped to take it up, and read these words:—"My dear Gabrielle, return to our retreat—preserve a mother to our children—summon your courage and resignation, the Almighty is our only protector."—The Countess fell almost fainting with surprise; the sentinel, who was at some distance when the tile fell, returned, and rudely drove her away. She retired towards the middle of the garden, and saw the Count through a grate in the window of a sort of a garret; he made her a sign to withdraw immediately, and then directly closed the window.

The Countess supposed that some one had entered his chamber; yet still she waited some time, hoping to see him again, but he appeared no more. In the evening she returned home, rather more satisfied than on the preceding days, and on the following day went to the Luxembourg with her daughters. The Count

appeared for an instant about noon, and again at six in the evening; it was probable he did not live in this apartment, and that he could only come to the window at particular hours, and then, but for a few moments. They went as far as they possibly could from the sentinel, and, when they thought themselves unperceived, they sent a thousand kisses to the Count, who expressed his affection in the same manner. With a look of humble resignation, he pointed towards heaven, and then extended his arms to them, making them to understand that he committed them to the protection of the Almighty.

All the attempts of the Countess to get admission into the prison of her husband were ineffectual; she had only the consolation of seeing him for a few moments at the window where she had first discovered him; and even this melancholy satisfaction was soon torn from her. During the massacre of the prisoners, which lasted night and day from the first to

the fourth of September, the garden of the Luxembourg was shut, and the unhappy Countess could not get in. One may easily imagine what were the sufferings of this unfortunate woman, as uncertainty, the most dreadful of all torments, is more terrible than actual misfortune; this last blow, added to the load which already weighed her down, took from her, for a short time, all sense of her misery, while before she had been in a continual agitation of hope and fear.

A violent fever seized the Countess; her eyes were wild and tearless from despair; she paced her chamber with hurried steps, and then, suddenly falling on her knees, raised her hands to heaven, and begged its divine assistance. "My God!" said she, with the resignation of a true christian, "I submit to thy holy will!.....But take pity," she added, in the accents of a breaking heart, "of my children—what will become of them! Oh! my God! abandon them not!"—Then, turning to

these innocent creatures, she clasped them in her arms, and sank into a dejection of mind from which she awoke in a most dreadful delirium.

After lying five days in this terrible situation, she rose hastily, and said—"I go to make one more effort—nothing now prevents me—I must see him to-day, or perish with him!" Her terrified children ran to her, and throwing themselves into her arms, covered her face with tears and kisses. "Oh! mamma, my dear mamma," cried Gabrielle, "do not abandon your children!"—"My dear Gabrielle," said the Countess, pressing her to her bosom, "be a mother to your sister: remember the instructions I have already given you; if I return not either this evening or to-morrow, set out both of you the next morning, and hide yourselves in the cavern of Roseville; I will join you, with your father, if we escape the death which threatens us. Conduct yourselves as if I were with you.—He, who penetrates the most

secret thoughts, will reward your obedience, and watch over you! And you, my little Augustina, forget not that your sister supplies my place—love her as your mother and sister.— Promise both of you faithfully to fulfil all I have commanded you, in case I should be arrested.”

Gabrielle and Augustina were at her knees, which they watered with their tears; they promised to obey her, and in a voice broken by sobs exclaimed,—“ Creator of the universe! all-powerful God! save our parents, and have pity on us!” —“ Oh, my heavenly Father! bless and protect my children,” said the Countess, tearing herself from their embraces.—“ Mamma! mamma!” cried Gabrielle and Augustina; but their mother hurried herself away from them, in order to avoid hearing their entreaties, which pierced her to the heart. Alas! she heard them no more. During the whole of that night, and the next day, her daughters anxiously watched her returning to them, but in vain; the second night arrived, still Ga-

brielle hoped to see her mother—each foot she heard she fancied it to be her's. She ceased not to weep and watch, till, exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, she yielded to the drowsiness which overtook her; she was suddenly awoke by a great noise and confused cries; opening her window, she saw armed men surrounding the opposite house, from whence several people were led away prisoners. Children were weeping, and entreating to be allowed to follow their parents, but an inhuman guard brutally pushed them back. "Oh! poor creatures," exclaimed Gabrielle, "how your screams enter my heart! And we also are separated from our parents!"—The guards having taken away their prey, a death-like silence succeeded the tumult; Gabrielle, still remaining at the window, raised her streaming eyes to the Supreme Being—she admired the brilliant stars which bespangled the vault of heaven, and the moon whose pale light shed a melancholy tint on all the surrounding objects. An inward voice whispered, 'Thy God watches

over thee, banish all fear.' She threw herself on her knees, to adore the Author of so many wonders. Augustina, who was sleeping, but whose young heart had thus early experienced growing sorrows, sighed heavily; Gabrielle started, approached the bed, and kissed her sister. "Sleep, dear little one," said she; "sleep to-night, to-morrow we must begin our journey, and God alone knows where thou wilt repose thy head! Dear father! dearest mother! where are you? Your children prepare to obey you."

She still wept; but the soothings of a pure conscience made her more calm; a refreshing sleep sealed her eyes, and for a time stole from her the horror of the dangers, of which, notwithstanding her extreme youth, she was fully aware. The following morning, having fervently prayed to her Creator, she prepared to fulfil the wishes of her beloved mother; on a sheet of paper, she wrote as follows, and left it on the table:—"My dear mother, we

are going to obey you, and pray to God that we may be re-united to yourself and papa."

Having put on the corsets which contained their money, disguised in mean dresses, they quitted their lodging, and that town, the sink of so many crimes! They walked the greatest part of the day without resting; fatigue, at last, obliged them to stop; and entering the first inn they saw, they asked for some soup. The hostess looked at them with commiseration and astonishment, to see two such pretty children by themselves, and asked them whence they came, and where they were going, and why they were alone? "We have lost our parents," answered Gabrielle, "and are going to our village, where we hope to find a retreat and a protector."—"And where is your village?" "In Touraine."—"What! children, are you going there, and on foot, and alone! do you know that it is above 120 miles?"—"We have no one to conduct us," and the cheapest conveyance will take all our money;

we cannot, therefore, go any other way.”—
“How much money have you to take you so long a journey?”—“Oh! we have sufficient, if we use it with economy.”—“But how much,” asked the hostess.—“Two notes of 100 sols,” replied Gabrielle, blushing at telling an untruth, and though she did it to obey her mother, felt that it would have been better to have said nothing. “Do you know the road?” demanded the hostess.—“No; but we can ask.”—“Poor children,” continued the good woman, “how I feel for you! Listen,” said she to them: “the carrier from Orleans always stops at my house, I expect him to-night; I am sure that on my recommendation he will not refuse taking you to Orleans, from whence you may find an opportunity of going on to Tours. He is an honest and good man, I have known him these ten years, and will speak to him for you, so make yourselves easy.”—Gabrielle thanked her for so much kindness, and the good-natured hostess having given them their dinner, prevailed on them to repose in

the stable till the evening; "I will let you know," said she, "when father Thomas arrives," for thus was the carrier called. Gabrielle again thanked her, and taking her sister's hand, followed the servant to the stable, where she had spread clean straw.—"What!" said Augustina to her sister, as soon as they were alone, are we going to sleep here?"—"We must do so, my dear Augustina, to avoid suspicion."—"But, Gabrielle, we can ask for a bed."—"True, but we must pay for it."—"And have we not money?"—"Yes, two notes of one hundred sols, which we have shewn to the hostess. If we give her reason to suppose we have more, she will think we have deceived her, and will perhaps have us arrested; they will separate us, and if papa and mamma should go to the cavern, they will not find us there; added to this, my dear Augustina, we shall disobey mamma, who ordered us to appear as poor as possible."—"Oh! sister," replied the weeping Augustina, at the same time embracing her, "speak not of being separated! I will obey

mamma, by obeying you ; I will always sleep on straw if necessary, and will never complain." At this moment a servant entered ; they pretended to be asleep, and fatigue soon realized their deception. At nine o'clock, the hostess sent for them to speak to the carrier ; he appeared to be about fifty, and his countenance, though rather rough, announced that nature had bestowed on him a benevolent heart.— " Hey, what ! are these the children ? You are orphans ! they tell me you have just lost your parents. Why do ye cry ? if they were good people, they are happy, and you must try to resemble them—do not grieve yourselves. Well, now, where are you going ?"—" To Tours, Sir."—" To the town ?"—" No, but very near to it."—" I go only to Orleans, which is but half way," said the carrier ; but my good woman may perhaps find some means of helping you on the other half ; will you be good girls, if I take you in my cart ?"—" Oh ! yes ; that I am sure of," said the hostess, " and you will be doing a good action, Father Thomas."

"Was not I myself left an orphan?" answered Father Thomas; "thank God I have never wanted bread; and what would have become of me, if he had not inspired some one to take pity on me! And you know, Madame le Blanc, we must always do by others as we would they should do unto us. I have three children: and if the good God should call me and my poor Mary to himself, should I not be desirous that some one should take pity on them? therefore, my good little ones, all is settled, be ready to set off to-morrow at four o'clock," said he to Gabrielle and Augustina. The hostess gave them their supper, and sent them back to the stable. "Before we retire, allow me, Madame, to pay you," said Gabrielle, presenting one of her notes. — "No, no, children, keep your money, you may perhaps be in want of it elsewhere; here, the rich pay for the poor. Hold, add this piece of thirty sous to your little stock, and pray to God for the hostess of the *Two Pigeons*, for that is my sign."—Gabrielle blushed, and refused the money. The

woman looked at her, much surprized—"Thou art an extraordinary child," said she to her: "why do you refuse?" is it from pride? Your manners, your language, are superior to the dress you wear—what were your parents?"—A carriage at that moment entered the yard, and the new-comers employed so much of Madame le Blanc's attention, that the little Gabrielle retired with her sister, rejoiced at escaping questions so embarrassing.

The next morning, at four o'clock, the carrier had them called; they ascended the cart, alighted at the same inns, and ate regularly with him; slept in stables, and there found gentle and refreshing repose. At the close of the third day, they arrived at Orleans; Father Thomas led them to his wife, to whom he related as much of their history as he knew. "They are good little girls," said he, "neither chatterers nor gluttons; they fear God; and I predict, that if they conduct themselves properly, they will make their fortune."—"When-

ever that happens," said Gabrielle, "I promise you, I will not forget Father Thomas's kindness."—"Yes, yes, child, but I durst lay a wager that you'll forget your promise: the rich generally find something else to do than think of the poor. The toilette, plays, visits, fêtes, in short all the pleasures riches are capable of procuring, leave them but little leisure to remember their less fortunate fellow-creatures; and then, when they do speak to us, they do it in a tone so proud that it spoils the best words in the world."—"You are much prejudiced against them," replied Gabrielle: "you perhaps have never known the good, the benevolent, and charitable, such as I have had the happiness to know?"—"Oh! as for the charitable—why, yes, I have known some; but what is benevolence, when you take away its delicacy? that enhances its value: and believe me, my dear child, when our feelings are too humiliated by the manner in which favors are conferred, the heart will be too much oppressed to be grateful. They complain of there being

such little gratitude; people would be more grateful if the donors were less proud, whose manner of obliging almost dispenses with our being thankful for their gifts."—"But, Father Thomas, it appears to me, that we ought always to be grateful: no pretext can justify our being otherwise."—"Assuredly, my child; however that often happens. From my own experience, I am convinced we never meet with pity but from those people who have felt misfortunes; for that reason, benevolence is better practised by those who possess moderate fortunes, than by those who have large ones."—"Of that I cannot judge," said Gabrielle; "but of this I am sure, that rich or poor I shall always remember you."—"Well, all that's very well. Mary," said he to his wife, "is supper ready?" By way of an answer, she placed it on the table; and Gabrielle and Augustina sat down with these good people.

The three children of Father Thomas slept in one bed, that our little travellers might be

accommodated with one of their's. The next morning, as soon as the good Mary had prepared breakfast, she went to make inquiries if there were any carts or boats going to Tours. During her absence, Gabrielle wished to reimburse the carrier the expenses he had been at on their journey, all which he had paid. In consequence of this, she begged him to accept one of her bills, of a 100 sols; he refused it, and to make her easy said, that the hostess of the *Two Pigeons* had taken upon herself to re-pay him—"That therefore is our affair," said he; "and the pleasure of obliging you, rewards me, an hundred fold, for what *you* call my trouble."—Gabrielle, affected by his kindness, thanked him with grace and sensibility, and insisted upon having his address, in the hope, she added, of making him a return, some day or other.—"When you have acquired a fortune?" said he, laughing.—"And why not? is there any thing impossible?"—"No; and therefore I hope it will happen. Those who have acquired a fortune themselves, are

prouder than those who are born to one: the first blush for their mean origin, for their parents; not for the dishonorable means by which they acquired their property."—"I hope, good Father Thomas," replied Gabrielle, "to prove to you, that I shall not blush for having received favors."—"I speak not of you, my dear: besides, there are some grateful hearts to be found; but, in general, riches change both the head and the heart."—Again Gabrielle assured him that she would never change; and, taking up a pen, wrote—*Thomas, No. 1, Egalité-street, Orleans.* When she had done writing, he asked to look at it; it was the prettiest hand-writing he had ever seen.—"Why, you write better than a lawyer," said Thomas; "in good truth, you are so polite, so genteel, that if it were not for your dress, I should take you for the child of some great Lord."—And are my sister and myself proud?" asked Gabrielle, smiling.—"No, for you have no fortune."

Mary at this moment entered, to tell them that one of her acquaintance had spoken to a boatman, who was returning to Saumur with coal; but that, as he should first stop at Tours, he had promised to take care of the little travellers for fifteen sous she had offered him.—“You will have nothing to fear,” said she to them. “You will travel more agreeably in his boat than in a carriage; and I am sure he is an honest man: he is going to set out instantly, therefore make haste.”

They followed her, after having renewed their thanks to Thomas; they went to the port, where Father Jerome, for so he was called, received them in his boat. Mary strongly recommended her protégées to him, made them a present of some bread, and a small piece of bacon; embracing them, and calling down a thousand blessings on them. The boat set off; the weather was fine—Father Jerome and his companions smoked, or only opened their lips

to swear, drink, or speak of the success of the Jacobins, of liberty, and equality. Their wishes for the destruction of the royal family, and all the nobility, made the poor children tremble. "Should you not be very glad if all these rascals were guillotined?" said Jerome.—"My sister and myself are too young to talk of such matters, replied Gabrielle.—"You are right," answered Jerome; "but drink, however, to the health of the Jacobins," at the same time presenting a glass of brandy to her.—"I thank you, Sir, but I have never tasted strong liquors; mamma would not even suffer me to drink pure wine."—"But is not the good woman dead? she will know nothing of it: drink, drink, I say."—Gabrielle wept at the idea of her mother's death, and still refused the proffered glass.—"Come, come, not so much ceremony," said Father Jerome, drinking the brandy; if you will not take it, by my faith so much the worse for you."—Augustina, frightened, drew close to her sister; each word Jerome uttered,

whether addressed to them or to his companions, made the children shudder.

Towards the evening, the weather changed; the heavens were as a sheet of fire; continual lightning announced an approaching tempest, which soon burst with all possible violence. The poor children had nothing to screen them from the rain. Gabrielle held Augustina in her arms, and addressed the most fervent prayers to heaven.—“Take courage, my dear sister,” said she; “we are going to the cavern, where I hope to find our good parents, and in their arms we shall forget all we have suffered.”

They had to pass several nights exposed to the change of weather, and the horrid discourse of Father Jerome and his companions; however, they bore all this with courage, and without complaining—hope sustained them! On the fifth day, at six in the morning, they saw

the summit of the rocks which covered a part of the cavern of Roseville; their hearts bounded with joy; they looked at each other without speaking; they embraced, and soon after Father Jerome landed them. — Gabrielle paid him, and then went to the town to procure provisions, a lanthorn, and candle; and, with her sister, took the road for the stone mine.

The fear of being alone in the cavern terrified them; both trembled as much from terror as from cold. They hurried on, thinking each instant they heard a noise, and which was caused by an echo, that repeated their words. Arrived at the clay door, Gabrielle lighted her candle to open it, and continued going on: alas! all was silent, and the hope of finding their parents soon left them. They went to the rotunda, all remained as they had left it; they passed on to the other apartments; the dress of the Countess, as also their own, were still on the bed. "Ah!" said Gabrielle, quite discouraged at this sight, "where can our dear

mother and father be! are we then orphans!" said she, weeping bitterly. Poor Augustina threw herself into the arms of her sister, and by her caresses, and even by her tears, calmed her despair. "We are in safety," said she to her; "and God, who has conducted us here, can restore our parents."—"Oh! yes, my dear Augustina, you are right; let us thank him, and pray to him to protect them, and to give us that courage and resignation we so much stand in need of to live without them! let us pray to him to watch over us." They prayed.... and found their feelings tranquillized. Gabrielle then changed her sister's dress; for, as the rain had fallen with great violence on the preceding night, they were both in a terrible situation, and coughed dreadfully. In taking up her gown, which lay near her mother's, the portrait of their father, which the Countess had forgotten, or perhaps purposely left, as it was set in diamonds, fell at her feet; she took it up, and pressed it to her lips with inexpressible joy: both talked to it, kissed it, and it

brought to their lips a gentle smile, though their faces were still wetted with tears. Happy age, when they can pass with rapidity from the extreme of grief to the most lively joy!

Gabrielle kindled a fire, and prepared breakfast, after which they both went to bed, where they found themselves comparatively happy, when thinking of the preceding nights. They slept profoundly till the next morning, when they awoke and found themselves better, though still rather feverish; Augustina, by her sister's desire, kept her bed during the day, and a few days were sufficient to restore both to health.

Among the valuable things which had been carried to the cavern were some clocks; Gabrielle wound them up, promising by them to regulate her time. She re-traced all the lessons her mother had taught her, in order to teach her sister, who profited by them astonishingly. The most perfect peace reigned between them;

Augustina dearly loved her sister, and obeyed her with pleasure; Gabrielle, on her side, was extremely gentle and obliging. They went twice a week to the town, but they were so wrapped up, like peasant girls, in long cloaks, which covered them from head to foot, that it was almost impossible to see their forms, and besides they were unknown.

They rose with the day, said their prayers, arranged their apartment, and then walked an hour or two in the forest; on their return home, they went to the rotunda, where they practised by turns on the harp and piano forte; they studied geography, drew, and then, as a relaxation from this rather more serious study, they returned to their instruments, which always had new charms for them; needle-work employed the other part of the time, till the dinner hour—it was Gabrielle who prepared it. After dinner, when every thing was replaced, Gabrielle amused herself with playing with her sister for an hour; after which, reading, writing,

and embroidery occupied them. Before the evening shut in, they took another walk, returned home, prepared their supper, and as an amusement read some pleasing and instructive history till eight o'clock; Gabrielle would then devoutly pray, and concluded the day by reading a chapter in the holy Bible; and their time having thus passed in the love of God, in work, their conscience was free from reproach, and the sleep of innocence sealed their eyes. They never felt ennui; punishments, fears, and lies, were strangers to them; they formed no other wish, than to see their parents again.

Thus had they lived nearly three months in the cavern, when one day as they were going to town, at a short distance from the stone quarry, near to the high road, they saw a poor woman lying in the snow, to all appearance dead. They endeavoured to recal her to life, but their efforts were for some time ineffectual. Gabrielle sent her sister back to the cavern for

wine, bread, and sal volatile; she gave some of the latter to the poor woman. As soon as she gave signs of returning life, Gabrielle gave her a little wine, which helped to restore her to animation. — “ Oh! my children, my poor children!” she exclaimed, “ what will become of you!” — “ Where are they?” asked Augustina. — “ Alas! my dear young lady, they are under the rock near here, but dying of hunger and cold.” — “ Pacify yourself, good woman, lean on me,” said Gabrielle, “ we will conduct you to your abode.”

The poor woman rose with some difficulty, and supported by the two sisters endeavoured to reach her habitation; sighing, she told them, that her husband had been dead about a month, after a long illness, during which, she had been obliged to sell her bed and the clothes of herself and children. She had, the preceding year, hired that part of the rock which she inhabited with her family, hoping to re-imburse the money she had borrowed with

that which was due to her. Her debtor had died insolvent, and the person from whom she had taken that part of the rock in which she resided, had very pressingly reclaimed it, as it constituted his whole fortune, and the time for which she had taken it was expired. "This morning," continued she, "I walked two miles to beg assistance from a lady I formerly served, but unfortunately she is arrested. My poor children not having had any thing to eat for these last two days, on my return home, I made bold to ask charity of two gentlemen who were passing in a post-chaise; the horses were then going slowly, but suddenly starting, the wheel of the carriage threw me down, and perhaps I should have never risen more, had you not found me."

Tears of compassion fell from the eyes of the sisters, and they were still more encreased, on entering the habitation of the unfortunate being they had conducted. Nine poor children were extended on the ground, dying of cold

and hunger—such was the sad spectacle which presented itself to their view! Gabrielle hastened to distribute the remains of the bread and wine she had brought for their mother; she made a sign to her sister, both disappeared, but shortly returned loaded with bread and meat, and all the provision they could carry. They were very happy this day, for they had felt the greatest of all possible happiness, that of drying up the tears of this poor family, and saving them from the most horrid of all deaths, that of perishing from hunger! “How much do you owe?” asked Gabrielle. — “Thirty crowns for our vineyard, Mademoiselle, and ten to the baker, who will not furnish us any longer with bread.” — “I have only ten crowns, take it, go and buy some wood to warm your family—go, and have confidence in God.” — “How should I not,” said the poor woman, very much affected, “since he has sent two angels in you, my generous ladies! may he bless and protect you!” — “We thank you, good woman; but, before we leave you, tell

us your name."—"Margarite Dubu, at your service, Mademoiselle."—"Well then, Margarite, we will come again to see you; make yourself easy, rest yourself, and take courage."

They left her with the inexpressible sensations of happiness a virtuous mind feels after doing a good action. "How happy are we," said Gabrielle to her sister, as they entered the cavern; "we want for nothing; we have every superfluity, while these poor children have not even bread, and sleep on the ground nearly naked, and in such weather as this! O God! I think I still see them."—"Yes, it is fortunate we went out this afternoon," replied Augustina: "poor creatures! they have bread now."—"And are with their mother," sighed Gabrielle. Augustina threw her beautiful arms round her sister's neck—"Do not grieve," said she to her; "God will permit us to see our dear mother and father, and I am sure they will approve of our conduct to this unfortunate

woman."—"Assuredly, my dear Augustina; to succour the poor is a precept mamma always put in practice; how often has she taken me with her to the cottages of the indigent, to whom she was carrying relief! I was a witness to the tears of compassion she shed for their miseries, and to the benedictions which these good people called down upon her. I propose adding to that I have already given, a bill of 200 livres*, which I think will be sufficient to save this poor family from misery and despair. The good Margarite will have wherewith to pay her debts, and to buy what is most wanted for her family till she can find sufficient work to support them."—"Then we shall go to-morrow to see her?" asked Augustina.—"Yes, my dear, and very early, that she may immediately pay her creditors; for, as it is in our power to place her out of the extreme misery in which we found her, a moment must

* Eight pounds, six shillings, English money.

not be lost: it is too late to return this evening, besides it would be of no use; so let us thank God for the pleasure he has procured us, and go to bed."

The most agreeable visions embellished their sleep; they saw their father and mother, and awoke in the hope that this sweet illusion would soon be realized. They rose with the day, and went out smiling with pleasure; they bent their steps to the habitation of Margarite, which might be denominated a cavern, for it consisted of three chambers, formed by nature in the middle of the rock. The entrance was obstructed by snow; the trees and the vines, as well as the summit of the rocks, were also covered with it: it was extremely cold, the wind was high, and the sun, obscured by clouds of snow which fell in large flakes, presented a *coup d'œil* wild and melancholy. All nature appeared dead, and the unhappy family they were going to see were without fire, beds, or cloathing! The door was only fastened by

a latch; the ladies opened it, and gently advanced as far as the second chamber; poor Margarite was in the third, at prayers with her children. The two sisters, placed in a corner unobserved by them, waited till they had concluded their prayers. "Children," said Margarite, "we must return thanks to God, for the assistance he has sent us by the hands of the young ladies; pray to him to bless them, and to preserve their mother to them, as he has your's." The sisters knelt down, and joined in prayer with the indigent family. The good Margarite having finished praying, rose, and went into the second chamber; it was then she first saw the young ladies. "Oh! come," said she to them, "come, my dear ladies, enjoy the effects of your benevolence in our gratitude; to-day my children have bread to eat, and it is you who have given it to them."—"No," replied Gabrielle; "God employed us to assist you, it is Him you must thank. But I am now come to talk with you on your affairs;—what are your projects, Margarite?"—"Alas!

Ma'amselle, to give our creditor the possession of the vineyard, and to ask him to let us have the cabin to shelter us from the winter. I am going to pay the baker with what you gave me yesterday; after which I hope he will not refuse to supply me with bread till I can get employment for myself and two eldest daughters, who can work in the fields and vineyards for the farmers. Unhappily, the weather is so severe, that a blade of grass is not to be seen; the beasts cannot go out, and we are unemployed."—Here," said Gabrielle to her, presenting her with a note for 200 livres, "pay your creditors and keep possession of your vineyard, which, by your account, forms your income: pay your baker also, and buy beds, wood, and clothes for yourself and children. I hope you will be able to find employment, since you are so desirous of it."

Poor Margarite was immoveable from astonishment; but hastily calling her children said to them—"Throw yourselves with me at the

feet of these angels, who yesterday saved your mother from perishing, and who gave you wherewith to eat; and who to-day have preserved you from the most dreadful misery, to replace you in your heritage! Oh! my God," exclaimed she, "bless these gentle creatures—bless their parents, and make them happy!"—"Rise, Margarite," said Gabrielle, whose face was bathed with tears of heart-felt pleasure, it is God alone you ought to thank."—"Yes, Mademoiselle, God, and you! each day of my life I will pray to him to bless you."—"And to preserve our father and mother," added Augustina, drying her eyes.—"Oh! where is she? let me go and fall at her feet, and thank her: tell me, I entreat you, my dear young ladies, your name, that I may engrave it on the hearts of my children, as it shall be on mine."—"Listen," replied Gabrielle; "what we have done for you is but a trifle; but if you think you owe us any gratitude, the only proof I ask is, never to question us about our parents; seek not to know our names or abode; and

more than all, never speak to any one of the pleasure we have had in being useful to you. Very powerful motives force me to silence; believe me, I will make myself known to you, when permitted so to do, with great pleasure."

—"I think I comprehend you, my dear lady; you are of the number of the unfortunate, whom the present Government have proscribed: you are of a noble family—may heaven protect and watch over you; hide yourselves with care, do not expose yourselves. I would sacrifice my life to preserve your's from every danger. I beg of you to dispose of me if I can be of any service to you. To say that we are poor, is to tell you that we know no one, and that we are alone; employ me with confidence, my devotion like my gratitude shall be boundless, and I promise you the most profound secrecy."—"I thank you," replied Gabrielle; "but neither my sister nor myself can profit from your offers, which I believe to be perfectly sincere: but we will often come to see you." Margarite earnestly entreated them to

keep their promise, and renewed her acknowledgments.

The sisters returned to the cavern, still more happy than the night before. The remembrance of a good action is so soothing, the mind enjoys such delight, it is happy long after having performed it. Of all the pleasures, that of benevolence is the only one, one can enjoy without satiety. Our lovely sisters, far from feeling pride from having been useful to this poor family, thanked Providence for having chosen them from among so many others, who would have felt equal pleasure.

The weather being excessively cold, and as there was no chimney in the cavern, and they could only make a fire of charcoal in a room far from the one they inhabited, on account of its dangerous smell, Gabrielle bethought herself of heating bricks, and placing them under the feet of her sister and her own. In this manner they worked quietly, and braved the

cold. In the morning, enveloped in their long cloaks they walked in the most retired part of the forest, or climbed the rocks, and by these means fortified and strengthened their health; their dress secured them from suspicion, and besides they carefully avoided meeting people in their walks. Sometimes, after dinner, they made an excursion as far as Margarite Dubu's; this poor woman had placed her two eldest daughters at a farmer's in the neighbourhood; they boarded there, but at the end of each week brought the fruits of their labour to their mother; this, added to what she gained for spinning flax for the farmers, and washing for the two sisters, sufficed to help her in maintaining her large family, and her children were clothed, fed, and comfortably lodged. Margarite, having no longer any debts, was happy, and showed so much gratitude towards the sisters, that they at last placed so much confidence in her, as to spend an hour or two with her and her children. Gabrielle and Augustina, taught them to read, write, and to work;

it was an amusement to them, and this amusement was benevolent.

When gentle spring had banished the rigours of winter, they ceased visiting Margarite in the middle of the day, fearing to meet any one, but went early in the morning. The grotto was no longer the abode of misery; a delightful verdure surrounded it; the violet, lilly of the valley, the blooming hawthorn, adorned it. The trees were covered with foliage; a goat grazed under the shade of the bushes, and the careful hen scratched the earth, calling her brood around her; the children worked in the vineyard, or gathered flowers, of which they formed garlands; Margarite, seated under an arbour of woodbine, sang ballads as she spun at her wheel. This interesting family seemed to be returned with Nature to abundance and happiness, and this they owed to the benevolence of the sisters, who were adored by them. The moment either of the little Dubu's perceived Gabrielle and Augustina ascend the hill,

joyfully they ran to announce the arrival of the good ladies (thus were they called by the family). Margarite hastened to milk her goat and visit her poultry, to offer fresh eggs and milk to her young benefactresses. The little girls presented their best garlands; the boys offered them a nest of pigeons or a little rabbit. They received these little gifts with so much condescension and goodness, that it enhanced their price, and made those happy who had the pleasure of presenting them to their acceptance. The best fruits of the rock, the finest grapes, were reserved for the good ladies, who, a few days afterwards, failed not to make some useful present in return. Thus they recompensed these good people without humiliating them, and found means of repaying them with interest.

One day, Margarite announced the death of the tyrant of their country. The infamous Robespierre and his accomplices had met with the just punishment of their crimes. Gabrielle

and her sister, believing these were the only tyrants France had to fear, ignorant of the blood that they had shed, and still supposing their parents to be in prison, rejoiced at the information. Deceitful Hope came with her magic mirror, representing a speedy re-union with their parents; but days, months, and years passed by without bringing any change in their situation.

Gabrielle had now reached her eighteenth year, her figure tall and well formed; the airy lightness of her walk, and the dignity of her deportment, were remarkable; always enveloped in her long cloak, it was difficult to see her beauteous face, on which the purity and sensibility of her soul were painted. Her complexion was of lilies and roses; at the least emotion the latter were predominant, and gave animation to most beautiful eyes; a light melancholy which was spread over her traits, gave them an inexpressible charm. The courage with which she had followed the

last instructions her mother gave; her perseverance in improving the talents of which her mother had only given her an idea; the education of Augustina, who was well informed, and possessed of many good abilities; sufficiently characterised the gentle and interesting Gabrielle.

Augustina, taller than girls generally are at twelve, was a less regular beauty than her sister, but not less pleasing; a complexion of alabaster, long hair, a round face, large black eyes full of expression, a small rosy mouth, always embellished with smiles, beautiful teeth, a nose *à la Roxaline*, easy manners, natural, graceful, ingenuous, candid, and modest—such was Augustina—mildness and complaisance formed her character. Her sister was her model; the desire of resembling and pleasing her, made her vanquish the inevitable difficulties she encountered in her studies, a kiss was her sweetest recompense.—Anger, impatience, obstinacy, jealousy, or a

wish to govern, were unknown at the cavern. These charming sisters feared God, and were fully persuaded, as their mother had told them, that he saw them each moment, and that he only could protect them, and restore their parents, therefore they conducted themselves justly, fulfilled their duty, and were always employed; by a proper division of their time, ennui was a stranger to them, and they were the world to each other.

Notwithstanding the good opinion they had of the good Margarite, she was still ignorant of their abode and of their name. Some men being come to work at the stone quarry, fearing curiosity might lead them to discover their asylum, their dependence on the clay door being but small, they never went out but by the lime-kiln, and consequently went a long round-about to Margarite's. One day, as they were returning from this good woman, who was rather indisposed, it was near seven o'clock in the evening, and in the beginning of August.

The heat had been excessive all the day; Augustina proposed their staying longer in the forest, to enjoy the coolness of the evening.—“With all my heart,” replied Gabrielle; “but, as I think there will be a storm, we must not go far.”—They amused themselves with gathering wild flowers, of which Augustina formed garlands. Suddenly, several flashes of lightning, followed by loud claps of thunder, which echoed through the forest, frightened Augustina so much that she called to Gabrielle, who was at a short distance, “Oh! sister, let us go immediately.”

Another loud clap of thunder succeeded the first; they hurried to the cavern, without knowing they had been observed by an old man, who, seated under the shade of a tree above the lime-kiln, though occupied in reading a work which interested him, yet, unnoticed by them, had attentively listened to their conversation for some time. He had not the least doubt but that they lived in the lime-kiln, and,

curious to see their habitation, descended the rock, and walked through the part of the cavern opposite to that which they occupied, without finding any thing but a pocket handkerchief they had dropped at the entrance of the lime-kiln. Not finding any outlet but the one by which he had entered, the stranger returned home, his mind wholly occupied with the fugitives. They might have been taken for country girls if one judged of them by their dress, but the few-words he had heard taught him to believe otherwise; besides, the handkerchief he had found was of such fine cambric, it was not probable it could belong to poor villagers. How happened it then that they lived under the rock? this was what he could not comprehend. Mons. D'Argens, for such was the stranger's name, had a nephew who lived with him, (whose age was about twenty, he loved him as a son) to whom he recounted his adventure. The curiosity of the young Eugene D'Argens was excited by the recital his uncle had given, and he prevailed on

him to hunt next morning in the forest; they bent their steps to the side of the rocks, entered the lime-kiln, and walked about without discovering any thing to convince them of their being inhabited; they left it, and shortly after perceived the two sisters, who were returning from Margarite Dubu's. The gentlemen, wishing to be unnoticed by the young ladies, watched them at a distance, and saw them enter as on the preceding evening.—“I must,” said Eugene, penetrate this mystery; they certainly are not alone; this cavern appears to be immense, to whom can it serve as a refuge?”—“To some unfortunate person,” answered M. D'Argens; “it can only be some one that is unhappy, as we have never heard of robbers in this part of the forest, although it is very solitary and woody. However, we must be prudent.”—“Well, uncle, a thought strikes me: I can penetrate this mystery in less than twenty-four hours.”—“How?”—“Why, I will come here to-morrow at break of day; they will probably leave their abode; I will follow, unperceived.

by them: I shall by these means find out where they go, and whether they really live in this cavern."—"Oh! as for that, I am sure of it; but I consent to your ascertaining it, and will myself accompany you."

The following day, Mons. D'Argens not being awake, at four o'clock in the morning, his nephew set out alone, to make his observations on the inhabitants of the cavern. Eugene, unwilling to disturb his uncle's rest, took his gun, and continued his route.

Gabrielle and Augustina came out before six o'clock; they walked by the rocks, and then went to town to purchase provisions; on their way home called at Margarite's, and returned to the cavern by eight o'clock. Eugene had followed, without daring to approach them. He waited for some time after they had entered, in the hope they would come out again, and that he might speak to them; but, fatigued with waiting in vain, and the appetite

he had gained by his morning's walk beginning to make itself felt, he returned home, told his uncle how he had employed his morning, and proposed taking flambeaux, and attentively to search the cavern. "The provisions they have bought," continued he, "are so trifling, they cannot be for more than two or three people. I passed them as by chance; they were very closely enveloped in long cloaks, which is not natural in such warm weather; they were fearful of being seen; however, as far as I can judge, they have a distinguished air, and are extremely beautiful—they interest me beyond expression."—"What, because they are handsome?" asked his uncle, smiling.—"No, uncle; but because their asylum announces a mystery which piques me, yet prejudices me in their favour. If they are unfortunate, we shall have the pleasure of being useful to them, and——"

"We will now go to breakfast," said Monsieur D'Argens, "after which, if you like, we will go to the grotto they entered this morning; we can inquire of the inhabitants if they know

them, and from thence we will go to the cavern."—"Well imagined, uncle," said Eugene.

As soon as they had breakfasted, they took their guns, and in the dress of hunters went to Margarite's, whom they questioned about the two country girls who had called on her that morning. The poor woman, fearful of injuring her benefactresses, answered their questions so confusedly, that their curiosity was greatly heightened.—"But," said Mons. D'Argens, observing the linen she was ironing, "do these handkerchiefs belong to them?"—"Yes, Sir." The handkerchiefs were marked G. R. surmounted with a coronet, and were like the one he had found; this convinced him they were not country girls. He again so adroitly questioned the good Margarite, and knew so well how to acquire her confidence, that she at last recounted to him the many obligations she had received from the young ladies during six years. "I am certain it is impossible to think of hurting these angels."—"Assuredly," re-

plied Mons. D'Argens; "that is not my intention: I am possessor of Roseville, and you may assure them I wish to become acquainted with them to offer them my services. But are you really unacquainted with their name and abode?"—"Yes, Sir; the eldest of the ladies forbade me questioning her on the subject, though they are extremely kind and familiar with us; she teaches my children to read and work, she honors me with her visits every day, and particularly when I am ill, you cannot think, Sir, how careful she is of me; yet I have never dared to speak to her of her name or abode, because she once forbade me to do so. However, I plainly perceive they are separated from their parents; but I think they are living, as they frequently ask me to pray to God to preserve them."—"All that you tell me of these charming young people infinitely interests me; I thank you," said Mons. D'Argens "for your account of them;" at the same time offering money to Margarite, who refused it, saying—"Thanks to God, ever since these young la-

dies saved me from the dreadful misery into which I had fallen, every thing has prospered with me, and they have been so kind to me, I am now in no want of any thing; therefore I should be very sorry to take that which belongs to the poor."—Monsieur D'Argens then withdrew, promising to call on her again, and really enchanted with the account he had received of the young people, as well as pleased with the delicacy of Margarite.

The curiosity of the uncle and nephew to discover this mystery was equal; they made to the cavern, and walked about for half an hour with as little success as on the preceding day. The cavern, as already observed, was a mile in length; the two sisters inhabited the middle of it. The two gentlemen had walked nearly through its whole extent, without discovering any outlet. They were on the point of abandoning their researches, when, as they were retracing their way back, they perceived an extremely dark passage, which would have been

impossible for them to have found without the assistance of the light they happened to have with them. Some of the wild flowers Augustina had gathered the day on which she had been frightened by the thunder-storm, and which she had heedlessly let fall whilst running, were still scattered about, and formed a sort of road. Eugene, with the help of his taper, attentively observed the wall near which he gathered the last of the flowers; he then discovered the clay door, and the way to open it. He opened it, and entered a long corridor equally dark as the passage he had just quitted, but it was not without the most minute scrutiny that he succeeded in discovering the other doors. He continued going on, and found himself near a fountain, newly decorated with flowers; a crowd of birds, frightened at the sight of the two hunters, fled and perched on the pillars of the grotto. After admiring this beautiful aviary, which announced the innocent pleasures of the inhabitants of the cavern, the gentlemen pursued their researches, and succeeding in pene-

trating the apartments without meeting any one. Plain furniture, with some of great value, formed an astonishing contrast; it was arranged with order and admirable neatness. A tambour frame was on the table, and the initials A. G. R. seemed to be embroidered with hair by the hand of a fairy; the letters were entwined and encircled by a wreath of heart's-ease; a portfolio was open on the table, and contained some drawings tolerably well done, without however being very correct. The tones of a harp now vibrated harmoniously on their ears; they directed their steps to the side of the rotunda, and heard two melodious voices singing a duetto; approaching nearer, they discovered Gabrielle accompanying Augustina, who sat at a piano forte. They were no longer country girls, enveloped in long cloaks, carrying provisions from town; but elegant females, dressed in white muslin gowns: their long hair fastened by tortoise-shell combs, fell in wavy ringlets on their necks. They bore no resemblance to the beautiful Greeks, neither

to Diana nor Venus, but to Innocence and Virtue. A rose-tree was between them, and leaves of roses being scattered upon their gowns and the carpet, announced their innocent relaxation, and the sort of combat which had taken place between them. The book-case, harp, piano forte, globes, maps, and stands of music, which furnished this charming cabinet of studies, appeared a real enchantment in the eyes of the uncle and nephew. Both stood near the door, immoveable from astonishment and admiration, scarcely daring to breathe from the fear of disturbing and alarming the lovely musicians.—The duett being ended, Augustina, with her usual playfulness, gathered the rose-leaves which yet remained on her gown, and laughingly threw them at her sister. Gabrielle rose from her seat.—“You have not done yet, sister,” said Augustina, re-seating her; “come, let me have the song you composed, you know you promised to play it to me every time you were pleased with me—your song, sister, I beg I may have it.”—Gabrielle embraced her, and

smiling, again took her harp, and sung as follows:—

Encompass'd by rocks, plung'd alive in the tomb,
I lift my low voice to the heavens in pray'r;
Unconscious of crimes, I could smile on my doom,
But the thought of my parents recalls me to care.

An orphan, a friendless one, torn from my kind,
No sun-beam of gladness enlightens these eyes;
The flow'r of my youth sinks to sorrow resign'd,
'Twill be weigh'd down with tears, 'twill be blighted by sighs!

My parents!—ah! names ever sacred and dear!
Your child pines to death while divorc'd from your care;
But our spirits may join in a happier sphere,
And the dust of our bodies one sepulchre share.

O thou! in whose mercy alone is our trust,
Who disposest the future, who judgest the past—
O thou! ONLY GOD! ever righteous and just,
Unite the lost child with her parents at last!

And thou! weeping sister—thou last solace left—
For thee,—yes, for thee,—still existence I cherish—
In creation of all, save a sister, bereft,
Augustine! but for thee I could willingly perish!

Augustina affected, her eyes swimming with tears, was standing at a little distance from her

sister, immoveable—her hands were joined. In going to throw herself into the arms of her sister, she advances, and sees the gentlemen standing at the door, leaning on their guns: uttering a scream of terror, she fell senseless at the feet of her sister. Mons. D'Argens endeavoured to make excuses for his indiscreet curiosity; but Gabrielle, terrified by the senseless state in which her sister lay, neither saw nor attended to any thing but her. Eugene, who had ran to the fountain for some water, now returned, and giving some of it to both the sisters, they were soon capable of attending to their unlooked-for visitors.

The look of interest they observed in the countenances of the strangers re-assured them; they even hoped they brought news of their parents, and were going to ask them, but M. D'Argens, extremely affected, his eyes fixed on the portrait attached on the neck of Gabrielle, prevented them, by exclaiming—"Good hea-

vens! is not that the portrait of the Count de Roseville?"—"Yes, Sir; why do you ask?"—"You are his daughters?" he added with emotion."—"Yes, Sir."—"Oh! my dear nieces, is it possible I have the pleasure of finding you! I am Henry de Melval," said he, embracing them."—"The brother of our father," cried they; "O then you bring us news of him!"—"Alas! no, my dear children; he, as well as your mother, is an exile. I have made all possible enquiries after their retreat, but have not been able to discover it. But how happens it that you live so near to me, without hearing of the inquiries I made after you, that I might have you to reside with me? are you here alone? how came the cavern to be furnished in the manner I see it? and do you live here?"—"Gabrielle, somewhat recovered from her surprise, related to her uncle how her father had discovered and prepared it for his family, with all that had happened to them from the moment he had been arrested."

Mons. D'Argens admired both his nieces; he had no idea of children so young having so much courage, and the education they had given themselves astonished him still more. He thanked Providence for the protection it had so visibly afforded them; he kissed their hands, and looked at them with delight. Eugene also admired his lovely cousins, and seemed fearful of losing a single word which fell from their lips.

Gabrielle, having concluded her recital, asked Mons. D'Argens how he came to penetrate their asylum.—“It is but just, my dear children,” replied he, “that I should tell you my adventures, though they will not do that honour to my character your’s have. It is not probable my brother ever told you the motives of my exile; and to make you comprehend a part of my misfortunes, it is necessary I should enter on some details, which, however, I will abridge as much as possible.

“Your father and myself were the only children of Count de Melval; we always tenderly loved each other, though never were two characters more opposite. Augustus, younger than myself by some years, was naturally gentle, serious, and reflective; his heart was the seat of virtue; he was beloved, admired, and esteemed by every one. Though my mother loved him, I was unhappily her favourite. I was hasty and passionate; the most trifling contradiction made me outrageous. My mother was amused with my infantine anger, and made every body give up to my will; far from punishing or correcting my faults, she encouraged them, and at an early age I had the misfortune to lose her. My tutors, employing rigour and severe chastisements to conquer the violence of my temper, increased my wildness. Alas! how much sorrow this unhappy violence has since cost me! What a school is misfortune!

“Without dwelling too long on the first years of my life, I will talk of those only which fol-

lowed my first entrance into the world. "I was twenty-five when my father, by the order of the King, who wished to reward his services, fixed my marriage with the daughter of one of his ministers. The rank of this lady—her virtues, education, beauty—her fortune, and the rank of her father, left me nothing more to wish for; I was drawing near to happiness, if it ever existed on earth—eight days only intervened between me and it—she would have been my wife, when fate, or rather my impatient character, overthrew all my father's projects relative to this marriage, and for ever separated me from the beautiful Gabrielle."

The sisters looked at each other with astonishment.—"I can conceive your surprise," said he, "but do not interrupt me. I was one evening at the Prince de Rohan's, where they played very high. I lost a considerable sum, which was in part won from me by the brother of Gabrielle; he joked me about it, perhaps

more than he ought to have done; I lost all self-command, and gave him some sharp replies—so much so, that he came by six o'clock the next morning to demand satisfaction. I rose, we fought, and I had the misfortune to plunge my sword in his breast. I immediately sent people to his assistance, then hurried to my father's chamber, to whom I precipitately related our quarrel, and the subsequent transaction.

“My father, not less violent than myself, and who had attached the happiness of his life and the fortune of his children on an alliance which would have covered him with glory and honor, furious to see his hopes blasted, frightened also by the consequences of this duel, fearing the anger of the King and certain disgrace, loaded me with reproaches, and drove me from him with curses. My brother, my dear, affectionate, and indulgent Augustus, was absent; I was without money. I was mournfully considering

what I could do, when an *Exempt de Maré-chaussé** spared me the trouble of reflecting any longer. He shewed me a *lettre de cachét*, and conducted me to Mont St. Michel, where I remained three months.

“Happily my adversary did not die; he soon recovered, and with great nobleness of mind confessed himself the first aggressor. But his sister, after this event, declared that the violence of my temper terrified her; she was sure she could never be happy with me; and that she would never give her consent to marry me. My father then proposed my brother Augustus, whose charming character was already known to her: he was accepted in my place.

“The marriage was concluded, and I left my prison: the father of my sister-in-law pro-

* An officer from the Provost Marshal, sent to take up robbers and murderers.

cured me a regiment. My father, however, would not see me, and I sat out without his pardon from his own mouth, though my dear Augustus assured me he retained not the slightest resentment against me.

“ I joined my regiment—again I quarrelled with some of my officers—we fought. I ran considerably in debt; which my father paid upon the express condition that I went immediately to America. I obeyed: and, after many misfortunes which I shall pass over in silence, but which were always caused by my violent temper, sometime after my arrival in that country, I married (without the consent of my father) a very rich heiress, whose fortune was her least advantage. Appolina, such was her name, was endowed not only with every virtue, but with great sweetness of temper, which at last triumphed over the violence of mine; she restored me to reason and happiness.

“ My Appolina, although immensely rich and

well educated, had not that titled nobility so much the idol of my father; for that reason, he would never forgive what he called my misalliance. After an union of twenty-four years, the sweetest and most perfect ever known, an epidemical fever robbed me of five children.—My affectionate Appolina, losing a brother by the same disorder, could no longer resist such heavy blows; she expired upon the body of our last child, recommending to my care and affection Eugene, the son of her brother, who had been my most intimate friend.

“I lay some time in a state of stupefaction, which made me hope I should not long survive objects so tenderly beloved; but Heaven suffered me to live, to expiate by tears of regret the faults of my youth. No longer able to reside in a country where I had enjoyed happiness, now lost to me for ever, I sold my estates, which were considerable. I sent my money to France, to my father’s banker, and embarked for Europe with my nephew.

“ After a voyage of six weeks, I landed in my native country. I had hoped to find my father there, and, desirous of obtaining my pardon by means of my brother and mutual friends, I had taken the name of my wife’s brother: it is that by which I am still known. Conceive my sorrow, my dear children, when I learned that my father had been massacred, that your parents were exiled, and that not even a friend or acquaintance was left me.— I had a large fortune, in consequence of which I was arrested, and Eugene with me.

We daily expected to be put to death; nay, I even wished it, as the termination of my woes, and the moment of my reunion with my gentle Appolina. I hoped that the all-merciful Creator had pardoned my errors. I was resigned, and, during the four months I remained in prison, prepared for the hour which was eternally to unite me to my wife and children.

“ My name appearing upon the fatal list, I was called out, conducted before the infamous tribunal, and condemned as an emigrant, or rather for having a fortune. I went with the other victims; our hair was cut off, we were placed in carts destined to carry us to the scaffold. I was in the last cart, which being already too full, I re-entered my prison, to remain for the next day's execution.

“ Happily, this day was followed by an eternal night to the tyrants who had condemned me; they only were executed. Some time after, I was again judged by another tribunal: it was easy to me to prove, that being absent for a great number of years, and besides living in a French colony, I could not justly be put upon the list of emigrants.

“ I was, with Eugene, set at liberty; the first use I made of it was to see where you were; but my researches were, as you well know, in vain. The Roseville estate having

become national property, was put up to sale; I bought it, in the hope of putting you in possession of it, whenever I found you. I went to live there, despairing of ever having the happiness of seeing you there, when one day, as I sat reading on the rock, I saw you, as you were gathering flowers."

He then related to them by what means he had found them. The conversation he had had with Margarite, and the handkerchief he had found, marked G. R. had raised his suspicions. "But, my dear nieces," continued Mons. D'Argens, "I was far from expecting the pleasure heaven has vouchsafed me."

Gabrielle and Augustina thanked their uncle. If they were happy in having found a friend and protector in the brother of their father, the incertitude in which they were respecting their father afflicted them still more. They yielded to the pressing solicitations of their uncle and cousin to reside at Roseville. Most

of their father's servants were there, in the service of their uncle, and rejoiced to see them again. Every one in the village came to compliment them on their return, and in the evening there was an illumination.

Mons. D'Argens had tables laid out in the court-yard of the chateau. All the country-people drank to the health of the Ladies de Roseville; every one wished to see them, and they were obliged to appear to partake in the joy of those good people, though the thoughts of their parents filled their hearts with sorrow. Margarite was not forgotten: Mons. D'Argens sent for her and her children; she came to welcome her young and amiable friends.—“God be praised!” said she to them, “you have found a good parent; I hope the others will return also, then your happiness will be complete. I, too, shall have nothing to wish for; for the prosperity of my own family is not dearer to me than your's.”—The Ladies de Roseville continued their visits to her; but

their uncle begged of them not to go to the cavern for some time, as he wished to make some alterations which he wanted them not to see till they were finished.

Mons. D'Argens was so kind and so attentive to his nieces—he appeared so happy in having them with him, that it was impossible not to be touched with so much delicacy. From them he received such affection and gratitude, that he each day felt gratified when he had the happiness to see them.

Eugene, whose cares and attentions were not less than his uncle's, said, laughingly, that his beautiful cousins had stole his uncle's heart from him. Often did he in confidence say to this dear uncle, that Gabrielle would make the best and most tender mother in the world, and that he who had the happiness of obtaining her for a wife would be the most fortunate of men.—“Assuredly,” said Mons. D'Argens, praising his charming niece, “what may one

not expect from a woman who has conducted herself as Gabrielle has done, when at the age of twelve?"

When he found himself alone with his beloved niece, he would extol the good qualities, the character, and fortune of Eugene. That a marriage should take place between these young people, was an event he most ardently desired, after that of seeing his brother.

When he spoke on this subject to Gabrielle, "You know," she would reply, "that my father sold two large estates, the money for which he deposited in the cavern, with many other valuables. This will be sufficient for my sister and myself, ever accustomed as we have been to do without superfluities, and still more since you have had the generosity to put us in possession of Roseville, which, according to report, would be enough for us without other wealth. Thus, my dear uncle, you may believe, that fortune will be my last consi-

deration, when a choice which is to decide the misery or happiness of my future life is in question."

"Neither did I, my dear child, speak of Eugene's fortune as one of the principal advantages which makes me desirous of your union with him; but that I believe him worthy of you by his many virtues, and that in him you will assure to yourself a friend and protector, whenever it pleases God to call me to himself. This marriage, I am convinced, will constitute the happiness of your life, and of my old age, in seeing two persons so dear to me for ever united."

"I shall always be happy to live with you and my sister," replied Gabrielle.

"Well then, my child," said he, "we will never separate,"—at the same time tenderly pressing her: blushing, she kissed his hands. He added—"Particular business obliging me

to go to Paris for two or three months, I mean to take you and Augustina with me, that you may have masters; and then, my dear Gabrielle, on our return home, if you have no repugnance, I hope to see you the wife of my dear Eugene."

"I shall always make it my duty to obey you, my dear uncle," said Gabrielle.

Augustina and Eugene came to propose a walk. Mons. D'Argens prevailed on her to go, and accompanied them himself, delighted at the thoughts that he should soon see his wishes accomplished in this marriage; and that his nephew and nieces, in becoming his children by adoption, would in part repay him for the loss he had sustained in his own. He was in a charming humour all the evening, and indeed it may be said he was always so, as he had entirely corrected himself of that impetuosity and hastiness which had been the cause of so many misfortunes in his youth: he was now

become as gentle as he had before been violent.

Some days after, Mons. D'Argens set out for Paris, and took his nieces with him: they remembered Father Thomas, and, as they passed through Orleans, wished to fulfil their promise, as well as to see what was become of him. The poor old man, surprised to see an elegant equipage stop at his door, came out, leaning on a crutch, having had his leg broken by a kick from a horse.

“Good morning, Father Thomas!” cried Gabrielle, familiarly taking him by the hand—
“My sister and myself are come to fulfil the promise we made you about seven years ago, to come and see you when we had made our fortune.”

Father Thomas, who had entirely forgotten the little girls to whom he had acted so humanely, looked at the Ladies de Roseville

with astonishment: he thought they must have mistaken him for somebody else, and, bowing respectfully, told them so: but they recalled to his recollection the promise they had made never to forget him, rich or poor.

“We now enjoy the fortune you predicted, and are come to thank you for your kindness to us when we were poor and friendless,” said Gabrielle.

The good Thomas then recollected them, and seemed pleased to see them. After informing themselves of the misfortune which deprived him of the use of his leg, they asked after his wife. “Ah!” sighed the good man, “she is no more! It is now four months since the good God called her to himself! And I hope soon to rejoin her: lame, and incapable of gaining a livelihood, death is my only desire.”

The two sisters testified their regret for the

loss of the good woman, and observing a little girl who was weeping, and whose tears were caused by the last words of her father, the ladies enquired after the other children.

“ My eldest,” replied Father Thomas, “ is a gardener; he is nineteen, has good health, but unfortunately is in want of employment: Marianne is a sempstress; it is her who has supported us ever since her mother’s decease, having spent all the money we had to procure necessities for my poor wife. Louisa, whom you see, is only twelve; I am sorry it is not in my power to continue sending her to school. She had begun to read and write tolerably well; she could assist her sister; but, as I have already told you, they can get nothing to do. I have only to hope God will have pity on my poor children, and that he will soon reunite me to my dear Mary.”

The Ladies de Roseville were much affected by the misfortunes and piety of this good man.

Mons. D'Argens, prejudiced in his favour by all he had done for his nieces, and by the look of probity spread over his countenance, proposed to his nieces to make him porter at Roseville. It is easy to suppose they accepted this proposition with joy: "I have also a good place for your son; and Marianne shall live with Gabrielle, who is in want of a servant. I am sure she will not have cause to repent. As for Louisa, we will send her to the chateau."

"I will take the charge of her education on myself," said Augustina: "will you allow of it, Sir?"

"Most certainly, my dear child; and I am persuaded you will acquit yourself *à-merveille*."—"But what do you think of our projects, father Thomas? Do you approve of them?"

"I, Monsieur!—I know not how to express all I feel; I am not deserving such benefactions;"

"and," continued he, drying his eyes, "now I wish to live to prove my gratitude to you, as well as to these good young ladies."

"Why do you talk of gratitude, father Thomas?" said Gabrielle—" 'tis myself and my sister who owe it to you, and be assured that we will never forget it; set out for Roseville as soon as possible; my cousin Eugene will receive you and your children as my friends. I will write to beg of him to take care of you."

"And I also," said Mons. D'Argens: "we are obliged to go to Paris on business; when, as soon as it is concluded, we shall return to Roseville, and I hope to find you established there in good health."

Before Gabrielle took leave of father Thomas, she advised him to travel by the public stage, and as commodiously as possible, in

order to avoid augmenting the pain of his leg; approaching Louisa, she slipped a well-filled purse into her hand, as a greater weight to her recommendation.

Having paid this visit, they continued their route, and stopped only at the sign of the Two Pigeons, with the intention of repaying the kind hostess the expence she had been at on their account, and particularly for that she had been at for their journey which father Thomas said she had paid. Madame le Blanc would not receive any thing for the hospitality she had afforded them; and as for the expenses on the road, father Thomas had never spoke to her about them. They made her a present, admired the good order and neatness of her house, staid there to sleep, and the next morning liberally paid their expenses; rejoicing at having it in their power to prove their gratitude to father Thomas, to his family, and to the kind hostess of the Two Pigeons.

Their return to the hotel recalled to their mind melancholy remembrances, and their emotion was increased on arriving in Paris, particularly in passing the barrier: " 'Twas here," said they, "that mamma brought us each morning when she foresaw our separation." Their uncle endeavoured to reanimate their courage, by hopes that their renewed enquiries would be more successful; and happily as man easily flatters himself that his wishes will be gratified, peace and happiness re-entered their bosoms.

The morning after their arrival in Paris, Mons. D'Argens presented them to a lady, who he told them would have the goodness to supply his place when his affairs obliged him to leave them.

Madame de Belmont was a widow, her age about fifty; she possessed great equality of temper, great information, charming talents,

and many resources within herself. The many misfortunes she had met with tinctured her character with melancholy. She had languished two years in prison, under the dreadful reign of Robespierre; her husband and the greater part of her relations had perished on the scaffold. A very small part of her large fortune remained, and that little was barely sufficient to support her; still this amiable woman never complained. Piety and resignation to the divine will stifled her regrets. She soon became attached to the ladies of Roseville, who, on their side, as readily returned her affection.

Madame de Belmont sought out the best masters for her young friends; she took them to visit the most remarkable manufactories, academies, and, in short, seized every opportunity of improving and instructing them. Their uncle gave them all the time he could spare from his affairs, and sought to procure

them all the amusements a great city can give. Gabrielle and Augustina were very grateful for such care; but they could not forget that it was in this city they had lost their parents, and this mournful recollection pursued them in the midst of all their pleasures.

Thus they passed five months in Paris; the business that called Mons. D'Argens there, being concluded, he proposed to Madame de Belmont her accompanying his nieces to Roseville; she accepted his proposition with pleasure.

Notwithstanding all the enthusiasm which a large city generally inspires, above all in an age of illusion, our two sisters with pleasure quitted this fatal place, where they could procure not the least information of their parents. Mons. D'Argens set out in the evening, to avoid the questions of his nieces, and went out of his way to pass the barrier, by which they

had entered, entertaining them with various projects, till his gaiety at last communicated itself to the ladies, so that they arrived at Roseville tolerably happy.

Father Thomas, already installed in his office of porter, opened the gates for them. By the humane attention of Eugene, who had sent for a good surgeon, his leg was quite well. The poor man seemed at the height of happiness, and testified his gratitude by tears of joy, calling down a thousand benedictions on the family of Roseville.

Marianne entered that evening on her attendance on her amiable mistress, who was very much pleased with her new waiting-maid. Louisa also came to pay her obedience to the ladies and Mons. D'Argens.

Gabrielle, not seeing Eugene, looked towards the door each time it opened ; but not

seeing her cousin appear, she enquired after him.

"He is absent," answered her uncle.

She was astonished, but made no other enquiry.

They had been a month at Roseville, 'ere Eugene returned. When the first compliments were over, he retired with his uncle, and remained shut up with him two or three hours; and during several days they went out together or spoke in whispers.

So much mystery rather surprised Gabrielle, who, though not in the least curious, yet could not help remarking the unusual reserve with which her uncle treated her.

Augustina one day said to her sister, "I am sure that my uncle and Eugene are pre-

paring a great surprize for us; I am sure of it, for both of them appear so happy and pleased. I cannot think what it can be. That your marriage employs them in part, I know; but I am certain there is something more than that."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when Mons. D'Argens, smiling with delight, entered with Madame de Belmont and Eugene. "It is a year to-morrow," said he to his nieces, "since I had the pleasure of finding you, my dear children, at the cavern, since which time you have never been there. To-morrow I mean to celebrate this anniversary, by giving you ladies a fête.

Augustina and Gabrielle looked at their uncle, as though they did not rightly understand him. "At the cavern?" asked Gabrielle in an under tone of voice.

"Yes, my dear Gabrielle; have you any objection to this project?"

"No, certainly, uncle; I shall be happy to see it again."

"Very happy, oh! very happy," said Mons. D'Argens, "at least I hope so."

Eugene looked at his uncle, and, smiling, kissed the hand of Gabrielle. In a whisper he said,—“Yes, happy, my dear cousin, very happy.”

“And shall I share in this happiness?” asked Augustina, laughing.

“Yes, my dearest,” replied Mons. D'Argens.

“Could I be happy, think ye, my beloved Augustina, without you?” added Gabrielle; persuaded within herself it was her marriage they alluded to. Unable to conquer an involuntary embarrassment, till all was arranged, she left the room, and retired to the garden.

She there met Margarite, who had brought her some of the best fruits of the rock, as she had done the preceding year; and as she offered them to her acceptance, said, "I now hope that God has heard my prayers, and that you will be very happy, my dear young lady."

Mons. D'Argens at this moment called Margarite; his niece remained alone, thoughtful, agitated, and yielding to an emotion new to her. She continued her walk, repeating to herself, "Happy! certainly I ought to be so, when uniting my fate with Eugene's, who is so good, so attentive, and possessed of so many virtues. But, alas! my dear parents, who alone have a right to dispose of the hand of their child; my good father, my dear indulgent mother, are exiles!—perhaps at this moment without money or friends—who knows what their fate may be! I am ignorant of it—I, who am in the bosom of opulence, contributing to the happiness of all around me—but the power of solacing their

misery is denied me ! and I am enjoying all the pleasures riches can procure !”

This heart-rending thought, and the fear they might be dead, pressed heavily on her spirits ; she bang her head, and wept bitterly. Night was drawing on : buried in her melancholy reflections, seated on a verdant bank, recalling the emotions she had felt, she repeated to herself, “ Happy ! *I* happy ! impossible.”

“ And why not, Ma’amselle,” said father Thomas, who had been standing before her for some few moments, anxiously looking at her, without her having seen him, “ you are so amiable, you do so much good ! and while you make so many people happy, are you not happy ? Oh ! you will be, Ma’amselle, you will be happy ; I dare predict it, as I once before predicted your good fortune. Heaven is just, it will recompence so many good actions

—you will be happy, I tell you, sooner than you expect.”

“Yes, my dear Gabrielle,” said Madame de Belmont, who with Augustina had come to look for her, and who had heard the last words of Thomas, “you will soon be happy.” Madame de Belmont and Augustina led her to the chateau.

Mons. D’Argens observed the melancholy looks and the inflamed eyes of his niece. He appeared much disturbed ; and Gabrielle owning that the fears she entertained for the fate of her parents were the cause of them, he said, “Oh ! make yourself easy on that account, my dear child, I promise we shall have news of them shortly.”

“How, uncle ? Have you received any intelligence of them—do you at last know where they are ?”

"Listen to me," said Mons. D'Argens, embracing her,—“all I can tell you is, that 'ere the expiration of eight days we shall know the place of their abode, and”——

“But, my dear uncle, how can you assure me of it?”

“Question me no more to-day; I give you my word of honour, that in eight days hence I will listen to all you can say on this subject: but 'till then I entreat you to be silent, nay, I even forbid you. Prepare yourself for the fête I shall give you to-morrow at the cavern. Enjoy the present hour, and hope the future will bring peaceful days to you. I again repeat to you, my dear child, that you will be happy—it is impossible you should be otherwise. And you also, my dear little Augustina,” said he, as he left the room.

The two sisters looked at each other with

astonishment ; the last words of their uncle appeared so significant, that their hearts opened at once to joy. However, these hopes were so obscure, they feared to give themselves up to a false joy ; they lost themselves in conjectures. Madame de Belmont did not interrupt them ; she sat at the window, anxiously watching the looks of her young friends.

Mons. D'Argens re-entered, followed by Eugene ; they proposed music. Eugene sent for the harps of Gabrielle, and Madame de Belmont ; he gave a violin to his uncle, and took his flute. The two sisters found themselves obliged to join the party, though they would have preferred conversing together. The concert lasted till near midnight ; and as Mons. D'Argens never took any supper, he tenderly embraced his two nieces, and retired.

Eugene and Madame de Belmont had a long dissertation on music ; Gabrielle spoke but

little; Augustina was pensive, and less gay than usual; each retired to their apartment, without being able to give a satisfactory account of this mysterious day.

The next morning Gabrielle had scarcely risen ere she heard the bells chiming; it was the first time she had heard them for the space of seven years: for religion had been abolished during the reign of Robespierre, when only temples to the "*Immortality of the Soul*," were erected, which bore an inscription, "*The French People acknowledge the Immortality of the Soul—Liberty, Equality, or Death.*" They had also changed the form of prayer, and in place of the sign of the christians, in the primary schools, they used these words, "*In the name of Marat and de Peltier St. Fargeau.*" The practice of any other religion was punished with death.

Gabrielle was astonished; her uncle told her

it was a rejoicing on the anniversary of the day he had had the pleasure to find them in the cavern. After breakfast, he conducted them to church; Eugene and Madame de Belmont followed. He there returned thanks to the Supreme Being for the special protection he had afforded them; a *Te Deum* was sung.

Afterwards the family entered the carriage. "To the cavern!" said Mons. D'Argens to the servant.

Instead of driving to the lime-kiln, they advanced far into the forest. "Indeed, uncle," said Gabrielle, "the coachman has mistaken the road; we are a great way beyond the lime-kiln." At this moment they entered a superb avenue, at the extremity of which she discovered a very pretty house built on the rock. The carriage stopped; Mons. D'Argens enjoyed the astonishment of his nieces, asking them if they knew the cavern again.

"No, uncle," they both answered. He then conducted them to the interior of the house; they then recollected the apartments they once

inhabited, although somewhat changed in their appearance, particularly the doors, windows, and chimnies. The apartments of the second floor, that is to say, those they had added, were plain, elegant, and afforded the most delightful views. He then led them to the rotunda; it was furnished exactly as on the day their uncle found them, excepting the addition of a large picture covered with a curtain of green silk: Mons. D'Argens drew it up, and addressing himself to Madame de Belmont, said, "Here is a work of Eugene's, which I think will give you pleasure." 'Twas Gabrielle and Augustina, drawn in the attitudes in which he had first seen them; the one playing the harp, the other seated at the piano forte; the rose-tree standing between them. The likenesses being good ones, Madame de Belmont gave the picture all the praises it merited, and Mons. D'Argens added—"Its merit is the greater, as my nephew painted it from memory."

"Ah! uncle," replied the young D'Argens with *naïveté*, "there are remembrances which are not to be effaced."

Gabrielle, much affected by this scene, turned from the picture, looked at Eugene, kissed her uncle's hand, and left the rotunda. Instead of the dark passage which formerly conducted them to the stone quarry, they found themselves under a bower, covered with wood-bines and roses. At the end of it was a grove, one side of which extended to the forest, the other crowned by a hill of vines; at the foot of the hill lay a superb meadow, watered by the Loire, and at a distance a fertile country—presenting, in a *coup d'œil*, one of the most pleasing perspectives nature can give when clothed in her gayest attire.

Mons. D'Argens made his nieces re-enter the grove, under the pretence that the heat was excessive; they soon discovered a little temple whose architecture was as simple as elegant. Eight columns of white marble supported the edifice. Over the door was an inscription, "*To Filial Tenderness.*"

Gabrielle, by the desire of her uncle, knock-

ed at the door, and immediately a beautiful harmony was heard; a melodious voice sung the following words:—

Adieu to grief, to fear adieu!
A God is nigh your hearts to bless!
And ye will soon be born anew
For pleasure and for happiness!

The voice ceased; several peasants dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses (the men in grey coats with rose-coloured ribbons, the women in white) came from different parts of the grove, and placed a basket of flowers on the peristyle of the temple. Two little girls, of great beauty, crowned each of the sisters with a garland of flowers.

Augustina, transported with delight, embraced her uncle, her sister, and Madame de Belmont. She jumped, laughed, and wept at the same time. Gabrielle, standing between her uncle and cousin, held the hand of the former, which she carried to her lips, and wetted with tears of gratitude; a thousand confused ideas arose

in her mind ; she was too much affected to express the sentiments by which she was agitated.

“ Let us,” said Mons. D’Argens, “ leave this grove, since it agitates you so much ; we will go to the flower-garden.”

A bower, like the first, led to a grotto carpetted with moss ; in the centre was the pretty fountain, the borders of which were, as formerly, decorated with flowers ; the water, instead of losing itself under the rock, serpentine across the pasture and gardens. No change had been made at the cascade or basin ; the songs of the birds, which flew about the beautiful pavilion, mixed with its murmurs ; they ascended this pavilion by steps cut in the rocks, and by one of the pillars of the fountain. From hence they saw the immense forest of Roseville, its fertile hills, its superb avenues, the chain of rocks covered with vines and the delightful fruits of the earth ; the town of Tours, watered by the Loire ; a valley covered with numerous flocks ; cottages scattered here

and there. It was the beginning of harvest: all breathed abundance, and presented the most pleasing picture of rural pleasures.

Leaving the pavilion, they entered a vast kitchen garden, kept in great order. The son of Father Thomas, who was the gardener, conducted them to the green house; it contained oranges, the most rare shrubs, with a variety of fruit. From the kitchen garden they went on to a pretty farm, built in the place which had formerly served as the lime-kiln. The part of the cavern formerly inhabited, was transformed into a barn, stables, stalls, and a coach-house; near to it was a handsome vine-press.

Margarite and her children, dressed in white, came out of the farm, whom Mons. D'Argens presented as neighbour, keeper, and farmer of the rock. "May the good God load you with benedictions, and make you as happy as I am, my dear young ladies!" said the good woman to them, "and then I shall die contented."

Madame de Belmont enquired why tables were laid out in the farm as well as in the yard? "For the shepherds and shepherdesses who are tenants of Roseville," replied Mons. D'Argens. "But this reminds me, ladies, that you must be fatigued; it is time you should repose yourselves; you must also want some refreshment."

They re-entered the house, and placed themselves at table; dinner was served; it was a silent yet an agreeable one. Mons. D'Argens, although he enjoyed the surprise of his nieces, appeared restless. Madame de Belmont was placidly gay, and answered all the questions of the delighted Augustina.

Gabrielle ate little, and spoke still less; she smiled on her uncle, and longed to ask him about her parents, but durst not make the attempt. Eugene endeavoured to partake in the gaiety of Augustina, to tranquillize Gabrielle.

When the dinner was over, Eugene ordered his horse, promising to return soon. "Every body looks so serious," said he, laughing, "that I am going to see if I cannot find some better company."

"What impertinence!" said Madame de Belmont.

"I beg your pardon, Madam; I ought to have gayer company, or at least more agreeable to my cousin Gabrielle, who takes no notice of us." So saying, he left the room.

A short time after he had left them, Gabrielle and Augustina went to the window; the garden was illuminated, the house and avenue were decorated with variegated lamps, formed in cyphers, A. G. R. Suddenly several guns were heard in the midst of the forest. The exclamations of "Long live the Count! Long live the Countess!" re-echoed from all parts.

Gabrielle and Augustina, strongly affected, asked the cause of these exclamations of joy. "To announce the greatest of happiness to you—your parents."

"What is it you say, my dear uncle?" said they falling at his feet—"Do they live?"—"Yes! my dear children, you are going to hear the exclamations of 'Long live the Count and Countess,' redoubled." A carriage approached—"I am happy!—Embrace me, my dear nieces," cried Mons. D'Argens, "here are your father and mother."

Gabrielle and Augustina flew to meet their parents, and fell fainting at their feet; they had not heard the last words their uncle had addressed to them. When they were returned to feeling, they were in the arms of their father and mother, who covered them with tears and kisses—"Father—Mother—Children—Brother," were the only words that were heard or pronounced.

Madame de Belmont, whose face was suffused with tears, contemplated this scene of happiness with tenderness, and admired the marvellous means of Providence to satisfy divine justice, and recompense virtue. After the first emotions of delight were somewhat subsided, Mons. D'Argens presented Madame de Belmont to his brother and sister, as the friend of his nieces, and who had latterly supplied their place. As for Eugene, he was already known to the Count and Countess. Augustina, clasped in the arms of her mother, gently reproached her uncle for keeping them in ignorance of the existence of persons so dear to them, and whose absence they daily lamented.

“ I feared, my child, to give hopes ; I could not flatter myself of confirming them : the first intelligence was so uncertain, I durst not communicate it to you ; such was the motive of Eugene's absence. When, at his return, he brought me more positive information, nay

even a letter from my brother, I was still obliged by the entreaties of your father to keep it a secret from you, who wished to take you by surprise, to see if he would be known by you. I kept the secret as well as I could, till the moment preceding his arrival. I feared, however, so sudden an emotion might be fatal to you. I endeavoured throughout the whole of the day to prepare you for happiness; your anxiety in hearing your parents named, the guns, the appointed signals of the approach of the carriage, my own feelings tore the secret from me: it is my brother who must pardon me, and not you, you little scolder,—you ought rather to thank me for the unexpected happiness you enjoy;—and you, my dear Gabrielle, do you bear me any malice—do you wish to quarrel with me?"

"Oh, no, no, dear uncle! I am too happy to think of that!"

Madame de Belmont observing the travellers might want some refreshment, supper was

served. The Countess, seated between her two daughters, made them recount all their adventures from the time she quitted them. She admired her dear children, and constantly interrupted them with the most tender caresses. The Count de Roseville thanked Providence for its protection of his family, and for the happiness he now enjoyed. Mons. D'Argens was at the height of felicity. Madame de Belmont almost forgot her own misfortunes in seeing her friends happy. As for Eugene, while listening attentively to his cousin, he regarded her parents with anxiety, fearing they would not assent to the projects of his uncle, or they might have other views for the amiable and interesting Gabrielle.

When this charming girl had concluded her recital, the Countess addressing herself to them, said, "I cannot succinctly relate our misfortunes to you this evening; but as your father means to write them, you will then see the road by which Providence led us to the happiness we

now enjoy. When I left you, I flew to the prison in which your father was confined ; I gave my name to the jailer, and implored him to allow me to see my husband, if he yet existed. This man, moved by my tears, entreaties, and despair, conducted me to a garret where I found my dear Augustus, on a miserable pallet, ill of an extremely dangerous fever. I threw myself on my knees at the jailer's feet, to obtain permission to have the care of my husband. My tears, my prayers, and the money I gave him, at last induced him to grant me my wishes. Scarcely had I obtained this favour, 'ere an officer entered, who declared me a prisoner. With the greatest difficulty I procured the assistance of a physician ; for a whole month I despaired of my dear Augustus's life. The dreadful fear of losing him, added to what I suffered for the dangers to which you were exposed, tortured my heart. Unceasingly I offered up my prayers to the Almighty, so full of mercy and goodness, and who now has vouchsafed to re-unite us : I entreated him to watch

over you, resigning myself to his holy will, momentarily expecting the death of my husband. God in his mercy permitted him to recover, and shortly after we were exiled—we were embarked for Cayenne. Happily for us, the Captain of the vessel in which we sailed, was the son of an old servant of the Count de Melval, your grandfather; he had received many obligations from your father, and therefore treated us with all possible attention. A dreadful tempest having driven us on the coast of Portugal, he was obliged to put in there, and taking every precaution necessary for his own safety, he sent us on board a merchant ship, the Captain of which was his particular friend. This vessel set sail for St. Domingo, to which place we wished to go, hoping to find assistance from my husband's brother. Judge of our despair, when, on our arrival, we were informed of the departure of Count Henri. However, some relations of his wife received us with kindness; but the liberty they afforded their slaves, and the subsequent revolt of the latter, caused such

consternation, that the greater part of the white inhabitants sought an asylum in distant countries. Our friends embarked for Jamaica, and took us with them. The following year we sailed for England, where we had the misfortune to lose our generous protectors. Moneyless, friendless, and without any other recommendation than our misfortune, we were received and assisted by the generosity of the English Government. But there were so many of our countrymen in a similar situation with ourselves, that this assistance, though considerable in itself, was but trifling when divided amongst so many. 'Twas far from being sufficient for us, during a long illness; but Heaven, always propitious to us, saved us by the hand of Lady Clarendon, who took the greatest care of us. When our health was re-established, she proposed my going as a governess to the children of a friend of hers—and my dear Augustus as a tutor in another family. Our situation obliged us to accept her offers; but although habituated to misfortune, we were not to dependence. I

felt that one can support misfortune with more courage, than that unceasing restraint which results from a false position, and for which Heaven seemed not to have formed us. Whenever the recollection of the dangers to which our dear girls were exposed, added to the loss of rank and fortune, notwithstanding all the attentive kindness of her Ladyship, I felt myself sinking under the weight of my chain! The unhappy being, whose heart is wounded by misfortune, is ever so susceptible, that little is wanting to reopen all its wounds scarcely healed; and it is not in dependence, however mild it may be, that they can be cured. We durst not attempt to send you any intelligence of our existence, in the fear of betraying your retreat, for I often flattered myself you were there in safety. I relied on the prudence and courage of my dear Gabrielle. I placed you both under the protection of the all-powerful God; day and night I prayed to him for you, my dear children. I hoped that poor Richard had escaped death, and was with you"——

"How!" interrupted Gabrielle, "is not this faithful servant with you?"

"Alas!" continued the Countess, "we never knew what became of him; and since he did not return to the cavern, it is to be supposed he has perished. I regret his loss sincerely. Without him—without his care, to prepare this retreat, how would my dear girls have escaped misery and death? This idea makes me shudder, even while I embrace them."

Every one regretted and pitied poor Richard.

The Countess re-commenced her recital, which for some moments had been interrupted. "Having some business to transact with Mr. Thelluson, the banker, I called on him; his son was on the point of setting out for France. I gave him a letter for Mons. Perregeaux, my father-in-law's banker, begging of him to make enquiries after the heiresses de Roseville, and my brother-in-law, Count Henri. Unfortun-

nately he lost my letter; but remembering the name of Roseville, (though ignorant that it was mine), he acquitted himself in part of my commission."

"Yes," said Mons. D'Argens, "Mons. Perregeaux having written to me on account of those enquiries, I naturally suspected that the persons so interested about the Ladies de Roseville and their uncle could be no other than their parents. Wishing to avoid giving my nieces false hopes, I sent my nephew to Hamburgh, to a person who I knew could procure letters from London in a short time. I wrote to Mr. Thelluson, the gentleman to whom my sister had addressed herself, begging him to convey a letter to Count Augustus de Roseville, if he could find him; and, in the supposition that the person who had taken upon himself to make enquiries after my nieces, must be the Count himself, gave him a cheque for any money he might want, to enable him to return to France. My dear Augustus received both,

and set out for Hamburgh, at which place he spent a month at my friend's house, from whence he wrote to me, desiring me to keep his arrival a secret from his daughters. In the mean time I employed all the friends of Mons. Perregeaux to obtain a revoke of the iniquitous judgment which had condemned him to exile, and had the happiness to succeed. Eugene returned some days before the Count and Countess's intended arrival: he left them in good health. His marriage, which I had fixed to take place on the anniversary of the day on which I had discovered my nieces at the cavern, was put off; we calculated the day and precise hour of your arrival; and to hide my impatience to see you, I made no change in the preparations for the fête I had proposed to give my nieces. I caused this house to be built on the rock they had inhabited for six years; I had only to buy the ground which surrounded it, and to cut down a wood, to make it not merely a commodious habitation, but even an agreeable one; 'twas a wedding present I meant for Gabrielle. How-

ever, it now depends on her father and mother to dispose of the hand of their child. All I can say is, that the virtues of my Eugene, his personal qualities, in short, his character, make him worthy of Gabrielle. The fortune of my nephew amounts to two thousand livres sterling. I have nearly as much, which I destine for him, if this marriage takes place; it will ensure the happiness of Gabrielle, and make mine complete."

Eugene fell at the knees of the Count and Countess, begging them to consent to his happiness and accept him for their son. Mons. and Madame de Roseville, prejudiced in his favour by the friendly reception they had met with from his relations in America, and grateful for the zeal he had shewn in serving them, and by all Count Henri had said in favour of his character and virtues, which they valued more than his great fortune, consented to the marriage, which took place eight days after their return to Roseville.

The new married pair made the handsome house at the rock their actual residence. Count Henri resided at the chateau with his brother and sister. As it has been already observed, his character was entirely changed : he was become the most amiable of men ; in his brother's family he forgot his misfortunes.

Augustina, as amiable and as beautiful as her sister, is united to a young and estimable man, to whose happiness she contributed by her virtues. Madame de Belmont soon became the inseparable friend of the Countess. A day does not pass without this interesting family reuniting either at Roseville, or at the rock.

Poor Richard appeared some months after his master's return to his native land. This faithful servant had lost a leg, and was covered with wounds. He had been forced to march to the frontiers, and at the end of eight years' hard service, was discharged as disabled. He bent his way to the chateau de Roseville, where

he was received with the greatest pleasure, as they never expected to see him again ; he now makes one of the family. The Count proposes writing his adventures with his own. Father Thomas and Margarite, connected by the inter-marriages of their children, live happy and contented near their benefactors. The family de Roseville enjoy a peace and happiness they have purchased by their virtues. May their future days pass serenely !

FINIS.

