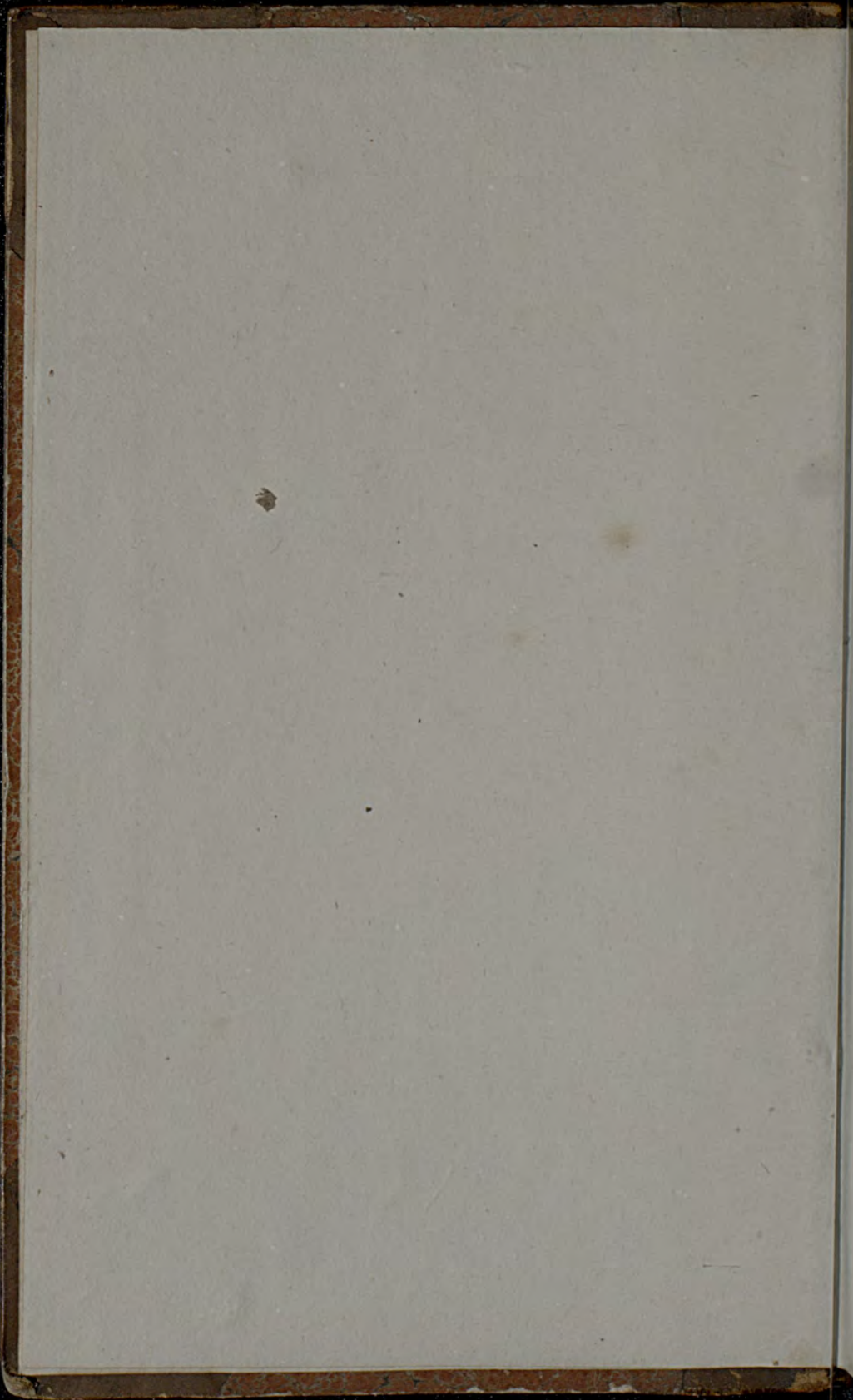
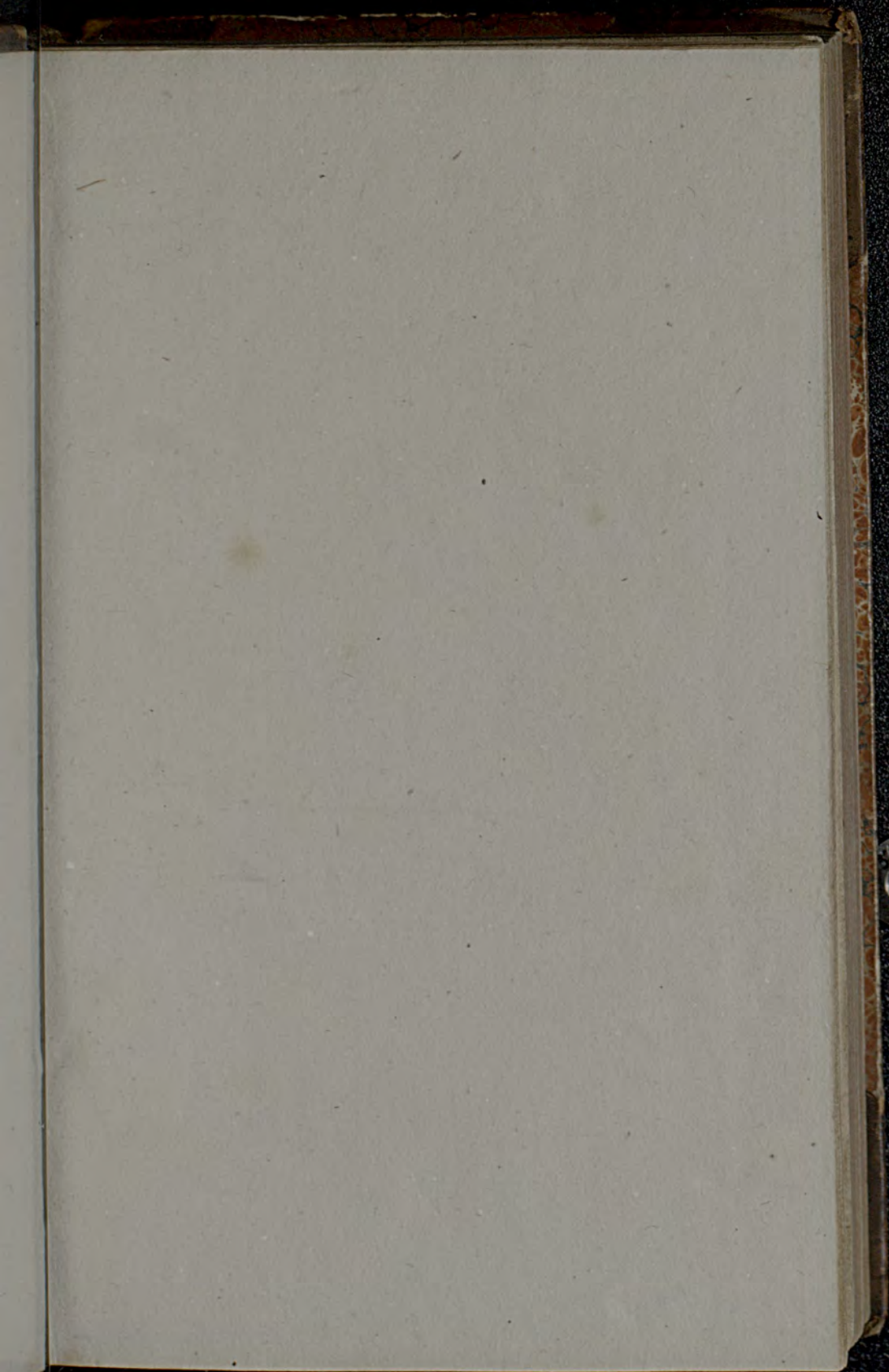


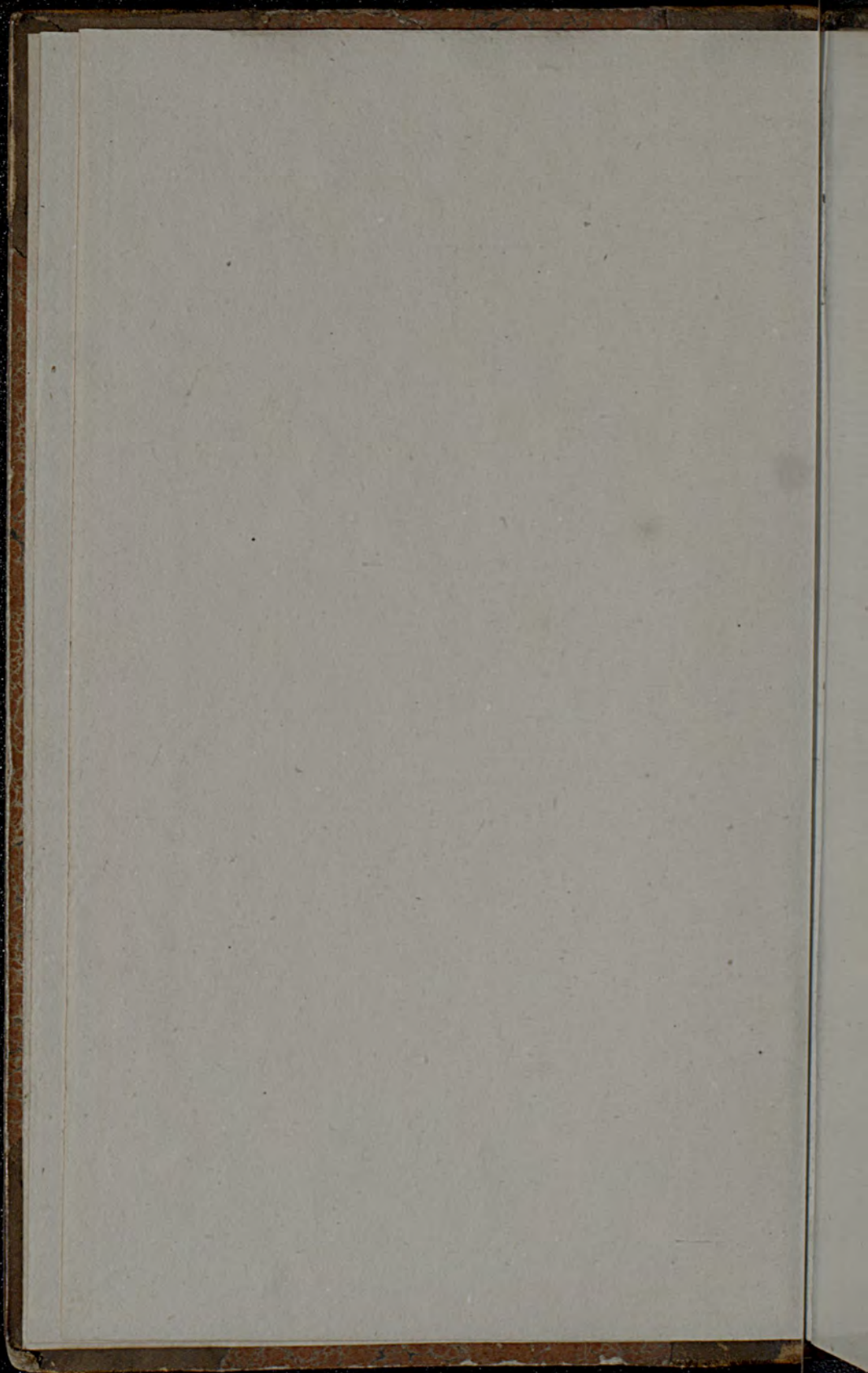
M. Nicholls
1822 . .

E. Palmer









PAUL AND MARY,

AN

INDIAN STORY.

VOL. I.

PAUL AND MARY

PAUL AND MARY

— A —

INDIAN STORY.

VOL. I.

PAUL AND MARY,

A N

INDIAN STORY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Bernardin de St. Pierre

VOL. I.

Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
Sponte tulere sua, carpsit: nec ferrea jura,
Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.

GEORG. VIRG.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

PAUL AND MARY

AND

HEBREW STONE

IN ENGLISH

VOLUME I

THE FIRST PART OF THE
HEBREW STONE, OR
THE FIRST PART OF THE
HEBREW STONE, OR
THE FIRST PART OF THE
HEBREW STONE, OR

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. BARNES, 10, N. BARRICK-LANE

M DCCC XXXI

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS story has been lately published, amongst other works of a very different nature, by M. de St. Pierre, who resided in the country which it describes, and was well acquainted with the principal facts. They are generally known in the Isle of France, and by many persons at Paris, where some individuals of Madame de la Tour's family still exist. Its ornaments — are the landscape — the climate, — and the natural history of the Torrid Zone, observed with the eye of taste, and delineated with the accuracy of philosophical knowledge. It is a pastoral, of

which the fable and the machinery may be said to be equally real.

To these are added, the enlarged views, the pure vein of moral instruction, and the sublime ideas of religion, which characterize the pen of M. de St. Pierre. The translator feels a pleasure in paying this homage to so amiable a writer; and it is only the beauty of his style that he mentions with unwillingness, as he has been so little able to infuse it into his own.

The Linnæan names of animals and plants are added at the bottom of the page, where it seemed requisite, and it could be done with tolerable certainty.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

IN this little work I have had some great objects in view. I have endeavoured to describe a soil and productions different from those which we have in Europe. Our poets had so long reclined their lovers upon the banks of rivulets, in green meadows, and under the shade of the
beech,

beech, that I wished to find a new scene for mine, upon the sea-shore, at the foot of rocks, and overshadowed by palms, bananas, and flowering citron-trees.

If the other part of the world had produced poets like Theocritus and Virgil, we should have had pictures of it as interesting as those of our own country. Travellers of taste, it is true, have given us enchanting descriptions of some of the Southern Islands; but the manners of the inhabitants, and still more those of the Europeans who land there, often spoil the landscape.

To

To the natural beauties which are to be met with between the tropics, I wished to join the moral beauty of a small society. I purposed also to set certain truths in a strong light, and, amongst others, the following—That our happiness consists in making nature and virtue the rule of our life.—I was not, however, obliged to insert a fable, in order to represent the happiness of families. I can with truth assert, that those which I shall describe have really existed, and that all the principal events of their history are true. They have been certified to me by many

of the inhabitants, with whom I was acquainted in the Isle of France. I have only added some indifferent circumstances; and they, as they are personal, and relate to myself, have so far also a reality.

After I had made an imperfect sketch of this little pastoral, as it may be called, I desired a lady who mixed with the fashionable world, and some men who lived remote from it, to hear it read, that I might see the effect it would have upon such different characters. I had the satisfaction to find that they all shed tears. I could gather no

further opinion of it from them, and indeed I desired no other. But, as great presumption is sometimes the consequence of inconsiderable talents, the success I met with inspired me with the vanity to give to my work the title of *Tableau de la Nature*. Fortunately for me, I reflected on the small part of Nature's works which were known to me even in the climate in which I was born; I recollected her various, rich, beautiful, magnificent, mysterious productions, in those countries which I only saw as a traveller, and felt my own want of observation,

tion, taste, and power of language to understand, and to describe them. These reflections determined me to include this feeble essay under the name and at the end of my *Etudes de la Nature*, which have been so favourably received by the public, hoping that the title, at the same time that it made them recollect my inability, might remind them also of their indulgence.

PAUL

PAUL AND MARY.

ON the eastern side of the mountain which rises behind the town of Port Lewis, in the * Isle of France, are the remains of two small cottages, upon a tract

* The Isle of France is in latitude 20. 22 south; longitude, from Paris, east 54. 40. It is about 37 miles long, and 26 broad. It was first discovered by the Portuguese, and was afterwards in the possession of the Dutch; it was abandoned by

VOL. I.

B

them

tract of ground which appears to have been formerly cultivated. They are situated nearly in the center of a valley, inclosed on all sides by high rocks, excepting only one passage to the North. From this opening is seen the

them in 1712. The French, who had for some time inhabited the Isle of Bourbon in its neighbourhood, embraced this opportunity of encreasing their settlement.

It seems, by the accounts of the Abbé de la Caille, and M. de Bougainville, to resemble Otaheite, and other islands in the Pacific Ocean. It is beautifully wooded, mountainous, rocky, and full of springs; is surrounded by a coral reef, and presents many appearances of the volcanic kind.

The Bay of the Tomb, and the Cape of Misfortune, are mentioned by the Abbé de la Caille.

town of Port Lewis on the left; and the mountain which lies at the back of it, called the * *Morne de la Decouverte*, from whence signals are given to such vessels as arrive at the port: on the right is an extensive view of the district of Pamplémouffe; the road which leads to it from the town, its church rising amidst rows of bamboo plants in a vast plain, and forests which extend to the extremity of the island. Immediately in front is the Bay of the Sepulchre, of which the Cape, called the Unfortunate, forms one side; all beyond is open sea, excepting a few islands lying level

* The Mountain of Discovery.

with the water, and the point of Mira, which stands in the waves like a bastion.

At the entrance of this chasm, from whence so many objects open to the view, the sound of the winds which shake the forests, and of the waves which dash upon the breakers, is continually repeated by the echoes of the mountain; but within, by the side of the cottages, no noise is heard, and nothing presents itself to the view but the steep rocks which encompass the valley, the lofty woods which border them, and the smaller trees which grow out of their clefts, and overhang their high tops. The rain, which is attracted by them, often reflects
the

the colours of the rainbow upon the dark foliage of their sides, and feeds the springs, which rising at their base, form the little river Latana. All around is perfect stillness—the air, the light, the water, every thing is calm. The echoes scarcely return the sound of the palm-trees which grow on the high cliffs, and whose stems are continually waving in the wind. A tender day lights the bottom of the valley, which the sun does not reach till noon; but his first rays strike upon the mountain, and its craggy points, rising above the shade, glow with gold and purple upon the clear azure of the sky. This spot, in which one may at once enjoy such bound-

less views, and such profound retirement, I often visited with pleasure.

One day, as I was sitting by the cottages, and contemplating their decay, a man in years happened to pass near them. He was, according to the custom of the old inhabitants, dressed in a short waistcoat and long trowsers, and he was without shoes. He supported himself with an ebony stick; a noble simplicity marked his countenance, and his hair was entirely white. I made a respectful bow to him; he returned it, and having considered me a moment, he came forwards, and placed himself by me, upon the bank where I was sitting.

Encouraged

Encouraged by this appearance of confidence, I ventured to address myself to him, and to ask him if he knew by whom the two cottages had been formerly inhabited? "Twenty years ago," he answered, "these ruins, these waste lands, were occupied by two families who had here found happiness. Their story is affecting; but in this island, which lies in the passage to the Indies, what European feels interested in the concerns of obscure individuals? Not one amongst them would even accept of a life of happiness in this spot, with the condition of remaining poor and unknown. Men only enquire into the history

of kings and ministers, which is of no use to any one."

"From your manner and conversation," I said, "it is easy to perceive that you have had much experience of the world. If you have time, you will much oblige me, by relating what you know of the ancient inhabitants of this desert; and be assured that no man is so depraved by the commerce of the world, as not to hear with pleasure of the happiness that arises from simple nature and virtue." After leaning his head upon his hands for some time, and pausing like one who is endeavouring to recollect occurrences long past, he gave me the following account.

In

In the year 1735, a young man, a native of Normandy, named M. de la Tour, after having solicited government for military employment, and his family for pecuniary assistance, and both equally in vain, resolved to come and seek his fortune in this island. He had with him a young woman, whom he passionately loved, and who had for him an equal affection. She was of an ancient and opulent family in his province, and he had married her privately, and without portion, her relations being averse to the alliance, because he was not of noble extraction. He left her at Port Lewis in this island, and embarked for Madagascar, with
the

the hope of buying some negroes, and of returning immediately hither to erect a dwelling. He landed at Madagascar in the unhealthy season, which begins about the middle of October; and soon after his arrival he died of one of those pestilential fevers to which the climate is subject, and which will for ever hinder the Europeans from making any permanent establishment upon the island. The effects he had brought with him were dispersed after his death, as it generally happens to those who die out of their own country.

His wife, who had remained in the Isle of France, was now a widow, expecting soon to lie in; she

she was in a country where she had neither letters of credit, or of recommendation, and her whole property consisted of one female negro. After losing the man she had so entirely loved, she would solicit no assistance from any other, and misfortune seemed to give her courage: she resolved therefore, with the help of her negro, to cultivate a small piece of ground, and endeavour by that means to procure a subsistence.

In an island almost desert, the land of which was open to every body, she did not enquire for the most fertile districts, or those most favorable to commerce; but seeking only, in the recess of some mountain, a secret refuge, in which
 she

she might live unknown and undisturbed, she directed her steps to these rocks, and retired to them as a bird steals to its nest. Distrest and tender minds are ever, in their affliction, led by a sort of instinct to take shelter in wild and deserted spots, as if they expected that the rocks should prove a rampart against misfortune, and the calm scenes of nature give peace to the painful agitations of the soul. But Providence, ever ready to yield us succour, when our desires are confined within just bounds, had reserved for Madame de la Tour a blessing, which neither rank nor riches can bestow—A friend!

This spot had been inhabited for about a year by a kind and
amiable

amiable woman named Margaret; she was the daughter of an honest farmer, and born in Brittany; beloved by her parents, and happy till she placed a mistaken confidence in a gentleman who lived near them, who promised to marry her. He betrayed and deserted her; he left her with child, and even refused to make any provision for the infant. She resolved to quit her native village for ever, and to conceal her weakness in a distant colony; far removed from her own country, where she had lost her reputation: her only portion, an old negro, whom she had bought with a small sum of borrowed money, assisted her in the cultivation

tion of a little corner of land in this place.

When Madame de la Tour, accompanied by her female slave, came to this spot, she found Margaret here, who had not at that time weaned her child. It was a great satisfaction to her to meet with a woman in circumstances which seemed so greatly to resemble her own. Madame de la Tour related, in few words, her past misfortunes and her present necessities. Margaret was much affected at the recital; and, desiring rather to deserve her friendship, than to acquire respect, she acknowledged, without reserve, the imprudence of which she had been guilty:

“As for me,” said she, “I deserved my fate—But you, madam, that have ever been discreet and virtuous, that you should be unfortunate!”—and with tears in her eyes she offered her cottage and her services. Madame de la Tour, touched with so kind a reception, embraced her, and said, “I trust that my sufferings will now end, since Heaven has inspired you with more compassion for me than I have ever found from my own relations.”

I was well acquainted with Margaret; for tho’ I live in the woods, at the distance of a league and a half from this place, I considered myself as her neighbour. In the cities of Europe, a street, a single wall,

wall, may hinder the individuals of the same family from having any intercourse during whole years; but in a new colony, those who are only separated by woods and mountains think themselves neighbours; at that time too, when the island had but little commerce with India, mere neighbourhood gave a title to friendship, and hospitality to strangers was both a duty and a pleasure. As soon as I heard that my neighbour had an inmate, I went to see her, that I might offer my assistance to them both.

Madame de la Tour had a very interesting countenance, marked strongly with melancholy, and of much dignity. She was then near
9 the

the time of her lying-in. I told the two ladies that it would be adviseable, for the sake of their children, but chiefly to prevent any other person from settling there, that they should make a regular division between them of the bottom of this valley, which contains about twenty acres.

They referred the division of it to me, and I made the two lots as equal as I could. One comprehended the upper part of this enclosure, from that point of rock, now covered with clouds, where the river Latana rises, to the deep cleft that is at the top of the mountain, and which is called the embrafure, because it has some

resemblance to that part of fortification. The soil is so full of rocks and fissures that one can hardly walk over it; yet it produces large trees, and is full of little streams and springs. The other division included the lower part, which extends along the banks of the river Latana, to the opening where we now are, through which it continues its course between two hills till it falls into the sea. There are, it is true, in this lower part some slips of meadow-land, and some level ground; but it is scarcely any better than the other; for in the rainy season it is marshy, and in the dry months it is a stiff clay. If a trench is to be opened

at that time, it is necessary to use a mattock.

After I had marked out the ground, I persuaded the ladies to draw lots. The upper part fell to Madame de la Tour; the lower to Margaret; they were both perfectly satisfied with their shares; but desired me to contrive that their habitations might not be distant. "We must be together," said they, "to help one another, and talk to one another." It was necessary for each, however, to have their separate dwelling. Margaret's hut was in the middle of the valley, just upon the boundary of her own land. I caused another hut to be built close by it, but upon the territory of Madame de la Tour; the

two friends were therefore, as they had desired, near one another, and yet each was upon her own domain. I myself cut rafters and brought them from the hill, and gathered leaves of the * viburnum upon the coast, to construct the two dwellings, which have now neither door nor roof. But alas, there remains still enough to bring back past scenes, and nourish painful recollections! Time, which so rapidly destroys the monuments of empires, has, in this desert, respected those of friendship, to perpetuate regrets, which can never end but with my life.

The second hut was scarcely finished before Madame de la

* Lantana Camara Linn.

Tour was brought-to-bed of a daughter. I had been godfather to Margaret's child, who was called Paul: Madame de la Tour desired me, conjointly with her friend, to name her little girl. Margaret chose the name of Mary. "I trust she will be happy," said Margaret, "for she will be virtuous; I did not know misfortune whilst I continued so."

By the time that Madame de la Tour had recovered her lying-in, the two dwellings began to be a little comfortable; partly by means of the assistance which I gave from time to time, but more particularly from the unremitted labour of their slaves. Domingo, which was the name of Margaret's negro,

was a * Jallof black, and though advanced in years, was strong and able to work; he had a great share of natural good sense, and had had much experience in the cultivation of land. He worked equally upon both the territories; choosing the most fertile spots, and putting in the seeds and plants which seemed most adapted to the different soils. He sowed the poor land with millet and maize; the best he reserved for a little wheat: in the low and marshy part he generally had a crop of

* Of the kingdom of Oualo, of which the island of Senegal makes a part; between the rivers Niger and Gambia. M. Adanson says they are above the middle size, well made, humane and hospitable.

rice,

rice, and at the foot of the hill he put gourds, and pompions, and cucumbers to climb over the rocks; he planted * batates in the dry ground, where they succeed best and are sweetest; cotton-trees upon the heights; sugar-canes in the strong soils; slips of coffee upon the hills, where the grain is small, but of excellent flavour; along the river and by the huts, bananas, which give a thick shade, and produce long strings of fruit in all the seasons of the year; and a few roots of tobacco to charm their cares. He cut wood for them upon the hills, and levelled some of the roughest places amongst the rocks,

* Convolvulus Batatas, Lin.

in order to open ways to the different parts of the farm.

He did all this with intelligence, and with assiduity, because he had the interest of the family at heart. He was very much attached to his mistress, and almost equally so to Madame de la Tour, whose negro slave he had married soon after the birth of Mary; her name was Frances, and he tenderly loved her: she came from Madagascar, where she had, amongst other little trades, learnt the art of making baskets, and a stuff called pagnes, with a sort of reed, which is found in the woods of this country. She was handy, neat, and perfectly honest and faithful. She prepared the dinner, took care of the poultry,

try, and from time to time went to Port Lewis to sell the superfluities of the two families; which were however very inconsiderable. If you will add to these, two goats, which had been brought up with the children, and a great dog who guarded them at night, you will have a perfect idea of the whole stock and revenue of the two little farms.

As for the two ladies, they were continually employed in spinning cotton; and their work was a sufficient provision for themselves and their families; but they were so destitute of all foreign commodities, that they only put on shoes once in the week, when they went to mass, which they did early
every

every Sunday, at the church of Pamplémouffe, that you see in the distance. It is not so near as the church of Port Lewis; but they seldom went to the town, from the fear of being treated with contempt, as their dress was only of the common blue cloth of India, such as is worn by the slaves. After all, however, a little outward respect is not to be put in competition with domestic comfort. If the ladies suffered some mortifications abroad, they returned to their home with the greater satisfaction. As soon as Frances and Domingo perceived them, from this eminence, returning back upon the Pamplémouffe road, they ran down to meet them, and to help them

to mount the hill. At their farm they found a neat dwelling, and servants equally affectionate and industrious; and they enjoyed perfect liberty, and many of the conveniencies of life, which were purchased by their own labour. Themselves, united by the same necessities, by a similarity in their misfortunes, and calling one another by the endearing names of friend, companion, sister; they had but one will, one interest, one table—every thing was in common between them. And if former affections, more warm than those of friendship, were sometimes awakened in their hearts, a pure religion, and chaste morals, directed their thoughts to another
life

life—as the flame rises towards heaven, when it has no longer any nourishment upon earth.

The duties of nature added also to the happiness of their little society. Their mutual friendship was increased by their children—the offspring of love which had been equally unfortunate. They had a pleasure in putting them together into the same bath and the same cradle, and sometimes each mother gave suck to the child of her friend. “My dear Margaret,” Madame de la Tour used to say, “we have each two children, and each of our children has two mothers.” The buds that remain upon two trees of the same species, which have lost their branches by a storm, produce

produce sweeter fruit, if each is taken from its native plant and grafted upon its neighbour; and these two little ones, deprived of their relations, imbibed sentiments more tender than those of son and daughter, of brother and sister, when the two friends who bore them changed their milk. Their mothers began to talk of marrying them whilst they rocked their cradles; and this prospect of happiness for them, with which they solaced their own afflictions, often ended in tears—one calling to mind all the evils which she had endured from the broken promise of her marriage; the other, the misfortunes which had followed the consummation of hers.

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One, lamenting the unhappiness of a connection which was above her own rank in life; the other, reflecting on the consequences of her having descended below it. But they comforted themselves with thinking that one day their children, more fortunate than themselves, and far removed from Europe and its cruel prejudices, would enjoy the sweets of love, and the blessings of equality.

The two children began, in their earliest infancy, to shew for each other a very extraordinary attachment. Paul, in his most passionate crying, was pacified as soon as he saw Mary; if she was hurt, they had immediate notice of it by his screams; and the
sweet

ſweet child often concealed her pain, that Paul might not grieve for her. I never came here, that I did not ſee both of them naked, according to the cuſtom of the country, when they could hardly walk, holding one another by the hands and under the arms, like the figures which repreſent the conſtellation of the twins. At night even they were not ſeparated; and they were generally found lying cheek to cheek, and breaſt to breaſt; their little hands about each other's neck, and aſleep in one another's arms.

When they could ſpeak, the firſt names they learnt to give each other, were thoſe of brother and ſiſter. If infancy has more
tender

tender careffes, it has no names more fond. Their education still served to increase their affection, by directing it to their mutual wants. Very soon, all neat work, and whatever regarded their domestic arrangements, or their little rustic entertainments, became the employment of Mary, and she was always rewarded with the admiration and careffes of her brother. As for him, he was continually in motion; he dug in the garden with Domingo, or followed him to the hill with a hatchet to cut wood; and if by the way he saw a beautiful flower, or any fine fruit, or a nest of birds, he would scale the highest tree to get them for his sister. When-

ever you saw one of them, you might be sure that the other was not far off. One day, as I was coming down the hill, I saw Mary running towards the house, with her frock turned over her head, to keep off a hard shower of rain. At a distance, I thought she had been alone; but when I came up to her, I found that she had Paul with her under the same shelter, and both were smiling at the umbrella which they had invented.—Their lovely faces under this hood, brought to my mind the two children of Leda, as they are represented in the same shell.

Their whole study was how to please and to help one another. As to the rest, they were, like

other Creoles, entirely ignorant, and not able to write or read. They were perfectly indifferent as to what had happened in other times and in remote regions; their curiosity was bounded by their own mountains: the extremity of their island was for them the end of the world, and they did not imagine that any place was more agreeable than that which they inhabited. Their affection for each other, and for their mothers, employed all the energy of their hearts. No useles science had ever made their tears flow; no tedious lessons of morality had ever wearied them. They did not know that it was forbid to rob, because they had every thing in
common;

common; nor that temperance was a duty, for of simple meats they eat what they chose. They were never told not to lie, for they had nothing to conceal. The punishments that Heaven prepares for disobedient children, had never been held out to them; filial duty, in them, had been produced by maternal affection. What they knew of religion, had inspired them with a love for it; and, if they did not offer up long prayers at church, wherever they were, in the fields, or woods, or in the house, they raised their innocent hands to Heaven, and hearts full of affection for their parents. So passed their infancy, like the beautiful dawn of a fine day.

They began now to share the household cares with their mothers. As soon as the cock announced the first light, Mary arose and went to the neighbouring spring for water, to prepare the breakfast. Soon after, when the sun began to gild the tops of the mountains, Margaret and her son came to Madame de la Tour's; they all said a prayer together, and then made their first meal: they often eat it before the door, sitting upon the grass, under a canopy of bananas, whose firm fruit furnished food ready prepared, and its long shining leaves served as linen for the table.

Nourished with a wholesome and succulent diet, the two children
grew

grew rapidly, and, from the mildness of their education, their countenances expressed nothing but placid content and innocence. When Mary was but twelve years old, her shape began to be formed, long golden tresses adorned her head, and her coral lips and blue eyes added a mild lustre to the clear bloom of her complexion; they were animated with smiles when she spoke; but when she was silent, they seemed naturally to turn towards Heaven, which gave them an expression of great sensibility, and even a slight shade of melancholy. Paul, still possessing all the graces of adolescence, began to take a manly form and character. He was taller than Mary,

his skin browner, his nose more aquiline, and his eyes, which were black, would perhaps have had too much fire, if the fringe of his long eyelashes had not softened it. Though he was always in motion, as soon as his sister appeared he was still, and went to sit down by her; their meal was often began and ended without their having spoken a word. From their silence, their unaffected attitudes, and the beauty of their naked feet, one might have supposed them to be an antique group, representing two of the children of Niobe in white marble: but their looks, their sweet smiles, gave one an idea of some imaginary beings, some happy spirits, whose

whose nature is love, and who are able to express friendship and affection without the help of words.

Madame de la Tour's tenderness for her daughter increased as she grew up, and she became more anxious about her as her beauty unfolded. She often said to me, "What would become of Mary, if I were to die, destitute as she is of fortune?"

She had a maiden aunt in France, a woman of quality, rich, old, and a devotee, who had so unfeelingly refused to give her any kind of assistance when she married Monsieur de la Tour, that she had determined never again to have recourse to her, to whatever extremity she might be reduced; but

now become a mother, parental affection made her willing to risk the mortification of being refused. She wrote to her aunt, and gave her an account of the loss of her husband, the birth of her daughter, and of the present distress of her situation, in a foreign country, without any means of support, and having a child to provide for; but she received no answer. Madame de la Tour possessed great firmness of mind; and now, above feeling humbled by the reproaches of a relation, who had never forgiven her for marrying a man of an obscure family, she took every opportunity of writing to her, with the hope of obtaining some advantage for Mary; but many years passed

passed away, and no notice was taken of her letters.

At length, in the year 1746, when Monsieur de la Bourdonaye, who had been made Governor, landed at the island, Madame de la Tour heard that he had a letter to deliver to her from her aunt. She hurried directly to Port Lewis, and, attentive only to her daughter's interests, she thought not then of her dress and appearance. M. de la Bourdonaye gave her the letter; which said, that she had deserved her fate for marrying an adventurer, whose passions and ill conduct had brought their punishment with them; and his premature death was to be considered as a just judgment upon her; that
she

she did well to remain in the colonies, rather than to return and dishonour her family in France; but, after all, she was in a flourishing settlement, where those who were industrious never failed to make fortunes. After reproaching her niece, she concluded with applauding herself, who had persisted in continuing single, she said, to avoid the unhappy consequences which may generally be expected from marriage. The truth however was, that, being very ambitious, she would not marry into any family that was not of high quality; and though she was rich, and that riches alone are regarded at court, no man of rank had been inclined to an alliance
with

with a woman so little agreeable in her person, and of a temper so unamiable.

She added, by way of postscript, that, notwithstanding every thing, she had very strongly recommended her to M. de la Bourdonaye. — She had indeed mentioned her to him; but, according to a custom, which is now very common, and which renders a friend more formidable than an open enemy, in order to justify her own hard treatment of her niece, her expressions, under the colour of pity, were in fact calumnies.

Madame de la Tour, whom no unprejudiced person could see without being interested, and feeling a
respect

respect for her, was received by M. de la Bourdonaye with great coolness, as he was still under the influence of those accounts which he had received from her aunt. When she explained to him her situation, and that of her daughter, he only answered in monosyllables —“ We shall see — We shall consider of it — In time, perhaps — There are so many who are in distressed circumstances — It was a pity that you disoblged a respectable relation — You were certainly in the wrong.” Madamede la Tour returned home, her spirits quite sunk with disappointment, and, in bitterness of heart, she threw the letter upon the table, and said, “ There, my dear friend ! is what I have obtained

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ed by eleven years of perseverance.”
But, as Madame de la Tour was the only person in the house that could read, she took up the letter again, and read it aloud to all the family, who happened to be assembled there. She had scarcely finished, when Margaret eagerly exclaimed, “We want nothing of your relations—our heavenly Father has not forsaken us! Let us trust in him; hitherto we have lived here happily. Why are you so discouraged?” But seeing Madame de la Tour in tears, she threw her arms about her neck and pressing her to her bosom—“My dearest friend! my dearest friend!” she cried; and a passion of tears prevented her from saying anymore. Mary seeing
them

them in this distress, pressed their hands to her lips and to her heart, and wetted them with her tears. Paul's eyes were inflamed with rage; he bit his lips, and stamped with his feet, not knowing how to give vent to his passion. Hearing sounds of distress, Frances and Domingo ran in, and now there was an universal lamentation throughout the house. "My dear lady!—my kind mistress!—my dear mama!—don't weep, don't be grieved." So many tender marks of friendship dissipated the sorrow of Madame de la Tour. She took Paul and Mary in her arms, and, with an expression of pleasure and satisfaction in her countenance, said, "Dear children! you are the cause of my
4 grief;

grief; but you are all my comfort. Oh! my dear children! sorrow came to me from afar; but happiness is here at home, and present to me." Neither Paul nor Mary understood what she said; but when they saw her composed, they smiled and kissed her. The two families continued to live their usual happy life, and this cloud passed over, only like a storm in summer.

The children were continually shewing fresh instances of their amiable disposition. One day, whilst their mothers were gone to mass at the church of Pamplémouffe, as was their custom on Sunday morning, with the first dawn, they found a Mulatto slave under the bananas which surrounded their habita-

habitation. She was worn to a skeleton, and had nothing to cover her but a piece of sackcloth round her waist. She fell on her knees at the feet of Mary, who was going to prepare breakfast for the family, and implored her to take compassion on a fugitive slave. "I have wandered a month," said she, "in these deserts, famished with hunger, and often pursued by hunters and their dogs. I made my escape from my master, who is a wealthy planter upon the banks of the Black River. I now bear the marks of his cruelty to me; you may still see upon my shoulders the deep scars and wounds which have been made by his stripes. In my despair I should have destroyed myself;

self; but, having heard of the family that lived here, I said to myself, if there is yet any humanity to be found amongst the white inhabitants of the island, I will resolve to live a little longer.”

Mary, moved with her story, endeavoured to comfort her, and gave her the breakfast she had been preparing for the family, which she eagerly devoured. When the cravings of hunger were satisfied, Mary told her that she was inclined to go with her to her master, and try to procure her pardon, and asked her, if she would shew her the way to his plantation. “ I am sure,” said she, “ that your master will be touched with compassion for you, when he sees
 VOL. I. E you.”

you." "I will go any where with you," she answered, "for you seem an angel from heaven."

Mary called her brother to go with them, and the Mulatto conducted them over rocks and mountains, thro' thick woods, and to the shores of broad rivers, which they were obliged to ford. At length, towards noon, they came down a steep hill to the banks of the Black River, where they found a large house, extensive plantations, and a number of slaves employed in various kinds of work. Their master was walking about amongst them, with a pipe in his mouth, and a ratan in his hand. He was a tall hard-favoured man, of a dark complexion, with his eyes sunk in his

his head, and large black eye-brows.

Mary, trembling with fear, and holding by her brother's arm, went up to him, and entreated him, for the love of Heaven, to pardon his poor slave, who was following them at a little distance. The planter did not at first much attend to two children meanly dressed; but when he had observed the elegant form of Mary, and, under a coarse blue hood, seen her beautiful fair hair; when he had heard the soft sound of her voice, which faltered when she spoke to him; he took his pipe out of his mouth, and, lifting up his ratan in the air, he swore, with a horrid imprecation, that he granted a pardon to his

E 2 slave,

slave, not for the love of Heaven, but for the love of her.

Upon this encouragement, Mary made signs to the Mulatto, to come forward to her master, and then ran directly away, and Paul after her. They pursued their road together, up the hill which they had come down; and when they had gained the summit, they sat down under a tree, quite overcome with fatigue, and thirst, and want of food. They had been walking from sun-rise, and had travelled five leagues without taking any nourishment. "You must be faint with hunger, my dear sister," said Paul; "we shall find nothing to satisfy it here; let us go back to the planter, and desire that he will give us something

to eat." "Oh no!" she answered, "I felt too much afraid of him to return—and remember my mother's proverb—"The bread of the wicked does not prosper." "What shall we do then, my dear sister? these trees bear no good fruit; there is not even a tamarind or a citron to refresh you." "Let us trust in the providence of God," she answered; "the young ravens cry to him for food, and he hears them." She had hardly pronounced the words, when they heard the sound of water, falling from a neighbouring rock; they went immediately to it, and, after having drank of the clear stream, they eat some cresses which they gathered upon its banks.

Whilst they were searching for some more solid nourishment, Mary perceived amongst the forest-trees a young palmetto. The heart or cabbage, which grows amongst the leaves at the top of this tree, is a good food; but tho' the stem was not thicker than a man's leg, it was sixty feet high. The wood is only composed of long fibres; but the texture is so hard, that it resists the sharpest hatchet — Paul had not even a knife. At length the idea of setting fire to it suggested itself to him; but the want of a steel was another difficulty; and indeed I believe that in this island, as full as it is of rock, there is scarcely a flint to be found. Invention is the
offspring

offspring of necessity, and we owe some of our most useful discoveries to men who have been in distress. Paul at last tried the method which the negroes use to produce fire. With the sharp point of a stone he drilled a hole in the dry branch of a tree, which he kept down with his feet; and then sharpening the end of a stick equally dry, but of a different species of wood, and putting the point into the hole, he twirled the stick rapidly between the palms of his hands (as we use a mill for chocolate) and in a few moments he saw some sparks, and a little smoke rise from the point of contact. He then collected dry grass and branches of trees, and set them on fire

under the palmetto, which soon fell with great force. The fire was now of use to divest the cabbage of its long prickly leaves and fibres. They eat part of it raw, and the rest they roasted in the ashes, and in both ways it appeared to them equally delicious. They made their little frugal repast with great delight, from the sense of having been employed in an act of benevolence; but their pleasure was interrupted by an apprehension, that their long absence would cause some alarm to their mothers. Mary was continually expressing this anxiety; Paul, who felt rested and refreshed, assured her that they should soon get home, and remove all their fears.

After

After dinner, however, they were involved in fresh difficulties — They had no longer any guide to conduct them home; but Paul had never any apprehensions, and he encouraged his sister to set out; telling her, that he knew the situation of their dwelling; that it was to the mid-day sun, and that he should find his way over the Mountain with Three Points, which they had crossed in the morning, and which lay before them. This mountain, is called the Mountain with Three Breasts, because the three points have that form. They descended the north side of the Black River hill; but after half an hour's walk, they were stopped by a broad river which intercepted their

their

their way. This large district of the island, which is covered with wood, is so little known, even to this day, that many of its rivers and mountains have yet no name. The river which stopped them, is a very rapid stream, that runs over a bed of rock. Mary, terrified by the roaring of the water, was afraid to ford it. Paul took her upon his back; "Do not be afraid," said he, as he carried her over the slippery stones, "when you are with me, I feel my strength increased; and if the planter upon the Black River had refused your petition, I should have fought with him." "Alas!" said Mary, "I exposed you then to a wicked and a powerful enemy—I brought
you

you into danger ! How difficult it is to do good !”

After Paul had crossed the river, he continued his way with his sister upon his back, in hopes to carry her up the mountain of Three Breasts, which was at the distance of about half a league ; but his strength soon failed, and he was obliged to set her down, and to take rest. Mary, finding that the day was far advanced, and that she was too much fatigued to go any farther, persuaded Paul, who was still able to walk, to leave her, and return home by himself to calm the apprehensions of their mothers. Paul would not quit her. “ If the night should overtake us,” said he,

he, "I will light a fire, and burn down some palmettos; you shall eat the cabbage, and of the long leaves I will make a shelter for you."

Mary, however, after having taken a little rest, gathered from the trunk of an old tree, which bent over the river, some thick leaves of * Spleenwort, which hung from the stem, and made them into a sort of buskin to bind round her feet, which were cut with the stones; for in her eagerness to serve the poor slave, she had forgot to put on her shoes. The coolness of the leaves relieved the pain; and, having broken a

* *Asplenium Scolopendrium* Linn.

branch of bamboo for a stick, she took that in one hand, and with the other leaned upon her brother, and in this manner they gently continued their way through the woods; but from the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, they soon lost sight of the Mountain of Three Breasts, which had been their guide, and even of the sun, which was now near setting.

After some time, they had, without perceiving it, lost the track which they had followed before, and found themselves in a labyrinth of wood, and climbing plants, and rocks, through which they saw no path. Paul desired Mary to sit down, whilst he impatiently
ran

ran first one way and then the other, to find some opening thro' the thicket; but he toiled in vain. He climbed up a high tree, in hopes at least to see the Mountain of Three Breasts, which had hitherto been their direction; but he could perceive nothing round him, excepting the tops of trees, which were illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun. The long shadows of the hills already spread across the valley; the wind was sunk; a profound silence reigned in the solitary desert; and no sound was heard but the braying of stags, which came to seek shelter for the night in these remote forests. With the hope that some hunter might possibly hear him,

*

him, Paul began to call with a loud voice, "Come to succour Mary!"—but he was answered only by the echoes, which repeated her name. He descended from the tree, overcome with fatigue and disappointment, and began to consider what methods should be taken for passing the night there; but he found that there was no fountain near, no palmettos, and scarcely any dry sticks to make a fire—all his resources seemed to fail him; and, oppressed with the sense of their perilous situation, he could not refrain from tears. "Be comforted," said Mary, "your distress increases mine. I am the cause of all that we both suffer,
and

and I must doubly feel it. I have also to reproach myself for all the anxiety and apprehension which our mothers are now suffering at home. We should not undertake, even what we think right, without consulting them, and I have acted very imprudently; but let us pray to the Almighty, and he will have compassion on us."

Soon after they had finished their prayer, they heard a dog bark: "It is the dog of some hunter," said Paul, "who comes to lie in wait for the deer at night." "It is impossible," answered Mary, "that we can be so near home, and that this can be the foot of our own mountain; but yet, I think I know the tone,
and

and that it is our own Tayo that barks." In fact, it was Tayo, and in a moment after he was at their feet, and leaping up, and fawning upon them. Before they had recovered the surprize of seeing the dog, they perceived Domingo running towards them. The good old negro cried for joy that he had found them, and they only answered him with their tears; none of them could speak.

When Domingo was a little composed, he told them how much their mothers had been alarmed at their absence. "I attended them to church," said he, "and nothing could exceed their astonishment, when they re-

turned and did not find you at home; we enquired of Frances where you were gone, but she had been employed within, and could give no account of you. I ran first to one place and then to another, not knowing which way to go. At length, * I took some of your cloaths, and made Tayo smell to them; he immediately began to quest upon your footsteps, as if he had understood what I meant, and he followed the scent

* This instance of sagacity in Domingo, and his dog Tayo, greatly resembles that which is related of the savage Téwénissa, and his dog Oniah, by M. de Creveccœur, in a work written with the most benevolent views, intituled, *Lettres d'un Cultivateur Américain*.

till

till he led me to the Black River; there, I heard from one of the inhabitants, that you had brought back a runaway mulatto in the morning, and that you had obtained her pardon—but such a pardon! I saw her chained by the leg to a block of wood, and with a three-spiked collar about her neck. From thence Tayo traced you to the top of the hill by the Black River, where he stopped and barked as loud as he could; it was near a spring; there were some ashes still smoking, and the stem of a young palmetto lying on the ground; from the hill, he at length conducted me hither. We are now at the foot of the Three-breasted Mountain,

and four long leagues from home. Take some of the refreshments I have brought, to restore your strength, and then let us be gone." They eat some biscuits and fruit, and drank some liquor made of wine, and lemon-juice, and spices, with which their mothers had filled a large gourd.

Mary grieved for the fate of the poor slave, and lamented many times, sighing, that it was so difficult to do good!

During their repast, Domingo searched the rocks for a twisted kind of plant called round-wood, which has the remarkable property of burning whilst it is green, and giving a considerable light; of this he made a flambeau, for it

was

was already dark. But there was a much greater difficulty to encounter than what arose from the night; for Paul and his sister were both so much fatigued, and their feet so swelled and sore, that they could not walk any farther. Domingo was doubtful whether he should leave them by themselves, and go in search of some assistance to carry them home, or whether he should stay and pass the night with them in the spot where they were: "I remember the time," said he, "when I carried you both in my arms at once, but now you are grown up, and I am become old."

Whilst he was in this perplexity what to do, a party of mulattoes

passed within a few yards of them. The chief of the troop came up to Paul and Mary, and said, "Be not afraid, good little Europeans; we saw you pass this morning with one of the Black River slaves; you went to implore her hard master to pardon her. In gratitude to you for the humanity you shewed to our countrywoman, we will carry you home upon our shoulders." He then called to four of the strongest of his followers; they contrived a sort of litter, with branches of trees and withes, and, having placed Paul and Mary upon it, they took it upon their shoulders; and Domingo going before with his lighted branch, they set out amidst
the

the acclamations of all the troop.
 “ You see, my dear brother,” said
 Mary, “ that Heaven leaves no
 good action unrewarded.”

It was midnight when they arrived at the foot of their own mountain. They saw several fires burning at the top of it; and before they had ascended half way, they heard voices calling out, “ Is it you, my children; is it you?” The negroes and all answered with one voice, “ Yes! here we are; here we are!” and they soon saw their mothers and Frances coming towards them with firebrands in their hands.

“ My dear, dear children!” said
 Madame de la Tour, “ what agonies of mind we have suffered
 F 4 during

during your absence ! Where have you been ?” “ We went to the Black River,” answered Mary, “ to solicit the pardon of a runaway mulatto. She came this morning to us, almost famished with hunger ; I gave her our breakfast, and then went with her to her master ; and now some of her countrymen have brought us home on their shoulders.”

Madame de la Tour took her in her arms, but could not speak ; and Mary, who felt her cheek wetted by her mother’s tears, said, “ I am amply repaid for all that I have endured.” Margaret, transported with pleasure, pressed Paul to her bosom, calling him her
dear

dear child, and rejoicing that he had been employed in a kind action.

As soon as they arrived at home, they provided some supper for the mulattoes, who made a hearty meal; and then wishing all possible prosperity and happiness to the family, they took their leave, and returned again to their woods.

Every day, to the inhabitants of these little dwellings, was a day of peace and happiness. They were never tormented by envy or ambition, and the vain and empty fame of the world, obtained so often by cabal, and lost by calumny, had never been the object of their wishes. The testimony of their own conscience was sufficient to them,

them, and they had no judge of their actions but themselves. In this island, as in most other European settlements, curiosity is only excited by tales of scandal; and as for them, their names even, as well as their virtues, were unknown. If by chance a traveller, on the road to Pamplémouffe, enquired of the inhabitants of the plain, who lived in the two cottages upon the hill? they answered, though not personally acquainted with the families, "they belong to worthy people." — The violet spreads its perfume to a distance, though it lies hid amongst the bushes.

In their conversation, they admitted not of slander, which, under

der a pretence of justice, necessarily disposes the mind to hatred or to falsehood; for it is impossible not to hate those whom you think wicked, or to live with them, and not conceal that hatred, under the appearance of friendship: slander must therefore necessarily set us at variance with our neighbours, or with ourselves. They, however, without judging of any individuals in particular, were only occupied with the means of doing good to all in general; which, though their power was limited, gave them a benevolence of heart, that was always ready to expand: and so far were they from having grown savage in their solitary life, their
tempers

tempers had become more gentle and humane. If the history of the crimes and follies of mankind made no part of their conversation, that of nature was a source of continual delight and joy to them. They adored the hand of Providence, which had directed their labours, and produced amongst their barren rocks, plenty, beauty, and all those pure and simple pleasures which never cloy.

Paul, at twelve years old, more robust and more intelligent than an European at 15, had embellished what Domingo had only cultivated. He went with him to the neighbouring wood, to take up young orange and citron trees; tamarinds,

tamarinds, whose round heads are of such lively green; and * annonas, whose fruit is full of a sweet and milky juice, and its flavour like the perfume of the orange-flower. He planted some of considerable size round the inclosure, and sowed seeds of such trees as bear fruit the second year — like the † agathis, whose long white flowers hang round it in clusters, and resemble the crystal drops of a lustre; the lilac of Persia, which bears aloft its spiral garlands of a soft grey; the ‡ papayer, whose undivided stem, studded with green fruit, resembles a rough co-

* *Annona asiatica* Linn.

† *Æschynomene grandiflora* Linn.

‡ *Carica Papaya* Linn.

lumn, of which the capital is composed of large leaves like those of the fig-tree.

He planted also seeds and kernels of * badamiers, mangos, † Persian-bay, ‡ guava, § bread-fruit, and || pome-rose; and already enjoyed their fruit and shade. His laborious hands had made many of the most barren spots of the territory fertile: many species of the aloe; the † Indian fig, loaded with flowers of yellow, streaked with red; and the prickly cereuses began to appear above the dark points of the

* *Illicium anisatum* Linn.

† *Laurus Perfica* Linn.

‡ *Psydium pyriform* Linn.

§ *Artocarpus* Linn.

|| *Eugenia Iambos* Linn.

† *Cactus opuntia* Linn.

rocks,

rocks, stretching their heads towards the long blue and scarlet flowered creepers, which hung dropping over the cliffs.

He had so disposed these different plants, that they were seen at one view; those of low growth at the bottom of the hill, next to them shrubs and small trees, and the tallest sorts at the top, so that the whole inclosure, seen from its center, appeared an amphitheatre of verdure, of fruits and flowers, comprehending garden plants, slips of meadow, and little fields of rice and wheat. But in the plan which he followed, he did not deviate from the indications of nature; he attended to the situation which suited the different plants, placing

placing those with winged seeds upon the high ground, and those with floating seeds by the water-side; so that each spot nourished its genuine offspring, and was embellished by its own peculiar ornaments. The waters, which rise in the mountain, formed springs and little lakes in the valley; which, intermixed with the verdure of the trees, reflected rocks and flowering shrubs, and the clear azure of the sky.

Notwithstanding the irregularity of the ground, these plantations were almost all of them easy of access; it is true, that in order to effect this, we had all assisted, not only by our advice but by our labour. There was one principal path

path which led compleatly round the valley, and from that several others branched out towards the center. In the more rocky parts, the walks were made to harmonise with the roughness of the soil, and the wild plants with the cultivated. Of those vast masses of stone which now block up the ways, they made, in different parts of the ground, pyramidal heaps, filling up the chinks with earth, and roots of rose-trees, * poincillades, and other shrubs which love a rocky soil; and they were in a short time covered with verdure, and enlivened with gay flowers. A deep water channel,

* *Poinciana pulcherrima* Linn.

overgrown with old trees, formed a vaulted recess, impenetrable to the heat, which they often resorted to in the middle of the day. One of the winding paths led to a little wood of forest-trees, in the center of which, and sheltered from the wind, was a banana that was loaded with fruit. On one side was an orchard, on another a field. One glade opened to the cottages; another to the inaccessible cliffs. From a copse, thick tufted with *tatamacks, and interwoven with trailing plants, every outward object was excluded; and from the point of rock directly above it, which projects from the mountain,

* *Calophyllum Inophyllum* Linn.

not only all the objects of the valley were open to the view, but the distant sea, and sometimes European vessels were seen sailing to or from the Indies. Upon this rock the families generally assembled in the evening, and enjoyed in silence the coolness of the breeze, the perfume of the flowers, the sound of the water-falls, and the harmony of light and shade in the colours of departing day.

These delightful little retreats received an additional charm from the names which had been given to many of them; the rock which I have been describing to you, was called, * *La Decouverte de l'Amitié*.

* The Discovery of Friendship.

Paul and Mary had, in their plays, fixed a cane of bamboo there, upon which they used to display a white handkerchief to notify my arrival, the moment they perceived me coming—as flags are hoisted upon the mountain, when a vessel is seen in the offing. I engraved a motto upon the stem. Whatever pleasure I may have had in my travels, from seeing statues and other remains of antiquity, I have received more from a good inscription. The human voice then seems to speak to me from the marble, and, at the distance of ages, and in the midst of deserts, to tell me, that other men here, in the same spot, had the same sensations, the same ideas,
the

the same misfortunes, as myself. If it be the inscription of some ancient nation, which now no longer exists, our minds are lost in the regions of eternity; and, finding that a thought has out-lived an empire, the sense of our own immortality strikes forcibly upon the soul.

I wrote upon the mast of their little flag, these verses of Horace:

——Fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga*!

Upon the trunk of a tatamack,

* So may the Cyprian Queen divine,
And the Twin-stars with saving lustre
shine!

So may the Father of the wind,
All but the western gales propitious bind!

FRANCIS.

under which Paul used to sit sometimes to look at the tossing of the waves, I engraved this line of Virgil:

“ Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes* !”

And over the door of Madame de la Tour's cottage, which was the usual place of meeting—

“ At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita †.”

But Mary did not much approve my Latin; she said, that what I

* And happy too, tho' humbler, is the man
Who loves the rural Gods, the Nymphs,
and Pan. J. WHARTON.

† Yet calm content, secure from guilty cares,
Yet home-felt pleasure, peace, and rest
are theirs. J. WHARTON.

had written under the vane was too long and too learned, and that she should like the short motto;

*Toujours agitée, mais constante **,

much better. I told her, that such a motto would more properly be applied to virtue.—The observation made her colour.

Every thing round these happy dwellings bore some mark of the amiable character of the inhabitants. They had given many fond names to places which were in themselves uninteresting. A circle of orange-trees and bananas, planted round a small spot of level turf, where the children used sometimes to dance, they called *La*

* Always moving, yet constant.

Concorde. An old tree, under whose shade Madame de la Tour and Margaret had related their misfortunes to each other, they called, *Les pleurs essuiées* *. To two small portions of land, where there were some pease, and strawberries, and a little wheat, they gave the names of Brittany and Normandy.—Domingo and Frances too, had a pleasure in calling to mind the places of their birth in Africa; and, in imitation of their mistresses, they named two spots, *Angola*, and *Foulepoint*, where they gathered grass to make their baskets, and had planted a calabash-tree. And thus, by pro-

* Tears wiped away.

ductions peculiar to their climate, they had contrived these little illusions of their country, which softened their regrets. I remember, alas! the time, when a thousand endearing appellations gave animation and interest to the trees, and fountains, and rocks of this now desert spot, which, like a field of ancient Greece, presents only ruins, and retains nothing but its name.

No part of the inclosure was more agreeable than the *Repos de Marie*. Under the rock, which was called *La Decouverte de l'Amitié*, there is a large excavation, in which a spring rises, that immediately forms a basin of water, surrounded by banks of fine turf.

When

When Paul was born, I gave Margaret an Indian coco-nut, which had been sent to me as a present. She planted it upon the edge of the basin, that the tree which should spring from it might one day serve to mark the æra of his birth. Madame de la Tour followed her example; and, with a like intention, planted a second in the same spot, when she was brought to bed of Mary.

From these nuts, two coco-trees were produced, which constituted all the archives of both families. One of them was called Paul's-tree, the other Mary's. Their growth was in the same proportion as the children's; one was a little taller than the other; but at
the

the end of twelve years, they were both of them higher than the cottages. Their branches began to meet, and the strings of their young nuts to hang over the basin of the spring. Excepting the two trees, this recess had received no ornament but from nature: broad capillaries spread their bright green over the dark and humid sides of the rock, and tufts of long spleenwort hung from the top of it, and floated in the wind; below were beds of periwinkle, whose flowers are like the red-stock; and capsi-cums, with vermilion pods, more brilliant than coral; and all around, the balms and sweet-scented basil perfumed the air. Numberless sea-birds, attracted by these peaceful abodes,

abodes, came there to rest at night. At the setting of the sun, the sea-lark and gannet were seen skimming along the shore; and the white-tropick, and man-of-war-bird, flying high in the air, and with the sun, quitting the solitudes of the Indian sea. The scene was wild, but sublime; and the banks of this little fountain was the most frequent resort of Mary. She often washed the linen under the shade of the coco-trees, and brought her goats there to feed. Whilst she was preparing cheese from their milk, she had a pleasure in seeing them browse the maiden-hair upon the steep sides of the rock, and poise themselves upon one foot as upon a pedestal. Paul, finding
that

that it was her favourite spot, brought nests of various kinds of birds from the wood, and placed them there; the parent birds followed their young, and settled in the new colony. Mary often fed them with seeds of maize, and rice, and millet; and, as soon as she appeared, the whistling * oufel, the Bengal birds, whose note is so soft, and the cardinals, with brilliant plumes, quitted the bushes; parrots, green as emeralds, came down from the † viburnums; the partridge ran to her through the grass, and all crouded about her like domestic poultry, and de-

* *Turdus canorus* Linn.

† *Lantana camara* Linn.

lighted

lighted her and her brother with their plays and their loves.

So passed the early days of these sweet children, in innocence and acts of benevolence. Often, in this spot, their mothers have pressed them to their bosoms, and given thanks to Heaven for the comfort that was prepared for them in their old age! Often, under the shade of these rocks, we have made a rural repast together, for which the life of no animal had been sacrificed! Calabashes full of milk, fresh eggs, cakes of rice upon banana-leaves, baskets of batates, mangos, oranges, granadillas, bananas, annonas, and pine-apples, furnished the most salutary nourishment, the most delicious

licious juices, and presented the gayest colours.

The conversation was as mild and innocent as the repast. Paul often talked of the labours of the day, or of the morrow, and always meditated something for the advantage of the society. He observed, that a path was inconvenient, or perhaps that some seat had not shade enough from the young trees, and that Mary might have a better in another place.

In the rainy season they passed the whole day together in the house, they and their servants all employed in making mats of grass, and baskets of bamboo. Ranged against the wall, in the most perfect order, were their rakes, and hatchets,

hatchets, and spades, and other implements of husbandry; the sheaves of corn, the sacks of rice, and strings of bananas, stood in rows, under the instruments of agriculture, which had been used for their production. They had not only abundance, they had even luxuries. Mary, instructed by her mother and Margaret, prepared sherbets and cordials with the juice of the sugar-cane, lemons, and cedratas.

When night came, they supped by the light of a lamp; and after supper, Madame de la Tour or Margaret related stories to the children, of travellers in Europe, lost at night in roads infested by bands of robbers; or of ships wrecked

wrecked by storms, and cast upon some desert shore. During these relations, their warm hearts took fire, and they prayed to Heaven that they might some day have it in their power to exercise hospitality, and to give assistance to such sufferers. The families only separated to take their rest, and parted at night, impatient to meet again in the morning. Sometimes they were lulled to sleep by the rain, which fell in torrents upon the thatch of their houses, or by the winds, which wafted to them the sound of the waves beating against the shore; and they blessed Providence for that security, which they doubly felt, from the sense of distant danger.

Sometimes Madame de la Tour read aloud some affecting story, from the Old or New Testament; they reasoned but little upon these sacred books; for their theology was all sentiment, like that of nature, and their morality active, like that of the gospel. Their days had no particular destination; some devoted to pleasure, and others to sorrow: all were alike holidays to them, and every place a temple, in which they adored a Being all-powerful, omniscient, and author of all good to men. Their faith and confidence in him, consoled them for their past misfortunes, gave them present support, and made them look forward with hope to the future. Brought
back

back therefore to nature by their misfortunes, they had unfolded in themselves and in their children, those sentiments which nature gives us, to prevent our falling into evil.

But clouds will sometimes arise and sadden the best-regulated minds; and when any one of the society appeared melancholy, it engaged the attention of the rest, and they all joined in endeavouring to remove these painful thoughts by affection rather than by reasoning. The character of each individual was particularly marked in their manner upon such occasions: Margaret shewed her natural warmth and vivacity; Madame de la Tour, her mild religion;

gion ; Paul, his firm and generous heart ; Mary only employed soft careffes. Even Frances and Domingo joined ; they grieved with thofe that grieved, and cried if they faw any one in tears. So weak plants cling together to refift the tempeft.

In fine weather they went every Sunday to maff at the church of Pamplermouffe, whose fteeple you fee in the plain below. Some of the rich inhabitants came in their palanquins to the fame church, and had often wifhed to make acquaintance with thefe two friendly families, and to engage them in parties of pleafure. But they with great civility always refufed fuch invitations ; well convinced, that

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when.

when those who are in prosperity and affluence, seek the society of persons in their circumstances, it is from the desire of having humble companions; and that such companions are expected to flatter whatever vices or follies they may have. On the other hand, they studiously avoided making any intimacies with the inferior settlers, who are generally coarse in their manners and full of envy and scandal. At first they were looked upon by the one as timid, and by the other as proud; but so much engaging civility accompanied the reserve of their behaviour, particularly to the necessitous, that they by degrees acquir-

ed the esteem of the rich, and the confidence of the poor.

After mass was over they were frequently applied to, to do some good office: sometimes it was a person in difficulty who wanted to be advised; or a young woman, perhaps, came to desire that they would call in their way home to see her sick mother. They generally carried with them the usual and approved remedies, for such disorders as the inhabitants are most liable to; and they had that happy manner of conferring a favour, which gives so much value to even a trifling service. They were particularly calculated to relieve the distresses of the mind, which

which are so insupportable in solitude and sickness. Madame de la Tour talked to them with so much confidence in the mercies of God, that he became present to their hearts, and they were comforted. Mary often returned from such scenes with her eyes bathed in tears; but her heart full of satisfaction, that she had had an opportunity of doing good. It was her care previously to prepare the necessary remedies; she also presented them, and with an unspeakable grace in her manner. After these charitable visits, they sometimes prolonged their walk, thro' the valley of the Long Mountain, as far as my house, and dined with

me upon the banks of the little river that runs near me. For such occasions I had procured some bottles of old wine, in order to increase the gaiety of our Indian meal, by the mild and invigorating productions of Europe. Sometimes we appointed a meeting upon the sea-shore, at the mouth of one of the little rivers, which are indeed only to be called large brooks. We used to bring vegetable productions from home, and to them were added such as the sea amply provided us with. Near the shore we caught * Cabots, Zoophytes, † Red Gur-

* Sparus Spinus L.

† Trigla cuculus L.

nards,

nards, * Spring Lobsters, † White Shrimps, Crabs, ‡ Sea Urchins, Oysters, and Shell Fish of all forts. Situations in themselves full of terror, often afforded us the most calm pleasures. Seated upon a rock, under the shade of a || Velvet-tree, we watched the successive course of the waves, and saw them dash with violence upon the shore beneath. Paul, who swam like a fish, sometimes advanced into the tide to meet them, and at their approach, turning back towards the coast, the foaming torrent pursued him far upon the sands.

* Cancer Homarus L.

† Cancer Squilla L.

‡ Echinus marinus L.

|| Tournefortia Argentea L.

When

When Mary saw him in these situations, she used to cry out, and say that such amusements always filled her with terror.

After our dinner, the young people generally amused themselves with a little dancing and music. Mary sung the happiness of a country life, and the dangers and distresses at sea; deploring the mistaken choice of those who trust the boisterous elements in search of riches, rather than cultivate the pleasant earth, and enjoy all its various blessings in calmness and in peace. Sometimes, in imitation of the negroes, they performed a pantomime together: it is the first language of man, and is found amongst all nations, and, being

ing natural and full of expression, the white children soon learn it, when they have seen it executed by the Blacks. Mary had collected, in the course of Madame de la Tour's reading, many interesting stories, and she represented the principal events of such as had most pleased her, with a great deal of simplicity and nature. Sometimes, to the sound of Domingo's tom-tom, she came forward upon the turf, with a pitcher upon her head, and advanced with timidity towards the spring to draw water. Domingo and Mary, personating the Shepherds of Media, forbid her to approach, and pretended to turn her back. Paul running to her assistance, beat back

back the shepherds, filled her pitcher with water, and putting it upon her head, crowned her at the same time with a garland of red perewinckles, which gave fresh lustre to her fine complexion.—I myself, entering into their little drama, took the part of Raguel, and granted to Paul my daughter Sarah in marriage.—Once she represented the unfortunate Ruth, who returns poor and a widow, after a long absence, and finds herself a stranger in her own country. Domingo and Mary were the reapers; Mary pretended to glean a few ears of corn, and Paul, usurping a patriarchal dignity, asked her questions, which she answered trembling; but soon,
touched

touched with pity for her, he opened an asylum to innocence, and granted hospitality to misfortune; he filled her apron with corn, and brought her before us, as before the elders of the city, declaring that he would take her to wife notwithstanding her indigence. This scene recalled to the mind of Madame de la Tour, the manner in which she had been herself abandoned by her relations — her widowhood—Margaret's kind reception of her—and now, the hope of seeing a happy marriage take place between their children, and she shed tears; and the reflection upon this mixture of good and evil brought tears of pleasure

pleasure and pain into all our eyes.

There was a truth and nature in these little representations, which transported the imagination to the fields of Syria or Palestine. And we were not without the decorations, and illuminations, and orchestras that are used on such occasions. The performance was generally in a cross-way in the forest, where two or three roads met; and the glades through it formed over our heads arches of green foliage. In the center we were defended from the heat, whilst the sun was high; but when he sunk to the horizon, his lengthened beams, broken by the bodies of the trees, streamed far through the forest, producing beau-

tiful effects of clear obscure. Sometimes his whole disk appeared at the end of an opening in the wood, and gave a resplendent light. The under branches, illuminated by his saffron rays, shone with all the vivid colours of the topaz and the emerald. Their brown and mossy trunks, seemed like columns of antique bronze; and the birds, already sheltered in silence under the thick shade of the leaves to pass the night, surpris'd to view the return of the morning, saluted the departing rays in full chorus.

Thus engaged, the night often overtook us; but, from the purity of the air, and the mild temperature of the climate, we could sleep with perfect security under a temporary

porary shed in the midst of the woods; and we had nothing to apprehend from robbers. In the morning, each returned to his respective home, and found every thing safe, just as it had been left; for there was at that time, before there was any commerce in the island, so much honesty, and such simplicity of manners, that the houses had frequently no fastening, and that a lock was an object of curiosity to many of the Creoles.

There were some days which Paul and Mary considered as times of particular festivity—the birthdays of their mothers; and these they celebrated as their greatest holidays. On the eve of these days, Mary never failed to make some cakes.

cakes of wheaten flour, which she sent to the poor white inhabitants of the island, who seldom eat any European bread; and who, unassisted by negroes, and reduced to live upon manioc in the midst of deserts, had neither the stupid insensibility which accompanies slavery, or the force of mind produced by education, to enable them to endure their hardships. These cakes were the only presents which could be spared from the provision of the house; but the kindness with which they were given, added to their value. It was Paul, in the first place, who was employed to carry them to the different families, and they were invited to pass the morrow at Madame de la Tour's,

or at Margaret's : and next day the wretched people arrived ; sometimes, perhaps, a mother, with two or three pale and meagre daughters, so timid that they dared not look up ; but Mary soon took off their constraint. She brought them refreshments, which had each some particular circumstance to recommend it—one was made by Margaret ; another by her mother ; or her brother had gathered the fruit himself at the top of a tree. She made Paul dance with them ; and never rested till she saw them pleased and at their ease. She wished them to partake of the joy of the family. “ Making others happy,” she used to say, “ is the only way to be happy

happy one's self. When they went away, she prevailed upon them to take with them such things as they had seemed to like; always finding a pretence in some novelty or particularity that distinguished each, and never shewing a sense of their poverty. Sometimes, when she perceived that they were in great distress for cloaths, she, with the consent of her mother, chose out some of her own for them, and sent Paul to lay them privately at their doors: doing good in a manner that may truly be called divine—conferring the benefit, and concealing the benefactor.

As to you Europeans, who have your minds filled, from your earliest infancy, with so many pre-
 I 2 judices

judices that impede present enjoyment, you cannot possibly conceive, that simple nature can give so much intelligence, and so much happiness. Your minds, confined within the small sphere of human science, very soon attain the term of artificial pleasure; but nature and the human heart are inexhaustible. Paul and Mary had neither clocks, nor almanacks, nor books of chronology. The periods of their life were regulated by those of nature. They knew the hour of the day, by the length of shadow; the seasons, by the blowing of flowers, or ripening of fruits; and the years, by the number of their harvests. These soft images gave a charm to their language.

guage. "It is time to dine," Mary would say, "for the shadow of the bananas falls strait at their feet;" or, "evening is coming on, the tamarind leaves are closed." If the daughters of a planter asked her when she would come to see them? "In the season of the sugar-canes," she answered. "The pleasure of your company will be still sweeter than they are," replied the young women. If she was asked her age, or her brother's, she said, "Paul is as old as the great coco-tree by the fountain, and I am the age of the little one. The mangos have borne fruit twelve times, and the oranges have flowered four-and-twenty times, since I was
I 3
born."

born." Their existence seemed connected with the life of the trees, like that of the Fawns and Dryads. They knew no history, but their mothers; they had no chronology, but that of their plantations; and all their philosophy consisted in resignation to the will of God, and in doing good.

And, after all, where was the necessity for these young people to be rich and learned according to our ideas? Their wants and their ignorance contributed to their felicity. No day passed that they did not give some assistance to each other, or communicate some new light.—I may call it light; for, if there was a mixture of error, in a state of pure nature man has
no

no dangerous errors to apprehend : and in that state the two children grew to maturity. No care had wrinkled their brow ; no intemperance had heated their blood ; and no wretched passions had depraved their hearts : but love, innocence, and piety, unfolded every day some fresh beauty of their minds, which beamed with grace ineffable in their countenance, and appeared in every attitude and motion. In the morning of their lives, they possessed all the freshness of the dawn ; like our parents in the garden of Eden, when first placed there by the Creator, they beheld and approached each other as brother and sister. Mary, mild, modest, and full of confidence as

Eve; and Paul, like Adam, of a manly form; but with the innocence and simplicity of a child.

Sometimes, when they were alone (as he has since often told me) he used to say to her, after he was returned from his work, "Your presence gives me rest when I am weary. When from the mountain I see you below in this valley, you appear as an opening rose amongst the plantations. When you are returning back to our habitation, the partridge running to its young has not a step more graceful. If I lose you amongst the trees, I can follow you without the help of sight. For me, there remains some trace of you, which cannot be described, in the very air through
which

which you have passed, and on the grass where you have stepped. When I approach you, all my senses are ravished. The azure of heaven is not so beautiful as your eyes—the note of the Bengal-birds is less sweet than your voice. When I touch you, pleasure thrills through all my veins. You remember the day when we crossed the rocks of the Three-breasted River. When we first came to its banks, I was spent with fatigue; but when I had taken you upon my shoulders, I seemed to have wings like a bird. Tell me, by what charm you have enchanted me! It is not by your understanding; our mothers have more than either of us: or by
your

your fondness for me; I am more careffed by them than by you. It is then by your tendernefs of heart; and I fhall for ever remember your walking with naked feet to the Black River, to intercede for a fugitive flave. Take this branch of citron, it is full of flowers; I gathered it for you in the foreft; you will put it by your couch at night. Taste the honey-comb, which I have brought for you from the rocks. But firft reft your head upon my bofom, and I fhall be refreshed.”

She answered, “ Oh! my dear brother, the rays of the morning fun upon the mountains, infpire not fo much pleafure as your prefence. Much I love my own mother,

ther, and much I love your's; but when they call you their son, I love them still more. I am more touched with their fondness for you, than with any kindness they shew to me. You ask, what makes you love me? All creatures, that have been brought up together, love one another as we do; the birds which have been hatched in the same nest, are always together as we are; you hear them call and answer each other from the different trees, as I answer you, when the echo brings to me the notes of your flute upon the hill, and I repeat the song here in the valley. You have been still dearer to me since the day that you would, for my sake, have

have fought with the master of the poor slave. Often since I have said to myself, my brother has a kind and generous heart: unsupported by him, I should have died with fear. I pray daily for your mother and for mine; for you; for our poor servants: but, when I pronounce your name, my devotion is increased. Oh! how fervently I beseech the Almighty to protect you from all misfortune! Why do you go so far from home, and mount such high trees, to procure fruit and flowers for me? have we not enough in our own garden? And now, how you have fatigued yourself! You are overcome with the heat." Then, with her little white handkerchief, she

she wiped his forehead and his cheeks, and kissed him.

She had, however, for some time began to feel an agitation unknown to her before. She seemed oppressed with languor; her complexion tarnished; the serenity of her countenance was troubled, and smiles were no longer upon her lips. Sometimes she was suddenly gay without cause, and grave without any thing to afflict her. She forsook her innocent amusements, her pleasing employments, and even the society of her beloved family; and wandered in the most solitary parts of the ground, seeking rest and finding none. Sometimes, when she saw Paul, she ran to meet him with her usual gaiety; and

and then, suddenly seized with a sensation of distress and embarrassment, her face overspread with blushes, and she scarcely dared to raise her eyes to his. "The rocks are covered with verdure," said Paul, "the birds sing when they see you; every thing around you is cheerful, and you alone are sad:"—and he endeavoured to cheer her with caresses, but she turned aside her head, and ran away to her mother. Paul did not understand caprices which appeared to him so new and unaccountable. An evil seldom comes unaccompanied.

One of those summers, which from time to time desolate the countries between the tropics, extended its ravages to this island.

It was about the beginning of December, when the sun in Capricorn darts his vertical beams upon the Isle of France for three successive weeks. The south-east wind, which blows almost all the year, was sunk to a dead calm. Long whirlwinds of dust, raised upon the roads, remained floating in the air. The earth split, and divided every where into deep chasms. The grass was burnt up; hot vapours issued from the sides of the mountains, and most of the springs were dry. No cloud came from the sea; but, during the day, red exhalations arose in the plains, and appeared, towards the setting of the sun, like the flames of a conflagration. Even night brought

no refreshment to the burning atmosphere. The orb of the moon, rising in the thick and humid horizon, appeared of enormous size. The flocks stretched upon the mountain sides, and extending their necks towards heaven to breathe the air, made the vallies resound with hollow bleatings. Even the Cafrarian shepherd lay by them, with his face turned to the earth, to find some mitigation of the heat. The soil was every where parched; and the suffocating air was full of the hum of insects, seeking to assuage their thirst with the blood of men and of animals.

In one of these ardent nights, Mary, unable to sleep, and agitated
by

by the distress of her mind, arose, and, by the light of the moon, walked towards her fountain. She found the spring, notwithstanding the great drought, running in small silver streams over the dark rock. She bathed herself in the little lake; and, refreshed by the coolness of the water, a thousand pleasant images recurred to her memory. She recollected how often her mother and Margaret had bathed her in the same place with Paul; and that Paul had afterwards deepened the bed, lined it with sand, planted the banks with odoriferous herbs, and made it sacred to her. She saw in the water, and upon her naked arms and bosom, the reflection of the

two palms planted at her birth and at her brother's, whose branches now met and were interwoven over her head. She thought of Paul's friendship, more pure than the waters of the fountain, stronger than the united palms, and sweeter than the perfume of flowers: and these images, in night, and in solitude, gave double force to the passion which she nourished in her heart. She suddenly left the dangerous shades, and went to her mother, to seek protection against herself. She wished to reveal her distress to her; she pressed her hands, and the name of Paul was on her lips; but the oppression of her heart took away all utterance, and,

and, laying her head upon her mother's bosom, she only wept.

Madame de la Tour had perceived the infant passion of her daughter, and knew the cause of her emotion; but she would not venture to speak of it. She only said, "Address yourself, my dear child, to Heaven; the sovereign disposer of health and life. If you are one day tried by affliction, you will be recompensed on the morrow. And remember, that it was to exercise our virtues, that we were placed in this world."

At length these excessive heats exhaled a moisture from the sea, which spread over the island like a vast canopy. It was collected by the tops of the mountains, and long streams of fire issued, from time to time, from their covered

points. Soon after, tremendous thunder echoed through the woods and valleys; the rain fell from heaven like cataracts; and foaming torrents poured down the mountains sides. The bottom of this valley became a sea; the knoll on which the cottages are situated, an island in the midst of it; and the chasm which makes the entrance into it, a sluice, through which the waters rushed with impetuosity, sweeping before them, earth, and rocks, and trees torn up by the roots.

The family, all trembling with fear, were assembled together, and praying in Madame de la Tour's house, the roof of which groaned with the wind. And though the

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shutters

shutters and doors were closed, they saw every thing distinctly by the lightning, which shone through the crevices of the boards, its flashes were so vivid and succeeded each other so rapidly. The intrepid Paul, followed by Domingo, went from one cottage to the other, notwithstanding the fury of the tempest, to secure the buildings, driving stakes in some places, and putting buttresses in others; and only returning into the house to comfort the family and to give them hopes that the storm was nearly over. In effect, towards evening the rain ceased, and the general trade-wind from the south-east began to take its usual course. The heavy clouds were driven to-

wards the north-west, and the setting sun broke out in the horizon.

Mary's first wish was to see her favourite fountain. Paul approached her with a timid air, and offered to accompany her. She, smiling, took hold of his arm, and they went out of the house together. The air was fresh and sonorous. The mountains steamed with a white vapour, and their sides were furrowed with the torrents, and covered with the foam of the waters, which were now ceasing to flow. The garden was entirely destroyed by deep channels, and the roots of the fruit-trees laid bare. Heaps of sand covered the slips of meadow,
and

and Mary's bath was quite filled up. The two coco's were, however, standing, and unhurt. But there was nothing to be seen around them, neither turf, nor shade, nor birds, excepting some Bengals, which were perched upon the neighbouring rocks, and deplored in plaintive notes the loss of their little ones.

Seeing this desolation, Mary said to Paul, " You brought birds to this spot, and they are destroyed by the storm. You planted this garden, and it is swept away. Every thing perishes upon this earth; it is heaven only that can never be changed." He answered, " I wish I had heavenly gifts to bestow upon you; but

“alas! I possess nothing even upon earth.” Mary, colouring, replied, “Yes, you have a little picture of St. Paul.” She had no sooner pronounced the words, than he ran back to his mother’s house to fetch it. This picture was a miniature of Paul the Hermit. Margaret had always regarded it with particular veneration. She had worn it for a long time about her neck when she was a girl; and afterwards, when she was become a mother, she hung it about the neck of her infant. It had happened that when she was with child of him, and deserted by the whole world, she had continually contemplated this image of the holy hermit, and her infant was in consequence

sequence impressed with some resemblance of him, which had induced her to give his name to her son, and to choose for his patron a saint, who had passed his life far remote from a world in which she had been betrayed and abandoned. When Mary received it from the hands of Paul, she said, with emotion, "This picture, brother, shall never be taken from me whilst I live, and I shall ever keep in mind, that you gave me your only possession." The friendly accents, the un hoped - for return of intimacy and tenderness, enchanted Paul, and he would have taken her in his arms; but she escaped from his embrace, and left him in consternation

nation at a conduct, which appeared to him so inexplicable.

Margaret used to say to Madame de la Tour, "Why should not we marry our children? They have an extreme passion for each other, though my son does not yet know it; we shall have much anxiety about them, and may have some real distress." Madame de la Tour answered, "They are too young and too poor. What should we do if Mary brought forth unfortunate children, that she was not able to nurse? Your Domingo is advanced in years; Frances is infirm; and for myself, my dear friend, I feel that I have lost much of the strength that I possessed
fourteen

fourteen years ago. A hot climate soon brings on old age, and sorrow hastens it still more. All our hope is in Paul. Let us wait till he is come to maturity; till he is arrived at his full strength, and is able to support the family by his labour. You know that we at present have barely what is necessary for our daily subsistence. But if we were to send Paul to the Indies for a short time, he might, by commerce, soon obtain a sufficient fund for the purchase of a few slaves; and at his return, we would marry him to Mary; for I have no object in life but the happiness of my dear child, and I am satisfied, I can no way so well secure it as by marrying her to your son.

son. We will talk to our neighbour about it." The ladies accordingly told me their design, and asked my advice. I was of their opinion with regard to the expediency of it. "The voyage to India," I said, "is safe. By taking a favourable season, the passage may be made in about six weeks, and you may allow the same time nearly for the return. We will make up a little bale of goods for Paul in my district; for I have neighbours who have a great regard for him. If we only give him raw cotton, which we cannot work ourselves, for want of proper mills to dress it; and ebony, which is in such plenty that we use it for fuel; and resins, that are
wasted

wasted in our woods; they will sell well in India, and are perfectly useless to us here." I undertook to procure from M. de la Bourdonaye the necessary permission for him to embark, and previously to inform Paul of the plan. But my astonishment was very great, when, with a strength of understanding much above his years, he said, "Why should I quit my family, for I know not what project of making a fortune? Is any commerce in the world more advantageous than the cultivation of land, which sometimes yields fifty and a hundred fold? If, however, we must engage in commerce, why cannot we do it by carrying our superfluities from hence to the town?"

town? Our mothers say that Domingo is old and infirm; but I am young, and my strength daily increasing. Suppose an accident should happen to them whilst I am absent, particularly to Mary, who is not now in health. Oh, no! I cannot resolve to leave them."

This answer greatly embarrassed me; for Madame de la Tour had not concealed from me the rapid progress that love had made in the heart of her daughter, and the desire she had to gain a little time; and, by separating the young people, to prevent too early a marriage. These were motives which, of course, I concealed from Paul.

Just at this juncture, a vessel arrived from France, which brought

to Madame de la Tour a letter from her aunt. The fear of death, which alone has power to make any impression upon a mind that is naturally hard, had disposed her to alter her conduct with regard to her niece. She had undergone a severe illness, which had left her in a low and languid state, and her age made it unlikely that she should ever perfectly recover her health. She wrote to Madame de la Tour, to desire that she would return to France, or, if she was not able to make so long a voyage herself, she enjoined her to send Mary, to whom she intended leaving the whole of her fortune; and in the mean time, she said she would take care to have her properly

perly educated, and to find a suitable match for her. An immediate compliance with this demand, she added, was the only means of recovering her favour and protection.

The reading of this letter spread consternation through the family. Domingo and Mary began to cry. Paul, motionless with surprise, was upon the point of uttering some expressions of anger. Mary, with her eyes fixed upon her mother, dared not open her lips. "Could you *now* leave us?" said Margaret. "No, my friend!" she answered; "No, my children!" I will not leave you. I have lived with you, and I will die with you. I have known no happiness but in
your

your friendship. If my health is impaired, former sorrows are the cause of it. The loss of a beloved husband, and the cruelty of my parents, were deep and incurable wounds. But I have since found more consolation and peace with you, in these poor huts, than I could have hoped for from all the wealth of my family in Europe."

Tears of joy ran down all their cheeks whilst she spoke. Paul pressed her in his arms, saying, "I will not leave you neither. I will not go to India. We will all work for you, my dearest mother! you shall want nothing here with us." Of all present, the person who shewed the least outward marks of pleasure, and who

felt the most in her heart, was Mary. The sweetest gaiety appeared in her manner all the rest of the day, and the return of her ease and chearfulness compleated the general joy.

The next day, at sun-rise, when they had just finished the morning prayer, which it was their custom to make before breakfast, Domingo told them that a gentleman on horseback, followed by two slaves, was coming to the house. It was Monsieur de la Bourdonaye. He entered the room where they were all at breakfast. Mary had set upon the table, according to the custom of the country, coffee and boiled rice. There were also hot batates, and fresh bananas.

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The

The only vessels were calabashes cut in half; and leaves of the banana-tree served for linen. The Governor at first expressed some surprize at the meanness of the habitation. Then, addressing himself to Madame de la Tour, he said, that, ingrossed as he was by public business, private concerns were sometimes neglected by him; but that she was entitled to his particular attention. "You have an aunt," said he, "Madam, at Paris, a woman of quality, and very rich, who intends to leave you her fortune, and who expects you to return to her." Madame de la Tour told the Governor, that her broken health would not allow her to think of undertaking so long a

L 2 voyage.

voyage. "Your daughter, however," replied M. de la Bourdonaye, "young and charming as she is, should not be deprived of a rich inheritance; it would be doing her an injustice. And I will own to you, that your aunt has applied to Government to obtain her. I have an official letter, by which I am directed to use the hand of power, if necessary; though, as I never exercise it but for the advantage of the inhabitants of this colony, I hope to gain your consent to this sacrifice, which is only for a few years, and upon which your daughter's fortune and establishment entirely depend. What brings people to India, but the desire of acquiring a
fortune?

fortune? and it is surely much more agreeable to return, and find a fortune in one's own country."

When he had said this, he laid on the table a bag full of piaftres, which one of his negroes had brought. "This fum," he added, "is destined by your aunt to defray the necessary expences previous to your daughter's departure." He finished, by gently reproaching Madame de la Tour, for not having applied to him when she had been in need of assistance; at the same time applauding her independent spirit. Paul instantly answered, "Sir, my mother did apply to you, and was very coldly received." "Have you another child, besides your daughter Mary,

L 3 Madam?"

Madam?" said the Governor.
"No, Sir," she replied; "that young man is the son of my friend; but our children are in common, and equally dear to us both." The Governor then, turning to Paul, said, "Young man, when you have more experience of the world, you will know the misfortune of those in power; you will see with how much facility they may be prejudiced; and how often designing men gain by cabal, what ought to be given to modest merit."

M. de la Bourdonaye, invited by Madame de la Tour, took his place by her at the table, and breakfasted after the manner of the Creoles, upon coffee, mixed
with.

with rice, boiled in water. He was charmed with the neatness and order of the little dwelling, the union of the two families, and the attachment of their old servants. "The furniture is rough and poor," said he; "but here are happy countenances, and hearts above all price." Paul began to be pleased with the familiarity of the Governor, and said, "I should wish for your friendship, for you seem to be a worthy man." This mark of rustic cordiality pleased M. de la Bourdonaye; he shook Paul by the hand, and assured him that he might depend upon his protection.

After breakfast, he took Madame de la Tour aside, and told

her, that there would be an opportunity of sending her daughter to France, on board a vessel which was expected to sail in a short time; and that he would recommend her to the care of a lady who intended to return in it, and to whom he was related: he advised her, upon all accounts, not to give up the prospect of an immense fortune, for a few years of present enjoyment. "Your aunt," said he, when he was going away, "cannot hold out above two years, I have it from her own intimate acquaintance. Consider well of it. Fortune is not always in our power. Consult your friends, you will find them all of my opinion." Madame de la Tour told him,

him, that, as she had no wish upon earth but to see her daughter happy, she should leave the determination entirely to her.

Madame de la Tour was not sorry to have an opportunity of separating Paul and Mary for a time, as they might by that means have a better prospect of future happiness. She had a long conversation with her daughter in private, in which she represented to her the state of the family. "Our servants," said she, "are grown old, my dear child; Paul is very young; Margaret is not what she used to be; and I am already very infirm; If I should die, what would become of you, without any means of subsistence in these deserts? You
would

would be left here without any one capable of giving you much assistance, and you would be obliged to work like a hireling for mere food. The idea sinks my heart with sorrow." "God condemned us to labour," answered Mary. "You taught me to submit to the task, and to bless him every day. He has not hitherto forsaken us, and I trust he will protect us still. The wretched are his peculiar care. How often, my dear mother, you have told me so! I cannot resolve to leave you." Madame de la Tour replied, with much emotion, "I have no view but to promote your happiness, and to marry you at a future time to Paul, who is not
your

your brother; consider, therefore, that his fortune also depends upon you." Mary had supposed that her infant passion had been hid from every eye, as is usual to persons of her age; they seem to place before their eyes the veil which conceals their hearts; but when once it is withdrawn by a friendly hand, they pour out all their secret sorrows; and the most overflowing confidence succeeds to reserve and mystery. Mary, touched with these new proofs of her mother's kindness, unfolded to her the inmost recesses of her mind, and those struggles which had been only known to Heaven; thanking Providence for having sent her the support she had received from a
mother's

mother's tenderness and approbation; and adding, that every thing now contributed to make her resolve to remain with them, for there was no longer any reason to be anxious either for the present or for the future.

Madame de la Tour, finding that her conversation with her daughter had produced an effect directly contrary to what she had expected, said, " My dear child, I will not insist upon your going; take time to deliberate; but conceal your love from Paul. It is dangerous to confess to a lover that he is beloved."

Towards evening, when she was alone with her daughter, a tall man entered in a blue cassock.

He

He was a missionary priest belonging to the island, and confessor to Madame de la Tour and Mary. He was sent by the Governor. "Heaven be praised! my good friends," said he, as he entered, "you are now rich. You may henceforth follow the dictates of your generous hearts, and relieve your poor neighbours! I know what passed in your conversation with M. de la Bourdonaye this morning. Your health, good lady, obliges you to remain here; but you, my child, have no excuse. We must obey the will of Providence, and comply with the demands of our aged relations, even supposing them to be unjust. It may be a sacrifice; but it is
the

the order of God. He made a great sacrifice for us, and we should follow the example, and devote ourselves to the good of our family. Your voyage to France will end prosperously. You will go, my dear child, you will not certainly refuse?"

Mary, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, answered, with a trembling voice, "If it is indeed the order of Providence that I should go, I will make no resistance. Let the will of Heaven be done:" and she burst into tears.

The missionary left them, and went to give the Governor an account of his success. And Madame de la Tour sent Domingo to me, to tell me that she wished

to consult me concerning the departure of her daughter. I was by no means of opinion that they should send her to France; for I have always looked upon it as a first principle of happiness, that simple and natural enjoyments should be preferred to those of fortune; and that we should never seek at a distance, what is to be found within ourselves. These maxims I extend to every thing without exception. But what availed my principles of moderation, in opposition to the illusions of fortune; or simple reason against the prejudices of the world, and an authority which Madame de la Tour held sacred? I considered her application to me for my advice,

vice, therefore, only as an effect of her civility; for, after the decision of her confessor, she had no doubts remaining. Even Margaret, who, notwithstanding the advantages which she might expect to accrue to her son, had hitherto strenuously opposed the departure of Mary, no longer made any objection. As to Paul, though he was ignorant of the determination, the private conversations of Madame de la Tour and her daughter alarmed him, and he fell into an extreme melancholy. "Some design is in agitation," he used to say, "and it must be against me, since it is concealed from me."

As soon as the report was spread that these rocks had been visited

by fortune, they were besieged by dealers of all sorts, who displayed the rich merchandize of India in these poor huts; fine dimities of Godelour; handkerchiefs of Pellicate and Massulipatan; muslins of Dacca, plain, striped, embroidered, and of the finest texture; beautiful white bastas of Surat; chities of all colours, and of the rarest sorts, with dark grounds and green sprigs. They unrolled pieces of magnificent silk from China; lampas all open-work; damasks of silver white, of grass green, and splendid rose-colour; taffeties of pink, and sattins without number; delicate chintzes; nankins, white and yellow; and even the pagnes of Madagascar.

Madame de la Tour wished her daughter to take whatever she liked; and only attended herself to the quality and price of such as she chose, that she might not be imposed upon. Mary selected such things as she thought would be most agreeable to her mother, to Margaret, and to Paul:—one piece would make good furniture, she said—another would be useful for Domingo and Frances; till at length the bag of piastres was exhausted, and she had thought of nothing for herself, so that her portion was afterwards collected from the various presents she had made to the family.

These gifts of fortune filled the heart of Paul with all the bitterness

ness of grief; he looked upon them as the presages of Mary's departure. He came to me some days after, and with the most dejected countenance said, "My sister is going; preparations are already making for her voyage. Come, I entreat you, and use all your influence over her mother and mine, to prevail upon them to keep her here." I complied with his earnest request, though I was perfectly convinced, before hand, that my remonstrances would be of no use.

I had always thought Mary beautiful in her coarse blue cloth of Bengal, and with only a pink handkerchief about her head; but her charms appeared to much greater advantage, now that she

was dressed like the ladies of the country. She was in white muslin lined with rose-colour, which was made close to her shape, and shewed all the delicacy of her form; and her golden hair, plaited in double tresses, adorned her fair face. Her fine blue eyes were full of melancholy: and the struggles of passion, which agitated her heart, gave to her complexion a vivid colour, and to her voice the most touching sounds. Even the gay dress, which it seemed irksome to her to wear, formed a contrast, that made the dejection of her countenance the more striking. It was impossible to see her, or hear her speak, without emotion. Paul's grief increased daily. Margaret, concerned

concerned at the situation in which she saw him, said, "My dear son, why do you encourage false hopes? When you are obliged to give them up, the struggle will be greater and more afflicting to you. It is time that I should tell you the secret of your life and mine. Mademoiselle de la Tour is related, on the side of her mother, to a person of consequence and of great fortune in France. Your mother is only the daughter of a farmer, and, what is more, you are illegitimate."

The word illegitimate surprised him. He had never heard it before; and, having asked the meaning of it, she answered; "You had no lawful father. When I

was young, love made me guilty of a fault, of which you were the consequence. My weakness deprived you of your paternal family, and my repentance of your mother's. Unfortunate child, you have no relation in the world but myself!" and she shed tears. Paul put his arms about her neck, and answered, "Oh my dear mother! since I have no relation in the world but yourself, I shall love you the more. But what a secret you have revealed to me! I now see the reason, which has made Mary avoid my company for the last two months; and which determines her to leave us. Alas! she certainly despises me!

When

When they met at supper, they all sat down together as usual; but, each agitated by different passions, they eat little, and did not speak. Mary first left the table, and came to sit upon the bank where we now are. Paul followed soon after, and placed himself by her. For some time they kept a profound silence. It was one of those delicious nights, so common between the tropics, the beauty of which it is not in the power of painting to imitate. The moon appeared in the midst of the firmament surrounded with thin clouds, which her rays by degrees dispersed, and gently extended their light over the mountains of the island, and the rocks of silver grey.

The winds were hushed; and in the woods and valleys were heard the soft notes of young birds, murmuring and caressing each other in their nests, animated by the clearness of the night and the stillness of the air. The insects rustled in the grass. The stars shone with double lustre, and their trembling light was reflected in the bosom of the deep. Mary's distressed eyes wandered over the vast and dark horizon of the sea, which was only distinguished from the land by the red lights of the fishermen; she perceived, at the entrance of the port, a stream of light and a length of shadow.—It was the lantern of the vessel in which she was to embark for Europe,

rope, and which lay at anchor, ready to sail as soon as the calm should cease. The sight of the vessel excited fresh sorrow, and she turned aside her head that Paul might not see her tears.

Madame de la Tour, Margaret, and myself were seated at a little distance from them, under some banana-trees, and in the silence of the night we distinctly heard their conversation, which I have not forgot.

“I find, Madam, that you are going in a few days,” said Paul. “You will risk the dangers of the sea — the sea, of which you have often expressed so much terror.” “I must submit to my relations, and to my duty;”

duty," answered Mary. "You leave us," replied Paul, "for a relation whom you have never seen!" "Alas!" said she, "I should have wished to remain here for ever; but my mother would not consent to it. My confessor also told me, that it was the will of God that I should go; and that this life was a trial. Oh! it is a severe trial."

"Are there then," said he, "so many reasons that determine you to go, and are there none which can induce you to stay? Oh you have motives for your departure which you have not named! Riches have great allurements! The appellation of brother, which you no longer give to me, you will bestow

bestow upon another in a new world; and that happy brother will be selected from amongst those who are worthy of you, by birth, as well as by fortune, which I have not to offer to you. But where would you go to be happier? Upon what coast can you land, which can be dearer to you, than that where you were born? Where can you find a society more agreeable than that in which you are so much beloved? How will you be able to forego the tender careffes of your mother, which you have ever been accustomed to? What will become of her, already advanced in years, when she no longer sees you by her side, at table, in the house, in our walks,
in

in which she always leaned upon your arm? What will become of mine, to whom you are equally dear? What shall I say to give them comfort, when I see them weep for your loss? Cruel as you are, I speak not of myself: but what will become of me, when I no longer see you with us in the morning, and that night comes and we assemble without you; when I see the two palm-trees, which were planted at our birth, and were so long witnesses of our mutual friendship? Oh! since another lot has more charms for you; since you will leave your native land for one that you have not known, and for such advantages as my labour cannot procure for
you;

you; let me go with you in the vessel which is to carry you to Europe; I will comfort you in the storm; you shall rest your head upon my bosom, and my heart shall cherish you: and, arrived in France, where you go to seek riches and honours, I will serve you as your slave. Happy only in your happiness; in those magnificent dwellings, where I shall see you adored and admired, I shall be still rich enough, and great enough, to make you the greatest of all sacrifices, by dying at your feet." His voice faltered, and he ceased to speak.

Mary replied, in broken accents, "It is for you that I go—for you, whom I have seen bent
down

down with labour for the support of our infirm parents. If I have accepted this opportunity to acquire riches, it is with the hope of making an ample return to you for all your goodness to us. But, no wealth is equal in value to your friendship. What do you talk of birth? Oh!—if it were possible for me now to choose a brother, should I take any other but you? O Paul! Paul! you are much more than a brother to me! What has it not cost me to avoid you! I wished you to assist me in separating myself from you, till Heaven should bless our union. But I will stay, or go, or live, or die as you determine—dispose of me as you will. Weak as I
 I am!

am! I resisted your careffes, but I cannot withstand your grief!"

Paul caught her in his arms, and, preffing her eagerly to his bosom, he cried, with a deep, determined voice, "I will go with her — nothing shall separate us!"

We all ran to him. Madame de la Tour said, "If you leave us, what shall we do, my dear son?"

He repeated the words, Son! — Son! — with a tremulous voice.

"Does the mother separate her children!" said he: "both have been fed with your milk; both have been brought up upon your lap; we learnt of you to love each other, and now you would send her from me! — send her to Europe, that cruel country, where
you

you were yourself refused an asylum; and to hard relations, by whom you were yourself abandoned. You will tell me, that I have no claim to her; that she is not my sister. But she is every thing to me; riches, family, rank, all my possession; I know no other. We have had one cradle, and we will have but one grave. If she goes, I must accompany her. Say that the Governor will prevent me! — he cannot prevent my throwing myself into the sea, and I will swim after the vessel. The waves cannot be more fatal to me than this shore. And, as I cannot live with her here, I will at least die in her sight, and far from you, merciless as you are,
and

and undeserving the name of mother! May the ocean, to whose dangers you expose her, withhold her from you for ever! May the waves cast back my body to the land, and, rolling it with her's upon the sands, pierce your heart with grief for the loss of both your children!"

I seized hold of him, as he pronounced these words, for his despair seemed to have disordered his senses. His eyes were inflamed with passion; the sweat rolled off his heated cheeks; his knees shook; and his heart beat with violence against his agitated bosom.

Mary, trembling with apprehension for him, said, "Oh! my

dear friend! I call to witness the charm of our infant-love, our mutual sorrows, and all that can bind one unfortunate being to another, that if I stay, it will be to live with you; and if I go, that I will return to be your's for ever. I call upon you all to bear testimony of it—you, who have brought me up, who dispose of my life, and who now see my tears. I solemnly vow it, by that Heaven which hears me; by the sea which I am to traverse; by the air which I breathe, and which I have never sullied by falsehood."

As the rocks of ice fall from the Appenines with the heat of the sun, so sunk the impetuous fury of this young man, upon hearing the

voice of his beloved. He held down his head and wept. His mother, mixing her tears with his, took him in her arms, but did not speak. Madame de la Tour, quite overcome, turned to me, and said, "I can bear these scenes no longer! they rend my heart. This fatal voyage shall not take place. My good friend, try if you can prevail upon Paul to go home with you. We have none of us slept for the last six days."

"Paul," said I, "your sister will not go. To-morrow we shall apply to the Governor. But come home with me now, and let your family repose quietly. It is late; it is already midnight, for the

southern cross is upon the horizon.”

He made no answer, but followed me; and, after a night of great agitation, he arose at day-break, and returned to his habitation.

But why should I continue this narration? In the life of man there is but one side that can be looked at with pleasure; like the globe upon which we turn, a few hours complete the rapid revolution, and one half remains in darkness, that the other may enjoy the light.

Let me entreat you to continue, I answered, and finish a relation which you have begun in a manner so interesting. The images

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of

of happiness give us pleasure, and those of misfortune instruct. Tell me what became of the wretched Paul.

The first object he saw was their mulatto, Frances, who was upon a rock looking towards the open sea. He called out, as soon as he came within hearing, "Where is Mary?" Frances turned her head away, and cried. Paul, almost frantic, ran instantly to the port. There he heard that Mary had embarked at day-break; that the vessel had set sail immediately, and was no longer in sight. He returned to the house, and went through it without speaking.

Although this enclosure of rock behind us appears almost perpen-

N 3 dicular,

dicular, there are little green platforms which divide it into different stages, by means of which it is possible, by some rough and broken paths, to climb up as far as the base of that inaccessible cone, which is called the Needle. At the foot of this, there is a level space full of large trees; but in a situation so elevated and so steep, it is almost to be called a forest in the air. The summit of the Needle, attracting the clouds, several little streams are formed upon the height, which fall into the valley; but at so great a depth below it, that the dashing of the water at the bottom is not heard at the top. This spot commands the greatest part of the island, with
its

its mountains, and the high pikes rising again above them; amongst the rest, Pitterboth, and the Three-breasted Mountain, with their wooded vallies; and beyond them an extensive view of the ocean, as far as the Isle of Bourbon, which is forty leagues to the west. It was from this place that Paul descried the vessel which carried Mary away. It was ten leagues from the shore, and appeared only as a dark spot in the midst of the boundless sea. He remained there the greatest part of the day, with his eyes fixed upon it. When it was no longer visible, he thought he still perceived it; and when he found that it was entirely lost in the mist of the horizon, he

yet continued upon the wild and bleak rocks, where the palms and bananas are continually blown about by the winds, and their deep and hollow sounds, like the notes of a distant organ, inspire profound melancholy. It was in this spot that I found him, leaning his head against a stone, and with his eyes fixed upon the ground. I had been in search of him ever since the rising of the sun. With much difficulty I prevailed upon him to descend, and to return to his family; and at length brought him home. When he first saw Madame de la Tour, he reproached her bitterly for having deceived him. She told us, that the wind having risen

risen about three in the morning, and the vessel being ready to sail, the Governor, followed by a part of his guard, and attended by the missionary, had come with a palanquin to fetch her daughter; and that all with one voice crying out, that it was for the advantage of the whole family, in spite of her remonstrances and tears they had carried Mary away, almost senseless.

“If I had but taken leave of her,” cried Paul, “I might even now feel some degree of peace! I should have said—Mary, if, during the time that we have lived together, a word has ever passed my lips which could offend you, tell me, before you quit me for ever, that
you

you forgive me. I should have said—Farewell, my dearest Mary! since I am destined never to see you more, farewell! Be happy: though far removed from me, be happy.” Then, seeing his mother and Madame de la Tour in tears, he added—“ You must now seek for some other to comfort you!” and, leaving them abruptly, he went to wander about the valley, and visit all the spots which Mary had most frequented. To the goats and kids, which ran bleating after him, he said: “ Why do you follow me? You will no longer find her with me who used to caress you and give you food.” When he went to her favourite fountain, and the birds came hovering round him, he

he cried out: "Unfortunate as you are! the kind hand which used to feed you will feed you no more." And, seeing Tayo, who ran before him, questing in the paths, he sighed, and said—"Alas! you will never find her again." At length, he went and sat down upon the bank where she had talked to him the evening before, and, looking towards the sea where the vessel had disappeared, he shed a torrent of tears.

We followed him from place to place, apprehending some fatal consequence from the agitation of his mind. His mother and Madame de la Tour conjured him, in the most affectionate terms, not to add to their grief by his despair.

At

At last he was a little calmed by the tender appellations of Madame de la Tour, who called him Son, Beloved son, The destined husband of her daughter. And she prevailed upon him to come into the house, and to take some nourishment. He sat down to table with us, taking his place next to that which used to be occupied by the companion of his childhood, and he spoke to her as if she was still there, and offered her such things as she used to like; and then, as if he suddenly recollected her departure, he burst into tears. The following days he collected together every thing which had been particularly appropriated to her use; the last flowers she had worn, and

and a coco-shell cup out of which she had been accustomed to drink; and these precious remains, as his dearest treasure, he kissed and put into his bosom. Whatever has been touched by a beloved object, becomes sweeter to the lover than the perfume of amber. After some time, seeing that his bitter regrets increased those of his mother and Madame de la Tour, and that the wants of the family required his unremitting labour, he began to work with Domingo in the garden.

And soon, this young man, who before had all the indifference of a Creole for every thing which passes in the world, desired me to teach him to read and write, that he
might

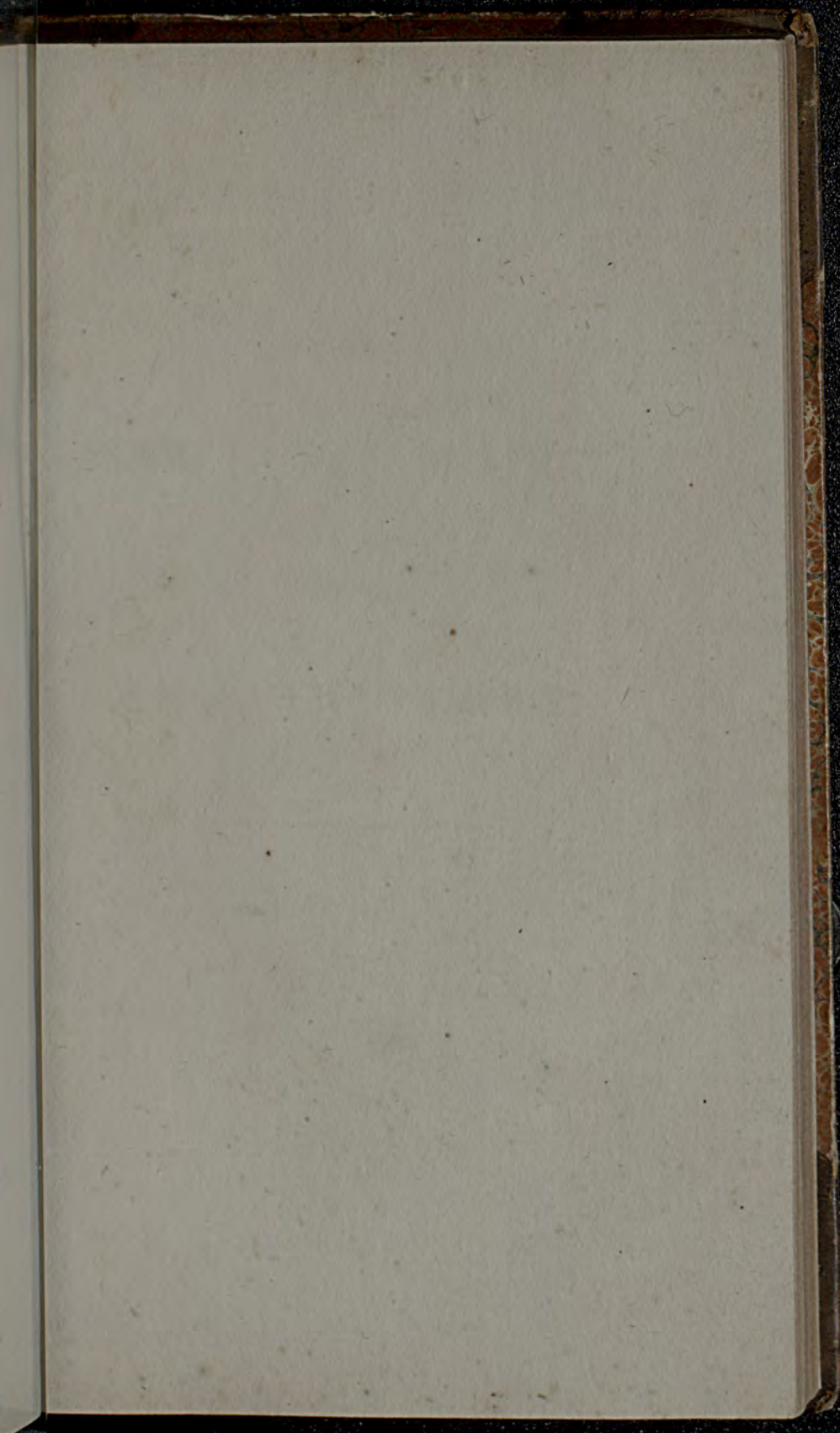
might be able to correspond with Mary. Afterwards he wished to be instructed in geography, that he might form some idea of the country where she was to land; and in history, that he might know the manners of the people with whom she was to live. It was with the same views that he had before perfected himself in agriculture, and had learnt the art of making the roughest parts of their little territory agreeable.—Love was in all the motive; and we are certainly indebted to this ardent and restless passion for most of the improvements of life; to the pleasures which it seeks, we owe the sciences and the arts; and from its privations arose that philosophy which
teaches

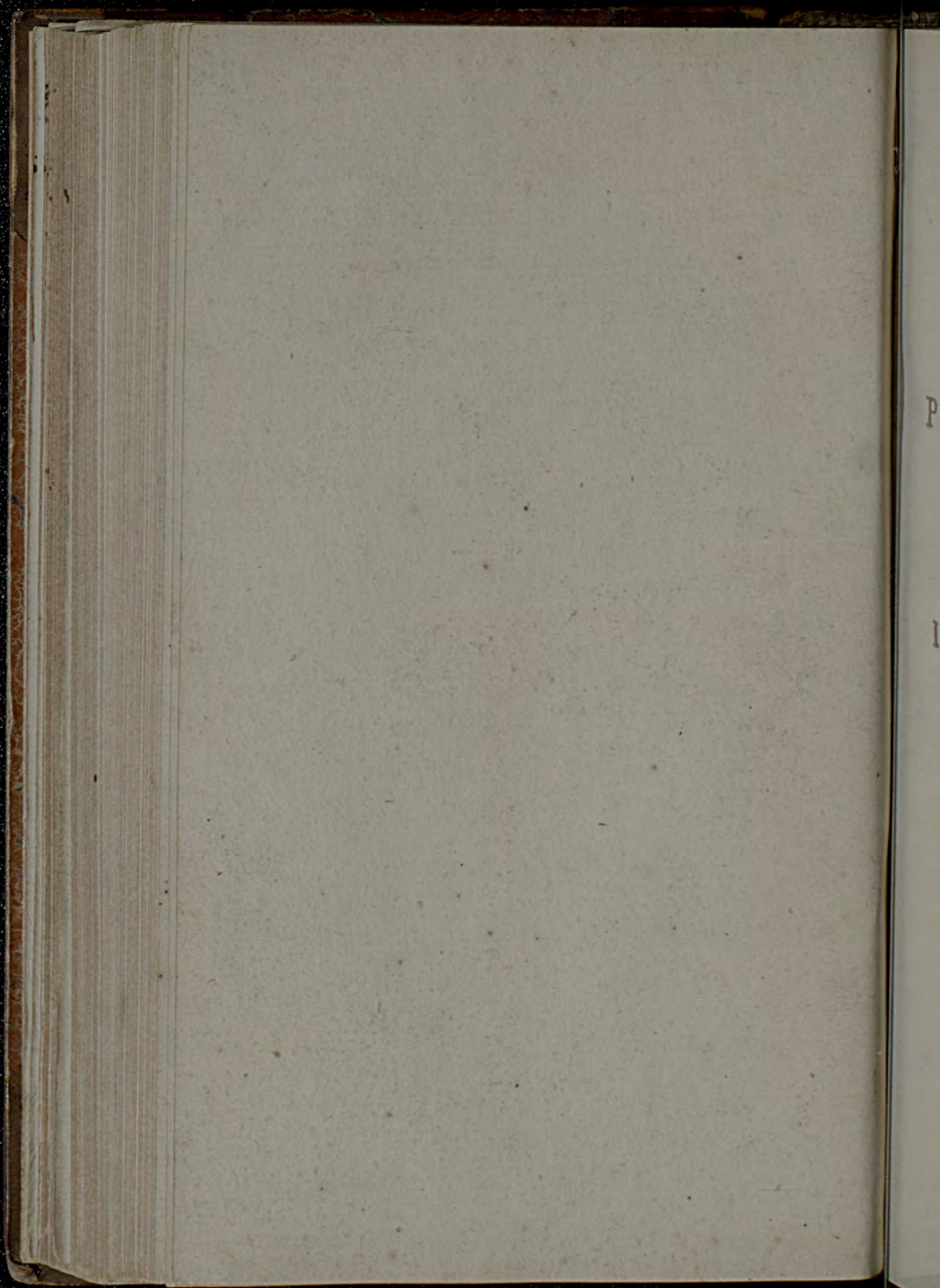
teaches us to bear every thing. Thus nature, which made love the band to unite all beings, made it also the first moving power in society, and the cause of almost all our pleasures and acquirements.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

...to be...
...which...
...power...
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...and...

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME





PAUL AND MARY,

AN

INDIAN STORY.

VOL. II.

PAUL AND MARY,

AND

INDIAN STORY.

VOL. II.

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PAUL AND MARY,

A N

INDIAN STORY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
Sponte tulere sua, carpfit: nec ferrea jura,
Infanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
GEORG. VIRG.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

PAUL AND MARY

A N

INDIAN STORY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

With a description of the manners and customs of the Indians of the North American continent, and of the progress of the European colonies in that continent.

LONDON

Printed for J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXXIII

PAUL AND MARY.

PAUL did not find much amusement in the study of geography, which, instead of describing the nature of each country, only gives its political divisions. History, particularly modern history, interested him as little. He only saw general and periodical evils, without being able to distinguish their source. Wars, which seemed to have neither cause nor end; intricate cabals; nations

without energy, and princes without humanity. He preferred to such studies the reading of romances, which, relating more to the sentiments and the interests of men, sometimes presented to his view situations which had a near resemblance to his own : and Telemachus was the work from which he received the most pleasure, from its pictures of simple life, and the description of those passions which are natural to the human heart. He read to his mother and Madame de la Tour such parts as most affected him ; and then tender recollections pressing upon his mind, his voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears. The dignity and wisdom of Antiope, and the tenderness
and

and sorrows of Eucharis, appeared to him all united in Mary. But he was quite lost and confounded when he read our fashionable novels, so corrupt both in their manners and morals; and when he was told that these constituted a true picture of society in Europe, he trembled, and not without some degree of reason, lest Mary should be perverted and forget him.

Two years in effect had passed away, and Madame de la Tour had had no letter from her aunt, or from her daughter; she had only heard, from other hands, that Mary had landed safely in France. At length she received, by a vessel which was on its passage to India, a packet and a letter written in

Mary's own hand. Notwithstanding the caution with which her kind and affectionate child expressed herself, Madame de la Tour saw plainly that she was unhappy. This letter was so good a picture of her character and her situation, that I took a copy of it, and I can repeat it, I believe, almost word for word.

“ My dearly beloved mother,

“ I have already written several letters to you with my own hand; but having received no answer, I have reason to fear that they did not reach you. I have better hopes of this, from the precautions I have taken to forward it to you, and to receive your answer.

“ I have

“ I have shed many tears since our separation.—I, who had never wept before, but for the misfortunes of others ! My great aunt expressed much surprize, when she questioned me about my improvements, and I told her that I could neither read nor write. She asked what I had been learning ever since I came into the world ; and when I told her, that it was to take care of the house, and do what you ordered me, she said I had been brought up like a menial servant. The next day she sent me to school at a large abbey near Paris, where I had all sorts of masters : amongst other things, I was taught history, geography, grammar, mathematics, and to

ride on horseback ; but I have so little genius for any of these acquirements, that I am sure I shall make no progress. I am sensible that I have, as they all tell me, a very feeble understanding. The kindness of my aunt, however, is not diminished. She gives me new cloaths every change of season ; and I have two waiting-maids, who are as well dressed as myself. She makes me take the title of Countess, and insists on my no longer calling myself De la Tour—a name as dear to me as to yourself, from what you have told me of my father, and all that he suffered before he obtained you. She has, however, given me your maiden name, and that too is dear

to

to me, because it once was yours. As I found myself in a situation so affluent, I desired her to send some little supply to you. How can I relate her answer? but you wish me to tell you the exact truth: she said, that a small sum would be of no use to you, and that, in the kind of life you led, a large one would be rather an incumbrance.

“ I intended to have employed some person here to write for me, as soon as I came; but finding no one in whom I could place a confidence, I applied myself night and day to learn to write myself, and, thank Heaven, I made myself mistress of it in a short time. I gave my first letters to the ladies who

wait upon me, and desired that they might be sent to you; but I have reason to think that they carried them to my great aunt. I have now recourse to one of the boarders, who expresses a friendship for me; and I desire that your answers may be enclosed to her, with the under-written direction.

“ My aunt has forbid me to have any correspondence whatever, as she says it might prove an obstacle to those advantages she has in view for me. Nobody is allowed to see me at the grate, excepting herself and an old nobleman, who has, she says, taken a liking to my person. To say the truth, I should have no liking for
him,

him, were it indeed possible that I could feel interested for any body here.

I am surrounded with all the splendor of wealth, but I have not the disposal of a farthing: they say, that if I were allowed money, it might be of ill consequence. Even my cloaths belong to my women, and they quarrel about them before I have done wearing them. In the midst of riches I am poorer than I was when with you; for I have nothing to give.

When I found that my fine acquisitions would not furnish me with the means of doing the least service to any body, I had recourse to needle-work, which you had happily taught me; and I send
you

you several pair of stockings, which I have made for you, and for my mama Margaret, a cap for Domingo, and one of my red handkerchiefs for Frances. I enclose also some kernels of fruits which I had at my deserts, and seeds of all the trees which grow in the park belonging to the abbey, which I collected in my hours of recreation. There are also some seeds of violets, daisies, poppies, corn-flowers, butter-cups, and scabioufes, which I picked up in my walks. The flowers in the fields are more beautiful here than with us; but they are entirely disregarded. I am sure that you and my mama Margaret will be more pleased with this bag of seeds, than you were
with

with the purse-full of piaftres which was the caufe of our feperation, and of my forrow. It will be a great pleasure to me if you should one day fee apple-trees growing by the fide of our bananas, and beeches mixing their boughs with thofe of the coco-trees: you will think yourfelf tranfported to Normandy, which you love fo much.

You enjoined me to tell you all my pleasures and my pains: I can have no joy when I am feperated from you: as for my forrows, I appeafe them as much as I can, by confidering that I am in a fituation where you, in obedience to the will of God, have placed me. The moft painful circumftance to me here is the having no one who can talk to me of you, and I can-

not

not talk of you to any body. My chamber-women, or rather my aunt's, tell me, when I attempt to introduce any conversation relating to what is dearest to my heart, that I am a French woman, and that I ought to think no more of a savage country. Alas! I must forget myself before I can forget my native land, and the place where you reside! This is to me a savage country, for I live in it alone, without one human being to whom I can impart the love and tenderness I have for you, and which I shall carry with me to the grave.

Dear and most beloved parent,

I am your very affectionate

and obedient child,

MARY DE LA TOUR.

“ I recommend to your care and
friendship

friendship Frances and Domingo, who were so careful of me in my infancy; and pray cares Tayo for me, who found me in the woods."

Paul was amazed to find that he was not named in the letter, when even the dog belonging to the house had been remembered by her; but he did not know, that, however long the letter, a woman never mentions what is nearest to her heart till the end.

In a Postscript, Mary particularly recommended to the care of Paul two sorts of seed, the violet and the scabious: she gave him some directions with regard to the nature of the plants, and the places where they would be most likely to succeed. "The violet," she said,

said, " is a little flower of a deep blue, which loves to hide itself in the bushes ; but it is discovered by its delightful fragrance." She desired him to sow it upon the edge of the fountain, at the foot of her coco-tree. " The scabious," she added, " bears a flower of a very tender blue, with a dark eye, speckled with white. It seems in mourning, and is for that reason called the widow's flower. It delights in arid soils, and in situations exposed to the wind." She desired him to put this flower upon the rock, where she had talked to him for the last time, the evening before she left the island, and, for her sake, to call it for the future, *The Farewell Rock.*

She had put these seeds into a
 † little

little purse, of which the texture was simple, but which appeared above all price in the eyes of Paul, when he perceived a P. and an M. interwoven together in a cypher, and worked in hair, which, by its beauty, he knew to be her own.

The letter of this amiable and good girl affected them all. Madame de la Tour immediately answered it, and desired her, in the name of the whole family, either to stay or return, as she chose; assuring her, that they had all, in losing her, lost their greatest happiness, and that, for herself, nothing could console her.

Paul wrote a very long letter, in which he told her, that he should endeavour to make the garden
worthy

worthy to receive her, and that he would mingle the plants of Europe and Africa, as she had combined the letters of their names in her embroidery. He sent her some coco-nuts from her fountain, which were arrived to maturity; but he told her, that he would send no other seeds from the island, that her desire to see all its productions might be an additional motive to hasten her home: and he conjured her to comply with the ardent vows and wishes of the family for her return, and, above all, with his, who could know no happiness without her.

Paul sowed the European seeds with the utmost care, and particularly the violet and scabious, whose
flowers

flowers. seemed to bear some analogy to the character and situation of Mary, and which were endeared to him by her having recommended them to his attention ; but they had either been spoiled in the voyage, or the climate of this part of Africa is unfavourable to them, for but few of them came up, and those did not arrive to perfection.

Envy, in the mean time, which often precedes good fortune, particularly in these colonies, had spread reports in the island which gave much anxiety to Paul. Some of the passengers, on board the vessel which had brought Mary's letter, affirmed, that she was soon to be married ; they mentioned the name of the nobleman who was to marry

her; and some went so far as to assert that the marriage had actually taken place, and that they had been present at it. At first, Paul disregarded news brought by trading vessels, knowing how common it is for them to spread false reports where they land; but, as many of the inhabitants, with a sort of malicious pity, affected to take part in his disappointment, he began to have some apprehension that it might be true: and having besides, in many novels that he had read, found that falsehood was looked upon only as a sort of pleasantry in Europe, and knowing that these books were a faithful picture of European manners, he feared that Mary might have her
mind

mind perverted, and forget her first engagements. He was made unhappy already by his knowledge: but what most contributed to raise his doubts, was the arrival of several European ships, which touched here in the course of the following year, and which brought no tidings of her.

The unfortunate young man, in the distress and agitation of his mind, often came to me, seeking, in my experience of the world, something to confirm or to banish his doubts.

I live, as I told you before, about a league and a half from hence, upon the banks of a small river, which runs near the long mountain: there I pass my life in

C 2 solitude,

solitude, without wife or child, and without slaves.

Next to the happiness of meeting with a companion of a kindred mind, and of a taste and disposition suited to our own; a blessing which is the lot of few; the state least unhappy is that of solitude. All men, who have been ill treated by the world, seek retirement. It is an extraordinary circumstance, and worthy to be remarked, that all those nations which are unfortunate in their government, in their opinions, or in their morals, have produced numerous classes of citizens, who have devoted themselves to solitude and celibacy: such were the Egyptians in their decline; the

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Greeks

Greeks of the Lower Empire ; and such, in our days, are the Indians, the Chinese, the modern Greeks, the Italians, and most of the Eastern and Southern nations of Europe. Solitude restores to man, in some degree, his natural happiness, by averting social evils. In our societies, which are disunited by so many prejudices, the mind is perpetually agitated: we are continually revolving all the turbulent and contradictory opinions with which the members of wretched and ambitious sects endeavour to subdue each other. But in solitude, the strange illusions disappear: man recovers the simple perceptions of his being, of the creation, and of the Creator. Like

the troubled water of a torrent, which lays waste the fields, if it finds a silent bed remote from its course, it regains its limpid clearness, and reflects its own banks, and the verdure of the earth, and the azure of the sky. Solitude, too, restores health to the body, as well as harmony to the mind. It is in the class of men devoted to solitude, that are to be found the most extraordinary instances of longevity; as amongst the Bramins of India. Indeed, I think it so essential to happiness, even in the world, that it appears to me impossible to have a permanent satisfaction in any opinions, or to regulate our conduct upon any certain principles, if we do not make

to ourselves a sort of interior solitude, from which our sentiments are seldom allowed to escape, and into which the opinions of others are never suffered to enter. I do not say, however, that man should live entirely secluded; he is connected by his weakness and his necessities with all the human race; he owes his labour therefore to man; he owes himself to all nature. But, as Heaven has given us organs perfectly adapted to the globe which we inhabit; feet to walk; lungs to breathe the air; eyes to see; and that we cannot pervert the use of these senses; he has reserved for himself, who is the author of life, the heart, which is its principal organ.

I pass my days, as I have already told you, far removed from the world, which I would have served, and by which I have been persecuted. After long travels over most of the countries of Europe, and some parts of America and Africa, I settled at last in this thinly-inhabited island, attracted by its mild air, and its vast deserts. A hut, which I built in the forest, at the foot of a tree; a piece of land, cultivated by my own labour; a river, which runs by my door; are all that I require for my wants or my pleasures; and I have the additional enjoyment of such books as instruct me how to become better. By their means, even the world which I have quitted is
made

made to contribute to my present tranquillity, by presenting pictures of those passions which render its inhabitants wretched; and when I compare their lot with mine, I feel that I possess at least a negative happiness. Like a man who has escaped to a rock, after the wreck of a vessel, I contemplate, from my asylum, the storms which spread devastation over the rest of the globe; and the distant sound of the tempest seems to add to the calmness of my situation. Now that I am no longer in the way of men, that they are not in mine, I pity them, but do not hate them. If I meet with any one in distress, I endeavour to assist him with my advice, as a traveller by
the

the side of a torrent stretches out his hand to a wretch who is fallen into it. But the innocent only attend to my voice: Nature speaks to the rest in vain; her image is by each cloathed with their own passions; they pursue through life the phantom which leads them astray, and then complain to Heaven, of errors which were of their own creation. Amongst the number of the wretched whom I have endeavoured to bring back to nature, I never found one who was not fascinated by what occasioned his misery. They all listened to me at first, expecting that I should assist them in the acquirement of either riches or honours; but when they found that what I wished to teach, was

to

to do without them, they pitied me for not being engaged in the same wretched pursuits; they blamed my recluse life; they called themselves the only class of men useful to the world, and endeavoured to draw me into the same vortex. I converse freely with all men, and hear their opinions; but am no longer governed by them. Sometimes I serve as a lesson to myself; in the present calm that I enjoy, I go over in my mind all the former agitations of my own life, to which I gave such importance; fortune, patronage, fame, pleasure, and the opinions which are disputed in all parts of the world. I compare those men whom I have seen engaged

gaged in fierce contests, and who are now no more, to the rapid currents which foam and dash against the rocks, and then disappear, to return no more for ever. As for me, I glide peaceably down the stream of time, towards the depths of futurity, where all shores cease; and, from contemplating the harmonious system of nature, I raise my mind to its Creator, and hope for a happier lot in some future world.

Though in the view from my hermitage, which is in the middle of a wood, there is not that variety of objects which we see from this height, there is such a disposition of the different parts, as makes the situation very pleasing, particularly to a man who desires
less

less to extend his thoughts than to revolve them in his own bosom. The river which passes by my house, runs strait through the wood, so that I see a long reach of it from my door, overshadowed with trees of various foliage. Tatamacks, ebony, and what we here call apple-wood, olives, and cinnamon. Groves of palmetto raise their upright and naked columns to the height of an hundred feet, and their tufted tops, standing high above the rest, seem like one forest growing upon another. Various sorts of creepers hang from tree to tree, and form festoons and arches of flowers, and long draperies of green foliage. The aromatic gums with which they abound,

fill

fill the air with so rich a perfume, that a man who has passed through the wood, can perceive the smell of them in his cloaths for some hours afterwards. In the flowering season, you would imagine that the trees were half covered with snow. Towards the end of the summer, many species of foreign birds, led by an incomprehensible instinct, cross the immense ocean, from unknown regions, and come to feed upon the various seeds produced in the island, and the vivid colours of their plumage make a beautiful contrast with the brown tints of the leaves scorched by the summer sun. Amongst others, there are many sorts of lories and blue pigeons, which are here
called

called Dutch pigeons. All the monkey tribe, constant inhabitants of these woods, play amongst the branches, and are distinguished from the bark by the green or grey colour of their coats and their black faces; some hang from the boughs by their tail, and swing backwards and forwards in the air; others leap from tree to tree, holding their little ones to their bosom. The report of no murderous weapon ever frightened these peaceful children of nature. Nothing is heard but sounds of joy, and the notes and unknown warblings of southern birds, which are repeated by the echoes of the forest. The river, which runs rapidly over a bed of stone, in its glassy stream, reflects

at

at once the venerable masses of shade, and the wanton plays of their happy people. About a thousand paces below, it is formed into a cascade by rocks: at the top it is a broad sheet of water, transparent as crystal; but being broken in its fall, it is precipitated to the bottom in white foam. A thousand confused sounds are formed by the tumultuous torrent, which the wind sometimes carries to a distance, and sometimes unites and brings all collected to the ear at once, deafening the sense. The air, constantly agitated by the current of water, preserves upon the banks of this river, even during the burning heats of summer, a coolness and verdure which
are

are scarcely to be met with upon the highest parts of the island.

At some distance beyond, far enough removed from the cascade for us not to be disturbed by the noise, and yet so near as to enjoy its beauty, and the freshness of the air, we used sometimes, during the great heats, to dine together under a rock; Madame de la Tour, Margaret, Paul, Mary, and myself. As Mary's most common actions were always directed to some good purpose, she never eat a fruit, when she was in these parties, without putting the seed or kernel into the ground. "These will hereafter produce trees," she used to say, "whose fruit will be eaten by some traveller, or at least by some bird." One day, after

eating a papayer in this spot, she
owed the seeds of it; and soon
several young plants came up,
amongst which there was one fe-
male, that is, one which bears seed.
When she left the island it was
not so tall as a child; but, as it is
of quick growth, it was, three years
afterwards, twenty feet high, and
its stem surrounded at the top with
several rows of ripe fruit. Paul
coming accidentally to the place,
felt a sudden emotion of pleasure
at the sight of a large tree, raised
from a seed which he remembered
to have been planted by Mary;
but it as suddenly made him re-
collect her long absence, and filled
him with deep regret. The ob-
jects which we see every day do
not make us sensible of the swift-
ness

ness with which time passes away ; they grow old as we do, by gradual and imperceptible decay ; but those which we have lost sight of for some years, and then suddenly meet with again, remind us of the rapidity with which the stream of life flows from us. Paul felt the same surprise at the sight of this tree loaded with fruit, which a traveller, after a long absence, would feel when he returned to his country, if, instead of his former companions, he found their children, whom he had left in their cradles, grown up and become fathers themselves. At first he would have cut it down, because it marked too cruelly the length of time which she had been absent ; but

then, considering it as a testimony of her general beneficence, he kissed the bark, and uttered a thousand expressions of love and tenderness. Sacred tree! whose descendants now exist in our forests, I have myself beheld you with more pleasure than the triumphal arches of the Romans! May time, which destroys the monuments of ambition, multiply those of virtuous poverty!

At the foot of this tree, I was sure to meet Paul when he came to my part of the country. One day that I found him here, oppressed with grief, I had a conversation with him, which I will relate to you, if you are not tired of my long digressions: they are excusable

excusable at my age, and upon the subject of my last affections.

He began with saying, "I am very unhappy! Mademoiselle de la Tour has been absent three years and a half, and, during the last year and half, we have not heard from her. She is rich; I am poor; and she has forgotten me! I have a mind to embark and go to France; I will enter into the King's service; by that means I shall acquire a fortune; and when I have obtained riches and honours, her aunt will consent to our marriage."

"My dear friend!" said I, "did you not tell me yourself, that you had no rank?"

“ My mother told me so,” he answered: “ as for me, I don’t know what is meant by rank. I never perceived that I had less than others, or that others had more than myself.”

“ The want of rank,” I replied, “ will exclude you from all great posts in France. You could not even be admitted into any distinguished regiment.”

“ I have,” said he, “ often heard you mention, as one cause of the greatness of France, that the lowest subject might rise to the highest honours; and you have even quoted many celebrated names, who, from an obscure situation, had become the glory of their
† country.

country. Why would you discourage me ?”

“ My dear child !” I said, “ I will never discourage you. I told you what was true of past times ; but all is now changed. Every thing is become venal ; every thing is looked upon as the patrimony of a few families, or the property of certain bodies of men : the king, like the sun in the midst of clouds, is surrounded by them, and it is almost impossible that even one ray should fall upon you.

“ Formerly, in a less complicated administration, such phenomena have been seen ; and then virtues and talents were unfolded on every side, like newly-culti-

vated land, which gives out all its nourishment. But such kings as are able to judge accurately of the characters of men, and to select them properly, are rare. In general, they suffer themselves to be led by the courtiers who surround them."

"But perhaps," he said, "I may meet with some of these great men, who will patronize me."

"In order to obtain the protection of the great," I answered, "it is necessary to serve them in their views of ambition, or in their pleasures; and you cannot succeed amongst them, for you are without rank, and you have probity and honour."

"But,

“But, I shall be so daring, so faithful, so diligent, so exact in all my duty,” he replied, “that I shall deserve to be adopted by some one amongst them, according to the custom, of which I have seen accounts, in the ancient histories that you have given me to read.”

“Virtue,” said I, “amongst the Greeks and Romans, even in their decline, was held in respect by men in power; but of the number of celebrated characters, which have from obscurity been raised to fame, I do not know one, who has been adopted by any great family. Were it not for our kings, virtue would remain for ever plebeian. Sometimes they treat it
with

with respect, when it becomes known to them; but the distinctions, which formerly were its reward, are now obtained only by money."

"If I cannot acquire the friendship of a man in power," he answered, "I will endeavour to make myself acceptable to some body of men. By entering into their views, and adopting their opinions, I shall gain their affection."

"You will then be like other Europeans," I replied; "you will give up your principles to acquire fortune."

"Oh no!" said he, "I shall always seek the truth."

"You would perhaps in that case," I answered, "make them
enemies

enemies instead of friends. Besides, bodies of men are very little interested in the discovery of truth. The ambitious only desire power, and are perfectly indifferent about all opinions."

"Unfortunate as I am," he cried, "I am every way disappointed. I am condemned to pass an obscure laborious life, and absent from Mary!" And he gave a deep sigh.

"Let Heaven be your only patron," said I, "and look upon the human race as the body that you would serve. Be constant in your duty to both. Great families, communities, kings, people, have their prejudices and their passions; their service often re-
quires

quires the practice of vice. Heaven and mankind are served by the practice of virtue.

“But why do you wish to distinguish yourself from other men? It cannot be a natural desire; because, if it was common to all, each man would be in a state of warfare with his neighbour. Be satisfied with the exercise of your duty in the state in which Providence has placed you; and bless your lot, which enables you to judge and act for yourself; which does not make your happiness depend on the opinion of the multitude, like men in high stations; or oblige you meanly to court the favour of the great for mere support, which is too often the fate of poverty. You are in a country, and
in

in a situation, in which you can obtain all the necessaries of life, without being obliged to deceive, or flatter, or debase yourself, like most of those who are in search of fortune in Europe. In your state you may be allowed the exercise of every virtue: you may, with impunity, be honest, faithful, sincere, informed; patient, temperate, chaste, mild, forgiving, pious; and no sense of ridicule will destroy your judgment, which is now only opening. Heaven has blessed you with liberty, health, a good conscience, and friends. The kings, whose favour you wish to obtain, are not so happy."

"Alas!" he answered, "it is Mary only that I want! Without
her

her I have nothing ; possessed of her I should have every thing. She is to me rank, honour, riches. But, since celebrity is necessary in order to obtain her, I must acquire celebrity. By books and application I shall become learned. I will make myself master of the sciences. I will serve men by instructing them ; and, without hurting any one, without depending upon any one, I shall acquire fame, and owe it only to myself."

" My dear Paul !" said I, " talents are still more rare than birth or riches ; without doubt they are of more value, since no power can take them away, and that the esteem of the public is always attached to them. But they cost dear.

dear. They are to be acquired only by privations of every kind, by a delicacy of feeling which occasions great unhappiness, both in our own minds, and in our commerce with society, from the persecution of cotemporaries. The foldier is not envied by the men of the law, the seaman is not envied by the foldier; but all enter the lists with a man of genius; for all think they have pretensions. You talk of doing good to men! He that produces two blades of glafs where before there grew but one, renders them a more essential service than the man who writes a book for them."

"Oh! the planter of this tree," cried Paul, "made a sweeter and
more

more useful present to the inhabitants of this forest, than if she had given them many volumes!" and he put his arms about the trunk, and eagerly kissed the bark.

"The best of all books," I continued, "which teaches nothing but equality, love, peace, and concord — the Gospel — has for ages served as a pretence to the Europeans for all the horrors of bloodshed. What tyrannies are still exercised in its name! After this, who can flatter themselves with the expectation of being useful to men by their writings? Recollect the history of almost all the philosophers who have taught them wisdom. Homer, whose lessons were cloathed
in.

in such beautiful poetry, depended upon alms for his support. Socrates, whose life and conversation were as mild and as amiable as his doctrine, was condemned by the Athenians to suffer death by poison. His sublime disciple, Plato, was delivered up to bondage, by order of the prince who should have protected him; and before them Pythagoras, who extended his humanity even to the brute creation, was burnt alive by the inhabitants of Croton. And that is not all—most of these illustrious names have descended to us disfigured by some stroke of satire, which characterises them in the opinion of an ungrateful world; and if, amongst the number, the

fame of a few has arrived pure and unfullied to us, it is because those few lived retired, and did not mix with their cotemporaries: like the statues that are dug up entire in the fields of Greece and Italy, and which, from having been buried in the bosom of the earth, have escaped the fury of barbarous nations.

“ In order therefore to acquire the dangerous fame that is obtained by learning, you find that much virtue is requisite; sometimes even the sacrifice of life itself. You think, perhaps, that this sort of fame has attractions for those who are possessed of great wealth in France! They care little for men of letters, whose talents procure neither rank, nor power,
nor

nor even admission at court. There is indeed but little persecution, in an age in which every thing is regarded with indifference, excepting pleasure and riches; but virtue and knowledge cannot hope for any distinguished reward, where every employment in the state is sold for money. Formerly their recompence was certain in the church, the magistracy, or in the administration; but now they are of no use but to make books. The production is still, however, worthy of its divine origin; for to these writings it is reserved to give consolation to the unfortunate, to raise modest merit, to enlighten nations, and to speak truth even to kings: the most sublime em-

ployment which Heaven can bestow upon man. Who would not be consoled for the injustice or contempt of those who are now in power, by reflecting that his work may descend to future ages, and succeeding nations, a bulwark against error, and a curb to tyranny; and that from the bosom of obscurity in which he lived, there will arise a splendor of fame, which will efface that of the kings and princes of the earth; whose monuments are lost in oblivion, in spite of the flattery which raises them?"

"Alas!" answered Paul, "I do not desire these honours, but that Mary may share them, and have the esteem of the whole world.

But

But you, who have acquired so much learning, tell me if I shall obtain her in marriage. I should wish for so much knowledge, as to be able to look into futurity."

"Oh, my dear friend!" said I, "who would wish for life if he knew what was to happen? If an evil which we only apprehend, is capable of giving us so much vain disquiet; the certain expectation of one, would embitter all our days. So far from desiring to know the future, we ought not even to consider the present too deeply. Providence, which gave us reflection to provide against our wants, gave us wants to set bounds to our reflections."

“ However,” said he, “ you tell me, that rank and honours are to be purchased in France with money. I will go to Bengal and make a fortune there, that I may afterwards marry Mary in Europe. I will immediately embark.

I asked him, if he could resolve to abandon his mother, and the mother of Mary ?

He reminded me of having myself advised his going to India, some time before.

“ Mary was then here,” I said ; “ but you are now their only support.”

“ Mary will be able to assist them,” he answered, “ by means of her rich relation.”

“ When

“ When the rich give,” I replied, “ it is generally to those from whom they are likely to receive some credit in the world. Many, that are in affluence, have relations much more distressed in their circumstances than Madame de la Tour is, who, for want of a trifling assistance, have sacrificed their liberty for bread, and pass their lives immured in convents.”

“ O let not Mary remain in such a country !” he cried. “ Let her come back to us ! What need had she of a rich relation ? She was so happy under these thatched roofs ; so beautiful with only a pink handkerchief or a few flowers

about her head!—O Mary, return! Quit your superb apartments and your magnificence. Come back to these rocks, to the shade of these woods, and to our coco-trees. Alas! you are perhaps now unhappy”—and his eyes filled with tears. “O! hide nothing from me. If you cannot tell me whether Mary will be mine, tell me at least if she still loves me, surrounded as she is by those great men, who enjoy the favour of the king.”

“Yes, my good friend,” I answered, “I am sure that she loves you, and I have many reasons for believing it; but the strongest is, that she has a virtuous mind.”

Transported

Transported with these words, he embraced me with an ecstasy of joy.

“But do you think,” said he, “that the European women are as faithless as they are represented to be in plays, and in some of the books which you have furnished me with?”

“Women cannot be faithful,” I answered, “where men are tyrants. Art must always be the consequence of tyranny.”

“How is it possible?” said Paul, “How can a man become the tyrant of a woman?”

“By not consulting their inclinations,” I replied; “by uniting those who are not suited to each other in age, or disposition; by
marrying

marrying a mild, affectionate woman, perhaps, to a cold austere man."

"But," said Paul, "why not unite those who suit each other; who are of the same age, and who love one another?"

"Because most of the young people in France," I answered, "have small fortunes, and that they do not acquire a fund, sufficient to enable them to marry, till they are advanced in years. In their youth, they seduce the wives of others, and after a youth so passed, they cannot become the object of a lasting attachment. They begin with deceiving others, and are themselves deceived in their turn: it is a necessary consequence,

quence, and according to the laws of universal justice, by which the world is governed. One error always balances another. In this manner the Europeans in general pass their lives; and the two-fold disorder is increased, when the wealth of the country is accumulated in few hands. The state may be considered as a garden, in which the small trees do not flourish if large ones overshadow them; but there is this difference, that the beauty of a garden may result from a few great trees; but the prosperity of a state depends upon the number and equality of its subjects, and not upon a few rich men."

“ Why

“Why is it necessary to be rich,” said he, “in order to marry?”

“That people may live in affluence and luxury,” I answered, “and do nothing.”

“But why should not they work?” said Paul, “I find no hardship in labour.”

“Because in Europe,” I replied, “those who are employed in manual labour are degraded; they are called mechanics. Those who cultivate the land are the least esteemed of any. An artist is much more considered than a peasant.”

“Can that labour, upon which they depend for their existence,
be

be despised in Europe?" said he—
 "I do not understand you."

"No, it is not possible," I answered, "that a man, brought up as you have been, in the simplicity of nature, should understand the depravity of society. One may form an idea of what is consistent and according to order; but not of confusion and irregularity. Beauty, virtue, happiness, have fixed and certain bounds; misery, vice, deformity, have none."

"The rich are very happy!" said Paul. "They meet with no obstacles. They may indulge those they love with every gratification, every enjoyment."

"They

“ They have, most of them,” I answered, “ worn out all pleasures, because they procure them without difficulty. You know by experience, that the pleasure of repose must be purchased by fatigue; that of eating, by hunger; of drinking, by thirst. That of loving and being beloved, is only to be acquired by a multitude of privations and sacrifices. The rich lose all these gratifications, because their wants are prevented. And, added to the lassitude which follows satiety, they have a pride proceeding from wealth, which makes them impatient of the loss of pleasure, though they have no enjoyment from the possession of it.

it. The odour of a thousand roses pleases but for a moment; the pain occasioned by one of their thorns is long felt. One hardship, in the midst of luxuries, is to the opulent a thorn amongst flowers. To the poor, on the contrary, one indulgence, in the midst of hardships, is a flower amongst thorns. They have a lively sense of it. The effect of every thing is increased by contrast. Nature measures with an equal hand. Which situation (all things considered) do you think is the more eligible, that in which there is nothing to hope, and every thing to fear; or one, in which there is nothing to fear, and

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every

every thing to hope? The former is the state of the rich; the latter is that of the poor. But these extremes it is difficult for man to support; for his happiness consists in mediocrity and virtue."

He asked me, what I meant by virtue.

"You, my dear child," said I, "who support your parents by your labour, you want no definition of virtue. It is an effort that we make to get the better of our own inclinations, for the good of others, from the pure motive of desiring to obey the laws of God."

"How virtuous then is Mary!" he answered. "Virtue made her accept of riches, that she might be beneficent. Virtue made her

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leave

leave this island ; and virtue will make her return to it." The idea of her return heated his imagination, and his fears vanished. He fancied that she was now upon her passage ; that she had not written, because she was coming herself. With a good wind, the voyage, he observed, was very short. He enumerated the vessels which had performed it in less than three months, though it is four thousand five hundred leagues. She might be on board of one which would make it in less—the marine was so improved ; the ships were better built, and better worked. He talked of the arrangements which he should make for her reception, the new apart-

ment which he should build, and the little pleasures and amusements which he should contrive for her every day, when she became his wife! These thoughts transported him. "You, my dear friend," he added, "will no longer have occasion to do any thing, excepting for your amusement. As Mary will be rich, we shall have a number of negroes, who will be able to work for you. You will live with us, and add to our happiness, and be without care, and at leisure to pursue your own inclinations." He was quite lost and intoxicated with the imaginary joy, and ready to run home to impart it to the family.

But

But violent apprehensions are apt to succeed to warm hopes; for, under the influence of a strong passion, the mind falls from one extreme to the other. After such sanguine expectations, he would, perhaps the next day, return to me, quite oppressed with grief, and say, " Mary does not write to me: if it had been her intention to leave Europe, she would have informed me of it. Alas! the reports concerning her were but too well founded. She is married to the nobleman for whom her aunt intended her. Mary, like many others, has been seduced by riches. In those books, which pourtray the characters of women, virtue is considered only as the subject

for a romance. If Mary had been really virtuous, she would not have left me and her mother. Whilst I am wasting my days, wholly occupied by her, she thinks not of me! I am in affliction; she is engaged by amusements! Alas! that thought fills me with despair. All employment becomes painful to me, all society irksome. Would to Heaven that war was declared in India! for then I would go thither, and meet death."

"My dear friend," said I, "the courage which makes a man seek death, is but momentary. It is often excited by the vain applause of men. There is a courage more necessary, and more uncommon
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—it is that patience which enables us to bear, in silence and in secret, all the crosses and disappointments of life. It is neither produced by the opinion of men or the impulse of our own passions; but by submission to the will of Heaven. Patience is the true courage of virtue.”

“Alas!” he cried, “I am then devoid of virtue! Every thing conspires to oppress me, and make me desperate.”

“To be possessed of an equal, constant, invariable virtue,” I answered, “is not the nature of man. Amidst the passions which agitate us, our reason is often obscured and confounded; but there are lights, by which it may be re-

stored. The aid of these lights we receive from letters, which are a help sent from Heaven. They are rays of that wisdom which governs the universe. Like the rays of the sun, they enlighten, comfort, warm: they are a celestial fire; and, like the elementary fire, they convert all nature to our use. By their means we can assemble together about us all things, all ages, all places, and all men. They bring us back to the rules of human life; calm the passions; repress vice; and excite virtue by the example of those great characters whose names they celebrate. They are the daughters of Heaven, who descend upon earth to charm the cares of the human race. Those

great writers whom they inspire, have always appeared in the times which are most distressful to society—in the ages of barbarism, and the ages of depravity. Letters, my dear friend, have proved a consolation to numberless men more unfortunate than yourself—Xenophon, banished from his country, after having safely conducted home ten thousand Greeks: Scipio Africanus, wearied out by the calumnies, and Lucullus, by the cabals, of the Romans: Catinat, with the ingratitude of his court. The ingenious Greeks assigned to each of the Muses who preside over letters, a particular part of the understanding to direct. In like manner, we should resign our passions to their

government, that they may restrain them with a bit and bridle. They have, with regard to the powers of our mind, the same functions as the Hours, which harnessed and drove the coursers of the Sun. Apply yourself then to books, my dear friend. The sages who have written before our time, are travellers who have preceded us in the paths of woe, and who stretch forth their hands to us, and invite us to join them, when all things else forsake us. A well-written book is a good friend!"

"Alas!" cried Paul, "I wanted no books when Mary was here. She had no more learning than myself; but when she looked at me, and called me her friend, it
was

was not possible to feel any distresses."

"Certainly," said I, "no friend can be like a mistress by whom we are beloved. There is, besides, in woman a lightness and cheerfulness of disposition, which softens the severe temper of man. Her charms disperse the dark phantoms of the imagination; her countenance inspires love and confidence. What pleasure is not rendered more exquisite by her participation? what cares are not banished by her smiles? what anger can resist her tears? Mary will return more of a philosopher than you are. She will be surprised to find that the garden is neglected; she, who has thought only of embellishing

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ing it, notwithstanding the persecution she has met with from her aunt, and banished as she is from you and from her mother."

The expectation of Mary's return renewed his courage, and made him resume his usual occupations upon the farm—rendered happy in his labour, by proposing an end to his employments which flattered his love!

One morning, at break of day, it was the 24th of December 1752, Paul, when he arose, perceived a white flag unfurled upon the mountain *de la Decouverte*, which was the sign usually given when a vessel was descried off the coast. He ran to the town, to see if it brought any news of Mary. He waited
till

till the return of the pilot, who was gone out, as is customary, to reconnoitre. He did not come back till night. He brought word to the Governor, that the vessel was the St. Gerand, 700^r tons, commanded by Capt. Aubin; that she was four leagues out at sea, and would not be able to make the port till the next evening; and not then, unless the wind proved favourable. There was at that time none. The pilot delivered to him all the letters which came from France. Amongst the rest, there was one for Madame de la Tour, directed in Mary's own hand. Paul immediately seized it, kissed it with transport, and ran home with it. When he was within sight of the family,

family, who were waiting for his return upon the Farewell Rock, he held up the letter in the air, without being able to speak; and they all went directly to Madame de la Tour's house to hear it read. Mary informed her mother, that she had been very ill treated by her great aunt, who would have forced her to marry against her inclinations; that she had afterwards disinherited her, and had now sent her back at a time which necessarily occasioned her to arrive during the stormy season. She said, she had endeavoured to soften her, by reminding her of her former affection for Madame de la Tour, and what she owed to her; but her aunt had only called her a silly girl,

girl, whose head was turned with romances. However, she could now think of nothing but the happiness of seeing and embracing her dear family, and that, in the impatience to gratify her ardent wishes to join them, she would have embarked with the pilot, and have gone to land with him in his boat, if the Captain would have suffered it; but he had absolutely refused to let her go, because they were at a great distance from the shore, and that there appeared to be a prodigious swell out at sea, notwithstanding the stillness of the wind where they were.

All the family, in transports of joy, cried out, "Mary is come!" "Mary is come!" Servants and all embraced

embraced each other. Madame de la Tour desired Paul to acquaint me with her arrival; and immediately Domingo lighted a torch of round-wood, and he and Paul set out for my house.

It might be about ten o'clock at night. I had just extinguished my lamp, and was gone to bed, when I perceived, through the paliades of my cottage, a light in the wood. Soon after, I heard the voice of Paul calling out to me. I got up, and was scarcely dressed, when Paul ran to me, and, quite out of breath, took me in his arms, saying, "Let us go to the port! Mary is arrived! Let us go to the port; the vessel will anchor there to-morrow at break of day."

We

We fat out directly. After we had crossed the woods of the Long Mountain, and were upon the road which leads from Pamplémouffe to the port, I heard the footsteps of some one behind us. It was a negro, who was advancing in great haste; and when he came up with us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going? He said, "I come from that district of the island, which is called Poudre d'or: I am sent to give notice to the Governor, that a French ship, at anchor under the island of Amber, is firing minute guns: the sea is stormy, and the vessel is in distress." When he had done speaking, he left us immediately, and hurried on.

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“ Let us go to the district of Poudre d’or,” said I, “ we shall be nearer to the vessel; it is but three leagues from hence.” We turned back, and took the road which leads to the northern part of the island. There was a close and suffocating heat. The moon was risen, and surrounded with three obscure circles. The sky was of a fearful darkness.

By the flashes of lightning, which rapidly succeeded each other, we could perceive vast volumes of clouds, black and low, which were driven with impetuosity from the sea, though not a breeze was felt upon the land. They seemed to be collected together and to hover over the center of the island. As we

went along the road, we thought we heard thunder; but stopping to listen attentively, we found that it was the report of cannon, repeated by the echoes. These distant guns, joined to the stormy appearance of the sky, made me tremble. I had no doubt that they were the signals of distress of some devoted vessel. After half an hour, we heard the cannon no more. And the cessation was more dreadful and alarming than the mournful sounds which had preceded it.

We hastened forward without speaking, not daring to communicate our apprehensions to each other. Towards midnight we came, melted with heat, to the coast in the district of Poudre d'or.

The waves dashed with fury against the shore; the rocks and shingles were covered with froth white as snow, and sparks of fire. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, we could distinguish, by these phosphoric lights, the barks of the fishermen drawn in far upon the beach.

At some distance, near the entrance of a wood, we saw several of the inhabitants assembled round a fire. We went to them, in order to sit down and wait there till morning. Whilst we were sitting near the fire, one of the company told us, that in the evening he had seen a vessel in the open sea, driving with a strong current towards the island: that the darkness
coming

coming on he had lost sight of it; and that two hours afterwards he had heard distress guns, but there was so high a sea, that no boat could venture out to her assistance: soon after, he thought he had seen her lanterns lighted, and if that was the fact, he should apprehend that the vessel, being come so near the shore, was run between the land and the isle of Amber, mistaking it perhaps for the point of Mira, which is the ship's road to Port Lewis; and if that should be the case, which, however, he could by no means be sure of, the vessel must be in the most imminent danger.—Another of them told us, that he had often crossed the channel which divides the island

of Amber from the coast ; that he had founded it ; that the bottom and the anchorage were good ; and that the vessel would be as safe there as in the best harbour. “ If I was on board a ship in that channel, with all that I am worth,” said he, “ I should be perfectly easy.”—A third said, that it was impossible for the vessel to get into the channel at all ; for that there was hardly depth sufficient for a fishing-boat. He assured us, that he had seen the vessel at anchor beyond the isle of Amber, so that if the wind should rise in the morning, she would have it in her power, either to put out to sea, or to make the harbour.—Several others also gave their opinions ;

nions; they were all different; and whilst they were arguing with one another about them, according to the custom of Creoles who have nothing to do, Paul and I kept a profound silence. We stayed there till the first glimmering of the dawn; but there was not light enough to discover any object at sea, which was, besides, covered with mist; we could however discern a little dark spot, in the distance, like a cloud, which we were told was the isle of Amber, about a quarter of a league from the land. From the obscurity of the morning, we could only distinguish the line of coast where we were, and the craggy points of some of the

mountains, in the interior part of the island; which appeared from time to time, in the midst of the clouds which floated round them.

About seven o'clock, we heard the sound of drums in the wood; it was the Governor, M. de la Bourdonaye, who came on horseback, followed by a detachment of soldiers with their muskets, and a great number of the white inhabitants and negroes. He ordered the men to draw up in a line upon the shore, and to discharge all their pieces at once. As soon as they had fired, we perceived a light upon the sea, which was immediately succeeded by the report of a cannon. We judged from thence that the vessel
was

was very near, and we all ran to the side where we had seen the light. We could then discern through the mist, the hulk and rigging of a large vessel. We were so near to it, that, notwithstanding the roaring of the waves, we could hear the whistle of the boatswain, directing the men, and the three cheers of the sailors, who cried out, "Vive le Roi!" for it is the exclamation of the French in great danger, as well as in times of rejoicing; as if they called upon their prince to assist them in their distress, or wished to express that they were ready to die for his service.

From the time that the St. Gerand perceived that there were

G 4 people

people on the shore ready to assist her, she did not cease to fire guns every three minutes.

M. de la Bourdonaye ordered great fires to be made along the sands, and sent to all the inhabitants in the neighbourhood for provisions, planks, ropes, and empty barrels; and numbers of them arrived soon after, followed by their negroes, loaded with every thing which might possibly be useful in this distress; not only from the settlements in Poudre d'or, but from the district of Flacque, and the river of the Rampart. One of the oldest inhabitants went up to the Governor, and told him, that he had heard hollow sounds in the mountain; that in the woods he had

had observed the leaves to shake without wind; and that the sea-birds had come to land for refuge: all which were certain signs of an approaching hurricane. "My good neighbours," said the Governor, "we expect it, and have prepared for it as well as we can; and the vessel also has, without doubt, taken all the precautions that are possible."

In fact, there was every pre-
sage of tempestuous weather. The
clouds in the zenith were of por-
tentous black in the middle, and
fringed with angry red. The air
resounded with the cries of tropic
and man-of-war birds, Indian terns,
and multitudes of sea-fowl, which,
notwithstanding the darkness of
the

the atmosphere, came from every quarter of the horizon to seek shelter on the island.

Towards nine o'clock, tremendous sounds, like peals of thunder and cataracts of water, were heard off the shore. All present cried out, "The hurricane! The hurricane!" and in a moment, a furious whirlwind swept away the fog which hung over the isle of Amber and its channel. The *St. Gerand* was then distinctly seen; her deck crowded with people; her mainmast cut away; her flag reversed; with four cables at the prow, and one at the stern. She had anchored between the isle of Amber and the main land, within the circle of breakers, with which
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the Isle of France is furrounded, and which she had got through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. Her head was turned to the tide, and each fresh roll of the sea heaved her prow, and lifted her keel above the water; the same motion sunk her whole stern, and we lost sight of her as if she had been swallowed up. In this situation, with wind and tide driving her towards the land, it was impossible she could get back the way she came, or, by cutting her cables, venture to run upon the sands, on account of the banks and breakers which intervened. Every wave which broke against the shore, drove with fury up to the extremity of the creeks, and bounding

bounding over the cliffs, threw broad sheets of water in upon the land to the distance of fifty feet, and then retiring again, the coast was left dry; and the pebbles rolling violently back with the tide, added a hoarse and horrid sound to the roaring of the water. The wind increasing the swell, the sea ran higher every moment, and the whole channel was one sheet of white foam, divided only by dark hollows: this foam was heaped up to the height of six feet in the bays; and the wind, which swept its surface, carried large flakes of it over the country, like a horizontal snow driven from the sea to the foot of the mountains. The whole atmosphere threatened a
long

long continuance of storm; the sea and sky were scarcely distinguishable from each other. Vast volumes of clouds, of portentous appearance, were continually detached from the mass, and whirled across the zenith with the utmost velocity; whilst others remained fixed and immoveable as rocks. No tint of blue appeared in the firmament; but a livid, tawny light tinged all the objects of land, and sea, and air.

In the heel of the ship, what we apprehended came to pass. The cables a-head gave way; and there being only one left at the stern, she was thrown upon the rocks, half a cable-length from the shore.

There was then one universal cry

of distress amongst us. Paul would have thrown himself into the sea; but I seized him by the arm, and said, "My dear friend! would you destroy yourself?" "Let me go to her assistance, or let me perish!" he answered. As his despair took away all reason, Domingo and I, to prevent his destruction, tied a long cord round his waist, and held the end of it. Paul then advanced towards the St. Gerand, sometimes swimming, sometimes climbing upon the reef, and was not without hopes of getting on board; for, in the irregularity of its motions, the sea retired at different intervals, and left the vessel nearly upon dry land, so that one might almost have walked

§ round

round her; but it instantly returned with double fury, and overwhelmed her with vast volumes of water, and dashed the unfortunate Paul back upon the strand, half drowned, his legs bleeding, and his breast torn and bruised. No sooner did he recover his respiration, than he returned with increasing ardour towards the vessel, which was now going to pieces, unable any longer to resist the violence of the shocks. The hopeless crew threw themselves into the sea, upon the masts and planks, upon hen-coops, tables, and empty barrels: and then appeared, in the gallery of the St. Gerand, an object of everlasting pity and regret! A female figure, extending her
arms

arms towards the man who was making such efforts to go to her assistance.—It was Mary—and, by his intrepidity, she had discovered her beloved Paul. The sight of this charming woman, in a situation so full of horror, filled all the beholders with grief. As for her, with the most perfect calmness and fortitude, she made signs to us, and waved her hands to bid us farewell for ever. All the sailors had now left the vessel; one only remained upon the deck, naked, and strong as Hercules. He respectfully approached Mary: we saw him throw himself upon his knees, and try even to divest her of her cloaths; but she turned away her head, and with mild dignity
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put him from her. All the spectators doubled their cries of "Save her! Save her! Don't leave her!" But in the same instant a mountainous sea was forced with double fury up the channel, and threatened immediate destruction to the vessel—at its dread approach the sailor plunged alone into the water; and Mary, seeing inevitable death before her, drew her cloaths about her with one hand, and held the other to her heart; and, raising her serene eyes to heaven, appeared like an angel ready to ascend to his native skies.

O day of woe! Alas, all was in a moment swallowed up and lost. The surge drove far back upon the beach such of the spectators

as had been led by their humanity to advance towards Mary, as well as the sailor who had wished to save her by swimming. This man, miraculously escaped from death, kneeled upon the sands, and gave thanks to God for having preserved his life; "which, alas!" said he, "I would have freely given to have saved that lovely lady, who would not be prevailed upon to undress as we did." Domingo and I drew the wretched Paul out of the water senseless; the blood streaming from his mouth and ears. The Governor gave him into the care of the surgeons; and we searched along the sands, to see if the body of Mary might haply have been thrown upon the shore;

but the wind having suddenly shifted, as it very commonly does in these hurricanes, we had the additional regret of thinking that we should not be able to pay our last duties to the unfortunate Mary. We left the place in all the consternation of grief; and, in a wreck where so many had perished, the loss of one individual seemed to engross the thoughts of all present. Many, from having seen the fatal end of such unspotted innocence, doubted even if there could exist a Providence; for there are misfortunes so dreadful and so undeserved, that even the hope of the faithful may be shaken.

In the mean time, Paul, who began to shew signs of returning

fense, was carried to a neighbouring house, till he should be sufficiently recovered to be sent home. I went back with Domingo, to prepare the mother of Mary and her friend for this bitter misfortune. When we were near the entrance of the valley of the river Latana, we met some negroes, who informed us, that the tide had driven a great number of planks, and other parts of the wreck, into the opposite bay. We turned back immediately, and went down to it, and one of the first objects that I beheld upon the shore was the body of Mary, half covered with sand, and exactly in the attitude in which we had last seen her. Her fea-
4 tures

tures were not sensibly altered. Her eyes were closed; yet there was a serenity still upon her countenance; but the pale purple of death was mixed with the blush of virgin modesty. One hand still held her cloaths; the other, which was pressed to her bosom, was closed and stiff. It was with some difficulty that I opened it, and took out a little box: but what were my sensations when I found that it contained the picture of Paul, which she had promised never to part with whilst she had life! At sight of this last proof of love and constancy I wept bitterly. Poor Domingo beat his breast, and pierced the air with his cries.—We

H 3 carried

carried her to the house of a fisherman, and gave some Malabar women charge of her.

Whilst they were occupied in some of the last sad offices, we went up to the cottages, in the greatest agitation of mind. We found Madame de la Tour and Margaret praying, and waiting in anxious expectation for news of the vessel. As soon as Madame de la Tour saw me, she called out, "Where is my child? my dear child?" and when, by my silence and my tears, she could no longer doubt of her loss, she was seized with suffocation, and all the agonies of grief, and of despair. Margaret eagerly cried, "Where is my son? I do not see my son!"
and

and she fainted away; we ran to her, and, having brought her to herself, I assured her that Paul was safe, and that the Governor had given orders that he should have every attention paid to him. As soon as she recovered, she was engrossed by her attendance upon her friend, who fell into long fits of fainting, and passed a dreadful night. From these long and severe attacks, I judged that no grief is equal to that of a mother for her child. When her senses returned, she raised her fixed and melancholy eyes to heaven. In vain her friend and I pressed her hands between ours; in vain we strove to awaken her attention to us by the tenderest
H 4 expressions;

expressions; she remained insensible to all the tokens of our long friendship, and no sound but of deep and heavy sighs came from her oppressed bosom.

In the morning, Paul was laid in a palanquin and brought home. He had recovered his senses; but had not been able to utter a word. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour, which I had at first apprehended, was productive of more good effects than any thing which I had tried before. A gleam of comfort appeared upon the countenance of the two afflicted mothers. They both sat down by him, took him in their arms, kissed him; and their tears, which had
been

been suspended by the excess of their grief, now began to flow. Paul soon mixed his tears with theirs: and, after nature had been thus relieved, their passionate grief subsided, and they fell into a state of stupefaction and torpor, which continued a long time, and procured them a sort of lethargic repose, which may indeed be compared to that of death.

M. de la Bourdonaye sent privately to acquaint me, that the body of Mary had been removed to the town by his order, and that from thence it would be carried to the church of Pamplémouffe. I went immediately down to Port Lewis, where I found the inhabitants assembled together
from

from all parts of the country to attend the funeral. The vessels in the port had their yards crossed, their flags reversed, and they fired cannon at long intervals. The grenadiers walked first in the procession, with their muskets inclined. Their drums, covered with long crapes, returned a deep and melancholy sound; and dejection was in the looks of those veterans, who had so often met danger with a firm and steady countenance. Eight young women, the daughters of the most considerable families, dressed in white, and with branches of palm in their hands, carried the remains of their innocent companion, adorned with flowers; next came a number of children

children singing hymns in chorus; after them walked all the principal persons of the island, the officers and magistrates belonging to the town; and, lastly, the Governor, followed by a multitude of the populace. This was what had been appointed by Government, to shew all possible honour and respect for her memory. But when the procession came to the foot of this mountain, when they saw these cottages, of which she had been the delight, and which her death now filled with despair, all the funeral pomp was forgotten; the hymns and psalms ceased to be sung; and in their stead nothing was heard but lamentation. A number of young girls came down
from

from different parts of the country, to touch the bier with handkerchiefs, and chaplets, and wreaths of flowers, with the veneration which they would have shewn for the holy relics of a saint. Mothers supplicated Heaven that their daughters might imitate her virtues. The young men desired to be blessed with love so constant. The poor prayed for such a friend, and slaves for so kind a mistress.

Arrived at the place of interment, the female negroes of Madagascar, and the Caffrarians of Mosambica, deposited baskets of fruit round the bier, and hung pieces of stuffs upon the neighbouring trees, according to the custom of their country. The
Indian

Indian women of Bengal, and of the Malabar coast, brought cages full of birds, to which they gave their liberty, releasing them over her coffin, and letting them fly — so touching to all nations is the loss of an amiable woman; and round the tomb of unfortunate virtue, all religions are united!

There were guards placed round the grave, and they were obliged to keep back some of the daughters of the poor, who were ready to throw themselves into it, saying, that they had lost their only friend, and that they would follow her, for they had no hope left upon earth.

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She was buried near the church of Pamplémouffe, on the western side, under some bamboos, where she had been accustomed to repose herself, after she had been at mass with her mother and Margaret, seated by the side of him, whom she then called brother.

After the funeral ceremony was over, M. de la Bourdonaye called to see the family, attended by part of his numerous retinue. He offered to Madame de la Tour and Margaret, every assistance in his power. He said a few words, expressive of his indignation against her unnatural aunt; and then, going up to Paul, he said every thing which he thought
might

might be most capable of giving him comfort. "Heaven knows," said he, "that I only wished to promote your happiness and the happiness of the whole family. You must go to France, my young friend; I will take care that you shall have a commission in the army; and, in your absence, I will have as much attention to your mother as if she was my own;" and he took hold of his hand; but Paul withdrew it, and turned away his head.

As for me, I stayed in the house with my afflicted friends, that I might give them every assistance that I was capable of. At the end of three weeks, Paul had so far recovered as to be able to walk; but

but his grief increased with his strength. He appeared insensible to every thing; his eyes were extinct, and when we spoke to him, he did not answer. Madame de la Tour, languid and almost exhausted, often said, "My dear son, as long as you continue with me, I think that I behold Mary." The sound of her name always occasioned a tremor, and he left them, in spite of his mother's entreaties, who requested him to stay with her friend. He used to go to the foot of Mary's coco-tree, and sit with his eyes fixed upon her fountain. The Governor's surgeon, who had attended him and the ladies with the greatest care, told us, that the most probable
means

means of relieving him from the gloomy state of mind into which he was fallen, was to let him pursue his own inclinations, without contradicting him in any thing; and that it was the only way by which we could hope to conquer his mournful and determined silence.

I determined to follow his advice. The first use that Paul made of his returning health, was to go to a distance from home. As I never lost sight of him, I set out immediately after him, and told Domingo to take some provisions, and to follow us. As he descended the hill, his strength and spirits seemed to be renewed. He turned directly to the road which leads to

Pamplémouffe; and when he was near the church, in the avenue of bamboos, he went strait to the place where he saw that the earth had been lately moved: there he kneeled down, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he made a long prayer. From this proceeding I conceived good hopes that he would recover to a sane mind; for his devotion to the Supreme Being shewed that his thoughts were taking their natural course. Domingo and I followed his example, and kneeled, and prayed with him. He afterwards went towards the northern side of the island, and walked on without much attending to us. As I was sure that he did not know that the body of Mary had been found,

found, much less where it had been interred, I ventured to ask him what particular reason he had for praying under the bamboos; he only answered, "We have been there so often together!"

He continued his way to the entrance of the forest; there, being overtaken by the night, we were obliged to stop, and I prevailed upon him to take some nourishment; we afterwards lay down at the foot of a tree, and slept upon the grass. The next day I thought that he had some inclination to go back; for he looked for some time towards the church of Pamplémouffe, and her long avenues of bamboo, and made a few steps as if he was going that

way; but he suddenly turned about, and rushed into the forest, continuing his course to the north. I then began to guess his intention, and in vain endeavoured to divert him from it. We came about noon to the district of Poudre d'or. He descended with a quick step to the sea-shore, opposite to the place where the St. Gerand had been lost. When he came within view of the isle of Amber and the Channel, which was then smooth as glass; he cried out, "Mary! My dear Mary!" and sunk down without sense upon the ground. Domingo and I carried him into the interior part of the wood, and with some difficulty recovered him. When his senses were restored,

stored, he would have gone again to the coast; but, having entreated him not to renew his grief and ours by such cruel recollections, he took another road. In this manner he continued for a whole week, wandering from place to place, and visiting all the spots where he remembered to have been with the companion of his childhood. He went through the bye paths to the Black River, the same way which he had gone with Mary, when she solicited the pardon of the mulatto slave; and from thence to the banks of the river of Three Breasts, where she sat down, unable to walk any farther; and then to that part of the wood where they lost themselves. Every spot

which recalled to his mind her amusements, her cares, her beneficence, her repasts—the river of the Long Mountain, my little hut, the neighbouring water-fall, the papayer which she had planted, the turf on which she used to run, the openings in the wood where she delighted to sing, all by turns excited his grief; and the same echoes which had so often returned the sounds of their joy, now only repeated these melancholy accents—“Mary! My dear Mary!”

In this wild and wandering life, his eyes sunk, his lips grew wan, and his health declined. Well convinced that the memory of past pleasures increases the sense of present evil, and that the passions
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have a double force in solitude, I resolved to remove my unfortunate friend from the scenes which so continually reminded him of his loss, and to take him to those parts of the island where there was most dissipation. For this purpose I went with him to the inhabited heights in the district of Williams, where he had never been. Agriculture and commerce made this a scene of great business and variety. There were companies of carpenters employed, some in squaring the timber, others sawing the planks; carriages coming and going on the roads; herds of cattle and great numbers of horses feeding in extensive pastures, and the country full of houses and vil-

lages. From the high situation of the ground, many of the vegetable productions of Europe succeed there; and we saw crops of wheat in different parts of the plain, large beds of strawberries in the open spaces of the woods, and rose-hedges along the roads. The coolness of the air tends to brace the nerves, and is reckoned salutary to the Europeans. From these heights, which occupy the center of the island, and are surrounded by vast woods, there are no views of the sea, or of Port Lewis, or Pamplémouffe, or of any thing that could recall the lost Mary to his mind. Even the mountains, which are varied, and divided into different branches on the

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the side of Port Lewis, on the plains of Williams appear only as one long perpendicular cliff, surmounted by high pyramids of rock, where the clouds often rest.

It was to these plains that I conducted Paul. I kept him in continual motion. I walked with him in the heat, and in the rain, in the night, and in the day; purposely losing him in the woods and fields, and newly-cultivated grounds, in hopes to relieve his mind by fatiguing his body, and to engage his attention for a moment, by the difficulty of finding our way, and our ignorance of the places in which we were. But the beloved object is every where present to the lover: neither night, nor day,
neither

neither the calm of solitude, nor the busy scenes of the world, nor even time itself, which fades so many images, has power to remove her idea from him: like the needle, which, however it may be agitated, always turns to the pole when it subsides. I asked Paul, when we were lost in the plains of Williams, which way we should go: he turned to the North, and said, "Those are our mountains; let us go back to them."

I found that all my efforts to dissipate his thoughts were ineffectual, and that I had no resource left but to try, with all the efforts of my feeble reason, to make his passion act against itself: I therefore said to him, "Yes, those are
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the mountains where your dear Mary lived, and this is the portrait that you gave her, and which dying she pressed to her heart, whose last pulse beat for you." And at the same time I held out to him the little picture which he had given to Mary under the coco-trees. He passionately seized it with his feeble hands, and put it to his lips. His respiration became oppressed, and his eyes grew red with tears which could not flow.

"My dear friend," I said to him, "listen to me who love you, who loved Mary, and who, in the midst of all your young hope, endeavoured to fortify your mind against the unforeseen calamities
of

of life. What is it that you deplore with such bitterness of grief? Is it your own misfortune? or, is it Mary's?

“Your's is indeed great. You have lost the most lovely of women, who would have become the most excellent of wives. She had sacrificed her interests to yours, and, in preference to fortune, had chosen you, as the only reward adequate to her virtues. But, instead of proving the source of pure and disinterested happiness to you, she might have been the cause of infinite misery. She was disinherited, and without resource. You must have supported yourself and her by hard labour. Rendered more delicate by her education,

tion, and her force of mind even increased by difficulty, you would have seen her sinking by degrees under her efforts to lessen your fatigue. If she had had children, it would have augmented all your cares. How would it have been possible for you to have maintained a young family, and your parents far advanced in years?"

"You may say, that the Governor would have assisted you; but, in a colony where the administration is continually changing, you could not always expect to have such men as M. de la Bourdonaye. There might have been Governors without morals, without principles, to whom your wife would have been obliged to pay court,

court, in order to obtain a paltry supply. If she had been discreet, you would probably have remained poor—and even happy if her beauty and her virtue had not subjected you to the persecution of those from whom you expected assistance!

“ ‘There is,’ you will say, ‘a happiness, independent of fortune, the happiness of protecting the object of our affections, whose attachment is increased by distress. By the excess of my anxiety she would have felt consoled; my sufferings would have made her forget her own.’ These, I allow, are a sort of bitter pleasures, which love and virtue are capable of enjoying.—But she is no more; there
remains,

remains, however, what next to yourself she held dearest; your mother, and her own—who will be brought to the grave by your inconsolable grief. Let it be the pleasure of your life, as it was of her's, to attend upon them and support them. Beneficence is the delight of the virtuous; it is the greatest and most secure of all earthly happiness. The schemes of ease, enjoyment, ambition, luxury, are not made for the transitory life of feeble man. Into what misery have we been plunged, from one step only in pursuit of riches! You, it is true, opposed it; but who would not have expected the voyage of Mary to have terminated in the happiness of you both? The invitation of
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a rich and aged relation; the counsel of an enlightened Governor; the approbation of a whole colony; the exhortations and authority of a priest, decided her fate—and it thus we run to our own destruction, led into error by the prudence even of those by whose opinions we are governed. It would have been better, no doubt, not to have listened to them; not to have trusted to the promises of a deceitful world. But, after all, among the number of those who go to India in quest of riches, or who remain at home and enjoy the luxuries which are brought back to Europe—among all the individuals whom we now see working in this plain—there is not one who is not destined some day to lose
what

what is most dear to him; grandeur, riches, wife, children, friends. Most of them, in addition to their loss, may have the pain of thinking that they contributed to their misfortunes by their own folly. But you, when you examine your own heart, can have nothing to reproach yourself with. You have been truly faithful; and, by not departing from the sentiments of nature, you acted with the wisdom of age, in the flower of your youth. Your views alone were without error, because they were pure, simple, disinterested, and that your right to Mary was a sacred right which no fortune could balance. You have lost her; and it is not by your imprudence, or

by the false wisdom of the world, or your desire of gain, that you are deprived of her; but by the hand of Providence, which employed the passions of others to take from you the object of your affections; and Heaven, the author and giver of all good, knows what is best for you, and now leaves you no cause for that repentance and despair, which we feel for evils that we have brought upon ourselves.

“ You may, in your affliction, say, I have not deserved it. Is it then the misfortune of Mary, her death, or her present state, that you deplore? Her fate is the same that birth, and beauty, and even empire must submit to. When
she

she came into the world, she was condemned to die: and she is to be accounted happy that the bonds of life were dissolved before she lost her mother, your's, before she lost you—by which she would have suffered many deaths before the last!

“ Death, my dear friend, is a blessing to all—it is the night of this restless day, which is called life—the sleep, which for ever eases us from pain, and sickness, and sorrow, and all the doubts and fears which incessantly agitate the living. Examine those whose lot appears the most to be envied: you will find that they have very dearly bought their boasted happiness; reputation in the world

has been purchased perhaps by domestic evils; riches, by loss of health; the fortunate and rare blessing of being beloved, by continual sacrifices; and often, at the end of a life which has been devoted to others, they see themselves surrounded only by interested friends and ungrateful relations. But Mary's lot was unchanged to the last; she was happy, whilst she remained with us, by the blessings of nature, and after she had left us, by her virtues: and even in that awful moment when she perished in our sight, she might still be accounted happy; for, whichever way she cast her eyes, she saw herself the object of affection; whether towards you, who

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were,

were, with such intrepidity striving to go to her assistance, or to a whole colony, anxious and trembling for her safety. Conscious of her innocence, she looked forward to futurity without dismay, and she received the reward which is reserved for the virtuous; for Heaven gave her fortitude, which raised her above danger; and she met death with a firm and serene countenance.

“ The different events of life are trials, by which Heaven proves the virtuous, and shews that they alone can profit by them, and turn them to their glory and honour. Those who are destined to illustrious fame, are raised to some exalted and conspicuous situation,

and have to combat against death: their courage then serves as an example, and posterity pays the tribute of their tears to the memory of their misfortunes. This everlasting monument is reserved for them, in a world where all perishes and vanishes away, and in which the fame of kings is soon buried in oblivion.

“ But Mary still exists. Everything changes upon earth; but nothing is lost. All the art of man could not annihilate the smallest particle of matter; and is it possible that what possessed reason, benevolence, love, virtue, piety, should have perished, when the elements which composed the outward form that contained it, cannot be destroyed?

stroyed? Oh! if Mary was happy whilst she was with us, she is much more so now. There is a Supreme Being, my dear friend: all nature bears witness of him; I have no need of arguments to prove it to you. Nothing but the wickedness of men, can make them deny the eternal Justice which they have reason to fear. The sentiment of his existence is in your heart, as his works are before your eyes. Can you believe then, that Mary has been left unrewarded? Can you suppose that the same Power, which enclosed her exalted soul in a form so beautiful, that it bespoke its divine original, could not have saved

her from the waves? That he who regulated the present happiness of man, according to laws which we do not comprehend, cannot prepare a future state of happiness for her, according to laws that are equally unknown to us? When we were yet uncreated, if we had been capable of thought, could we have formed any idea of our present existence? and, now that we are in this dark and transitory life, can we foresee what is beyond the gates of death, through which we must necessarily pass when we go out of it? Does the Creator want this little globe for the display of his wisdom and goodness, like feeble man; and,
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can the human race be only multiplied in the fields of death? There is not a drop of water in the ocean, which does not teem with living creatures that bear affinity to ourselves; and, is it possible, that in the number of planets which roll over our heads, there should be nothing which has any relation to us? Is the Supreme Wisdom and Beneficence limited to the spot which we inhabit? and, can those innumerable and shining worlds, and the surrounding fields of light which no darkness can obscure, be an empty useless space, an eternal vacuum! If we, who of ourselves have nothing, should dare to assign limits to that Power
from

from whose hands we have received every thing, we might think that we were here upon the boundary of his empire, where life combats against death, and innocence against tyranny.

“ Without doubt there somewhere exists a place where virtue receives its reward, and Mary is happy. Oh! if she could now speak to you, she would say, as she did when she left you: ‘ O Paul, life is only a trial. I have been obedient to the laws of nature, of love, and of virtue. I crossed the seas in obedience to my relations; I renounced wealth, and preserved my faith to you, and my innocence to the last. It pleased Heaven to
finish .

finish my course. I have escaped for ever from all the difficulties, the storms, the miseries of life, and the sight of the sufferings of others. None of the evils which threaten man can henceforth reach me ; and you pity me ! I am pure and unchangeable as a particle of light ; and you would call me back to the darkness of the world !—O Paul ! O my dear friend ! remember those days of delight, when heaven seemed to open with the sun upon the pikes of the mountain, and spread through the forest with his rays ; we felt an enchantment of which we did not know the cause. In the innocence of our hearts we wished to be all sight, to behold
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the beautiful colours of the dawn; all smell, to enjoy the fragrance of our plants; all ear, to hear the melody of the birds; and all soul, to express our gratitude for such blessings. Now, placed at the source from which every thing that is lovely upon earth is derived, my mind enjoys, and sees, and hears, and touches, without intervention, what formerly could only be made present to me through the medium of feeble organs. Oh! what language could describe those coasts of eternal day, which are my habitation for ever! All that infinite power and celestial goodness could create, to console a suffering being; all that the affection of innumerable

numerable spirits, partaking of the same unspeakable bliss, can give of harmony to our general happiness, we enjoy pure and unalloyed. Support your present trial, that hereafter you may still add to the felicity of your Mary, by love which shall know no end, by a Hymen whose torch can never more be extinguished. Then I will calm your regrets; then I shall wipe away your tears. O, my friend! my espoused! raise your soul to eternity, that you may be enabled to bear the sufferings of a moment."

From the emotion I felt myself, I ceased to speak. Paul, looking stedfastly at me, cried out, "She
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is no more ! She is no more !” and a long oppression succeeded these melancholy words. Afterwards, when he was a little recovered, he said, “ Since death then is a blessing, and that Mary is happy, I will die also, and go to her.” All that I had suggested for his consolation, had therefore only tended to nourish his despair. I was like a man endeavouring to save his friend who has fallen into the water, and who absolutely refuses to swim. Grief had overwhelmed him. Alas ! it is the sufferings of the first years which prepare a man to enter into life, and Paul had never experienced any.

I brought

I brought him home. I found his mother and Madame de la Tour in a state of languor, which had increased during our absence. Margaret appeared to be the most dejected. Those characters which, from vivacity of temper, pass lightly over common misfortunes, are the soonest overcome by great afflictions.

“O my good neighbour!” said she, “I thought, in my dreams last night, that I saw Mary clad in white, walking in delightful woods and gardens. She told me that she enjoyed unspeakable happiness; and then, coming towards Paul with a smiling countenance, she took him away with her. Whilst

I was endeavouring to detain my son, I felt myself quitting the earth, and with a sensation of pleasure that I cannot describe. I turned to take leave of my friend, and saw her following, with Frances and Domingo. But, what is still more remarkable, Madame de la Tour had a dream this same night, which resembled mine in almost every circumstance."

"My dear friend," I answered, "nothing can happen upon this earth without the permission of Heaven. Dreams sometimes announce the truth."

Madame de la Tour related to me the dream she had had the night before, which differed but little

little from that of Margaret. I had never observed, in either of my friends, any tendency to superstition; I was the more struck therefore with the coincidence of these dreams, and I doubted not, in my own mind, that they would be realised. That the truth is sometimes revealed to us during our sleep, is an opinion which has prevailed amongst all the nations of the earth. It has been believed by the greatest characters of antiquity; amongst others, by Alexander, Cæsar, the two Scipio's, the two Cato's, and Brutus, who certainly had not a weak mind. Both the Old and the New Testament furnish many examples of dreams

which have been fulfilled. For myself, I have need only of my own experience to convince me, that dreams are admonitions, which we receive from some intelligent being for our good. But it is not possible either to defend or to refute by argument, things which surpass human understanding.— However, if the reason of man is but an image of that of the Supreme Being; as man is able to convey his intentions by hidden ways from one end of the earth to the other, why may not the Wisdom, which governs the universe, employ like means for the same end? A friend sends consolation to a friend in a letter, which crosses

various kingdoms, and passes through contending nations, and brings hope and joy to one individual; why may not the Protector of innocence communicate comfort, by some secret method, to the virtuous mind, whose only trust is in him? He needs no outward signs for the execution of his will, who in all his works continually acts by internal powers.

Why should we doubt of dreams? Life itself, filled with so many vain and transitory projects, what is it but a dream?

But be that as it will, the dream of my unfortunate friends was soon accomplished. Paul died two months after the loss of his beloved Mary, whose name he incessantly

L 2 repeated.

repeated. Margaret saw her end approach in a week after that of her son, with a satisfaction which virtue alone can feel. She took the most affectionate leave of Madame de la Tour, in the delightful expectation of meeting her again, never more to part. "Death," said she, "is a blessing which one should wish for. If life is a punishment, one must desire that it should cease: if it is a trial, one must hope to have it short."

Government took care of Frances and Domingo, who were no longer able to work, and did not long survive their mistress. Poor Tayo pined away, and died almost at the same time with his master.

I took

I took Madame de la Tour to my house; she supported herself, in the midst of these dreadful losses, with incredible fortitude. She comforted Paul and Margaret to the last moment, as if she had had no affliction but theirs to endure. When they were taken from her, she talked to me of them every day, as of beloved friends who were in the neighbourhood: however, she outlived them but a few weeks.—As to her aunt, far from accusing her as the author of her misfortunes, she prayed to Heaven to pardon her, and to calm the restless disorder of mind into which she had fallen immediately after she had so inhumanly sent Mary away.

The cruelty of this unnatural woman was soon punished. I heard, by means of several vessels which successively arrived, that she was tormented by a distressful state of spirits, which made her equally incapable of supporting life, or bearing the approach of death. Sometimes she reproached herself for the untimely end of the charming Mary, and the loss of her mother, which was the consequence of it. Sometimes she applauded herself, for having banished from her sight two wretched beings, who had, she said, disgraced their family by their mean attachments. Sometimes the crowds of poor, which she saw at Paris, gave her an impatience of temper, and she
asked,

asked, why they were not sent to die in the colonies; adding, that the ideas of humanity, religion, virtue, amongst different nations, were only the inventions of those in power. Then, running into the opposite extreme, she gave herself up to superstitious terrors, and carried large sums to be disposed of in alms by the Monks, who were her directors, intreating them to appease Heaven by the sacrifice of her whole fortune; as if those riches, which had been refused to the unfortunate, could be acceptable to the Father of men! Sometimes in her imagination she saw countries in flames, and burning mountains, where hideous spectres

L 4 wandered

wandered up and down, and with a dreadful voice summoned her to join them. She kneeled at the feet of her confessors, and invented penances and tortures, to inflict upon herself—for eternal justice inspires the cruel with a religion full of terror.

In this manner she passed several years, unbelieving and superstitious by turns; her life a burthen, and the apprehension of death insupportable.

But the wealth, for which she had sacrificed the sentiments of natural affection, was at last the cause which put an end to her miserable existence. She had the mortification to find, that her fortune

tune would descend to relations who were odious to her; she endeavoured therefore to alienate the greatest part of it; but they, taking advantage of her fits of despondency, confined her, upon the pretence of her being disordered in her senses, and put her estate into the hands of trustees. Thus her destruction was completed by her riches; and, as they had hardened the heart of their possessor, they also made those unnatural who were in expectation of them. At length she died; and, for the completion of wretchedness, with sufficient use of her understanding to perceive, that she was plundered and despis-

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ed by the very persons whose opinions had directed her all her life.

The body of Paul was deposited by the side of his beloved Mary, under the same reeds; and near them lay their fond mothers and faithful servants. No monuments were raised upon their humble turfs; no epitaphs were engraved in honour of their virtues: but their memory, never to be effaced, remains imprinted on the hearts of those who experienced their kindness. They needed not that pomp in death, which in their lives they had avoided; but, if they are still mindful of what passes upon earth, without doubt they delight to visit
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the thatched roofs which shelter industry and virtue; to comfort the poor who repine at their lot; and in young lovers to encourage constant affection, simple tastes, love of labour, and dread of riches.

The voice of the people, which is silent when monuments are raised in honour of princes, has given names to some parts of this island, which will for ever perpetuate the memory of Mary. Near the isle of Amber, amongst the rocks, there is a place called the streights of the St. Gerand, which is the name of the vessel which was wrecked there when it brought her back from Europe.

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The end of that long neck of land, which you perceive, half under water, about three leagues from hence, and which the St. Gerand could not double the night before the hurricane, in order to gain the port, is called the *Cap Malheureux*; and in front here, at the end of the valley, is the *Baie du Tombeau*, where Mary was found buried in the sand, as if the sea had endeavoured to bring back her body to her family, and to render the last duties to her delicacy, upon the same shores which she had honoured by her innocence.

Oh! unfortunate mothers! children so fondly united! beloved family!

mily! These woods, which afforded you shade; these fountains, which flowed for you; these hills, where you reclined together, still deplore your loss. No one has since dared to cultivate this desolate spot, or repair these humble dwellings. Your goats are become wild; your gardens are destroyed; your birds are fled; and there is now no sound but the screams of hawks, wheeling round the valley. As for me, since I have lost you, I am as a friend who has no friends, as a father bereft of his children, as a traveller wandering alone upon the earth.

IN saying these words, he arose and left me, with tears in his eyes; mine had often flowed in the course of his melancholy narration.

F I N I S.

