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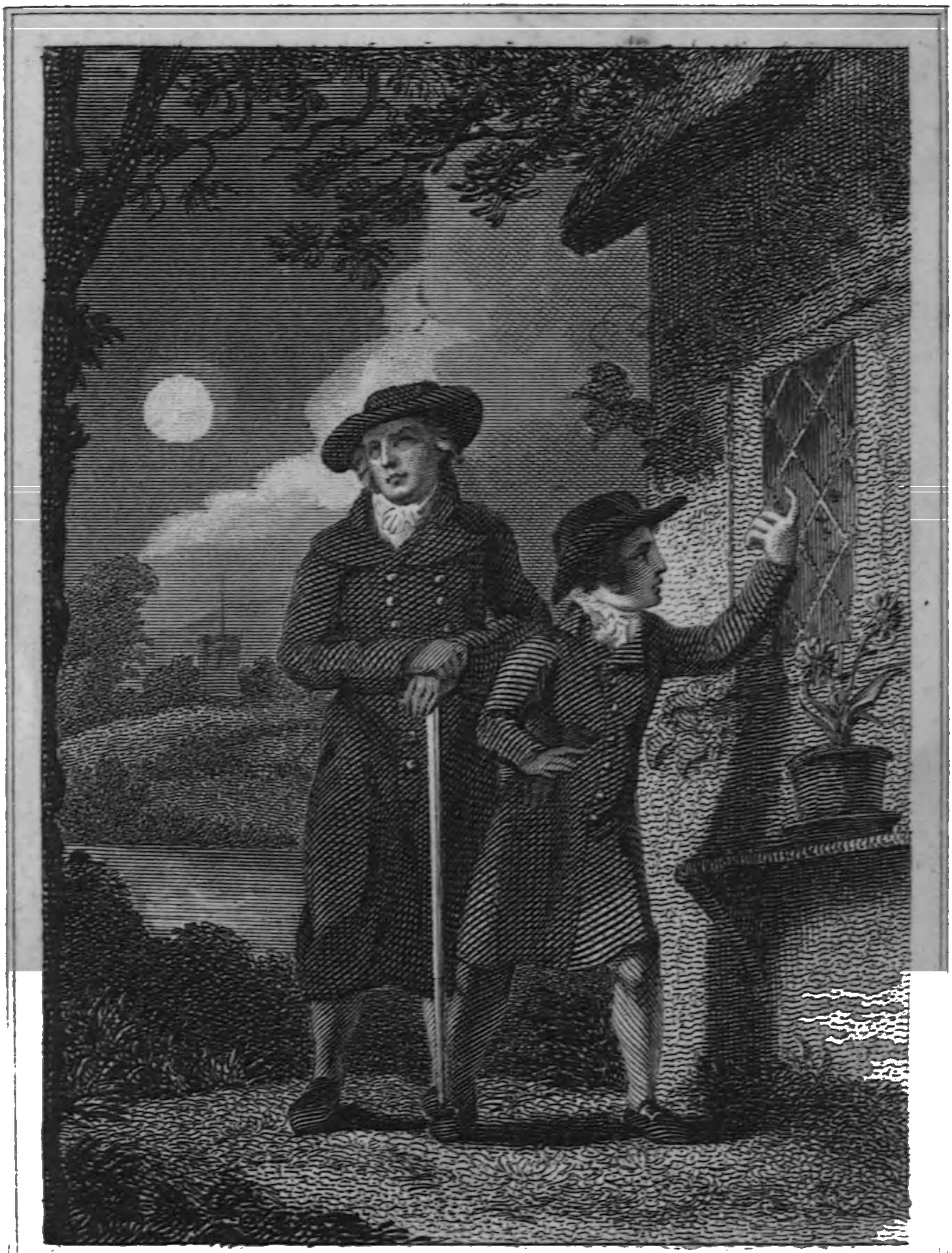
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THE YOUNG TRAVELLER.



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THE

YOUNG TRAVELLER;

OR

ADVENTURES

OF

ETIENNE

IN SEARCH OF HIS FATHER.

A TALE FOR YOUTH.

SECOND EDITION.

BY G. R. HOARE,

AUTHOR OF "MODERN EUROPE IN MINIATURE."

"The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales."

ŒCONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

LONDON:

JOHN HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1825.

INTRODUCTION.

THE period of time referred to in the following tale is one of the most eventful and important to be found in the history of mankind. The French Revolution, so auspicious in its commencement, so sanguinary in its progress, and so fatal to the liberties of Europe in its termination, by calling into action all the violent passions of the human mind, produced numerous instances of savage cruelty, and of the most disinterested and devoted attachment.

Of this great and interesting event, there are numerous histories, replete with instruction and amusement: but as the juvenile reader may not have an opportunity of perusing them, a very concise account is here prefixed, which, whilst it elucidates the subsequent story, will,

it is hoped, stimulate the youthful mind to become acquainted with every particular of an occurrence which has had so material an influence on the present state of the civilized world.

France is a great kingdom situated near the centre of Europe, and extending from the Mediterranean on the south, to the Netherland on the north, and from the Rhine on the east, to the British Channel and Atlantic Ocean on the west.

The government of this country was an absolute monarchy; and the sovereigns, being thus left without control, entrusted the administration of affairs entirely to their ministers, who, taking advantage of the unlimited confidence placed in them, and the great power with which they were invested, frequently gratified their revenge, by confining in the Bastile, an ancient fortress, in the suburbs of Paris, all who opposed their ambitious projects, or otherwise incurred their resentment.

In the the year 1787, at a time when the public mind was particularly irritated by several recent acts of oppression, and by the open licentiousness of many of the French princes and nobility, there was a scarcity of provisions in Paris, and disturbances in consequence took place. These commotions were greatly increased by the arts and insinuations of interested men, who hoped to gain by any change of government; and many innocent and well disposed persons, who only wished for a reformation of the most flagrant abuses, were by their means hurried on to the commission of crimes, at the mention of which they would once have shuddered; so difficult is it for the human mind to set bounds to its actions, when it has once deviated from the paths of order and propriety. Louis XVI. who then filled the throne, being of a mild and conciliating disposition, endeavoured to alleviate the sufferings of his people, and to redress their grievances: but the commotions had

risen to too great a height to be easily subdued, and the timid and vacillating conduct of his ministers, only served to increase the confusion. After two years spent in alternate measures of concession and coercion, the populace, instigated by the emissaries of the Duke of Orléans, and exasperated at the cruelties which they believed to have been practised in the Bastille, assembled in great numbers, attacked that fortress, and, being successful, set at liberty all who were confined there; and concluded by entirely demolishing that monument of tyranny, as it was then termed.

About this period, the king, hoping to strengthen the government, and to conciliate the people, was induced to assemble the States General, composed of deputies from among the nobles, the clergy, and the people; but they, instead of amicably proceeding to apply a remedy to the existing disorders, only increased them by disputes among themselves. After a long time spent in contention, the

deputies of the people ultimately prevailed over the other two orders, and, assuming the title of "the National Assembly," usurped all the powers of government. Having prevailed on the king to surrender to them almost the whole of his prerogatives, they afterwards deposed him; and, not satisfied with this triumph over royalty, those violent characters who had first raised the storm, and most of whom were members of the Assembly, proposed bringing their king to trial; and the same sanguinary influence which had caused him to be accused, also caused him to be condemned. On the 21st of January, 1793, this well disposed, though misled monarch, was ignominiously beheaded, amidst the triumphant shouts of those who had often hailed his approach with equal rapture; and thus was offered to the reflecting mind, another remarkable instance of the instability of human greatness, and of the mutability of popular favour.

Many of the nobility, who too late perceived

the error of their conduct, were put to death on the scaffold; and others, deprived of their titles and estates, were obliged to seek their safety in flight. Some indeed, there were, who, by a renunciation of their titles, and a blind submission to the popular party, preserved their property for a time; but they almost all ultimately fell victims to that revolutionary spirit which they had encouraged.

After the king's death, different parties successively obtained possession of the reins of government; and after destroying their predecessors and all such as were obnoxious to them, they, in their turns, fell victims to the ambition and revenge of others. Hundreds were daily put to death by tribunals composed of the lowest and most ignorant of the people; and many were sacrificed in the streets by the fury of the mob, without even being accused of any crime

France continued in this state for some years, not one of the numerous governments,

which succeeded each other, being sufficiently powerful to restore order and tranquillity; and it was during this dreadful period, that the circumstances occurred which are the subject of the following tale; and it is hoped that the relation of them will more fully explain the situation of that ill-fated country.

A stop was however, put to these enormities in the year 1798, by the establishment of a firm and vigorous government under General Buonaparte, who, having, by a series of unparalleled successes, acquired the confidence and affection of the French army, caused himself to be proclaimed First Consul. With this title he acquired absolute power, by the exercise of which he was enabled to defeat all the powers of the continent; and out of the spoil he formed a most extensive empire, having assumed to himself the titles of Emperor of France and King of Italy. His prosperity, however, like all that is human, was but transitory; he lost his army in Russia,

through the severity of the winter of 1813; in 1814 he was expelled France, and the kingdom restored to Louis XVIII. the brother of the king who had been beheaded.

This great event holds out an useful lesson for the young. Let them be diligent in the acquirement of useful knowledge, that whatever situation of life it may please Providence to place them in, they may be able to discharge their duty to themselves and to society. When the French nobility were deprived of their property, happy were they, who, by diligence in their youth, had acquired a fund of knowledge, which no one could take from them, and by which they were able to support themselves in the time of adversity.

THE

YOUNG TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER I.

"When wealth to virtuous hnds is given,
It blesses like the dew.of Heaven:
Like Heaven it hears the orphans' cries;
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes."

THE Marquis de M—— was the head of one of the first families in France, his ancestors had served their sovereigns in the different departments of the state for some centuries. He was the youngest of three sons, and succeeded to the title and estate attached to it in consequence of the death of his two elder brothers. Being of a

weak constitution, he was originally designed for the church, and received the principal part of his education at his father's chateau in Languedoc* under the care of a worthy man who possessed the knowledge and reflection of a philosopher, with the sensibility of a true philanthropist, and it was to this good man that he was chiefly indebted for those religious principles, and that strength of mind, which enabled him to support with fortitude the various misfortunes which he afterwards experienced.

* Languedoc. This was one of the provinces into which France was formerly divided. It was situated in the southern part of that country, on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is now divided into the four Departments of Aude, Gard, Herault and Upper Garonne.

Soon after his accession to the title, he married a very amiable woman, but had the misfortune to lose her a very few years after, and from that time he spent the greater part of the year at the chateau de M—— in which he had himself been educated, and where he now watched over the instruction of his only child. Masters were engaged to instruct the young Etienne in the different branches of education, but it was from his father that he received the most valuable lessons. The Marquis taught him to think and to apply to his own conduct, the various precepts which he received; he taught him by example, benevolence to his fellow creatures, and kindness to every object of creation.

The morning of every day was employed by the Marquis, in attending to the concerns of his estate, and by Etienne in a diligent application to learning. Their evenings were usually spent together, either in rational amusement, or in visiting the cottages of the neighbouring poor, to whom the Marquis was at once a benefactor and friend; he relieved their wants, guided them in their affairs, and found labour for all who were inclined to work. Even the vicious found in him a friend, for it was his greatest pleasure to reclaim and make them useful members of society. Thus discharging his duty to his fellow creatures, he passed many happy years, and the young Etienne, by his di-

ligence and affection, endeavoured to repay his cares, when the French Revolution unfortunately disturbed their tranquillity. The Marquis beheld the commencement of this great event with sincere pleasure: he thought that his fellow subjects would be rendered happier by it, and therefore he rejoiced at it; but as he had not for some years interfered in the political affairs of his country, he continued to reside on his estate, never visiting the capital for more than a few weeks till the end of the year 1792, when the urgent intreaties of his particular friends, induced him to repair thither, to assist in preserving to the King the little power he still possessed; but he found it was too late, as those who

ought to have defended him, had fled with their property to other countries, and those few who remained, were too much divided among themselves to be of any service. He only arrived to witness the sufferings of his unfortunate Monarch, without being able to serve him. The Marquis found himself, in common with the rest of the nobility, deprived of his title and privileges, but the respect which his virtues commanded for some time, caused his property to be held sacred, till one man more abandoned than the rest, who had raised himself by his violence and cruelties, from the lowest station, to a share in the government, fixed his desires upon the Marquis's estates, and caused him to be accused of be-

ing an enemy to the nation. The latter was in consequence seized in his bed, hurried to the prison of the Luxembourg, and there confined, without being allowed to make any defence, or even knowing the crime of which he was accused, whilst his accuser sat off to take possession of his estates in the name of the nation, but in reality for himself.

Etienne who was now about sixteen years of age, was plunged into the greatest distress. On his father's departure for Paris, he applied himself to his studies, with the greatest assiduity, looking forward to the period of his return, when he hoped to be rewarded with that greatest blessing to a dutiful child, a parent's approbation.

At first he heard regularly from him, but of this gratification he was soon deprived. In the beginning of the year 1793, about three months after his father's departure, he received a letter from him, containing the pleasing intelligence of his personal welfare, and desiring him to refrain from writing, except in cases of the greatest emergency, as it might endanger his safety, and he hoped very shortly to return to Languedoc.

The joy which he received from the perusal of this letter was, however, soon dissipated by the melancholy news which daily arrived from all parts of the kingdom. The King's death, which took place at this period, was the signal for disturbances in the

provinces, and many of the inhabitants of the village of M——, instigated by a few worthless and discontented men, left their peaceful occupations to form meetings in which they might debate on the best means of assisting the cause of liberty, but as their daily labour had ceased, they soon found themselves without the means of support, and being averse to return to their former employments, they were easily prevailed upon by those who first led them astray, to engage in schemes of plunder and destruction.

The first object of their vengeance was a college of Benedictine Monks, who inhabited a neighbouring monastery, from the gates of which every one of those who composed this law-

less rabble had, in times of sickness and distress, received nourishing food and healing remedies; but all these services were now forgotten, and under pretence of putting an end to slavery and superstition, they pillaged the altars, murdered or dispersed the venerable inhabitants, and finished by setting fire to the edifice.

Dreadful to Etienne was the sight of the conflagration which he beheld from one of the windows of the chateau, and still more dreadful the horrid shouts which at intervals met his ear; nor was he without fear for his own safety, and that of the worthy man to whose care he had been confided on his father's departure. It was to him who had been the guide and

instructor of his own youth, that the Marquis confided his child during his absence, and who, though far advanced in years, had been induced, by regard for his former pupil, to return to the chateau, and take upon himself this important charge.

The night, however, passed without any further cause of alarm, as did also the three succeeding days; and Etienne and his protector began to hope that the uniform kindness which the Marquis had always shown to every individual on his estate, would prove the safeguard of their persons and his property: when on the fourth evening, as they were engaged in tracing a map of their own country, Bernardin, an old and faithful servant,

suddenly entered the room, and conjured them as they valued their lives, to seek for safety in flight; for the same mob who had so lately destroyed the monastry, were on their way to the chateau, headed by two most daring villains who had lately arrived at M——. The aged Abbé gently rising from his seat, desired Bernardin immediately to cause all the avenues to the chateau to be closed, and to order the servants to arm themselves in the best manner they could; then turning to Etienne, he thus addressed him. "Do not be alarmed, my dear child, but endeavour to arm yourself with Christian fortitude to go through the dreadful scene which is about to take place. For the present, re-

tire to my chamber in the east wing, and there wait my return; but should these infatuated and misguided men really fulfil their threats, and forcibly enter the chateau, then take from the cabinet by the side of my bed a small box, which you will find there, and passing through the private door which opens into the adjoining closet, make your way across the garden to the hermitage, where I will meet you. In the mean time I will go down and speak to these men; perhaps as I am known to many of them, I may be able to prevail on them to abandon their dreadful design." Etienne most earnestly entreated his worthy protector to refrain and to accompany him to some place of safety; but in

vain, the Abbé being determined to use all the means in his power to preserve the chateau from destruction, for he feared the domestics had neither the power nor will to defend it, as most of them were too much infected with the revolùtionary principles which then pervaded the lower order of people in France, to risk their lives in such a cause.

Tearing himself therefore from the arms of Etienne, he proceeded to the principal gate of the chateau. Etienne, in obedience to his protector's orders, retired to the Abbé's chamber, from the window of which he soon perceived the crowd approach the gates, armed with various instruments of destruction and carrying torches.

After they had violently assaulted the gates for some time, they were opened, and Etienne perceived the Abbé on the great flight of steps, earnestly remonstrating with them. At first the shouts of the mob were so great that it was impossible for him to be heard, but the noise subsiding by degrees, the crowd at length seemed to listen to him with attention, and Etienne already anticipated their departure as the reward of the good man's eloquence, when one of the villains who had led them on, suddenly darting forward, aimed a blow at the Abbé, which laid him senseless on the ground, and then calling to the crowd, who answered him.

with shouts, they all together rushed up the steps, and forced their way into the great hall.

Etienne, overcome with terror, remained motionless for a few seconds; but recovering his recollection, he ran to the top of the great stairs, and was beginning to descend to the assistance of his revered preceptor, when he was met by Bernardin, who earnestly conjured him immediately to quit the chateau, as the only means of preserving his life. He was at first unwilling to comply, but at length, terrified at the horrid shouts which proceeded from the lower apartments, he reluctantly descended the private stairs together with Bernardin, and

crossing the grounds, they concealed themselves in the hermitage, hoping the Abbé might recover and be able to join them there.

CHAPTER II.

"As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root from whence it arose, as a river poureth his streams to the sea, where his spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received."

ŒCONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

For two hours our hero and his humble friend remained in a state of the most dreadful suspense, at the expiration of which time, as the lights which had been seen in the windows of the chateau appeared to be extinguished, Etienne determined to return thither, and endeavour to discover the fate of his worthy friend: from this, however,

he was for the present dissuaded by Bernardin, who requested him to remain concealed whilst he went there, as in case of being perceived by any of the plunderers, he might pass unnoticed, whilst Etienne would not fail to excite their vengeance; and having obtained his young lord's consent, the faithful servant proceeded towards the chateau.

Let the young reader figure to himself the situation of a youth 16 years of age, driven from his home, and left without one friend to protect him, expecting every moment that some of the horrid crew who had plundered his father's house might come and take his life. Falling on his knees he prayed fervently to that almighty and omni-

scient Being, who never entirely forsakes the good or suffers the wicked to go unpunished; and then seating himself on a broken bench which formed the only furniture of this solitary cell, he endeavoured to wait with patience the return of his companion.

The weary hours past heavily on, and no Bernardin appeared; till at length the morning began to break, which only served to increase our hero's fear of discovery: but after waiting till some time after the sun had risen, he determined to remove from his concealment, and having carefully looked round without perceiving any one, oppressed by hunger and fatigue, he resolved to proceed in search of relief, even at the hazard of falling into the

hands of the wretches he had fled from the preceding night. He first bent his steps towards some cottages which his father had built, and whose inhabitants had often shared his bounty; but as he was entering an avenue of aged chestnut trees, which led immediately from them to the chateau, he perceived three ill-looking men proceeding that way, and turning hastily in an opposite direction, to avoid being seen by them, he soon found himself near the private door by which he had escaped the night before. Having entered, he ascended the stairs with trembling steps, and proceeding through various apartments; he every where found the furniture in the greatest confusion, every thing that was portable being carried

off, and the rest bearing marks of the greatest violence.

Not finding the least trace of the Abbé or Bernardin, he returned to the former's chamber, and exhausted with the fatigue of the past night, he laid himself on the bed, which had not been disturbed, and soon fell asleep. Indeed this apartment seemed to have escaped the observation of the mob, as every thing remained in the same order in which it was the preceding evening.

Our young fugitive continued to enjoy that greatest blessing of the wretched, "balmy sleep," for several hours, as when he awoke he found himself in total darkness. His fatigue being now relieved, he began more forcibly to feel the calls of hunger, yet

feared to leave the room, surrounded as he was by darkness, and uncertain whether any of the ruffians who had committed such horrid devastations, were still in the chateau. He went, however, to the door, and not hearing any noise he ventured to proceed through the apartments which he had traversed the day before. After some difficulty in finding the different doors, and frequently stumbling over the various articles which every where lay strewed about, he found himself at the top of the great staircase. All being silent he ventured to descend, and feeling his way, he at last entered the room where his father and himself were accustomed to take their meals: here he found the dying embers of a large

wood fire, which convinced him that some persons still were, or had lately been in the chateau, and by the light which the fire afforded, he perceived on the table some bread and a bottle containing a small quantity of wine. Exhausted as he was, this proved a most seasonable relief to him, and sitting down, he ate dry bread with greater appetite than he had ever partaken of the most inviting delicacies; but though hunger was thus relieved, he was still a prey to the most distressing apprehensions — the least noise caused him to start, and he every moment expected to see some dreadful figure enter the room.

When, therefore, he had satisfied his appetite with bread, and taken a small

quantity of the wine, he began to consider what course he should pursue—he dreaded to remain where he was, lest he might be discovered by those who, he supposed, were in possession of the chateau; he therefore resolved to return to the room in which he had slept, and there to wait the return of morning, hoping then to be able to discover whether the chateau contained any, and what inhabitants. Having with much difficulty found his way back to the Abbé's apartment, he again threw himself on the bed, and endeavoured to court the presence of refreshing sleep, but in vain.

Heavily to him did the minutes appear to move, and often did he fancy that he could perceive the gray light

of morning before the day really broke: at last, however, the crowing of the cocks and the increasing light convinced him that it would soon be day; but ardently as he had desired the return of light, now that it appeared, it afforded him little satisfaction, as with it returned his fears of discovery.

Undetermined how to proceed, he wandered from the window to the door of the apartment till his thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a violent noise in the lower part of the building. Alarmed, but yet hoping it might proceed from some person in whom he could confide, he softly advanced to the head of the stairs, and listening, heard several strange voices in conversation; although he could not dis-

tinguish the exact subject of their discourse, he yet heard sufficient to convince him, that his only hope of safety consisted in avoiding them: he therefore returned to the room he had just quitted, and having with some difficulty found the box which the Abbé had desired him to secure, and which in his fright the preceding evening he had forgotten, he concealed it as well as he could beneath his dress, and descending the private stair-case, he bent his steps towards the cottages which he had wished to approach the day before.

In one of them lived a worthy and affectionate woman who had formerly been a servant to the Marquis, and who had quitted his service on her marriage

with a peasant on his estate. She was now a widow with two young children, whose breakfast she was preparing at the moment that Etienne opened the door of her humble abode. Surprised and delighted, she screamed with joy at the sight of her young lord, who, she thought, had either perished in the dreadful scene which had recently taken place, or was in the hands of those wretches who were now in possession of the chateau: but suddenly recovering herself, she anxiously enquired whether any one had observed him enter her cottage, and being answered in the negative, she requested him to go into her chamber, and by no means to approach the window, as the discovery of his being in her house

might be fatal to them both, as several of the neighbours, although under the greatest obligations to the Marquis, had joined in the plunder of the chateau, and were connected with the monsters who had so unjustly obtained possession of it. Etienne thanked her for her prudent advice, telling her that he only wished for a little food and concealment during the day, as it was his determination to set out as soon as possible in search of his father, whom he hoped to find safe in Paris. The good woman, who was better informed than our hero, respecting the real situation of the capital, entreated him by no means to attempt going there, but to proceed to Nismes*,

* Nismes, a city of Provence, in the deparment of the Gard. It is a place of great antiquity, containing ruins of several edifices built by the Romans.

which was not more than half a league distant, and from thence make the best of his way to Jurin*, the capital of Piedmont, where his mother's relations resided, and where he would be safe till such time as he could hear from his father; but Etienne was not to be dissuaded from his intention. He dearly loved his father, and preferred sharing any danger to which he was exposed, to seeking safety among strangers, whilst uncertain of his fate: he therefore prevailed upon Annette Laforte, which was the name of his kind protectress, to endeavour to procure

† Jurin, the capital of Piedmont, was formerly the residence of the king of Sardinia, to whom that duchy belonged. It is beautifully situated on the celebrated river Po, and is now included in the French Empire.

for him a suit of clothes made of less costly materials than those he wore, as the means of disguising himself, and preventing observation on his intended journey. This she could not accomplish without going to Nismes, as any attempt made to obtain them in the neighbourhood would infallibly lead to enquiry, and perhaps to discovery.

Having, therefore, recommended it to her young lord to lie down on her neat, though humble bed, and endeavour to obtain the repose which she concluded he must greatly need, she took with her the two children and proceeded to Nismes, where, with a louis-d'or given her by Etienne, she procured a decent but coarse dress, together with a strong pair of shoes to

defend his feet from the rough roads which he would have to pass most probably on foot: neither did she forget some provisions, as she could not bear the idea of offering her young lord the homely food she was accustomed to eat.

After a fatiguing walk in the heat of the day, encumbered as she was with children and the parcels which she had to carry, she reached home and was greatly delighted to find our young hero asleep. She immediately began to prepare her own frugal meal and to spread the provisions which she had brought for her guest. Scarcely had she completed her task when he awoke, and, thanking her for her kind exertions, cheerfully shared her homely

meal, and then proceeded to equip himself in his new dress, which fortunately fitted him very well, but at the same time completely altered his figure and appearance.

He then prostrated himself before the Sovereign Disposer of Events, and humbly and fervently implored his protection in the journey he was about to undertake; and having waited for the approach of evening, he took leave of his kind hostess, to whose care he committed the box he had brought from the chateau, and with a stick in his hand, and about six louis in his pocket, he proceeded towards the high road leading from Nismes to Avignon*.

* Avignon is a city of France, in the department of the Mouths of the Rhone; before the revolution it was the capital of the province of Avignon.

CHAPTER III.

" Seriez-vous insensible au malheur d'un fils qui
cherche son père?
Je cours, avec les mêmes dangers que lui, pour
apprendre où il est."

TELEMAQUE.

AFTER walking by moon-light for upwards of three hours, he began to feel fatigued, and determined to rest at the first village he should come to, when his ears were struck by the noise of a carriage approaching. This proved to be the diligence from Montpellier* to Lyons†, which soon over-

* Montpellier is a city in the department of Herault: it is most delightfully situated, about five miles from the Mediterranean, and is the resort of invalids for the salubrity of the air.

† Lyons was, before the revolution, the second city in France. It is situated on the Rhone, about 220

took him, and fearing his strength would be exhausted before he could reach Avignon, he resolved to trust to his disguise for security from discovery, and accordingly called to the driver to know whether he could convey him to Lyons. The latter, not much admiring the appearance of our hero, replied that he could do so, but that he must be paid for it. Etienne immediately offered him one of his louis, which conquered all his scruples, and induced him to afford our weary traveller a seat in his carriage.

miles from Paris. In the year 1793, the inhabitants took up arms against the National Convention, but the city being taken after a siege of some months, the most horrid cruelties were practised on them;—more than 70,000 being guillotined or drowned in the Rhone.

There were six passengers already in the vehicle, who all, contrary to the usual manner of the French, preserved a continued silence during the greater part of the night, for to so great a height had the reign of terror risen, that no one dared to converse freely with one another in public, for fear of having his words misconstrued, and of becoming the object of persecution.

On the return of day light, Etienne perceived that his companions consisted of four men and two females. One of the former appeared, by the ferocity of his countenance, to be one of those sanguinary characters who, under the name of patriots, perpetrated the most horrid crimes; but fortunately, our young traveller seemed too

insignificant to attract his notice; indeed the recent occurrences had made so deep an impression on his mind, as to deprive his countenance of that air of intelligence which it usually bore, and gave him, in the eyes of an uninterested observer, an appearance of dullness well suited to the meanness of his dress.

On the arrival of the diligence at Orange*, the whole party alighted, and proceeded towards a parlour where breakfast was provided. Etienne was following, when a boy belonging to the house stopped him, and told him that was not the way to the kitchen; at first

* Orange is anancient city in the department of the Drome, in the high road from Avignon to Lyons.

he was inclined to resent what appeared to him a great impertinence, but recollecting the character he had assumed, and the necessity he was under of avoiding observation, he quietly acquiesced and followed the boy to the kitchen, where he breakfasted with the servants. During the meal the conversation turned upon the triumphs of liberty and equality over tyranny and superstition; and our young hero listened in silence to accounts of the most barbarous actions committed under the mask of patriotism; indeed, the more he heard, the more he was convinced that a knowledge of his father's rank would be sufficient to subject him to imprisonment, if not to death. Pale

with terror, and dreading to be observed, he paid for his breakfast, and hastened back to the diligence, in which he resumed his seat, and being shortly joined by his fellow travellers, they proceeded on their journey.

The silence which had prevailed before breakfast was now broken, but the subject of conversation was the same as that which had so much alarmed Etienne in the kitchen at the inn. The traveller whose ferocious countenance has already been mentioned, dwelt with rapture on the triumphs of the patriots in Lyons, to which city he was going.

Etienne involuntarily turned away from a being who could derive so much pleasure from the misery of his fellow creatures, and his eyes met the

the placid Rhone* rolling his majestic waves to the Mediterranean. At any other time this noble river and the beautiful scenery which borders it, would have raised in his mind sensations of the highest pleasure, but now, when he heard of thousands of his countrymen having been plunged alive into its waves, and other thousands of murdered victims having been thrown there when dead, he shuddered with horror, and almost repented of the journey he had undertaken; but the hope of being restored to his father returned, and no danger appeared too great to be incurred with such a reward

* The Rhone is a very large river which rises in Switzerland, passes through the lake of Constance, and running towards the south, falls into the Mediterranean.

in view. Thus passed the time, till they arrived at a solitary inn, where they dined. Here our young traveller again took the little food which fear and anxiety allowed him to eat in the kitchen, and on returning to the carriage, he still preserved the same silence, never speaking but when a direct question was put to him, and then answering in the shortest manner.

At length, about noon the following day, they arrived at Vienne*, a large town about fifteen miles from Lyons, when finding himself very faint, our young traveller called for some wine, and having expended all the small coin which he had, he offered a Louis

* Vienne is a considerable town in the department of Isere, situated to the south of Lyons.

in payment. This being an uncommon sight (almost all the gold coin having disappeared, and assignats or notes issued by the government being the only circulating medium), attracted the attention of the patriotic traveller, who immediately demanded howbe became possessed of it. Etienne replied, that it had been given to him a long time before, and that having no other money he was obliged to spend it. This was strictly true, as the money he had about him was what had been given to him at different times by his father for pocket money, and which he had saved for the purpose of purchasing presents for his particular friends at the ensuing Christmas.

Not much satisfied with this reply,

the traveller asked him several more questions, all of which greatly embarrassed him and increased his fears. At last he desisted, but Etienne's quiet was not of long duration, as one of the other travellers inadvertently mentioned his passport; this brought to our hero's recollection what had never before occurred to him during his journey, that not being provided with this necessary document, he would undoubtedly be apprehended, should he attempt to enter Lyons.

More than ever alarmed, and particularly dreading the patriot who continued to regard him with ferocious attention, he only thought of escaping from the party before the diligence should arrive at Lyons, and the travel-

lers alighting to dinner afforded him an opportunity of accomplishing his design; for no sooner had they got out of the carriage, than Etienne, instead of proceeding to the kitchen as before, walked briskly down the street, and proceeding at random, strove only to get to a distance from the inn, before the passengers should observe his absence.

After proceeding a considerable way, sometimes running, and sometimes walking, he at last found himself on the banks of the Rhone. Here was a new dilemma;-to reach Paris he must cross this river, and how was that to be accomplished? to approach the bridge at Lyons without a passport was to seek certain destruction. Not knowing

how to proceed, yet still anxious to get to a distance from his former companions, he continued to walk along the banks of the river till the day began to close, when he fortunately observed two boys amusing themselves with a boat; he entered into conversation with them, and having prevailed on them to let him join them, he at last succeeded in gaining the opposite shore.

He nowagain set forward, and guided by the setting sun, strove to avoid Lyons, hoping some kind person would be found to direct him on his way to the capital, but he had not proceeded far before he found himself so exhausted by walking and want of rest, as to be obliged to seek some place where he

might pass the night. Perceiving a solitary house at some distance, he proceeded towards it, and humbly solicited a lodging. The master of the house, to whom he addressed himself, replied that he had no bed for him, but that he might, if he liked it, sleep in the barn where there was plenty of hay. Our hero still wishing to avoid exciting curiosity by a display of his money, gladly accepted the offer, and having received some bread and fruit with a mug of very bad wine from the farmer, he retired to his humble lodging, where sleep soon robbed him of all his cares, and it was not till long after the sun had risen that he awoke.

He first offered up his heartfelt thanks to the Giver of all Good, for

his preservation, and fervently prayed for his protection amidst the dangers to which he might be exposed; he then went to the house, where the mistress kindly gave him a good breakfast, and afterwards dismissed him. Still anxions to avoid Lyons, he continued to bend his steps towards the west, and on the approach of evening, he found himself near Roane* on the banks of the Loire.

The same fears which had deterred him from approaching Lyons, prevented him from entering Roane; he therefore again applied for a lodging at a single house, situated at some distance from it. The owners, a middle aged

* Roane is a commercial town, to the west of Lyons, in the department of the Rhone and Loire.

man and his wife, received him kindly, promised to give him the best accommodations they could for the night, and in the mean time, invited him to share their homely meal. This kindness soon won our hero's confidence, and before he retired for the night, he related to them the whole of his adventures, only concealing his father's name, which so interested his host that he promised to go with him the next morning to the municipality of Roane, and endeavour to procure a passport for him as his nephew, who was going to Paris to procure a service.

Most gladly did Etienne accept this offer of serving him, and then being conducted to his chamber by his kind entertainers, he again offered up his

grateful thanks to the Almighty, and, overcome with fatigue, soon fell asleep.

Although he rose early, he found his host, whose name was André Guichard, and his wife, up before him; and, having partaken of their plain but wholesome breakfast, he and the good man set out for Roanne. On the road, it was agreed that our young traveller should style himself, Jean Guichard, an orphan, who had resided some time with his uncle André, but who now wished to try his fortune in the capital.

On their arrival at Roanne, they were immediately conducted before the municipality, where they underwent a long examination; but, both being consistent in their answers, the passport

was at last made out: it contained not only the name, situation, and age, of our young traveller, but also a description of his person, and the object of his journey.

The end for which they came to Roanne being attained, the kind-hearted André wished Etienne to return home with him, and rest for one day, before he should set out on his still long and dangerous journey; but, learning that a diligence would set out about noon for Paris, he resolved not to lose the opportunity of proceeding so expeditiously on his journey; he therefore went immediately to the bureau, from whence it set out, and was so fortunate as to find several seats disengaged; he engaged one of them, and then, at the

earnest request of his kind friend, who would not leave him till he saw him seated in the diligence, he went to a cabaret, or public house, to take some refreshment.

Not satisfied with these attentions, this benevolent, though poor, man entreated our young traveller to accept of some assignats, which, he assured him, he could very well spare, and which might be of essential service to him in the long journey he had to perform, as he was still more than 70 leagues from the capital: but this Etienne would by no means consent to, assuring him the money he had would be more than sufficient for all his expenses, till he should reach his father: he however requested him to

give him the value of his Louis in paper money, as being less likely to excite curiosity. It was not long before they were informed that the diligence was ready to depart; and our young traveller, taking an affectionate leave of this sincere friend, again set forward on his journey.

For the two first days he continued to travel without meeting with any occurrence worth notice; his fellow travellers indeed made some inquiries, who and what he was, and whither he was going; but seemed perfectly satisfied with the account he gave of himself; and at Moulins * he was obliged

* Moulins is a large town, in the department of the Allier, and province of Bourbonnois, near the river Allier.

to go with the other passengers before the municipality: but, his answers and appearance agreeing exactly with the account contained in his passport, he was immediately suffered to proceed.

On the third day, they reached Fontainbleau *, and our hero, whose strength and spirits began to fail, from the great fatigue and anxiety which he had undergone, was again roused into exertion. He was more than ever alarmed, on alighting at the inn, when he observed, standing in the yard, the patriot who had given him so much uneasiness, and whom he had taken so

* Fontainblau is a town of the Isle de France, 35 miles from Paris, celebrated for its palace, situated in a very extensive forest.

much pains to avoid in the former part of his journey: fortunately, he did not observe Etienne, who, hastening into the house once more, went to the kitchen, and sat down in the most retired part; resolving, weary as he was, rather to leave the diligence and proceed on foot, than to run the risk of travelling with one who inspired him with so much terror: he had not, however, remained long in this situation, when he saw the object of his fear get into the diligence, which had come to Fontainbleau by the road through Dijon* and Auxerre†. Re-

* Dijon, in Burgundy, is included in the department of the Côte d'Or, and is celebrated for its wine.

† Auxerre is situated in a department of the same name, on the Yonne.

lieved from immediate apprehension, he again took his seat in the diligence, and, continuing his journey, arrived at Paris just before the gates were shut for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.

SHAKSPEARE.

But clear and inward I descry the path
Of duty; nor shall any fraud entice,
Or force compel me, not to persevere
In my determined purpose.

W. RICHARDSON.

THE diligence, in which our young traveller entered the capital, stopped at the bureau, where all the passports underwent a strict examination, and Etienne's being at length registered, he found himself in the streets of Paris, with very little money in his

pocket, and without knowing where to seek shelter for the night.

He knew the direction to the house where his father had resided, but to find it at this unseasonable hour appeared impossible. Whilst wandering on in a total state of uncertainty what to do, his ears were suddenly assailed by the most horrid shouts, and the street in which he was, was soon filled with a crowd of sanguinary wretches, some armed, some carrying torches, and others dragging along several victims, both male and female, whom they were about to sacrifice to their fury.

With fear and trembling, Etienne sought for shelter, but in vain; all the houses were fast closed, and he found himself surrounded by those furies in

human form, to whose rage he would most probably have been sacrificed, had not one person, more feeling than the rest, given him a tricoloured cockade, and told him to place it in his hat as he valued his life; indeed, he had scarcely done so, when he saw a genteelly dressed man suddenly seized by the mob and hung upon a lamp iron, merely because he refused to join in the cry of "Vive la Nation."

After remaining in this dreadful situation for some time, the crowd gradually passed on, and Etienne again found himself alone in the street. He walked forward for some time, and at last saw a cabaret open; thither he immediately proceeded, and asked for accommodation for the night, which

was granted, more from fear of the cockade, which still remained in his hat, than from any regard to his forlorn situation.

Exhausted by fatigue, Etienne no sooner took possession of the miserable bed provided for him in a wretched garret, than he directly fell asleep; his slumbers, however, were neither comfortable nor refreshing; the scene which he had just been witness to was still present to his imagination, and when he awoke in the morning, he found himself so weak as to be scarcely able to walk: he however determined to proceed in search of his father without loss of time; therefore, having taken some breakfast, he paid for that and his lodging, and then set out for the

Rue St. Honoré, in which his father had lodged.

On arriving at the house, he learnt the dreadful intelligence that he had been arrested about a month before, and was either a prisoner in the Luxembourg*, or had fallen a victim to his principles. This information he derived from a female servant, who advised him, if he wished for farther information, to apply to M. Boissard, of the Rue St. Martin, who had been the particular friend of M. de M——, and by no means to address himself to her master, as she had reason to think that he had been in a great measure the cause of his apprehension.

* A palace, which, during the revolution, was converted into a prison.

Shocked, and almost broken hearted, Etienne repaired to the Rue St. Martin, and had the good fortune to find M. Boissard at home. He informed him of his real name and situation, and conjured him, in the most affecting terms, to tell him what was become of his father. The worthy man shed tears at the pathetic appeal he made to his feelings, and assured his young visitor that he was himself uncertain of his father's fate, although he had no particular reason to suppose that he had fallen a victim to the malice of his enemies; not but that he feared it would ultimately be the case, unless some means were tried to obtain his deliverance: he further said, that he suspected the person in whose house

M. de M—— lodged, had been the cause of his imprisoment, instigated by the villain who had obtained possession of his estate, as well as by his desire to obtain possession of his personal property.

M. Boissard therefore advised his young friend to desist from all public enquiries, to keep himself concealed, and to trust to Providence for an opportunity of attempting his father's release, at the same time promising to use every means in his power to obtain information. All this Etienne readily agreed to, but the difficulty was, how to effect his concealment. M. Boissard, from the purity of his principles, and the firmness, though moderation of his conduct, was both feared and suspected by the then existing govern-

ment; and the introduction of a youth into his family as a visitor, would not fail to be known to them through some of the numerous spies in their pay, and by exciting enquiry, might lead to the destruction of both.

This difficulty, however, was obviated by Etienne offering to become a servant in the family, which, corresponding with the account given of him in the passport, would effectually prevent any suspicion being entertained by the police. Much as M. Boissard felt hurt at the idea of employing the son of his friend as a servant, yet he could not but acquiesce in the policy of doing so, and Etienne was publicly engaged as a laquais, but privately treated as a beloved child, both

by Monsieur and Madame Boissard. The duties of his new situation, though apparently hardships, were really highly serviceable to him, as they served to employ his mind, and prevented his thoughts from constantly dwelling on the uncertainty of his father's fate.

In the mean time M. Boissard made the most diligent enquiry, and at length discovered that Monsieur de M—— was still a prisoner in the Luxemburg, but the slight consolation afforded by this information was the next day converted into the deepest sorrow by the further intelligence, that one of the most moderate members of the goverment, who, from motives of gratitude, had exerted his influence to preserve M. de M—— from the

guillotine, although he had not sufficient power to release him, had himself fallen a victim to this moderation, and consequently Etienne could no longer hope that his father would escape the vengeance of those, who having severely injured him, must naturally hate him, and seek his destruction.

On the receipt of this last intelligence our young hero could no longer restrain his feelings, but resolved to see his father, and to share his fate. He privately quitted the house of his kind friends, and enquiring his way, arrived at the Luxemburg. He presented himself at the gate and demanded admission to M. de M——. The gaoler surlily replied that he could not be admitted, as he was strictly forbidden to

let in any person whatever to any of the prisoners; but more particularly to the one in question. Etienne not discouraged, exerted all his powers of persuasion to induce him to comply with his request, but without effect. He then offered all that was left of his little stock of money, but with no better success; all that he could obtain was, the information that many of the prisoners were to be brought to trial the following day, and that it was probable M. de M—— would be among the number.

Sorrowfully, therefore, did he trace back his steps, dreading, yet anxiously desiring the arrival of the morrow, when he would most probably see again the author of his being, and heavily to

him did the hours pass. He sought in vain for an opportunity of speaking in private to M. de Boissard, and he was obliged to retire for the night without being able to reveal to him the information he had received.

After a sleepless night, he rose with the first dawn of day, and hastened to the gate of the Luxemburg, and impatiently waited for some hours before the officers of justice appeared, conducting several prisoners. Notwithstanding his utmost efforts, he could not approach near enough to discover whether his father was among the number, he was therefore constrained to follow them in a state of uncertainty. As they approached the hall where the Committee of Public Safety held

their sittings, the crowd greatly increased, and at last became a tumultuous mob. Our young hero's prudence and presence of mind, qualities so uncommon at his age, did not forsake him on this trying occasion, for recollecting the tri-coloured cockade which had been given to him the first night of his arrival in Paris, and which he had ever since preserved, he placed it in his hat, and thus adorned, he passed with greater facility, and less danger of suspicion through this riotous assemblage of infatuated and ferocious beings, who were assembled to witness and exult in the sufferings of their fellow creatures.

After incredible exertions, Etienne found himself in the Hall of Justice, as

it was then called, although it appears a profanation of the name to apply it to a scene of so much wickedness: but who can describe his feelings, when he beheld the object of his greatest love and reverence, to whom he was not only indebted for his life, but also for every thing that can make life valuable, standing as a culprit, before three ferocious looking men, who seemed to glory in the misery they were inflicting?

The first impulse of our hero's mind, was to rush forward, and clasping him in his arms, to share his fate, but recollecting that his presence would only increase his father's distress without rendering him any service, he strove to repress his emotion, and waited in breathless expectation to hear the sen-

tence which would preserve or take away the life of the dearest object of his veneration.

The public accuser having read the charges against the Marquis, in which he was accused of being a friend to royalty, and an enemy to the liberties of the people, one of the three judges proceeded to pass sentence of death upon him, without suffering him to produce any proofs of his innocence, or even to speak in his own defence.

Etienne's feelings could no longer be restrained, and, screaming, he darted towards his father, at the same moment that the Marquis turning his head, beheld his beloved child struggling with the crowd.

Great as before had been his suffer-

ings, they were now increased tenfold at his beholding his darling child, whom he believed in perfect safety, exposed to the same danger as himself, and yet a ray of joy passed across his mind, when he thought of the heroic fondness which could have led one so young to brave such dangers.

Thus agonized, they were hurried forward by the officers and the mob, towards the place of execution; for in those sanguinary times, no sooner was sentence pronounced, than the punishment was inflicted. They had not, however, proceeded far, when the pressure became so great that both officers and prisoners were thrown down, and the mob from behind still pressing forward, many passed over them. Etienne, for-

tunately from being near the houses had preserved his feet, and looking round, he perceived his father, who had fallen, struggling with those who were upon him. Not a moment was to be lost, leaning forward, he assisted him to rise, and putting his own hat with the tri-coloured cockade upon his head urged him to attempt his escape.

The confusion still increasing, the officers were unable to recover their prisoner, and a narrow passage presenting itself, the Marquis, assisted by his son, although much bruised, hurried up it, and succeeded in gaining a neighbouring street. They had not, however, proceeded far, before they were met by another mob, no less sanguinary than that from which they had

escaped, and by whom they would most probably have been sacrificed, if our young hero, who was grown wise by experience, had not shouted out, "Vive la Nation," and persuaded his father to wave his hat with the tri-coloured cockade. Thus deceiving, they were received with shouts, and suffered to pass unmolested: for some time they continued to go forward with the crowd as being less exposed to suspicion than when passing through the streets alone; but coming to a cross street which was known to the Marquis, they suddenly quitted the mob, and passing through two or three private passages, they stopped at a mean looking house, in which resided a man who had formerly been servant to the

Marquis, and in whom he had the greatest confidence. Le Maire, which was the name of this faithful domestic, started with surprise and joy at thus again beholding his beloved master, who, he feared, had long since suffered for his attachment to his much lamented sovereign.

Our fugitives entered this humble asylum, and experienced a most hospitable reception from the faithful owner of it. But no sooner did the Marquis sit down than he began to feel the painful effects of the bruises which he had received when thrown down by the crowd. Le Maire earnestly requested him to go to bed, and exhausted as he was, he readily consented to do so. Etienne then shortly related to their

host the particulars of his father's escape, and expressed his determination to remain with him till he should be able to travel, when he was convinced that his beloved parent would endeavour to leave France, or to retire to some part of it where they might reside in obscurity, and wait for better times.

Le Maire greatly approved of his intention of leaving Paris, but advised him for the present to return to M. Boissard, as in case of a domiciliary visit, he might be able to conceal the Marquis alone, though he could have but faint hopes of preserving both from discovery. Etienne was very unwilling to quit his father, yet could not but acquiesce in the propriety of this ad-

vice: he therefore took a most affectionate leave of his beloved parent, and earnestly recommending him to the care of the faithful domestic, he repaired to M. Boissard's.

This gentleman publicly appeared highly offended at Etienne's absence, but afterwards calling him into his chamber, he anxiously listened to the account of his father's release. He most warmly praised the prudence and heroism of his conduct, sincerely rejoiced at the partial success of his endeavours, and approved of his intentions for the future, and concluded by promising to use his utmost endeavours to assist them in leaving the country.

CHAPTER V.

——"But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under heaven."

MILTON.

AFTER the departure of his young Lord, the faithful Le Maire took every precaution to prevent a discovery of the Marquis's person. For this purpose he burnt the clothes he had worn as no longer of any use, and as likely to lead to detection; and putting him on a female head dress, advised him, in case he should be questioned, to pretend

deafness, and give wrong answers to all that might be asked him.

The event showed that these precautions were not useless, for about midnight a party of the National Guards arrived. The commander having put numerous questions to Le Maire, proceeded to search the house. On approaching the room where the Marquis was in bed, the faithful domestic entreated them not to be violent, as his wife's mother was confined with a contagious fever. The soldiers, not wishing to run the risk of infection, contented themselves with just looking at the supposed female, and then not meeting with any to excite or confirm their suspicions, they quietly retired.

The following morning Etienne privately visited his father, whom he found both weak and stiff from the injury he had suffered, and many days elapsed before the Marquis was sufficiently recovered to attempt the execution of their proposed enterprise. This delay, although apparently hurtful was really of advantage to them, as it both gave them time to mature their plan, and took from their adversaries the first ardour of pursuit. The great difficulty was how to procure a passport, or to leave Paris without one. Etienne, more sanguine than ever from success, and in good spirits from his father's recovery, determined to attempt procuring one, but this could only be accomplished by again

having recourse to deception, at which his youthful mind revolted.

Educated as he had been in the principles of truth and sincerity, he had all along felt great repugnance at having recourse to dissimulation, and although the motive was the preservation of the life of a beloved parent, he yet hesitated before he could resolve to give a false description of himself; but the greatness of the stake at last conquered his laudable scruples, and he repaired to the bureau. Here he exhibited the passport with which he had arrived at Paris, and stating, that he had met with an aged relation whose health obliged him to quit the capital, he solicited a passport for them to return to their native pro-

vince. This was at first positively refused, but M. Boissard, who accompanied our hero, aware of the mercenary disposition of the clerks, privately offered a bribe which entirely vanquished their scruples, and even induced them to dispense with the attendance of the invalid.

No sooner was Etienne in possession of this valuable paper, than he burried to the house of Le Maire, and most earnestly entreated his father to avail himself without delay of the opportunity thus offered of quitting a place so pregnant with danger as the capital then was. Both Le Maire and the Marquis were at first averse to so precipitate a departure, but afterwards consented to it, as M. Boissard was of

opinion, that no time should be lost lest the circumstance of the passport should reach the ears, and excite the suspicions of those who would not be bound by the same reasons as had influenced the clerks.

Our hero and his beloved father, therefore, took an affectionate leave of the truly hospitable Le Maire, who, trusting to the obscurity of his situation in life for security, preferred remaining at Paris. They also bade a reluctant adieu to M. Boissard, whose family and connections prevented him from accompanying them, but who generously supplied the Marquis with more money than would be sufficient for their support, till they could reach some place of safety, even

though it were protracted for two or three months. They then set out on foot for Fontainbleau, leaving Paris in this manner, rather than in a public or private carriage, in order that their route might be less easily traced in case of suspicion.

The first day they travelled about two leagues, when the Marquis, who was unused to walking, being much fatigued, they determined to stop at a small village, and there wait for the Diligence, which was to set out the following morning from Paris to Lyons through Roane. Although the Marquis was greatly exhausted, yet neither he nor Etienne enjoyed the comfort of repose, the dread of being pursued and discovered kept them awake, and

they were up and ready several hours before the Diligence arrived. Fortunately, when it did stop, they found two places disengaged, which they immediately secured, and thus proceeding on their journey, they on the evening of the third day reached Roane.

Here they resolved to rest for some time, being induced to do so by several reasons: in the first place, they were afraid to proceed to Lyons, which was still the scene of cruelty and destruction; secondly, their passports would serve them no further than the Department of the Rhone and Loire*,

* The Loire is the principal river of France, it rises in the Mountains of the Cevennes, and running towards the North-West, falls into the Bay of Biscay.

in which they then were; and lastly, Etienne was very anxious to see the worthy Guichard, whose name had proved so good a disguise to him.

Having therefore alighted and had their passports closely examined, Etienne conducted his father to the house of his kind friend, who, as well as his wife, was greatly rejoiced, at again seeing their young protegé in safety, and their joy was increased when they learnt that he had fully accomplished the object of his journey, and that his father was the companion of his return.

The Marquis was received by these good people with the greatest kindness, and feeling that his health and strength began to fail from the fatigue

and anxiety which he had undergone, he resolved to remain in this retired spot for some days to recover his strength, and to consider of the best means of proceeding on their journey. He preferred travelling thus far towards the south rather than proceeding direct to the frontiers, as they would be less likely to be suspected of a desire of emigrating, but although he was approaching his estate, he had no desire of visiting it, for no longer having a home there, he only sought in his present helpless state to quit his devoted country.

How to accomplish this object was the constant subject of conversation between him and his beloved son, during the time they passed with this

worthy and hospitable couple. In one of these conversations the Marquis desired Etienne to give him a particular account of what occurred at the chateau at the time he was driven from it. In compliance with this request, he narrated every thing which passed under his observation at that dreadful period, and now first mentioned the box which he had taken from the Abbé's chamber, and how he had disposed of it. On receiving this information the Marquis no longer hesitated on what course to pursue. He determined to proceed as soon as he was able to travel to Nismes, to visit the kind-hearted Laforte, and claiming his box, either travel by land to Piedmont, or endeavour to reach some of

the British ships which were cruising in the Mediterranean.

To attempt this M. de M—— only waited till he found himself sufficiently strong to travel on foot, for he dared not without a passport hire any conveyance, nor did he think it prudent to apply to the municipality of Roane for a new one, as great suspicion had been manifested by them on inspecting that with which they had travelled from Paris.

At the expiration of ten days from the time of their arrival at Roane, our travellers again resumed their journey, and proceeded towards the chateau de M——, sometimes on foot and sometimes on the occasional conveyances which presented themselves on the

road; resting at solitary inns and in the cottages of the peasants, they carefully avoided the towns and cities which lay in their route.

On their arrival in the vicinity of Nismes, they rested during the remainder of the day in a retired spot, not daring to travel whilst it was light, lest they should be recognized by some of the inhabitants; but on the approach of night they proceeded to the cottage of the faithful Annette. Truly painful were the sensations of the Marquis at thus passing like a midnight robber, over his own estate, yet was he not unthankful to Providence for the mercies he had received. He remembered that his life had been so lately preserved from the most imminent danger, and

that he was still blessed with one of the most dutiful and affectionate children.

Etienne's feelings were of a happier cast: he only thought of the dreadful anxiety he experienced when he last quitted that spot, and the comparatively happy state in which he now returned to it. His youthful mind painted the future in brilliant colours, and anticipated the moment when free from danger he might, under the guidance of his parent, exert his abilities to make them independent of the world: he even hoped one day to serve that country which now forced them to seek an asylum far from the inheritance of their ancestors.

After a fatiguing walk they arrived at the place of their destination, and

Etienne, tapping gently at the casement, desired the terrified Annette not to be alarmed, but to open the door. At the sound of his well-known voice, the faithful woman hurried on her clothes, and received her much-loved and respected guests with joy. The Marquis desired her to return to her children, and on that condition he and his son would remain with her the following day. It was with great difficulty that she could be prevailed upon to comply, but at length yielding to their entreaties, Etienne and his father laid down on the floor, and composed themselves to sleep.

It is one of the advantages of adversity, that it deprives us of those artificial wants which cause the misery of

the spoiled children of fortune. Both our travellers, but particularly Etienne, would have thought this, some months before, a very miserable way of spending the night, but now it appeared to them a luxury to repose in a place of safety, although it was on the hard boards.

Annette rose with the first dawn of day, and hastened to prepare their breakfasts, which they had no sooner partaken of, than she requested them to retire to her chamber, both to take more comfortable repose than they could have enjoyed on the floor, and also to avoid being discovered by any of the neighbouring peasants, to whom their persons were so well known. The Marquis agreed to her request, but

first desired to be informed of what had occurred at the chateau since his son's departure from it. She informed him that the ruffians who at first took possession of it, did not long retain their spoil, for the Marquis's accuser arriving a few days after it had been plundered by the mob, claimed it as national property entrusted to his care, and had ever since resided in it.

No hope remaining to the Marquis of being able, at least for the present, to recover his inheritance, he retired to Annette's chamber with his son, determining to remain where he was no longer than till the return of darkness should make it safe for them to travel, and then to proceed to Tou-

lon*, from whence he hoped to be able either to get on board of the English fleet, or to find some neutral vessel that would convey them to a place of safety. Remaining therefore concealed in the house of this faithful woman during the day, they in the evening resumed their journey, having first liberally rewarded her for her hospitality, and received the box which Etienne had formerly entrusted to her care.

They continued to travel in the same manner as they had done from

* Toulon is a city and sea port on the Mediterranean, in the Department of Var, and late Province of Provence. It is a place of great strength, containing a large naval arsenal, and is the station of a formidable French fleet.

Roane, sometimes meeting with a conveyance, but more commonly walking till they arrived at Toulon. Here finding themselves so near the end of their journey, and being informed of the anti-republican sentiments of many of the inhabitants, they neglected their usual precautions, and openly entered the city; but scarcely were they seated in the parlour of the inn, when the patriot, who had caused Etienne so much uneasiness on his journey to Paris, entered the room. He immediately recognized our hero, and exclaimed, "Ah! my young Aristocrat, so I have "met you again. Pray what induced "you to leave the Diligence so sud-"denly at Vienne?" Etienne not knowing what answer to make to this

sudden address, was silent, and the patriot continued, "What! I suppose you "are travelling again without a pass- "port, for that was what made you run "away before. Come, let me see your "papers." Not having any to produce, Etienne was still silent, and the enquirer calling to two men who were standing in the inn yard, desired them to seize that boy, and take him before the municipality.

The heroic youth was then leaving the room without taking the least notice of his parent, hoping that by that means he would escape observation, but the Marquis no longer able to restrain his feelings, rushed forward, and clasping his child in his arms, declared that they would either live or perish

together, and the monster, whose sanguinary nature was gratified at thus finding two victims instead of one, hurried them both away, lamenting at the same time that the inhabitants of Toulon were so much more peaceably inclined than those of Paris or Lyons, in either of which cities he could have caused them to be massacred by only styling them Aristocrats.

Arrived before the municipality they were ordered to produce their passports, and to state who and what they were. The Marquis presented that with which they had travelled from Paris to Roane, but that not extending farther than the Department of the Rhone and Loire, was of no service to them, and the account they gave of

themselves not being deemed satisfactory, they were searched, every thing of value taken from them, and ordered to be confined till proofs of their guilt could be procured. In conformity to this decree, they were immediately conducted to the common prison, and immured in a dungeon, in which there was nothing but a truss of straw, and to which neither light nor air were freely admitted.

CHAPTER VI.

" Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots
Sait aussi des méchans arrêter les complots,
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte.
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre
crainte."

ATHALIE DE RACINE.

In this dreadful dungeon our hero and his beloved parent remained for some weeks, each succeeding day bringing with it only a continuance of misery, for to their other sufferings was added, the want of wholesome food, what they received being of the coarsest kind, and scarcely sufficient in quantity to satisfy the cravings of nature. Yet did

neither the Marquis nor his son give way to despondency; secure in conscious innocence, they reposed with humble confidence on their Maker, firmly convinced that their afflictions, though painful, were permitted by him for some good end beyond their finite comprehensions.

But although the Marquis's mind was thus strong, his body was so debilitated by his former imprisonment, and the great fatigue which he had subsequently undergone, that his health soon sunk under this aggravation of suffering, and Etienne dreaded every day to see his father expire in his arms. He made many fruitless attempts to excite the commiseration of the gaoler, who every morning brought

them their daily allowance of food; but although his countenance exhibited signs of pity, yet he either would not, or dared not afford them any relief. Etienne, however, daily renewed his entreaties to be removed to a less unwholesome place, and though unsuccessful in that respect, yet he so far worked upon the compassion of the gaoler, as to obtain a little wine, and a few other articles which were of the utmost service to his almost expiring parent.

A month had thus passed away, when one morning, as Etienne was sitting on the straw with his father's head resting on his lap, the door of the dungeon was thrown open, and several people entered. Our hero, supposing

that they were come to drag them to trial, or perhaps to execution, endeavoured to assume fortitude to support his fate, but his body refused to second the impulse of his mind, and he sank on the straw by the side of his parent. His senses, however, were soon recalled by the delightful information that they were free. Scarcely could the Marquis or his son credit the evidence of their senses; but at last convinced that they were no longer prisouers, they mentally offered up their fervent thanks to the Almighty Disposer of events for their deliverance, and then prepared to follow their deliverers.

The Marquis was so weak that it was with great difficulty that he could walk,

but assisted by his affectionate son, he was passing through the passage of the prison, when he heard his name pronounced, and turning his head, he beheld his lamented friend the Abbé, alive indeed, but pale and feeble as himself. The meeting between these dear friends was truly affecting, and, in the present state of their health, almost more than nature could support. They sunk into each other's arms, unable to utter a word, and the Marquis who had not shed a single tear during his confinement, and who had heard of his release with calmness, almost approaching to insensibility, now wept like a child.

Etienne equally delighted, but more collected, strove to allay the violence

of their feelings, and, whilst he pressed them both to his heart, entreated them now in the hour of prosperity to exert that fortitude which had supported them through so many afflictions. For some time they were unable to attend to his remonstrances, but by degrees these violent emotions subsided, and they then proceeded together into the public street, where they found themselves surrounded by a great concourse of people, who received them with the most lively acclamations, and pressed forward to make them offers of assistance.

Although every one seemed eager to give them information, yet the pressure and confusion were so great that neither of the sufferers could discover

the cause of their sudden enlargement, they only knew that they were again at liberty in the streets of Toulon, without money or necessaries, but surrounded by a number of people who appeared anxious to befriend them.

In this situation they remained some time, uncertain what course it would be most advisable to pursue, till Etienne fearing the effects this scene of tumult might have upon his father's weak nerves, urged him and the Abbé to proceed to the inn, where they had been arrested, both for the purpose of obtaining the repose they so much needed, as also to ascertain whether the property they left there had been preserved, or whether it had been taken possession of by those who had seized their persons.

Conducted by the mob, and supported by his son, the Marquis proceeded slowly down the street, followed by the Abbé, whose feeble frame was supported by two of the compassionate spectators. They were some time in reaching the place of their destination, although the distance was by no means great, but on their arrival, they had the satisfaction to learn that there were comfortable apartments vacant, and that the box which the Marquis and his son had brought from Annette Laforte's, as well as a small parcel containing linen and some cash, had been found by the master of the house at the time of their arrest, and had by him been carefully preserved, in the hope that the owner might soon be able to reclaim them.

Etienne having returned his own and his companions' grateful acknowledgments to his friendly countrymen, who had escorted them to the inn, caused two comfortable beds to be prepared, to which he immediately conducted his father and his preceptor, and having procured for them such light and nourishing food as their present situation required, he proceeded to enquire into the circumstances of their recent deliverance, and learnt that the majority of the inhabitants of Toulon, disgusted with the sanguinary conduct of the democratic party, and fearing that their lives and property would, as at Paris and Lyons, become the prey of these monsters, had sent a deputation to Lord Hood, who commanded the Eng-

lish fleet in the Mediterranean, offering to surrender the city to him, provided he would send a force sufficient to defend them against their sanguinary and infatuated countrymen; that Lord Hood had in consequence sent a body of English troops immediately; upon whose arrival the inhabitants seized the persons of the most violent republicans, and then proceeded to set at liberty those who were confined for their political opinions.

Etienne having communicated this information to his father and the Abbé, continued with them till such time as their exhausted faculties sunk to repose, he then retired to bed, flattering himself that a few days' rest would restore them both to health and comfort.

He slept soundly for several hours, and on awaking, hastened to his father's bed-side. There, however, the hopes which he had indulged the preceding evening, were far from being strengthened: his father appeared much weaker and more feverish than when he left him. He immediately sent for a physician, who, on his arrival, candidly informed our hero that he could not answer for the event, as the constitution of both his patients, but more particularly that of the Marquis, had been so injured by the confinement and want of proper food, that nothing but the utmost care and attention could possibly preserve life. He then ordered some medicines to allay the fever, and giving our hero directions how to treat

his patients, departed, promising to return the next day.

Etienne, as soon as he was gone, sent for the landlord, and desired him to procure a nurse to attend upon the Abbé, and himself assumed the same office near his father, never leaving him but to visit his beloved preceptor. For several days they continued so ill, that Etienne dreaded every hour to be deprived of them both, and to be again exposed to the world, without a preceptor or friend; indeed the Marquis was so firmly convinced of his approaching dissolution, that one day whilst his son was sitting by his bedside, he endeavoured to prepare him for the event, and gave him directions how to proceed if it should so take place.

He informed him that the box which they had been so fortunate as to preserve through the whole of their distress, contained the vouchers of considerable property, which he had invested in the English funds, and which Etienne would be entitled to on his arriving at the age of twenty-one, and also some securities which might be immediately converted into money; he therefore desired him after his decease to proceed to England, and informed him of the name and abode of some friends which he had in that country, to whom he should apply for protection and advice. He charged him at the same time to use his utmost endeavours to prevail on the Abbé, in case he should recover, to be the com-

panion of his voyage, and to exert his utmost abilities to make the evening of his life comfortable.

Etienne patiently listened to his father's instructions, and faithfully promised to fulfil them, but at the same time earnestly entreated him not to indulge such gloomy ideas, but to look forward to that period, when he flattered himself they should all be able to visit that happy country.

For about ten days the Marquis continued in great danger, during the whole of which time, the almost heart-broken Etienne, never quitted him but for a few minutes, to visit the Abbé, taking the little repose which he enjoyed in a large chair by his father's bed-side, and it was to this unremit-

ting care and attention, that the Marquis was indebted for the preservation of his life, as the physician honestly avowed, that it was a case in which medicine could be of little service, and that every thing depended upon the patient being kept perfectly quiet, and being frequently supplied with proper nourishment in small quantities.

At the expiration of this period, our hero's filial exertions were rewarded by seeing his beloved parent begin to recover, and every succeeding day increased his joy, by adding to the strength both of the Marquis and his friend, and they were soon able to enjoy each other's company for some hours in the day. One evening as they were thus seated together, the Marquis

and his son expressed their anxiety to know by what means the Abbé had escaped from the horrors of that dreadful night in which the chateau was plundered, and how he came to be confined in the common prison at Toulon.

The Abbé after reciting the occurrenees of that fatal evening, as already related, proceeded to state that the first thing of which he had any recollection, after he received a blow on the head, whilst speaking to the populace on the steps of the chateau, was finding himself in one of the stables, supported by the faithful Bernardin, who was trying to restore him to life. This affectionate servant (as he afterwards learnt) had, on leaving his young Lord in the hermitage, repaired to the chateau,

which he found in possession of the rioters, but they were fortunately too much engaged to pay any attention to him, he therefore proceeded unmolested to the great entrance, where he found the Abbé still lying on the steps, apparently lifeless; but feeling a slight palpitation of the heart, he determined to remove him, and with some difficulty succeeded in conveying him to the stable. After some hours spent in unceasing endeavours, he at length opened his eyes, and the faithful domestic having bound up the wound which he had received on the head, and placed him in the most comfortable situation he could, went in search of Etienne, but after visiting the hermitage and every place where he thought

there was the least probability of finding him, he was obliged to give up the attempt, and hastened back to the Abbé with some refreshment, which, from being well acquainted with every part of the chateau, he was able to procure unobserved by the merciless wretches who had driven them from it.

During the remainder of the day he continued with the Abbé, and on the return of night he supported, or almost carried him to his sister's cottage, situated about half a league from the chateau. Here he immediately put him into the best bed the humble dwelling afforded, and, assisted by his sister, endeavoured to procure him every comfort which his feeble state required.

With the first dawn of morning, this

grateful man again set out in the hopes of discovering his young Lord, and conducting him to a place of safety. With this intention he several times endeavoured to enter the chateau, but was as often prevented by the approach of some of the inhuman wretches who were still in possession of it. Thinking it therefore improbable that the object of his search should be concealed in a place so inhabited, he at last desisted, and after again searching every part of the grounds without discovering the least trace of him, he returned disconsolate to his sister's.

The Abbé then proceeded to inform his attentive auditors, that the wound which he had received on the head

proved less serious in its consequences than he had expected, and that through the unremitting attention of the worthy Bernardin and his aged sister, he was soon able to leave his bed. The former, at his earnest request, again made every possible enquiry to discover the fate of the lamented Etienne, without effect; for although he visited the cottage of Annette Laforte, he could not obtain any information from her, as that worthy woman, fearing he might be connected with the Marquis's enemies, thought it most prudent to conceal all she knew respecting him. After remaining, therefore, in this retreat till such time as he recovered sufficient strength to bear the fatigues

of the journey, the aged Abbé set out on his return to Frejus*, where he had resided for some years previous to his arrival at the chateau to take charge of Etienne during his father's absence. But as the clergy were then the objects of suspicion and persecution in every part of the kingdom, his venerable appearance, which should have proved his protection, was the cause of his being stopped on the road by a party of violent republicans, just as he was approaching his former abode. Not having any passport to produce, he was conveyed to the common prison at Toulon, and would most probably have

* Frejus is a fortified town, in the department of the Var, and late province of Provence, near the Mediterranean.

been sacrificed to revolutionary fury, but for the fortunate occurrence which restored them all to liberty.

The Marquis and his son were greatly affected by this short narrative of their beloved friend's sufferings, and at the same time deeply penetrated with admiration and gratitude for that superintending Providence which had by different ways conducted them to the same spot through so many dangers. But as Toulon was at that time become the seat of war, the National Convention having sent a large army to besiege it, our fugitives determined to remove to a place of greater safety, as in the present state of their health they could render no assistance to their friendly countrymen.

The Marquis's first intention was to proceed immediately to England, but as the autumn was far advanced, he thought it would be imprudent to pass the winter in a country whose climate is so variable: he therefore resolved to spend that dreary season at Lisbon*, and Etienne making enquiries in consequence, found a vessel bound for that port, on board of which they embarked about the end of September, 1793.

Favourable winds wafted them over the placid waters of the Mediterranean, and passing through the Straits of Gib-

* Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is situated on the north bank of the Tagus, near its mouth. It is resorted to by invalids during the winter, on account of the mildness and salubrity of the climate.

raltar*, they shortly entered the Tagust with health and spirits rather improved than injured by the effects of the voyage.

During the winter months which they spent in this delightful country, Etienne was indefatigable in his endeavours to amuse the minds of his beloved father and friend, and he in some measure succeeded, although the

* The Straits of Gibraltar are formed by the approach of the southern coast of Spain to the shores of Africa. They connect the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, and take their name from the celebrated fortress of Gibraltar in Spain, which belongs to the English, and which has repeatedly withstood the attack of the united power of France and Spain.

† Tagus is a large river which rises in Spain, and, flowing through Portugal, empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean.

accounts which they continually received of the dreadful massacres which still continued to be practised in their devoted country, filled their hearts with sorrow.

On the return of spring, finding their health nearly re-established, the Marquis and the Abbé, together with our young hero, bad adieu to this highly favoured climate, and in the month of May landed in England, where they were most hospitably received by the Marquis's English friends, as well as by many of those, who, like themselves, had been obliged to seek an asylum in this land of freedom and hospitality.

Many years have now elapsed since these wanderers arrived in our favoured island. The Abbé, after spending se-

veral of them in the society of his beloved pupils, came to the grave in a full age "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." The Marquis is still living in an honourable and comfortable old age, whilst Etienne, married to an amiable woman, and father of a numerous family, looks back with the most heartfelt satisfaction on the exertions he used, when a lad, to preserve his father's life, firmly convinced that, after God, we owe every thing to our parents; that it is our imperative duty to do, and risk every thing for them, and that Providence never deserts those who do so.

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