



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

#### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

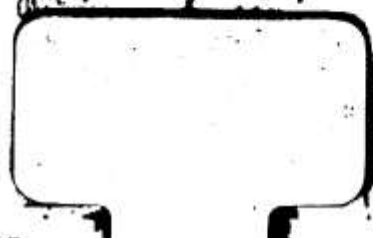
#### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

161

256 e. 14999

Backstage



256

**JULIA DE ROUBIGNÉ,**

**A T A L E.**

**IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.**

**PUBLISHED BY**

**The AUTHOR of THE MAN OF FEELING,  
and THE MAN OF THE WORLD.**

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. I.**

---

**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN; AND  
T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.**

**MDCC LXXVII.**



Corrections.

Page 22. Line 3. for coiUy, read coli/ly.

15. for ^flow, read J^Mrw. 15. for a^ejor, read aggreffor\*

11, for fanting, read poured, 12 and Trifor^^/ir/^ rca^yOrtfr/. 11 •  
for ddhoir^iunfitlythim^ read,

12. for^cw, read/flw/. 18. for dijpiafivii read diffuafi^ou.

7« fox iayU^ read iajlecA,

3^

57-70.

73-114.

125.

160.

167.

0/ 12 \^-9?6

^'Vfo^S-'



## INTRODUCTION.

I have formerly taken the liberty of holding some prefatory discourse with my readers, on the subject of those little histories, which accident had enabled me to lay before them. This is probably the last time I shall make use of their indulgence; and even, if this Introduction should be found superfluous, it may claim their pardon, as the parting address of one, who has endeavoured to contribute to their entertainment.

I was favoured last summer with a visit from a gentleman, a native of France, with whose father I had been intimately acquainted when I was last in that country. I confess myself particularly de-

A 3 lighted

lighted with an intercourse, which removes the barrier of national distinction, and gives to the inhabitants of the world the appearance of one common family. I received, therefore, this young Frenchman into that humble abode, which Providence has allowed my age to rest in, with peculiar satisfaction, and was rewarded, for any little attention I had in my power to show him, by acquiring the friendship of one, whom I found to inherit all that paternal worth, which had fixed my choice, about a dozen years ago, in Paris. In truth, such attention always rewards itself; and, I believe, my own feelings; which I expressed to this amiable and accomplished Frenchman on his leaving England, are such as every one will own,

M'hofe mind is fufceptible of feeling at all. He was profufe of thanks, to which my

good

good-offices had no titles but from die ia\* clication that accompanied them.—/rt, Monfteur^ (laid 1, for he had ufed ahin\* guage more accommodated than ours to the lefler erderof fentiments, and I an-{wered him, as well as long want of prac« tice would allow me, in the fame tongue) —ia, Monfietir^ \$bfcur 6f inconnuy avec

heaucoup de bienveillance^ maispeude pouvoir^ \* > ne goute point d^un plaifir plus fmcere^ que de penfer^ qtCil y a^ dans aucun quartier du monde^ une ame honnete^ qui fe fouvient de moi avec reconnoiffance.

But I am talking of myfelf, when I {bould be giving an account of the foUowing papers. This gentleman,' dif-courfing with me on the fubjeft of thofc letters, the fubftance of which I formerly pubJiished under the title of The Man of

the

• » •

## VIII INTRODUCTIOPT.

the Worlds obfervcd, that if the defire of fearching into the records of private life were common, the difcovery of fuch col-ledions would ceafe to be wondered at. « ^ We look (faid he), for the Hlftories of Men, among thoTe of high rank; but memoirs of fentiment, and fuffering, may^ be found in every condition\*

" My father, continued my young friend, made, fince you faw him, an ac-quifition of that nature, by a whimfical accident\* Standing, one day at the door of a grocery (hop, making enquiry as to the lodgings of fome perfon of his acquaintance, a little boy pafled him, with a bundle of papers in his hand, which he offered for fale to the matter

of the (hop, for the ordinary uses of his trade; but they differed about the price, and the boy' I was-

was ready to depart^ when my father de^^ filed a fight of the papers, saying to the lad 9 with a smile that, perhaps, he might deal with him for his book; upon reading a sentence or two, he found a style much above that of the ordinary manuscripts of a grocery-shop, and gave the boy his price, at a venture, for the whole. When he had got home, and examined the parcel^ he discovered it to consist of letters put up, for the most part, according to their dates, which he committed to me, as having, he said, better eyes, and a keener curiosity, than his. I found them to contain a story in detail, which, I believe, would interest one of your turn of thinking a good deal.^ If you choose to undergo the trouble of the perusal, I shall take care to have them sent over to you by the first opportunity I can find,

A 5 and

and If you will do the Public the favour to digest them, as you did those of ^i^ and his children'^—I beg you to French^ man speak the language of compliment^ but I do not choose to canvass any further. It is enough ^to say, that I received his papers some time ago> and that they are those which I have translated, and now give to the world. I had perhaps treated them as I did the letters he mentioned; but I found it a difficult task to reduce them into narrative, because they are made up of sentiment, which narrative would destroy. The only power I have exercised over them, is that of omitting letters, and passages of letters, which seem to bear no relation- to the story I mean to communicate. In doing this,, however, I confess I have been cautious: I love myself (and am apt therefore\*

from

from a common sort of weakness, to imagine that other people (I mean) to read nature in her smallest character, and am often more apprised of the state of the mind, from very trifling, than from very important circumstances.

As, from age and situation, it is likely I shall address the Public no more, I cannot avoid taking this opportunity, of thanking it for the reception it has given, to those humble pages which I formerly introduced to its notice. Unknown, and unpatronized, I had little pretension to its favour, and little expectation of its writing, or arranging the writings of others, was, to me, only a favourite amusement, for which a man easily finds both time and apology. One advantage I drew from it, which the humane may hear with satisfaction I often wandered

from -

## XXI. INTRODUCTION.

From my own woes in tracing the tale of another's affliction» and, at this inefficient» every sentence I write I am but escaping a little farther from the prelude of sorrows

• • •

Of the few merits or faults of the composition, in the volumes of which I have directed this publication, a small share only was mine. I rather tend to hold myself entirely accountable, because, had it been a bad one, I had the power of supplying the deficiencies, and from their tendency, I believe, more than any other quality belonging to them, has the indulgence of their readers arisen. For that indulgence I desire to return them my grateful acknowledgments as an editor; "I shall be proud with better reason if there is nothing to be found, than to be told that they may forfeit their esteem by a mistake."

/'

JULIA DE RUPUBIGNE,

TALE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Julia de Rouhigni to Maria de RonciUes.

\*• f I ^ H E friendlhip of your Marian JL misfortune can never depriveyou of.\*'—Thcfc were the words with which you fealed that attachment we had formed in the blifsful period of infancy. The remembrance of thofe peaceful days we paffed together in the convent, is often recalled to my mAd, amidft the cares of Vol. L B the

a JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

the prefent. Yet do not think me fooli(h enough to complain of the want of thofe pleafures which affluence gave us i the fituation of my^ father's affairs is fuch as to exclude luxury, but it allows happi-nefs; and, were it not for the recoUeftion of what he once poffeffed, which now and then intrudes itfelf upon him, he could fcarce form a wifh that were not gratified in the retreat he has found.

You were wont to call me the little phi-lofopher % if it be philofophy to feel no violent diftrefs from that change which the ill-fortune of our family has made in its circumftances, I do not claim much merit from being that way a philofopher. From my earlieft days I found myfelf unambitious of wealth or grandeur, contented with the enjoyment of fequeftered

life, and fearful of the dangers which at-f^d an exalted Nation. It b therefor6 more properly a weaknefs, than a virtue, in tifie^ to be fatisfied with my prefent fituation.

But^ aftet- all, my friend, what is it we have loft ? We have exchanged the life of gaiety, of tumults, of pleafure they call it, which we led in Paris, when

r

my father was a rich man; for the purS, the peaceful, the truly happy fcenes, which this place affords us, now he is isi poor one. Dependence and poverty alone

are fuffercd to complain ; but they knoVr

•

not how often greatness is dependent, and wealth is poor. Formerly, even during the very short space of the year we were at Belville it was vain to think of that

B 2 domestic

V

domestic enjoyment I used to hope for in the country •, we were people of too much consequence to be allowed the privilege of retirement, and except those luxurious walks I sometimes found means to take—with you, my dear, I mean—the day

was as little my own, as in the midst of our winter-hurry in town.

The loss of this momentous lawsuit has brought us down to the level of tranquillity. Our days are not now pre-occupied by numberless engagements, nor our time anxiously divided for a rotation of amusements; I can walk, read, or think, without the officious interruption of polite visitors.5 and, instead of talking^ eternally of others, I find time to settle Recounts with myself.

Could

Could we but prevail on my father to think thus ! — Alas! his mind is not

\*

formed for contracting into that narrow sphere, which his fortune has now marked out for him. He feels adversity a defeat, to which the vanquished submit, with pride in their looks, but anguish in their hearts. He is cut off from the enjoyment of his present state, while he puts himself under the cruel necessity of dissembling his regret for the loss of the

r

former,

I can easily perceive how much my

dearest mother is affected by this. I see her constantly on the watch for every word and look that may discover his feelings ; and (he has, too often, occasion to observe them unfavourable. She en-

V

B 3 deavours^

\$ JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

deavourS} and commonly succeeds in her endeavour, to put on the appearance of cheerfulness 5 She even tries to persuade herself that (she has reason to be content'^

ed; but, alas! an effort to be happy, is always but an increase of our uneasiness.

/.nd what is left for your Julia to do i

In truth, I fear, I am of little service. My heart is too much interested in the scene, to allow me that command over myself, which would make me useful.' My father often remarks, that I look grave 5 I smile (foolishly I fear), and deny it; it is> I believe, no more than I used to do formerly; but we were then in a situation that did not lead him to observe it. He had no consciousness in himself, to prompt the observation.

How

How often do I wish for you, Maria, to assist me ! There is something in that smile of yours (I paint it to myself at this instant) which care and sorrow are unable to withstand; besides the general effect produced by the intervention of a third person, in a society, the members of which are afraid to think of one another's thoughts.—Yet you need not answer this wish of mine •, I know how impossible it is for you to come hither at present. Write to me as often as you can 5

you will not expect order In my letters, nor observe it in your answers; I will speak to you on paper when my heart is full, and you will answer me from the sympathy of yours.

B4

LETTER II. ^

Julia to Maria.

I AM to vex my Maria with an account of trifles, and those too unpleasing ones; but she has taught me to think, that nothing is insignificant to her, in which I am concerned, and insists on participating, at least, if she cannot alleviate any distresses.

I am every day more and more unhappy about the chagrin which our situation seems to give my father. A little incident has just now plunged him into a fit of melancholy, which all the attention of my mother, all the attempts at gaiety

which

which your poor Julia is constrained to make, cannot dissipate or overcome\*

Our old servant Le Blanc is your acquaintance ; indeed he very soon becomes acquainted with every friend and visitor of the family, his age prompting him to talk, and giving him the privilege of talking.

Le Blanc had obtained permission, a few days since, to go on a visit to his daughter, who is married to a young fellow, serving in the capacity of coachman at a gentleman's in the neighbourhood of Belville. He returned last night, and, in his usual familiar manner, gave us an account of his expedition this morning.

B5. My

10 JULIA J>t ROVBIGHe\

My father enquired after his daughter & he gave some short answer as to her; but

«

I saw by his face that he was full of some other intelligence. He was standing behind my father, resting one hand on the back of his chair; he began to rub it very gently, as if he would have given the wood a polish by the friction, "I was at Belville. Sir," said he. My father made no reply; but L. e Blanc had got over the awkwardness of beginning, and was too much

occupied by the idea of the scene to forbear attempting the picture.

•' When I struck off the high road, said he, to go down by the Old Avenue I thought I had lost my way; there was not a tree to be seen. You may believe me as you please, Sir; but, I declare, I saw the rocks, that used to build there,

N

JULIA as JIGUIGNB IX

in a great flock over my head, croaking for all the world as if they had been looking for the Avenue too. Old Lafune's house, where you, Miss, (turning to me) would frequently stop in your walks, was pulled down, except a single beam at one end, which now serves for a rubbing-post to some cattle that graze there; and your former house. Sir, which the marquis had of you in a present, when he purchased Belville, has been turned out to grass among the rest, it seems; for there he was, standing under the shade of the wall; and when I came up, the poor beast knew me, as any Christian would, and came neighing up to my side as he was wont to do, I gave him a piece of bread I had put in my pocket in the morning, and he followed me for more, till I reach\*

B 6 «d

and the very gate of the house 5 I mean what was the gate, when I knew it ^ for there is now a rail run across ^ with a small door, which

Le Sauvre told me they call Chinefe. But» after all the marquis is  
feldom there to enjoy thofe fine things ; he lives in town, 1-e Sauvre  
fays, eleven months in the year, and only comes down to Belville, for  
a few weeks, to get money to fpend in Paris.\*

Here Le Blanc paused in his narration. I was afraid to look up to fee  
its effect on my father ^ indeed the picture which the poor fellow had,  
innocently, drawn, had too much affected myfelf. — Lafune's houfe !  
— My Maria remembers it 5 but (he knows not all the ties which its  
recollection has upon me.

I told

I told however a fide-long glance at my father. He feemed affected,  
but dif-daio was mixed with his tendernefs; he gathered up his  
features, as it were, to hide the effect of the recital. " You faw Le  
SauVre then ?\*\* faid he coolly, — •\* Yes,\*\* answered Le Blanc •, \*\*  
but he \» wonderfully altered fince he was in your fervice. Sir •, when  
I firft difcovered him he was in the garden, picking fome greens for  
his dinner; he looked fo rueful when he lifted up his head and faw  
me! indeed I was little better myfelf, when I caft my eyes around. It  
was a bad fight to fee! for the marquis keeps no gardener, «ex-cept Le  
Sauvre himfelf, who has fifty things to do befides, and only hires  
another hand or two, for the time he refides at Belville in the  
fummer. The walks that ufed to be trimmed fo nicely, are

covered

covered with mock-hyfs; the hedges are full of great holes, and Le  
Sauvre's chickens were baffling in the flower-beds. He took me into  
the houfe, and his wife feemed glad to fee her old acquaintance^ and  
the children clambered up to kifs me, and Jeanot afked me about his  
godmother, meaning you, Madam, and his little fitter enquired after  
her handsome miftrefs, as fhe ufed to call you, Mifs. " I have got,  
faid Nanette, two new miftreffes, that are finer dreffed than (he^  
but they are much prouder, and not half fo pretty 5" meaning two of  
the marquis's daughters, who were at Belville for a few days, when  
their father was laft there, I fmiled to hear the girl, talk fo, though

heaven knows, my heart was sad. Only three of the rooms are furnished, in one

of which Le Sauvre and his family were

fitting i

fitting ; the rest had their, windows dark-ened with cobwebs, and they echoed (o when Le Sauvre and I walked through them, that I shuddered, as if I had been in a monument/

" It is enough, Le Blanc/\* said my mother, in a sort of whisper. My father asked some indifferent question about the weather. I said, I know not how, looking pitifully, I suppose for my mother

tapped my cheek with the word Child! emphatically pronounced. I started out of my reverie, and finding myself unable to feign a composure which I did not feel, walked out of the room to hide my emotion. When I got to my own chamber, I felt the full force of Le Blanc's description, but to me it was not painful ; it is not on hearts that yield the

impression

impression that sorrow has the most powerful effects; it was but giving way to <sup>the</sup>power of tears> and I could think of Belville with pleasure, even in the possession of another. — They may cut its trees, Maria, and alter its walks, but cannot so de--face it as to leave no traces /or the memory of your Julia! — Methinks I should hate to have been born in a town ^ when I say my native brook, or my native hill, I talk of friends of whom the remembrance warms my heart To me, even to me, who have lost their acquaintance, there is something delightful in the melancholy recollection of their beauties ^ and, here, I often wander out to the top of a little broom-covered knoll, merely to look towards the quarter where Belville is situated.

It

\*

f I

JULIA DE ROUBIGNB^ I7

It is otherwife with mjr father. On Lc Blanc's recital he has brooded thcfe three days. The efFe£t it had on him is ftill vifible in his countenance, and but an hour ago, while my mother and I were talking of fome other fubjeft, in which he was joining by monofyllables, he faid, all at once, that he had fome thoughts of fending to the marquis for his roan horfe

again, fince he did not chufe to keep him properly.

They who have never known profpe-rity, can hardly be faid to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joys we have loft, that the arrows of afSiftionare pointed. Muft we then tremble, my

friend, in the pofreflion of prefent plea-fures, from the fear of their embittering

futurity ? or does Heaven thus teach us

that

that fort of enjoyment, of which the remembrance is immortal ? Does it point out thofe as the happy, who can look back on their paff life, not as the chronicle of pleafure, but as the record of virtue ?

Forgive my preachings I have leifure, and caufe to preach. You know how faithfully, in every fituation,

I am yours.

LETTER III.

Julia to Maria.

^4

" T "Will fpeak to you on paper when my heart is fuU/'-^Misfortuixe thinks itfelf entitled to fpeak, and feels feme confolatioB in the privilege of complaining, even where it has nothing to hope from the utterance of complaint.

Is it a want of duty in me to mention the weaknefs of a parent ? Heaven knows the fincerity of the love I bear him! Were I indifferent about my father, the date of his mind would not much dif\* quiet me; but my anxiety for his happi-nefs carries me perhaps a blameable

lengthy

20 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^

length, in that 'cenfure, which I cannoc

help feeling, of his incapacity to enjoy ir.

« ■ ■

My mother too ! if he knew how muchH it preys upon her geAtle foul, to fee the impatience with which he fuffers advcr-fity!—Yet, alas ! unthinking creature that I am, I judge of his mind by my own, and while I venture to blame his diftrcfs, I forget that it is entitled to my pity.

This morning he was obliged to go to the neighbouring village, to meet a pro-cureurfrom Paris onfomebufincfs, which ht told us would detain him all day. The night was cold and ftormy, and my mother and I looked often earneftly out, thinking on the difagreeable ride' he would have on his return. " My poor hufband!" faid my mother, as the wind

howled



howled in the lobby, beneath\* \*\* But I have heard him fay, Mamma, that, in thefe little hardihips, a man thinks him-felf unfortunate, but

is never unhappy; and you may remember he would always prefer riding, to being drove in a carriage,

because of the enjoyment which he told us he should feel from a clean room and a cheering fire when he got\* home.\*' At the word Carriage, I could observe my mother sigh; I was sorry it had escaped me; but, at the end of my speech, we looked both of us at the hearth, which I

had swept but the moment before; the faggots were crackling in the fire^ and my little Fidele lay asleep before it,— He pricked up his ears and barked, and we heard the jtrampling of horses in the court. Your father is returned, cried my

mother; and I ran to the door to receive

him\*

^

tZ JTJLIA DS ROUBIOME^

him. " Julia, is it not- ?\*• said he (for the servant had not time to fetch us a light); but he said it coldly. I ^ered to help him off with his furcoat. " Softly, child, said he, you pull my arm awry." It was a trifle, but I felt my heart swell when he said this.

He entered the room ; my mother took his hand in hers. " You are terribly cold, my love," said he, and she drew her chair nearer to the fire ; he threw aside his hat and whip^ without speaking a word. In the centre\*.of the table, which was covered with a cloth, I had placed a bowl of milk, dressed in a way I know he liked, and had garnished it with some artificial flowers, in the manner we used

«

to have our defects done at Belville. He fixed his eyes on it, and I began to make

'5 ready

ready my answer to a question I supposed he would ask, who had trimmed it so neatly? but he started hastily from his chair, and snatching up this little piece of ornament, threw it into the fire, saying, <^ we had now no title to finery/' This was too much for me; it was foolish, very foolish (h, but I could not help letting fall some tears. He looked sternly at me, and, muttering some words which I could not hear, walked out of the room, and flapped the door roughly behind him. I threw myself on my mother's neck, and wept outright.

Our supper was silent and full; to me the more painful, from the mortifying reverie which I felt from what I had expected. My father did not taste the milk; my mother asked him to eat of it

with

S4 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^

with an affected care in her manner; but I observed her voice falter as (he asked him: As for me, I durst not look him in the face; I trembled every time the servant left the room; there was a protest, even in his presence, which I could not bear to lose. The table was scarcely uncovered, when my father said he was tired and (leaky; my mother laid hold of the opportunity, and offered to accompany him to their chamber: She bid me good night; my father was silent; but I answered as if addressing myself to both.

Maria! in my hours of visionary indulgence, I have sometimes panted to myself a husband—no matter whom—comforting me amidst the distresses which fortune had laid upon us\* I have smiled upon him through my tears; tears, not

<rf anguished, but of tenderness;—our children were playing around us, unconscious of misfortune •, we had taught them to be humble and to be happy;—our little shed was reserved to us, and their smiles to cheer it.4-1 have^im^ined the luxury of such a scene, and ambition became a part of my dream of happiness I

Thus far I had written last night; I found at last my body tired and drowsy^ though my mind was ill-disposed to obey It: I laid aside my pen, and thought of going to bed; but I continued sitting in my chair, for an hour after, in that state of languid thinking, which, though it has not strength enough to fasten on any single object, can wander without weariness.

Vol. I. C. 1

26 JULIA DE ROUBIONE^

never over a thousand. The clock striking one, disturbed the equilibrium^, I visited then with my Maria, and I went to bed but to continue my dream of her.

It

. Why did I wake to anxiety and distress^ quiet?—Selfish! that I should not bear it without murmuring, my proportion of both!—I met my mother in the parlour, with a smile of meekness and serenity on her countenance^ she did not (say a single word of last night's incident; and I saw she purposely avoided giving me any opportunity of mentioning it^ such is the delicacy of her conduct with regard to my father. What an angel this woman is! Yet I fear, my friend, she is a very woman in her sufferings.

She

JULIA to^ FLOUBI^NT'. 1791

She was the only companion of our company, while my father sat with us. He rode out soon after breakfast, and did not return till dinner-time. I was almost afraid of his return, and was happy to see^ from my window^ somebody riding down the lane along with him. This was a gentleman of considerable rank and fortune in our neighbourhood, the count Louis de Montauban. I do not know how it has happened, but I cannot recollect having ever mentioned him to you before. He is not one of these very interesting characters, which are long present with the mind^ yet his worth is universally acknowledged, and his friendship to my father, though of late

acquifition, deferves more than ordinary acknowledgment from us«  
His hiftory we heard from

others, foon after our arrival here ^ fmce

38 JULIA BE ROUBIGNB'.

our acquaintance began; we have had it, »t different times, from  
himfelf; for though he has not much franknefs about him.to difcover  
his fecrets, he poffeifes a manly firmnefs, which does not fhrink from  
the difcovery.

His father was only brother to the late Francis count de Montauban;  
his mother, the daughter of a noble family in Spain, died in childbed  
of him, and he was foon after deprived of his. remaining ^parent,  
who was killed at a fiege in Flanders, His uncle took, for fome time,  
the charge of his education \ but, before he attained the age of  
manhood,.he difco-vered, in the count's behaviour, a want of that  
refped which (hould have diftinguih-ed the relatia from the  
dependent; and after havit^g, in vain, endeavoured to 4, aflert

ailert it, he took the refolution of leay« ing France, and travelled a-  
foot into Spain, where he met with a very kind reception from the  
relations of his mother. By their afliftance, he was afterwards  
enabled to acquire a refpedtable rank in the Spanifli army, and  
ferved, in a feries of campaigns, with diftinguifhed reputation. About  
a year ago, his uncle died unmarried •, by this event he fucceed-(d to  
the family eftate, part of which is

fuuated in this neighbourhood; and fmce that time, he has been  
generally here, employed in fuperintending it i for which,

it feems, there was the greater neceflity;

as the late count, who commonly lived at the old hereditary feat of  
his anceftbrs, had, for fome of the laft years of his life, been entirely  
under the dominion of: rapacious domeftics, aj^d fuSered bis a&

C 3 fairs

39 JULIA de' roubigne',

film in this^ quarter^ to run^ under their guidance, into the greatest.  
confusion.

Though, in France, a man of fortune's residence at his country-seat is  
so ununiversal^ that it might be supposed to enhance the value of it to his  
neighbour, yet the circumstance of Montauban's great fortune was  
a reason^ I believe, for my father's interest in any advances towards his  
acquaintance. The Countess at last contrived to introduce himself to  
us (which, for what reason I now not, he seemed extremely  
anxious to do), in a manner that

flattered my father not by offering favours, but by affording one. He  
had led a walk through a particular part of his ground, along the  
course of a brook, which runs also through a narrow neck of my  
father's property, by the intervention of

which> "

JULIA >1& HOUBIGNE. JI

which, the Countess's territory was divided. This stripe of my father's  
ground would have been a purchase very convenient for Montauban  
•, but with that peculiar delicacy which our situation required, he  
never made the proposition of a purchase, but only requested that he  
might have leave to open a path through an old wood». by which it  
was intended, that he might find a continuation of that road  
path, which the banks of the rivulet afforded. His desire was  
expressed politely, that it could not be refused. Montauban soon  
after paid a visit of thanks to my father, on the occasion; this visit was  
pleased with an incident, which gave him back, the power of  
conferring an obligation, and therefore, { perhaps, looked on his  
new acquaintance, with a favourable eye^ he praised his appearance.

C 4 appearance.

perhaps, to my mother and me and since that day, they have  
improved their acquaintance into a very cordial intimacy.

In many respects, indeed^ their sentiments are congenial. A high sense of honour is equally the portion of both Montauban, from his long service in the army, and his long residence in Spain^

carries it to a very romantic height. My father, from a sense of his situation, is^ now more jealous than ever of his. Montauban seems of a melancholy disposition My father was far from being so once; but misfortune has now given his mind ^ tincture of sadness. Montauban thinks: Truly of the world, from principle. My father, from ill-use, holds it in disgust.

This lad's familiarity of sentiment is a favourite topic of their discourse, and their

friend\*

friendship seems to increase, from every mutual observation which they make. Perhaps it is from something amiss in our nature, but I have often observed the most strict of our attachments to proceed from an alliance of dislike.

m

There is something hard and unbending in the character of the count, which, though my father applauds it under the title of magnanimity, I own myself weak enough not to like. There is an yielding weakness, which to me is more amiable than the inflexible right; it is an act of my reason to approve of the last; but my heart gives its suffrage to the first, without pausing to inquire for a cause.—I am\* awkward at defining} you know what I mean \ the last is better

C 5 ib

in Montauban, the first is smiling in Maria.

Mean time, I wish to feel the most perfect gratitude for his unwearied assiduity to oblige my father and his family. When I think on his uncommon friendship^ I try to forget that fevcrity, which holds me in somehow at a distance from him.

Though I meant a description, I have crawled through most of my paper without beginning one. I have made but some flight (ketches of his mind; of his

perhaps I have said too much, which, from a woman to a woman, should have been mentioned the before\* It is such a^ be\* comes a soldier, rather not^ any than in a band-foam Cr nmh after air of dignity^ in his. when

that

JULIA DE ROLFBIGHK' # 35

the borders on haughtiness^s. In short^ were I to study for a sentence, I should

say, that Montagu was made to command^ and receive^ it all, to obtain praise from most, but to engage the satisfaction^ of few.

His company to-day was of importance to us. By ourselves every one's look fed the eye on another's. We were conscious of remembering that all after^ed to^ get.. Montauban's conversation: reconciled us^ without our being^ of it.

My father, who (as it commonly happens to the author in those cases) had perhaps felt most from his own misfortunes, and either his mother -or I, felt the same -|ff to himself sm other than if being re\*

C 6 ' ' ^ forced

3^5 JULIA DE ROLFBIGME^

forced to his former familiarity. He was gay, and more in spirits, than I have seen him for a long time past. He insisted on the count's (pending the evening with us. Montauban at first excused him-> self. He had told us, in the course of conversation, of his having appropriated the evening to business at home; but my father would listen to no apology, and the other was at last^ overcome. He seems^ indeed, to feel an uncommon attachment to my father, and to enjoy more pleasure in his company, than I should have expected

pe&ed lum to find in the ibciety of any one.

You are now, in the account of corre^

ipondence, I do not know how deep» in my debt. I mean not to aflc  
regular returns i but write to me, I increat you;

whca

when you can ; and write larger letters than your laft. Put down every  
thbg, fo it be what you feel at the time i and tell every incident that  
can make me prefent with you, were it but the making up of a cap  
that pleaies you. You fee how much paper I contrive to blot with  
trifles«.

LETTER IV.

Mtntaub^m to Sigarva\*

VT O U faw, my friend, with what rt-ludance I left Spain, though it  
wa^ to return to the country of my birth, to the inheritance of my  
fathers. I trembled when I thought what a fcene of confuiion the  
ftrange mifmanagement of my uncle had left me to difentangle; but it  
requir-ed only a certain degree of fortitude to begin that bufinefs,  
and it was much iboner concluded than I looked for. I have now  
almoft wrought myfelf out pf work, and yet the fituation is not fo diA  
gutting as I imagined. I have long learned to defpife that flippancy,  
which charac-

. terifirs

JULIA DE ROUBIGNB^ 39

terifes my countrymen \$ yet, I know not

how it is, they gain upon me in ipite of

myfelf; and while I reiblve to cenfure, I am forced .to fmile.

From Paris, however, I fled, as if it had been infested with a  
pestilence. Great towns certainly contain many excellent persons \  
but vice and folly predominate (6 oiuob) that a search after their  
opposites is beyond the limits of ordinary enquiry and  
besides the superiority of numbers, the first are ever perked up to  
view, while the latter are illicitly avoided observation

In the country I found a different style  
of character. Here are impertinent who  
talk nonsense, and rogues who cheat  
where they can but check the Sot and drink  
nearer

40 \*JULIA DE ROUBIGNE

nearer nature in both. I met with some female relations who  
furnished me with receipts in cookery, and prescriptions in physic; but  
they did not dictate to my taste in letters, or my judgment in phi-  
losophy. Ignorance I can bear without emotion; but the affectation of  
learning gives me a fit of the spleen.

I make indeed but an awkward figure Among them; for I am forced,  
by representing my uncle, to see a number of our family friends,  
whom I never heard of. These good people, however, bear with me  
wonderfully, and I am not laughed at, as you predicted. -

But they sometimes pelt me with  
their civilities It is their principle, that  
a man cannot be happy alone and they  
' tire

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE 41

tire me with their company, out of pure good-nature. I have endeavoured to undeceive them : the greater part do not understand my hints ^ those who do, represent me a four ungracious being, whom Spain has taught pride and foolishness. This is well, and I hope the opinion will propagate itself apace. One must be somewhat hated, to be independent of folly.

There is but one of my neighbours, whose temper I find at all congenial to my own. He has been taught by Misfortune to be virtuous: for that I love him; but Misfortune has not taught him to be humble: for this I love him the more. There is a pride which becomes every man ; a poor man, of all

others, should possess it.

His

4<sup>e</sup>. JULIA DE ROUBIGNE ^

His name is Pierre de Roukigni. His family of that rank, which is perhaps always necessary to give a fixed liberality of sentiment\* From the consequences of an unfortunate lawsuit ^ his circumstances became so involved, that he was obliged to sell his paternal estate\* and retire to a small purchase he had made in this province, which is situated in the midst of my territories here. My steward pointed it out to me, as a thing it was proper for me to be master of, and hinted, that its owner's circumstances were such as might

induce him to part with it. Such is the language of those devourers of land, who wish to make a wilderness around them,, provided they are lords of it. For my part, I find much less pleasure in being

the master of acres, than the friend of men.

From

From the particulars of Monsieur de Roubigness story, which I learned soon after I came hither, I was extremely solicitous of his acquaintance; but I found it not easy to accomplish my design, the distance which great minds preserve in adversity\* keeping him

excluded from the world. By humouring that delicacy, which ruled him in his acceptance of a new acquaintance» I have at last succeeded. He admits me as his guest, without the ceremony which the little folks around us oblige me to endure from them. He does not think himself under the necessity of eternally talking to entertain me. and we sometimes spend a morning together, pleased with each other's society, though we do not utter a dozen sentences.

His

his youth has been enlightened by letters, and informed by travel; but what is still more valuable, his mind has been

early impressed with the principles of manly virtue: he is liberal in sentiment, but rigid in the feelings of honour.

Were I to mark his failings, I might observe a degree of peevishness at man's kind, which, though mankind may deserve, it is the true independence not to allow them. He feels that chagrin at his situation, which constitutes the victory of Misfortune over us—but I have not known Misfortune, and am therefore not entitled to observe it.

His family consists of a wife and daughter, his only surviving child, who are equally estimable with himself. "I have

not.

not at present, time to describe them. I have given you this sketch of him, because I think he is such a man as might be the friend of my Segar's. There are so few in this trifling world, whose mutual excellence deserves mutual esteem, that the intervention of an hundred leagues

should not bar their acquaintance; and we increase the sense of virtue in ourselves, by the consciousness of virtue in others.

V

46 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

## LETTER V.

i

' Montauhan to Segarva.

T Defcribed to you» in my laftt the h-' then of that family, whoie acquaintance I hav^ chiefly cultivated fince I came hither. His wife and daughter I pro-mifed to defcribe—at leaft fuch a pro-mife was implied—perhaps I find plea-fure in defcribing them—I have time enough at leaft for the defcription—but no matter for the caufe.

Madame de Roubigne has ftill the remains of a fine woman'; and, if I may credit a pidure in her hufband's poiTef\* fion, was in her youth remarkably hand-

fome.

JULIA DB ROUBIGNS^ 47

lbme« She has now 4 fort of ftillnefs in her look, which (ecms the efFeA of refig-nation in adverfity. Her countenance ixars the marks of a forrow, which 'we cki not fo much pity as revere\*, (he has

yielded to calamity, while her huA>an4 has ftruggled under its preflure^ and hence; has acquired a compofure, which renders that uneafinefs I remarked in him more obfervable by the contraft. J have been informed of one particular, which, be\* fides the difference of fex, may, in a great meafure, account for this; She brought Roubigne a very conGderable fortune, the greateft part of which was fpent in that, unfortunate law-fuit I mentioned, A confcioufnefs of this makes the huf\* band impatient under their preient cir\* cumflances, from the very principle of 6 gene\*

generofity, which leads the wife to ap-^ pear contented.

In her converfation flie is guided by the fame.evennefs of temper. She talks

of the world as of a scene where she is a spectator merely, in which there is something for virtue to praise, for charity to pardon; and smooths the spleen of her husband's observations by some palliative remark which experience has taught her.

One consolation she has ever at hand: Religion the friend of Calamity, (she had cultivated in her most prosperous days. Affliction, however, has not driven her to enthusiasm; her feelings of devotion are mild and secret, her expression gentle and charitable.- I have always observed your outrageously-religious, amidst-their

feverity

JULIA DE ROUBIGNON<sup>49</sup>

feverity to their neighbours, manifest a discontent with themselves; spirits like Madame de Houbigne's have that inward peace which is easily satisfied with others. The rapturous blaze of devotion is more allied to vanity than to happiness; like

the torches of the great, it distresses its owner, while it flames in the eye of the public; the other, like the rush-light of the cottager, cheers the little family within, while it seeks not to be seen of the world.

But her daughter, her lovely daughter!—with all the gentleness of her mother's disposition, (she unites the warmth of her father's heart, and the strength of her father's understanding. Her eyes<sup>^</sup>. in their silent state, (if I may use the term) give the beholder every idea of Vol. I. D., &c.

John JULIA B. ItOUBldNJLf.

hermiott<sup>^</sup>Mti<sup>^^</sup> when indiment oc&el\* iog aninufits litem, how eloquent they are! 4 When Roubigne talks, Lhatevice<sup>^</sup>

and despise folly; when his wife speaks<sup>^</sup> 1 pity both; but the music of Julia's tongue gives the throb of virtue to my heart, and lifts my feelings to somewhat superhuman.

I mention not the graces of her form; yet they are such as would attract the admiration of those, by whom the beauties of her mind might not be understood. In one as well as the other, there is a remarkable conjunction of tenderness with dignity; but her beauty is of that sort, on which we cannot properly decide independent of the foul, because the first is never unimpaired by the latter\*

To

JULIA ]>£ R.OUBIG^>II^ 51

To the vapours which would tempt me to subscribe to the qualities of her age<sup>^</sup> fitly (setli) utterly a stranger. Her disposition<sup>i</sup> ha<sup>^</sup> deed appears to lean, in an<sup>^</sup> uncommon degree, towards the ferocious. Yet Biebr«ak<-forth at times<sup>^</sup> kith filial<sup>^</sup> attempt to at gauge<sup>^^</sup> to amuse that<sup>^</sup> iiiuiet Wl<sup>^</sup> ch<sup>^</sup> who observes in<sup>^</sup> her fairer; but<sup>^</sup> i<sup>^</sup> M then k looks Uke a coquidV over the natural<sup>i</sup> peniveness of her mind. This xrteln\* choly might be held a fault in Julian but the fortune of! her family has been\* such, that none but those, who are to\* tally exempted from thinking, could have looked on it with indifference.

It is only indeed, when (he wo<sup>^</sup>lc<sup>^</sup> cost-fer happiness on others, that he seems perfectly to enjoy it. The nifties around us talk of her affability and good'-hu«

D<sup>^</sup> mour

aiour with the liveliest gratitude; and I have been witness to several scenes, where she dispensed mirth and gaiety to some poor families in our neighbourhood, with a countenance as cheerful as the most virtuous thinking of them all. At these feasts I have been tempted from the gravity<sup>\*</sup> natural to me, and borrowed from trifles a temporary happiness. Had you seen me yesterday dancing in the midst of a band of grape-gatherers, you would have blushed for your friend; but I danced with Julia.

I am called from my description by the approach of her whom I would describe. Her father has sent his servant to inform me,, that his

wife and daughter have agreed to accompany him in a walk, as far as to a farm of mine, where I have



^ fc , -

\

JULIA PE ROUBIGNE. 53

fet about trying fome experiments in agriculture. Roubigne is fkilful in thofe things: as for me, I know I ihaH lofe

money by them ; but it will not be loft to the public : and if I can even (hew what will not fucceed, I {hall do fomethng

for the good of my neighbours. Methinks too, if Julia de Roubigne would pro-mife to come and look at them—But I fee their family from my window. Farc-wcl.

D3

L E T T E R VI.

Julia^ to Maria.

"VT^ P U rally me on the fubjeft of the count de Montauban, with that vivacity which I have fo often cnvyed you

\* . '

the^pofleflion of. You lay, you are fure, you (hould like him vaftly. \*' What a bleffing, in a remote province, where pne is in danger of dying of ennui^ to have this ftiff, crufty, honourableSpaniard, to tcafe and make a fool of! '\* I have no thoughts of fuch amufement, and therefore I do not like him vaftly; but, I con-fefs, I begin to like him better than I did. He has loft much of that ftern-ncfs, (dignity, my father calls it) which

ufcd

Mfcd to-chill me when I approached him. He can talk of common ihmgs in a com-hion way; and but ycfterday he danced with me on the green, amidft a tfoop of honeft ruftics, whom I wiftied to make happy at the fmall ejj^pcncc of fharing their happinefs. All this, I allow^ at firft, icemed foreign to the man ; but he did not, as I have feen fomeof your'^ifc 'pcopfe do, tkkfe great cfedit for letting l^imfcif do^vn fo tdw. He did it wit\* a tfcfigri of frankr^, though fbihe of Wi imive loftinefs rcmaiined m the execution.

«

r

We ^re much in iA% debt dn thefcoi^ of domeftic haippineft. He has become To far csne of the family us to be welc(»ne at all times, a privikge he mjdccB vtff ffei^uent ufe ef| and we find o«rfelvcb

D4 f©-

S6 JULIA BE ROUBIGNe'.

fo much at cafe with him, that we never think ^even of talking more than we chufe, to entertain him. He will fit for an hour at the table where I am working, with no other amufement than that of twifting (hreds of my catgut into whim-fical figures\*

I think that he alfo is not the worie for our fociety : I fuppofo him the happier for it, from the change in his fen-timents of others. He often difputes with my father, and will not allow the world to ht altogether fo bad as he u(ed to do. My father, who can now be merry at times, jokes him on his apo-ftacy. He appealed to me this morn^ Ing for the truth of his argument I told him, I was unable to judge, becaufe I knew nothing of the world. " And

yet.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'. S7

yeU (replied he gallantly) it is from you one fliould learn to think better of it: I never knew, till I came hither, that it^ contained any thing fo valuable as Ma« damoiselle de Roubigne." I think, he looked foolifh enough when he paid me this compliment. I curtfied, with com\* pofure enough. It is not from men like Montauban that one blufhes at a compliment.

Befides the general addition to our good-humour, his fociety is particularly ufeul to me. His difcourfe frequently turns on fubjects, from the difcufSon of which, though I am fomewhat afraid to engage in it, I always find myfelf the wifer. Amidft the toils of his military life, Montauban has contrived to find leifure for the purfuit of very extenfive

D 5 an^

jfi JUIrIA DE ROUBIGNE^

tpd ufeful I knowlege. This, tbou^ liuje folickous co difplay^ he is ailways feady .toconiuniaitei and^ as he find» me willing to be inftruded, he teems to fiixi a pleafure in inftru&ing me.

My riioffer takes tirtff opportunity of <flcotirag?hg this fort of cbflvferfation. Yoti have often' heard her fentiments on the mutual advantage of (uch iritercourfe be-twcen the fexes. You well remember her frequent mention of a male friend, who died ibori after her marrij\*gc, from whom, &c hzi told us, flie derived mofl: of the little accomplifhment her mind can boaft ot \*^ Men ((he ufcd to fay) though they talk much of their friends, are fel-dom bleft with a friend, 'the nature of that companionfhip, 'which they miftake for friendfhip, is really deftruAive of its

exift-.

^ciftence; beomfe the ddicacy of the kfl: ihri^s from die rude toudi of the former s ^d that^ howevcr pure in thett own ftnllment^ the fo<!i^ ivhich thejr fte eadi other hold with third perfons» fe 1RM[> grofs, not to break thofe tender links, ^ich atie abfdlutely eflenial to friend-"

friendship. Girls (the father) easily form a connection of a more refined sort; but as it

commonly begins with romance, it seldom outlasts the years of childhood, except when it degenerates into cabal and intrigue; but that the friendship of one of each sex, when so circumstanced as to be distant from love, (which he affirmed might be the case) has that combination of strength and delicacy which is equally formed to improve and delight."

Dg There

There may be much reason in her arguments; but I cannot, notwithstanding my esteem for him, easily think of Mon-tauban as my friend. He has not yet quite obliterated the fears I felt on our first acquaintance. He has, however, done much to conquer them ; and, if he goes on as he has begun, I know not what in time he may arrive at. Mean time I am contented with Maria: our friendship has at least endured beyond the period assigned by my mother. Shall it not always endure ? I know the answer which your heart will make—mine throbs while I think of it.

JULIA PE ROUBIGNON

LETTER VII

Montauban to Segarville.

VT OU complain of my silence. In truth I have nothing to say but to repeat, what is very unnecessary, my assurances of friendship to Segarville. My life is of a sort that produces nothing; I mean in recital. To myself it is not vacant: I can be employed in marking the growth of a tribe; but I cannot describe its progress nor even tell why its progress pleases me.

If the word society is confined to our

own species, I enjoy very little of it. I

should except that of the family I gave

you an account of some time ago« I fear I am too often with them; I frequently resolve to be happy ^ ^ I ^ me ^ but I have scarce sat down to my table, when the picture of Roubigne's park presents itself and I think that my business may wait till to-morrow.

I blush to tell you what a fool I am» grown in or is it that I am nearer the truth than formerly ? I feel in to entertain doubts of my own dignity, and to think that man is not altogether formed for the sublime place I used to allot him. One cast fee very happy with much less trouble,, than very wife : I have discovered this at Roubigne's. It is but conquering the name of trifles, which our pride would give things ^ and my hours at Roubigne ^

and

as importantly filled up as any employment could make them.

After all, what is our boasted philosophy to ourselves or others ? Its consequence is often borrowed, more from the language it speaks, than the object it pursues, and its attainments valued, more from their difficulty, than their usefulness. But life takes its complexion from inferior things; and providence has wisely placed its real blessings within the reach of moderate abilities. We look for a station beyond them; it is fit that we too should have our reward; and it is found in our vanity. It is only from this cause, that sometimes blush, as if I were unworthily employed, when I feel myself happy in doing nothing at Monf. de Roubigne's

and-side.

Yet

Yet do not suppose that we are always employed in talking of trifles: She has a mind no less capable of important reflection, of exalted sentiment.—

I am hastily called away;—it saves you the continuation of a very dull letter. I send this, such as it is, more as a title to receive one from you, than that it should stand for any thing of itself.

FareweL

LETTER VIII.

yulia to Maria.

TD IT Y me, Maria, pity me! even that quiet which my letters of late defcrib-ed, which I was contented to call hap-pinefs, is denied me. There is a fatality which evcry-wherc attends the family of the unfortunate Roubigne ; here, to the

abodes of peace, perplexity purfues it; and it is deftined to find new diftreffs, from thofe fcanty fources to which it looked for comfort.

The count de Montauban—why did he fee me ? why did he vifit here ? why did I liften to his difcourfe ? though, Hea^

ven

€6 JULIA D^ ROUBIG\*\*'.

ven knows, I meant not to deceive hi m ! —He has declared himfelf the lover of your JuUa !—I own his virtues, I efteem

his chara£ter, I know the gratitude too we owe him; from all thofe circumftances I am doubly diftreffed at my fituation ^ but it is impoffible, it is impoffible that I (hould love him. How could he imagine thatIhould? or how does he (till continue to imagine that 1 may be won to love him \ I foftened my refufal, becaufe I would diftreffs no man \ Montauban of all men the leaft; but furely it was determined enough, to cut off all hopes of my ever altering my refolution.

Should not his pride teach him to ceafe ibch mcirrifying foHcitations ? Ho^ has it^ rn thvs^^ii^fta^ce arione^ fbrtafen hin) \ Methi{fks«(M^hiehaaa^edarvgeM)P6^ in

letting

JULIA DE ROU^BIGNE'. ^^

letting my mother know of his address. When I hinted this, he fell at my feet and intreated me to forgive a passion (born earnest as his, for calling in every possible assistance. Cruel I was in this tenderest concern, that fee which is naturally feeble, I should have other weaknesses to combat besides its own.

I know my mother's antipathies too well to have much to fear from her; but the idea of my father's displeasure is terrible. This morning, when I intreated my mother not to mention this matter to him, (he informed me of her having already told him. It was an affair, he said, of so much importance to his family, that (he durst not venture to conceal it. There was something in the soundings of her words that hurt me but I

stifled the answer which I was about to make, and only observed, that of that family I was the nearest concerned. "You shall judge for yourself, my dear girl, (said she, resuming the natural gentleness of her manner) I will never pretend to controul your assertions. Your opinions I always hold it my duty to guide; experience, dearly bought perhaps, has given me some title to guide them. Believe me, there are dreams of romantic affection, which are apt to possess young minds, the reality of which is not to be found in nature. I do not blame you for doubting this at present; but the time will come when you shall be convinced of its truth."

Is it so, Maria ? Shall that period ever

arrive, when my present feelings shall

be

I

be forgotten ? But if it should be they are not now my conscience, and should I not be unjust to Montauban and myself, were I now to act against them ?

I have seen my father. He came into my room in his usual way, and asked me, if I chose to walk with him. His words were the same they were wont to be; but I could discover that his thoughts were

different. He looked on me with a de-terminated countenance, as if he prepared himself for contradiiflion. I concealed my uneafinefs^ however, and attended him with that appearance of cheerful-ncfs, which I make it a point of duty to wear in his prefence. He feemed to have expeded fomethng different; for I faw he was foftened from that hoftility^ may,

I call

> t

70 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^

I call it, ofafpedt, which he had aflumed at firily and, during our walk^ he ex-prcfld'himfelf to me with unufual ten-dernefs. Alas! too much fo, Maria ! Why am I obliged to offend him ? When he called me the fupport and folace of his age; when he blefled Heaven for leaving hiRi, in the .worft of his misfortunes^ his Julia to comfort him—why could I not then, amidft my filial teacs, when my heart (hould have panted itfelf out in duty dnd gratitude, why could I not then affure him of its obedience ?

Write to me, for pity's fa^e, write to mt fp^j4il yi ni\* A oj& me^ couaf^l qoe, S^4c.m6\*^bjatiay nptthtf .I.fhouldliftea ta^MPAtaubMU

LETTER IX.

m

MontauboH to Segarva.

T Sit down to write to Segarva, with the idea of his prefence at the time, and the idea was wont to be a pleafant one; it is now mixed with a fort of un-eafinefsy like thet which a man feek, who has c^Fbnded, and would aft to be forgiven. The confcioufnefs of what I mean by thk letter to reveal, hangs like guilt upon my mind ; therefore it is that I have fo long delayed writings If you lhaU thiik'it weakness.—Yee I knew not how I can'bear, chiding on this pointi

;B\tf. wjby.flftoulfi I dPtidbilrQf yopr 4p\* proving it. Our  
coaveiiAiipos.oii. the,

fez

78 JtflIA DE ROUBIGNB',

fcx might be juft, but they touch not Julia dc Roubigne. Could my  
friend but fee, but know her, I flould need no other advocate to  
excufe the change of my fentiments.

Let me tell him then of my pafloQ for

that lovelieft of women; that it has prompted me to offer her a hand,  
which, he has fometimes heard me declare, I fould never give away  
my freedom. This founded like fomethng manly, but it was, in truth,  
a littlenefs of foul. He who paufes in the exercife of every better  
aflfeAion of the heart, till he calculates the chances of danger or of  
ridicule, is the verieft of cowards j but the rcfolution, though  
frequently made, is feldotn or never adhered to ^ the voice

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. 73

of naturCf of wifdom, .and of virtue is againft it.

To acquire fuch a friend as Julia dc Roubigne—but friend is a word  
infigni-ficant ef the connexion-^rto have one foul, one fate with her!  
to participate her happinefs, to fhare her griefs! to be that fingle  
Being to whom, the next to Divinity, fhe pours out the feelings of her  
heart, to whom fhe fpeaks the gentleft of her.wiflies, to whom Ihe  
fighs the moft dedicate of her tears ! to grant thofe wiflies, to footh  
thofe tears I to have fuch a woman (like our guardian-angel without  
his fuperiority) to whom we may un' bofom our own !— the creation  
of plea-fures is little; this is a creation of foul to enjoy them I

Call not mine the language of doating love ; I am confident how  
much reafon it on my fide, and will now hear Segarva with patience.

He will tell me of that fafcinatiflg power which women poffefs, when  
they would win us, which fades at once from the character of wife.

—But I know Julia de Roubigne well j (he has grown up under the eye of the bed of parents, unfchooled in the praftices of her fcx; ftie is ignorant of thofe arts of delufion, which are taught by the fociety of women of the world. I have had opportunities of feeing her at all feafons, and in every attitude of mind.—Her foul is too gentle for the touch of art; an effort at deceit would bring it-even to torture;

He

JULIA DE ROUBIGNJB, y^

He will remind me of the difparity of age, and tell me of the danger of her zf^ feftions wandering from one, whom, oa comparifon with herfelf, lhe will learn to think an old man.—But Julia is of an order of beings fupcrior to thoe whom external form, and the trifling language of gallantry, can attract. Had fhe the flippancy of mind which thofe fliallow qualities are able to allure, I think, Sc^ garva, (he were beneath the eledion of Montauban.

I remember our former converfations on the fubjeft of marriage, when we were both of one fide; and that, then, you obierved in me d certain wakeful jealoufy of honour, which, you faid, the fmile of a wife on another man would rouse into

E 2 difquiet.

difquiet.—Perhaps I have been fome\* times too hafty that way, in the fenfe of affronts from men; but the nicety of a foldier's. charafter, which mud ever be out of the re^ch of queftion, may excufe it. I think I never ihewed fufpicion of mj friends; and why to this lovely one, the delicacy of whofc virtue I would

vouch againft the world, fhould I be more unjuft than to others?—There is BO .fiend fo malicious, as to breathe de\* tradlion againft my Julia.

In (hort, I have canvaffed all your ob-je£tions» and, I think, I have answered them all. Forgive me for fuppofing you to make thexn % and forgive me, when I tell you, that, while I did fo, methought I loved you Icfs than I was wont to do.

But

But I am anticipating blessings, which may never arrive; for the gentleness of her face is yet cruel to Montauban. But, I trust, it is only the maiden coyness of a mind, naturally fearful. She owed her esteem, her friendship; these are poor to the returns I ask : but they must be exchanged for sentiments more tender, they must yield to the ardour of mine. They must, they shall: I feel my heart expand with a glad foreboding, that tells it of happiness to come. While I enjoy it, I wish for something more: let me hear then that my Savodra enjoys it too.

E3

LETTER X.

Julia to Maria.

Oh you know not the heart of your Julia > yet impute it not to a want of confidence in your friendship. Its perplexity is of a nature so delicate, that I am sometimes afraid even to think on it myself; and often, when I meant to reveal it to you, my utterance failed in the attempt.

The character you have heard of the count de Montauban is just; it is perhaps even less than he merits; for his virtues are of that unbending kind, that does not easily stoop to the opinion of the

world \

world; to which the world therefore is I am not profuse of its eulogium, I revere his virtues^ I esteem his good qualities; but I cannot love him.—This must be my answer to others : but Maria has a right to something more ; she may be told my weakness, for her friendship cannot deny and support it.

Learn then that I have not a heart to bestow.—I blush even while I write this confession.—Yet to love merit like Sc^ villon^ she cannot be criminal.—Why then do I hesitate a^ when I think of reveal^ log-it?

You have seen him at Belville^ alas! you know not \m worth ; it is not easy to know it. Gentle, modest, retired from notice, —it was the lot of your Julia to discover

E A it.

it. She prized it the more, that it was not common to all; and while (he looked on it as the child of her own observation, it was vanity to know, it was virtue to cherish. —Alas! she was unconscious of that period, when it ceased to be virtue and grew into passion!

But whither am I wandering ? I meant only to relate; but our feelings speak for themselves, before we can tell why we feel.

Savillon's father and mine were friends ; his father was unfortunate, and mine was the friend of his misfortunes; hence arose a sort of dependence on the one side, which, on the other, I fear, was never entirely forgotten. I have sometimes observed this weakness in my father ;

1

ther; but the pride that leads to virtue may be pardoned. He thinks of a man as his inferior, only that he may do him a kindness more freely. Savillon's family, indeed, was not so noble as his mind -, my father warmly acknowledged the excellence of the last; but he had been taught, from earliest infancy, to consider a misfortune the want of the former.

After the death of old Savillon, my father's friendship and protection were transferred to his son; the time he could spare from study, was commonly spent at Belville. He appeared to feel in his situation that dependence I mentioned -, in mean souls, this produces servility; in liberal minds, it is the source of honourable pride. There was a silent melancholy about Savillon,, which disdained the no\*

E 5 tice

tice of superficial observers, and yet never satisfied with superficial acquirements. His endowments did not attract the eye of the world ^

but they fixed the esteem and admiration of his friends. His friends indeed were few; and he seemed not to wish them many.

To know such a man; to see his merit ^ to regret that yoke which Fortune had

4

laid upon him—I am bewildered in sentiment again.—In truth, my story is the story of sentiment. I would tell you how I began to love Savillon but the trifles, by which I now mark the progress

of this attachment, are too little for description.

We were frequently together, at that time of life when a boy and girl are not alarmed

alarmed at being together. Savillon's superior

attainments made him a sort of instructor for your Julia.' He used to teach me ideas; sometimes he flattered me, by saying that, in his turn» he learned from me. Our feelings were often equally diffused with many of the common notions of mankind, and we early began to form a league against them. We began with an alliance of argument; but the heart was always appealed to in the last resort.

The time at last came, when I began to fear something improper in our friendship; but the fears that I should guard, betray us. They make pictures to our fancy, which the reason they call to their assistance cannot overcome. In my rambles through the woods at Belville, I

£ 6 have

/

have often turned into a different walk from that I (irft defigned to take, be-

caufe I fufpectd Savillon was there ^— Alas ! Maria, an ideal Savillon attended me, more dangerous than the real.

But it was only from his abfence I ac-quired a certain knowledge of myfelf. I remember, on the eve of his departure^ we were walking in the garden ; my father was with us. He had been com«\* mending fome carnation feeds, which he had juft received from an eminent florid at Verfailles. Savillon was examining ibme of them, which my father had put into his hand ; and foon after, when we

came to a fmall plot, which I ufed to call my garden, he fowed afew of them in a particular corner of it. I took little notice at the time j but not long after he

was

was gone, the flowers began to appear. You cannoc eafily imagine the cSk& this trifling circumftance had upon me. I ufed to vifit the fpot by ft:ealth, for a certain confcious feeling prevented my going openly thither, and watched the growth of thofe carnations with the care of a parent for a darling child ; and when they began to droop (I blufli, Maria, to tell it) I have often watered them with my tears.

Such is the account of my owrr feel-ings ; but who fliall tell me thofe of Sa\* villon? I have feen him look fuch things !—but, alas! Maria, our wifhes are traitors, and give us falfe intelligence. His foul is too noble to pour itfclf out in chofe trivial fpeeches which the other fex often addrefles to ours. Savillon knows

7 not

86 JULIA DE roubicne'.

not the language <^f con^Umeot^ yet oietfainks from SavUlon\* it would pleafe.

May not a fence of his humble fortune prevent him from speaking  
what he feels ?,

When we were first acquainted, Julia de Roubigne was a name of  
some consequence ^ fallen as (he now is, it is now her time to be  
haughty, and Savillon is too generous to think otherwise. In our most  
exalted estate ^ my friend, we are not so difficult to win, as we are  
sometimes imagined to be : it unfortunately happens, that the best  
men think us the most false.

I know I am partial to my own cause ^ yet I am sensible of all the  
impropriety with which my conduct is attended. My conduct ^ did I  
call it ? It is not my conduct I err but in thought. Yet, I fear, I  
suffered these thoughts at first without

alarm.

Alas! They have grown up, unthought-of, in my bosom, and now I  
would control them in vain. Should I know my friend indifferent to  
Savillon, would not my pride set me free ? I sigh, and dare not say  
that it would.

. But there is something tenderer and more touching in that feeling  
with which I now remember him, than when his presence used to  
alarm me. On going to leave France, where Fortune had denied him  
an inheritance, he is ^one to Martinique, on the invitation of an  
uncle, who has been several years settled in that island. When I think  
of the track of time which separates us, my head grows dizzy as I  
think!—that this little heart

could have its interests extended so far I

that.

that, on the other side of the Atlantic, there should exist a being, for  
whom it swells with imaginary hope, and trembles, alas! much  
oftener trembles, with imaginary fear!

In such a situation, wonder not at my

coldness to Montauban. I know not how it is; but, methinks, I esteem him less than I did, from the preposterous reason,^ that he loves me when I would not have him. I owe him gratitude in return though I cannot give him love; but I involuntarily refuse him the first, because he , asks the latter, which I have not to bestow

Would that he had never seen your Julia ! I expect not a life of happiness, but had looked for one of quiet. There

is

is something in the idea even of peaceful sadness, which I could bear without re-pining ; but I am not made for struggle\* glui^ ^ith perplexity.

LETTER XL

4

Julia to Maria.

Y

"T R O M your letters, Maria, I always find comfort and satisfaction: and never did one arrive more seasonably than the last. When the soul is torn by .contrary emotions^ it is then we wish for a friend to reconcile us to ourselves : such a friend am I blessed with in you. Advice from my Maria, is the language of

wisdom without its feverity j (he can feel what is due to nature, while (he speaks what is required of prudence.

I have ever thought as you do, " that it is not enough for a woman not to fervor

from

from the duty of a wife; that to love do« other more than a husband, is an adul« tery of the heart ^ and not to love a husband with undivided affection, is a vir^ tual breach of the vow that unites us\*\*\*

But I dare not own to my father the attachment from which these arguments are drawn. There is a sternness in his idea of honour, from which I shrink with affright. Images of vengeance and destruction faint themselves to my mind when I think of his discovering that weak as I am, I cannot bide from my father's Eve before my mother, his wife, my friend, and dare not defy it.

How hard is the fate of your Julia! Unhappy from feelings which she cherishes as harmless, which she cannot

think

think criminal, yet denied even the comfort of revealing, except to her Maria, the cause of her distress! Amidst the wreck of our family's fortunes, I shared the common calamity and mud: I now am robbed of the little treasure I had valued, spoiled of my peace of mind, and forbid the native freedom of my affections?

I am called to dinner. One of our neighbours is below, a distant relation of Montauban, with his wife and daughter. Another stranger, Lifette says, is also there, a captain of a ship, she thinks, whom she remembers having seen formerly at Belville. Must I go then, and look unmeaning cheerfulness, and talk indifferent things, while my heart is torn

with

with secret agitation? To feel distress, is painful; but to dissemble it, is torture.

I have now time to think, and power to express my thoughts—It is midnight and the world is hushed around me! After the agitation of this day, I feel something silently sad at my heart, that can pour itself out to my friend!

Savillon! cruel Savillon!—but I cannot complain, as if it were falsehood to have forgotten her whom perhaps he never loved

She too must forget him—Maria! he

is the husband of another! That fea-

captain, --who dined with my father today,

\

94; JULIA DE ROTJBTGNE^

day, is just returned from Martinique, with a beating heart, I heard him mentioned of Savillon. With a beating heart I heard him tell of the riches he is said to have acquired by the death of that relation with whom he lived; but judge of its sensations when he added, that Savillon was only prevented by that event from marrying the daughter of a rich planter, who had been destined to his wife on the very day his uncle died, and whom he was to marry as soon as decency would permit. " And before this time, (said the stranger) he must be her husband.\*\*

Before this time!—While I was cherishing romantic hopes! or, at least, while, amidst my dreams, I had perceived the idea of his faith and my

own. 5

own.—But whither does this dream carry me? Swiftness has broken no faith to me he never pledged it. Hide me, my friend, from the consciousness of my folly, or let it speak till its expiation be made, till I have banished Savillon from my mind.

Must I then banish him from my mind. Must I forget the scenes of our early days, the opinions we formed, the authors we read, the music we played to—

»

gether? There was a time when I was wont to retire from the profanity of vulgar fables, to indulge the remembrance of

■ « HI III ■ » I <^^^—^M^a^^^—M^

I heard ibmcbody tap at my door. I was iff tliat ftace of mind which  
every thing terrifies j I fimcy F looked terrified,

for

q6 JULIA DE ROtJBIGNE'.

for my mother, when flic entered, begged me, in a low voice, not to  
be alarmed\*

\*\* I coaic to fee you, Julia, (faid (he,) Jjefore I go to bed; mcthought  
you looked ill at fupper/\*—\*\* Did 1, mam-ma ? {faidI) I am well  
enoughs indeed I am." She preffed my hand gently ; I tried to fmilc;  
it was with difficulty I fod)ore weeping.

\*'Your mind, child, (continued my mother) is too tender; I fear it is,  
for this bad world. You muft learn to conquer Tome of its feelings, if  
you would bejuft to yourfcf; but I can pardon you, for I know how  
bewitching they

are^ but truft me, my love, they muft

»

not be indulged too far; they poifon the quiet .of our lives. Alas! we  
have too

little at bed! I am aware how ungra« cious the dodrine is j but it is  
not the fefs true. If you ewr have a child like yourfcf^ you will tell  
her this, in your tjum, and (he will notbelietre you."

1 was now wiping outright: it wat the Qnly aofwer I could 4nake« My  
mo\* ther embraced mt tenderly^ aod bqged me to be calm^ and  
endeavour to rcBL I gave her my promife to go foon to bed t

I am about to perform it ^ but to refi, Maria f—farewell!

VpL. I\* B

98 JULIA DB ]tOUBIGNE\

LETTER Xn.

Julia to Maria.

\%J HI LE I write, my paper is blotted by my tears. They fall not irow for myfelf, but for rty father; you know-not how he has wrong my heart.

He had another appointment this day with that pro'cureur, who once vifited our village before. Sure there is fomething

terrible in that man's bufmefs. Alas ! I

»

formerly complained of my father's ill\* humour, when he returned to us from a meeting with him-, I knew not, unjuli: that I was, what reafon he then might have for his chagrin ; I am ilill ignorant

JULIA pE ROUBIG.NE^ ,JP9

of their tranfaftionsy but ^ haye .too £Ood ground for .making frightful conje&ures.

On his return in the evenings he found my mother and me in feperate apartments. She has complained of a flight dilbrder, from cold I believe, thefe two or three

»

days paft, and had lain down on a couch

in her own room, till my father fliould

<

return. I ^as left, alone, aod fat down to read nay favourite Racine.

\*\* Iphigenia! (faid my father, taking up the book) Iphigenia!" He looked on me piteoufly as he repeated the word.

■ . • ■ • •

I cannot make you understand how much that single name expressed,  
nor how much that look. Hi? |>i]ef^^d ime to bis. bofom, and as he  
kiiTed me, I; £elt a tear oh his

cheek; »

F z \*« Your

%PP JVLIA BB ROUBIGilB^

V Tour mother is in her own cluun« ber, iny love.^ I oficttd to go and  
fetch her: he held my hand fast» as if he would not have me leave  
him. We

ftood for fome moments thus^ till my mother, who had heard his  
voice, enter-ed the room.

We^ fiit doEwit bj dic^fircy with my fa-ditr between us. He looked  
on us at-ternately, with an aflbAed chcerfynefs^ and Ipoke of  
indiflFerent things in a tone of gaiety rather uilufual to him; but it  
was eafy to fee how foreign thofe ap\* pearances were to the real  
movements of faia foul.

Thure watt ^ l^ftf ^ pwfe t>f filenoe, wlttch gwe them^ time to  
overcome htm. We faw a tear, which he was unaUe to

reprefs.

JULIA DX KOUBIGKB. tOI

reprefi, begm to fted from his eye. \*^ Mf de^reft UfcT' £iid mjr  
motKcr^ Uiysi^ bold of his liand ftod kifling k: I pteffisd the other in  
mitte\* ^\* Tes^ {(aid ht) I am ftill rich in Ueffingn^ ^fhile thele ar«  
kfc me. Yog\$ my IoTe>. have ever (bared my fortune unrepioii^: I  
look up to you» as to a fuperior Beings who for all

bis benefits accepts of ovr gratit^ide U the only recompence ive have  
to iriake. This^^lhiy k& leireat^ vrhere I looked for peadt ift hstfi^

thdiJgb it'wlsis joined to pover^,' we may ibon be forced to kave I—  
Wilt thou ftill pardoB, lliU <:onw fort the man« whc^ evil d^ftis^  
has drawn thee along with it to ruin?<^^And thou toO) my child, my  
Julia! thou wilt not forfake thy father« grey hairs I Mif\* fortune  
purfies him to the laft: do thou

ft

but fmile, my cherub, and he. can bear

102 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE.

it ftill." I threw my head on his knees, and bathed them with my  
tears. ^' Do not unman me (he cried). I would fup-port my fituation  
as becomes a man; Methinksy for my own part,\* I could en\* dure any  
thing—but my wife ! my child ! can they bear want and wretchednefs  
! " They can bear any thing with you, faid my mother.—I ftarted up, I  
know not how ; I faid fomethng, Tknow not what; bur^ at that  
moment, I felt my heart roused as with the found of a trum<» pet.  
My mother flood on one fide, looking gently upwards, her hands,  
which were clafped together, leaning on my fa-

ther's fhoulder. He had one hand in his fide, the other prefied on his  
bofom, his figure feeming to rife above itfelf, and his eye bent fteadily  
forward—Mcthought,

as

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. 103

as I looked on them, I was above the fears o^ humanity!

Lc Blanc entered. " 'Tis enough,\*\* faid my father, taking one or two  
ftrides through the room,v his countenance ftill preferring an air of  
haughtincfs. " Go

^ to my chamber, (faid he to Le Blanc) I have fome bufinefs for you."  
When they left the room, I felt the weaknefs of my foul return. I  
looked on my mother: fhe turned from me to hide her tears, I fell on  
her neck, and gave a loofe to

^ mine : " Do not weep, Julia !\*\* was all (he could utter, and ihe wept while fhe uttered it.

When Le Blanc returned, he was pale as afhes, and his hands ihook fo, that he could hardly carry in fupper. My fa-

F 4 ther

104 JULIA DI ]toUBtGNE^

ther came in a few minutes after him : he took his place at tabk in his ufual yvayj and ftrove to look as he was wont to do. During the time of fupper, I obferved Le Blanc B± his eye upon him i arvd^ when he anCwered fome ^ctk quef-tions put to him by my father, bis voice

trembkd in\* hi» tbnoat.

After bemg lc£t by ourfelves^ we were for ibme time filent. My mother at laft fpoke through her tears: \*VDo not, my dezrtA Roubignei (faid Ae) add to out misfortunes by an unkind concealment ef them.—Has a^y new calamity befalkn us ?—When we retired hither, did wc not know the worft ?\*\*—\*•? I am afraid not, (anfwered he calmly) but nty fears may not be ahogether jof^. Do not be alarmed, Avy love, things may turn out

better

better than th\*y ippc\*^, 1 W» affefted t6o mitch before fupper, and ould not conceal it. Tftete ane weak mtMients^ when vre are not matters of ourfdve^. W^en I looked on my Jfcrifa and you, 9/hetk I dh6dg)u oA tb^fe ttea^itsv I was a very €Oward; hm I have rfeftimed m/ foctkudfty dftd, I tbii\$ k\$ I ran aiv^ die ckcifioii calmif. Yoo fiball kbow tHe whok^ my love ^ bat let me prevail oit yoa to be aomforted in die mean tkne r kt not our A&ttBBlti rea^h m before their time/\* He ring fyf t,^ Bknc^ and gavtt Uro diitftions^ aboat fomit oi^diniairy mae^ csra fi(M7 ncsftt day.

\*

AS' I HftAf up f&kira 16 nty ttMtt^ t kw ihac p<»or hOk>w ftaikikig  
aH t6e win^ 4^w in d^ ftair-eafe. ^ What do you. ktte, o«kiI) Le  
BLA&ef r--^«^ Ahv Mift

F 5 Jiifia,

Julia, ((kid he) I know not well what I do " He followed me into my  
room^ Without nny bidding him. '^ My mafter has Ipoken fo to me.  
—When he called me out before fupper, as you faw, I

went with him into his clofet: he wrote fomethig down, as if he were  
fumming up money,—• Here are fo much wages due to you, I^e  
filiinc (faid he, putting the paper into my hand). You (hall receive the  
money now; for I know not how long thefe louis may be mine to give  
you.'-\*—I could not read the figures, I am fure I could not: I was  
(truck blind, as it were, while he fpoke fo\* He held out the gold to  
me: I drew back; for I would not have touched it for the world ; l^ut  
he infifted on my taking it, till I fell on my knees, and intreated him  
not to kill me by offering^ fuch a thing\* At

length

length he threw ic down on his table^ and 1 faw him wipe his eyes  
with bis handkerchief.—\* My dear mafter!' faid I, and 1 believe I took  
hold of his hand, for feeing him foj made me forget my-felf«—He  
waved his hand for me to leave the room; and, as I went down into  
the kitchen, if I had not burfted into tears, Ithink I fliould have  
fainted away."

What wiH our deftiny do with us ?

But T have learned, of late, to look on

mifery whh lefs emotion. My foul has

»

funk into a ftupid indiflerence, and fome\* rimes, when ihe is roufed  
at all, I con-tcive a fort of pride in meeting diftreffs with fortitude,  
fince I cannot hope for the attainment of happinefs\* But my

father, Maria !--thus to bear at once the weakness of age the gripe of  
poverty,.

. ' F &. the

XQ9 JVLIA D9 LOUBIGile'.

the buffets of a world with which his spirit is already at war—where  
his heart bleeds again! The complaints I have made of little  
hardships I have sometimes felt from him, rise up to a

memory in the form of remembrance. He has been more perfectly  
indifferent, than things I formerly have pitied him for

I was alarmed, by hearing my mother's bell. She had been seized with  
a sudden fit of sickness, and had almost fainted. She is now a good  
deal better, and endeavours to make light of it; but at present time, I  
am weaker than usual, and every appearance of danger frightens me.

She chided me for not having been a-bed when I leave this open till the  
morning, where I can inform you how stout I am

My

JULIA DB RrOVBIGlB^ XO9

My mother has got up, though against the advice of my father and  
me. It may be fancy, but I think I see her eye languid and weighed  
down. I would shun even the thoughts of danger, but cannot.  
Farewell

jot

no ruxia D£ Juovm&Kt^.

LETTER xnr.

Life tie to Maria.

Madam,

T A M commanded by my dear young, lady to write to you, because she is not in a condition to write herself. I am sure, I am little able either^ I have a poor head for inditing at any time;;

and, at present, it is so full of the melancholy scenes I have seen, that it goes round, as it were, at the thoughts of telling them. When I think what a lady I have lost!—To be sure, if ever there was a faint on earth, Madame de Roubigne was (he—but Heaven's will be done !

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^ . III

I believe Miss Julia wrote you a letter the day (she was taken ill). She did not lay much, for it is not her way to be troubled with her complaints ^ but we. all saw by her looks how distressed she was. That night :my maid lay in a separate apartment,; and I (at up by her bed-side ;' I Heard her. tossing and restless all night long, and now and then, when we got a few moments sleep, she would moan through it sadly, and presently wake again^ with a start, as if something had frightened her. In the morning a physician was sent for, who caused her to be\* bled, and we thought her the better for it j but that was only, for a short time, and next night she was worse than before, and 'complained of violent pains all over her body, and particularly

her

the JUEiEA I>E ROUBIGNE^«

in I\* first, and did not <> see (she &er ^fM i» ike). They took a goiter^in-^ ^ of her)6oS from her iio# then Mfirst^ and iA tice erenfigtte^had a better pot dS and the d!6£tor fat %y her, part of the Agt. ' Aft this time Miss Julia wait farcc CTer alt of bermodi^a chabcr^ etctpt fmc ti iaca for a quartet of as how, wiyok the dadkw begged of her to ^ and ke and I were both attending my lady\*! My master indeed^ that last iH^t took her away, and prevailed on |^r to pu& off her clothes and gf> to bed, and I heard bkn say to her iA a whifp^r, ^hest they had got upbii the time^ «^ My Ju^ liAi have pity on ^rself far «ny fake si kaaenotWIk both:"—Aad h^^wept, I saw^ as he ffoke^ wA ike boxft into

The

The fourth day ray lady c<ntinued much in the fanoc way» but duriog the night file wandered a gpotd deal, and fpoke much of her hulband and daughter,

and frequentlj mentioned the Count de Moniaubaa. The doftor ordered feme things, I fcft^get their proper name, to be Iwd to f?ic iblcs of her ftet, which feemed 99 tfUky^ her bcstd muck/fbr Die was min diftm^ w«4ifds inarmfiigy andknevr m triien I g«re her driok, and tzUtd M by my^ n^me, which flie bad not done iiefwte, 43iut had taken ise fbr n^y young kdy; 'b«ir her roicr was fntet than ever, and her phyfician looked more alarmed, when he vrfited her, than I had fccn him do aM the refk of her ill-ncfe. My m after was then in the room, and prefently they went out together ^ niy lady called me to her, and afked who

had

114 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

had gone out; when I told her, (he faid^ \*\* I gucs the rcafon; but heaven be praif-cd I can think of it without terror."

Her daughter entered the room juft then; fhe went up to her mother, and afked how fhe found herfelf. \*\* More at eafe, my child (faid fhe), but I will not deceive you into hope; I believe, this momentary relief is a fatal fymptom ^ my own feelings tell me fo, and the doftor's confirm them."— ^^ Do^not fpeak

fo, my deareft mother! for Heaven's fake, do not!"—was all fhe could anfwer.

The dodtor returned along with my mafter. He felt my lady's pulfe; Mift Julia looked up wildly in his face: my mafter turned afide his head; but my lady, fwee angel, was calm and gentle

a»

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. II5

as a lamb.. ^\* Do not flatter me, (faid (he, when the dofton let go her armO I know you, think I cannot recover/\*— \*• I am not without hopes, madam, (he Replied) though, I confefs, my fears ar« ftronger than my hopes."^—My lady looked upwards for a moment, as I have often feen her do in health. Her daugh\* ter flung herfelf on the bed; I thought ihe had fallen into a fwoon, and wanted^ to lift her up in my arms, though I was all of a tremble, and could hardly fup-port myfelf. She ftarted up, and would have^ ipoken to her mother; but ihe

wept, and fobbed, and could not. My lady begged her to be compofed; my maflier could not fpeak, but he laid hold of her hand, and with a lbrt of gentle force, led her out of the room.

My

€l6 :JV4LIA 1>B ROUBXGNit^ . ^

My lady eom^^A\$intd of a drinfefs ao

her mouth and Itpt: die do&ot fx^t het a glafe of water, into which he poitted n Ucd eibmewhat out of a phial ^ flie thanked him when (be had dnmk Iti, and ieeded to fpeide eatler; he ikid^ h(i fttoukl leave htfrfopift^IHTie? MbfiC'de Rotibign€ came in. ^ Ati4hA my daogMer,\*\* fold ilie to me ^ and I thought fhe tYan8td «> D« atone with Aiy tfMCftei^.

i fcurtd Wife jfufia ^i» the ^aflbur, leaniffg on tire toMe, her chedc rertfng on her hand i when I /poke, fhc Ml a dyiftg ags^ Soon t^tet hdr fifther came ir^ and lakt her that hef mother wi(hed to fee her: flic fetorned along urith rtiy matter, and they were feme time together.

Whca

Wbeo f v«i <!(dkdfc I fiiiMi 1117 laAf rtth kw,. bf feafoKt as I %ipo6, Am luMl'Wwni.liaifalf out ufpeaking to theah Tfaedoarfaidfo^tcM^ when he murned » and in \*he aicernoM, ^en I atteaded him down ftain, he faidto me, \*\* ThatexccleBt la<ty ia going fift.\*\* He promifed to fee her ag«n in two hours •, but, before that ttmc, we found (he had grown much worfe, and had loflr her fpeech

altogether: for he was fetched immediately; and when he came, he said nothing was to be done, but to make her as easy as possible, and offered to stay with her himself, which he did till about three next morning when the dear good lady died.

After she was removed away, and it was a long time before the physician could recover her. It is wonderful how my

mother

was so affected by this.

After some days, in order to comfort her; but one may see how heavy his grief is on him for all that. This morning Mrs. Julia desired me to attend her to the

chamber, where her mother's corpse is laid. I was surprised to hear her speak so calmly as (he did; and, though I made her free as to disengage her much at first, yet she persuaded me she could bear it well enough, and I went with her accordingly. But when we came near the door, (he stopped, and pulled me back into her room, and leaned on my arm, and fell into a violent fit of weeping; yet, when I begged her to give over thoughts of going, (he said (he was easy again, and would go. And thus two or

three times she went and returned, till, at last, (he opened the door, in desperation, as one may say, and I went in

closet

i

JULIA DE. ROUBIGNE II 9

closed behind her. The first sight we saw was Monf. de Roubigne at the bedside, bending over the corpse, and holding one of its hands in his. "Support me, Liette," cried she; and leaned back on him again. My mother turned about as she spoke; his daughter took courage, as it were, then, and walked up to the body, and took the hand that her father had just let drop, and kissed it. "My child!" said he. "My

father!" answered my dear young lady, and they clasped one another in their arms. I could not help bursting into tears when I saw them; yet it was not altogether for grief neither: I know not how it was, but I weep when I think of it yet. May Heaven bless them both, and preserve them to support one another!

I My

i\$a jtrujk 2» loUBiGJii^

M^ lady's bell rung» and (he asked me if I had written to you. When I told her I had\* (he enquired if I had sent off the letter, and I was fain to say yes) left (he should ask me to read it^ and I knew how bad it must be for her» to hear all I have told you)ur ladyship re\*

peated\* I am sure it is almost worth your reading^ were it not that it concerns so dear a friend of yours as my lady is.; and I have told things just as they happened, and as they came up to my mind> which is indeed but in a confused way still. But I ever madam, with respect^

Your faithful and^humbleDt kmat^

JUaTTik

|ULIA DE ROUPIGNE^\* 121

LETTER XIV.

Julia to Maria.

At last, my Maria, I am able to write. In the sad society of my afflicted father, I have found no restraint on my sorrows. We have indulged them to the full: their first turbulence is subsided, and the still quiet grief that now preys on my bosom, is such as my friend may participate.

Your loss is common to thousands.

• ...

Such is\* the hackneyed consolation of ordinary minds, unavailing even when it is true. But mine is not common & it is not merely to lose a mother, the best. Vol. L G the

122 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^

the most indulgent of mothers 1—Think, Maria, think of your Julia's situation;

how helpless, how forlorn she is!—A father pursued by misfortune to the wane of life;—but, alas ! He looks to her for support! He has outlived the last of his friends, and those who should have been linked to him by the ties of blood, the same fatal disputes, which ruined his fortune, have shaken from his side. Beyond him,—and he is old, and affliction blights his age I—beyond him, Maria, and but for thee,—the world were desolate around me.

My mother!—you have seen, you have known her Her gentle, but aflured spirit, was the tutelary power to which we ever looked up for comfort and protection : to the last moment it enlivened

ened

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. Z25'

ened herself, and guided us. The night before (he died) she called me to her bed-side:—" I feel, my child, (Cud I be) as the greatest bitterness of parting, the

thought of leaving you to affliction and distress« I have but one' consolation to receive or to bestow: a reliance on that merciful Being, who, in this hour, as in all the past, has not forsaken me ! Next to that Being, you will shortly be the only remaining support of the unfortunate \*Roubigne.-^I had, of late, looked on one measure as the means of procuring his age an additional stay^ but I will not prescribe your conduct, or warp your heart; I know the purity of your sentiments, the warmth of your filial affection: to the end and the guidance of

Heaven \*\* She had spoken thus far

with difficulty: her voice now failed in

G a the

184 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

the at^mpt. My father came into the room : he fat down by me: the  
ftrctched out her hand, and joining ours, which

\* were both laid on the bed, together, the clalped them with a fcebk  
preflure, leaned

• backward, feemingly worn out with the exertion, and looked up to  
Heaven, as if dire&ing \is thither for that afTiftance which her words  
had bequeathed us ; her laft words! for after that (he could fcarce-ly  
fpeak to be heard,\* and only uttered fome broken fyllables, till flie  
loft the l^ower of utterance altogether.

Thefe words cannot be forgotten ! they prefs upon my mind with the  
facedncfs of a oarent\*s dying inftructions ! But \*jeafure they  
fugged^—is it not againft the didlates of a flill fuperior power ? I  
feel the thoughts of it as of

a crime.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. 125

2crime. Should ic be fo^ Maria; or do I miftake the whifpers of  
inclination for the fuggedtions of confcience? Yet I think I have  
fearched my bofom impartially, and its anfwer is uniform. Were it  
other\*ife, fhould it ever be otherwife, what would not your Julia do,  
to fsmooth the latter days of a father, on^whofe grey hairs diftreffes  
are n^ultiplied!

Methinks, fince this laft blow, he is greatly changed. That  
haughtinefs of fpirit, which fcemed to brave, but, in reality, was  
irritated by misfortune, has left him. He looks calmly upon things;  
they affedl him more, but hurt him lefs; his tears fall oftener, but  
they are left terrible than the fullen gloom which ufed to darken his  
afpeft. I can now mingle mine with his, free to affliction, without

G 3' unca-

^»

\*X26 JULIA DE AOUBIGNE^

uneafinefs or fear ^ and thofe offices <^f kindnefs, which once my piety exafled,^ are now the offering of my heart.

Montauban has behaved, on this occa\* fion^ as became his chara^er. How perfeft were it, but for that weakne(% which regards your Julia ! He came to fee my father the day after that on which my mother died. \*• I wrH not endea\*

«

your (faid he) to flop the current .of your grief: .that comfort^ which the world offers at times like thefe, flow not from feeling, and cannot be addrefled to it. Your forrow ii jufl:: I come to give you leifure to indulge it: employ me ia thofe irkfome offices, whicfi diftreffs u^ more than'the tears they oblige us to drjir: think jiothiiiig too mean to impofe on me» that can any how/elipve my friend."

And

JULIA DE ROUBIGNB. 137

And this friend his daughter is forced to deprive him of. Such at leaft is the common pride of the fex, that will not brook any other connexion where one is reje&ed. I am aflailed by motives on every hand; but my own feelings are ft ill

unconquered. Support therp, niy ever-i^xCf£}i\ Maria9 if (hey are jufti if not-\*" feut ;h^y c^ijijftt l^ ynju/t

The only friend, of my own fex, whotn , I pofTefTed bcfdes thee, i^ now. no n^ore! We needed no additional tie; ye^ mc-thinks, in the grief of my heart, I lean i^on youB ^th iocrcafip^ afl^jjlion. TbQV too—1 will Qp; fw pity—thQU fts\*t

S4

;228 JULIA DE ROUBIGNX'.

LETTER XV.

Julia to Maria<sup>^</sup>

T Have, this momenta received your an-fwer to my laft. Ah! my friend, it anfwers not as I wifed. Is this froward-nefs in me, to hear» with plcafure, only the arguments on one fide; when my conduft fhould be guided by thofe on both?

You fay; " it is<sup>^</sup> from the abfence of Savillon, that the impreffion he had made on my heart has gained its prefent length } that the contemplation of diftant objects is always ftronger than the fenfe of prefent ones; and that, were I

to

to fee him now, were I daily to behold him the husband of another, I fhould foon grow tranquil at the fight. That it is injuftice to myfelf, and a want of that proper pride, which fhould be the conftant attendant of our fex, to fuffer this unhappy attachment to overcome

my mind<sup>^</sup> and that, after looking calmly on the world, you cannot allow fo much force to thofe impreffions, as our youth was apt to fuppofe in them. That they are commonly vanquifhed by an effort to vanquifh them; and that the fink in under their preffure, is one of thofe difeafes of the mind, which, like certain difeafes of the body,, the exercife of better faculties will very foon remove,"

There is reafon in all this; but when you argue from reafon, ! muft decide

my feelings. In every one's own cafe the rule of judgment which is not die k& powerful that one cannot exprefs it<sup>^</sup> I infift not on the merits of Savillon I I Confide in him, I think I can— time will be kind that way—k is fit I fhould forget him—he is happy\* as the husband of another.<sup>^</sup>—But fhould I wed<sup>^</sup> any man, be his worth what it

may<sup>i</sup> I feel qpt that lively preference for Kdh which waits not for  
reaoning to perfuade Its conient ? The fuggeftions I have heard of  
Montauban's unwearied love, his uo« common virtues, winning my  
afieftions in a ftate of wedlock, I have always held a very dangerous  
experiment ^ there is equivocation in th(^ vows, which unit\* us to a  
hufband, our afiedlioo for whom we leaw tp condngency.—f^^ Byt I  
al\*

ready efteem and admire lum/'-rlt '^

ttoft

JULIA oE ROUBIQNE^ Itl

moft true;—^why is he not contented with my eileem and  
admiration? If thofe feelings are to be ripened into love, let him wait  
that period when my hand may be his without 9, blufh. This I have  
already told him I he alnipft owned the injuftice of his requeily but  
pleaded the ardor of palfion ip excuie. Is this fair dealing.

Maria ? that his feelings are to l^ an

..." \* \* • »

apology for his fuit> while mine are not allowed to be a reaibn fi^  
refulal ? \* ^

V

I am called away by my father^ I hi^ard the count's voice below fome  
time bpfojre. There was a folemny in my father's manner of alking  
me down, which indicates fpraething' important in this vifit. You  
Ihall hear what that is,

G 6 before

13\* pLIA DE RbUBIGNE'l.

before this letter is clofcd.—Again! Kc is come to fetch me\*

Maria r let me recover my lurprifef Yet why (hould X be furprifed at the ge--nerofity of Montauban ? I kno^Ae native noblentfs of his foul —Was jt in fucli a girl as mc to enfeeble it fo long ?'

• . . i ■

My father led me into the. parlour. Montauban was ftandmg in a penfive pofture; he made me a filent bow. I was placed in a chair,, (landing near an-other, which the count had" occupied before : he fat down. My father walked to the window; his back was 'to us. Montauban put himfelf once or twict i ntb the attittrde of fpeiaking; but we were ftill filent.

My

My father turned and approached us.

- \* 1 ' ' ' ' - ■ • - l

•\* The count h^s fomething ^o commu-'

nicatei j^ulia. Would you choofe, fir,

that it (hould be addrefled to her alone ?" \*^No, (ahfwered he) it is an expiation

to both, a:nd' both (hould h^^r it iSladC I fear, I have, unwillingly, been the caufe of difquiet to a family, whofc fociety, for fome time pail, has been one of the chief fweeteners of my life. They knovr

my gratitude, for the blcffing of that intimacy they were kind enough to allow, me. When I wifhed for a tenderer connexion, they could not blame my wifli; but, when I prefled it fa far as to wound their peace, I was unworthy of the eftcem they had formerly givferi, an eftcem I cannot now bear ta lofe.^ When I ceafe my fuit, Mifs Julia, let it fpeak, not a diminution, hm an increaft of my a£.

fcaion\*

i^^ JULIA DS tLOVBICSE\

fedioii. If that cegan], which you often  
had the generofity to confqfs for me, w^s  
impaiiipd jby my ^^cireiles, kt me reco\*  
yer it by^this iacrifice qf my hopes; and,  
|fhile r derpte to your (j[uiet the fqlicit^  
atioiya of my love, let it confirm tp mc  
every privilege of the nip\$ facied fii^nd-  
fliip."

Such were the words of Montauban.

«

I know not wh^c anfwer I made: I remember a movenvenc of  
admiration, and no more. At that inftant, he feeoicd nobler than ever  
j and when, in fpite of }us Brmnfi^ a tcajr brok^e forth, my pitf  
•Imoft carried mc beyond efteem. How happjr might this man make  
anoilicr!

Juh> de Roubigfi^ is fated to be mi|p-rabic!

JUJLIA D£ ROUBIGNE^. |^C

?, E T T E a XVI-

fhe Caunf de Moniauhan to Mmf.

virgne at Paris.

T H A V E font only three of the btUs I propofed, in my laft, to\*  
remit; that for five thoufand, and the other for twelve thoufand  
livres, at Ihort dates, I have retain^, as, I believe, I (hall have ufe for

them here. You may discount some of the others, if you want money for immediate use, which however, I imagine, will not be the case.

I beg you may, immediately on receipt of this, send the inclosed letter as

^3^ JULIA de'roubigne'.

directed. The name in the subscription I have made Vervet, though my steward, I am whom I take it, is not sure if it be exactly that; but, as he tells me the man is a procureur of some practice, and is certain as to the place of his

residence, I imagine, you will have no

difficulty in finding him. I wish my letter to reach him in Paris; but if you hear that he has gone into the country, send me notice by the messenger, who is to fetch down my uncle's papers, by whom I shall receive your answer sooner than by post..

JULIA DE ROUBICNE. 137

LETTER XVII.

Lifette to Maria.

TO MAKE bold to write this, in great haste, because I am sensible of your friendship for my lady, and that you

Will thank me for giving you an oppor-

•»

tunity of trying to serve her father and

her in their present distresses. She, poor lady, is in such a situation as not to be able to write; and besides she is so noble-minded, that I dare be; for she would not tell you the worst lest it should look like asking your assistance.

How (hall I tell you, Madam ? My

5000 matter is" in danger of being forced

away

138 JULIA DE ROUBIGNON -

away from us, and thrown into prison. A debt, it seems, owing to some people in Paris, on account of expences about that unfortunate law-suit, has been put into the hands of a procureur, who will not hear of any delay in the payment of

it. And he was he^ this morning^ and (old my mother, as Le Blanc observed, that, if he could not procure the money^ in three hours time, he must attend himself to a jail. My mother wished to conceal^ this from her daughter, and desired the procureur to do his duty, without any noise or disturbance; but Le Blanc had scarcely got up stairs, when (he called him, and enquired about that man's business, and he could not hide it, his heart was so full, and so he told her all that had passed below. Then he fled down to her father's room, and hung about

him

him in such a manner, weeping and sobbing, that it would have melted the heart of a savage, and so^ to be sure^ I laid to the procureur-9 but he did not mind me a bit, nor my lady neither, though she looked on as I never beheld in all my life, and I was terrified to see her so, and could not to comfort her, but

to no purpose. At last, a servant of the procureur brought him a letter, and pre\*

when he went out of the house, but left two of his attendants to watch^ that my mother should not escape; and they are now here, and they say that he cannot grant any respite; but that^ as sure as can be, when he returns, he will take away Monsieur de Roubigne to prison. I find this by a boy, a nephew of Le Blanc's, who serves a gentleman in this province, who is just now going down to

Paris,

140 JDLIA DE ROTBIGNB.

Paris, and the boy called on his way, by £Ood fortune, to fee his uncle. I am, in hafte, your very faithful and obedient fervant,

LiSBTTB.

My lady is much more compofed no^ and io is my maften The procureur has not returned yet,, and I have a fort of hope; yet God knows whence it fliould be, except from your lady<-

«

LETTER xviir;

Lifette to Maria.

'Tp O be fure. Madam, you mufl: have been much afieded with the diftreffes in our family, of which I informed you in my laft,' confidring what a friendfliip there is between my dear lady and you. And now I am much vexed, that I ftiould have given you fo much uneafinefs in vain, and fend this to let you know of the happy deliverance my matter, has met with, from that moft generous of men the count de Montauban; I fay, the moft generous of men, as to be fure he is, to 'advance fo large a fum without any near prolept of being repaid, and without

ever

143 JUXIA D£ ItOUBIGMB^

ever being afked to do fuch a favour; for I verily believe my mailer would die before he #duld afk fu'ch a favour of any one, fo high-minded he is, notwithftand-ing all his misfbituhs. He is juft no^ gone to fee the count, for that noble-hearted gentleman would not come to our houfe, left, as Mohf. de Rbubigne faid, he Ihould feem to triunnph in the efieds of his own generofity. Indeed, the thing was done as if it had been by witchcraft, without one of this family

fuipefting fuch a matter; and the procu-reur never came back at all, only ient a paper^ dilcharging the debt, to one of

the men he had left behind, who, upon that, behaved very civilly, and went away with much better manners, foriboth, than they came; but Le Blanc followed them to the village, where they met the

procu-

ptoctireur, and thus it ivastlmt we dil^ covei^d the debt to have been paid by the count, who» it feems, had fent thkt ktter, but without a haifie, which the procureur received, when he left us at the time I wrote your ladyfhip lalt.

Monf. de Roubigne is returned from his viiit to the count de Montauban, and has been a long time clofeted with my lady, and, to be fure, fomething particular mud have pafled, but what it is I can« not guefs •, only I am certain it is fomething more than common, becaufe I was in the way when they parted, and .my lady pafled me, and I faw by her looks that there had been ibmething\* When fhe went into her own chamber I 'follow\* ed her, and there (he ikt down, leaning

her

144 J^i-IA DE ROUBIGKe'.

ber arm on - her dreffing-table, and gave fuch a figb, as I thought her heart would

have burft with k. Then I thought I ;nighc fpeak, and afked if flie was not well 5 Very well, Lifctte, faid fbe; but fhe faid it as if (he )vas not well for all that, breathing ftrongly, as Oie fpoke the words, as one does when one has run onc\*s felf out of breath. \*' Leave me, child (faid (he) I will call you again by and by." And fo I left her as (lie bid me, and as I went out of the room, fhutting the door foftly behind me, I heard her ftart up from her chair, and fay to herfelf " The lot is caft !" I think that was it.

My mafter has been all this while in his ftudy, writing, and juft now he called

Lc

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. 145

Lc Blanc, and gave him a letter for the count de Montauban, and Le Blanc told me, as he pafied, that Monf. de Rou-bigne looked gayer, and more in fpirits than ufual, when he gave it him. My lady is ftill in her chamber alone, and has never called me, as (he promifed. Poor dear foul! I am fure I would do any thing to ferve her, that I would, and well I niay, for fhe is the kindeft, fweeteft lady to me, and fo indeed fhe is to every body.

And now. Madam, I am fure I fhould afk a thoufand pardons for ufing the freedom to write to you in fuch a manner, juft by ftarts, as things happen. But I am fenfible your ladyfhip will not impute my doing To to any want of refpect, but only to my defiring to give your ladyfhip

146 JULIA DE ROUBICNE'.

9Xi account of the fituation of my lady, and of this family, which you were fo condefcending as to fay, after any 6r(t ktter, you were much obliged to me for giving you, and begged that it might be in my own ftyle, which, to be fure, is none of the beft; but which your lady-fhip will be fo good as pardon, efpecially as I am, when I write to you about thefe matters, in a fluttet, as one may fay, as well as having little time to order my ex-preffions for the beft. I am, honoured Madam,

With due refpect, Your faithful

And obedient, fervant,

LiSETTE.

LETTER XIX,

« — —

. Julia to Maria\*

THAT the intricacies of my fate or of my conduct, I have long been accustomed to confide to you my support and my judge. For some days past these have come thick upon me; but I could not find composure enough to state them coolly even to myself. At this hour of \*-^ midnight, I have summoned up a still recollection of the past; and with you, as my other conscience, I will unfold and examine it.

The ready zeal of my faithful Lifette has, I understand, saved me a recital of

H 2 th^

«-.2 "\*"^

«48 JULIA DE ROLFBURGNE%

the difficulties, in which my father, found himself involved, from the consequences of that law-suit we have so often lamented. I could only share it with him; but a more effectual friend stepped forth in the count de Montauban. His generosity relieved my father, and gave him back to freedom and your Julia.

The manner of his doing this, was such as the delicacy of a mind, jealous of its own honour, would prompt in the cause of another's. I thought I saw a circumstance, previous to the count's performing it, which added to that delicacy. My father did not then perceive this; it was not till he waited on Montauban,

that the force of it struck his mind.

\*

Wheft

When he returned home, I saw some remains of that pride, which formerly I handed under the receipt of favours it was unable to

return. " My Julia, (said he) your father is unhappy, every way  
 unhappy; but it is fit I should be humble—Pierre de Roubigne must  
 learn humility. He uttered these words in a tone that frightened  
 me; I could not speak. He saw me confused, I believe, and, putting  
 on a milder aspect, took my hand and kissed it.—"Heaven knows,  
 that, for myself, I rate not life or liberty at much value—but, when I  
 thought what my child must suffer— I alone am left to protect her—  
 and I am old and weak, and must ask for that assistance which I am  
 unable to repay." "The generous, friends, (said I) know from their own  
 hearts what yours can feel : all beyond it

His accident

accident alone/\* \*\* The generous, indeed, worthy child! but you know  
 not all the generosity of Montauban. When he

tore himself from those hopes which his love had taught him; when  
 he renounced his pretensions to that hand, which I know can alone  
 confer happiness on his life ; it was but for a more delicate  
 opportunity of relieving thy father.—I could not (said he), while I  
 fought your daughter's love, bear the appearance of pur-  
 t chafing it by a favour; now, when I have renounced it for ever, I am free to the  
 offices of friendship.—^Had you seen him, Julia, when he  
 pronounced this for ever I great as his foul is, he wept! by Heaven he  
 wept, at pronouncing it!—These tears, Julia, these tears of my friend!  
 —Would I had met my dungeon in silence!—they had not torn my  
 heart thus!"

Maria,

Maria, mine was forced to a sort of enthusiastic madness —

I fell at his feet.—

\*« No, my father, they (shall not.— Amidst the fall of her family, your  
 daughter (shall not (stand aloof in safety. She would have (shared the  
 prison of her father in the pride of adversity; behold her now the  
 partner of his humiliation ! Tell the count de Montauban, that Julia  
 de Roubigne offers that hand to his generosity, which she refused to

his foli-citation •,—tell him alfo, fhe is above deceit: Ihe will not conceal the fmall value of the gift. 'Tis but the ojffering of a wretch, who would fomchow requite the fufFerings of her father, and the fcrvkes of his friend. If he (hall now

H 4 rejea

15\* JULIA DE ROUMGNB.

rejeft it, that ugly debt, which his un-happinefs lays us under, will be repaid in the debafement (he endures; if he ac« cepts of it as it is, tell him its miftrefs is not ignorant of the duty that fhould attend it.'\*

My father feemed to recpver at tnf  
words ; yet furprife was mixed with the  
fatisfacflion his countenance expreile<|.

" Are thefe your fentiments, my love ?\*\*,  
prelEng my hand clofer in his—The lie-  
roifm of duty was wafted—I anfwered  
him with my tears. " Speak, (faid he)  
my Julia, coolly ; and let not the diA-  
treffes of your father warp your refolu-  
tion. He can endure any thing, even  
his gratitude (haU be filenced/^—My  
fortitude revived again. " There is  
fome wcakncfs,, fir, attends even our heft  
refolvcs:

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^ T^^

^folves : mine are not without it; but tiicy are fixed, and I have fpoken them/\* He afked, if he might acquaint Monf; dc Montauban, <\* Immediately, Jir, (I anfwered) if you pleafe; the Iboner he knows .my rcfolution, the more will he lee it flowing from my heart.\*\* My father went into his ftudy, and wrote a letter,, which he read to me. It was not all I could have wifhed, yet I could not mend it by correiflion. Who (hall give-words to the foul at fuch a time ? My very thoughts are' not accurate expreC fions of what I feel: there is fomcthirig bufy about my heart, which I cannot rc^ duce into thinking,>—Oh! Mariat

Montauban came immediately on re-oeipt of this letter; we did not expedt him that night j we were at fupper.. In what

H.5 afitu^

>w

154 JULIA pE roubigne'.

t

a fituation was your Julia while it lafted ? In this terrible interval, I was obliged to meet his eye fometimes, in addrcfling ordinary civilities- to him. To fee him, to fpeak to him thus, while the fate of my life was within the power of a few little words, was fuch torture, as it required the utmoft of my refolution to bear. My father faw it, and put as j^eedy an end to our meal as poffible,— ^We were left alone.

My father Ipoke firft, not without he-fitatioD. Montauban was flill more con\* fufed ; but it was the confufion of a hap- ^ py man. He fpoke fome half fentences about the delicacy of my fentiments and his own, but was cntar^lcd there, and, I think, not able to extricate himfclf. At laft, turning fuller towards me, who

, &t the filent yiftjn of the fcene, (why

should I force through that word when writing to you ? yet it is a bad one» and I pray you to forgive it) he said, he knew his own unworthiness of that hand, which my generosity had now allowed him to hope for -, but that every endeavour of his future life—the rest was common-place ; for his fate have but one sort of expression for the exulting moment—deftly successes.—My father put my hand in his—I was obliged to raise my eyes from the ground and look on him in his were bent earnestly on me: there was too, too much joy in them, Marian mine could not bear them long. \*\* That hand (said my father) is the left treasure of Roubigne. Fallen as his fortunes are, not the wealth of worlds had purchased it: ' to your friendship, to your virtue,- he

H6 i&

15^ JULIA JDIE rovbignb^

is blessed in bequeathing it."—\*^ I know its value^^ said the count, and receive it as the dearest gift of Heaven and you.\*\* He. kissed my hand with rapture.

It is done, and I am Montauban's: for: ever I

LETTER XX.

Montauban. to Segarva.

/^IVE me joy, Segarva, give me joy— the lovely Julia is mine. Let not the torpid considerations of prudence, 'which your last letter contained, rise up to check the happiness. of your friend, or that which his good fortune will, be-flow on you. Trust me, thy fears are groundless—didst thou but know her as I do!—Perhaps, I am tenderer that way than usual; but there were some of

your fears I felt a blush in reading. Talk not of the looseness of marriage-vows in France, nor compare her with those women of it, whose heads are giddy with

the

15^ JULU DE ROUBIGNe' \*

the follies of fafliion, and whofe, hearts are debauched by the manners of its votaries\* Her virtue was ever aJbove the breath of fufpicion, and I dare pledge my life, it will ever continue fo. But that is not enough -, I can feel, as you do, that it is not enough. I know the noblcnefs of her foul, the^elicacy of her fentiments. She would not give me her hand except from motives of regard and affeption, were I niafter of millions. I rejoice that her own fituation is fuch^ as infers no fufpicion of intereftednefs ia me; were (he not Julia de Roubigne, I would not have wedded her with the world for her dowcr^

You talk of her former reluftanec j but I am not young enough to imagine that it is impomble for a Carriage to be

happy

JULIA BE ROtJBIGNE^ 1^^

happy without that glow of rapture, which lovers have felt, and poets dcferib-cd. Thofe ftarts of paffion are not the bafis for wedded felicity, which wifdom would chufc, bccaufe they are only the delirium of a month, which pofleffion dcftroys, and dilappointment follows. I have perfed: confidence in the affeption of Julia, though it is not of that intemperate kind, which fome brides have Ihewn. Had you fcen her eyes^ how they fpoke, when her father gave me

her hand ! there was ftill a reludlancc in them, a reluftancc more winning thaa all the flufh of confent could have made her. Modefty and fear, cfteem and gratitude, darkened and enlightened them by turns; and thofe tears, thole filent tears, which they Ihed, gave me a more

facr^d bond of her attachment, than it

\*^ \_ \_

wa^

I\*6o JULIA DE ROVBIGN£>^«

was in the power of words to^ haver formed.

I have sometimes allowed myself to think, or rather I have supposed  
you, thinking, it might be held an imputation on the purity of her  
affection, that from an air of generosity towards her father\*, (with  
the circumstances of which I was under the necessity of acquainting  
you in my last) her hand became rather a debt of gratitude than a gift,  
of love. But there is a deception in those romantic fictions, which tell  
us, that pure affection should be unbiased in its disposal of a favor or  
a misfortune. If they say, that affection is a mere involuntary  
impulse^ neither waiting the decisions of reason, or the dissuasive of  
prudence, do they not, in reality degrade us to machines, , which  
are--

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'. 161

are blindly actuated by some uncontrollable power ? If they allow a  
woman reasonable motives for her attachment, what can be stronger  
than those sentiments which excite her esteem, and those proofs of  
them which produce her gratitude ?

But why do I thus reason on my happiness ? I feel no fears, no  
suspicion of alloy to it - and I will not search for them in Burke's  
opinion, or in distant conjecture.

Tuesday next is fixed for the day that is to unite us; the (wedding and  
ceremony

that mingle so ill with the feelings of a time like this, our situation  
here renders unnecessary. A few of those simple ornaments, in which  
my Julia meets the gaze of the admiring rustics around us, are

more

4

more congenial to her beauty than all the trappings of vanity or  
magnificence. We propose passing a week or two here^ before  
removing to Montauban, where I must then carry my wife, to show  
my people their mistress, and receive that sort of homage, which I  
hope I have taught them to pay from the heart. Those relations of my

family, who live in that, neighbourhood, must come and learn to love me better than they did: Methinks I shall now be more easily pleased with them than I formerly was. I know not if it is nobler to despise insignificant people, than to bear with them coolly •, but I believe it is much less agreeable. The affections of our own mind recoil on itself/ Julia has shown me the bliss of loving them«

Could

/

Could I hope for my Scgarva at Mon-tauban ?—> Much as I doat on my lovely bride, there wants the last approval of my father, till he smiles on this marriage and blesses it. I know, there needs only his coming thither to grant this.—I anticipate your answer, that now it is impossible; but let it be a debt on the future, which the first of your leisure is to pay. Meantime believe me happy, and add to my happiness by telling me of your own.

164 JULIA HE ROUBIGNB^

LETTER XXr.

Julia to Maria.

K

"Oh!" How should I tease you by writing of those little things which tease me in the doing? They tease, yet perhaps they are useful. At this time I am afraid of a moment's leisure to be idle, and am even pleased with the happy impertinence of Lifette, whose joy, on my account, gives her tongue much freedom. I call her often, when I have little occasion for her service, merely that I may have her protection from solitude.

For the same reason, I am somehow afraid of writing to you, which is only

another

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^ 165?

another sort of thinking. Do not therefore expect to hear from me again till after Tuesday at noon.—Maria! you remember our fancy at school of hewing

our friendship, by setting down remarkable days of one another's little joys and -disappointments.—Set down Tuesday next for your Julia—but leave its property blank.—Fate will fill it up one day I

LETTER XXir.

Lifette to Maria.

Madam, I hope my lady and you will both excuse my writing this, to give you notice of the happy event, which has happened in our family. I made so bold as to ask her if (he intended writing to you. «Lifette, (said (he) I cannot write, I cannot indeed/\* So I have taken up the pen, who am a poor unworthy correspondent; but your ladyship's goodness has made allowances for me in that way before. «and I hope, will do for till

The

Julia DE ROUBIGNE'. \* 1^/

. The ceremony was performed yesterday. I think I never saw a more lovely

figure than my lady's; she is- a sweet angel at all times, but I wish your ladyship had seen how fine she looked then. She was dressed in a white muslin night-gown, with striped lace and white ribbons: her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Bel-ville, with two waving curls down, one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls, you made her a present of then. And to be sure, with her dark-brown locks resting upon it, her bosom looked

as pure white as the driven snow. A^d

then her eyes, when she gave her hand to the count! they were cast  
half down, and you might see her eye-lashes, like,

strokes of a pencil, over the white of her

skin

^k

fljin—the modest gentleness, with a sort of a softness too, as it were,  
and a gentle heaviness of her bosom at the same time.—^ O! Madam, you  
know I have not language, as my lady and you have, to describe such  
things > but it made me cry, in truth it did, for very joy and  
admiration. There was a tear in my mother's eye too, though I believe  
two happier hearts were not in France, than his and the count de  
Montauban's. I am sure, I pray for blessings on all three, with more  
earnestness, than I do, than for my-

self.

It seems, it is settled that the new-married couple shall not remain  
long here, but set out, in a week or two hence, for

the count's principal seat, about six leagues distant

distant from his house in our neighbourhood, which is not large  
enough for entertaining the friends, whose visits they must receive,  
on this joyful occasion. I fancy Monsieur de Roubigne will be much with  
them, though, I understand, he did not choose to accept of the count's  
pressing invitation to live with his daughter and him & but an elderly  
lady, a relation of my dear mistress that is gone, is to keep house for  
him:

I must break off now, for I hear my lady's bell ring, and your ladyship  
may believe we are all in a sort of buzz here^ I dare to say (he will not  
fail to write to you soon; but mean time, hoping you will accept of  
this poor scrawling letter of mine, I remain, with due respect. Your  
most faithful and obedient servant,

LiSETTJ.'

]

lyO JULIA DE ROUBIGNe'.

p. 5. My lady is to have me with her ' at the Chateau de Montauban ; and, to be fure, I am happy to attend her, as I could willingly fpend all the days of my life with fo kind a lady, and fo good-conditioned. The count like-wife has been fo good to me, as I can't tell how, and faid, that he hoped my miftreft and I would never part, \*\* if (he docs not grow jealous, (faid he merrily) of fo handfbme a maid." Andl at that we all laughed, as to be fure we might. My lady will be a happy laJy, 1 am fure.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. I7I

LETTER XXIII.

Julia to Maria.

IIT Y friend will, by this time, be chiding me for want of attention to her; yet, in truth, flie has feldom been abfent from my thoughts. Were we together but for a fingle hour, I fhould have much to tell you; butthereisan intricacy in my feelings on this change of fituation, which, freely as I write to you, I cannot manage on paper. I can eafily imagine what you would firft defire to know, though perhaps it is the lafl: quef-tion you would put. The happinefs of your Julia, I know, is ever ,the warmeft object of your wilhes.^—Afk me nOt^ why

JJZ JULIA DE IIOUBIGNe',

I cannot anfwer^even this direftly—Be fatisficd when I tell you, that I ought to be happy.—Montauban has every defirc to make me fo.—

One thing I wifti to accomplifh to-

« »

wards his peace and mine. The hiftory of this poor heart I have entruftef only to your memory and my own: I will endeavour, though I know with how much difficulty, henceforth to forget it for ever\* You

must afflict me, by holding it a blank, which reflection is no more to fill up. I know the weakness of my sex & myself of that sex the weakness: I will not run the risk of calling up ideas, which were once familiar, and may not now be the less dangerous, nor the less readily listened to, for the pain they have caused. My husband has now a

right

right to every better thought; it were unjust to: embitter those hours, which are but half the property of Julia de Montauban, with the remembrance of

former ones, which belonged to Madame Julia de Roubigne. \*

We are on the eve of our departure for the family-castle of Montauban. My father, whose happiness, at present, is a flattering testimony, as well as a support to my piety, accompanies us thither, but is soon to return home, where our cousin, La Pellerie, whom you may remember having been with my mother in Paris, is to keep house for him. This separation I cannot help looking to as a calamity & yet, I believe, his reasons for it are just. What a change in a woman's situation does this momentous connexion

I 3 make ?

makePr—I will think no more of it.—Farewell.

Yet a few words, to own my folly at least, if I cannot amend it. I went to select some little articles of dress for carrying home with me •, while I was rummaging out a drawer to find one of them, a little picture of Savillon, drawn for him when a boy, by a painter who was accidentally in our neighbourhood, crossed me in the way. I cannot easily imagine how this circumstance disconcerted me. I (but the drawer as if it had contained a viper: then opened it again; forth again the countenance of Pavilion, mild and thoughtful, {^x every then it was thoughtful) met my view!—^Was it a consciousness of guilt that turned my eye

invo-

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'. lyj

involuntarily to the door of the apartment?—Can there be any in accidentally thinking of Savillon?—Yet I fear I looked too long, and too impassioned on this miniature. It was drawn with something sorrowful in the countenance, and mis-takenly it looked then more sorrowful than ever?

The question comes strong upon me, how I should like that my husband had seen this.—In truth, Maria, I fear my keeping this picture is improper & yet at the time it was painted, there was one drawn for me by the same hand, and we exchanged resemblances without any idea of impropriety. Ye unfeeling deceptions of the world!—Yet it is dangerous, is it not, my best monitor, to think thus?—Yet, were I to return the picture

176 JULIA V'E ROUBIGNE'.

would it not look like a suspicion of my self?—I will keep it, till you convince me I should not/

Montauban and virtue! I am your\*s.' Suffer but one sigh to that weakness, which I have not yet been able to overcome. My heart, I trust, is innocent—beware it not for being unhappy.

LETTER XXIV.

Julia to Maria^m^

My father was with me this morning in my chamber, for more than an hour. We sat, sometimes silent, sometimes speaking interrupted sentences, and tears were frequently all the intercourse we held. Lifette coming in, to acquaint us that Montauban was in the parlour, waiting us, at length put an end to our interview. " Julia, (said my father) I imagined I had much to say to you \ but the importance of my thoughts, on your behalf, stifles my expression of them., x There are moments when I cannot help looking to that separation, which your'

My marriage

marriage will make between us, as if it were the loss of my child; yet I have fortitude enough to resist the impression, and to reflect that she is going to be happy with the worthiest of men. My influence for your conduct in that state you have just entered into, your own sentiments, I trust, would render unnecessary, were they in no other way supplied; but I discovered lately, in your mother's bureau, a paper which still farther super-adds their necessity. It contains some advices, which experience and observation had enabled her to give, and her regard for you had prompted her to write

down, \*Tis, however, only a fragment, which accident or diffidence of herself has prevented her completing; but it is worthy of your serious perusal, and

yo»

JULIA DE ROUBIGNI'. 179

you will read it with more warmth than if it came from a general instructor." He kept the paper with me; I have read it with the care, with the attention it deserves; I send a copy of it now, as I would every good thing, for the participation of my friend. She cannot read it with the interest of a daughter; but &c will find it no cold, nor common lecture. It speaks, if I am not too partial to the best of mothers, -the language of prudence, but not of artifice; it would mend the heart by sentiment, not cover it with dissimulation. She, for whose use it was written, has need of such a monitor, and would listen to no other; if she has paid any debt to prudence, it was not from the obligation of wisdom but the impulse of feeling.

180 JULIA DE ROUBIGNI

cc

For my Daughter Julia.

\*' Before this can reach you, the hand that writes it, and the heart that dilates, shall be mouldering in the grave. I mean it to supply the place of some cautions, which I should think it my duty to deliver to you should -I live to see you/ a wife. The precepts it contains, you

have often, heard me inculcate \*, but I know that general observations on a particular event, have much less force than those which apply to our immediate condition. In the fate of a woman, marriage is the most important crisis: it fixes her in a state, of all others the most happy, or the most wretched ;. and though mere precept can perhaps do little in my case»

yet

yet there is a natural propensity to try its efficacy in all. She who writes this paper, has been long a wife,, and a mother; the experience^ of one, and the anxiety of the other, prompt her instructions; and she has been too happy in both characters to have much doubt of their truth^ or fear of their reception.

\

\*' Sweetness of temper, affection to a

husband, and attention to his interests^ constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are indeed the texts, from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn'. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress will not long delight in the wife: they will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as \ have seen in

many

is JULIA DE ROUBIGNY

many wives, they think more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands\* Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he loves you as you would wish he should, he will bleed at ^\

heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn: if he does not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering.

•\* Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him« The great articles of duty he will fet down as his own; but the lefier attentions he will mark as favours; and truſt me^ for I have experienced it^ there is no feeling more delightful ta one's-^felf, than that of turning thoſe littk things to fo precioua a uſe.

\*\* If you marry a man of a certain fort,, ſuch as the romance of young minds ge-^ nerally paints for a huſband, you will ^cride the ſuppoſition of any poſſible de-creaſe in the ardour of your affedlionsi But wedlock, even in its happieſt lot, is^ not exempted from the common fate of 2l\ ſublunary bleſſings ^ there is ever a deluſion in hope», which cannot abide with poſſibility, ^The rapture of extra\* vagant love will evaporate and waſte the conduct of the wife mud; ſubſtitute in its room other regards, as delicate,, and more lauding. I ſay,, the conduct of

m

the wife; for marriage, be a huſband what he may, reverſes the prerogative of ſex} his will expeA to be pleaſed, ^ and tHtrs muſt be ledulpus to pleaſe\*.

<c

Thi\*

1^4 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'I

" This privilege a good-natured man may wave : he will feel it, however, due;. and third perfons will have penetration enough to ſee, and may have malice enough to remark, the want of it in his wife. He muſt: be a huſband unworthy of you, who could bear the degradation of ſuffering this in ſilence. The idea of power on either ſide, (hould be totally

«

banished from the ſyſtem: it is not ſufficient, that the huſband ſhould never have occaſion to regret the want of it i the wife muſt ſo behave, that he may never be conſcious of poſſeſſing it. •

" But my Julia, if a mother's fondness deceives me not, stands not much in need of cautions like these. I cannot allow myself the idea of her wedding a man, on whom she would not wish to be depend-

ent, or whose inclinations a temper like

hers would desire to controul. She will be more in danger from that softness, that sensibility of soul, which will yield perhaps too much for the happiness of both-\* The office of a wife includes the exertion of a friend : a good one must frequently strengthen and support that

weakness, which a bad one would endeavour to overcome. There are situations, where it will not be enough to love, to cherish, to obey : she must teach her husband to be at peace with himself,

to be reconciled to the world, to resist misfortune, to conquer adversity,

" Alas! my child, I am here an instructress but too well (killed ! These tears, with which this paper is soiled, fell not in the presence of your father, though,

Now\*

now, they but trace the remembrance of what, then, it was my lot to feel. Think it not impossible to restrain your feelings, because they are strong. The enthusiasm of feeling will sometimes overcome distresses, which the cold heart of prudence had been vain to endure.

\* But misfortune is not always misery. I have known this truth; I am proud to believe, that I have sometimes taught it

to Roubigne, Thanks be to that power, whose decrees I reverence! He often tempered the anguish of our sufferings, till there was a sort of luxury in feeling them. Then is the triumph of wedded love!—the tie that binds the happy may be dear; but that which links the unhappy

fortunate is tenderness unutterable.

<c

There

JOLIA DE ROUBICNE'. jS/

\*\* There are afflictions less easy to be en-<sup>c</sup>ured, which your mother has not ex-<sup>c</sup>perienced: those which a husband in\* Aids, and the be-<sup>c</sup>l: wives feel the most severely, These<sup>e</sup> like all our sharpest calamities, the fortitude th<sup>e</sup>t can resist, can only cure. Complaining debases her who suffers, and harden<sup>e</sup> him who aggrieves. Let not a woman always look for their cause in the injustice of her lord: <sup>e</sup>cy may proceed from many trifling errors in her own conduct, which virtue cannot blame, though wisdom must regret. If she makes this discovery, let them be amended without a thought if possible, at any rate without an expression, of merit in amending them. In this, and in every other instance, it must never be forgotten, that the only go-

vernment allowed on our side, is that of

gentleness

gentleness and attraction; and that its power, like the fabled influence of imaginary beings, must be invincible to be complete.

" Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderness, she may think she has perceived in her husband. This untwists, at once, those delicate cords, which preserve the unity of the marriage-engagement. Its sacredness is broken for ever; if third parties are made witnesses of its failings, or umpires of its disputes. It may seem almost profane in me to confess, that once, when, through the malice of an enemy, I was made, for a short time, to believe, that my Roubigne had wronged me, I durst not, even in my prayer to Heaven, petition <sup>e</sup>or a rectora\*

tion

tion of his love; I prayed to be made a better wife: when I would have said, a more beloved one, my utterance failed i<sup>e</sup> for the word, '\*

IQO JULIA DE ROUBIGNE',

\

LETTER XXV.

Julia to Maria,

X7^ E have got to the end of our journey ; and I am now the miftrefs of this manfion. Our journey was too fhort, and too flow; I wifhed for fome mechanical relief from my feelings in the rapidity of a poll-chaise; our progrefs was too flatly to be expeditious, ^ and we reached not this place, though but fix leagues diftant, till the evening.

»

Me thinks I have fuffered a good deal; but my heart is not callous yet; elfe wherefore was it wrung fo, at leaving my father's peaceful retreat ? I did not

truft

JULIA DE roubigne'. xgt

truft myfelf with looking back 5 but I was too well acquainted with the objects, not to recollect every tree from the fide-window as we paffed. A little ragged boy, who keeps fome (heap of my father's, opened the gate for us at the end of the furtheft inclofe; he pulled off his hat, which he had adorned with fome gay-coloured ribbands in honour of the occafion; Montauban threw money into it, and the boy followed us, for fome

time, with a number of bleffings. When he turned back, me thought I envied him his return. The full picture of the place we had left, rofe before me; it needed all my refolution, and all my fears of offending, to prevent my weeping outright. At our dinner on the road, [ was very buty, and affected to be very much pleafed j La Pelliére was a lucky com-

. panion

\

192 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

panion for me; you know how full of observation on trifles.  
When we approached the house, (he spoke of every thing, and praised  
every thing; I had nothing to do but to assent.

We entered between two rows of lime-trees, at the end of which is  
the gate

., of the house, wide and rudely magnificent ; its large leaves were  
opened to receive us by an old but fresh-looking servant, who  
seemed too honest to be polite, and did not shew me quite so much  
courtesy as some mistresses would have expected. All these  
circumstances however were in a file, which my friend has heard the  
com-

. mend \ yet was I weak enough, not perfectly to relieve them when  
they happened to myself. There was a prefiguring gloom about this  
mansion which filled my approach

proach with terror and when Montauban's old domestic opened  
the coach-door^ I looked upon him) as a criminal might do on the  
threshold of death. My dreams ever since have been full of horror;  
and while I write these lines, the creaking of the pendulum of the  
great clock in the hall sounds like the knell of your devoted Julia.

I expect you to rally me on my ideal terrors\* You may remember,  
when we used to deal a midnight hour's conversation together, you  
would laugh at my foreboding of a short period to my life^ and often  
jeeringly tell me, I was bound to be a great-grandmother in my time. I  
know the foolishness of this Impression, though I have not yet been  
able to

you. I. K. conquer

194 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE.

conquer it. But to me it is not the source of disquiet;; I never feel more possessed & of myself than at those moments when I indulge it the most. Why should I wish for long life & why should so many wish for it ? Did we sit down to number

the calamities of this world did we think how many wretches there are of

discomfort, of poverty, of oppression, of vice, (alas \ I fear there are some even of virtue) we should change one idea of evil, and learn to look on death as a friend.

This might a philosopher accomplish ^ but a Christian Maria, can do more\* Religion has taught me to look beyond dissolution\* Religion has removed the darkness that covered the footsteps of

our fathers, and filled that gloomy void-which was only the retreat of hopeless affliction, with prospects, in contemplation of which, even the felicity of the world dwindles into nothing I



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE,

A TALE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

PUBLISHED BY

The AUTHOR of THE MAN OF FEELING, and THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN; AND T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M DCC LXX VII.

## ADVERTISEMENT\*

THEY who will carefully perceive something particular, that the place where

V

the following letters of Savillon are found as they are manifestly of a date considerably prior to many of the preceding. They came to my hands, abstracted in the manner I have now published them, probably from a view in my young friend, who had the charge of their arrangement, of keeping the correspondence of Julia, Vol\* II. A 3 which

^ <k.

[ vi J

which communicated the great train of her feelings on the subjects contained in them, as much undivided as possible. While I conjectured this reason for their present order, I was aware of some advantage, which these papers, as relating a story, might derive from an alteration in that particular. But, after balancing those different considerations, without coming to any decision, my indolence, perhaps (a stronger motive with most men than they are disposed to allow), at length prevailed, and I resolved to give them to the Public in the order they were transmitted to me from France. Many of the particulars.

. C vii ]

particulars they recount are anticipated by a perusal of the foregoing letters; but it is not so much on story, as sentiment, that their interest with the reader must depend.

JULIA

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE,

TALE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER XXVL

Savillon to Beauvaris.

AFTER a very unfavourable passage, we are at last arrived at our destined port. A ship is lying along-side of us, ready to sail for France, and every one on board, who can write, is now writing to some relation or friend, the history of his voyage, and the period of his arrival.

How few has Savillon to greet with tidings! to Roubigne I have already written; to Beauvaris I am now writing; and, when I have excepted these, there is not in France a single man, to whom I am entitled to write. Yet I mean not to class them together : to Roubigne I owe the tribute of esteem, the debt of gratitude & for you I feel something tenderer than either. Roubigne has been the guide, the father, of my youth, and him I reverence as a parent: you have been the friend, the brother, of my soul, and with yours it mingles as with a part of itself.

You remember the circumstances of our parting. You would not bid me adieu till the ship was getting under way : I believe you judged aright, if you meant

to

to compare us both; the bustle of the scene, the rattling of the sails, the noise of the sailors, had a mechanical effect on the mind, and stifled those tender feelings, which we indulge in solitude and silence. When I went to bed, I had time to indulge them. I found it vain to attempt sleeping, and scarcely wished to succeed in attempting it. About midnight I arose, and went upon deck. The wind had been fair all day, and we were then, I suppose, more than thirty leagues from the shore. I looked on the arch of heaven, where the moon pursued her

course unclouded ; and my ear caught no sound, except the still  
noise of the sea around me. I thought of my distance from France as  
of some illusive dream, and could not believe, without an effort, that  
it was not four and twenty hours since

B 2 wc

we parted. I recounted a thousand things which I (should have said to  
you, and I spoke them involuntarily in the car of

night.

There was, my friend, there was one thing, which I meant to have  
told you at parting\* Had you (laid a few moments longer in the room  
after the seaman called us, I (should have spoken it then; but you  
(banned being alone with me, and I could not command even words  
enough to tell you, that I wished to speak with you in private. Hear it  
now, and pity your Savillon.

Julia de Roubigne!—Did you feel that name, as I do!—Even traced  
with n<sup>e</sup> own pen, what throbbing remembrances has it raised !—You  
are acquainted with

-f" my

my obligations to her father: you have heard me sometimes talk of  
her; but you know not, for I trembled to\* tell you<sup>e</sup> the power she has  
acquired over the heart of your friend.

The fate of my father, as well as mutual inclination, made Roubigne  
his friend 5 for this last is of a temper formed rather to delight in the  
pride of <sup>e</sup>flirting unfortunate 'v<sup>e</sup>orth, than in the joy of knowing it in  
a better situation. After the death of my father, it became the word of  
his friend's generosity: a fate I (should have brooked but ill, had not  
Ju« lia been his daughter. From those early days, when first I knew  
her, I remem\* ber her friendship as making part of my existence:  
without her, pleasure was vapid, and sorrow, in her society, was

6 <sup>e</sup> change<sup>e</sup>

changed into enjoyment. At that time of life, the mind has little reserve. We meant but friendship, and called it so without alarm. The love, to which at length I discovered my heart to be fully left, had conquered without tumult, and become despotic under the semblance of freedom.

The misfortunes of her family first showed me how I loved.—When her father told them the ruined state of his fortune, when he prepared them for leaving the now alienated seat of his ancestors, I was a spectator of the scene. When I saw the old man with indignant pride, stifling the anguish of his heart, and pointing to the chaise that was to carry them from Belvidere, his wife, with one hand clasping her husband's

band's

band's, the other laid on her bosom, turning up to Heaven a look of resignation to his daughter, striving to check her tears; kneeling before him, and vowing her duty to his misfortunes; then did I first curse my poverty, which prevented me from throwing myself at her feet, and bidding her parents be happy with their Julia! —The luxury of the idea still rushes on my mind!—to heal the fortunes of my father's friend; to justify the ways of Heaven to his faint-like wife; to 'Wipe the tears from the eyes of his angel daughter!—Beauvaris, our philosophy is false: power and wealth are the choicest gifts of Heaven: to possess them indeed, is nothing, but thus to use them, is rapture!

But I had

I had them not thus to use but what I could, I did. I attended his family to that ancient mansion, which was now the sole property of the once opulent Beauvaris. With unwearied attention I soothed his sorrows, and humbled myself before his misfortunes, as much as I had formerly refuted dependence on his prosperity.

He felt the assiduity of my friendship, and I saw him grateful for its exertion; yet would the idea of being obliged, often rankle in his mind; and I have seen him

frequently look at me with an appearance of anger, when he thought I was conscious of obliging him.

Far different was the gentle nature of his daughter. She thanked me with unfeigned

feigned gratitude for my services to her father, and seemed solicitous to compensate with her smiles, for that want of acknowledgment he observed in him\*

Had my heart been free before, it would be impossible to preserve its freedom now, 'A spectator of all those excellencies which, though (he ever possessed, her present situation alone could give full room to exert; all that sublimity of mind, which, bore adversity unmoved; all that gentle\* .ness, which contrived to lighten it to her father, and smooth the rankling of his haughty soul! I applauded the election I had made, and looked on my love as a virtue\*

Yet there were moments of anxiety, in which I feared the consequences of

B 5 in\*

10 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE,

indulging this attachment. My own situation^ the situation of Julia, the pride of her father, the pride which it was proper for herself to feel: all these were present to my view, and shewed me how little I could build on hope •, yet it cheated me, I know not how, and I dreamed, /rom day to day, of blessings, which every day's reflection told me were not to be looked for\*

There was, indeed, something in the scene around us, formed to create those romantic illusions. The retreat of Roubigne is a venerable pile, the remains of ancient Gothic magnificence, and the grounds adjoining to it are in that style of melancholy grandeur, which marks the dwellings of our forefathers. One part of that small estate, which is still

the

the appendage of this once-ruined mansion, is a wild and rocky dell, where tasteless wealth has never warred on nature, nor even elegance refined or embellished her beauties." The walks are only worn by the tread of the shepherds, and the banks only smoothed by the feeding of their flocks. There, too dangerous society! have I passed whole days

with Julia : there, more dangerous still! have I passed whole days in thinking of her.

A circumstance, trifling in itself, added not a little to the fascination of the rest. The same good woman who nursed me, was also the nurse of Julia. She was too fond of her foster-daughter, and too well treated by her, ever to • leave the fortunes of her family^ To this residence

But the

~12\* JULIA DE ROUBIGNE', ^

I attended them when they left Belville^ \* and here too, as at that place, had a small house^ and garden allotted her. It was situated at the extreme verge of that dell I have described, and was often the site of those walks we took through it together. The good Lafune, for that is the nurse's name^ considered us her children, and treated us, in those visits to her little dwelling, with that simplicity of affection, which has the most powerful effect on hearts of sensibility. Oh! Beauvaris! methinks I see the figure of Lafune, at this moment, pointing out to your friend, with rapture in her countenance, the beauties of her lovely daughter ! She places our seats together; she produces her

shining platters, with fruit and milk,, /or our repast i the prefls the  
smiling Julia, and will not be denied by «' Sa-

Savillon!—Am I then a thousand leagues distant ?

Does Julia remember Savillon ?—Should I hope that she does ?—My  
friend, I will confess my weakness ; perhaps, it is worse than  
weakness; I have witted—I have hoped, that I am not indifferent to  
her, ^ Often have I been on the point of unload-\* ing my throbbing  
heart, of telling her how passionately I loved, of asking her  
forgiveness for my presumption. I have thought, perhaps, it was  
vanity, that at some seasons she might have answered and blessed me;  
but I saw the consequences which would follow to both^ and had  
fortitude enough to resist the impulse.—A time may come, when  
better fortune shall entitle me to speak; when

the

the pride of Roubigne may not blush to look on Savillon as his son.

But this is the language of visionary hope ! In the mean time, I am  
torn from her, from France, from every connection my heart had  
formed; and, like a shipwrecked thing, on the other side of the  
Atlantic, amidst a desert, of all others, the most dreadful, the desert  
of society, with which no social tie unites

me !—Where now are Roubigne's little copses, where his winding  
walks, his nameless rivulets ? Where the ivy'd gate of his venerable  
dwelling, the Gothic windows of his echoing hall?—That morning, on  
which I set out for Paris, is still fresh on my memory. I could not bear  
the formality of parting, and stole

from

from his house by day-break. As I passed that hall, the door was  
open/, I

entered to take one last look, and bid it adieu ! I had sat in it with  
Julia the night before; the chairs we had occupied were still in their  
places4 you know not, my friend, what I felt at the sight: there was

something in the silent attitude of those very chairs, that wrung my heart beyond the power of language; and, I believe, the servant had told me that my horses waited, five or six times over, before I could listen to what he said.

A gentleman has sent to ask, if my name is Savillon: if it is, he desires your compliments, and will do himself

the

1^ JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

the pleasure of waiting of me. I started to hear my name thus asked for in Mar\* tinique.

This gentleman is a friend captain, a particular acquaintance, of my uncle:

he is more, Beauvaris, he is an acquaintance of Roubigne, has been often at Bel\* ville, has sometimes seen my Julia.— We are intimate already, and he has offered to conduct me to my uncle's house: his horses, he says, are in waiting.

Adieu, my dearest friend! think of me often; write to me often; though you will seldom have an opportunity of conveying letters, yet write as if you had; make a journal of intelligence^

and

\*

and let it come when it may, Tell me

every thing, though I should ask nothing. Your letters must give me back my country, and nothing is a trifle that belongs to her.

LETTER XXVII

Savillon to Beauvaris.

T T is now a week fincc I reached my uncle's, during all which time I have been fo much occupied in anfwering quef-tions to the curiofity of others, or afking queftions for the fatisfaction of my own, that I have fcarce had a moment left for any other emJ)loyment.

I have now feized the opportunity of the reft of the family being ftill a-bed, to write to you an account of this uncle, of him under whofe protedion I am to rife into life, under whofe guidance I am to thrid the mazes of the world, 1 fear I

am

am unfit for the tafk: I muft unlearn > feelings in which I have long been ac-cuftomed to delight: I muft accommodate fentiment to conveniency, pride to intereft, and fometimes even virtue itfelf to fafhion.

r

But is all this abfolutely neceffary ?— I hate to believe it. I have been frequent\* ly told fo indeed, but my authorities are drawn either from men who have never entered the fcene at all, or entered it, re^ folved to be overcome, without the trouble of refiftance. To think too meanly of mankind is dangerous, to our reverence of virtue.

It is fuppofed, that in thefe wealth];^ iflands, profit is the only medium of opi^ nion, and that morality has nothing to

do

aO JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

do in the fyftem ; but I cannot eafily imagine that, in any latitude, the bofomis (hut to thofe pleafures which refult from the exercife of goodncfs, or that honefty fhould be always fo unfuccefsful as to have the fneer of the million againft it. Men will not be depraved beyond the perfuafion of fome motive, and felf-intereft will oftca^ be the parent of focial obligation.

My uncle is better fitted for judging of this question; he is cool enough to judge of it from experience, without being misled by feeling.—He believes there are many more honest dealings than honest men, but that there are more honest men than knaves everywhere; that common sense will keep them so, even exclusive of principle; but that all may be vanquished by adequate temptation.

\Sitk

With a competent share of plain useful parts, and a certain steady application of mind, he entered into commerce at an early period of life. Not apt to be seduced by

the glare of great apparent advantage, nor easily intimidated from his purposes by accidental disappointment, he has held on, with the vicissitude of fortune, but with uniform equality of temper, till, in virtue of his abilities, his diligence, and his observation, he has acquired very considerable wealth. He still, however, continues the labour of the race, though he has already reached the goal; not because he is covetous of greater riches, but because the industry, by which greater riches are acquired, is grown necessary to his enjoyment of life. "I have

been long, said he yesterday, a very happy man, having had a little less time,

and

I

and a little more money, than I know what to make of/\*

The opinion of the world he trusts but little, in his judgment of others; of men's actions he speaks with caution, either in praise or blame, and is commonly most sceptical, when those around him are most convinced: for it is a maxim with him, in questions of character, to doubt of strong evidence, from the very circumstance of its strength.

With regard to himself, however, he accepts of the common opinion, as a fort of coin, which passes current, though it is not always real, and often seems to yield up the conviction of his own mind in compliance to the general voice. Ever anxious to find project in action,

or

J-FLIA DE ROUBIGNE^ SJ

or splendid conversation in argument, he contents himself with walking in the beaten track of things, and does not even venture to leave it, though he may, now ^and then, observe it making small deviations from reason and justice. He has sometimes, since our acquaintance began, tapped me on the shoulder, in the midst of some sentiment I was uttering, and told me, with a smile, that these ^ere fine words, and did very well in the mouth of a young man. Yet he seems not displeased with my feeling what himself does not feel \*, and looks on me with the more favourable eye, that I have some\* thing about me for experience and observation to prune.

His plan of domestic economy is regular, but nobody is disturbed" by its re-

8 gula-

gularity; for he is perfectly free from that rigid attention to method, which one frequently sees in the houses of old bachelor. He has sense, or sang-froid enough, not to be troubled with little disarrangements, and bears, with wonderful complacency, and consequently with great ease to guests, those accidents which disturb the peace of other entertainments. Since my arrival, we have had every day something like a feast, probably from a sort of compliment which his friends meant to pay to him and to me; but at his table, in its most elevated style, the government is nearly republican; he assumes very little, either of the trouble, or the dignity of a landlord, satisfied with giving a general assurance of welcome and good\*humour in his appearance.

Ac

At one of those dinners was a neighbour and intimate acquaintance of my uncle, a Mr. Dorville, with his wife and daughter. The young lady was seated next me, and my uncle seemed to incline that I should be particularly pleased with her. He addressed such discourses to her as might draw her forth to the greatest advantage; and, as he had heard me profess myself a lover of music, he made her sing, after dinner, till, I believe, some of the company began to be tired of their entertainment. After they were gone, he asked my opinion of Made-moiselle Dorville, in that particular style by which a man gives you to understand, that his own is a very favourable one. To say truth, the lady's appearance is in her favour; but there is a jealous sort of

Vol. iv. C feeling.

feeling, which arises in my mind, when I hear the praises of any woman but one; and, from that time perhaps, I answered my uncle rather coldly. I saw he thought so, from the reply he made; I offered some awkward apology; he smiled, and said, I was a philosopher. Alas! he knows not how little claim I have to philosophy in that way; if, indeed, we are so often to profane that word by affixing to it the idea of inflexibility.

To-day I begin business. My uncle and I are to view his different plantations, and he is to show me, in general, the province he means to allot me. I wish for an opportunity to be officious in his service: till I can do something on my part, his favours are debts upon me.

It

JUXIA DE ROUBIGNE' fifth

It is only to a friend, like my Beauvaris, that one feels a pleasure in being obliged

y

LETTER XXVIII

SaviUon to BeauvariSm

A Thoufand thanks for your laft letter. When you know how much I  
en-

joyed the unwieldy appearance of the packet, with my friend's hand  
on the back of it, you will not grudge the time it coft you. It is juft  
fuch as I wifhed : your fcene-painting is delightful. No man is more  
fufcepcible of local attachments than I; and, with the Atlantic  
between, there is not a ftone in France, which I can remember with  
indifference.

Yet I am happier here than I could venture to expe6t» Had I been left  
to

my

my own choice, I fliould probably have iat down in folitude, to think  
of the paft«; and enjoy my reflexions; but I have been forced to do  
better. There is an aſtive duty, which rewards every man in the  
performance; and my uncle has fo contrived matters, that! have had  
very little time unemployed. He has been liberal of inftruition, and, I  
hope, has found

me willing to be inftruffed^ Our buſi-nefs, indeed, is not very  
intricate •, but, in the fimpleft occupations, there are a thoufand little  
circumftances, which experience alone can teach us. In certain  
departments, however, I have tried pro-jefts of my own: fome of  
them have failed in the end, but all gave me plea-fure in the purfuit.  
In one I have been fuccefsful beyond expedation; and in

that one I was the moſt deeply intereſted,

C 3, becauſe

becauſe it couched die cauſe of huma!f>

Ta a man not callous from habit, the treatment of the negroes, in the  
plantations here, is (hocking. I felt it ftronglf,,

and could not forbear expressing my sentiments to my uncle. He allowed them to be natural, but pleaded necessity, in justification of those feverities, which his overleers sometimes used towards his slaves. I ventured to doubt this proposition, and begged he would suffer me to try a different mode of government in one plantation, the produce of which he had already allotted to my management. He consented, though with the belief that I should succeed very ill in the experiment.

I began

by endeavouring to ingratiate myself with such of the slaves as could best speak the language of my country; but I found this was a manner they did not understand, and that, from a white, the appearance of indulgence carried the suspicion of treachery. Most of them, to whom rigour had become habitual, took the advantage of its remitting, to neglect their work altogether; but this only served to convince me, that my

plan was a good one, and that I should

undoubtedly profit, if I could establish

some other motive, whose influence was

more steady than those of punishment and terror.

By continuing the mildness of my conduct, I at last obtained a degree of obedience in the service of mine; and I was

at last

induced to believe, that the most savage and stubborn among them had principles of gratitude, which a good master might improve to his advantage.

One slave, in particular, had for some time attracted my notice, from that gloomy fortitude, with which he bore the hardships of his situation. Upon inquiring of the overseer, he told me, that this slave, whom he called Yanibu, though, from his youth and appearance of

strength, he had been accounted valuable, yet, from the untractable stubbornness of his disposition, was worth less money than almost any other in my uncle's possession. This was a language natural to the overbearing. I answered him, in his own style, that I hoped to improve his price some hundreds of livres. On

being

being further informed, that several of his fellow-slaves had come from the same part of the Guinea coast with him, I sent for one of them who could speak tolerable French, and questioned him about Yambu. He told me, that, in their own country, Yambu was master of them all; that they had been taken prisoners when fighting in his cause, by another prince, who, in one battle, was more fortunate than theirs; that he had sold them: to some white men, who came, in a great ship, to their coast; that they were afterwards brought hither, where other white men purchased them from the first, and set them to work where I saw them; but that, when they died, and went beyond the Great Mountains, Yambu should be

their master again.

C5 Ldif.

I dismissed the negro, and called the Yambu before me.

When he came, he seemed to regard me with an eye of perfect indifference. One who had inquired no further, would have concluded himself possessed of that stupid inflexibility, which Europeans often mention as an apology for their cruelties. I took his hand; he considered this a prologue to chastisement, and turned his back to receive the lash he supposed me ready to inflict. "I wish to be the friend of Yambu," said I. He made me no answer: I let go his hand, and he suffered it to drop to its former position. "Can this man have been a prince in Africa?" said I to myself.—I reflected for a moment.—"Yet what should he now do, if he has?—Just what I see him

do\*

tm

do. I have seen a deposed sovereign at  
Paris but in Europe, kings are artificial  
beings, like their subjects,—Silence is the  
only throne which adversity has left to princes."

"I fear, (said I to him) you have been; sometimes treated harshly by  
the over-zealous but you shall be treated no more: I wish all my  
people to be happy.\*\* He looked on me now for the first time—  
^•'Can you speak\* my language, or shall

I call for some of your friends who can explain what you would say to  
me-?'\*— \*\* I speak no French to you," he replied in his broken French.  
—"And you will not be my friend?"—"No."—"Even if I should  
deserve it."—"You are a white man."^ -^I felt the rebuke as I ought.\*—"  
But all white men are not over-zealous. What

C6^v' shall^

36 JULIA DE LIOSIGNE^

shall I do to make you think me a good man?"-^"Uphold men  
goodly."—"I mean to do so, and you among the first, Yambu-  
bu."—"Be good for Yambu's people; do your pleasure with Yambu."

»•'

Just then the bell rung as a summons

for the negroes to go to work: he made a few steps towards the door. "  
Would you now go to work (said I), if you were

at liberty to avoid it?\*"—"You make go for whip, and no man loves  
go."—• \*\* I will go along with you, though I am not obliged \ for  
I choose to work some-times, rather than be idle."—"Choose work, no  
work at all," said Yambu.— 'Twas the very principle on which my

fyAem was founded.

JULIA DE ROVBJGNe'. j^

I took him with me into the houfe-^hen bur taik was over. •\* I wrought chufe-work (faid I), Yambu, yet I did kfs than you ?»--« Yambu do chufe-work then too ?»—« You fhall do fo al-ways, answered I; from this moment you-are mine no more!»—« You fdi o,^ other white men then ?" \_.. No, j.ou are

free, and may do whatever you pleafe!"

« Yambu's pleafe no here, no this coun. try?" he replied, waving his hand, and looking wiftfully towards tht fea.-~«» I cannot give you back your country, Yambu; but I can make this one better for you. You can make it better for me

too, ^d for your people !\*» « Speak

Vambu that <faid he eagerly), and be good man !»-" You would not (faid I) make your people work by the whip, as you fee the overfeers do ?"—«« oh I no.

no

^9' JULIA; DE ROITBIGNe'.

•IK) whip !\*—" Yet thcymuft workj die-we fhall have no fugars to buy them meat and clothing with."—(He put his hand to his brow, as if I had ftarted a diffir culty he was unable ta overcome;)--

\*\* Then ydu (ball have the command of

\*■ •.

them, and they (hall work chufe-work for Yan>buu"-^He looked aikance, as

if he. doubted the truth of what I faid; Lcalled the negro with whom I had the firft converfation about him, and, points ing to Yambu, \*\*

Your matter ((aid. I) is now free,, and may leave you when he  
pleafes-!"~^\* Yambu.no leave you," faid : he to the negro warmly.—"  
But he may

accompany Yambu if he chufesJ\*

Yambu (hook his head.—" Matter, (faid his former fubje^), where we  
go ? leave good white, man, • and go to bad ; for much, bad white  
men in this country."

—"Theiit

—" Then if you think it better, yout Ihall t,both ftayi Yambu ftiall be  
my friend, and help me to raife fugars for^ the. good of us all: you  
flull have no. overfeer but Yambu, and (hall work no more than he  
bids you.?"—The. negro fell at my icet, and kiffed them : Yambu flood  
filcnjt, and I faw a te^r on hia cheek.—\*' This man has been a prince  
\xi \* Africa!" faid I to myfelf.

I did not mean to deceive them. Next mormng I called thofe negroes  
who had formerly been in his fcrvice together, and told them that,  
while they continued in the plantation, Yambu was to fuperin-tend  
their work; that, if they chofeto leave him and me, they were at  
liberty to go -, and that, if found idle or unwor-

thy,, they Ihould not be allowed to ftay.

+ He

^ JULIA DE ROUBIGNeV

He has, accordingly, ever fincc had the command of his former  
fubjefts, and fupcrintended their work in a particular quarter of the  
plantation; and, having been declared free, accordingto the mode  
prefcribcd by the laws of the ifland, has a certain portion of ground  
allotted him,, the produce of which is his property. T have had the  
fatisfadtion of obfervino\*

o

those men, under the feeling of good treatment, and the idea of liberty, do more than almost double their number subject to the whip of an overseer. I am under no apprehension of desertion or mutiny; they work with the willingness of freedom, yet are mine with more than

the obligation of (slavery\*

I have been often tempted to doubt whether there is not an error in the whole

pUo

plan of negro servitude, and /Whether whites, or Creoles born in the West-Indies, or perhaps cattle, after the manner of European husbandry, would not do the business better and cheaper than the slaves do. The money which the latter cost at first, the sickness (often owing to dependence of mind) to which they are liable after their arrival, and the proportion that die in consequence of it, make the machine, if it may be so called, of a plantation extremely expensive: in its operations. In the list of slaves belonging to a wealthy planter, it would astonish you to see the number unfit for service, pining under disease, a burden

#

on their master.—I am talking only as a merchant:—but as a man—good Heavens ! when I think of the many thousands of my fellow-creatures groaning

under

under servitude and misery !——Great? God ! hast thou peopled those regions of thy world for\* the purpose of calling out their inhabitants to chains and torture ?; —No; thou gavest them a land teeming with good things, and lighted'ft up the sun to bring forth spontaneous plenty, but the refinements of man, ever at war with thy works, have changed this scene of profusion and luxuriance, into a theatre of rapine, of slavery, and of murder I

Forgive the warmth of this apostrophe here it would not be understood even by you, whose heart is far from a hard one,, would smile at my romance,, and tell me that thing? must be so. Habits the tyrant of nature and of reason, is deaf to the voice of either 5 here flimsy & humanity^, and degrades the species..

—for\*

—for the master of slaves has seldom the soul of a man.

This is not difficult to be accounted for; from his infancy he is made callous to those feelings, which soften at once and ennoble our nature. Children must of necessity first exert those towards domestic^ because the society of domestics is the first they enjoy 5 here they are taught to command for the sake of command, to beat and torture for pure amusement •^—their real and good nature improve as may be expected.

Among the legends of a European^ nursery, are stories of captives delivered,, of slaves released, who had pined for -)Kajars in the duration of unmerciful enslave\*

me3»

mies. Could we suppose its infant audience transported to the feast-hall, where a ship laden with slaves is just landing & the question would be universal, \*\* Who shall set the poor people free ^—The young West-Indian asks his father to buy a slave for him, that he may have liberty-

thing to vent his spite on when Jie is peevish.

Methinks too, these people lose a sort of connexion which is of more importance in life than most of the relationships we enjoy. The ancient, the tried do-

member of a family, is one of its most useful members, one of its most supported supports.. My friend,, the ill-fated Rou-bigne, has not one relation who has stood by him in the shipwreck of his fortunes; but the storm could not kvtr from their

m after

JULIA P« ROUBIGNS'. . 45

mailer his faithful Le Blanc, or the vene\* rable Lafune.

Oh Beauvaris ! I Sometimes fit down alone, and tranfporting myfelf into the little circle at Roubigne's, grow fick of the world, and hate the part which I am obliged to perfor/n in it.

^B JULIA DB irotJBrGNE^

LETTER XXIX.\*

Savillon to Seauvaris.

•O IN C E the date of my laft is a longer period than you allow between my letters} but my time has been more than commonly occupied of late. Among other employments was that of acquiring a friend. Be not, however, jealous : my iieart cannot own a fecond in the fame

\* It is proper to apologize to the reader ibr intro-dacing a letter fo purely epifodical. I might tell hias that it is nof altogether unneceflary, as it ilitrodacet to his acquaintance a perfon, whofe correfpoodent Savillon becomes at a future period; but I muft once more rcfort to an egotifm for the true reafon : the pifture it exhibited pleafed myfelf, and I could not >\*efift the defire of communicating it,

degree^

\*flegree with Bcauvaris; yet is this one above the level of ordinary men. He enjoys alfo that privilege which misfortune beftows on the virtuous.

Among thofe, with whom my uncle's cxtenfve dealings have conncded him, he had nientioned, with particular commendation, one Herbert, an Englifhman,

a merchant in one of the British West-India islands. Chance brought him lately to Martinique, and I was solicitous to shew every possible civility to one, who, to the claim of a stranger, added the character of a worthy and amiable man. Prepossessed as I was in his favour, my expectations fell short of the reality\* I discovered in him a delicacy and fineness of sentiment, which something beyond the education of a trader must have in\*

inspired

inspired; and I looked on him perhaps with the greater reverence, from the circumstance of having found him in a station where I did not expect he would be found. On a closer investigation, I perceived a tincture of melancholy enthusiasm in his mind, which, I was persuaded, was not altogether owing to the national character, but must have arisen from some particular cause. This increased my regard for him ; and I could not help expressing it in the very style which was suited to its object; a quiet and silent attention, sympathetic but not intrusive. He seemed to take notice of my behaviour, and looked as if he had found a person, who guessed him to be unhappy, and to whom he could talk of his unhappiness. I encouraged the idea with that diffidence, which, I believe, is of all manners the

most

,most intimate with a mind of the sort I

have described and, soon after, he took an opportunity of telling me the story of his misfortunes.

It was simple, but not the less pathetic. Inheriting a considerable fortune from his father, he set out in trade with every advantage. Soon after he was settled in business, he married a beautiful and excellent woman, for whom, from

his infancy, he had conceived the tenderest attachment; and about a year after their marriage, she blest him with a son\* But love and fortune did not long continue to smile upon him. Lost in trade, to

which, though benevolence like his be more exposed, the most prudent and unfeeling are liable, reduced him, from his former affluence, to very embarrassment. Vol. 11« D tailed

various circumstances; and his distress was aggravated from the consideration, that he did not suffer alone, but communicated misfortune to a woman he passionately loved. Some very considerable debts remained due to him in the West-Indies and he found it absolutely necessary for their recovery, to repair thither himself, however terrible might be a reparation from his wife, now in a situation of all others the most susceptible. They parted, and she was, soon after, delivered of a girl, whose promising appearance, as well as that of her brother, was some consolation for the absence of their father.

His absence, though long, was necessary, and he found his affairs in such a situation, that it promised not to be long. Day after day, however, elapsed, without

their

their final separation. The impatience, both of his wife and him was increased, by the appearance of a conclusion, which so repeatedly disappointed them; till, at last, he ventured to suggest, and she warmly approved, the expedient of coming out to a husband, whose circumstances presented him from meeting her at home. She felt fail with her children % but wife nor children ever reached the unfortunate Herbert! they perished in a storm soon after their departure from England.

You can judge of the feelings of a man, who upbraided himself as their murderer. An interval of madness, he informed me, succeeded the account he received of their death. When, his reason returned, it settled into a melancholy, which time has fortified, not extinguished, which

D 2 indeed

indeed seems to have become the habitual tone of his mind. Yet is it gentle, though deep, in its essence; it disturbs not the circle of society around him, and few, except such as are formed to discover and to pity it, observe any thing peculiar in his behaviour. But he holds it not the less sacred to himself; and often retires from the company of those, whom he has entertained with the good-humour of a well-bred man, to arrange the memorials of his much-loved Emily, and call up the sad remembrance of his former joys,

, Having acquired a sort of privilege with his distress, from my acquaintance with its cause, I entered his room yesterday, when he had thus flitted out the world, and found him with some letters on the table before him, on which he

looked.

looked, with a tear, not of anguish, but of tenderness. I flapped short on perceiving him thus employed; he seemed unable

to speak, but making a movement, as if he desired that I should come forward, put two of those letters successively into my hand. They were written by his wife: the first, soon after their marriage, when some business had called him away from her into the country; and the second, addressed to him in the West-Indies, where, by that time, their ill-fortune had driven him. They pleased me so much, that I asked his leave to keep them for a day or two. He would

not absolutely refuse me; but said they had never been out of his possession. I

pressed him no further: I could only read them over repeatedly, and some parts, that struck most forcibly on my

D 3 me-

memory, which you know is pretty tenacious, I can recollect almost verbatim. To another, it might seem odd to write such things as these \ but my Beauvaris is never inattentive to the language of

nature, or the voice of misfortune.

In the first letter were the following expressions.

\*\* 'Tou know not what feelings are brought at this busy for the first time writing to my Henry under the name of a husband. — A mixture of tenderness of love of esteem and confidence. A something never experienced before is so warm in my heart that sure it is at this moment more worthy of his love than ever. — Shall not this lady, my Harry. notwithstanding what I have heard from the coffers among you men? I think it well

It

JULIA HE ROUBIGRE, SS

// is not a tumultuous transport that suddenly disappears; but the soft pleasure of a happy mind that can feel its happiness and delight in its cause

\*\* I have had little company since you left me and I wish not for much. The idea of my Henry is my best companion. I have figured out your journey your company and your business and filled up my hours with the picture of what they are to you.

\*♦ John has just taken away some chicken > ymt, know he takes liberties., — Dear heart a leg and tiring on her, — Betty says Madam the beefsteaks are excellent.\*\*-!

noticed at John's manner of pressing and

helped myself to a beefsteak The poor fellow looked so happy —  
My master will

D 4 soon

He returned and said he by way of account for my dinner. He set the wine upon the table: I filled out a glass and began to think of you but in carrying it to my lips I reproached myself that it was not a bumper: that was remedied as it should be. John & I believe guessed at the letter Hon\* — "God bless him" / heard him saying muttering as he put up the things in his basket. — / sent him

down with thertji of the bottle^ and tbej are now drinking your health in the kitchen.^\*

" Mjf coujin Harriet has erne in to fee me J and is going on with the cap I was mak\* ing upi while I write this by heif. She is a better milliner than /, and wotdd bavi altered it fomewbat ; but J ftuck to my own way for I beard you fay you liked it,

in

in tbat Jhape.^--^^ It is not half fo. fajhion^

able J indeed^ my dear^^ faid Harriet ; but Jhe does not know the luxury of making up a cap to pleafe the hujhand one loves.—^his is all very fooUJh : is it not? but I love to tell you thofe trifles: it is like having you here. If you can^ write me juft fuch a letter about you.\*\*

Gf the oth(jr letter, I recoUeft fome paiTages, fuch as thefe.

" Captain Lewfon has juft now been with me^ but has brought no letter \ and gives for reafon^ your having written by a fhip that left the ifland but a few days before him^ meaning the "Triton^ by which I got your lafi\ but I beg to hear from you by

\*

every opportunity^ efpecially by fo friendly

\*■

D 5 a hand

58 JtJL.iA O" koObigne'.

«„,« «, (to \*' f^""\*\*' " /'^ \*'''

we "J^ere not mbaff3 . ^^« -^

/ .r .« . .« .r^^ . ' »« ^ /''' ^''' ' ^' ^ ^\* " ^' ' ""\*

7 fear, my love. ;"»« '^^iT^' " ^ "" ^^ nobly, than I hope I deferved:.  
J ^as not ta U Jboked hy any retrenchmenP from our for-

s Vn»^<t ' T could have bom even mer ivay of hvtng . i fOmi\* f^^^  
the'

JULIA DE RO'UBIGNE^ ^f

the bardjhips^ of pQverty^, bad it left n^e ffny Hariri^

ce

Tour fweetmeats arrived nsfiry fafe un\* der the care of CapVain  
hevafm: the children have profited by tbem^ particularly Billy J who  
has ftill fome remains- rf the bo/)pingrCOUgb^ He afkedme^ if they  
did not come from papa ;. and wben^^ faid be^ will papa come-  
bimfelf? \*^ Papa^^ cried my

little Emmy^ who has juft learned to lifp the word. " She never fAW  
papa^ (replied her brother) did Jhe^ mamma .?"—/ could not ft and  
this prattle 5 my boy wept with me for company's fakeV^

« 4F » « «- 4^ « » « €►

" Emmy^ they tell mc^ will Se a beauty^^ She hasy t<i fay truthj  
lovely darbbblue eyes^

D 6 and

6o JULIA DE ROUBIGNe'.

ond a tharming complexion. I think therr is fomething of melancholy  
in her look y but^ this may be only my fancy. Bilfy is quia different^  
a bold fpirited child j yet he is remarkably attentive to every thing I  
endeavour to teach him^ and can read a little ah ready^ with no  
other tutor than'inyfelf I chofe this tajki to amufe my lonely houfs v  
for I make it a point of duty^ to keep up my fpirits as well as I can.  
Sometimes^ indeed^ I droop infpite ofme^ efpecially when yott  
feem to waver about the time of your return^, "^hinky my love^ ■

what risks your health runs for the sake of those riches which are of  
no use without it -, and after all it is chiefly in opinion that their  
power of being flowing happiness consists. I am sure the little  
parlour in which I now write is - more snug and comfortable  
than the large room we used to receive company in formerly %

and

and the plain meal to which I sit down with my children has more  
relief than the formal dinners we were obliged to invite them to.  
Return then my dearest Harry from those fatigues and dangers to  
which by your own account you are obliged to be exposed Return  
to your Emily's love and the smiles of those little cherubs that wait  
your arrival rival

Such was the wife whom Herbert lost; you will not wonder at his  
grief; yet sometimes, when the whole scene is before me, I know not  
how, I almost envy him his tears.

It is something to endeavour to comfort him, 'Tis perhaps a selfish  
movement in our nature, to conceive an attachment

62 jrLIA DE roubigne".

Blent to such a character; one that throws itself on our pity by feeling  
its distress, is ever more beloved than that which rises above them.  
—I know, however, without farther inquiry, that I feel myself pleased  
with being the friend of Herbert; would we were in France, that I  
might make him- the friend of Beauvaris I

Your lady mentions nothing of Roir's bigne, or his family, I know he  
dislikes writing, and therefore am not surprised at his silence to  
myself. You say, in a former letter, you find it difficult to hear of  
them; there is, a young lady in Paris, for whom the lovely Julia has  
long entertained a very uncommon friendship; her name is  
Roncilles, daughter of the president Roncilles.—Yet, on fe-

cond

cond thoughts, I would not have you visit her, on purpose to make inquiry s^ from me J but you may^ fall on some method of getting intelligence of then)

in this line\*

Do not let slip the opportunity of this ship's return to write me fully; (he is Consigned to a correspondent of ours^ and particular care will be taken of my letters. I think, if that had been the case with the last that arrived here, I should have found one from you on board of her. Think of me frequently, and write me as often as our situation will allow\*

64 JULIA DE ROUBIGNÉf.

LETTER XXX.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

To Begin to suspect that the sensibility, of which young minds are proud, from which they look down with contempt on the unfeeling multitude of ordinary men, is less a blessing than an inconvenience.

—Why cannot I be as happy as my uncle, as Dorville, as all the other good people around me ?—I eat, and drink, and sing, nay I can be merry, like them ; but they close the account, and set down this mirth for happiness 5 I retire to the family of my

own thoughts, and find them in weeds

of forrow.

Herbert

Herbert left this place yestcrday ! the only man besides thee, whom my foul can acknowledge as a friend\* And him, perhaps, I shall see no more : And thee! my heart droops at this moment, and I could weep without knowing why.—Tell me, as soon as possible, that you are well and happy; there is, methinks, a languor in your last letter—or is it but the livery of my own imagination, which the objects around me are constrained to wear ?

Herbert was a sort of proxy for my Beauv<sup>er</sup>ris; he spoke from the feelings of a heart like his. To him I could un-bosom mine, and be understood ; for the speaking of a common language, is but one requisite towards the dearest intercourse of society. His sorrows gave.

him

him a sacredness in my regard, that made every endeavour to serve or oblige him, like the performance of a religious duty & there was a quiet satisfaction in it which calmed the ruffings of a sometimes troubled spirit, and restored me to peace with myself

. He is called for England, whither some business material to a friend of his much-loved Emily, obliges him to return. He yields to this, I perceive, as a duty he thinks himself bound to discharge, though the flight of his native country, spoiled as it is of those blessings which he once possessed for him, must be no easy trial of his fortitude\* He talks of leaving it as soon as this affair will allow him, not to return to the West-Indies (for of his business there he is now independent),

but

but to travel through some parts of Europe, which the employments of his younger years prevented him from visiting at an early period of life. If he goes to Paris, he has promised me to call on you.—Could

I be with you! What a thought is there I—but I (hall not be forgotten at the interview.

I have juft received yours of the third of laft month. I muft dill complain of its ihortnefs, though I dare not quarrel with it, a3 it afTures^ me of your welfare. But get rid, I pray you, of that very bad praftice, of fuppoſing things unimportant at Martinique, becauſe you think them ſo at Paris; Give nrtē your intelligence, and allow me to be the judge of its coa\*

fequence.

You

You are partial to your friend, wheir you write in fpch high terms, of bis treat/> nicnt of Yambu. We think but feldom of thoſe things which habit has matte common, otherwife we (hould correct many of them \ there needed only to give one's feelings room on this theme, and they could prompt no other conduſt than mine. Your approbation, however, is not loſt upon me •, the beſt of our refolutions are bettered, by a confcio\llhe(s of the fuffrage of good men in their favour^ and the reward is ftiU higher, wheti that fuffrage is from thoſe we love.

My uncle has fent for me, to help him to entertain feme company who are juft arrived here. He knows not what a train of thinking he calls me from—I

have

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'. J^^

have a little remembrancer, Beauvaris, ^ pidlure, which has hung at my boſom for ſome years pad, that fpeaks fuch things !—

The fervant again!—Mademoifelle Dorville is below, and I muſt come im-> mediately.—Well then—It will be difficult for me to be civil to her—^yet the girl deferves politeneſs.—But that picture !—

LETTER XXXL

Savilbn to Beauvaris.

'^ O U fay the letter, to which your

laft was an anfwer, was written in

low fpirics ( I confefs I am not always

in high ones; not even now, though I

am juft returned from a little kaff, where there was much mirth, and excellent wine. It was a dinner given by Dor-ville, on occafion of his daughter's birthday, to which my uncle and I, among other of his friends, had been long in-vited. The old gentleman difplayed all his wealth, and all his wit, in entertaining us; fome of us thanked him for neither,

though

• <

though every one's complaifance obliged them to eat of his dainties, and laugh at^ his jefts.

It is after fuch a fcene, that one is often in a ftate the moft ftupid of any. The aflumption of a charader, in itfelf humiliating, diftreffes and waftes u?, while the lofs of fo much time, 1 ke the bad fortune of a gamefter, is doubly felt when we reflekt that fools have won from. us. Yet it muft be fo in fife, and I wifh to overcome the fplcen of repining at it.

I was again fet next Mademoifclle Dor-ville, and had the honour of accompanying fome of the fongs (he fung ^ us. A vain fellow, in my circumftances, might imagine that girl liked him. I believe

there b nothing fo fcrious in her mind,

and

t

Jt JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

and I fliould be forry there were. The theft of a woman's affeptions is not fo atrocious, as that of her honour ^ but I have often feen it more terrible than that of her life; at leaft, if living wretched-nefs be worfe than death : yet is it reckoned a very venial breach of confidence^ tb endeavour to become more than agreeable, where a man feels it impoffible to rfepay what he may receive. Her father, I am apt to believe, has fomething of what is commonly called a plot upon me; but as to him my confcience is eafy, be-caufe, the cofiers of my uncle being bis quarry, it matters not much if he is dif-appointed.

Were it not from a point of delicacy, not to run the fmalleft riik of being thought particular, I could, fometimes,

be

be very well entertained with the fociety of Mademoifelle Dorville. There is a fpright-linefs about her, which amufes, though it is not winning, and I never found it fo eafy to talk nonfenfe to any other woman. I fancy this is always the cafe, where there is no chance of the heart being interefted : it is pcrfeftly fo in the prefent inftance with me.—Oh! Beau^ varis! I have laid out more foul in fir\* ting five minutes with Julia de Roubignfi in filence, than I Ihould in a year's con-verlation with this little Dorville.

The converfation of women has perhaps a charm from its weaknefs; but this mud be, like all their other weak-nefcs that pleafe us, what claims an in-tereft in our affeptions, without ofiend-ing our reafon. I know not if there is

Vol. II. . • E, really

74 JULIA Dt Rot7%IGM%V

neally a fez in the fool: coftom ind tA^ cation have eftablUhed one, in our idea; but we wilh to feel the ki:feriority of the other iex, a\$ otut that does not dej^afe but endear it.

To their knowiedjge, in many thingi, we

have fet limit>, but cesofk it feetm to en\*\* croach on the softneft of  
dicar fedings, which ivt fuppose of that retiting kiai^ that &uni tJie  
keemneft o£ wgutncnt or enquiry. Knowlef^ Or learnkig has

often this «Qe& among men: ttis wem, fometimes fatal to talle, if by  
tafte is irte«nt the tSb6t which beauties ha^ on Wttfelvts, rather thati  
the power of ctv-tki&tg Oft that which they ought tt> hanr oti  
(rtliefs\*

Thfcrc

JULIA DR ROUBIGNB'. ^^

There is a little world of fentiment made for women to move in,  
where they certainly excel our fex, and whom our

a

fex, perhaps, ought to be excelled by them. This is irrcfiftibly  
engaging, vkere it is natural^, but, of all afieftations, that of  
fentiment is the moil: difgufting. It i^, I believe, more common in  
France dian any where elfe; and I am not fure» if it does not proceed  
from our women poffeiling the reality lefs. The daughter of Monf.  
Dorville, when l he would be great, is always fentimental. I was forced  
to tell her to-day, that I hated fentiments, and that they fpoiled the  
complexion. She looked in the glafs, and began ta afk fome queftions  
about the Italian co\* medy.

Ea My

j6 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

My uncle, ivho had ftaid fome time behind me with Dorville, came in.  
He was very copious on the fubjeft of Ma-demoifcllc^ I was perfectly  
of his opinion in every thing, and praifed her in echo to what he faid  
v but he had dif-cernmcnt .enough to fee an indifference in this,  
which I was ferry to find he did not like. I know not how far he meant  
to go, if we had been long together ; but he found himfclf fomewhat  
indif-pofed, and was obliged to go to bed.

I sat down alone, and thought of Julia de Roubign.

My uncle is, this morning, really ill. I owe him too much, not to be distressed

at

at this. He is uneasy about his own situation, though, I believe, without reason; but men, who, like him, have enjoyed uninterrupted health, are apt to be apprehensive. I have sent for a physician without letting him know for it was; another effect of his good constitution, to hold the faculty in contempt. At present, I assure him, he will thank me, in his heart, for my precaution.

The doctor has been with him, and talks doubtfully; that, perhaps, is unavoidable in a science, from its nature. Too uncertain; for this man has really too much knowledge to wish to seem wiser.

I find I must conclude this letter, as the ship, by which I am to send it, is within a quarter of an hour of sailing. Would

Excuse it

it had been a few days later I a few days might do much in a fate like mine.----- cannot express that sort of doubt and fear which the look of futurity, at this moment, gives me.

Do not, for Heaven's sake do not fail to write me about the situation of Roussigne and his family. I know his unwillingness

to write, and decorum prevents (Is it vanity to think so?) his daughter; therefore I addressed my last letter to Madame de Roubign; but even when I shall receive her answer, it will not say enough. You know what my heart requires; do not disappoint it.

◆ There are two letters, in this collection, of a later date, from Sarah to Boam's. The person who at first arranged them, seems to intend to account for this, by the following note on the outside of the preceding one written by a hand of which I see little jottings on

several of the letters, " fieuvaris died 5th April, a few days after the receipt of this.\*\*

## LETTER XXXII.

Julia de Montauban to Maria de Ronciles.

t

'VT' O U must not expect to hear from me so often; as formerly I have had here, an even tenor of days, that admits not of much description. Comedies and romances, you know, always end with a marriage, because, after that, there is nothing to be said.

But I have reason to be angry with you for finding so little to say at Pajpis; though, I believe, the fault is in myself. or rather in your idea of me. You think I am not formed to relish those articles of

intelligible, which are called new men,

E 4, your

'80 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^

your great town; the truth is, I have often heard them with very little relish ^ but I know you have wit enough to make them pleasant if you would; and even if you had not, do but write any thing, and I shall read it with an interest.

You flatter me by your praises of the naivety in the picture I drew of our party of pleasure. God knows, I have no talent that way; yet the group was fanciful

enough, and, though I felt quite other-wise than merry next morning, when I wrote to you, yet I found a sort of pleasure in describing it. There is a certain kind of trifling, in which a mind not much at ease can sometimes indulge itself. One feels an escape, as it were, from the heart, and is fain to take up with lighter company. It is like the theft of

a truant

JULIA DE ROUBIGNeV 8i

a truant boy, who goes to play for a few minutes while his mafter is afleep, and throws the chiding for his tafk upon futurity.

We have very different company at, prefent. Madame de Sancerre has been here thefe three days. Her hulband was an acquaintance of Monf. de Montauban in Spain,, and, you will remember, we ufed to be of her parties in town; fo Ihe is a gueft of both fides of the houfe, though I believe no great favourite of either. She is a wir, you know, and fays abundance of good things; and will fay any thing, provided it be witty. Here, indeed, we give her fo little opportunity, that her genius is almoft famished for want of fubjeft. At Paris, I remember her furrounded with men of letters; they

E 5 praif^d

S2 JVHA DB EOUIIGNB'.

praifed her learning, and to u\$ (he foem\* ed wondeiful both as a khoht apd a critic V but here when I turn the di&oucfce on books, ihe chufes to talk of natbiog but the ieau monde. Her defcriptions, however, are diverting enough, and I be-lieve (he is not the worfe pleafed with me, that I can only hear them without being able to anfwer; for I think, if there is a member of our fociety fhe diflikes, it ia that relation of the count, whom I mentioned to you in my laft, Monf. de Rou-ille, who is come to (pend fome weeks here. From the account of his vivacity which I received from his kinfman,^! thought Madame de Sancerre would have thought it a piece of high good fortune to have met him here 5 but, I fee, I miftook the thing \ and that (he would rtlilh his company better, if he were a&

ftupid

JtfBIA BE KOtrMOMB'I Sj

ftupid as the reft of us. I am of a different opmion, and begin to like him much; the better, that I was prepare^ to b^ fomewhat afraid of

him; but I find.

in him nothing to be &ared; on the con-^ trary, he is my very fafe fl barrier againft the fometin^ too powerful brilliancy o£ ^e lady.

RQuUle is confitutiooally happy ; bur his vivacity, though it feems to be coiVr ftai&t, does not appear to be unfeeling. It is not the cheerfulness of an unthuiK.^ U)g man, who is ready to laugh, on alt QccaHons, without kave of his reafon, or, what is worie, of his humanity y fom^ fiich people I have feen, whose mirth wa«> like the pranks of a madman^ and, if aot of cbnfefquence enough to excite anger or. ftar, was entitled to our compa&

E 6 fion\*.

84 JULIA DB ROUBIOMB\

fion» Rouille ha^ the happy talent of

hitting that point where fentiment min« gles with good humour. His wit, ex-\* cept when forced into oppofition by the petulance of others, is ever of that gentle kjnd from which we have nothing to dread ^ that fports itfelf in the level of ordinary underftandings, and pleafes, be<\* caufe it makes no one difpleafed with himfelf. Even the natural gravity of Montauban yields to the Winning liveli\*\* ncfs of Rouille, and though the firft feems to feel a little aukwarknefs in the attempt, yet he often comes down from the loftinefs of his own character, to meet the pleafantry of the other's.

Do not rally me on the favour of ma-trimony in the obfervation, if I venture to fay, that Montauban feems to have

refumed

fefumed fomewhat of his former dignity^ Think not that I fufpedt the fmalleft diminution of his affeflion; but now, when the eafe of the hufband has reftored him to his native qharadter—I kno^y not what I would fay—Believe me, I mean nothing at all—I have the g^ateft reafon

to be satisfied and happy.

At present, I believe, he is now and then out of humour with this visitant of ours, Madame de Sancerre •, and, it may be, thrown into somewhat of a levity in his manner, from the observation of an opposite one in her. When she utters,

as (he does pretty often, any joke at which she laughs heartily herself, I laugh, some«

things with good will, but oftener (out of complaisance) without; Rouille laughs^and

I is

86 JULIA J&E ROUBIGNE^

is ready with his jeii ia retour % but Montauban looks\$ graver than ever, In^ deed» there is x^ resource for one who cannot laugh at; a jest> but to look graver

at it.

I wish my Maria could have accepted of the invitation he communicated by me some time ago\* I think I (perhaps) have flown him, in my friend, a liveliness that would not have displeased him. Could you still contrive to come, while Rouille is here, you must be charmed with one another. It would give me an opportunity of making up to you, for the many dull letters I have obliged you to read; but you taxed yourself early with my correspondence I it was then, perhaps^, tolerable; it has, of late» been a mere collection of egotisms, the egotisms too of

a mind

a mind ill at ease—-but I have given up making apologies or acknowledgments to you I they are only for common obligations: mine is a debt beyond their quittance.

t^

88 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

LETTER XXXIII.

Montauhan to Segarva.

T AM now three letters in your debt; yet the account of correspondence used formerly to be in my favour. The truth is, that of facts I have nothing to write, and of sentiments almost as little. Of the first, my situation here in the country deprives me of, and of the last, that quiet sort of state I have got into is little productive. When I was unhappy as the lover of Julia, or first happy as her husband, I had theme enough, and to spare» I can tell you, that I am happy still; but it is a sort of happiness that would not figure in narration. I believe my Julia

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'. Sjt

^ ■

is every thing that a good wife should be: I hope I am a good husband. I am neither-young nor old enough for a doating one\*

You will smile and look back to certain letters and notes of mine^ written some four or five months ago. I do not know why I should be ashamed of them» Were Segarva to marry, he would write such letters for a while> and there never was a man who could write such letters long. If there were, I am not sure if I should wish to be that man\* When we cannot be quite so happy as others, our pride naturally balances the account: it tells us that we are wiser,

Rouille, who has been here for a week or two, is of a different opinion; he

holds

holds the happiest man to be ever the wife's. You know Rouille's disposition^ which was always too much in the fun for us; but the goodness of his heart, and the purity of his honour, are above the rest of his character. With this preference in his favour, I hear

him laugh at me, without repentment; and by and by he steals upon me, till I forget myself, and laugh with him. I am indeed sometimes gay ^ but I feel a sort of trouble in gaiety. It is exactly the reverse with Rouille: he can be serious, when I mean to be jovial but, if we mean no\* thing, he is gay, and I am serious«

My wife is neither one nor the other: there is something about her too gentle for either ^ but, I think» her penmanship is

neither more readily to Rouille ^

fine

JULIA DE ROUBIGNY's. gl

de than to mine, though one should imagine his ^ manner the more distant from hers of the two Rouille jokes me

on this: he calls her the middle stage between us; but say ^, it is uphill to\* ^ wards my side. \* ^ A solitary castle, and a ^ fine evening (said he) would make a Julia of me; but to be Montauban, I must have a fog and a prison ^ ^

Perhaps, if we consider matters in« partially ^ these men have the advantage of us: the little cordialities of life are more frequently in use than its greater and more important duties. Somebody ^ I think, has compared them to small pieces of coin, which, though of little value than the large, are more current amongst men; but the parallel fails in one respect: a thousand of those livres

do

do not constitute a loss; and I have known many characters ^ possessed of all that the world could give, whose minds were incapable of the loss. In this number, however, I mean not to include Rouille.

We have another guest, who illustrates my meaning better, the widow of Sancerre, whom you introduced to my acquaintance, a long time ago, in Spain. She was then nothing; for Sancerre considered all women nothing, and took care that» during his life, she should be no

exception to the rule. He died; she regained her freedom and she uses it as one to whom it had been long denied. She is just fool enough to be a wit, and carries on a perpetual crusade against sense and ferociousness. I bear with her

very

very impatiently: (he plagues me, I believe, the more. My wife smiles, Rouille laughs at me; I am unable to laugh, and ashamed to be angry; so I remain silent and stupid.

Sometimes I cease to think of her, and blame myself. Why should I allow this spleen of sense to disqualify me for society?—Once or twice I almost muttered things against my present situation —• Julia loves me, I know (he does: (he has that tenderness and gratitude, which

will secure her affection to a husband, who loves her as I do; but (he must often feel the difference of disposition between us. Had such a man as Rouille been her husband—not Rouille neither, though (he seems often delighted with his good humour, when I cannot be pleased with

it.

^4 JULIA & BROTHER

itk^i^We find the writer of our romance would have made it hurtful for Julia.—^Ttitre is, indeed, the liability in the minds of women in this article, which frequently gains over opinion to the side of duty.—Duty is a cold word.—No matter; we will leave it no farther. I know the purity of her bosom, and, I think, I am not unworthy of its sacrifice.

Her father { fee much seldomer than I could wish; but he is greatly altered since the death of his wife. Since the death of his wife, I have observed him droop away; but Julia says, that the distress of their circumstances kept up in him a sort of false spirit, which, when they were discomfited, left him to sink under reflection.

5'^^

His facukicB, i csn ^fily per^eivv, ^rft oot m that Tig^ur they  
weitcivmt to bt) fet bh bodil/ ftittigth does n^t niQcft decline^ af>d[  
he ieemi tnore contisnced

with himfelf, than he was when in fuU poffeffion of his abilities. We  
wi(h him to live with us; but he has confantly refufed our requell,  
and it is a matter of delicacy to prefs him on that point. We go to fee  
him fometimes: he receives us with fatisfaction, not ardour: violent  
amotions of every kind appear to be quenched in him. It creates,  
methinks, a feelrng of mingled complacency and fad-ncfs, to look on  
the evening of a life and of a character like Roubigne's.

Shall I not fee yon here fome time tliis autunm ? You gave me a fort  
of

pro-

promife, and I need you more than ever. I want the fociety of fome  
one, in whoie connpany I can be pleafed, without the tvs of {hinking  
that I am filly for being

JULIA DF KOOBIGI)£'. gf

• t

LETTER XXXIV.

Y Have jtift now received a piece of in\* tellTgence,, which I muft beg  
my Ma^-rfa intantly to fatisfy nae aboutr Le Bfanc, my father's  
fervant, was here a few hours ago> and among other news, informed  
Lifette, that a nephew of his^ who is juft come with his mafter fromt  
Paris, met Savilion there, whom he per-fedly remembered, from  
having feen him in his vifits to his uncle at Belville. The lad had' nxx  
time for eft^i#y, as his mtC-ter's carriage was juft fetting off\*^ when  
he obferved a chaife drive up to the door of the hotel, with a  
gentlemsui in u, whom Vol. ir. F he

he knew to be Savillon, accompanied by a valet de chambre, and two black fer-vants on horseback.

Think, Maria, what I feel at this intelligence I receive—Yet why should it alarm

me?—Alas! you know this poor, weak, throbbing heart of mine! I cannot, if I would, hide it from you.—Find him out, for Heaven's sake, Maria; tell me—yet what now is Savillon to your Julia?—No matter—do any thing your prudence may suggest; only satisfy me about the fate of this once dear—Again! I dare not trust myself on the subject—Monf, de Montauban!—Farewell!

Delay not a moment to answer this.—

Yet do not write, till you have learned something satisfactory.

At

At any rate, write me speedily.—

I have forgotten the name of the hotel, where the lad met him & it was situated in the Rue St Anne.

F 2

190 juuik nt KOVBieKX^";

LETTER xxxxy.

Montauian to Segarva.

My wife (that word must often come across the narration of a married man) has been a good deal indisposed of late. You will not joke me on this intelligence, as much of my neighbours whom I have seen have done; it is not however what they say, or you may think; her spirits droop more than her body; she is thoughtful and melancholy when (she thinks (she is not observed, and, what pleases me worse, affects to appear otherwise, when (she is; I like not this

ladnefs which is conlcious of itfcelf. Yet, perhaps, I have feen her thus before our

marriage.

marriage, aod have rather admired thii turn of mind than dif&pproved i)£ \i\

but now I woqM not have her penfive-^ xa>r Very gay neither\*\*-\*! would hai^e tio\* thing about her, methink&^ td ftir a qiiet^ tffm in me whence it ftfdfth She Jhould be contented with th^ htk^U^ At kn&iri I btftir for htt. I do hot tnpt& htr to be romtnticalif happy, and tkt kas tio cmufe for uneafineffr^I am hot t^eafy Mitfatr^yet I wilh her to CMqutr thto melancholy.

I was laft hlght abroad at flipper: Jir-Ka wa§ a-bed hd6tt tnj return. I found her lute lying <m the table, and a mufic-book open by it, I could pefteive the marks of Mars ihed on tht paper, and the air was Ibch as naight encourage theif ^ing: fleep however had overcome htt

F 3, fadnels^

102 .JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

fadnefs, and (he did not dwake when I opened the curtains to look on hen When I had flood fome moments, I beard her figh ftrongly through her fleep, and pre-fently fhe muttered fome words, I know not of what. import. I had fometimes heard her do (o before^ without regard\* ing it muchi but there.was fomethmg

that roused my attention now\* I liftened § &e fighed again, and again fpoke a few broken words; at laft, I he^rd her plainly pronounce the name SaviUon^ two or three times over, and eagh time it was accompanied with fighs fo deep, that her heart feemed burfting as it heaved them. I confefs the thing iibruck me, and, after mufling on it fome tiipe, I re-fplved to try a little experiment this daf at dinner, to difcover whether chance had made her pronounce this name, or

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. 10j

if some previous cause had imprefled. it on her imagination. I knew a man of that name at Paris, when I first went thither^ who had an office under the intendant of the marine. I introduced some conversation on the subject of, the fleet, and said, in an indifferent manner, that I had heard of and of from my old acquaintance Savillon. She cast some frown (he was helping me to at the instant; and, dealing a glance at her, I saw her cheeks flushed into crimson.

I have been ever since going the round ^ of conjecture on this incident. I think I can recollect once, and but once, her father speak of a person called Savillon re-fiding abroad, from whom he had received a letter; but I never heard Julia mention him at all. I know not why I

F 4 should

104 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE.

I should have forebore asking her the reason of which being ipso facto at the found ^ yet ^ the moment I perceived it, the question stuck in my throat. I felt some-thing like ^ guilt hang over this incident altogether—it is none of mine then—nor of Julia's neither, I trust:—and yet, Scarcely, it has touched me nearer—much nearer ^ than I should pertain to any one but you.

■ 1 > 1.. " " I 14 < J '

Nine at night. Upon looking over what I had written in the afternoon, I had almost resolved to burn this Utter, and write another; but it strikes me as incredible to a friend like Scarcely, not to trust him with the very thought at the moment, weak as it may be.

I begin

I begin now to be ashamed of the effect that trifle, I mentioned above, had upon me. Julia is better, and has just been giving to me the old Spanish ballad, which you sent us lately. I am delighted with those ancient national songs, because each is a simple ^, and an expression of them, which I can vouch for. Adepts in music are

ple<sup>^</sup>ed with iimre inCritatt<sup>^</sup> Gompositions; and they talk mCfrt of  
tht pleafure than they feel; and others talk after them, without feeling  
at allr

« « ir «- #r « « # - 4r «

fs

LETTER XXXVI.

Savillonto Herbert.

T AM here in Paris, and fulfil the pro-mife, which your friendftiip  
required of me, to write to you immediately on my arrival.

Alas! my reception is not fuch as I looked for. He, whom alone my  
arrival (hould have interefted, my ever faithful Beauvaris!—he meets  
me not— we fhall never meet—he died, while I was imagining fond  
things of our meeting!

Gracious God! what have I done,

f

that I (hould be always thus an outcaft

from 8

JUL<sup>^</sup>IA DE ROUBIGNE', . IO7

from fociety ? When France was dear to me as life itfclf, my deftiny  
tore me from her coaft ^ now, when I anticipated th<sup><</sup> pleafures of  
my return, is this the welcome (he affords me ?

Forlorn and friendlefs as my early days were, I complained not while  
Beauvaris was mine: he was wholly mine, for his heart was not made  
for the world; Naturally referved, he fhrunk early from its notice;  
and, when he had lived to judge of its fentiments, he wifhed not to be  
in the lift of its friends.

His extreme modefty, indeed, was an evil in his fate; becaufe it deprived him of that protection and affiftance, which his fituation required. Thofe who might have been patrons of his merit, had not

F 6 time

Io8 • JULIA PI RDVB2GH£^

time to fearek for taknts hia hsifl^ulncft obfcured. His virtue^ even fu&red im^ puta|ioa from it» (ky, not cmly of ioti-micy^ bm (;vo« of Qf^niW 4b4 IJKitiinvii^ pcribns, whofe fituatkui kemied ta entitle them to his confidence, complained of his coldnefs and indiffirrence, and he was accused of want of feeling, from what^ in truth, was an exceft of fenfibrility. This jewel, undifcovered by others, was mine. From infancy, each had accu^\* temed himfdf to con Oder his fViend but a better part of himfelf; and, when the heart of either was full, talking to the 9ther was but unloading it in foliloquy.

Fwgivf me, ^y ^^ar Herl?c«, for thus dw^ing qx\ ^e fofcft?^, Tfeq oi^y fad cpnvfoft | hav^^ jjoVf l^t m?, if ip tfeioit^ of b^ viorth: it i» ^ K^vjlcgf I

would not wafte on common minds, to hear me on this theme; your's can uit-derftand it.

^hy WM I afe^fiwit ffom P^w ? Too

W^^e mt.\ Th^ys few Wn> ftrgggliij^ with povefQ; 8\*.w^U 3\* fiokoftfti yft Ulie laft letter he wrote me confcfted neither 5,

and fomf litije pveftnts, tbepvodvc^ of / MartfAiqu^ whiek I lime bioft, iir woud Bor €G»ven into mon^j^^ becaafe iktf cwie from me.

I aitt now fitting ia the. looni, ift which

he died \ —On .that paltry bed Uy thjp tie^d of Be^uvaris—iOi\ this deflc, whereon

«

I write, ^ hie wrote!—J?4rdoj5 m?^whil<j, \ atiji uo^Wc tQ ga on.

no JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^

It is from the indulgence of sorrow, that we first know a respite from affliction. I have given a loose to ^y grief, and I feel the relief, which my tears have afforded me. I am now returned to my hotel, and am able to recollect myself.

I have not yet seen any acquaintance of Monf. de Roubigne; this blow, in ^ ' deed, did not allow me leisure or spirits for enquiry ; I feel as if I were in a foreign land, and am almost afraid of the noise and bustle I hear in the streets. I have sent, however, offering a visit to a particular young lady, of whom I shall be able to get intelligence of Roubigne's family; but my messenger is not yet re\*\*

turned.

He

;

ITLIA DE ROUBIGNE'. I if

He has found her, and she has ap^\* pointed me to come to her to-morrow morning. You cannot imagine what a flutter the expectation of this visit has thrown me into; I am not apt to stand in awe of presages, but I could be very weak that way at this moment. My man, who possesses a happy vivacity, brought me in, after dinner, a bottle of Burgundy, which, he said, the landlord assured him was excellent. I have drunk three-fourths of it, by way of medicine & it has made my head somewhat dizzy, but my heart is as heavy as before.

What a letter of egotism have I written! but you have taught me to give vent to my feelings, by the acquaintance

ance you have allowed me with yours. To speak one's distress to a cold unfeeling is.

terrible; even to ask the alms of pity is

liaimiiMftg; bue to pour our griefs into

the bofom of a friend^ is but committing; i» htm a pledge above the  
truft of ordif-iaf]r men.

Do iioc> I beii^ch y9% fergtt ymr df Gg^ of travelbog iatQ France  
this iirs^ ion ir^yet; why fhould I aik ibis ? I kn^ii not vthere  
ft>rtiuie my lead am! k can-aot» however/place im k a fimarinn^  
wJjiere the IficiMUhif' of Hrrbctt £btt bs focgptteib

P. S, I direft this for you at London^

a&i, I think, yw wwfk be tkare by^ ttus tioacu yow aoArer will find  
bMft i kbit be^ecrigii

JULIA PE RQU9ICf<s'. J13

LETTER XXXVU.

Savilhn to Her^frt,

t

"DEAR with me, Herbert, bear with me. The firft ufe I make of that  
correfpondence which you dt&ni^ 19 to pour out my tnifene\$ b^ore  
you! but you C4I1 hear them\*—You have known what it is to love,  
and to defpair as I doi

Whtn I tokl you my Beauvaris was no more, I thought I had  
exhaufied the fuoi of diftreffs, which this vifit to Paris was to give me.  
I knew not then what fate

had prepared for me that Julia, on

whom my doating heart had rcftcd all

'114 -JULIA DE RGUSIGRR^

its hopes of happinefs i —that Julia is the wife of another!

All but this I could have born i the lofs of fortune, the decay of health,  
the coldnefs of friends, might have admitted of hope) here only was  
defpair to be found, and here I h^ve found it I

Oh I Herbert 1 ihe was fo interworen with my thoughts of futurity,  
(hat life now fades into a blank, and is not wonh the keeping;—but I  
have a ufe for ici I will fee her yet at leaft—Wherefore ihould I wi(h to  
fee her ?—Yet, methinks, it is now the only objt(St that can prompt a  
wifli in me.

When I vifited that lady, that Maria dc RonciUes, whom I knew to be  
the deareft

of her friends, (he feemed to receive me

^ith confudoh \*, her tongue could fcarce

.articulate the words that told me of Ju-\*

.lia's marriage:. She mentioned fome^

thing too of having heard of mine.-^I

i

am tortured cv^ry way with conjefture— my brain fcarce holds its  
recolle£tion»— Julia de Roubi^ne ii macrifid to another I

I ktiow not what I faid to this friend of her's at firft 5 I remember  
only that, when I had recovered a little, I begged her to convey a  
letter from me to Julia j fhe feemed to hefitate in her confent^ but  
fhe did at lad confent. Twice have I written! and twice have I burnt  
what I had written—I have no friend to guide,. CO diredk me~not  
even to weep to !

At

mmmm

Ac Uft I h\$y€ finiflicd dttt ktter ^ k Moaini the loft rcqwft which tfas  
mife-rabk StviUoD hat to m4ce. JThis om imervi^w puiit, aod mf  
days hanre no\*-ihiiig to mark them widi aiuuccy or hopci

I am now more calmly wretched; the writing of that letter haa  
relieved, for a while, my fwelling heart. I went wixh ic n^yfelf to  
Mademoifelle de Roocilles's^ (he was abroad^ fo I left it without fee\*  
mg her. You can judge of my feelings i

I wondered at the indifference of the faces I met with in my way i  
they had no carea to cloud them, none at leaft like Savil-Ion's.---  
Why of all tho& thoufands an> I the moft wretched?

lam

I am returned to my hotell I hear the voices of my fervants below:  
they are telling, I fuppose, the adventurer of their voyage. I can  
dfffinguilli tKe voice of my man^ and bis. auxitence are merry  
around him—Why fliould he not jcft ? ha knows nou wbaft bis.  
mafter ftifitxs^

SbmetWnglike a ffupid flecpinefsop-prtffes tne : ' laft night, t could  
not fleep. WHefe are now Aofc luxurious ffumbcrs, thofe wandering  
dreams of future happi-ncfs.?—Never fhall I know them ag^iii! —  
Good night, my Hctbctt!—liis fome-thfng (till to fleep and tp foi;get  
them.



## LETTER XXXVIII

Julia to Maria.

XXT'HAT doyoutellme! Savillon in Paris! unmarried, unengaged,  
raving of Julia! Hide me from myfcl^ Maria, hide me from myfelf—  
Am I not the wife of Montauban ?—

Yes, and I know that charafter which. as the wife of Montauban, I have tofup-port': her hufband's honour and her own are in the bread of Julia. My heart fwells, while 1 think of the ftacion in which

I am placed.«-\*>Relentlefs Honour I thou

tricft me to the uttermoft i thou enjoined

me\*

me to think no more of fuch a being as:

Savillon,

«

But can I think of him no more ?—• Cruel remembrances' —Thou too, my friend, betrayeft me j you dare not truft me with the whole fcene; but you tell

me enough.—I fee him, I fee him now!. He came, unconfcious of what Fortune had made of me-, he came, elate with the hopes of {baring with his Julia that. wealth, which propitious Heaven had beilowed on him.—She is married to another 1—I fee him flart back in amazement and defpair; his eye wild and haggard, his voice loft in the throb of afto-nifhment! He thinks on the fhadows which his fond hopes had reared—the dreams of happinefs!—Say not that he wept at the thought.-»Had thofe tears

fallen

couldft not thus have ftung'me; Iftui; perhaps, gentle as his nature is, he was not weak enough to be overconne by the thdtigfitf. Could he But think of me with iildiffe«tfce—Tell him^ M^ria, what a Wretch I am: a wife, without a wife's af-fection, Cd W&om Hfe has loft it^ renih^ and\* virtcie Jts reward. Let him hate me, I AferVtf his {corn—^yet, methinks, I may claim his pity.—

The dau]ght«r of Ronfergnci the wife of Wtontattban f I wiH not bear to be pitied. No; I wili ftiflc\* the grief that w<M)M betJfay me;

arrf fermtftfablerwith-oot a- wttnefr. tfik heart" Ihall break, thfe  
prow\* hcarti without fufferin'g a flgh topncieve it,

Alas!

Alas! my friend, it will not be-That pifture, Maria, that pidure!— Why  
did I not banifli it from my fight-? too amiable SaviUon! Look there,  
look there! in that eye there is no fcorn, no reproach to the unhappy  
Julia: mildnefs and melancholy !—Wc were, born to be miferable !-  
Think'ft thou, Maria, that atthis moment—it is poffible—he is gazing  
thus on the refemblance of one,'whofe ill-fated rafhnefs has undone  
herfelf and him !—Will he thus weep over it as I do ? Will he pardon  
my offences, and thui prefs it?—I dare not: this bofom i\$" the  
property of Montauban.^Tears are all I have to beftow. Is there guilt  
in thofe tears ? Heaven knows, I cannot help weeping.

12Z JULIA PB ROUBIGNE'.

I was interrupted by the voice of iny hufhandi giving fome orders to  
his fer-vant at the cior of my apartment\* He entered with a look of  
gaiety; biA I fear, by the change of his cquntejiaacej (l^at he ob&rved  
my tears. I clapped on niy hat to hide them, and told bixn, as well as I  
could, that I was going to waU (« He fufFered me to leave hinX)  
without any further queftion. I drolled I khtw not whither, till I found  
my&lf by the fide of a little brook, about a quarter of a mile's diftance  
from the houfe^ The ftillnefs of noon, broken only by the gentle  
murmuring of the water, and the quiet hum of the bees, that hung on  
the wild flowers around it; thefe gave nxe back myfelf, and allowed  
me the languor

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE, tl^

guor of thought; iny tears fell without controul, and almpft without  
diftreffs. I would hare looked igain on the pidure of SavUon, for I  
could then have trufted myfelf with the fight of it; but I bad left it  
beliind in my chamber. The thoughts of its being feen by my huiband  
gave wings to my return, I hope he mifed it-» for I found it lying, as  
I had left it, on my dreffing-table, inthemidft of fome letters of  
compliment, which had been thrown carelefsry there the day before\*,

and« when I went down flairs^ I difcovered nothing in his behaviour that fliould have followed fuch a difcovery. On the contrary, I think, he feemed more pleafed than ufual, and was particularly attentive to me. I felt his kind\*

fiefs a reproach, and my endeavours to return it fat aukwardly upon me\* There

Q % was

^.34 JULIA DE 110UBICN£%

4

was a treichcry, methought, in my attempts to pleafe him, and, I fear, the greater eafe I meant to affume in making thofe attempts, I gave them only more the appearance of conftraint.

What a fituation is mine! to wear the appearance of, fcenity, while my heart is wretched, and the difUmulation of guilt, though my foul is uncqnfcious of a crime!—There is fomethng prediftive in my mind, that tells me I (hall not long be thus; but I am fick of conjeAure, as I am bereft of hope, and only fatisfy myfelf with concluding, that, in the moft fateful lives, there is ftill a certain point, where the^ maze of deftiny can bewilder no more I

JULIA DE ROUBIGNB. 1^25

LETTER XXXIX.

Mcntauban to Segarua.

eEGARVA !—but it muft be told—f blulh even telling it to thee—have \ lived to this ?—that thou Iouldft hear the name of Momauban coupled with difhonour I

I came into my wife's room yefterday mornings fomewhat unexpectedly. I ob-ferved fhe had been weeping, though (he put on her hat to conceal it, and fpoke in a tone of voice afFeftedly indifferent.. Prefently (he went out on pretence of walking j I (taid

behind, not without^ (lirprife at her tears, though,. I thinks without  
fufpicionj when turning over

G 3 (in

126 JULIA DE ROUBIGNI',

(in the carelefs way one does in muGng) feme loofe papers on her  
dreffing-table, I found the pidture of a young man in miniature, the  
glafs of which was ftill wet with the tears (he had (hed on it. I have  
but a confufed remembrance of my feelings at the time \ there was a  
bewildered pause of thought, as if I had waked iit another wosld. My  
faithful Lonquillez happened to enter the room at that mo\* ment;  
look there! faid T, holding but the pifturc without knowing what I did  
\ he held it in his hand, and turhifig it, read on the back, Savillon. I  
ftarted at that found, and fnatched the pifture from him; I believe he  
fpoke fomewhaf, ex-preffing his furprife at my emotion •, I

«

know not what it was, nor what my an-fwer: he was retiring from the  
chamber —I called him back.~\*« I think, (faid I)

tho

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. I27

thou loveft thy mafter, and would fervc him if thou could'ft ?"—«  
With my life r anfVrercd Lonquillez—the warmth of his manner  
touched me: I think I laid my hand on my fword. Savillon \J.  
repeated the name 5 " I have heard of him/\* faidLonquillec2.—"  
Heard of him!'"— \*\* I heard Le Blanc talk of him a few day's ago.\*\*—  
^" And what did he fay of him ?"—\*• And faid he had heard of this  
gentleman's arrival from the Weft-Indies, from his own nephew, who  
had j'lift comt from Paris ; that he remembered hioi formerly, when  
he lived with his mafter at Bclville, the fweeteft young gentleman,  
and the handfomeft in the province/\*—My fituation ftruck me at that  
infant.—I was unable to enquire further.—After fome little time,  
Lonquillez left the room L 1; knew not that he was

G 4 gone.

128 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

gone, till I heard him going down flairs. I called him back a fcond time; he came: I could not fpeak.—" My dear. matter I" (faid Lonquillez)—^It was the

accent of a friend, and it overcame me.

<

<\* Lonquillez, (faid I) your matter is moft unhappy!—Canft thou think my wife is falfe to me ?"—" Heaven forbid !"

faid he, and ftarted back in amazement. —" It may be I wrong her j but to dream of Savillon, to keep his piflure, to weep over it."—" What (hall I do. Sir ?" faid Lonquillez.—« You fee I am calm, I returned, and will do nothing

ralhly; try to learn from Le Blanc

every thing he knows about this Savillon\* Lifecce too is filly, and talks much. I know your faith, and will truft your capacity J get me what intelligence you

can,

JtTLIA oE ROUBIGNE^ lig

can, but bewarfc of (hewing the moft dif-tant fufpicion.—^We heard my; wife be\* low ;—I threw down the pidbure where I had found it, and haftened to meet hen As I approached her, my heart throbbed fo violently that-1 durft not venture the meetmg. My dreffing-room doorftood

a-jar j 1 flunk in there, I believe, unper-ceived, and heard her pafs on to her chamber\* I would have called Lonquillez to have fpoken to him again ^ but I durft not then, and have not found an opportunity, fince\*.

I Taw my^^ wife foon after j: I counter-feited as well as I. could, and, I think,^ (he was the moft embarraffed of the two;. fhe attempted once or twice-to bring in fome apology for her former appearance;. complained of having been ill in the

Ci Sj morn---

\$30 JULIA »S tOVil&Ht'.

iiIorningf that her head had ached, atfd her eyes been hot ahd uncafjr.

She carm herfelf to call me to dinner. We dined albrtfe, and I marked her elofe^ \j I I faWj (by Heaven ? I did) a fawn\* ing folicirude to pleafe me^ an attempt at the good-humour of innocence, to cover the embarraffment of guilt. I Ihould have obferved it, I am fure 1 Ihould, even without a key; as it was, I could read her foul to the bottom.—^ Julia de Roubigne f the wife of Mon\* tauban!—Is it not fo ?

'W

I have had time to think.—YoiI will rccoUedt the circumftances ef bur marriage—her long unwillingnefs, her almolt

uncon-

r

\*N

• unconquerable rcluftance\*—Why did I marry her ?

Let me remember—1 durik not truft the honeft decifion of my friend, but ftole into this engagement without his

knowledge; I purchased her content, I  
bribed, I bought her; bought her, the  
leavings of another!—I will trice this line  
of infamy no further: there is madnelk i» it!

Segarva, I am afraid to hear from you-, yet write to nie^ write to me  
freely. If you hold raejustly puniflied—^yct spare me, when you think  
on' the fecrity of my puniihmen

G 6

\*3\* Julia de roubicneV

LETTER XL.

Montauban to Segarva.

T ONQUILLEZ has not flept on his poll^ and chance has afiifted his  
vi^ gillance. Le Blanc came hitherthe morn-ing after our  
converfation; Lonquillez managed his enquiry with equal acute\* nefs  
and caution: the other told every thing as the ftory of an old\* man—  
he fmiled and told it. He knew not that he was delivering the  
teftimony of a wit-nefs—that the fate of hb former miftrc6 hung on it  
t

This Sayilbn lived at Betville from

his carlieft youth, the companion of JUf-

lia, though a dependant on her father^ When they, were forced to  
remove thence^ he accompanied their retreat,^ the onljr companion  
of Roubigpe, whom advet-fity had left him. to comfort it—but he had  
his reward: the company of the daughter often fupplied the place of  
her father's. He was her mailer in litera? ture, her . fellow^fcholar in  
mufic and painting, and they frequently planned nwlks in coneert,-  
which, they afterwards

V,

trod together\*;—Le Blanc has seen them there, listening to the song of the nig<sup>^</sup>-ingale«—

I am to do as I can conclude.—Alas! this might be innocent, the t<sup>st</sup>6c<sup>^</sup> of early intimacy and friendship; and on this

supposition might rest the quiet of an indifferent husband. But why was this

intimacy.

134 JULIA D» ROUBIGNE<sup>^</sup>

intimately, this friendship, so industriously concealed from it? The name of Sa<sup>^</sup>-Villon he never mentioned, except in guilty dreams? while his picture was kept in her chamber for the adultery of the imagination!—Do not triumph while I pursue this evidence?—<sup>^</sup>egad I whither if it lead me?

The truth rests upon me<sup>^</sup> and every (circumstance points to enticement. Lifette<sup>^</sup> as the (\*-d<sup>^</sup>y do<sup>^</sup> joint ketting party, which Lonquidier contrived for the entertainment of his friend\* Le Blanc. Mention was again made of old Lories, and Savillon was a person of the drama. The wench is naturally talkative, and she was then in spirits from company and good cheer. Le Blanc and

the

flit recollected interviews of their young relatives and this handsome eleven of her father. They were, it seems, nursed by the same woman, that old Lafone, for whom Julia procured a little dwelling, and a pension of four hundred livres, from her unsuspecting husband. "She loved them (said Le Blanc) like her own children, and they were like brother and sister to each other/\* —" Brother and sister, indeed!\*" (said Lifette.) She was more glib, and had observed things better.—"I know what I know, (said (he) but, to be sure, those things are all over now, and, I am persuaded, my mistress loves «no man so well as her own husband\* What signifies what happened so long ago|

especially while Monf. de Montauban knows nothing about the matter ?\*\*

R Thcfe

X^6 JU4JA DE ROUBiaNE^'^

Thcfc were her words : Loaquillez rc» geated them thrice to me.— Were 1 a-fool, adriveller^. I might be fatisfied ta doubt and be uneafy; it is Montauban's. to fee his difgrace,, and,, feeing, to re«-venge it.

ILonquillez has been with me: his^ diligence is indefatigable;: but he feels for the honour of his mafter, ,and, being a Spaniard, is entitled to fhare in

He went with Le Blinc to fee Lafune,, whom that old man, it fcems, never faili to vifit when he is hcrc^ Lonquillez told her^ that Le B}anc had news for-her about her fofter-fon. "-Of my dear Sa« villon ?\*\* cried fhc. « Tes (faid Le Blanc), You will have heard, that he

arrived:

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. -I37

arrived from abroad fome weeks ago; -and I am told, that he is worth a power of moaey, which his uncle left him in the Weft-Indies."—« Blefs him! Heavens

blcfs him ! (cried Lafunc.) Then I may fee him once more before 1 die. You never faw him, (turning to Lonquillez) but Le Blanc remembers him well: the handfomeft, fweeteft, beft conditioned—^ your miftrefs and he have often fat on that bench there—Lord pity my forget-

fulncfs !—it was far from this place; but

it -was juft fuch a bench—and they would prefer poor Lafune\*s little treat to all the fine things at my mafter's—and how he would look on my fweet child!—Well, well^ deftiny rules every thing; but there was

a time, when I thought I should have called her by another name than Mon-

tauban."—Lonquillez was too much

for

138 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE/.

for with her words to appear unaffected by them : she observed his surprise.— \*\* You think no harm» I hope/' said she# He assured her he did not\* "Nay, I need not care, for that part, who hears me yet some folks might think it odd > but we are all friends here, as we may say, and neither of you, I know) are tale-bearers, otherwise I should not part-\* tie as I do especially, as the last time I saw my lady, when I asked after her father-brother, she told me, I must not speak of him now, nor talk of the meetings they used to have at my house.\*\*

Such were her words & the memory of Lonquillez is faithful, and he was in^tc<-irested to remember.—I drew my breath short, and muttered vengeance : the good fellow saw my warmth, and tried to moderate

derate it. \*' It is a matter^ Sir, (said he) of such importance, that, if I may presume to advise, nothing (should be believed rashly. If my mistress loves Savillon, if he will answer her demands, they will surely write to each other. I commonly take charge of the letters for the post: if you can find any proof that way, it cannot lie nor deceive you,\*'

I have agreed to his proposal.—How am I fallen, Scargva, when such articles are easy to me!—But it will not pause on .trivial objections—the fate of Montauban is set upon this call, and the lesser moralities must speak unheeded.

140 JULIA DE^ ROUBIGNE^

LETTER XLL

Mentauban to Segarva.

It is something to be satisfied of the worst. I have now such proof, Segarva! —Enquiry is at an end, and vengeance the Only business I have left. Before you can answer this—the infamy of your friend cannot be erased. but it shall be washed in blood I

Lonquillez has just brought me a letter from my wife to a Mademoiselle de Roncilles, a former friend of hers at Paris,..

He opened it, by a very simple operation,, without hurting its appearance. It contains— Cited only of a few hurried lines,, dear—

asking her to deliver an enclosed letter to Savillon, and to take charge of his answer—That letter now lies before me.— Read it, Segarva— thou wilt wish to stab her while thou read'st; it—but Montauban has a dagger too,

\*\* I know not. Sir, how to answer the \*\* letter my friend Mademoiselle de Roncilles has just sent me from you. The \*\* intimacy of our former days I shall recall as \*\* one of the happiest periods of my life. The " friendship of Julia you are certainly (till \*\* entitled to, and might claim, without " the suspicion of impropriety, though fate

" has now thrown her into my arms of an

•\* other. There would then be no occasion

\*« for this secret interview, which, I can

\*\* see, I cannot help dreading; but, as " you urge the impossibility of your visiting

^ \*^ Monf.

142. JULIA DE Koubigne'.

♦« Monf. de Montauban, without betraying •• sentiments  
^ch^youfay would ^ danger-\*\* ous to the peace of us all^ conjured

as I am ♦» by those motives of compaffion which #« my heart is, perhaps, but too fufceptible \*\* of for my own peace, I have at laft, not without a feeling like remorse^ refolved to «\* meet you on Monday next, at the houfe ♦< of our old nurse Lafunc, whom I Jball ^^ prepare for the purpose^ and on whose fide\* \*\* % I can perfectly rely. I hope you will « give me credit for that remembrance of f\* Savillon, which your letter, rather un-«juftly, denies me, when you find me \*\* agreeing to this meafure of imprudence, « of danger, // may he be guilty to mitigate «the diftreffes, which I have been^ unfortunate-ly nat enough to give him.\*\*

Just at this moment a part of ^et^r-mined fooltrqfsi, which^the bcn4iQg V of my mind to the revenge her orits^B deserve, has conferred upon me ^ I have therefore underlined \* some paf^s m t\m 4amued fcrOU, th^my friend may fee the weight of that fNx^pf on which I pfofied. Mark the air of prudery th^t run\$ through it| the trick of volqpt^jpus vice to give pleafure the zeft of m^fity and rcludance. " It may be of gUilt/\*— Mark with what coplqpfs ihe Im'm^ him .to .participate. k!-!-l5 this the handwrit-ij9g of Julia ?-rrI ^m AWitke and fee it.«m <—Juli^! my Wife 1 damnation!

♦ The paffages here alluded to are printed in//«//>/.

I have

144 JtflIA DB ROUBICN£^

I have been vifiting this Lafunc, whose houfe is deftined for the fcene of my life's interview with her gallant. I feel the meannefs of an inquisition, that degrades me into the wretched fpy on an abandoned woman.—I bluflied and he-iitated while I talked to this old doating minifter of their pleafures. But the moment comes when I (hall refume myfelf, when I (hall burft upon them in the terrors ofpunilhment.

Whether they 4ave really impofed on

the fimlicity of this creature, I know

not; but her answers to some distant  
questions of mine/looked not like those  
of an accomplice of their guilt.—Or, rather,  
it is I who am deceived in the cunning  
nins

ning of intrigue is the property of the  
meanest among the sex,—It matters not: I have proof without her.

«

She conducted me into an inner room fitted up with a degree of  
nicety". On one side stood a bed, with curtains and a bed-cover of  
clean cotton. That bed,

Segarva!—but this heart I shall down; I will be calm—4it ^tl^ time,  
while I looked on it, I could not 5 tJie old wo-i^m^ olpferved.my  
emotion^ .-^nd ;^fked if \ was ill; I recovered myself however, ^d  
>ihe fufpedled opj-hing; I tt^ink fhp .^id not-cr-It looked ^s if ;the  
Beldame ha4 trimmed.it for their ufe-r^d^mn her\*! damn her!  
killing is poor—Canst thou

not invent me some luxurious vengeance ?

Vol\* II. H Lon-

146 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

Lonquillez has re-ceived and sent off her letter to Savillon; he will  
take care to bring me the answer: but I know the answer—"On  
Monday next"—why should I start as I think on it ? —^Their fate is  
fixed in mine perhaps—but I will think no more.—Farewell.

^M«

Rouille is just arrived here & I could have wished him absent now. He can\* not participate my wrongs & they are fastened to more determined souls\*—Mc-thinksy at this time, I hate his smiles; they suit not the purposes of Montauban.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. 147

LETTER XLII

Julia to Maria.

THOPE, from the conveyance which Lifette has procured for this letter, it may reach you nearly as soon, as that in which I inclosed one for Savillon. If it comes in time, let it prevent your delivering that letter. I have been considering of this interview again, and I feel a sort of crime in it towards my husband, which I dare not venture on. I have trespassed too much against: (sincerity already, in concealing from him my former attachment to that unfortunate young man. So strongly indeed did this idea strike me, that I was prepared to tell it

to him

148 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

him this very day, when he returned from riding, and found me scarcely recovered from the emotion which a refusal of Savillon's letter had caused; but his look had a sternness in it, so opposite to those feelings which should have opened the bosom of your distressed Julia, that I flunk back into secrecy, terrified at the reflection on my own purpose.—^Why am I the wife of this man? but if confidence and tenderness are not mine to give, there is a duty which is not mine to refuse.—\*-Tell Savillon, I cannot see him.

Not in the way he asks—let him come as the friend of Julia de Roubigne—Oh! Maria! what a pleasure do these words recall! the friend of Julia de Roubigne! ~-in those happy days when it was not guilt to see, to hear, to think of him—

when

When this poor heart was unconscious. of its little wanderings, or felt them but as harmless dreams,' which sweetened the real ills of a life too early visited by^ misfortune !

. When I look- back on that life, how £|t^ful has it been! Is it unjust: in.Pn>« videAce^ to make this far often the lot of hearts little able to (trug^e with misfor\* tyne? or is it indeed the possession of such hearts,, that creates- their misfor\*. tunes ? Had I not felt as I have do^e, half the ills I complain of had been nothing, and at this moment I were happy. Yet to have wanted such-a^ heart, ill-fuck-ed as it is to the rude touch of sublunary ' things—I think I cannot wish for much^ There will" come a time, Maria\*, (might I forebode without your censure, I should

say it may not be distant) when they (shall wound it no longer!

In truth, I am every way weak at present. My poor father adds much to my distresses: he has appeared, for some time past, to be verging towards a fate, which alone I should think worse than his death.

His affection for me is the only sense now quite alive about him, nay it too partakes of imbecillity. He used to embrace me with ardour ^ he now embraces me with tears.

Judge then, if I am able to meet Sa\* villon at this time, if I could allow myself to -meet him at all. Think what I am, and what he is. The concerns I ought to maintain had been difficult at best; at present, it is impossible. I can

scarcely

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE\ IJI

scarcely think without weeping ', . and to see that form—^

Maria ! when this picture was drawn I remember the time well—my father was at Paris and Savillon left with my mother and me at Belville. The painter (who was accidentally in our province) came

thither to give me a few lessons of drawing\* Savillon was already a  
tolerable designer •, but he joined with me in becoming scholar to  
this man. When our master was with us, he used some\* times to guide  
my hand; when he was gone, at our practice of his instructions,  
Savillon commonly supplied his place. But Savillon's hand was not  
like the other's; I felt something from its touch, not the less delightful  
from carrying a share

I<sup>^</sup>i JULIA DES R<sup>t</sup>UBIGNE'.

of fear along with that delight: it was like a pulse in the soul!—•

Whither am I wandering? What now are those scenes to me, and why  
should I wish to remember them? Am I not another's, irrevocably  
another's?—Savillon knows I am.—Let him not wish to see me; we  
cannot recall the past, and\* wherefore, wherefore should we add to  
the evils of the present?

JULIA DB. "KQVBtGUtt !■£%

LETTER XLIII.

Montauhan to Stgarva.

I HAVE missed some link of my intended\* K<sup>g</sup>ence; for the day is past,  
and not as I<sup>^</sup> feared from Savillon is arrived. I thank him, whatever be  
the reason\*, for he has given me time to receive the instructions. I<sup>^</sup>  
my friend\*

You caution me well as to the certainty<sup>^</sup> of the<sup>^</sup> result. You know the  
proof I have already acquired; but! will have assurance beyond the  
possibility of doubt: I will wait their very meeting, before I strike this  
blow, and my vengeance, like

H 5 thair:

154 JULIA BE ROUBIGNE\

that of Heaven, shall be justified by a repetition of her crimes.

I am less easily convinced, or rather I am less willing to be guided, by your opinion, as to the necessity of her punishment—

You tell me, that there is but one expiation of a wife's infidelity.—I am resolved, (he dies—but that the sacrifice should be secret. Were I even to embrace her with her crime, you say, her tears, her protestations would outplead the conviction of herself, and I should become the dupe of that infamy I am bound to punish—Is there not something like guilt in this necessity? Should Montauban shrink, like a coward, from the vindication of his honour?—Should he not burst upon this trumpet and her

lover

t

lover—\*the picture is exactly—the sword of Montauban!—thou art in the rights it would disgrace it.—Let me read your letter again.

I am a fool to be so moved—but your letter has given me back myself. "The disgrace is only published by an open revenge: it can be buried with the guilty by a secret one."—I am yours, Segarva, and you shall guide me.

Chance has been kind to me for the means. Once, in Andalusia, I met with a Venetian empiric, of whom, among other chymical curiosities, I bought a poisonous drug, the efficacy of which he showed me on some animals to whom he administered it. The death it gave was

H6 café^

156 }VhlK DB ROtJBICIN^B^.^

idff^ and idterisd not the appearance of the ttiirig' it killed.

n •

I have fetched it from my cabinet^ and it stands before me. It is contained in a little square phial marked with some KcrO^y^tte fca^vfei #hitih I d(f rtW on-dWftand. PWfethilikSi wfiillerrioofc

onit^ I eotild be \Kfzk^ yttf ^e^k^ Segai'va'.-\* -iut an MoUf ago f fa^  
Kei' \\*^aik, atid fpeak, and' ftriil6—y^ct tliefefe ife^ drbpS !-^ I will  
look on it Ao tflOfe.—

I ktfar the tretel of her feet in the a{Sart-ihent above. Did Ae know  
what ptflea in my mind!\*^Ae ftudy ki whielt tfk fee'nls th& cave of a  
demon! I

tonquillez' has relieved ittd ^g^irf. HSe

has thi\* rtioMtit got frorfi fiei^ ittaid die

fol.

JoLIA DB RCWBIGNE'. t^y(

Mlovmg letttVy^ addrcflfed ^ hEr Mend

MadenfioHeUe de Roiletlks!. What a^ fax\* it k! but' I have heafd of  
th^ijf aUka€4» of intrigue»-^It is not that thefe thingsi ara  
uneomMony hut ^t Mentauban^ is>

a- fi9©l----ihu{fewld-\*'a^-\*^-'I)e^ fciio^

her!

4-\*«itaMi'

\* Is my friend too leagued ag^inft me ?

\* Alas! my virtue was too feeble before,

\* and needed not the addition of Maria's ^ arguments to be  
overcome. Savillon's

\* figure, you fay, aided by that languid

\* palenefs, which his Fate ilTnefs had givtn

\* it, was irrefutable.—Why is not Julia ^fick? — yet, wretched a^ flie is", irrc-

\* trievably wretched, flie breathes, and

\* -./alks, and fpcaks", aa-fhcdid in hcrmoft

\* happy days! rrrr

\* Yoa

158 JtfLIA D£ RoUBI6N£^

\* You intreat me, for pity's fake^ tonieet

\* him.-^\*\* He hinted his delign of foon

\* leaving France to return to Martinique.'^

\* I—Why did he ever leave France ? Had ^ he remained contented with love and ^ Julia, inftead of this ftolen, this guilty « meeting—  
^What do I fay ?—I live but ^ for Montauban!

«I will think no longer—This one < time I will filence the monitor within me. « --\*Tell him, I will meet him\* On Thurf-«day next, let him be at Lafune's in the ^ evening: it will be dark by fix.

< I dare not read what I have written\* ? FarcweU/

It will be dark by fix.—Yet I will keep my word, Segarv^! they Ihall meet, that certainty may precede my vengeance; but, when they part, they part to meet no more. Lonquillez^s fidelity I know: his foul is not that of a fervant: he Ihall provide for Savillon. Julia is a vidlim above him—Julia ihall be the charge of his matter.

Farewell! when I write again, it Ihalt not be to threatecu

t6o JU£IA DE LOUMGNE^

LETTER XLIV.

SdtriBM ta Hcrhrt.

A FTER an interval of torture, Lhave  
at \zSt received an anfwer from Ma-  
dame de Montauban—Have I lived ta  
write that name!—but it is fit that I be  
calnK

II Her friend has communicated" her re\*

folution of allowing me to fee her in the houfe of that good Lafune,  
whom I have mentioned to you in fome of our con-verfations, as the  
common nurfe of both. Were it not madnefs to look back, and that, at  
prcfent, I need the full poffef-fion of myfelf, the idea of Lafune's  
houfe

would

would recal fuch things—^\*—but tbcy arc paft, never, never to return  
!

I have recovered'and can go on calmly. r fet out to-morrow morning  
•, Thurfdays next is the day fh^ has appointed for our interview. I  
have but to difpatch this o^e great budnefs,\* and then depart from^  
itay native country for ever. Every tie that bound me to this world is'  
noi\?\* broken, esrcdpt that which acciderit gave' nftfe in your  
ffiendfliip : before I croft thcr Atlantic, I would once more fee my  
Herbert; when I have indulged myfelf in

that lafli throb of affeption, which our

friendlhip demands at psartihg, there re--

'maiiiis nothing for rtit to do, but to

fhrink up from all the. fedings of

life.

lift s^nd ^^ forward, without emotion, to its- clofe!

^fUm

I feel, at this moment, as if I were oq my death-bed, the neceflity of a manly compofure } that ftifled figh was the laft fiicrifice of my weakncfs! I am now thinking what I have to do with the hours that remain: meet me like a man, and help me to employ them as I ought. No« thing &all drag me back to Europe, and therefore I would Ibake off every occafion to revilit it»

Though the externals .of place and dif-tance are not of much importance to me, yet there is fomethng iif large towns that I ViriQi to avoid. As you mention a de-

figa

JOLIA DE ROITBICNE/ I^J

iign of being in Dorfet(bire fometime foon, may I afk you to make next week that time, and meet me at the town of Poole in that county ? Inconfiderable and unknown as I am, there are circum\* fiances that might mark me out in Picar\* dy; and therefore I ihall go by Dieppe to that port of England, where I know I fliall, at this feafon, find an opportunity of getting over the Atlantic.

I inclofe a letter to a merchant in Lon-don, relating to fome bufinefs, in which my uncle was concerned with the houfe». of which he is a partner. Be fo kind as forward it, and let him know, that I de-fire the anfwer may be committed to your care. As I fee, by his correpond-ence, that he is not altogether a man of bufinefs, he may perhaps be defiroua

V64» JVI.IA Die ROUBIGNB^

of meeting with you^ to alk fome qucf-tions about the nephew erf\* his old ac-quaintante. He wiH wonder, as others ^ilU at fo rich a man returning to Mar-tiflique. If a reafon is neceflary, invent fome

one-, it is peculiar to misery like mine to be incapable of being told.-  
—! I shall relapse, if I continue to write.—» You will if it is possible,  
meet me at Poole ^ if not) write to- me thither,

where I shall find you. Let your letter wait me at the post-house.  
Farewell

JULIA 3>E R^UBIGNE'. i6^

LETTER XLV.

My dear Maria.

^np H E hour is almost arrived ! My husband has just left me : he  
came into my room in his riding-dress.—« I shall not be at home (said  
he) till five o'clock, and >Rouille\*5 (hooting party will detain him till  
it is late."—The confusion of my purpose pressed on my tongue  
while I answered him : I faltered, and could hardly speak. " You  
speak faintly (said Montauban). You are not

\*

ill, I hope," taking my hand. I told him, truly, that my head ached a  
good deal) that it had ached all day, that I meant to try if a walk  
would do it for-

vice.

vice. •• Perhaps it may," answered he, and methought he looked  
steadily, and with a (bit of question, at me; or rather my own mind  
interpreted His look in that manner—I believe I believed.

How I tremble as I look on my watch! Would I could recall my  
promise!

I am somewhat bolder now; but it is not from having conquered my  
fear-, something like despair afflicts me. — It wants but a few minutes  
—the hand that points them seems to speak as I watch it,—I come,  
Savillon, I come!

How fluU I defcribe our meeting ? I am unfit for defcribing—it cannot be de-fcribed—1 Ihall be calmer by and by.

I know

I kiiow not how I gpt to the houfe. From the moment I quitted my chamber, I was unconfcious of every thing around inc. The firft objeft that (truck my eye was Savillon! I recolleft my nurfe placing me in a chair oppofite to where he

fat—(he left us—I felt the room turning round with me—I had fainted, it feems. When I recovered, I found her fupport-ing me in her arms, and holding a phial of falts to my nofe. Savillon had my hands in his^ gazing on me with a coun\* tenance of diftreffs and terror,—My eye met his, and, for fome moments, I looked on him, as I have done in my dreams, unmindful of our fituation,—The pref^ fure of his hand awakened me to recol-

leftion.

16S JULIA DB ROUBLONfi'.

leftion. He looked on me more earneftly dill, and breathed out the word Julia !— It WMS .all ht could Utters but it fpoke fuch thjng3, Mftria l-r-You cannot underhand its force. Had you felt itjis I did!--I cQuld nqt, indeed I could npt help burfting into tears.

•• My dearcft children," cried the good Lafune, taking our hands, which were ftill folded together, and fqueezing them in hers. The adion had fomething of that tender fimplicity in" it, which is not to be refitted. I wept afrefti -, but my tears were lefs painful than before.

She fetched a bottle of wine from a cupboard, and forced me to take a glafs of it. She offered another to Savillon.

He pur it t)y, with a gentle inclination of

his

his head. " You (hall drink it, indeed, my dear boy, (faid flie) it is a long time fihce you tafted any thing in this houfe." —He gave a deep figh, and drank it.

V

She had given us time to recover the power of fpeech; but I knew lefe how to begin fpeaking than before. My eyes now found fbmething in Savillon's, which they were afhamed to nncet-^Lafuoe left us; I almoft wiished her to ftay.

Savillon fat down in his former place:

\*

he threw his eyes on the ground—i" I know not, (faid he, in a.faltering voice) how to. thank you for the condefcenfion of this interview—our former friend-Ibip—\*• I trembled for what he feemed, about to fay.—" I have not forgotten it,\*' faid I, half interrupting hun, —I faw him Vol. II. I ftart

I/O JUUA DE ROUBIGNB'.

ft art from his former pofttire) as if awaked by the found of my voice. —^^ I a& not (continued he) to be re^remembered: I am unworthy of your nemembrance.— In a (hort time, I (hall be a voluntary exile from France, and bread^e out the re\*

mains of life amidft a race of .ftrangert, who cannot call forth thofe afieAions, that would henceforth be fliut to the world !^ -\*^\* Speak not tfaiis, (I cried) for pity's fake, fpeak not thus! Live, and be happy, happy as your virtues deferve, as Julia wilhcs you!'\* —"Julia wilh mc happy 1"—" Oh! Savillon, you know ndt the heart that you wring thus!-\* -If ^t has wronged you, you arc revenged enough.\*\* ->" Revenged! revenged on Julia [ Heaven is my witnefs, 1 intreated this meeting, that my parting words might blefs iier 1"—He fell on his kaess before me-^

«

•\* May that Power (he cried), who formed this excellence, reward it! May every blessing this life can bestow, be the portion of Julia I May (he be happy, long after the tongue that asks it, is silent for ever, and the heart, that now throbs with the wifely, has ceased its throbbing!"— Had you seen him, Maria, as he uttered this ! —What (should I have done ?—Weeping, trembling, unconscious, as it were, of myself, I spoke I know not what—told him the weaknesses of my job], and lamented the destiny that had made me another's. This was too much. When I could recoil myself, I felt that it was too much. I would have retraced what I had said: I spoke of the duty I owed to Montauban, of the esteem which his virtues deserved.—\*\* I have heard of his worth (said Savillon); I needed no proof

I 2 to

by JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^

to be convinced of it; he is the husband of Julia."—There was something in the tone of these last words, that undid my resolution again\*—I told him of the false intelligence I had received of his marriage, without which no argument of prudence, no paternal influence, could have made me the wife of another.—He put

his hand to his heart, and threw his eyes wildly to heaven.—I shrunk back at that look of despair, which his countenance assumed.—He took two or three hurried turns through the room ; then, resuming his seat, and lowering his voice, ^^ It is enough (said he), I am fated to be miserable! but the contagion of my destiny (shall spread no farther. —This night I leave France for ever!"—" This^ night P\* I exclaimed. •' h must be so (said he, with a determined calmness) -, but before

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE. 17J

I^go, let me deposit in your hands this paper. It is a memorial of that SaviUon, who was the friend of Julia!"—I opened it: it was a will, bequeathing his fortune to me. \*\* This must not be (said I), this must not be. Think not, I conjure you, so despairingly of life; live to enjoy

that fortune, which is so seldom the reward of merit like thine; I have  
no title to it^ dispoſal/\* ••^ You have the

beſt one (returned Savillon, ſtill preſerving his composure), I never  
valued wealth, but as it might render me, in the language of the  
world, more worthy of thee. To make it thine, was the purpoſe of my  
wiſhing to acquire it •, to make it thine, is ſtill in my power." \*\* I  
cannot receive this, indeed I cannot\* Think of the ſituation in which I  
ſtand/\* I preſſed the paper upon him: he took it at laſt^

'74 JULIA Dr rovbigne'.

and pausing, as if he thought, for a moment—«« You are right, there  
may be an impropriety in your keeping it,— Alas! I have scarce a  
friend, to whom I can intruſt any thing yet I may find ſome who will  
ſee it faithfully executed.\*\*

He was interrupted by Lafune, who entered ſomewhat hurriedly, and  
told her^ Liſette was come to fetch me, and that ſhe had met my  
huſband in her way to the houſe. ^\* We muſt part then (ſaid he), for  
ever! ~let not a thought of the unfortunate Savillon diſturb the  
happy\* neſs which Heaven allots to Julia ^ (ſhe ſhall hear of him but  
once again—when that period arrives, it will not offend the happy  
Montauban^ if (he drops a tear to the memory of one, whoſe love  
was expiated by his ſufferings\*—Maria I was

it a breach of virtue, if then I threw myſelf on his neck, if then I wept  
on

his boſom i His look, his laſt look! I

ſee it ſtill! never ſhall I forget it!«—

Merciful God I at whoſe altar I vowed fidelity to another! impute not  
to me as a crime the remembrance of Savillon \ thou canſt ſee the  
purity of that heart, which bleeds at the remembrance!

>■.\* /

Eleven at night. You know my presentiments of evil; never did I feel them so strong as at present. I tremble to go to bed—the taper

that burns by me is dim, and methinks<sup>^</sup> my bed looks like a grave I

I 4 I was

I was weak enough to call back Lifette\* I pretended some little  
b<sup>^</sup> finefs for her <sup>^</sup> the poor girl observed that. I looked ill, and asked  
if she should sit by me—: I had almost said Yes, but had courage  
enough to combat my fears in that instance. She bid me Good night  
—there was somewhat solemn in her utterance of that Good<sup>^</sup>-nighty I  
fancy mine was not without it&

particular emphasis, for she looked back wistfully as I spoke.—

I will say my prayers and forget it \$ pray for me too, my friend.—I  
have need of your prayers, indeed I have—<sup>^</sup>Good night to my dearest  
Maria!

If I have reason though—Oh F my Maria!—I will be calm—it  
was but

dream-«

, SL dream—will you blush for my weakness ? yet hear me—if this  
should be the last time I shall ever write—the memory of my friend  
mingles with the thought 1—• yet methinks I could, at this time,  
beyond any other, die contented.

My fears had given way to sleep but their impression was on my  
fancy still. Methought I sat in our family-monument at Belville, with a  
single glimmering lamp, that (hewed the horrors of the place, when,  
on a sudden, a light like that of the: morning, burst on the gloomy  
vault, and the venerable figures of my fathers, such as I had (seen  
them in the

pictures of our hall, (looked smiling benignity upon me! The attitude  
of the fore-most was that of attention, his finger ceding upon his lip.  
—I listened—when<sup>^</sup>

I 5^ founds\*

178 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE',

founds of more than terrcftrial melodj fiole on my ear, borne, as it were, on

the diftant wind, till they fwelled lit laft tomufic fo exquisite, that my ravifhed fenfe was ftretched too far for delufion. . and I awoke in the midft of the intrance\* ment!

I rofe, with the memory of the founds^ full upon my mind ^ the candle I had ordered to ftand by me was ftill unextin-t gui(hed. I fa^t down to the organ^ and, with that fmall foft (top you ufed to call feraphic, endeavoured to imitate their t5fauty\* And never before did your Julia play an air fo heavenly, or feel fuch extafy in the power of found ! When I had caught the folemn chord that laft arofe in my dream, my fingers dwelt involuntarily on the keys, and mcthought 8 I faw

I iaw the guardian fpirits around me, Kftening with a rapture like mine!—^

»

But it will not bft<-4he bU&fu} ddi^ fion is gone, and I am left a weak, an unhappy woman ftill!—

I am fick at heart, Maria, and a faint\* neffs like thatofdeath\*

The fit is over, and I am able to write again ; and I will write while I am able\* Methinks, my friend, I am taking faro-Well of you, and I would lengthen out the lingering words as much as I can» I am juft now recalling the fcenes .pf peaceful happinefs we. have enjoyed to\* gcther.—I imagine I feel the arm of my

I 6 Maria

Maria thrown round my neck—her tears fall on my bofbm!—Thipk of me whea lam gone,—This faintnefs again.—Fare-will!'farewell!

perhaps

## LETTER XLVL

Montauhan to Segarva.

T T is done, Segarva, it is done !—thr poor unthinking—Support me, my friend, fupport me with the thoughts of that vengeance I owe to my honour—the guilty Julia has but a few hours to live.

I did but Hften a moment at the door \$• 1 thought I heard her maid upon the ftatrs—>it is not yet the time.—Hark !— it was not my wife's bell—the clock ft ruck eleven—never (ball (he hear it ftrike that houc agaial—»

Pardoa

Pardon me, my Segarva \$ methinks I ipeak to yoUy when I icrawl upon this paper. I wifh for ibm^bodf to ipeak to;. to anfwer, to comfort, to guide hrie»—

Had you leen her, when thefe trembling hands detiviercd her the bowl t<^Shc had complained of being iU, and begged ta Kc alone; but hqr iUneta i^tmd Qf the mind, and when flie fppk^ to mt, (he betrayed the etpbarra^ment of guilf:, I gave her the drug as a cordial. She took it from me, fmiling, and her look feern\* ed to loff \t» wnfv^tu She draik my l^alth I She was dfefled in a :white (ilk bed-gown, ornatiief^fd with pale pmk rtbbandf. Hfif dmK wjii grntly flawed fronfi tbfiif i?fl«ftM>9 i )k^1>Iw i^M veite jturned upwards as (he drank, :aii4^ daik\* brown ringlet lay on her fliouldcr.—^Me-

thinks

1

«!

jVLtA DE RaUBIGNS'. I?}

, thinks I fee her now—^how like an angel ihe looked! Had ihe been innocent, Se« garva!—You know, 70U know> it is ioh poflibile ihe can be innocent.

Let me recoiled myfelf—a many 4 foldicr, the friend of Segarva !\*«-

At the word innoeent I flopped; I could fcarce hold my pen; I rofe from my featy I know not why. Methought fome one pafled behind me in the room. I fnatched up ipy fword in one hand, gnd a candle in th^ other.—It wgs my owi> figure in a mirror that ftood at my back. -»What a look was mine I—Am I a murderer ?—Juftice cannot murdei!^ 1^ the vtngence of Montauban is juft«

Lor-

iffif JWLIA^ DB ROtJBIGNE';.

LonquiUcz has been with me,—I duj-ft BOt queftion him when he entered the apartment—but the deed is not done: he could not find Savillon. After watching for feveral hours,, he met a peafant, whom he had feen attending him the d^ before^ who informed him, that the ftrange gentleman had fet off, fome time after it grew dark, in a poft-chaife, which drove away at full fpeed. Is my re-venge then incomplete ?—or is one victim fufficient to the injured honour of a Huiband ?—What a\* vidim is that one!

• I went down ftairs to let Xonquiullez out by a private palTage, of which I keep the: key. When\* I was returning ta my apartment, I heard the found of

mufia

••■

JULIA DE ROUBIGNB/ 185;

mufic proceeding from my wife's chamber; there is a double door on it; I opened the outer one without any norTe^ and the inner has fome. panes of glafs^ a-top, through which I faw a part of the room. Segarva! (he fat at the organ» her fingers.prefling on the keys, and

her look up-raised with enthufiaftic rapture I —the folemn founds  
ftill ring in my ear! fuch as angels might play, when the fainted foul  
afcends to Heaven! I am the fool of appearances, when I have fuch  
proofs—Lifette is at my doon

It is now that I feel myfelf a coward ; the horrid draught has begun to  
operate i —She thinks herfelf in danger; a phy-fician is fent for, but  
he lives at a dif\*

tance \*» before he arrives—Oh! Segarva t

She

She begged I would quit the chwi\* ber} Ihe (kw my confufioo, and  
thcHight it proceeded ffrom diftreffs at her iUnei^ . -^an guilt be thua  
miftreft of herrtIf ? —let me not think that way^-^my brain is too  
weak for it!—Lifette again |

i^mt^mmmm'mimt'mfi^'T\*^\*'^

She is guilty, and I am not a murderer F Igo to-^

JULIA DE ROUBIGHE^ I 87

L E T T E H XLVIL

M^fiwr dt RiuifU to MadmoifiUe dt

Rjofuilks.

Madam,

^p H E writer c^ this letter has no title to addrefs you, except that  
which common friendlhip and common cala^ mity may give him\*

Amidft the fatal fcenes, which he has lately witneffed, bis recolleftion  
was loft; when it returned, it fpoke of Mademoi\* felle de Roncilles,  
the firft, he believes, and deareft friend of the moft amiable, but moft  
unfortunate Madame de Mon-tauban. The ofBce he now undertaken

is terrible; but it is necessary.—Yoti

must soon be told, that your excellent friend is no more! Hear it then from one, who knew her excellence, as you did; who tells the horrid circumstances of her death with a bleeding heart.—^ Yes, Madam, I must prepare you for horrors and, while the remembrance tears my own bosom, assume the calm-

ness that is necessary for yours-

«

On the evening of Thursday last, I was^ told Madame de Montauban was a good deal indisposed, and had gone to bed before her usual time» At a very quiet and silent supper, I perceived her husband uncommonly agitated, and, as soon as decency would < allow me, withdrew and left him. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, (I had not yet gone to bed) one

of

of the maid-servants came to my room, saying I would instantly attend her to the chamber of her mistress, who was so extremely ill, that, without immediate assistance, they feared the very worst consequences. I had formerly studied a little physic, and been in use to practise it in some particular campaigns, when a Mer assistance could not be bad. I ran down stairs with the servant, desiring my own man to seek out a little case of lancets and follow us. The girl informed her mistress of my being at the door of her apartment. She desired I might come in, and with that smile, which sickness could not quench, stretched out her hand to me. I found her pulse low and weak, and she complained of a strange fluttering at her heart, which hardly allowed her to speak. I was afraid to venture on bleeding, and

only

190 JUUA DC koubigne'.

only gave her a little of some common restorative that were at hand. She found herself somewhat relieved, and sat up in her bed

fuppoited by her maid. Moncau-ban entered the room : his countenance furprifed me: it was not that of diftreff

4

alone, it was marked with turbulence and horror. It feemed to hij^t his wife. At that moment fhe was fcarce able to fpeak \ but ihe forced out a few broken words, begging him to leave the room, for that her illnefs affeded him too much. He withdrew in filence. In a little time, Ae leemed a good deal eafier \*, but her pulfe was ftill lower than before. She ordered her maid to call Monf. de Mon\* tauban again: \*\* I dare not trufk to future moments (faid (he), and I have ibn^ething important to reveal to him/\*— I offered to leave the room as he entered.

—\*\* His friend may hear it\*'—fihc faid, in a faltering voice. She fixed her eye languidly, but fieadily, on Montauban. He advanced towards her with an eager gaze, without uttering a word. When ilie would have fpoken, her voice failed her again, and fhe beckoned, but with a modefty in her adion, fignifying her de-fire that he (hould fit down by her. She took his hand; he feesned unconfcious of her taking it, and continued to bend a k>ok of earneftnefs upon her.

When ihe had recovered the power

of utterance, ^\* I feel^ Sir, (faid (he) fomethihg in this illnefs predidive of the worfti at any rate, I would prepare for it. If I am now to die, I hope (lifting up her eyes with a certain meek afiurance which it is impoflible to paint) I die

to

192 JULIA DE RoUBIGNE\

in peac& with Heaven! there is one account which I wifh to fettle with you. Thefe moments of cafe, which I enjoy, are allowed me to confefs my ofTence, and intreat your forgivenefs."

\*\* Thou wert guilty then ?\*'—exclaimed her hufband, ftarting from his feat. She paUfed in aftonifhment at the impaf-fioned gefture he

astounded—"• Speak!" cried Montauban, recovering himself a little,  
his voice faltered with the word.

"When you have heard me (said Julia), you will find, I am less guilty  
than unfortunate; yet I am not innocent, for then I should not have  
been the wife of Montauban."

€i

When

JULIA DE ROUBIGNE, 193

"When I became yours, my heart owned you not for the lord of its  
affections ; there was an attachment yet

look not so sternly on me.—He, in whose favour that prepossession was  
formed, would not have wronged you if he could. His virtues were  
the objects of my affection and had Savillon been the thing you fear,  
Julia had been guiltless even of loving him in secret. Till yesterday he  
never told me his love; till yesterday he knew not I had ever loved  
him."—

" But yesterday," cried Montauban, seeming to check the agitation  
he had shown before, and lowering his voice into a tone of calm  
severity,

" For the offence of yesterday, (said

(he) I would obtain your pardon, and

194 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE^

die 10 peace\* I met Savillon in secret % I saw the anguish of his soul,  
and pitied it.«-^ Was it a crime thus to meet him ? Was it a crime to  
confess my love, while I received the last farewell of the unfortunate  
Savillon? This is my offence^^ perhaps the last that Julia can  
conunit, or you forgive!

i»f «'

He clasped his hands convulsively together, and throwing up to Heaven a look of despair, fell senseless into my arms. Julia would have sprung to his assistance, but her strength was unequal to the effort: her maid screamed for help and several of the servants rushed into the room. We recovered the hapless Montauban; he looked round wildly for a moment, then fastening his eye on

Julia\*—

. JULIA PE ItOUBIdNfe'. 19^

julia-i-" I have murdered thee, he cried; that draught I gave thee  
^that

draught was death!\*" He would have pressed her to his bosom; (he  
funk from his embrace—her closing eye looked pitiful (ecus upon him  
—her hand was half stretched to his—and a single sigh breath\*\* came  
out her soul to Heaven !

" She (hall not die,\*" he" cried, eagerly catching hold of her hand, and  
bending over her lifeless body with a glare of in-conceivable horror  
in his aspect. I took hold of his arm, endeavouring to draw his  
attention towards me but he persisted not to regard me, and  
continued that frightful gaze on the remains of his much-injured  
wife/ I made a sign for the servants to assist me, and taking his hand,

K 2 began



'9^ JULIA DE ROUBIGNE'.

began to use a gentle sort of violence to lead him away. He started  
back a few paces, without, however, altering the direction of his eye, "  
You may torture me (cried he, wildly), I can bear it all -Ha! Segarva  
there let them prove the hand-writing if they can-mark it, I say, there  
is no blood in her face—let me ask one question of the doctor—you  
know the effects of poison-her lips are

xwhite-bid Savillon kifi them now

they Ihall fpeak no more, Julia ihall fpeak no more !\*\*

Word was now brought me, that the phyCcian, who had been fent for to the affiftan<sup>e</sup> of Juli., was arriv-ed. He had come, al<sup>j</sup>" too late for her J but I meant to ufe his (kill

on



JULIA DE ROUBICNE. 801

coUedlion of the fateful events I' had k<sup>n</sup>. Arpentier, from the habit of looking on the forms of death, was more mafter of himfclf; after examining the body, and pondering a little on the be« haviour of the count, he went into the clofet> where he found, on a fmall table, a phial uncorked, which he brought to me. It explained the fate of Montau\* ban; a label fattened to it, was infcribed LAUDANUM; its deadly contents he 4iad fwallowed in his delirium, before he went to bed.

Such was the conclufion of a life dif-tinguilhed by the exercife of every manly virtue, and, except in this inftance, un-ftained with a crime. While I mourn the fate of his moft amiable wife, I re-

cal

202 JULIA DE ROUBIGNE<sup>^</sup>

cal the menlory of my once dearly-va« luted friend, and would ihelter it with

fome apology if I could. Let that ho--, nour which he worfliipped plead in his defence.—That honour we have worfliip<sup>^</sup> ped together, and I would not weaken its facred voice; but I look on the body of Montauban—I weep over the pale corfe of Julia!—I Ihudder at the fa-

criBces of miftaken honour, and lift up my hands to pity and to  
juftice.

«••«#««•••



THE END

t t

^^



->/

