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La Motte

THE LIFE

OF

Jane de St. Remy de Valois,

HERETOFORE

COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.

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CONTAINING,

A circumstantial and exact Detail of the many extraordinary Events which have attended this unfortunate Lady from her Birth, and contributed to raise her to the Dignity of Confidant and Favorite of the

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Some farther Particulars relative to the mysterious Transaction of

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

Her Trial, Condemnation, and Imprisonment in the Salpetriere; her almost miraculous Escape from thence: with many curious and interesting Particulars of her Journey through several Provinces of France, under different Disguises.

ALSO,

AN ADDRESS TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY,

SUPPLICATING A NEW TRIAL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

THE indulgence with which I have been already heard at the bar of the Public, and the beckoning hand of Candor, that still invites me to speak without reserve, cannot wholly remove the timidity I feel in laying before the World the farther particulars of my life. Fain would I have imitated the retired warbling of the nightingale, and, like her, poured out my tale of sorrows in the desert; but cruel Fate, alas! has denied me even the comforts of obscurity and solitude.

The names of a great QUEEN, and of a PRINCE-CARDINAL, unhappily united with mine, have spread a blaze round it to attract general notice ; and, as if I was doomed to be the victim of painful splendor, the ingenuity of my enemies found means to forge the chains of my dishonor out of a DIAMOND NECKLACE.

The singularity also of my trial, the seeming mystery of the transactions in which I was involved, the perversion of justice to shield others from ignominy, and a weak woman's escape from the iron grasp of Power, were circumstances that could not fail to excite the utmost curiosity and surprize.

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I had hardly arrived in this happy land of Security and Freedom, in this best asylum of persecuted Virtue, when friends and strangers were equally pressing to hear the narrative of my misfortunes, and the justification of my conduct. Their importunities were in no small degree enforced by the low whispers of Suspicion, and the more daring attacks of Calumny. I found that my silence gave a sanction to reproach, and left my character exposed to the tainted breath of Slander. I therefore took up the pen, though with trembling hand; and wrote the dictates of my wounded honor.

But whatever proofs of innocence my Memoirs conveyed, in the artless energy of truth, still they left unsatisfied the

desire of the Public to be made acquainted with the minuter details of a life, the prominent parts of which appeared so remarkable and extraordinary. This is the delicate task I am now tempted to engage in; and I believe the Reader will be convinced, by the unvarnished picture I shall draw of my own errors and weaknesses, that my pencil is not guided by the finger of Vanity.

Let it not, however, be supposed, that I affect an indifference to the good opinion of others. The esteem of the generous people among whom I live is truly dear to me. My views extend even farther. I have some strong claims on my native country; and, surely, there never was a more favourable moment than the present.

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to urge my pretensions. I see an august Senate dispensing freedom and happiness to a renovated Empire. I see them abolishing the absurd institutions, that gave to one class of men the privilege of oppressing another with impunity. I see the rights of the people clearly defined, and guarded against future encroachment. In short, I see the scale of Justice suspended with impartial hand, while neither the influence of power, nor the weight of venality, can incline the balance.

To such a tribunal, then, an unjustly condemned woman dares to appeal from the sentence of her former Judges—from a sentence, that affords in its very contradictions the strongest proof of its iniquity.

quity. The Representatives of the Nation will not disregard the cries—will not turn a deaf ear to the complaints of injured innocence. They will suffer me to prostrate myself at their feet: They will examine my defence, and contrast it with the charge of my ungenerous accusers.

Whatever ingenuity my enemies have exerted to misrepresent and blacken my conduct;——whatever corrupt means they have employed to turn the tide of popular prejudice against me; it is no small gratification of virtuous pride, that I retained, in spite of their efforts, the confidence of all, on whose esteem I set a real value. Though never before exposed to the storms of Controversy, I seated myself firmly on the rock of
 Truth;

Truth ; and saw the angry waves of Falsehood break with impotent fury at my feet.

But how persevering and indefatigable is Revenge ! Foiled in every other mode of attack, it fixed its envenomed eye on the Memoirs written in my justification ; and endeavoured to pervert some unguarded expressions into an avowal of my criminality.

I have already described to the Public the distressed state of mind in which I prepared the materials for that work ; the conflict of passions my soul was then agitated with ; and the struggle I experienced between the desire of asserting my own innocence, and an unwillingness

to expose the guilt of persons to whom I was once attached by the strongest ties of respect and gratitude.

How often did the pen drop from my hand! How often were the words blotted out by my tears! Becoming at every new effort more and more sensible of my inequality to the painful task, I availed myself of the assistance of a gentleman, at the Ex-minister's desire; and gave him the leading facts, and the unconnected effusions of my mind, to be reduced into order.

Trusting too much to his fidelity and his talents, I passed over the introductory parts of his work with a superficial glance, and almost confined my revision
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to the scenes of deep intrigue, respecting the Necklace, in which I had been made the hapless victim of my guilty superiors. Satisfied with his attention to my dictates on this important subject, I paid but little regard to any thing else; and I overlooked, in particular, his description of my second interview with the Queen, where, from a mistaken wish, I suppose, to give some strong colouring to my language and sentiments, he threw me open to suspicions which my soul detests.

The Work was published, and the watchful malignity of my enemies exulted in having found out what they thought a vulnerable part, when I read it with equal astonishment and indignation. I sent for the writer: I assailed him with reproaches and

and tears. He said his words conveyed the most innocent meaning; but his explanation could neither quiet my uneasiness, nor repair the injury done to my character. Several gentlemen of unimpeached veracity and honour were present, when I formally protested against having given the least sanction to any such language; and when I desired that the entire article might be stated with the utmost simplicity in the translation, as it was then too late to recal the original.

The Reader will excuse me for thus stopping him at the door of the Court, where my cause will now be fully and impartially tried. The subtleties of chicanery will not here be allowed to play upon the tortured meaning of unguarded, unintended,

unintended, unfranchised, nay more, dis-
avowed expressions.

Though my story is chiefly addressed to the bosom of Sensibility, yet I trust there are very few, to whom it will not afford some entertainment. The anecdotes of public and eminent characters, which it contains; the faithful view it gives of the secret springs, that put the great machinery of courts in motion; and its detail of astonishing facts and extraordinary intrigues, cannot fail to engage the attention of the Politician, and the Man of the World.

IT

IT may be proper to guard the Public against various Forgeries circulated by my enemies, under my signature, some entitled a Continuation of my Memoirs, others an Address to the National Assembly, &c. all wickedly contrived to expose me to contempt and abhorrence. The following Work contains the authentic incidents of my life, the Original of which, in my own hand-writing, is in the hands of the Publisher, Mr. John Bew, No. 28, Paternoster-Row.

THE
L I F E
OF
JANE DE ST. REMY DE VALOIS,
COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.

ELIZABETH, of Vienna, my grandmother, born at Bar-sur-Seine, had formed a particular intimacy with a lady of the same place, and of a similar age and disposition: both became pregnant about the same time, and so much did this similarity of situation heighten their reciprocal attachment, that they resolved, should fortune favor their wishes by children of different sexes, to perpetuate their friendship by a matrimonial union, and executed, accordingly, a contract for that purpose.

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The same month produced my father and his promised bride; the young pair were given to understand that they were destined for each other, from the first moment they began to prattle: till at length the buds of friendship, cherished by frequent intercourse, and strengthened by mutual endearments, ripened into love. In this situation, with all the transports which youthful minds feel at the prospect of approaching bliss; scarce had they attained the age of sixteen, when a sudden and most unaccountable disagreement between the parents, clouded the sunshine of their felicity, and blasted their future hope:---the match was instantly broke off, and an immediate separation ensued.

A short time after, the Countess **** visited Paris, hoping that absence, and the unceasing variety which that gay capital affords, would erase from her daughter's mind the memory of her promised husband; while my father, unable to forget the mistress of his youth, for a long time rejected every overture of alliance proposed by his parents; till at length time, assisted by the absence of the beloved object, so weakened the ardor of his former flame, that another favorite insensibly stole into his heart, obliterated

obliterated the traces of his former attachment, and finally fixed his affections.

Maria Joffel, a girl who had the charge of the house at Fontette, was the person who had attracted his eye: she was solicitous to please him, and, in a short time, became pregnant. My father, wishing at once to make her an honorable reparation, and legitimate his child, was induced to ask my grand-father's consent to marry her; who, thinking such an union degrading to an illustrious line of ancestry, gave a pointed and formal refusal. This opposition did but encrease my father's ardor; who, after many unsuccessful efforts to win my grand-father to compliance, and remaining unmarried till he was thirty-six years of age (four years longer than the law required) *, at length solemnized the marriage at Langres, in Champagne, under the names of James de Luz, and Maria Joffel, where my father had purchased an estate, upon which he resided, some time previous to the nuptials. In about a year after, my grand-father, upon his death-bed, forgave the indiscretion of his son; after whose

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decease,

* Sons are not competent, by the laws of France, to solemnize marriage till they are thirty years of age.

decease, my father and mother left Langres, to take possession of the estate at Fontette.

From this æra I date the commencement of my troubles. No sooner was my grand-father in his grave, and my father in possession of his paternal inheritance, than, freed from all restraint, Maria began to display her real character, and fully evinced the meanness of her birth, by an unlimited indulgence in that folly and extravagance which is ever predominant in vulgar minds on sudden elevation: she listened eagerly to the flattering insinuations of those who addressed themselves to her vanity, and persuaded her that she did herself great injustice in continuing in the country, where she was only known as Maria Joffel; that she should repair to Paris, where she would figure in the first circles as the Baroness de Valois, a title which her accomplishments would not disgrace.---There needed no more to determine a female, already intoxicated with vanity, and suddenly raised from obscurity to affluence: she resolved to follow their advice, painted in glowing colours the advantages which would certainly result from a residence in the metropolis, and exerted her influence so effectually, that the unsuspecting goodness of my father fell too

too easily a prey to the insinuating address of this cunning female, who having previously found means, at different intervals, to strip him of almost all his possessions, and to feed her poor relations with the spoils of the paternal inheritance, art was sufficiently crafty to make that very poverty, which she herself had occasioned, an argument in favor of her design. My father listened to what appeared to him so very plausible, that a journey to Paris, and regaining the title and demesnes thereto annexed was the only means of repairing his shattered fortunes, and restoring an illustrious name to its original splendor; with suggestions similar to these, and apparently so plausible, did she varnish over her interested designs, and urged my father (if I may be allowed the expression) to this desperate attempt.

Here I hope the candid Reader will bear with me a moment, while in extenuation of my father's indiscretion, I attempt to give a slight description of those natural accomplishments in my mother, which united to constitute that fatal influence, so replete with misery to her wretched offspring. Her form was elegant; her fine blue eyes appearing through long silken

eye-lashes, and her eye-brows finely arched, rendered her face extremely interesting, and markedly expressive, while her dark tresses falling in graceful profusion over her shoulders, displayed to the greatest advantage the natural whiteness of her skin. With these fatal charms, she possessed a strong understanding, and a ready wit. Vain from her personal charms, she was volatile in her temper, impatient and revengeful.

Such is the outline of my mother, and such attractions might have ensnared much older, and perhaps wiser men. Her solicitations at length prevailed, and after my father had disposed of the small remainder of his property, we all set out together on our journey for the metropolis.

In a dreary night, the most gloomy in my remembrance, we took our last farewell of the peaceful plains of Fontette; forsook the calm pleasures of the country, led aside by a meteor beam, which gleamed deceitfully in the eyes of my father, but to allure him to his fate: he abandoned the quiet shades of his paternal inheritance, to mix among the crowd, where disappointment

pointment frustrates the lofty views of aspiring ambition. Such was the night chosen, not improperly, for my parents to begin their journey, accompanied by my brother, and myself, then about four years of age; but my youngest sister was left exposed to charity in the window of one Durand, a wealthy and avaricious farmer who being in possession of a great part of my father's estate, and having stood sponsor to this unfortunate infant, was therefore deemed the most proper person to be her future protector.

Here I must pause---unable to suppress the agitations of a mind overwhelmed with sorrow, on a recollection of the danger to which this helpless infant was exposed, though at that time I was unconscious of it.---And, gentle reader, if thy heart be not a stranger to the dictates of humanity, if ever thou hast known the feelings of a father; or, should this recital moisten with the tear of sensibility the eye of that female, who has experienced the timidity of a mother, even upon the bare apprehension of danger to her child; what indignation must fill thy breast against the author of this hated transaction! and how small a share of credibility can I hope will be given to me when I assert, that

the infant innocence of my sister (whose endearing smiles must have melted into pity the most obdurate heart). could not so engage the affections of her natural protector, as to prevent her being abandoned, and exposed to the cruelty or humanity of every casual passenger; and left (oh, heaven! I shudder to name it) on the outside of that mansion, where griping usury and inhumanity, with their concomitant evils, dwelt within!---But, an indulgent Providence guarded her innocence, and she now lives, to drop the tear of pity on my misfortunes, which have almost obliterated the remembrance of her own.

It will naturally be asked, had she no father? Yes, I will answer; but that father, the weakness of whose intellects reduced him almost to childhood, was so overcome by the misery of his situation, and the idea of being about to leave that inheritance which his ancestors had so long possessed, and whose honor he had tarnished by his mean alliance, that he knew nothing of the transaction, till it was beyond his power to prevent it.

This

This was the first unnatural proof of my father's unequal marriage, and the melancholy commencement of the struggle of poverty, in pursuit of the title and appendages of Valois.

It will be unnecessary to hint, to those who are conversant in French history, that after the death of Henry II. who was killed at a tilting match, by the Count de Montgomeri, the three subsequent reigns, were harrassed by religious wars, and the cabals of the League, all the princes of the house of Valois were singular in their misfortunes. Henry III. the last king of that line, was assassinated by Clement, a young enthusiastic monk, of the Benedictine order, which made way for the advancement of Henry IV. of the house of Bourbon, who, next to the family of Valois, had the best right to the crown: it was, therefore, that the descendants of this ancient and illustrious family, fearing to render themselves obnoxious to the power of the Bourbon, discontinued the name, contenting themselves with that of St. Remy, till my grand-father again resumed it, but being all his life in the country, was not thus acknowledged at court.

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The confined state of my father's circumstances obliged us to undertake part of our journey on foot, the rest was occasionally performed in a public carriage. Fresh in my memory (though then but four years of age), and not to be effaced by time or prosperity, are the cruelties inflicted on me by this mother, who had commenced her career with ingratitude, and, like a serpent, stung to the heart the kindness that cherished her; who had abandoned an innocent and helpless child to the mercy of an unfeeling usurer. What could be expected from such a woman as this?---the next miserable victim was myself.

We stopped at a village on the road to Paris, where we dined, and my mother, having left my father and brother at the inn, took me out with her into the fields, and after upbraiding me for some trifling fault, treated me with the utmost severity, the marks of which were very plainly to be seen. When I had undergone this inhuman discipline, she commanded me to dry my tears, and we returned together, as though we had been good friends. Notwithstanding all her precaution, however, I could not forget the treatment I had received,

received, which my countenance more strongly discovered, in spite of every effort to conceal it ; in vain did my father press me to eat at dinner, nor could he account for an uneasiness which he saw pictured in the face of his darling daughter. After dinner, being left alone with him, he conjured me, as I loved him, to explain the cause of my grief ; trembling, and entreating him not to tell my mother, which he at length promised, I related to him her behaviour to me : she, however, soon after obliged him, not only to break his promise, but at the same time to treat her with a severity she had never before experienced.

Whether the fear of still further offending my father, or that she judged it would more effectually conceal from him her real disposition towards me, induced her to adopt a very different line of conduct, I am at a loss to guess ; but her pretended fondness and caresses so far filled my little bosom with affection for her, that I followed her almost every where, and totally forgot all that I had before suffered.--- But, alas ! this happiness was but of short duration ; it vanished, only to give place to still greater severities, which were inflicted upon me, without

without a conscious offence, by this unfeeling parent,

A spirit of revenge, I soon fatally experienced, had been lurking in my mother's breast, under the specious disguise of kindness and affection; nor can I assign one plausible reason, in extenuation of her conduct, for again giving way to the impetuosity of her temper, except my having communicated to my father what she had already done to me. Strange and unaccountable as what I am now about to relate may appear, it is strictly true, that my mother, having enticed me to some little distance, gathered a quantity of stinging nettles, of which she formed a rod, and had the precaution to use it on such parts of my body, where she thought the marks would not be discovered---she failed, however, in the attempt to conceal from the vigilance of paternal affection, this unparalleled species of cruelty; my father again read my distress in my eyes, and discovering, on examination, the effects of her resentment, was so transported with rage, that he could not refrain from striking her in such a manner, that, if living, the marks must still be visible.

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One would have thought this might have proved a sufficient correction---alas! no: she long after preserved the deadly remembrance, and took occasion to manifest her hatred with redoubled fury. We proceeded on our journey till we arrived at Vaugerard and Hyscys, two places in the environs of Paris, where we staid a few days. Soon after our arrival, my mother took me to one of the Guingettes*, where I was astonished at the vast crowds of people who were diverting themselves.

But a short period had elapsed, when my mother (with indignation I remember the humiliating circumstance) instructed and commanded me to run after the people who passed by, repeating these words, which she had put into my mouth:

“ Gentlemen, or Ladies, take compassion on
 “ a poor orphan, descended in a direct line
 “ from Henry the Second, of Valois, King of
 “ France.”

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* Places of entertainment, where the lower orders of people divert themselves with drinking, music, and dancing.

Some asked me many questions, and took pity on my infancy, while others reprovèd and threatened me: this I reported to my mother, who, callous to every sense of shame, still encouraged me to proceed, though she never did this before my father, with whom my brother constantly resided. Sometimes she would follow me at a small distance, and set me an example, holding out the pedigree of our family, which she presented to every one that passed; at other times, she took me by the hand, and would burst into tears, by way of exciting the compassion of observers, at which I, too young to be an accomplice in her dissimulation, used also to weep.

Though the original intent of our journey was to claim the rank and possessions belonging to my father's dormant title, yet his own melancholy reflections upon his situation and circumstances, had so preyed upon his understanding, that he was, as I have already observed, reduced to a state of dotage and puerility, and totally under the government of my mother, who, about six months after our arrival in the vicinity of Paris, judged it necessary to remove to Versailles; where the police being much

much more strict, prevented her from again putting in practice her beggarly occupation. We remained here three months in perfect security, and from thence went on to Boulogne and St. Clou, the former of which being determined on for our residence, we took a ready furnished apartment at an inn, kept by a Mr. Chamberry.

My mother's first business was to wait upon Mr. L'Enoque, the curate of that place, taking with her the pedigree of our family, which she left with him, that worthy pastor having undertaken the charge of making the necessary arrangements, and putting it in a proper condition for the inspection of persons of distinction near the place, that, induced by our distresses, they might lend their assistance towards my father's restoration.

During this interval, the Lords and Ladies De Choiseul, D'Ambouville and D'Almanbec, their grand-children, persons of the first rank, arrived at Boulogne, all of whom crowded to see us, paid us great attention, and contributed to our relief; but their sudden return to Paris prevented

prevented our receiving further marks of their benevolence.

Soon after this my father, taking his customary walk in the Park of Boulogne, at length found himself within sight of Save, when, greatly to his astonishment, he was arrested by Lieutenant Breton, of the Marshalsea of Boulogne, and, notwithstanding the dignity of his birth, treated as a criminal, confined in a loathsome prison, and allowed only bread and water, and a bed of straw. Eight days after this cruel imprisonment, he was suffered to write to the friendly curate, whom he called upon as his deliverer, to come and see him, to comfort his wife and children during his absence, and assure them that he was not dead. Mr. L'Enoque lost no time, and taking me in his hand (not chusing to inform my mother, lest, being pregnant and near her time, she might have experienced bad consequences) immediately went to see him. Though then but an infant of five years and three months old, yet deeply is the shocking picture impressed upon my memory: my poor father extended on a bed of straw, his body emaciated, his complexion fallow and meagre, his eyes languid and sunk, yet a faint

faint and transient gleam seemed to speak the joy of his heart, and welcome our approach. Unable to sustain the fight, I flew into his arms, which were stretched out to receive me, while streaming tears confessed the energy of my grief.

The good Rector sympathized in our affliction, and having procured for my father some necessary sustenance, exerted every means to console him under his misfortune. That benevolent minister then questioned the Marshal concerning the cause of his commitment, who gave such evasive answers, that he was necessitated to draw up a petition to the Duke of Orleans, which a gentleman of his acquaintance engaged to deliver; but access to people of rank being much more difficult at Versailles than in other places, my unfortunate father was obliged to remain six weeks in this loathsome dungeon, before the charitable endeavours of the worthy pastor, who had exerted every nerve to effect his purpose, could terminate in his liberation. Grief and indignation, however, at the severe treatment he had received, encreased by disorders contracted while immured in this inhospitable mansion, preyed

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upon his vitals, and, with more than common speed, hurried him on to dissolution. A most piteous object, and in the most languid condition, did this benevolent man, like another Samaritan, convey my father to his own house, in a carriage, the expence of which he most charitably defrayed; and a few days after, in consequence of his application to the Almanbecs, procured an order to conduct him in a chariot (a distinction due to the dignity of his descent) to the Hotel de Dieu, at Paris, where, two days after, it pleased the Almighty to release him from all his troubles.

The day after his removal, my mother carried me and my brother to see him. Never shall I forget my parting interview with this affectionate and repentant parent, whose last injunction yet vibrates in my ear. He took both my hands in his, and pressing them to his lips, repeated, in a faint voice, " Ah! my dear child! I fear my conduct will occasion you much future misery; but let me intreat you, under every vicissitude, to remember that you are VALOIS! Cherish, throughout life, sentiments worthy of the name, and never forget your birth!---I tremble," continued he, in broken accents, while tears trickled

trickled fast down his cheeks---“ I tremble at the thought of leaving you in the care of such a mother!”---These were the last words I ever heard him speak. That night we parted, alas! for ever, for next morning he breathed his last.

The death of my father was a fatal shock. His kindness, his protection from the cruelties of my mother, had bound him to my heart. When he died, forsaken and defenceless, an inundation of miseries burst in upon me, and bore me down a tide which only his assistance could have enabled me to resist.

Two days after, my mother went to make enquiries respecting his health, at the house of the friendly Rector, who, from motives of compassionate kindness to her advanced state of pregnancy, had concealed the mournful intelligence of his death. My mother proposed going to see him, from which the Rector dissuaded her. She still persisted, and he more strenuously objected; which at length so confirmed her fears, that she instantly fainted away, and that same day was delivered of a daughter, to whom Madame L'Almanbec, and her grand-

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child,

child, then at Boulogne, who had kindly taken us under their protection, condescended to stand sponsors.

About three months after, my mother again departed for Versailles, taking us along with her, and hired a ready-furnished lodging at La Porte du Bucque, where she again resumed the trade of sending me about to ask charity. In this odious occupation, now become still more hateful, which, though so young, I thought very inconsistent with the last words of my dying father, and which nothing but fear could have induced me to disobey, I recollect going once (ignorant of the risk I run of being apprehended) to the house of Mons. Deionice, Exempt General of the Marshalsea of Versailles. Pleased with my infant playfulness, he called me in to speak to him, and, after asking me many questions, gave me a crown piece, a dinner, and some toys. Won by these attentions, so agreeable to children, I often repeated my visits, and was taken great notice of by his wife and daughter, who called me the Little St. Remy.

Mr. Deionice hearing that my mother was handsome, had the curiosity to visit her.

I recol-

I recollect once finding him there on my return home. But she very soon deprived herself of the countenance of this benevolent family, by forming an unaccountable connection with one Jean Baptiste Ramond, a native of Sardinia, and a soldier, whom she seemed to consider as her second husband. The Deionice family asked me a great many questions, and I, from their kindness to me, conceiving I ought to tell them every thing, in my childish prattle one day divulged the circumstance of my mother's new acquaintance. They desired me sometimes to listen to the conversation, which I did, and having heard them talk of marriage, reported it to my benefactors. This engaged that respectable family to take every measure to prevent their union, by desiring the adjacent parishes to refuse them, if they should offer.

Soon after they offered themselves, and were rejected. Mortified by their repulse in this district, they went to Chaillot, where they lived together, without further molestation, in a neatly furnished apartment which my mother had previously hired.

Here it was that my mother assigned it as my task to bring home every day ten fous, and on Sundays and holidays twice that sum; but this was what I could very seldom accomplish. I now began to feel the noble blood of the Valois flowing within my veins, and opposing, like an indignant torrent, such a degradation of a descendant of that illustrious family, I pondered much the last words of my dying father; yet the fear I was under, increased by the severest treatment, probably for the very purpose of making the most vivid impressions of terror, constrained me to obey, and again to solicit charity for a poor little orphan, descended from Henry II.

Gracious Heaven! could the spirits of my illustrious ancestors have beheld this prostitution of their wretched offspring---could they behold the brightness of their achievements, the sterling glory of the Valois, thus tarnished and basely alloyed, what would they feel, at hearing those odious words, "Take pity on a poor orphan, a descendant from Henry II, de Valois!"

Persons who heard me, supposing I had been instructed by some beggar, said to me,
 "Take

deceit, together with the variety and connection of the incidents I related, they were fully convinced of my veracity.

About this time the mistress of the house, having occasion for our lodging for her own family, gave my mother warning; in consequence of which she hired a miserable apartment, open to beggars of the very lowest order, for two-pence per night; dinner and supper at the same rate. In this wretched receptacle, my mother took care to procure a bed for herself and Ramond, while my brother, myself, and little sister, were obliged to be content with a bed of straw; but even this was a comfort from which I was often excluded, for frequently, not having procured my daily supply, and terrified at the severity of that punishment which was certain to be inflicted on such occasions, I used to take up my lodging in the street, or in any shelter I could creep into, chusing rather to submit to every hardship, and trust myself to all the inclemencies of the season, than to receive from the hand of a parent that punishment, the very idea of which was so terrible; for sometimes Ramond would come out to seek me, and having found me sleeping under a window, or on
the

the steps of some door, would lead me home, trembling, like a lamb to the slaughter, where we were no sooner arrived, than my mother, shutting the door, ordered me to strip off the poor rags which did but ill conceal the nakedness of my body. Having pulled off these, even my very shift, she would beat me severely with a rod steeped in vinegar, till the splinters stuck in my flesh; after which, with the assistance of the man, she tied me with cords to the bed-post: and if, during this cruel operation, I happened to cry, or make the least noise, she would again apply the rod with such reiterated fury, that it was frequently broken about my back.---Thus was I early, in the School of Adversity, taught lessons of patience.

The day following she would again send me away, charging me not to do as I had done the day before, and to be sure to bring home money. I accordingly used to go out, and make my application to some good people of the place, who seemed interested in my behalf, and had often given me victuals to carry home to my mother. Amongst these, I particularly remember a Mr. and Mrs. Ruel, a financier and his wife, who lived

lived at the lower part of Chaillot ; and a Mrs. Ouchard, who kept an eating-house.

A few months after, this man, who passed for my mother's husband, was arrested by the Officer of the Police at Paris, in coming out of the Place de Louis Quinze, near the Thuilleries, and conveyed in a hackney-coach to the Chatelet. As soon as my mother was apprized of his imprisonment, she prepared to visit him, taking me along with her, and commanding me to call him father ; to which I objected, saying that my father was dead. " You are surely dreaming !" answered she,

When we approached within sight of the prison, I began to be greatly terrified ; she dragged me forward ; and when we came to the place where he was confined, I was not a little surprized at finding my brother, who was kindly endeavouring to console him, as though he had really been his father.

" How do you do, my dear daughter ? " said Ramond, upon seeing me. " Good morning, sir !" replied I. He caressed me ; but I remember well, that my sensations at this moment

ment were far from being in unison with his. "I am not sorry that you are here," thought I to myself: "I shall, perhaps, be better treated!"

Was it unnatural, that I should rejoice at his confinement?---he who used to assist my mother in the exercise of her barbarity, and would continue that cruelty which nature had denied her strength to execute;---he who could behold my flesh quivering with agony, yet redouble his efforts, till the blood streamed at every stroke.

Gentle reader, this is not an exaggerated picture, drawn by an over-heated imagination, to excite thy indignation, or extort thy pity: it is the language of Truth; it is the narrative of one who has really felt, what cannot but affect thy sensibility even to read.

After staying some time in the prison, my mother returned to Chaillot, taking me along with her, but left my brother with his reputed parent, under the name of Baron de Valois. It was a master-piece of cunning in this man, who had thoroughly studied his part, and had taken
every

every precaution to have him always in his company, that if he was apprehended with our titles, my brother, whose property they were, might reclaim them. This was the reason he had the audacity to beg in the Thuilleries.

My tranquility, on account of this relaxation of severity, lasted not long, for in a fortnight after he was released, and, notwithstanding the punishment he had received, he returned to his customary occupation, and again, accompanied by my brother, appeared upon his former station; while I was obliged to seek out provision for all the family, bearing my little sister, about a year younger, and almost as big as myself, fastened on my back, at which those who passed by exclaimed, that I carried a heavier burden than myself.

A fortnight after this, every day of which was devoted to the same employment, Ramond was again apprehended, and confined in prison, where he remained about a month, during which time I was very barbarously treated by my mother, who hated me, and took every opportunity of exercising her revenge for the imprisonment of her paramour, which she said was

was owing to my perverseness, in refusing to acknowledge him for my father. At times she would put me into her own bed, perhaps with a view of disguising her cruel intentions, and in the middle of the night, or early in the morning, she would get up and beat me terribly, dashing my head against the wall, and scratching me to that degree, that the bloody marks were plainly to be seen. This conduct frightened me so much, that I dared not return to the house, and this night and the next took up my lodging in a stable.

While labouring in my vocation of begging charity from door to door, I met a little girl coming out of a cook's shop with some roast meat. I had intreated the mistress of the house only to give me a little water, which she denied me with a tone of asperity; upon which this young person said, "Come along with me, my little girl, and I will take you to a house where you shall have some." I took her at her word, and followed her, when, instead of water, she gave me some bread and wine; after regaling me well, and giving me six sous, she called her sisters together, to hear me tell my story, at which they all wept.

After

After this I pursued my route, begging at almost all the great houses, where I met with various receptions; some listened to and relieved my necessities, whilst others drove me away from the door, and called me an impostor, to which I could only reply by my tears. Thus was I treated, till coming near Hauteville, I met in my road a poor Vine-dresser, who, pitying my wretchedness, "Poor little creature!" said she, in compassionate accents, "come along with me to my house, and you shall sleep in our garret." This benevolent woman then took me home with her, listened attentively to the story I related, of the manner in which I gained my livelihood, the death of my father, and the cruelties of my mother, which I related simply, without exaggeration. This good creature then gave me some supper, of which I eat very heartily; but the tale I had told, in the language of infant simplicity, had totally deprived her of appetite.

"Only think," said she to her two children, with tears in her eyes, "this little girl is daughter to a great man!" and observing that I collected together, and put into my mouth, the crumbs which the children let fall, "See! see!"

see!" continued she, " what distress may bring us to! Mind, and make no waste of that bread which you may one day want yourselves!"

The next morning she called in her neighbours to see me, many of whom advised me to go to St. Clou, where there was a great fair. I took their advice, and journeyed thither, moistening the road with my tears. Here I had the good fortune to meet with another Vine-dresser, who finding me asleep at four o'clock in the morning under a Fruiterer's window, took me up, trembling, in her arms, brought me to her house, and laid me on her own bed; then giving me some warm wine and sugar, and covering me up, I fell into a fine perspiration, and awoke two hours after, greatly refreshed. She then brought me a shift, and a jacket and petticoat belonging to one of her own children. " One of my little girls," said she, " is dead; if she had lived, I designed to have given her these cloaths, which I now give to you. But make yourself happy, my poor little girl! you shall stay with me; my husband will be pleased with you!" Then weeping, and almost devouring me with kisses, " See this poor little girl!" said she, speaking to her children: " she
is

is descended from a King!---Her mother used to beat her : she wanted to make her bring ten sous a day, and on holidays twenty; but we will take better care of her, and not use her so cruelly!”

Here I remained for a few days, and felt the most delightful contrast to my former wretchedness, rejoicing in the participation of the comforts of these honest peasants, who, in their quiet retreat, enjoyed all that happiness which Ambition idly pants to grasp in the discordant din of populous cities.---If at any period of my life I ever enjoyed complete felicity, it was in this contented cottage : but I was reserved for greater misfortunes, and destined to experience vicissitudes in their strongest extremes.

A few days had thus insensibly glided away in the enjoyment of comforts to which I had hitherto been a stranger, when my brother, whom my evil genius had conducted thither, espied me out amid the concourse of people at the fair.---“ Ha ! ha ! are you there ? ” exclaimed he. “ What are you doing here ? My mother now lodges in a grand apartment, and a great Lord has taken charge of us. She has had a good deal of

of trouble to get Mr. Ramond out of prison, but can't succeed; however, I am not sorry.--- Come along home! every thing is quiet. My mother is continually with him; she sleeps there, and I am alone with my little sister. Come then, sister! come, and let us go home together!"

Let me lament, for a moment, how a noble mind may be foiled by bad education and corrupt examples.

My brother, whose sentiments, as will hereafter appear, sufficiently evinced the nobility of his descent, had been taught, by my mother, to despise and ridicule every thing his persecuted sister either said or did. For this he was sure to meet with encouragement; but, notwithstanding this bad education, and the mean example of his parents, his spirit broke forth from every surrounding cloud, and he was not more renowned for the defence of his country, and the more arduous exertions of public, than esteemed by all that knew him for his amiable disposition, and fulfilling all the moral duties of private and social life.

When my brother invited me to go with him, I thought not that he was deceiving

me, and immediately returned to the good vintagers, and offering to restore their cloaths, which they refused, I bid them farewell; at which they embraced me tenderly, and we all shed tears together. I then went home with my brother; but what was my astonishment, when, the moment I entered, I saw my mother in the same wretched apartments in which I left her! She took very little notice then; but the next morning, when I was going to rise, I found the decent dress the Vintager had given me was taken away, and in its place an old tattered garment and a pair of wooden shoes. "Get out!" exclaimed this unnatural parent; "Take your little sister on your back, and get us some victuals; and if you do not return before nine o'clock, I will order the Marshal to put you into a prison, much more terrible than that in which you saw Mr. Ramond."---Alas! that word, prison, terrified me already so much, that I waddled out as fast as I could, with my little sister Margaritta on my back. Here, for a short period, I perceived some little abatement in my mother's severity; but this calm lasted not long, only during the small interval of Ramond's liberty, which was small indeed, for about eight days after he was a third time apprehended.

apprehended, and I experienced my former punishment.

It must here be remarked, that Ramond, though twice before imprisoned, had still the audacity to beg, as usual, with my brother, near the Thuilleries. The story I told, in my perambulations for charity, of the death of my father, and my refusal to acknowledge Ramond as such, so exasperated my mother, that she vented her fury upon me, insisting that my conduct had been the reason of his confinement. I was accordingly blamed for every thing; and refusing to call him father, she alleged was the sole reason of his being treated as an impostor. Indeed, from my own recollection, corroborated with what I have since heard in the country, he was not ill qualified for this business. His figure was graceful and commanding: at the same time, when he presented the vouchers of his descent, his insinuating address led many to pity him, as a nobleman in distress. These accomplishments had rendered him so popular, added to his boldness, after two imprisonments, to beg even in the very face of the palace, that he was again apprehended. This imprisonment was much more

serious than the former two; he was confined fifteen days, at the expiration of which he was sentenced by the Court to be exposed twenty-four hours at the *Place de Louis Quinze*, the scene of his imposture, with inscriptions, and copies of the titles he assumed hung round his body; after which he was banished for five years from Paris.

My mother, for what reason I know not, led me and my brother to behold this spectacle. She appeared greatly affected. " 'Tis all your fault!" said she to me, weeping; " 'tis all your fault!"

Ramond was suffered to remain eight days, to settle his affairs, and to re-establish his health. The seventh, after he had been thus exposed, he set forward on his journey, and my mother determining to go with him, told us, with much seeming regret, that she was going to conduct Mr. Ramond, assuring us that she did not mean to stay longer than five, but would return within eight days at furthest: they then went out to communicate this to their landlord Dufresne, and Theresa his niece, and afterwards departed together, leaving us three little chil-

dren without the least morsel of victuals, except a small bag of nuts. Three weeks passed away without any news. The fourth we had the good fortune (may I call it good fortune?) to meet the Marquis and Marchioness de Boulainvilliers in their carriage and four, on their journey to their estate at Passy. As the carriage drove on slowly, I went up to it, with my little sister on my back, and asked alms. Madame de Boulainvilliers having examined me attentively, wished to hear my story. "I am a poor orphan," replied I, "without father or mother to take care of me." In short, I told her every thing I knew,---M. de Boulainvilliers, extremely incredulous, reproved her for stopping the carriage so long to speak to beggars; but the virtuous Marchioness endured the rebuke of her husband, to pay attention to the cries of the wretched. "Poo! poo! Madam," said the Marquis, "don't listen to them! 'tis the common trick of poverty to forge lies, to excite compassion."---"No indeed, Sir," replied I, "it is not a lie; and I intreat Madame the Marchioness to have the goodness to send to Chaillot, and enquire of Mr. Dufresne, where we lodge."---"Very well, little girl," replied the Marchioness; "and if you

“speak the truth, I will be a mother to you.”--- She then ordered her servants to relieve me, and said, “ Take care, little girl, that you don’t tell a story !”---“ Oh, no !” replied I, “ I would not attempt to impose on Madame de Boulainvilliers, who feels so much compassion for unprotected orphans.”

The carriage then drove off, leaving me so much delighted at being taken such notice of by so great a lady, that it engrossed all my ideas till I arrived at the house, whither I hastened to inform my brother, Dufresne, and Theresa, of my good fortune. I first addressed myself to Theresa, telling her, in accents of infant exultation, how a great lady, and a grand gentleman with a star and ribband, in a fine coach and four, with four servants, had stopped their carriage, and given me three livres; and that the lady had said she would send to enquire about us. I thought not, at that time, she would have so punctually kept her word.

The next day I was called by Theresa, and on coming down, immediately recollected the servant I had seen the day before, who made many enquiries. Theresa and her uncle confirmed

confirmed the story I had told before, recounted the hardships my mother made me undergo, when I did not bring home the sum required, and gave him the most thorough conviction of our birth, of the manner and reason of the imprisonments, and subsequent banishment of Mr. Ramond. " You may," added Theresa, " make any enquiries you think proper; almost every body in the neighbourhood knows them, and have contributed to their relief." Dufresne then remarked, that Ramond was the occasion of my mother's having treated me so cruelly, and that every body had read our titles; observing, moreover, that if they had not been genuine, Government would not have restored them; but that as they were now in the possession of my mother, who had taken them away with her, probably, to proceed in her imposture elsewhere, they referred him to Mr. L'Enoque, Rector of Boulogne, who could give the most authentic and undeniable information.

This domestic, who was commissioned to ascertain the truth, went round to all the neighbours, who confirmed every thing I have before related, and returned with the most satisfactory

intelligence. Previous to his departure, Dufresne took him up stairs, and shewed him the bed of straw upon which we all slept together: he likewise made him take notice of a stool, and other implements for blacking shoes, which had been bought for my brother to exercise the trade of a Shoe-black. He then observed, that I had the sole charge and management of the family; that I washed the linen in the river, and every day picked up my little bundle of faggots from the hedge, to make the fire.--
 "Go," said the servant, "and thank Mrs. Hoequard, and take your leave of her, and of the Baker who lives opposite, who has often given you bread. After you have done this, enquire for the castle at Passy."

Very soon after the servant's departure, little preparation being necessary for our journey, I put my little sister on my back, and we all set out together for the Castle. When we arrived at Passy, we addressed ourselves to the porter, whose room was filled with the people of the house and their friends, all assembled together to see us. The moment we approached, they greeted us with an acclamation of welcome.
 "Ha!

“Ha! ha! here they are! Here are the poor little orphans!”

Immediately upon our arrival, one of the domestics ran to acquaint Madame Boulainvilliers, crying, “Here they are, Madame Marchioness, here are the poor little orphans!”--- Passing into the house, we entered a spacious porch, in the center of which rose a grand stair-case, richly ornamented with gold, where a large company of ladies and gentlemen were standing to view us. Madame de Boulainvilliers descending to the middle of the stair-case, addressed herself to me, “Well, my dear little child, do you remember me?” to which I replied in the affirmative,

The company unanimously expressing a wish to see us clean, none of them daring to come near us, immersed as we were in the concomitants of beggary---rags, disorders, and vermin: the Marchioness gave orders that we should be cleaned. We were accordingly removed, and myself and sister underwent a good scrubbing by the maids, under the inspection of the three young ladies, daughters of the Marchioness,

Marchionefs, who condescended to superintend the operation, and vied with each other who should do us the most service, adding, that their mamma had told them we were to be their sisters. While I and Margaritta were thus cleansing by the maids, the male servants were equally busied about my brother.

When we were washed, and accommodated with the best linen the exigencies of the moment would admit, we were put into an excellent bed, which was to us so great a luxury, that we slept longer than I think proper to mention; for I will not expose my veracity even to the very slightest suspicion, by the relation of facts which wear only the appearance of improbability. Suffice it to say, that we slept soundly for a long time.

As soon as we awoke, we were provided with some nourishing broth, and some bread, which we eat very heartily. They then applied themselves to the cure of those filthy maladies with which we were all more or less infected, in consequence of our wretched situation: till this was effected, the Marchionefs would not suffer us to stir abroad.

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About fifteen days subsequent to this period (doubtless from curiosity excited by the representations of the Marchioness) we had many visitors, who brought us presents of cloaths, and other things; and even the nobility and gentry, who paid their respects to Madame de Boulainvilliers at the Castle, were not wanting in their attention to us. They made us recount our misfortunes, at the melancholy recital of which the tear of pity sufficiently evinced, that, while their curiosity was gratified with the knowledge of our history, their feelings were powerfully interested in our favour, and they complimented the Marchioness on the benevolence of her conduct towards us.

The disorders we had contracted, during that state of wretchedness from which the worthy Marchioness had relieved us, having now entirely disappeared, she determined to give us an education; and accordingly Madame Le Clerc, and her daughter, who kept a young ladies boarding-school near Passy, received my little sister and myself for that purpose. I here experienced a return of my former disorder, notwithstanding the medicines I had taken to prevent its again appearing; nor was I suffered to
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affociate with the other children, till my health was perfectly re-established. We were then taught to work in common with the rest, and Madame Le Clerc soon had the satisfaction to report to my benefactress the rapid progress I made in every branch of female education; particularly in writing; that my memory was uncommonly strong; and greatly regretted that she had not had charge of me earlier. This lady's reports of my little sister were equally favorable; indeed, she herself gave several specimens of her improvement, particularly in repeating, at the annual fête of our worthy patroness, the customary compliment on such occasions, which she did with so much grace and propriety, that every one was charmed with her; and it was matter of admiration, that an infant, scarce five years of age, could remember so long a complimentary address,

No sooner had she finished, than, lifting up the Marchioness's gown, she kissed the hem of it. This was noticed by every one present, and afforded Madame de Boulainvilliers so much satisfaction, that she immediately embraced her, saying, with the utmost complacency, " Call me your mother, my dear! I will always be a
mother

mother to you!"--- "Ah! madam," replied she, "my mother was not so good to me as you; she used to beat me and my sister, but you overwhelm us with kindness, you caress us. Oh! no; you never beat my elder sister!" continued she, kissing her hand. The company were so affected with this scene of infantine simplicity, and these genuine effusions of gratitude, that the sympathizing tear flowed from every eye.

Soon after, this child, who was almost adored by those that knew her, was taken ill of the small-pox, and died, when about five years of age.--- Happy babe! let me suppress, if possible, these selfish, impious tears, and submit, in patient resignation, to that Being, whose afflicting dispensations are eventually blessings, which we are too short-sighted to discover, or too perverse to acknowledge. Let me not lament thy departure, but rather congratulate thee, upon being snatched away from those miseries which have uniformly pursued thy unfortunate sister.

The Marchioness and her daughters, ignorant of the circumstance, were contemplating to surprize

ſurprize us by a ſudden viſit, when intelligence was received that the ſmall-pox was raging at Paſſy. The Marchionefs was ſo alarmed at this information, that ſhe immediately ſet out for Paris, to which the Marquis alſo ſtrongly advised her. Thus was I doubly unfortunate; the ſame event that tore away from me a beloved ſiſter, deprived me alſo of my only friend, the benevolent Marchionefs, whom I ſaw no more till after a tedious abſence of five years, when I received my firſt communion, and aſked a bleſſing of this mother by adoption.

I remained now under the care of Madame Le Clerc, two of whoſe daughters quitting the family to purſue their buſineſs ſeparately, I was obliged to ſupply their abſence, by doing their duty in the houſe, in which they had alſo inſtructed me.

Though Madame de Boulainvilliers defrayed the charge of my education, I was employed, during her abſence, in the buſineſs of a ſervant, to wait upon the reſt of the children. I fetched water; I rubbed the chairs, made the beds: in ſhort, I did every menial office about the houſe, from the age of twelve to fourteen, in the different

ferent occupations of washing, ironing, house-keeping, nursing, &c.

This employment, against which it was useless to remonstrate, was but ill adapted to those elevated notions which reflections on my birth had inspired. Was it a happiness to know that I was descended from the first family in France, yet reduced to be a servant to people of the very lowest rank, nay, even to servants themselves? Was it not painful to reflect, that, with these aspiring views derived from my birth, which nature had considerably strengthened, and those growing hopes which the kindness of Madame Boulainvilliers had cherished, all my exertions were crippled by the trammels of servitude?---Why, why was I descended from Valois!---O! name replete with misery! from thee I derive my pride, for thee I drop my tears, and to thee I owe my misfortunes!

Madame Le Clerc used frequently to go to Paris, to the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, as did also her eldest daughter, to visit the servants of the Marchioness. They spoke largely in my favor; my affability, and readiness at work, were likewise particularly commended; though they took
good

good care not to mention the menial offices in which they had thought proper to employ me.

One of the Marchioness's maids, named Cicely, who knew very well the good disposition and benevolence of her mistress, was always particularly kind to me, and searched the wardrobe for every thing that might be proper for a young girl in my situation, which she sent either by Madame Le Clerc or her daughter; this good girl adding, " 'tis for our poor child!" Poor child, indeed! She was seldom any richer for the presents which were sent; they were applied to a very different purpose; they were generally appropriated to the use of the mother or the daughter. At length, knowing how kind Cicely had formerly been, and conscious of never having disobliged her, I knew not to what cause to attribute her neglect, till some time after Madame Le Clerc's youngest daughter let me into the secret. I shed some tears at this discovery, but consoled myself with the reflection on my comparative advantage. Even this, thought I, with all my hard labor, with all the oppression of those who should protect me, is yet better than being cruelly beat, and exposed
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all night in the street. I recollected my former situation, and even thought myself happy, till envious memory again presented the dying words of my father, "Remember that you are Valois!" I reflected that Madame Boulainvilliers had obtained from the good Rector of Boulogne the most authentic and satisfactory credentials of my birth. I even wronged my benefactress, by thinking that she had forgot me: it was not to her that this imputation of neglect could be due, but the man to whom, by the laws of nature, she was bound to be subservient, the Marquis de Boulainvilliers.

I have already hinted that I was neglected, and the reader will be hereafter satisfied from what cause one of my benefactors, the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, became my enemy. This was exceedingly unfortunate, and placed the Marchioness in the most disagreeable situation; for, however willing she might appear still to serve me, however satisfied in my own breast of the firmness of her generous and benevolent sentiments in my favor, I could not hope that she would, at the hazard, perhaps, of incurring the displeasure of a husband she was bound to

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obey, continue to extend her bounty to one whom he feared would one day become burthen-some.

To recount the numerous indignities I suffered, without any friend to sympathize in my afflictions, the menial offices and drudgery I was obliged to go through during the time of my continuance with Madame Le Clerc, would but unnecessarily tire the patience of my readers. These, however, at length became so intolerable, that I determined to write a full account to my old friend Cicely, and beg her to acquaint the Marchioness.

My application succeeded so well, that I was soon after conducted by Madame Le Clerc to the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, at Paris, from whence I was that same day carried to the house of Mademoiselle La Marche, a person in the most genteel line of business, and of unexceptionable character, who lived very near the hotel, and was mantua-maker to the Marchioness. To this lady I was articled for three years; but the uneasiness of mind I continually suffered, prevented my bestowing any great attention to learn the business. Some of the young women employed

employed in the same occupation, observing me always in deep melancholy, kindly made use of every means in their power to console me; at the same time they were prompted by curiosity to hear my story, which becoming a topic of public conversation amongst them, induced some ladies to mention me to the Marchioness, expressing their astonishment that my rank and situation should so materially differ.--- It is a tribute of gratitude due to that worthy lady, hereafter to hint some of the circumstances that might operate in controuling the exertions of that generosity which would have been unbounded, if her ability had been equal to her benevolence: her disposition was very different from that of her husband, whose liberality did no honor to his title.

Soon after my being placed with Mademoiselle La Marche, I went to see the worthy Rector of Boulogne, who informed me that he had received from Fontette some papers of considerable consequence respecting my ancestry, which he had transmitted to Madame de Boulainvilliers, together with some copies of the evidence of our title, which my mother had fortunately left in his hands. Fortunately, did he say? Alas!

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was it not these very titles which, amidst my drudgery, brought to recollection the blood of Valois, which first introduced me to persons of distinction, and finally terminated in my ruin? Had it not been for this title, my life had glided away in quiet obscurity. I might, indeed, have been poor; but then I should at least have been contented.

About a week after my return from Boulogne, I was sent for by the Marchioness, and remember the servant said to me, "Mademoiselle Valois, you will not, I believe, continue long in your present situation; for there are many people of distinction speaking of your birth, and making many enquiries about you, at our hotel." On my arrival, the Marchioness, who always received me with great cordiality, presented me to the company, whose countenances seemed to express concern. They put many questions to me about my father, particularly asking me if I recollected him perfectly. I gave them a full account of every thing, dwelling emphatically on his death, and dying words, which were too strongly impressed on my memory ever to be forgotten. Appearing to participate in my affliction, they recom-
mende.

mended patience to me, and that all would soon be well. "Alas!" replied I, in a prophetic whisper, "that time will, I fear, never arrive." When I took my leave, the company, with the utmost politeness and ceremony, conducted me to the stairs.---After receiving all these honors from persons of such distinction, and treated as the descendant of a king, I could very ill brook the idea of returning to the servile station of a mantua-maker's apprentice.

I have before mentioned that Mademoiselle La Marche was a mantua-maker of the first reputation, and her business very extensive, the hurry of which was by no means adapted to a person in my condition. Reflections on my situation, added to the fatigue of late hours, so preyed both on my body and mind, that I was attacked with symptoms of a putrid fever, in consequence of which I was removed to the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, where I had a very elegant apartment allotted me, directly over that of the Marquis. I continued ill for six weeks, and was just able to walk about, when, before I was perfectly recovered, I was again sent back to Mademoiselle La Marche, who was at that time attacked by the same disorder.

The Marchioness then commissioned her maid to look out for another situation, which being found almost as soon as enquired for, I was placed with one Madame de Bouffol, in the Fauxbourgs de St. Germain, at the rate of 200 livres per annum (eight guineas and a half).--- This situation was worse than the former; her business was still more extensive than Miss La Marche's, consequently occasioned later hours, which, added to my bad state of health when removed, soon brought on a relapse, and I was again conveyed to the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, where I had the same apartment allotted me as formerly.

My disorder now became so serious and alarming, that two nurses were appointed to attend me; who having observed, from the involuntary expressions which fell from me during repeated fits of delirium, that my illness proceeded from uneasiness of mind, tried every method to console me. The malady had now continued four months, and I was reduced to a perfect spectacle of wretchedness; when, on Madame de Bouffol's intimating that she could no longer be without an assistant in her business, I was carried back to my mistress, where I continued
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so very weak, that I frequently fainted over my work,

These circumstances are related merely as a narrative of sufferings, which as a friend to truth, and in the history of my life, ought not to be omitted. Let not Madame de Bouffol be censured: she behaved as kindly to me as her situation and circumstances would permit; for the same money she paid me, an assistant might have been procured that would have answered her purpose infinitely better. Was the Marchioness to blame? Let me, as a sacrifice to gratitude, blot the guilty page that dares even to suggest such an interrogation. Who then was the cause? I will answer in vindication of that more than parent; I will reply, with the energy of truth, though dignified by an union with a lady whose very name is her panyric, the Marquis de Boulainvilliers was the cause of my sufferings,

Madame de Bouffol finding me of no service, and wishing to part with me, I again changed my situation; but I constantly changed for the worse, and was now sent to be servant to a woman who had formerly waited upon the Mar-

chionefs de Narbonne, and now lived upon a legacy which that lady bequeathed her. Here I was not only obliged to drudge through the hardest menial offices, but compelled to carry water from the bottom of a house four stories high, to prepare a bath which her indisposition obliged her to use. This was a situation more intolerable than any: the unhappy descendant of an ancient family, whose ancestors had graced the first offices about the throne, nay, filled the throne itself, was now reduced to the situation of *servant to a servant!*---I will not endeavour to describe my reflections upon this occasion: those who experience the exertions of a noble spirit, striving to oppose a torrent of exigencies, will feel, more emphatically than I can express, that agitation of the mind, and those afflictions of the heart, inseparable from a situation where pride and poverty are in a continual struggle.

This woman, either being recovered from her illness, or finding another girl whom she thought more capable of such labor, I remained some time unemployed. I was sent to Madame Coulon, sister to the Marchioness's Housekeeper, who supported herself by taking in plain work.

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It was imagined I could be of some assistance, and was accordingly engaged at twelve fous per day, from which I could afford myself but a miserable sustenance; this, added to the desponding state of my mind, soon brought on a return of my former malady, and occasioned my removal once more to the Hotel de Boulaivilliers, where some dangerous symptoms appearing, it was the opinion of the physicians that my recovery was very doubtful, if not almost impossible: the strength of my constitution, however, prevailed, and bore me from the very gates of death, to experience vicissitudes, compared to which death would have been happiness,

As soon as my health was sufficiently re-established, I was again sent to work at my former profession of a mantua-maker, in the exercise of which I had been but a short time, when a circumstance occurred that occasioned a considerable alteration in my affairs: this was the arrival of my brother, who, having received the rudiments of his education under Mons. Le Clerc, husband to our governess, had been sent to sea.---But, before I proceed in my narration, it

it will be necessary to explain many things which must hitherto have appeared mysterious.

It is by no means a pleasing task, to speak of the misconduct of one who ought to have been a protector, a guardian, and a parent---one who availed himself of these relations to disguise his real disposition, and fully that virtue which every man, in such a situation, should defend and protect.---Are my animadversions too severe? Let it be remembered, that I am not speaking the language of Resentment, but of Truth; Truth, which I have bound myself most strictly to adhere to; Truth, which it is at once my duty and interest to reveal.---It is a tribute of gratitude due to the worthy Marchioness, to whom I am deeply indebted, to use the language of accusation, leaving the reader to judge, from the facts I shall relate, whether I am not sufficiently warranted in pointing out the Marquis de Boulainvilliers as the cause of my unhappiness.

When I left school, at the age of fourteen years, I had nearly attained my full stature; but, as it would ill become me to pronounce a panegyric on myself, I shall pass over those encomiums

compliments on my person, probably dictated by flattery, which were supposed by its insinuating possessors to be most acceptable to my vanity, and, of course, to the promotion of their respective interests. Suffice it to observe, that my qualifications, however slender in reality, were sufficient to excite a dishonourable attention in the Marquis, who began his insidious machinations by commendations, accompanied with some of those little presents he thought best calculated to hush suspicion in the heart he intended to surprize; and the advances he made were covered with so much art, that it was impossible for me to perceive his design at first, innocently imagining I was receiving tokens of kindness from a parent, for whose liberality my heart overflowed with gratitude.

The Marquis but too plainly observing the effect his attention had upon my mind, while I imagined it sprung from disinterested motives, thought it the most favourable opportunity of encreasing my obligations to him, and securing my esteem, by heaping upon me a variety of those little presents, which could not fail of proving agreeable to a young girl just emancipated from the duties of a boarding-school. But
could

could I for a moment have suspected that these gifts were destined to be the price of my honor, although disguised under the appearance of parental beneficence, I would have spurned the guilty presents with all the dignity of insulted virtue ; but I was as yet unacquainted with the treachery of human nature, nor versed in the arts of those who smile but to betray.

It may not be unnecessary slightly to hint, that from the customs of the two countries, and the different mode of education, girls at the age of fourteen, in England, know much more of life than the French women at twenty, the latter being closely confined either at home or in convents, till marriage, which they cannot contract without consent of their parents, till twenty-five years of age.

My own natural simplicity, added to the circumstance of the Marquis being husband to a lady whom I looked upon as more than a mother, so completely filled my breast with admiration for his character, that I did not perceive the real motive which actuated him, till he convinced me, by his conduct, that his intentions were dishonorable, and the very reverse

verse of those which had induced his worthy lady to patronize me.

I proceed to the relation of some of those facts which first occasioned my suspicions, leaving the reader to judge between us, whether they are sufficiently warranted; just previously hinting, that his conduct was at first so artful, as even to elude the penetration of the Marchioness herself.

Being one day at his house, he wished, he said, to speak to me respecting some articles of apparel which he intended to give me, and appointed me to meet him a few days afterwards, in the garden, at a particular hour, when I should find the gate open. I obeyed his commands: we met accordingly, and he took me into a room where nothing could be seen from the house. As I had ever been taught to respect him as a father, this privacy made me conjecture he was angry with me, and meant to reprimand me for some fault. Perceiving my fears, he gave me six livres, spoke very kindly, and told me not to be alarmed; yet he appeared a good deal flurried, often running to and from the gate, as if fearful of somebody's coming.

He

He then kissed me, desiring me to make no noise, lest the Marchioness should hear: "And be sure," said he very earnestly, "that you don't say a syllable to Cicely, and the other maids, concerning what I have given you; they will only endeavour to get it from you! Come and see me often, and I will be very good to you; but be particularly careful that you don't say a word to any one!"---These strict injunctions of secrecy appeared to me rather strange.---
 "Come often, my dear girl! I shall always be glad to see you! Be discreet! Next Monday I shall send Julia to fetch you: I mean to present you with some cloaths, for Madame de Boulainvilliers, I fear, does not take proper care of you!"---He then particularly questioned me respecting what cloaths I had, which I told him were all new.---"I'll take care," continued he, "that you shall have every thing proper; and when you bring any thing to the Marchioness, mind and come up the little stair-case, as if you were going to see Cicely, and I will meet you, and give you something for yourself!"---On this stair-case was a door, leading to his private apartment.

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The Monday following I was sent for, as he promised. The servant directed me to Madame de Boulainvilliers's apartment, who received me that morning with particular affability. "You must thank the Marquis," exclaimed she. "He is going to make you a present of some cloaths." I immediately accompanied the servant to his apartment, where I found him with some pieces of silk and chintz. After looking over several patterns, he sent the maid with one to the Marchioness for her opinion, at the same time desiring me to stay with him. "Here's a beautiful chintz," said he, "my dear! I'm sure this will please you!" He then squeezed my hand, and kissed me, saying he would be very kind to me, if I would come and visit him often; at the same time giving me money, and cautioning me to be sure not to tell any body.

When Julia returned, we left the apartment together, but he gave me no cloaths. I hastened to Miss La Marche, anxious to make her acquainted with the Marquis's bounty, from whom I had now, at different times, received about the amount of a Louis. That lady thought, like myself, that these gifts were but merely tokens of paternal affection, she therefore said
nothing

nothing about it then; but the next day, when she went to the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, mentioned to the maids, how very generous the Marquis had been to me. At length it very naturally, considering the channel it had got into, came to the ears of the Marchioness.

Madame de Boulainvilliers, a little chagrined, and wishing to receive intelligence from its proper source, instantly dispatched her servant in quest of me.

When I arrived, she received me with an air of displeasure to which I had been unaccustomed. I was not conscious of any fault, yet I thought I must have done something wrong, or there would not have been such a change in my worthy benefactress. "How is it, Mademoiselle," interrogated she, in the accent of reproof; "how is it, that you give your confidence to Miss La Marche, in preference to me, and my maid, who has been so kind to you?" I tremblingly replied, that the Marquis had forbid me to mention it. "But, Madame," rejoined she, "if the Marquis has desired you to conceal it from me, he has given the same injunction with respect to Miss La Marche! Why
is

is she entitled to your confidence, in preference to your mother? Why are the servants intrusted with your secrets? do they act the part of a mother? is it they who procure every thing for you? I am not pleased with you!"

Unable to sustain this chiding, I burst into tears, when the Marchioness, observing how much I was affected, softened her tone, and spoke to me more kindly. She desired me to dry my tears, and relate to her all the circumstances I had mentioned to Miss La Marche.

I obeyed, and very ingenuously recited every circumstance which passed between the Marquis and myself: our private interview in the garden, his conduct, presents, and injunctions to secrecy.

The Marchioness heard me attentively, without the least apparent agitation. She proved herself a woman of sense, and acted with the highest degree of prudence.

When I had finished my narration, she sent me away with a maternal admonition, and an assurance of her favor. "Very well, my good

girl! Be always virtuous, and God your father will certainly reward you!"

Soon after this circumstance, I was attacked with my first disorder, and was three days ill before it was determined between Monsieur and Madame de Boulainvilliers, whether I should reside at the Hotel; the worthy Marchioness not wishing to expose my youth and innocence to such temptations as the Marquis, availing himself of his station and circumstances, perhaps might offer. It was therefore in agitation to send me to the Hospital; a proposition which would have been rejected with disdain by my worthy mother, had it not been that she felt her benevolent efforts crippled by the narrow pittance allowed her by the Marquis, though she had herself raised him to affluence by her fortune, and aggrandized him by her title. She was reduced to a dilemma, which to a woman of her sensibility was extremely distressing, either to abandon totally the favored object of her protection to the poor accommodations of an Hospital, or send for me to the Hotel, where I should be exposed to the power of temptation. Her benevolence, my situation not permitting delay, influenced her in favor of the latter.

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The room I have before mentioned was the only apartment proper for my reception; that apartment was accordingly prepared, and, in a very languid condition, I became its possessor.

The Marchioness, thoroughly acquainted with the disposition of her husband, was but too well satisfied of the design he had formed; and fully persuaded he would carry it into execution, whenever time and opportunity should concur to favor his wishes, she determined to counteract him, and judging it would be the most prudent method to confine the secret to her own breast, she never dropped the least hint, nor ever appeared uneasy in his presence, trusting to the success of a plan she had in agitation, of removing me beyond his reach, so soon as I might be able to bear the fatigue of an application to business.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of the Marchioness, who had taken every precaution to prevent his visiting me (so fertile is the imagination of the bad man in expedients to accomplish his purpose) the Marquis saw me frequently, and apparently with the greatest concern. He assumed all the tenderness of paternal

régard, and gave particular orders that I should be attended with the greatest care; nay, even that my wants should be anticipated.

During these visits, he would sometimes seat himself by my bed-side, making the most anxious enquiries respecting the symptoms of my disorder, and where it affected me most: he would occasionally feel my pulse, my temples, and my stomach, under pretence of forming some judgment as to the nature of my complaint. Although I deemed this conduct very indelicate, yet, under the specious pretence that he disguised it, it would have appeared unreasonable to remonstrate.

His worthy lady, whose conduct on this occasion I can never enough admire, finding it altogether impossible to prevent the Marquis from seeing me, while I remained in a house subject to his unlimited controul, determined I should quit it, and try some occupation, till she was able to ascertain whether there might be any probability of the success of her application to have me acknowledged at court; or, what is perhaps more probable, that she judged it best, at this juncture, rather to depress than elevate those

those notions which brighter fortune would not fail to inspire.

Happy in every opportunity of doing justice to the benevolent kindness of my good mother, I with pleasure mention the following circumstance, which deserves to be recorded for the honor of human nature:---The Marchioness privately supported my brother and myself, with the *pin-money* settled on her by the Marquis; a sum not only inadequate to her munificence, to which millions would have been unequal, but very incompatible with her rank, and the fortune of which she was possessed,

It was the intention of the Marchioness to have provided me with lodgings during my illness, that I might be freed from the solicitations of her husband, but she was prevented from fulfilling her kind intentions by the cause which has been already assigned; and it was doubtless for the same reason she often expressed her uneasiness, that it was not in her power to give me an education suitable to the rank she hoped I might one day be found worthy to fill.

It will possibly be remarked, that the circumstances I have mentioned are not sufficient to prove that the Marquis had any evil designs, and that I accuse him beyond the measure of the offence. With respect to the first, I shall answer by relating hereafter a circumstance in which his conduct was no longer equivocal. I shall reply to the latter, my love of truth, and my regard for virtue, the one convincing me that I should conceal nothing, and the other that I should point out to its votaries those who would exert every means in their power to destroy it.

About this period there appeared signs of a convalescence, and the apprehensions of my friends had nearly subsided, when the Marchioness received from the marine minister intelligence of my brother's arrival; consequently she prepared for his reception, by collecting together all the documents that could throw a light upon the antiquity of his descent, and introduce him to the Royal favor as the Baron de Valois.

The Marchioness had formidable obstacles to oppose her generous intentions. It was feared the

the king would reluctantly acknowledge my brother's claim to this title, as its appendages had been long enjoyed by the Duke de Chartres, which induced Madame de Boulainvilliers to avail herself of all the interest she could make at court, and every evidence that might substantiate our claim.

Although every thing was now ready, and we could adduce the most clear and irrefragable proofs of our descent, all was conducted with the utmost secrecy, the Marchioness wisely foreseeing that the sudden appearance of my brother's pretensions, backed by the influence of powerful friends near the Royal person, would prevail against the objections of those who were interested to secure possessions they enjoyed, not from hereditary, but merely possessory right.

At this juncture another circumstance occurred to further the intentions of the Marchioness, and reflected the highest credit on my brother, and those who befriended him.

During the time of his absence, his conduct recommended him to the notice of the Marquis de Chabert, the admiral under whom he

who observing his assiduity in the service, was induced to make some enquiries respecting his birth. This worthy officer received such satisfactory proofs of what had been already asserted to him, that he caused a genealogical memorial to be prepared, stating my brother's pretensions to the name of Valois, which he transmitted to his cousin, Monsieur D'Ozier de Serigny, judge at arms of the nobility of France, to receive the sanction of his authority.

Our affairs thus wearing so favorable an aspect, and every arrangement completed that the head could dictate, the Marchioness prepared herself a feast for the heart. She concealed her knowledge of my brother's return, that she might enjoy those pleasing and virtuous emotions, which sensibility participates in the meeting of two persons, so near in blood, so dear in friendship, and separated by so tedious an absence.

The day preceding his arrival, and that on which he was expected, a servant was dispatched to the mantua-maker's, with orders for me to dress myself, and immediately repair to the hotel.

A little

A little disconcerted at this sudden summons, and naturally timid in my disposition, I began to fear I had done something amiss; but the affable manner in which the Marchioness received me, banished my apprehensions, and left no other impression than a grateful sense of her condescension, heightened by surprize, when she desired me to stay and dine. Never before having had that honor, and totally ignorant of the cause to which I was indebted for it on the present occasion, I was involved in a state of anxious suspense, from which I naturally expected to be relieved by the Marchioness, in communicating the purport of this fresh instance of her benevolence.

There was at dinner a company of twelve persons, mostly strangers, who seemed to regard me with particular attention, and were pleased to compliment me on the easy manner in which I conducted myself: in my reply to which I took occasion to remark, that I owed every thing to the bounty of the Marchioness, whose fostering regard had attended me from childhood.

From

From the many encomiums they were pleased to pass on me, the conversation turned upon my brother, when the Marchioness asked me if I did not wish to see him; adding, that she had seen a person of his acquaintance, charged with a commission from him, whom she expected very soon.

There appeared to me something mysterious in this interrogatory and declaration of the Marchioness, which I in vain laboured to develop. The attention of the company, and their conversation respecting my brother, were circumstances at which I could not remain unconcerned, and that impressed my imagination with a belief there was some extraordinary proceeding about to be introduced, with the knowledge of which, however, my impatient curiosity was not gratified for that day.

About eight o'clock the following evening, being again sent for, I was introduced to the Marchioness's apartment. She was accompanied by her youngest daughter, Madame de Tonneres, the Marchioness de Chabert, another lady, and a young man.

Madame

Madame de Boulainvilliers, after some kind enquiries concerning my health, &c. added, that she hoped she should always have the pleasure of seeing me as well as I then appeared to be. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts than that the person present was my brother. He said nothing, till the Marchioness having first addressed him, he answered in such a hoarse sonorous voice, that, observing him very attentively, I could not help exclaiming inwardly, "Where, and for what purpose, can Madame de Boulainvilliers have picked up so uncouth a man?" He wore, instead of a cravat, a red silk handkerchief, and a very old coarse great coat; the rest of his dress conformable. The Marchioness, observing my surprize, and seeing how attentively I surveyed him, said to me, "This gentleman, my dear, has seen your brother!"

As this moment an unaccountable sensation took possession of my bosom, and awakened all that sympathy which the children of the same parent naturally feel for each other. I imagined I saw some features in his face which were once familiar. "But surely," thought I to myself, "this can never be him! My brother was more delicate,

delicate, more handsome; this man is too coarse!"

Wishing to be relieved from my doubts, I began to put some questions, and asked if my brother was grown tall? Unable to conceal himself any longer, he flew into my arms, and embraced me. I shrieked aloud, in the mingled tone of joy and surprize. "Behold," exclaimed he, "behold, my dear sister, that brother whom our honored mother has cherished, and brought here at a great expence!" The spectators of this tender interview were not unconcerned; every countenance was expressive of the pleasure they enjoyed, and my brother and myself were the objects of their attention.--- "Yes, my dear children," exclaimed the Marchioness, embracing us, "I will ever give you proofs of my affection! nor is it possible to describe what I feel on the present occasion."

About eleven o'clock I was conducted back to my former habitation. My reflections upon this were by no means pleasing; but my joy at seeing my brother, and the hope he inspired me with in a parting whisper, was at once food for my curiosity, and alleviated those sensations which

which would otherwise have been insupportable. "All is ready, my dear sister! all is ready to make us known! But don't mention it to any one!" Ignorant of what was in agitation, I thought it extremely singular.---"All is in readiness to make us known."---What can this mean? thought I, and to what purpose is my brother sent for at so great an expence? and why is every thing so very secret?---A thousand conjectures crowded upon my mind, and that night deprived me of sleep.

The next morning my brother came to see me, spoke with the greatest tenderness, and bid me make myself easy, encouraging me to hope for a favorable alteration in my circumstances. He now appeared in a very different dress, habited at all points like gentleman, and fit to be presented, as it was then intended he should be, to Monsieur Maurepas and the other ministers, and afterwards at court.

My brother renewed his visits to me every day, for about a week, and the Saturday following set off for Versailles, with the Marquis de Boulainvilliers.

With

With reluctance I feel myself reduced to the necessity of entering more fully into the character of the Marquis, having pledged myself to prove satisfactorily his nefarious designs, lest I should be censured for assertion without proof: in vindication of myself, therefore, I am necessitated to declare the truth.

About a month after the arrival of my brother, I was removed to the Hotel de Boulaivilliers. The same apartment in which I had formerly slept was assigned me, and a little girl appointed to attend upon me, in consequence of a severe illness.

During my residence at the Hotel, the Marquis embraced every opportunity of rendering himself agreeable. Ignorant at that early period, my heart, a stranger to love, felt but the emotions of gratitude for parental bounty and affection.

Such were my sensations when he made his first advances. I knew that the Marchioness took every precaution to prevent his being alone with me, but my eyes were not open to his designs.

designs. Was it strange that I should not be able to detect his dissimulation ?

His intentions indeed required disguise, and he tried every art of seduction to win me to his purpose. Eternal spirit, who presidest over virtue, let the voice of lamentation be lost in ejaculations of gratitude ! Thy arm indeed has scourged me, but thy arm has protected my innocence !

During the time of my indisposition, I sometimes sent my little girl for confectionery, or whatever else might tempt my sickly appetite ; and frequently the Marquis met her on the stairs, and enquired what she wanted. On being informed, he would say, “ No ; that is not good for her complaint.” The girl, intimidated by his answers, concealed this circumstance, and, influenced by the fears she was under from the Marquis, would return to me with excuses, that the cook was gone out, and that there was nobody to give her what she wanted.

Soon after the Marquis, who generally paid me one or two visits every day, would himself
come

come to my chamber, and assuming the appearance of parental solicitude, artfully enquired if I had taken any thing that day. Upon being answered in the negative, he would exclaim, in a very earnest manner, "But, my dear child, you certainly should!"---"I have sent my servant," replied I; "but there is no body at home to give her any thing."---"I will go myself to the kitchen, and order it," he would answer, in a manner expressive of the most officious concern.

Through these little offices, he expected to work upon my gratitude. He varied his manœuvres, and attempted to win over my vanity to his interest.

He soon afterwards shewed me two pieces of beautiful blue and rose-coloured silk, as I passed to make enquiries, and pay my respects to the Marchioness; but not finding his hopes likely to succeed, the sight of these silks was the only gratification I received.

He at length, however, determined to put me to the severest test, and finding his machinations hitherto ineffectual, he thought to crown
all

all by a *coup d'eclat*, and actually sent me one day, by his valet de chambre, an elegant repeating watch set with diamonds, worth at least 150 louis. On receiving it, I ran to the apartment of the Marchioness, and, communicating to her that the Marquis had sent it me, shewed her my fine watch. Whatever her thoughts might have been, she appeared pleased with this mark of her husband's attention; but I thought so valuable a present did not appear very agreeable to Mademoiselle de Passy, the Marchioness's youngest daughter, who remarked, that my influence was greater with the Marquis than either her's or her sister's, their father never having given them a watch of more than six or eight louis value; they all, however, complimented me on the occasion. Nevertheless, during the time this watch was in my possession, I thought I experienced a degree of coldness to which I had been unaccustomed in that family. I conjectured I read this in their countenances: what followed convinced me I was right.

The sequel of my narrative will sufficiently prove by what motives the Marquis was actuated, whose years and situation might have taught him better. He imagined so magnificent

a present would dazzle the eyes of a youthful female, and entice her from the path of honor, to experience all the horrors of self-reproaching conscience; but those good angels, who constantly hover round, ready to protect distressed virtue, whispered my heart, and steeled it against temptation.

Without any hope of obtaining his ends by flattery or presents, he resolved to make another effort; an effort which requires no comment, and will render any apology for the apparent feverity of my former accusation, I hope, unnecessary.

Upon the secure and quiet hours of sleep, in defiance of those laws of hospitality which even savages hold sacred, he made his last attempt; and the obstinate resistance he met with cannot fail of substantiating my innocence, at the very moment that it points out his guilt.

Night, the season best adapted for the execution of so black a design, was chosen by this violator of all the laws of humanity and hospitality, for the completion of his long-intended purpose. Despairing of ever being able to gain
his

his point by flattery or presents, he had recourse to an expedient, which must draw on him the severest censure of the good and virtuous, and was effected through the means of a power he certainly possessed, of having free access throughout his own house, in which, under his protection, I was then resident.

This appeared to have been a determined step on the part of the Marquis, who had used the utmost precaution in removing every obstacle to the execution of his project : he approached in darkness, except what little assistance he derived from the faint glimmerings of an half-extinguished lamp, and with the least possible noise removed a commode, which had been placed against the servants chamber-door to prevent any person from passing, and with the most fearful caution directed his steps towards my apartment, where, after imploring the protection of heaven, I had resigned myself to repose.

Starting suddenly from my sleep, on hearing a noise in my bed-chamber, to my terror and astonishment I beheld the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, with the lamp I have already described in his hand, and in his night-gown and slippers.

All the kindness he had pretended, all the presents he had bestowed, appeared at once dissimulation and treachery; and, recovering from the surprize which so extraordinary an event had naturally plunged me in, anger and resentment took place of gratitude and esteem, and I determined, be the consequence what it would, to defeat his villainy.

Perceiving the agitation of my spirits, he in a soothing voice begged me not to be alarmed; he promised, expostulated, and threatened, with equal success. Deaf to his intreaties, I summoned resolution to tell him, in a spirited tone, that if he did not instantly quit the chamber, I would, by my cries, alarm the family.

This menace had its desired effect. Guilt and cowardice are generally concomitant; the latter operated in my favor. Fearful that I should make the Marchioness acquainted with his conduct, he departed, muttering curses upon my obstinacy, and saying I should yet feel his vengeance.

From this moment, malice and revenge occupied the place of kind offices, presents, &c.
and

and influenced his future conduct. Eager to seize every opportunity of doing me an injury, he still wore that air of dissimulation which he well knew how to practice, and while he appeared publicly anxious for my welfare, he secretly plotted my ruin.

But a short time had elapsed, before the same valet who had brought me the watch, came with his master's compliments, and begged me to lend it him, as he was going to Versailles.

Without hesitation, I complied with this request, but never again had my watch in my possession, nor did he ever mention a syllable to me concerning it. In this instance of his meanness, however, he unintentionally did me a piece of essential service; for while that watch remained in my possession, an unusual coolness pervaded the countenances of the Marchioness and her daughters; now it was removed, I hoped to regain their esteem and affection, nor was I deceived. One of the young ladies, perceiving I did not wear my watch as usual, had the curiosity to ask what was become of it, and on being informed that the Marquis had sent for it, and had not returned it, pleasure seemed to

beam from their eyes, that shyness which they had for some time observed left them, and, in short, I received their careffes, and experienced their friendship, in a greater degree, if possible, than before.

I digressed from the relation of my brother's arrival, to remove some difficulties which might have arisen in the minds of my readers relative to the Marquis. I feel much satisfaction, however, in quitting the Marquis to return to my brother.

Soon after my brother's arrival, the credentials of his birth being properly arranged, a day was fixed to present him to the king, in consequence of which he was conducted by the Marquis de Boulainvilliers to Versailles, and remained some time at the hotel of Mons. le Count de Vergennes.

One day, as my brother was taking a turn on the parade, the Marquis de Marigny, who had formerly taken great notice of his behaviour, accosted him very familiarly. "What, Remy, is that you? What brings you here?" Then attentively surveying him, exclaimed with surprise,

prize, "How very fine you are!"---The Marquis asked a great many questions: to those relating to his journey to Versailles, he gave no satisfactory answer, only observing that he had met with a friend who countenanced and protected him.

The long-expected day at length arrived, when my brother was introduced to the king. This ceremony was performed by the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, Monf. Chabert, the Count de Maurepas, and Monf. Neckar. He was presented as the Baron de Valois.

His Majesty having acknowledged his title, and knowing him to be the undoubted descendant of a family who had once swayed the sceptre of France, (a family whose name, perhaps, he would not wish to see revived) recommended him to devote himself to the church. My brother suggested his predilection for the army. The king thanked him for his inclination to serve him, but at the same time more strongly recommended him to serve his God.---
 "Sire," replied my brother, "I am then serving my God, when I am serving my king."

The august monarch, pleased with this answer, condescended to promise him every encouragement to acquit himself of his duty to both.

Soon after, a grand dinner was given by *Monf. Chabert*, to which the *Marquis de Bou-lainvilliers* and my brother were invited. The *Marquis* arrived first. My brother, having been detained by some friends whom he had met in his way, did not make his appearance till the company were seated. He was announced as the *Baron de Valois*, a title which the greatest part of the company were surprized at hearing. "The *Baron de Valois*!" whispered one to the other. "We know none of that name, but the son of the *Duke de Chartres*!"---Their astonishment still increased, when *Monf. de Chabert*, filling a bumper, gave "A health to the new *Baron de Valois*!"

Monf. de Marigny, being engaged in conversation when my brother was announced, and now first hearing the name of *Valois*, eagerly looked round, and at length discovering my brother, upon whom all the eyes of the company were

were at this moment fixed, he enquired of the gentleman near him, "What was the meaning of all this?" The instant he was informed that my brother was acknowledged by the king as a descendant from the Valois, he was so transported with joy, that he suddenly started from his chair, and ran to embrace him.

The guests, charmed with the sensibility of the parties, and apprized of the sudden revolution in our fortune, were curious to hear the cause which occasioned it. My brother complied with their wishes, related his story, and gave satisfactory answers to every enquiry.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I mention the names of the Marquis and Marchioness de Chabert, and Monf. de Marigny. They were all the particular friends of the worthy Madame de Boulainvilliers; a circumstance alone sufficient to rank them high in the estimation of every good mind. It was they who, next to her, were our parents and protectors. Never shall their kindness be effaced from my remembrance! Never shall I think of their names, but with the warmest emotions of gratitude!

I shall

I shall not apologize for this digression in favor of my benefactors, which, however criticism may censure, I trust humanity will not condemn.

Few men possess so much sensibility, so much goodness, as the Marquis de Chabert. It was he who took the trouble of collecting, and properly arranging, our papers; it was he who forwarded them to his cousin, Mons. d'Ozier, judge of arms of the nobility of France, for his certificate. Not content with what he had already done, and not wishing to be exceeded in benevolence, even by the Marchioness herself, he wished to bear a part in all the subsequent expence. He pulled out his purse, adding, "Madam, your charge is certainly considerable, and your bounty has been of long continuance! You have been singular in your benevolence! I do not aspire to an equality; suffer me only to partake with you the pleasing reflections which ever accompany good actions; I beg you will indulge me in a contribution of one half, for what you have bestowed on these children!"

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I have already mentioned several instances of this worthy lady's bounty, but it would require a volume to do justice to the numerous and strikingly benevolent marks of attention she was continually heaping upon us; denying herself a participation in her most favorite amusements, to compensate for the narrow limits of her private purse, out of which she supported us.

“ I am persuaded,” said this worthy lady, “ that God has sent these three children as a blessing to my family !” And having often asked me, if she should send for my sister, upon my answering that there was nothing I more earnestly desired, “ Then I assure you, my dear child,” replied she, “ I will exert my utmost endeavours with Monsieur Boulainvilliers to effect my purpose.” It was this promise that, in the hours of illness, operated as a cordial medicine, and, by reviving the dying embers of hope, tended to accelerate the progress of returning health. This benevolent mother never lost a favorable opportunity of urging her suit to the Marquis, who, wearied by her importunity, yielded to her request, and my sister was accordingly sent for.

Behold

Behold then, at length, the recognition of the Valois !---They had the title, indeed, but not the means to support it. The pension of 800 livres was very inadequate to support the dignity of one of the first houses in France.

Monfieur de Maurepas, whom the king had intrusted, was desired by his Majesty to make what arrangement he thought proper. He was not to blame for this pension's being so trifling; and I owe him the justice to declare, had our cause been properly supported, the descendants of an illustrious family, so long kept out of their rights, so long exposed to every indignity, would have been better rewarded for their sufferings, than with the pitiful pension of 800 livres (about 33l. sterling) per annum.

The justice of the sovereign would not have done this : the generosity of Monsieur Maurepas would at least have doubled it. Who then set himself in opposition to the justice of the sovereign, and the generosity of his friend ?---It was the Marquis de Boulainvilliers : it was he who, acquainted with the œconomy of the king, and conversant in the arts of a courtier, wished to
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recommend himself to the royal attention, supposing every other man to be influenced by the same parsimonious motives which governed his own conduct : it was this seeming friend, who wished to arrogate to himself the merit of appearing generous, without sufficient spirit to be so. He dictated, himself, this pension of 800 livres, under the specious mask of patriotism : the state, he alledged, was overwhelmed with debt. “ But,” replied the Count de Maurepas, “ eight hundred is given by his Majesty upon the most ordinary occasions. Suffer it to be more than that. Let me make some addition.” ---“ No !” replied Monsieur Boulainvilliers to the last, “ we will content ourselves with eight hundred ! But I beg you will take the trouble to represent to the king, that, as the state is so loaded with debt, I wish to enter, as much as possible, into his Majesty’s views of œconomy. I will myself, therefore, supply the surplus ; for I look upon them as our children, and they shall want for nothing !” ---Thus was this pension finally determined, and we received a brevet, wherein eight hundred livres were expressed, payable to each of us, to commence from December 1775, without any deduction.

How

How great an alteration does change of circumstances create in the ideas and actions of men ! No sooner were we acknowledged at court, than all the nobleſſe inſtantly deſired our acquaintance, and crowded every day to pay their reſpects to the Baron and myſelf.

I cannot ſay that I felt myſelf at all tranſported by the compliments I received on this occaſion : my ideas had ever been elevated to as high a ſtation as that which I at preſent enjoyed. I was, however, pleaſed, and grateful to my benefactreſs, and reflected that, without her protection and powerful aſſiſtance, I had not been reſtored to my birth-right. I contraſted the ſplendor of my preſent with the ragged wretchedneſs of my infant condition, rooted by miſfortune on the winter-ſhaded ſide of a bleak mountain, without hope of protection or relief, and where; but for the foſtering care of the good Marchionefs, I ſhould have remained ſtruggling with adverſe fortune, which could have ended only with my life.

We were now, in the meridian of proſperity, receiving the compliments of the nobility, and
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the friends of Madame de Boulainvilliers introduced the whole circle of their acquaintance. Every one congratulated us on our good fortune and the restoration of a family so ancient, with a pension sufficient to support its dignity. All the Gazettes were filled with this: they spoke of the recognition of the three children, and were profuse in panegyric on the royal munificence and royal humanity, in acknowledging the children of Valois, and granting them an annuity of 3000 livres, and an equipment. This story was in every body's mouth: compliments redoubled: every one was lavish in praise of the king's goodness, and were proud, as they insinuated, to see it so well applied.

It will doubtless appear singular, that Mons. Boulainvilliers should never contradict these reports, and it is strange that every body should believe them; but it was the system of Mons. de Boulainvilliers ever to appear what he was not, and seldom or never to be what he appeared.

Mons. de Boulainvilliers took great care to send his secretary round to the different coffee-houses, to make extracts from the Gazettes,
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and from these materials to form reports favorable to himself; for he was much more anxious to receive the credit of a good action, and acquire popularity from ostentation, than my worthy mother, who was much better pleased with the consciousness of having done well, than with that empty praise which more frequently attends hypocrisy than virtue. Her benevolence was reduced to a system; her good actions were habitual; justly she thought, and her practice was ever conformable. That good lady was anxious to remedy the negligence of her husband; she went round among her friends, particularly those who had the best access to the royal ear, and influenced them to apply for an addition to our pension; she particularly visited Monsieur and Madame Neckar, who expressed much good-will towards us, and, doubtless from the representations of the Marchioness, interested themselves warmly in our favor, not only promising a continuance of their friendship and support, but Monsieur Neckar actually presented my brother with an equipment of four or five thousand livres, and his commission of ensign.

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In the mean time Madame de Boulainvilliers interested herself with the minister to obtain an addition to my pension, at that time ignorant this small sum of 800 livres, which appeared to her so inadequate, had been absolutely fixed by her husband, to recommend himself to the king, at a period when, it is perhaps necessary to hint, every retrenchment in the expenditure of the revenue was the object of a minister, who, born in a republic, well knew the advantages of industry and œconomy, and whose sudden elevation to the head of the finances of France was matter of astonishment to the different courts of Europe.

This able minister perfectly coincided with the king in plans of œconomy, and the sanction of his royal master gave efficacy to his regulations.

The Marchioness knew not that the Marquis had thus influenced the ministers, though she was soon after acquainted with it; nor would this circumstance probably have been disclosed, if my brother had not waited upon Count de Maurepas and Mons. Neckar, to return his acknowledgments, and beg a continuance of their

kindnesses. They first mentioned the very words which I have before related to have been used by M. Boulainvilliers, in fixing the quantum of our pension. M. Neckar and my brother could scarcely believe what they heard; so far, however, did it influence my brother's conduct, and he felt himself so materially hurt at what he believed to be impossible, that he did not even pay the Marquis a visit of thanks, in common with the rest of his friends who had stood forward on this occasion. He was the more induced to take this step, having never experienced any exertion of that nobleman to serve us; who had contributed nothing towards defraying the expence of my education, which was borne alone by my worthy mother, out of the parsimonious allowance of her husband, though (as has been already observed) her name and fortune had raised him to the rank he enjoyed.

I was confined to my apartment by indisposition, when Madame de Boulainvilliers and the Abbè Tacher, brother to Madame Chabert, came together, to inform me of the pension granted to me and my sister, which they said was the same as that granted to my brother.

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With the most heart-felt gratitude, I expressed my obligations to the Marchioness for this, and every other instance of her attention to my welfare ; at the same time regretting that they should have had so much trouble to acquire so small a pension. Her answer, however, was the same as Mr. Neckar gave my brother, that the recognition of our title was a great point gained ; that time would bring about every thing ; and that our being acknowledged would give a sanction for greater demands, of which we must avail ourselves when opportunity should offer.

Amongst the numerous visitors who constantly crowded to the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, probably to gratify curiosity by seeing us, was the Countess de Strokonomke, who was very intimate with the Marchioness ; also the Duchess de Choiseul, lady of the bed-chamber to the queen. In a conversation between these two ladies, it was hinted that I should be married very soon ; that, with this fortune of 1000 crowns, I should very readily get a husband ; and that the king would certainly give a brevet of rank, and the title of colonel, to the person whom I should make choice of. Astonished at

hearing them talk of a pension of 1000 crowns, I answered, that I really did not understand what they meant; adding, that I had only 800 livres, and my sister the same, as far as I had been able to judge from the words of the brevet. "How, my dear!" replied they, "Don't you know that it has been circulated through all the Gazettes in Europe? and if it is not really true, M. de Boulainvilliers would certainly have contradicted it. It is thought so by the king, and the royal family, who read the papers; they believe it: and, instead of pitying you, all the world is loud in praise of the king, respecting his conduct towards you. The public therefore are very well persuaded that you have each of you 1000 crowns; and that, if it was not true, Monf. de Boulainvilliers, who was capable of giving the best intelligence, would certainly have contradicted it, and not suffered the public to be imposed upon, who must lament that so small a pension should be given to support the dignity of so illustrious a name; a pension only equal to that generally granted by his Majesty to one of his domestics, after twenty years service, and scarcely sufficient to support even the little exigencies of obscurity!"

I have

I have before hinted that the person most culpable was Monf. de Boulainvilliers, who, under his peculiar circumstances, could not, with any shadow of propriety, take upon himself to contradict the public prints; for that would have directly led to a detection of his artifice, by giving the ministers an opportunity to vindicate themselves, in assigning the true reason, which must necessarily criminate him, and enable me or my virtuous mother, who held a lie in the utmost abhorrence, to contradict it.

Truly may I assert, that, instead of doing me a favor, in procuring me to be acknowledged as a descendant of the Valois, from the inadequacy of the pension granted to support the dignity of a noble and royal house, who had sacrificed their lives and fortunes in defence of the state, it had plunged me into distress more poignant, if possible, than that I had already experienced while I remained in obscurity. At the same moment that the Marquis de Boulainvilliers had given me to understand I should want for nothing at his house, in fact I wanted every thing; and the bad management of the Marquis in this affair will appear evident, when I relate that our pension was made to commence from De-

ember 1776, and that whole year he never offered to accommodate me with a single fol.

Under these circumstances, not wishing to remain a burden to the liberality of my worthy benefactress, and desirous to conceal from her those wants she had so long prevented me from experiencing, and which now, however it might deprive her of the means of supplying her own, she would instantly have administered to, I accepted the offer of the Marquis, to advance me what sums I stood in need of upon my pension; which, generally exceeding the limits of it, I was constantly in arrear, and at the conclusion of the year never had money for my necessary occasions. Mons. de Bou-lainvilliers ought not to have influenced the ministers, and prevented them from doing as they wished.

In the month of March, a season remarkably fine, Monsieur, the king's brother, gave a grand gala, upon the purchase of an estate called Brunois, most delightfully situated, which Mons. Brunois had decorated at an immense expence. His grand-father was agent and partner with the famous Samuel Bernard, the Jew, and
father

father of the Marquis de Boulainvilliers. A grand entertainment was given, consisting of two tournaments and a comedy: an amphitheatre was fitted up, for the reception of the royal family, who, attended by almost all the French nobility, were present.

The story of our misfortunes and recognition, circulated in almost every Gazette, had reached the ear of the Lady Elizabeth of France. She expressed a desire to see us. The Marchioness de Pont de Cassel, one of my particular well-wishers, apprised Madame de Boulainvilliers of this circumstance, who, wishing to gratify the princess, took a few turns on her terrass, accompanied by my brother, in his full uniform, and her youngest daughter, Mademoiselle de Passy, to represent the three children. As the court passed (which it was obliged to do, in coming from Paris) the estate of the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, at Montgeron, the princesses passed first, and condescended to salute us. Madame de Pond, who was in the character of Dame de Palais to the royal sisters, pointed us out, and was the cause of our being taken notice of. We then went to Brunois, and were present at the comedy, which was performed

in compliment to the king. The royal family were seated promiscuously, and it was our good fortune to be placed near them, particularly the Princess Elizabeth, who had said, on speaking of us, as the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers was informed that same day, that, as we were acknowledged by his Majesty, we were her cousins.

In consequence of the attention paid to us by the Princess Elizabeth, the captain of the guard placed us near her at the banquet, and Madame de Boulainvilliers and her daughters had the satisfaction to observe that she honored me with her regard.

When the play was ended, the royal family adjourned to the tournament, and seated themselves at the upper end of the lists, near the amphitheatre, whither we also followed, and again had the good fortune to obtain a seat near that of the Princess Elizabeth, who on this occasion honored us with a more partial attention than before.

It will easily be imagined, that the notice of so exalted a personage drew towards us the
compliments

compliments of almost all the court, who were so profuse in their encomiums on the humanity and judgment of the Marchioness, that they could not fail of reaching the royal ear, and their Majesties graciously condescended to join theirs to the general wishes of the noblesse, for our welfare.

Madame de Polignac, now governess to the royal children, was present at the amphitheatre, and was at that time but young in favor with the queen.

These circumstances are not recited merely from ostentation, or with a view to induce the reader to suppose I possess uncommon attractions : they are mentioned in justice to my family, and will at the same time sufficiently evince that I have been the sport of Fortune, elevated and depressed at the pleasure of that capricious deity.

It is my wish also, from a statement of these facts, to impress upon the minds of my readers how very inadequate a trifling pension, of little more than three and thirty pounds a year, must have been to support the dignity of a family,
lately

lately acknowledged by the king to be one of the first in France, and nearly related to his own, and who, but for the interference of lukewarm friends, would have extended his munificence sufficiently to have enabled us to support its dignity.

Let me not be accused of trespassing on the patience of my readers, by detailing incidents apparently frivolous, but permitted just to hint, that there is scarce any thing so trifling that may not be attended with some advantage. I have engaged to write my Life, and am giving a portrait, where several touches of the pencil, singly taken, appear insignificant; collectively, they are essential to the piece. I shall not suppress those foibles, which will doubtless meet the censure they merit; therefore reader, who-soever thou art, I have some claim to thy attention, and would wish to interest thy candor, while I pursue a surprising narrative, which, however trivial its outset may appear, will in its progress excite, and in its conclusion gratify, thy curiosity.

Some days after Madame de Pond, and others belonging to the court, represented to us how much

much the royal family complimented Madame de Boulainvilliers ; that the princesses had been much affected with the history of our misfortunes, and were pleased to hear that our descent had been so well authenticated. Madame de Pond, willing to take advantage of this happy disposition of the court in our favor, consulted with Madame de Boulainvilliers to solicit, not merely an equipment, but an absolute and certain augmentation to our pension, which she was sure could not fail of success.

The worthy Marchioness, whose heart ever felt for the distressed, but particularly the objects of her benevolence, eagerly embraced this proposal, and, with my brother, waited upon Monsieur and Madame Neckar, and Monsieur Amelot (at that time entrusted with the management of affairs of state) and his lady. After this visit my brother departed for Brest, about April 1776.

I will now attempt to make good what I have heretofore repeatedly asserted, that difficulties of every kind thwarted the attempts of those who were anxious for my advancement, and dangers of every description besieged me in
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the execution of my designs, and rendered all abortive.

From the moment I was satisfied of the narrow limits of my pension, I frequently reflected upon its inadequacy to the services of my ancestors, and the compliments which were paid us; compliments which, under such circumstances, I even construed into reproaches. In short, the unavoidable expence attending our present situation was so greatly superior to the means allowed for supporting it, that I began to suppose it absolutely impossible for us to continue in it. I affected to wear the smile of gaiety on my countenance, whilst discontent preyed upon my heart. At length my health fell a sacrifice to my uneasiness of mind; my countenance exchanged the bloom of health for the fallow hue of melancholy; and I was frequently attacked by convulsions, probably brought on by the concealment of what was passing in my breast. During this time, I had all the medical assistance that could be procured, which was attended with considerable expence to the Marchioness; nevertheless that worthy lady spared neither expence nor attention, that might in the smallest degree be conducive

ducive to my welfare. Eagerly intent on my restoration to health, she was busy among her friends at court to procure the necessary means to enjoy it.

The Marchioness de Boulainvilliers had interested herself so powerfully in our behalf, that her applications were in a fair way of terminating successfully. Every thing was in a train for securing an augmentation of our pension, when a circumstance occurred which considerably diminished the influence of that amiable lady, and frustrated all my hopes. The character of the Marquis had suffered so severely in the public estimation, that it extended to all his connections, and the very name of Boulainvilliers became a mark for opprobrium, and included in the general censure the reputation of the Marchioness. Generous lady! in vain shall calumny attempt to fully thy spotless fame! Thy actions alone can testify thy virtue, and that virtue is almost sufficient to extenuate the follies of thy husband.

The circumstance I allude to, at that time made a great noise. At this period, perhaps, amidst the tumults which prevail, it may be almost

almost forgotten, at least the English reader will scarcely recollect it.

Madame de Boulainvilliers was engaged on a visit to the villa of Monsieur Narbonne, Bishop of D'Evreux. She had scarce been a fortnight absent, when the Marquis followed her, leaving me at the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, in a very weak state of health, with the housekeeper and two other servants.

A distillery of compounds, carried on in deep caverns under his house and grounds, which extended to a considerable distance, with every thing necessary for transacting the business with as few persons, and as secretly as possible, at this time smelt so powerfully, which issued from the openings into the cavern, that it became almost intolerable. My curiosity was strongly excited, but none of those about me were capable of giving me any satisfactory answer to the questions I put to them. All seemed greatly agitated; every thing was confusion.

• Wishing to unravel this mystery, I went out under pretence of paying a visit to Mademoiselle de Passy, the Marchioness's youngest daughter;
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at that time a pensioner in the convent of St. Omer's. As I passed, the porter seemed much confused, and looked very pale: at the same time I saw his son running along the garden, as I understood afterwards, to apprize Mr. Dennis, secretary to Monsieur de Boulainvilliers, of what had happened, who, the moment he received the intelligence, opened a large reservoir of water, which almost instantaneously filled those fissures in the cavern from whence the stench issued, and destroyed the greatest part of the compounds; so that a very small quantity was actually found. Going out of the great gate, I saw the *Gué a pied*, and great crowds of people collected together, all reprobating the conduct of the Marquis. I was sensibly affected for the uneasiness this behaviour of her husband would give my worthy benefactress; and was shocked at the sight of the *Gué a pied*, and the immense stills and other implements which were dragged out by the enraged populace, who exclaimed vociferously against such a mean debasement of the French nobility. I again demanded of the Swiss the reason of this uproar, but could get no other answer, than that he had sold some wine without permission. Dissatisfied with this

reply;

reply, and fatigued with the disturbance, I retired to my chamber.

It may easily be imagined a circumstance of this kind could not long remain a secret : it was soon circulated through all Paris, and became the general topic of conversation. I judged it my duty to acquaint the Marchioness, and had actually begun a letter for that purpose, but a convulsion fit seized me before I could complete my undertaking. The report instantly after reached the ears of the Marquis, who immediately posted to Paris ; he was met on the road by his secretary ; and the Marchioness arrived soon after. They were, however, obliged to enter the town by night, to avoid the insults of the populace.

This unfortunate affair prevented their appearing at court for a considerable time, which greatly mortified my worthy mother, who was not privy to this subterraneous speculation, which her ample fortune had rendered unnecessary, and her birth disgraceful. It was this untoward circumstance which had rendered all her plans on my behalf abortive, although nearly mature for success, and induced persons of distinction,

distinction, who had formerly been particularly intimate, to withhold their visits.

The discovery of this subterranean occupation, was by some attributed to the Count de Boulainvilliers, a relation of the Marchioness, to whom she was also guardian, and will serve to elucidate my remark, that the Marquis became possessed of his title in right of his wife, whose family was of great distinction. The Marquis was a son of the President D'Hureux, by a daughter of the famous Jew, Samuel Bernard, whose riches, though great, could only be equalled by his philanthropy and beneficence. The Marchioness was heiress to Monsieur de Balaincourt, Marquis de Boulainvilliers, and there being no male heir to inherit the title, the Marquis made interest to procure it for himself.

The general character and conduct of the Count de Boulainvilliers was the very opposite to that of an informer: he, on the contrary, exerted himself to the utmost to console the Marchioness, and intreated the Prince de Conti to use his influence with the king in behalf of the Marquis; a circumstance alone sufficient to

vindicate him from so unjust an aspersion. His Majesty was so much incensed at the conduct of the Marquis, which he conceived a stain upon the French nobility, that he gave public marks of his displeasure, by prohibiting him from appearing at court.

The displeasure of the monarch so far biased the opinions of the nobility, that the Marquis was shunned by all ranks. The Prince de Conti discontinued his visits; but having, through the intercession of the Count de Boulainvilliers, undertaken to restore him to the royal favor, by way of affording him all the countenance and friendship in his power, he renewed his visits, with a view of gaining over the rest of the nobility (ever ready to follow the example of persons of distinction) in favor of the cause he had espoused.

I had the honor to be present when this distinguished personage paid his second visit. We were in the saloon when the prince was announced, and it being in some measure a visit of business, as soon as he entered, the Marchioness made a sign for me to retire. I rose to obey; but, as I had previously had the honor to be
introduced

introduced to him, with the greatest politeness and affability addressing himself to the Marchioness, “ No, Madame ! I consider Mademoiselle de Valois as one of your children ; there is no necessity for her to withdraw ; from this day she must still be dearer, as the king is disposed to forgive the offence of the Marquis, and has declared that his principal inducement is the attention paid by your family to these descendants of the Valois.” I felt a disagreeable sensation as the prince uttered this, and wished I had not been present, lest such a declaration should hurt the feelings of my worthy benefactress. Whether he had heard of the Marquis’s conduct in our pension, and wished to interest him more strongly in our behalf, or whether the humanity and beneficence of the Marchioness, of which all Paris was sensible, in a great degree counterpoised the meanness of the Marquis, and influenced the royal breast to this reconciliation, I cannot exactly determine.

I must now recall to the recollection of my reader, my sister Marianne, of whom I have yet said but little. She was left, as has been before stated, exposed to the charity of Durand, a wealthy farmer, who had found means to

possess himself of a considerable part of the estate at Fontette. I have hinted that my mother's extravagance had rendered my father necessitous. Durand had money; and, as people in distress seldom consider the exorbitance of interest, my father unfortunately fell within his gripe, and Durand failed not to take advantage of his necessities. My mother herself knew this, and considered that it was his duty to take the charge of supporting a part of the family. ---I have been able to collect these conjectures, from a paper which my mother pinned upon the garment of my infant sister, expressive of her thoughts on this subject, and desiring that he would take care of her.

Durand, indeed, took her into his house, but he determined to make her as little expensive as possible, and even thought that, instead of being saddled with a burthen, he might be eased of the expence of a servant. She was accordingly, as early as possible, taught to do every menial office about the house. This, however, was habitual, and had she remained ignorant of her birth, her life perhaps had passed in happy and quiet obscurity; but as she grew up, many people in the neighbourhood, acquainted

acquainted with the circumstances, gave her information of those misfortunes which had induced her family to leave the cradle of their ancestors, the patrimonial inheritance, in quest of preferment at court, but had never been heard of since. This tale awakened her sensibility. They pointed out the mansion where she was born : the spark was kindled, which, with increasing years, spread into a flame, and warmed her bosom with reflections on her birth, and the difference between her present situation and that to which she was entitled. She still preserved the name of St. Remy, and mourned her miserable and orphan condition, deprived of her protectors ere she was yet acquainted with them ; but she estimated her loss by her situation, of which she despaired to see a change.

I have before mentioned, that at the time of my brother's being received, and at that of the grant of the pension, the Marchioness conceived the benevolent intention of sending for my sister, hoping thereby to alleviate my sufferings, occasioned by my bad state of health. She accordingly performed her promise, by writing to Durand for that purpose.

Eleven months elapsed without receiving any intelligence. The Marchioness, surprized at this delay, wrote, about fourteen months after her first application to Durand, to the rector of Fontette, who returned for answer, that Durand had certainly received her letters, but supposed he had been at a great expence in bringing her up; that she was so very serviceable about his house, that he could not conveniently part with her; and that he judged it his interest, at all events, to retain her in the country.

Durand had heard of the pension granted to my sister, and thought it, on that account, his interest to keep her near him; but he had a much stronger, and what his avarice deemed a more weighty reason. He knew the means whereby he became possessed of the estate of Fontette: he knew they would not stand the test of legal investigation, and he did not choose my sister should leave him, lest her evidence might materially affect his interest,

Madame de Boulainvilliers had wrote more letters than one. He dreaded the power of the Marchioness, and studied by art to counteract it.

it. Though she left his house, though deprived of a servant, he sacrificed this comparatively trifling advantage to the more important one of retaining her in the country : for this purpose he proposed to marry her to a neighbouring peasant, named Colas Jolie, thinking by this to make himself secure.

The Marchioness, hearing of his intention, and finding no time was to be lost, instantly wrote to Monsieur Roullier d'Orveuille, intendant of Champagne, requesting him to give Durand orders either to send my sister instantly to Paris, or to bring her thither himself. This peremptory order was complied with, through fear, and we received an answer, fixing the day when he would bring her.

Madame de Boulainvilliers, ever compassionate, concealed from me this good news, fearing, from the indisposition with which I was almost always afflicted, that a too sudden transition from grief to joy might be attended with the worst consequences ; she therefore contrived, by degrees, to acquaint me of the approaching arrival of my sister, to whom a pension of eight hundred livres had been granted, as well as to

myself ; mentioning the day she was expected, and explaining to me what steps she had taken to oblige Durand to bring her to Paris, as also the motives which induced him to detain her.

Overjoyed at this unexpected good news, and overwhelmed with gratitude to my benefactress, I impatiently waited the arrival of my sister : I imagined it would alleviate that affliction I had so long been a prey to, but which would now cease to weigh me down, when reposed in a sister in whom I could place my confidence.

Those who are not ignorant of the pangs of silent sorrow, have probably felt, or their sensibility may lead them to anticipate, those sensations I experienced at the hope of folding a beloved sister to my heart, who had just been relieved from such a distressing situation,

The day on which my sister was expected at length approached, and she arrived about one o'clock. Madame de Boulainvilliers, Madame the Marchioness de Chabert, Madame de Pond de Coffet, and the three daughters of Madame de Boulainvilliers, were assembled : they placed me in the midst of them, and my sister being brought

brought in, "Tell me, my dear, which of these ladies do you take to be your sister?" She surveyed the company attentively, and throwing herself on my neck, "This is she!" replied Marianne. "My heart tells me, this is she!" The company wished not to conceal those emotions which did honor to their sensibility. The author of this scene, the worthy Marchioness, surveyed us with a look of tenderness, her eyes glistening with the triumph of beneficence and humanity.

Soon after the company retired; and left me alone with my sister, who almost stifled me with caresses; but our tongues mutually refused their office; we had a thousand things to say, a thousand questions to ask, but the fulness of our hearts rendered us incapable of gratifying our wishes.

The company returned after a short absence; they remarked the effect this interview had on my spirits; and my eyes, expressive of the contentment of my heart, proved the cordial influence a mind at ease has to subdue the indisposition of the body.

Though

Though I had not time to recount to my sister the adventures of my life, I was as eager to make her acquainted with the kindness of my worthy mother, as she to be beneficent, or my sister to acknowledge it. As we returned with the company, Marianne enquired which of those ladies had been so kind to her sister. When she was informed, she threw herself at the feet of the Marchioness, and kissing her gown and hands, thanked her for the favors she had done her brother and sister, and intreated she would have the goodness to take her also under her protection, which she would do every thing in her power to merit; adding, that she should entertain the highest respect for Monsieur de Boulainvilliers, and every other branch of the family.

The Marchioness, pleased with these effusions of gratitude, promised her protection and support. All seemed to congratulate us on our felicity, which appeared to be the genuine effusions of sensibility. I recounted to Marianne the hardships I had suffered: she pitied them, and related her own; while half was lost on either side by mutual communication.

The

The Marquis de Boulainvilliers, notwithstanding the discouragements he received, conceived hopes even from his repeated disappointments. He still continued his odious addresses, and persisted in his attempts to win me to his purpose. All my remonstrances, all my resistance, was fruitless, and I had no resource to avoid his importunity, but to retire to a convent. I had made this proposal about a year ago, and begged to retire to the convent of D'Hire, about half a league from Montgeron. The Marchioness even spoke to the Abbess on the subject; but the Marquis had wearied me with arguments to dissuade me from my intent, and the tender affection of my mother would not permit her to part with me.

On the arrival of my sister, whom I found inclinable to the measure, I determined to go to this convent; and the Marquis, finding it impossible to dissuade me from my purpose, assumed a different tone: he reproached me for what he termed obstinacy, and was noticed by the whole house, as entertaining a strong degree of resentment against me.

One

One morning Monsieur de Boulainvilliers came to my apartment, spoke to me with great apparent frankness, and made a profusion of fine promises. On his second visit he was not so polite; he made some disagreeable propositions: in short, his language wore a threatening aspect. "Since," said he, "you are determined to go to this convent, you shall remain there all your life! I shall make a point of preventing Madame de Boulainvilliers, my daughters, and all my acquaintance, from ever coming near you!" He took care to send out my sister and the maid, at this time, that they might not be witnesses to his behaviour, nor his threats; and added, when quitting my chamber, "Prepare yourself, then: I am very sorry that you should be so indisposed; but, since you hate me, you shall be punished for your ingratitude, and that suddenly: it is proper that we should be separated!" He then went out to order the horses to be put to the coach; "for," exclaimed he, "I am going to conduct the Valois to their convent!" He then sent one of the women to help me to dress, and assist me in packing up. After this I enquired for my mother, to request of her permission to come
and,

and bid her farewell; but she was not to be found. I have since learned from herself, that she was afraid she could not bear our parting; and that it was Monsieur de Boulainvilliers who told her, and all the house, that it was myself who proposed this scheme, upon which I was most obstinately bent, and that he found it in vain to oppose it.

The abbey being but at a short distance, we soon arrived, and found the Marquis and the Count de Franclin, the brother and nephew of the Abbess. They were surprized to see the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, who accompanied us, with the Chevalier de l'Hil. This man, as all Paris knows, is the creature of the Marquis; and he had the assurance to propose him to me as my husband, saying, "You may then be always at the hotel; your reputation will be safe; and you may carry on an intrigue without suspicion!" They had been that very morning to inform the Abbess, that my ill state of health would not permit me to come in less than a month. As it was necessary, however, for the Marquis to assign some reason for this sudden return of the Chevalier and himself, he assured the Abbess it was absolutely my own deter-

determination, from which he had done all in his power to dissuade me, but in vain. The Lady Abbess informed him, that, coming so very unexpectedly, things were not in readiness for our reception. The Marquis replied, "Then they must do as well as they can:" adding, "They will experience the bad effects of their obstinacy. It is not my fault." Then turning to the Abbess, he told her he had something particular to communicate to me, and we were left alone in the parlour. "You are," said he, "at your own disposal, either to go or stay, If you will return, and act as I would wish you, for your own advantage, I will arrange every thing for the best with your mother." "No!" replied I, with indignation; "I will submit to every inconvenience! To be unfortunate, is better than to be criminal!" The Abbess, the Chevalier, and my sister, being returned into the room, the Marquis took his leave, expressing great concern for our welfare, and that he would see us very soon, and bring the Marchioness along with him.

The day after, I wrote to my tender mother, who answered my letter in the kindest terms. Her letters gave me great consolation, and she frequently

frequently visited me, accompanied by her daughters. But the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, whose neglect indeed gave me no very great concern, called on me but once, as he passed to his estate at Passy.

Attached to the convent, I became delighted with this new scene of life, where every thing seemed peaceful, calm, and contented. I was not persecuted with the odious addresses of the Marquis; I was not harrassed by the hurry and bustle of the busy world, nor tormented with that complimentary language which speaks every thing, and means nothing. My mind was more at ease, and my health by degrees returned.

The Lady Abbess regarded me with the tenderness of a parent. Polite, sensible, generous and humane, her kindness, and the assiduous attention of the young ladies, my companions, rendered my life so agreeable in the convent, that in about three or four months after my residence among them, I signified to the Lady Abbess my intention of taking the veil, with two other young ladies who were going to devote themselves to religion. I followed exactly every religious exercise; I complied with every duty; I
prayed,

prayed, fasted, watched and wept. Seven or eight months after, I wrote to several friends of the Marchioness, requesting that they would exert themselves, on my behalf, to gain her consent that I should take the veil.

The good Abbess had many conversations with me on the subject, and assured me that it required the deepest consideration, before, in the full bloom of my youth, I sacrificed all my future prospects, to be confined for life within the narrow limits of a convent. She contrasted the charms of social with the reclusive austerity of a religious life; told me it was a vow that could never be recalled, and advised me to proceed with the utmost deliberation.

Her representations, however, were ineffectual, and, notwithstanding every remonstrance, I remained in the same mind, of devoting the remainder of my days to the service of my Creator.

The Marchioness would by no means give her consent; in consequence of which the Lady Abbess, who had made every remonstrance in her power, advised me to write to the arch-
bishop

bishop of Paris, and interest him in my favor, to win over Madame de Boulainvilliers to comply with my request:

That reverend prelate exerted himself so successfully, that he had nearly brought my good mother to a compliance, when I received a letter from the Marchioness du Pond Caffee, to whom I had also written to use her solicitations in my favor. This worthy lady, so far from according to my desires, was of an opinion diametrically opposite. Religious, without being enthusiastic, she thought that the Creator might be much better glorified by active benevolence, and fulfilling all the duties of social, than by the gloomy penances, fasts, prayers and mortifications attendant on religious life: she painted its inconveniencies in glowing colors; she conjured me to do nothing hastily, told me I was too young to determine, and suggested, that if after taking the veil, my sentiments should alter, my peace was irretrievably lost.

Much as I esteemed Madame du Pond, dearly as I loved the Marchioness, the remonstrances of the one, and the tender solicitations of the other, were equally ineffectual. I had seen

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nothing

nothing in this world that could fix my attachment ; I directed my thoughts to a better ; my best friends pleaded in vain to draw my attention from the service of my Creator. Would to heaven that my resolutions had remained unshaken !

Madame de Boulainvilliers, finding her arguments and solicitations equally inefficacious, had recourse to a stratagem, with a view to procrastinate the execution of so rash a step, and avail herself of the interval, to wean me from my determination. She was acquainted with monastic regulations, and knew that a lady during her noviciate, going out of the convent on any pretence whatever, becomes thereby incapacitated : it terminates that moment, and she is obliged again to commence it, and continue the same time, before she is permitted to take the habit. I was not aware of this, and the Marchioness availed herself of my ignorance to execute her intentions.

She prevailed on her husband to go to the convent, and invite my sister and me to dine with them at Montgeron. She desired him to enforce her invitation, by representing that this
would

would probably be the last opportunity they should have of seeing me, as the estate at Montgeron was to be disposed of, and that next year they should be at another. He added, that there was a large party who wished to see me before I took the veil, which finding me absolutely bent upon, no further solicitations should be used to dissuade me.

The Marquis had his views in wishing me to return, and he executed his commission with all the eloquence he was master of; but neither his persuasion, nor plausibility, influenced my acceptance of this invitation. Desirous to see my worthy mother, at whose instance I well knew the Marquis had visited me; not without a wish to take a last farewell of those friends who expressed their concern for my welfare, and totally ignorant of what was in agitation, I determined, with my sister, to accompany the Marquis to Montgeron.

When we arrived, a large company of both sexes were assembled. The Marchioness and her daughters, doubtful of the success of the Marquis's application, appeared particularly pleased to see us. My health being now almost

restored, my usual vivacity returned with it ; I felt the joys of the social circle in which I was engaged ; the conversation was various and entertaining, and the hours glided rapidly away : at length I bethought myself that it was time to return to the convent, and signified my wish to depart. The company were unanimous in their wish for my continuance ; from persuasions they condescended to use intreaties, but my resolution still remaining inflexible, Madame de Boulainvilliers informed me, in a tone blended with the kindness of friendship, that she could by no means permit me to depart, and that orders had been given that the carriage should not be prepared. In consequence of this, finding it equally rude and inefficacious to persist, I made a merit of necessity, and consented to stay.

Day after day passed on in the same manner. My worthy mother, whose society I was most fond of, made use of every means in her power to wean me from my resolution : every one strove to give me the most engaging picture of social felicity, and the pleasures of the world, to which they knew, from my disposition, I was not insensible.

During

During this time, the Marquis de Boulaivilliers took every opportunity of being alone with me, under pretence of reasoning me out of my predilection for the convent; but, in fact, he was urging his own iniquitous suit.

In one of these visits, while the Marquis, under pretence of the purest friendship and paternal kindness, was pressing my hand to his lips, the Marquis de Brancas and the Abbé Tacher entered the room. We were both confused, but our confusion proceeded from different motives: the blush of conscious innocence coloured my cheek; the complexion of conscious guilt stained that of the Marquis.

I was so peculiarly circumstanced, that I had never dared to communicate any part of his conduct to my mother. I knew it would give her uneasiness, and that such a communication would have been prejudicial to the interest of our family. Under this delicate predicament, I was obliged to endure---what I knew not how to remedy,

The Marquis de Brancas and the Abbé Tacher well knew the disposition of the Marquis de

Boulainvilliers : they did not imagine that I gave him encouragement ; their candor acquitted me both of impropriety of conduct, and evil intentions ; neither their candor or their friendship could prevail against their judgment, which accused him of both. His importunities had before determined me to retire to a convent. I was delighted with the life I led there. Improved by the instructions of the worthy Abbess, and charmed with the assiduities of my companions, the Marquis, instead of prevailing on me to stay, increased, by his persecutions, my inclination to depart.

At the expiration of eight days, unable to resist my entreaties, the Marchioness consented that I should go, upon condition that I would not persist in my resolution of taking the veil, but wait at least till I was twenty-five years of age. . . . She expressed a wish that I should change my convent, that I might be nearer the family, and pointed out the Abbé Royal de Longchamps, about three leagues and an half from Paris, as the most eligible situation. I acceded to this proposal with the less regret, as many of my companions at the convent d'Hire having taken the veil, I should be deprived of their society ;
and

and the loss I should sustain on being removed from the instruction of the good Abbess, would be counterpoised by the visits and correspondence of the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers.

On the 20th of March, 1778, I removed to the Abbé Royal de Longchamps, where I was frequently visited by the family of Boulainvilliers and their friends. The Marquis came frequently in the morning, on horseback: he was always admitted to visit me; but these visits, where love was always the topic, became at length so very disgusting, added to the remarks of the pensioners in the same convent, to whom visits from the other sex were very unusual, that I intreated the Abbess, who was friendly to me, in general terms, not to suffer any gentleman to visit me, on any pretence whatever.

The Abbess complied with my wishes, and the Marquis was denied admittance. Enraged at this repulse, he had recourse to threats, and said, that neither my mother, nor any of the family, or friends of the family, should come to visit me, neither should I ever come to the castle to visit them at Passy. This threat was not problematical: four months passed without

seeing, or hearing from any body. I wrote often to my mother, but my letters were intercepted; and, as I afterwards learned, whenever the Marchioness proposed paying me a visit, the Marquis was sure either to invite company, or remind her of an engagement. He remarked, by way of raising her displeasure, that we never wrote, though I had actually written several letters, and was greatly surprized at receiving no answer. Indeed, this conduct appeared singular in the convent, and occasioned a variety of comments.

At length Coquelin, his valet de chambre, the same person who formerly brought me the watch, called one day to see us. I charged him to deliver a letter, and represent to the Marchioness how much the discontinuance of her visits was regretted by my sister and myself, and to intreat her to answer our letter,

It is here necessary to remark, that the Marchioness, the most amiable of women, fulfilled all the duties of domestic life, in a mode almost beyond example: she paid the most implicit obedience to her husband, whose designs did
not

not elude her penetration, though she had the prudence not to appear to see them.

About the year 1774, the Marquis de Bou-lainvilliers was attacked with a fistula. In the extremity of pain occasioned by that disorder, and in a fit of devotion, he made a religious vow, that if it should please God to restore him to health, he would make a pilgrimage to St. Reme's, to return thanks.

It is necessary to explain to the English reader, that in all Catholic countries this is very common. Some saint is supposed to preside over every disorder, and receive the patients, who in all dangerous cases make offerings, and return thanks at the shrine of that saint, whose influence facilitated the cure.

The Marquis's disorder was a fistula. St. Reme's, a female, is the tutelar saint. Her complexion is rather dark, from whence she is probably called *La Vierge Noir*. She has a chapel appropriated to herself; her shrine is profusely decorated, and she is habited in the richest attire, finely embroidered and ornamented with pearls and precious stones. In one hand

hand she holds a rosary, and in the other a lighted taper. Her figure is majestic, her countenance engaging and serene. Those who prostrate themselves before her, always bring offerings, according to their circumstances, expressive of their gratitude for the favors they, through her intercession, have received. This ceremony continues nine days, from whence it is called *Neuvenne*: it is performed every morning fasting; mass is said, and supplications are made to this virgin saint to grant the supplicants every thing that may be beneficial to their interest.

About this period the Marquis was preparing to fulfil his pious resolution, when Coquelin brought me an answer from my worthy mother, acquainting me with the circumstance, and assuring me, at the same time, that she would send for us immediately after his departure.

What could have refreshed his memory, and roused his religious compulsions, after having lain dormant four years, I am at a loss to determine, unless the returning symptoms of the same disorder.

Pleased

Pleased with the answer of my mother, and delighted to think, whatever might have been the intentions of her husband, she at least had not forgot me, I waited with impatience for the departure of the Marquis, which was not long after.

The day subsequent to his departure, my good mother performed her promise, and sent her coach to fetch us. She received us, on our arrival, with all the tenderness of an affectionate parent, made us presents of gowns, and entertained us very agreeably for three weeks, during the time of the penitent's pilgrimage, till news arrived that the Marquis was on his return. On this intelligence we were preparing to depart.

The Marquis arrived three days after his letter, and surprized us just as we were on the point of returning. Our worthy mother, perceiving his displeasure, kindly undertook to settle all differences, and promote a reconciliation. She made use of every means to win over the Marquis to her purpose ; told him that we had wrote several letters, expressing a desire to see him before his departure, and wish him a good journey. This worthy lady interceded so successfully,

cessfully, that a temporary reconciliation was effected, and she obtained permission, with great difficulty, that we should stay two days longer.

The next morning the Marquis came into my chamber, and renewed his odious sollicitation; but finding me still impregnable to his attack, and giving him my usual answers, he was quite exasperated, and gave the Marchioness many trivial reasons for our immediate departure; such as, that the coach could not be spared another day; that he expected company, who would have occasion for our chamber. The affection of the Marchioness led her to make some remonstrances, the reasonableness of which being unable to contradict, he flew into a passion. Uneasy at being the cause of this disturbance, my anxiety was obvious, and noticed by all the family, but particularly by the worthy Marchioness and her daughters, who, on that account, treated me with particular kindness.

There was no alternative; expostulations and entreaties were equally ineffectual. We returned to the convent, where I still felt the strongest propensity to take the veil. My companions

panions were all friendly, and the Abbess a very worthy woman. I continued there, happily situated, till the death of the Abbess caused a considerable diminution in my felicity; for most of the long-standing pensioners, with whom I was in habits of familiarity, soon after her death quitted the convent.

In the year 1778, Mademoiselle de Passy, the Marchioness's youngest daughter, upon the eve of being married to the Viscount de Tonneres, required us to be present at the ceremony, and presented us with very elegant dresses to appear in on the occasion. The nuptials were solemnized in the church of Saint Eustace, which was crowded by persons of distinction of both sexes. We were placed in the church on each side of Madame de Boulainvilliers, it being the custom in France for adopted daughters to be placed on each side their mother during the ceremony. This circumstance occasioned us to be particularly remarked, and we became afterwards the subject of much conversation; some observing, from the countenance and protection we experienced, that we should have fortunes equal to the dignity of our birth, and (thanks
to

to Mademoiselle de Paffy's elegant present) the
brilliance of our appearance.

Monfieur de Fort de Beaufort, who had been the means of bringing about the match between the Vifcount de Tonneres and Mademoiselle de Paffy, a gentleman who was naturally fond of negociations of this nature, came soon after to the Marquis and Marchionefs de Boulainvilliers, deputed by a young gentleman who was reported to have been a natural fon of Louis the Fifteenth. His name I do not recollect, but his mother was a German Baronefs, of the name of *Kinkelle*, and fpent the remainder of her life in a convent. I recollect once having feen this gentleman at the Opera: he was about one and twenty years of age, and appeared to be very elegant and accomplished.

The fubftance of this propofal was, that as Mademoiselle Valois was without fortune, Madame de Boulainvilliers fhould exert her influence at court to obtain for him a lieutenantcy in cafe he fhould marry her. This accomplished, and his intereft ftrengthened by his connection with the family of Boulainvilliers, he would
make

make vigorous efforts to recover the possessions of my ancestors. It is doubtless unnecessary to hint, even to the English reader, that, by the civil law which prevails upon the continent, contracts of marriage are frequently made between the parents or guardians, without the children having any knowledge of the transaction.

Monfieur de Fort de Beaufort had permission of the Marchionefs to fpeak to me of this circumftance, in her prefence. He availed himfelf of this permission, and asked me if I fhould have any objection to this young gentleman for an hufband. Upon my expreffing no great difinclination to the propofal, my worthy mother wifhed to put every thing in a train for completion, and, to avoid expence, propofed that the wedding fhould be kept at the caftle at Paffy; but my good friend the Marquis, ever ready to marr the benevolent intentions of the Marchionefs, ever anxious to thwart the defigns of thofe who wifhed to render me fervice, would hear nothing of this propofition, and declared that he did not chufe to concern himfelf with the matter. In confequence of fuch a declaration, neither
 this,

this, nor any future proposal, took effect, during my continuance at his house.

Madame de Boulainvilliers expressed much regret on this occasion, but endeavoured to console me. "Marriage, my dear child," said that worthy mother, "is perhaps not so very eligible as your youthful imagination may suggest: but you see I am not to blame in this business, which I have not been backward in promoting, because I found it agreeable to your wishes. Don't make yourself uneasy under this disappointment. Consider, when you marry, you subject yourself to a master! Were I, my dear, in your situation, I would not think of changing my name."

"For these very reasons, my dear mother," replied I, "which you have just given me, I conceived an inclination to take the veil, hoping in a few years after to be made an Abbess, by which means I might enjoy the pleasures of society, and preserve my name;" adding, "that I now only waited the consent of my dear mother to commence a *religieuse*." The Marchioness, finding me still press my request, changed the conversation,

conversation, and spoke no more to me on the subject of marriage.

About six weeks after we returned to our convent, which did not appear so agreeable as before. Everything seemed to wear a new face; all was dull, insipid, and tasteless; from mixing with the gay circles of Paris, amidst the continued round of diversions, in the elegancies of politer life, ill could I reconcile myself to the cheerless gloom of a convent. I experienced a change which I know not how to express: my heart panted for the scenes I had quitted. Whirled in the vortex of dissipation, for a moment I forgot my resolution of taking the veil.

A few weeks reconciled me. The tumultuous ideas which filled my bosom, at my first return to the convent, began to subside. I saw the luxury of the metropolis, and the bustle of the great world, through their proper medium. My companions were anxious, by their assiduities, to dissipate my melancholy; they succeeded, and my peace returned.

The family of Boulainvilliers was now frequently at Paris, and launching out into all the

luxury of persons of distinction. We had the mortification to feel the inadequacy of our pension to partake with the young ladies in their fashionable amusements; and after a short visit to Passy, my mother strongly opposing my inclinations of taking the veil, I was induced to listen to a proposal made by my sister, of retiring to a convent at Bar sur Aube, where our pension would be just sufficient to support us.

After having taken a dutiful farewell of our dear and honored mother, and bidding a respectful adieu to those friends whose attention challenged our gratitude, friends whom we could not leave without regret, we were conducted by Monsieur Denis and his wife, (who, during our six weeks visit on the marriage of Mademoiselle de Passy, shewed us many civilities) to Nogen, from whence we took a place in the diligence, which conveyed us directly to Bar sur Aube, where we entered a convent belonging to the Benedictine order.

Here we received many visitors in the neighbourhood, who came to pay their compliments. They made entertainments on our account, and seemed to express their joy at seeing us, by the elegant

elegant variety of amusements they prepared to welcome our arrival. Since they had heard of our reception at court, and of our connection with the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, to whom we gratefully attributed the splendor of that reception, all seemed to vie with each other who should pay us the greatest attention. We were even solicited by many to reside in their houses, that we might more commodiously enjoy the entertainments prepared for us, which were, in fact, as far as the country would permit, one continued round of diversion.

In the midst of the house of merriment, I was not inattentive to the cries of the oppressed. The Countess de Ligneville, detained by letter de cachet, had been cruelly treated by those *religions*, who should, from the mild dictates of Christianity, have learned a better lesson than that of persecution. I remembered that I myself had been once exposed to the outrage of calamity, the sport of every blast. I had been myself the victim of oppression; and adversity tends to meliorate the heart. I resolved to interest myself in her favor. I had not been more than eight days in the cloister, before I saw how much this unfortunate lady was oppressed. She

had written to her friends, who had been as unfeeling as the *religious*; and the neglect of those who should protect her, instead of inclining them to the kinder offices of consolation, which religion dictates, was a sanction for continuing their oppression. Her situation demanded my compassion, and I gave full and explicit information of their conduct to her female relations. To the Countess de Buffoit, her cousin, whom I had very often the honor of seeing at Paris, the Duc de Deux Ponds, and her brother the Count de Ligneville, I wrote a very clear and unexaggerated statement of the Countess's grievances, conjuring them to interest themselves in procuring her redress with all possible expedition; and they did me the honor to answer me immediately, assuring me that there should be an alteration.

About a fortnight after, the Countess de Ligneville was sent back to Ligny, in Lorraine, to a convent of the Augustines, where she was treated with much greater lenity, and had liberty to go out to any part within the confines of the town. I have had the pleasure of seeing her several times since, and she has expressed
her

- her thanks for the favors she received, which she gratefully attributed to my intercession.

Madame de Boulainvilliers, who, from her rank, had a very extensive acquaintance, had given us letters of recommendation, through which we were universally well received. Among those with whom we were more particularly intimate, was Madame Clauſſe de Suremont, aunt to Monsieur de la Motte, of whom hereafter I shall have much to say. This lady, by her insinuating address and amiable manners, soon found means to give us a disgust to the convent: in short, she enticed us away to board at her house, where we were very elegantly entertained at four hundred livres per annum.

In small towns, inhabited by a few families, who think themselves equal, if not superior to their neighbours, envy is not uncommon, and scandal too frequently predominant.---To illustrate this assertion, I must observe, that many of those who visited us at our convent, now suddenly declined their visits. Displeas'd at our rejecting their solicitations, and giving the preference to Madame de Suremont, they whispered their surprize that we should reject so

many offers of elegant houses and better accommodations, and at length take up our residence in, what they were pleased to term, the worst. When we went to the assemblies, which were indeed very frequent at Bar sur Aube, where, though but thinly inhabited, every family vied with each other in luxury and dissipation, scandal was busy with whispers, and they seemed to drop their private dissentions, delighting in any ridicule against Madame de Suremont, my sister, and myself.

Madame de Suremont saw their behaviour, and took occasion to remark, that, far from being chagrined, she was sensible they paid her a compliment. She treated us with particular complaisance, anticipated all our wishes, and accommodated us with every thing we had occasion for. Being a woman of spirit, and fond of amusements, she spared no expence at her entertainments, over which she did us the honor to appoint us presidents ; and the young people in the neighbourhood expressed their satisfaction by a numerous and constant attendance.

Some time after, we paid our respects to the Bishop of Langres, where we continued only
a few

a few days, but were treated with the greatest cordiality and the utmost politeness. From thence we visited the Baroness de Pontcher, to whom we were recommended by our friend Madame de Chabert: here we were not received with that politeness we expected, which the extreme age of the Baroness, then almost an hundred years old, and the subsequent apology for her conduct, sufficiently excused. The company were at dinner when we entered; but the Baroness neglecting even to ask us to be seated, we immediately set off from de Chasse, their villa, to the Countess de Vilbertin's, about eight leagues distant. We arrived about six o'clock in the evening, and the politeness of that lady's reception made ample amends for the disappointment we experienced in the former.

After passing a week at the Countess de Vilbertin's, we returned to Bur sur Aube, where we recommenced our usual diversions. Amongst many other species of amusement, we frequently performed comedies, in one of which I engaged to take a part. The evening appointed for the representation of this play approaching, it became necessary that I should lose no time in preparation. M. de la Motte, an officer in the

Gens d'Armes, and nephew of Madame de Suremont, being on a visit to Bar sur Aube, acquired great reputation for his performance, and became remarked for his assiduity and attention to please. The part of a valet was assigned to him, and that of a waiting-maid to me; we divided the applause of the company, for having, as they were pleased to express, sustained our characters with so much propriety. This encouragement excited my partiality for a diversion to which I had already a predilection, and in which M. de la Motte also displayed great taste,

From the moment of our first interview, M. de la Motte paid me very particular and pointed attention: he eagerly seized every opportunity of shewing me how solicitous he was to please: his compliments were not glaring, but of that delicate nature which could only proceed from the genuine dictates of an honest heart. Elegant in person and manners, insinuating in address, the honorable intention which he manifested could not prove disagreeable to me: I listened, and, what is, I believe, generally the consequence where any of our sex listen to the persuasions of youth, elegance, and accom-

accomplishments in the other, was not at a great distance from loving him.

At length mutual attention produced mutual affection. The observations of the men on this subject, however they might be pleasing to M. de la Motte, I shall not repeat, but content myself with observing, that some of the women regarded me as an object of envy.

Madame de Suremont perceived the growing attachment of her nephew, and afforded him every opportunity of urging his suit. She frequently left us together when the company were gone, engaging M. de la Motte to remain and write out my parts, and give me instructions in acting them.

Young and inexperienced, let me anticipate the objections of prudery, and obviate them by my replies. Was it consistent with the delicacy of the female character, that I should permit a young man to be alone with me, at such hours, and upon such pretences? At that period, unconscious of guilt, I was consequently unacquainted with fear. My heart, filled with the pleasure it received from his conversation,

taught

taught me to believe that I was not acting wrong; and that Madame de Suremont would not have permitted these interviews, if she had thought otherwise.

I will ingenuously confess, that I loved M. de la Motte. He possessed a sincerity of heart seldom to be found, but in the country, blended with those polished manners which are not often excelled in the metropolis. He seized every opportunity of rendering himself agreeable, and I had every reason to suppose he entertained favorable sentiments for me, at least I wished so; and the gradation is so natural, that it will not appear strange if I believed it.

M. de la Motte, I had remarked for some days, appeared thoughtful and melancholy; but, as he had never communicated to me the cause, though I was uneasy at the effect of it, I forbore to make enquiry. He advised me to go to Paris to see my brother, and to make known his pretensions to the Marchioness, my worthy mother, and endeavour to obtain her consent to our union. Fearful that breaking this matter suddenly to the Marchioness, after having carried it on so far without her know-
ledge,

ledge, might give her offence, I hesitated some time ere I could form a resolution to acquaint her ; but, trusting to her goodness, I at length yielded to his arguments in favor of a determination, which was also consonant to the dictates of my own heart.

When I had resolved on a journey to Paris, which highly gratified M. de la Motte, I left him, to write a letter to Madame de Boulaivilliers and my brother, informing the Marchioness, that having heard of my brother's arrival, and anxious to see him, I should be at Paris the Saturday following, by eight o'clock. The interval was occupied by M. de la Motte in giving me directions for my behaviour, and earnestly pressing me to return as soon as possible, and complete his happiness by the celebration of the nuptials.

Not a single person in the house, not even my sister, was acquainted with what was in agitation. The attentions of M. de la Motte had long been observed, and our marriage was whispered only as a conjecture.

On

On the Wednesday following, about three in the morning, I set off in the diligence, and after a very tedious and disagreeable journey, over roads which at once prove the neglect of the government and the patience of the people, I arrived near Paris, and found Julia, the Marchioness's first woman, waiting with a coach at the gate de Saint Antoine. I was not a little pleased at being so near the end of my journey, and felt no regret at quitting my disagreeable vehicle, for one which conveyed me to the Hotel de Boulainvilliers.

I was impatient to see my brother, but I was disappointed; he had received orders to join his department at Brest. This intelligence Julia did not give me, and probably she had received injunctions from the Marchioness to conceal it,

Madame de Boulainvilliers received me with that cordiality and affection with which the tenderness of mothers would receive her daughter, after a long absence. She told me, that my brother would not have written to inform me of his arrival, if it could have been foreseen how soon he was to depart. This information
gave

gave me much uneasiness, which Madame de Boulainvilliers, who seemed delighted to see me, used every assiduity to dissipate. How different was the reception of this amiable mother to that of her husband ! The Marquis de Boulainvilliers, whom I saw but a short time, received me with coldness and indifference ; but this was entirely obliterated by the kindness and condescension of the Marchioness.

The evening was occupied by many questions which the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers asked me relative to Bar sur Aube, concerning our reception, and the diversions and entertainments of the place. I took advantage of this opportunity to mention the comedy. I perceived, from her winking at Madame de Tonneres, her daughter, that she had had some private correspondent in that place, who had informed her of more than I knew, and that the information I gave them was by no means novel. This did not a little surprize me.

A day or two after they resumed this topic, and Madame de Tonneres asked me what was the character which I played. I told her that of a waiting-maid. She seemed surprized that
I should

I should chuse a part like that, when there were many others for which I was much better adapted. "But who," said Madame de Bou-lainvilliers, "was the young man who played the part of Jasmin? Is he a young man? Pray how old is he?" I could not well comprehend the drift of these questions, which, nevertheless, I found myself constrained to answer. "He is a young gentleman," replied I, "who has a commission in the Gens d'Armées;" and gave them information respecting his family. "And what do you think of him?" "That he has a pleasing address, is much of a gentleman, and has received a very good education; understands music, dances to perfection; every body gives him the character of being a very accomplished young man, and that he played his character like an experienced actor." Perceiving me warm in my encomiums, the Marchioness smiled. Her daughter observed it, and they exchanged some very significant glances with each other. Madame de Bou-lainvilliers resumed her questions. "Pray, my dear," said she, "who wrote your parts, and rehearsed with you?" "Monsieur de la Motte! my dear mamma," replied I.---They then ceased to question me any more, that day, concerning
 Monsieur

Monsieur de la Motte ; and, to avoid giving me any suspicions, changed the subject of the conversation.

Madame de Boulainvilliers desired the Works of Racine, to be brought, from which she asked me to recite some passages apparently to judge of the manner in which I playd them, but in fact to introduce an occasion of speaking of Monsieur de la Motte. “ And so he is very well bred ” interrupted the Marchioness ; “ Monsieur de la Motte is very accomplished ? ” “ Yes my dear Mamma. ” Then is he not, interrogated she, badly calculated for the part of Jasmin ? “ It may not be perhaps perfectly consonant to his address, nevertheless he filled it extremely well. ” “ Does he often engage you to dance with him ? ” “ He never, my dear Mamma, replied I, dances without me. ” Madame de Tonneres, with whom I was frequently left alone, examined me yet more closely than Madame de Boulainvilliers ; the age of the former lady being nearer to mine, gave her an opportunity of prying much closer into my affairs. “ What (said she in a tone of raillery) did this presumptuous wretch ever aspire to be your husband ? ” “ Oh, yes ! he proposed

proposed demanding me in marriage by his mother, at the same time informing me of his fortune and expectancies." "And what answer did you make, my dear?" "That I would beg Madame de Boulainvilliers to give her consent, replied I." "But did you make him no promises of your own accord? and are you really partial to him?" "I answered these questions in the affirmative." "Well then, my dear, (replied she) from your approbation, I will believe him worthy of your love." "Then do me the favour (replied I) to represent my affection to my dear mother, at some convenient opportunity, when I am not present, and you may, if you please, inform her, at the same time, that Monsieur de la Luzerne, bishop of Langres, can give her every information of the family, with which he is well acquainted, and indeed is requested by the mother of Monsieur de la Motte to demand me in marriage."

It must be observed, that I had wrote to that reverend prelate, intreating him to make use of his interest with the Marchioness, and a Lady of my acquaintance had advised me to repose in him the greatest confidence, that he might have it in his power to argue closely with Ma-
dame

dame de Boulainvilliers. I indeed had often thought of the propriety of this measure, and had as often deferred it, till at length I thought it best to determine by the advice of a female friend, who, not immediately interested, could give me the best directions. Madame de Tonneres kindly undertook my cause with the Marchioness, who having my happiness at heart, wished me, in a matter which could but once be resolved on, to take time for deliberation.

“Be not, my dear (said that amiable and sensible lady) in love with a man merely because in the same play he has performed the part of a lover; perhaps your imagination has been warmed by the character you played in concert. Ah, my dear child! absence is the touchstone of true love; suffer this young man to leave the country, examine your sentiments, and weigh them well; separation may perhaps efface your partiality, but if you find your affections absolutely engaged, assure yourself that I shall be the last person to oppose your happiness, if happiness can be found in the marriage state; but put your lover to the test; consider if he has no essential defect which the blindness of passion may have overlooked.”

Thus did this tender and affectionate mother who probably felt herself that marriage was not the happiest state in the world, though she had the prudence to conceal it, endeavour by arguments, clothed in accents of maternal tenderness, to persuade me to deliberate well before I entered into an engagement, the most solemn, the most important; an engagement which constitutes either the joys of heaven, or the keenest tortures of the infernal world.

Though Madame de Boulaïnwilliers, seemed rather to dissuade me from my purpose than consent to its accomplishment, she nevertheless consented to write to the Bishop of Langrès, who the very next evening paid her a visit; that lady was pleased with the opportunity of forming an acquaintance with a man of such abilities and merit. As soon as he arrived I made my obedience and retired, leaving him and the Marchioness to their private conference.

I was in no small degree of anxiety to learn the result of a negotiation to me of such importance, yet was at a loss of whom to inquire. The next morning I was relieved from suspense, and received a letter from the reverend prelate
informing

informing me of their conversation the evening before; he gave me some hopes of obtaining the consent of the Marchioness; as to the Marquis he declared that he would have nothing to do in making marriages, that he should not trouble himself in giving any advice, but that he thought Miss Valois was a giddy young girl; he never mentioned the subject to them again, but he passed his jokes on me, saying, with a sneer, "Don't expect my consent, for I shall never give it."

Madame de Boulainvilliers engaged me to continue with her a month, but being anxious to return, I pleaded in favour of my departure the most effectual excuse to a lady of her religious sentiments, that I was constrained on the last day of Easter to take the communion at Bar sur Aube. Madame de Boulainvilliers signified her approbation; she took me to the Tenebræ of Longchamps to the *Concerto Spirituale*, and to every other place where she thought I might be amused; after many maternal admonitions she bid me an affectionate adieu, and presented me with twelve louis to pay my expences on the road.

My reluctance at parting with my affectionate mother, was increased by the mortification of not seeing my brother, and returning without the consent of the Marchioness, which, though the express object of my journey, I could not consistently with delicacy or duty, press any farther, lest I should appear too precipitately to reject her prudent advice, and incur, in her opinion also, the imputation of giddiness.

My return to Bar sur Aube was much more agreeable than my journey to Paris. I had written to my sister and Monsieur de la Motte, to apprize them of my arrival, who met me about two leagues from Bar sur Aube, at a beautiful feat, the residence of Mons. de la Motte's mother. That Gentleman had advanced on horseback as far as Vendhurst, a small village about three leagues from Bar sur Aube.

The news of my departure, and the intent of my journey had transpired, and extended to the village; every one spoke of my marriage with Monsieur de la Motte. It was whispered that Mademoiselle de Valois was returned with the consent of her brother and Madame de Boulaivilliers, to solemnize this marriage; all received

me with as much pleasure as if, instead of a week, I had been absent a year.

Monfieur de la Motte received me^d with the moft heartfelt fatisfaction, but his countenance feemed to fpeak a degree of anxiety; his pleasure was damped by a fearful anticipation of futurity: he feared that it was the intention of Madame de Boulainvilliers to have married me to fome other husband; and trembled for the fuccefs of my embaffy; he read in my countenance that all was not as it fhould be, while the words which dropt from Madame de Boulainvilliers made me doubtful whether I fhould be able to obtain her confent. The uneafinefs which on this account overfpread my countenance, was intelligible only to Monfieur de la Motte, by whose advice, and to obviate every objection, I was prevailed upon to take the only ftep prudence dictated in fo delicate and embarrassing a circumftance.

My pen was the instrument by which I difclofed a fecret my timidity could never fuffer my tongue to difcover; I immediately wrote to Madame de Boulainvilliers three fucceeding letters, intreating her to compaffionate my diftreffs,

and to let her consent grace our union. I also wrote to the Bishop of Langres, intreating that worthy Prelate, who before had done me signal service to intercede with the Marchioness in my behalf.

The intercession of the Bishop I was confident would have its due weight, which, added to the sensibility of my worthy mother, who I hoped would coincide with what could not be altered, at length produced that consent so essential to my future happiness.

My applications took up some time, and the interval between them and their success was to me a situation of so much anguish of mind, that I find language as inadequate to convey any idea of, as I to describe the joy I felt on being relieved from such anxiety. I had no confidence, my uneasiness was unknown to my sister, nay I concealed it from M. de la Motte. The approbation of Madame de Boulainvilliers having now given a sanction to our proceedings, an early day was appointed by the advice of the friends of M. de la Motte for the celebration of the nuptials.

Monfieur

Monfieur de Boulainvilliers having refufed to be my guardian, we appointed Monfieur Arminot, Lord of Bouchemin, my coufin, to ftand in his place, and I was married, according to the cuftom of that province, at midnight; the church was much crowded; my poor fifter was far from congratulating me on this occafion, as ſhe had imbibed a ſtrange preſentiment that my marriage would not prove an happy one.

The day after our marriage, a grand dinner was given by Madame de Suremont. The entertainment was profuſely elegant. There were two tables, one in the anti-chamber, and the other in the dining-room. Every apartment was open, and very ſoon crowded: the health of the bride was an apology for drinking wine as though it had been water. When they quitted the table, all were deſirous to ſalute and wiſh me joy. The remainder of the day was ſpent in dancing.

The banns of marriage had been published at Fontette, which made the peaſants of that place curious to know the day. They came in great numbers to Bar ſur Aube, with an intention of ſeeing the ceremony, and remained there ſome

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days.

days. Among these there came two men and a woman, who begged permission of Madame de Suremont to see Monsieur and Madame de la Motte. On her interrogating them who they were, they replied, that they came from Fontette, "And we are people whom Madame de Valois, who is lately married, if she knew we were here, would receive well." Being informed of this circumstance, I went to receive them, and found they were two brothers and a sister, on my mother's side, by second marriage. I received them cordially: they reprobated much the conduct of their sister, who, they said, had behaved unworthily. "But, Madame, you will, notwithstanding, do us the honor of speaking to you! How does Mademoiselle de Saint Remy, your sister? We have no other view in coming to see you, than to be honored with the name of relation, though we confess ourselves unworthy of that honor. We know what our sister made you suffer, when in this country some years ago, but she was ashamed to come again to Fontette; she knew she would meet the reproach she merited, for cruelty to her children. Suffer us, Madam, notwithstanding, to salute you, and wish you joy, on the present

present

present occasion."---They did so, and departed, pleased with their reception.

Soon after another peasant, a very comely young man, came to Madame de Suremont, and enquired bluntly for Mademoiselle Filliette, a name by which my sister had formerly been known in the country. "I know no such person!" replied she. "What do you mean by Mademoiselle Filliette?" "Why, Madame," replied the clown, "the sister of Mademoiselle de St. Remy, who is just married. Please to tell her that I am Colas, of Fontette; she will recollect me."

Madame de Suremont communicated this to my sister, who, out of compassion for the unfortunate rustic, refused to see him, lest such an interview should make him more unhappy. Durand, indeed, to detain my sister in the country, had promised her in marriage to this peasant, whose appearance was greatly in his favor; but she had never consented to this proposal, nor given him any encouragement. The repetition of her birth by the people in the neighbourhood, as I have before mentioned, had kindled in the bosom of Marianne hopes of
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an alliance more consonant to her ideas, more consistent with her birth. Far from despising this poor creature, she wished to avoid giving him pain. She begged me to speak to him : I did so. “ Good day, my dear friend ! What are your commands with my sister ? ” “ I wish, Madame,” replied he, “ to have the honor of paying my respects to her. She is of the same age ; we have stood sponsors together ; and Monsieur Durand, her god-father, has promised me that I shall marry her. But her fortune is changed ; she is now Mademoiselle de Valois ; and I am not quite such a fool to think that she will have me for her husband, as she is descended from the blood royal : but I wish to have the pleasure of seeing her in her fine cloaths ; for I am sure,” continued he, bursting into tears, “ she is very handsome ! ” --- I could not help shedding a tear of pity for this honest rustic, and admiring the genuine simplicity of nature. His grief, however, was not to be alleviated : the presence of my sister would but have increased his misery ; at least she thought so, and could not be prevailed upon to see him. Finding himself without hope, he went home again, murmuring at what he termed the false-heartedness of his mistress.

Soon

Soon after, I accompanied my sister to Fontette, where, it being Sunday, we went to mass. All the peasants, at our entrance, rose from their seats, and desired that the Curate should do us honor, as the children of the Baron de St. Remy, their lord. We received the holy water in the seat of the Lord, the consecrated bread, and afterwards the mass; the bells were rung, and every one testified their joy on our arrival. They crowded about the house where we were: we ordered them six livres apiece, for which they testified their gratitude by drinking our healths, and the health of the Baron Saint Remy de Valois, and his safe return. They then conducted me to the mansion of my ancestors, and round the grounds of the patrimonial estate. This mansion, this noble estate, thought I to myself, might have been possessed by the descendants of those who acquired it by valor, and enjoyed it with hospitality. I lamented the ravages of luxury: I thought of the credulity and easy temper of my father, who sacrificed every thing to the extravagancies of his wife. Was it not for these, he might have maintained the dignity of his ancestors, and his miserable offspring might have uniformly sustained

tained that appearance to which they were by birth entitled.

Some time subsequent to my marriage, I miscarried of twins, which both died. For six days my recovery was uncertain; but the strength of my constitution, however, at length got the better, and, as soon as I was able, I returned visits of thanks to all those families in town who had treated me with the greatest politeness and regard. Monsieur de la Motte, whose leave of absence expired on the first of July, was obliged to set out for Luneville.

I enjoyed, after this severe illness, much better health than I had ever experienced before. I became more embonpoint, and my complexion resumed its usual colour; my mind was much more easy, and I entered into the diversions of the place with all the pleasure of a recovered tranquillity.

About this time I was agreeably surprized by the return of my husband, who had procured fresh leave of absence. Three months insensibly glided away, when the day of his departure arrived. Nothing particular passed during this interval,

interval, but quitting the house of Madame de Suremont, and residing for some time with Madame de la Motte. When my husband departed for Luneville, he left me in his journey at St. Nicolas, at the house of Madame Mailfort, wife of an old officer in the Gens d'Armes, with whom Monsieur de la Motte's father had formerly been intimate, to whom he had previously written, begging her to look out for some eligible apartment in a convent, for my reception.

Madame Mailfort, who had lately lost her husband, had not yet been able to find a convent to her mind, though she had made two or three applications; in consequence of which we set out, directed by chance, to a convent of the Benedictines, where I enquired if there would not soon be a vacancy, and was informed there would be one in a fortnight. The vacancy accordingly happened, and I joined this society of Benedictine ladies, paying a pension of three hundred livres per annum.

My residence in this convent was very agreeable: I had many friends, but I had also some enemies. Envy and malice are, perhaps, in
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some convents, as prevalent as in the circles of the drawing-room: scandal was busy with my reputation, and there were not wanting those who even doubted whether I was really the wife of Monsieur de la Motte. A female friend informed me of these suspicions, and advised me to deposit the certificate of my marriage with the Bishop of Nancy, that it might be referred to, without my seeming to suppose that they scrupled it, and that it might not be imagined my friend had betrayed their secrets. I availed myself of this advice, and instantly sent to Madame de la Motte, begging her to send me my marriage register, per return of post. On my receiving it, I put it into the hands of the Superior, who advised me, lest her conduct should create any disturbance, to send it myself to the Bishop, who, on its receipt, wrote a letter to the Superior, informing her, that if any of the ladies had any doubt concerning Madame de la Motte, they were at liberty to peruse her marriage extract, at that time in his possession. The moment the Superior communicated this intelligence, every disturbance ceased, and all was quiet. These *religious*, heartily sorry for their ill-grounded suspicions, now acted a very different part. They endeavoured to make me
amends,

amends, by every attention, every civility in their power, and we became more intimate than if these disturbances had never happened. They strove, by their good offices, to obliterate from my mind the recollection of their former conduct, which I most heartily forgave, and was cautious never to mention a single circumstance that might affect their sensibility, by inducing them to suppose that I still remembered it.

We passed our time in a most agreeable manner, and when the period of my departure arrived, they expressed the greatest regret. They gave the keys to the porter, to open the doors; but, when I went out, none of them could be seen to bid me adieu.

The sorrow I felt at leaving my friends in this convent was in some degree counterpoised by the hope of seeing my husband, who wished me to be nearer him during his continuance in the garrison at Luneville.

I had scarce arrived at this place, when I received many letters from the *religious* in the convent, expressive of their regret for the loss of my company, and apologizing for their not bidding

bidding me farewell. These letters, with many others, were devoured in that dreadful dungeon the Bastile.

The attention and respect with which I was received at Luneville, whether it proceeded only from compliment and politeness, or was really the effusions of genuine friendship, was more than sufficient to have raised my vanity, had that been a predominant foible; but, fully persuaded of my own deficiency in point of personal charms, I could only attribute it to respect for my husband, their knowledge of my birth and reception at court, and to a lively complexion, animated with the greatest vivacity, for which I was remarked, even to a proverb.

The Marshal de Castries commanded the Gens d'Armes then quartered at Luneville. Monsieur de la Motte hoped, from the circumstance of his marriage, to obtain some military promotion. The Marshal warmly befriended him, but the superintendance of the navy department not permitting him to continue with the corps, the Marquis d'Autichamp succeeded to the command.

So much was I delighted with the attention of my associates, and the undisturbed tranquility of such a life, that when I left my former convent, at the desire of M. de la Motte, I did it on this express condition, that I should pass in another the whole time required for his continuance in the garrison; and soon after I entered a convent about three leagues from Luneville: but I was not suffered long to enjoy that repose which such a situation would have afforded me.

The necessary absence of the Marshal de Castries, who was sincerely our friend, was an unfortunate circumstance. The Marquis d'Autichamp made greater and more plausible professions of service, but he had not one grain of the sincerity of the Marshal de Castries. Acquainted with our story, he advised us to go to Paris; told us that nothing could be done at Luneville, but that at Paris we should have the good offices of the Marshal de Castries, with the assistance of Madame de Boulainvilliers, and that he would interest himself with his particular friends to procure some advantageous post for my husband. This advice appeared too rational to be neglected; but when the time of our departure approached,

it appeared that I alone was to solicit the assistance of our friends at Paris, and the Marquis himself was to accompany me:

This plan appeared rather singular, and I made some objections to proceeding without my husband; he answered, that having had twice leave of absence, he could not reasonably expect a third. Monsieur de la Motte, however applied, and was peremptorily refused, in consequence of which he quitted the corps.

This instance alone might have sufficiently informed me what I had to expect from *favor with the great*; still I felt ambition urging me forward, and my hopes were considerably strengthened by the flattering reception I universally met with. I determined, in future, to suspect the pressing civilities, the extravagant compliments, and profuse proffers of service, of the other sex, lesson'd by the conduct of the Marquis d'Autichamp.

I left Luneville, accompanied by the Count, my husband, and took the road to Strasburg, where the Marquis and Marchioness de Boulaivilliers then were; we were disappointed on our arrival,

arrival, to find them gone to Saverne; and remaining that night at Strasburg, next day went on to Saverne, and waited upon the family of Boulainvilliers

The Marchioness ever tender and affectionate, received us kindly. It was here that I first saw the Cardinal de Rohan, of whom I shall hereafter have much to say. Little did my tender mother think, at the moment she presented me, what would be the calamitous consequence: but it is not for human nature to penetrate the gloom of futurity, otherwise we should often find, that the objects of our most ardent wishes, however gilded by the rays of present opinion, are eventually but misfortunes in disguise. Madame de Boulainvilliers, influenced by the most generous motives, introduced me to this Prince; his reception was at once flattering to youthful vanity and maternal anxiety.

Some days after the Marchioness returned to Paris, inviting me, and the Count, my husband, to accept an apartment in her magnificent hotel, in that city. M. de la Motte, was obliged to go to Bar sur Aube, to arrange some family concerns, and shortly after I accepted the kind and

pressing invitation of my worthy mother, and arrived at the Hotel de Boulainvilliers at Paris.

I am now about to enter upon a more interesting part of my history, and to refute it from an imputation of fameness which perhaps may be thrown upon so minute a recital of transactions in the early period of my life; but as it was essentially necessary to invalidate my assertion, that I was born to be unfortunate, and to prove that my life has been one continued scene of misfortunes, I trust the candid reader will see the propriety of this minute attention to particulars, and pity rather than condemn.

Though apparently flattered and carested, I nevertheless was envied; in proportion as my aspiring notions advanced towards the summit of their object, my enemies were in secret plotting my destruction, and rejoicing maliciously in the anticipation of my fall.

Soon after my arrival at the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, I wrote to a friend with whom I was once particularly intimate, at the convent of St. Nicholas, intimating my intention to dine
with

with her on the Monday following, and begging her to return me no answer, unless she was so particularly engaged that it would be inconvenient to her on that day. I received no answer, and accordingly prepared to fulfil my visit, anticipating in idea the pleasure I should receive in meeting her, and in renewing that friendship which had formerly subsisted between us. On my arrival at the gate, my servant returned from the porter, with the strange intelligence that the lady had been dead near a fortnight. Conceiving that he must have made some mistake, I instantly sent him back: the porter returned with him, and confirmed, to my astonishment, what my servant had told me. "I assure you, Madame," said the porter, (observing my surprize) that she is dead, and died of the small-pox."

I had received a letter from her but seventeen days before, not long since had seen her at the convent of St. Nicholas, in blooming health and high spirits, and scarcely believed it possible that there could be so sudden an alteration: a young girl, only nineteen years of age, and but a twelvemonth married! Stupid with astonishment, and incapable of uttering a word, I could

not reconcile myself to part with my friend so suddenly ; at length her husband sent one of his domestics, and a gentleman with whom I had been before acquainted, to hand me out of my carriage, and invite me to walk up. I debated for a moment, in my own mind, whether I should accept this invitation, lest my presence might add to the husband's distress ; nevertheless, not being able to persuade myself that she was actually dead, I descended from the carriage to visit her husband.

Never did I behold such a scene of severe affliction as presented itself at my entrance. The distress, the grief of her husband, struck me beyond the power of description ; the apartment was hung with black, and the mantle-piece decorated with some little articles of dress and jewels worn by the deceased. The chamber in which I was received contained a bed of state, on one side of which hung a picture of the deceased lady, holding a crucifix in her hand ; on the other side was a figure of Death, in the attitude of warning her to prepare, while her countenance represented a smile of patient resignation ; before her stood the communion cup, with every other concurrent object which could render

render the scene awful and affecting. In another chamber stood the bed whereon she died, without furniture, representing a tomb; in this was placed all her wardrobe, and here the unfortunate husband devoted every morning and evening, to pray, and indulge his melancholy. The mourner, whose legs were scarcely able to support him, was dwindled away to a mere shadow; in short, every thing spoke the energy, the extravagance of sorrow, beyond the power of language to express.---A scene like this, to a person even of moderate sensibility, must have made a very strong impression. A dinner was ordered to be prepared; but, after such a sight, who could have eat? I found my presence distressed this wretched husband, and, unable to suppress my tears, I determined to depart.---Such a picture of conjugal affection is so very rare, that I think it my duty to record it.

With a mind absorbed in what I had just seen, I returned to the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, where my melancholy was greatly heightened by finding my worthy mother confined to her bed. That amiable lady, attached even to all my friends, had desired me to bring the deceased lady the next day, to dine with me: I had once

before presented her, at the Abbey of Long-champs. The scene I had just left, added to the indisposition of the Marchioness, produced an effect upon me I found it impossible to conceal. The Marchioness perceived it, and said, "You seem very low-spirited, my dear child, notwithstanding you have had the pleasure of dining with your friend." I knew not what to answer, conscious that the Marchioness disliked to hear of any illness, and was averse to conversation on death, especially by such a malady as the small-pox, at which she had always been greatly terrified. "Well, my dear," said she, finding I made no answer, "shall we have the pleasure of seeing your friend to-morrow?" "No, Madame," replied I, "she is engaged for a fortnight in the country, and sets out to-morrow." This dear mother appeared affected that I should have been disappointed of my friend's company.

Soon after, on visiting the Marchioness, I observed some eruptions on her face, attended with a violent fever, which I was fearful appeared like that destructive malady she had so long dreaded; and, notwithstanding the efforts of the Marquis to make her appear recovering,
notwith-

notwithstanding his influence in biasing the opinions of the faculty, I had the inexpressible anguish to observe that she was dangerously ill, and terrified at the idea that she would not recover.

During the illness of this most amiable of women, nay, even while she was confined to her chamber, the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, notwithstanding every repulse, still ceased not to persecute me with his odious addresses. His conduct at this period rendered him doubly disgusting: my answers were more pointed and peremptory, which irritated him to such a degree, that he could not bear me in his sight.

The medical gentlemen, Messrs. Gard and de la Motte, to whom I gave an account of her health night and morning, satisfied that she could not recover, imparted their suspicions to the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, who would reply, "How, gentlemen? 'Tis impossible! you must certainly be mistaken!" Such was continually his tone. "She has had three or four hours sleep," continued he. "We know not," replied they, "but Madame the Countess has reported otherwise." "How," answered he, "what

“ what has she to do with it ? ” He even wished to brow-beat Victoire, one of the women who constantly attended the Marchioness, to force her to coincide in his opinion ; but she neither watched with that tender anxiety, nor do I believe she was equally competent to make those observations, as myself, who, during the time of my continuance in the convent, had been in the habit of visiting the sick, paying attention to every symptom of their complaints, and doing all those little offices which I considered as my duty. For these reasons, Victoire was not so competent to judge ; and the opportunities I formerly had of making my observations, enabled me to form an opinion on the state of the Marchioness’s health. I therefore, without any fear of the Marquis, stated truly every thing I had observed ; and one day, when he had told the physicians, “ She has slept well ; she is really now very tranquil, and must not be disturbed ! ” I summoned up sufficient resolution to remonstrate (and I trust the interest I had in the preservation of a life so dear, will sufficiently warrant the remonstrance) “ Sir, if we consult these gentlemen, they are the proper judges, and we ought to follow their advice.”

The

The Marquis de Boulainvilliers evinced, by his conduct, that he never loved this worthy lady, whom he probably married for her fortune. He was, indeed, too great a libertine to taste the enjoyments of conjugal felicity, and he wished to have it supposed that he believed the Marchioness was not really dangerously ill, otherwise he would not have been able to apologize for his neglect in not seeing her; and if he had really believed the report of the physicians, he must, to save appearances with the world, have attended more punctually upon a wife, whom, if any judgment can be formed from his character, his conduct, or the public report, he was not very sorry to lose.

At length, with some difficulty, I obtained a private conference with the physicians, and addressed them to this purport: "Are you sure, gentlemen, that Madame de Boulainvilliers is well enough? The Marquis possibly desires you to say so, because he does not wish to make her uneasy. I caution you, lest she should die, which I fear will be the case in three or four days. Believe me, gentlemen! Speak the truth, and do not give him his way; for his design is to lay all the blame, if any thing should

should happen, upon you. He will say, that you were unacquainted with the nature of her disorder, and consequently incapable of administering the proper remedies. Consider, gentlemen, your reputation is absolutely at stake. Don't quit him this night, before you have truly stated the situation of Madame de Boulainvilliers, and give orders that she may receive the sacrament to-morrow morning, before it is too late."---The physicians quitted the room, perfectly satisfied with my remarks, and assuring me that my wishes of having the sacrament administered should be complied with the next day.

The certificates of health, till then, had been made by the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, precisely as he had dictated. The public could scarcely suppose the Marchioness was indisposed, much less that she was so dangerously ill; and, with all these reports of her good health, and the hours she slept, would be extremely surprized to hear that she was dead next day: these gentlemen would be called two very able doctors, and the Marquis de Boulainvilliers would immediately have exclaimed that they had deceived him. It was not, however, in his power
to

to deceive me; for, if any judgment may be formed of his designs, from his words or actions, I think I am not mistaken in any thing I have before advanced.

A few days before the death of his wife, the Marquis de Boulainvilliers called me into his chamber, and after some very foolish conversation, " Well, well, my dear, if she should die; she is so very particular, so capricious, so vapourish! you have seen what I suffered in our journey to Strasburg. Besides, my dear, you will be more comfortable; she is so very jealous! If you did but know what I have borne with on your account, I'm sure I should be dear to you. I dare say she has told you many stories about me, when at the same time she was tormenting me concerning you. Certainly she cannot live a long time, and we shall send for your husband here: I shall find means to procure him a post in some regiment, which will prevent him from troubling us often."---He insinuated that this might be a connection of mutual conveniency, if I would but comply with his desires; and that, as I was now a wife, my reputation would be beyond the reach of slander. He even made an offer to share his fortune, and
to

to disinherit his children, if they should murmur at this measure.---Thus did he attempt to obviate every difficulty which might arise, and painted the advantages which would result from my consenting to be his mistress, in colors best adapted, as he thought, to allure my vanity, and engage my interest to accept his odious proposals.

The reader will readily suppose that I did not receive these offers with that gratitude which the Marquis conceived, from the depravity of his own heart, they were entitled to. I heard him with stifled indignation : my answers were very short. I could not flatter myself with the idea that a man of his age would listen to any remonstrances from me, concerning the duty he owed to himself and his worthy consort. I conceived the disparity of our ages would make him look upon any advice I might offer of too little value, especially when clashing with the licentious indulgence of a passion, to which he had long given himself up. I contented myself with holding him in the most ineffable contempt, notwithstanding I knew, from that influence which generally accompanies wealth, from that low cunning and dissimulation which peculiarly

peculiarly distinguished him, that, when he had it in his power, the inclination of doing an injury, either to me or my friends, would never be wanting. I suffered his insolent propositions with silence, but I despised the being who made them, whom I could not consider as a man, but a monster.

After this conference, I avoided him as much as possible. When I returned, the Count de Bourbon, and the Viscount de Clairmont, their cousins, rallied me on my long conference with the Marquis, to which I made no other answer than a mere smile.

That very evening Messrs. Gard and de la Motte, the Marchioness's physicians, arrived, and reported that she was dangerously ill. It is impossible to express the rage of the Marquis at this intelligence. " 'Tis Madame de la Motte," said he, petulantly, " who has biased you ; and will you listen to her ? She's a mere child ! " " No, Sir," replied they, " it is our own serious judgment. From this moment we must apply blisters to your lady ; and to-morrow, at eleven or twelve, it is our wish that she may receive the sacrament." They then ordered

ordered Victoire, a girl who had received a very good education, to make preparations for that purpose, and to take care to proceed so as to affect the Marchioness as little as possible. Madame de Boulainvilliers had no idea that she had the small-pox; she attributed her disorder to the erysipelas, and had always so much dreaded the former malady, that it was judged prudent not to inform her of her true situation.

About nine the next morning, the Marquis entered the apartment of his lady, and in a very different tone made enquiries concerning HIS POOR WIFE, and to know how she had passed the night. At the same time observing me, he shot such a glance, that his eyes appeared, like "Basilisk's, ready to strike me dead." I was bold enough, notwithstanding, to speak to him, to tell him what I had suffered. "I have attended you," replied he, "two hours. You have indeed deceived me, but you shall repent it!"

Every necessary preparation for receiving the sacrament being now made, that sacred ordinance commenced, and the ceremony was extremely affecting. The nearest relations assisted. It seemed like the æra of the Marchioness's death,

death, and that her nearest friends, as the grief of their countenances strongly indicated, would follow the moment after: The ceremony performed, the parties present retired to their apartments. That night I passed in tears, and, from the affliction of mind, and want of necessary nourishment, I found myself extremely feeble the next morning. Whenever I moved a little from the Marchioness's bed, and she could only hear my voice, "My daughter Valois," said she, "are you near me?" "Yes, my dear mother, I am." She was unable to perceive me, as the small-pox had closed up her eyes. I pressed both her hands, then very much marked with the scars of that disorder, a long time within mine, and wept incessantly, as I but too plainly foresaw that I should soon lose the dearest object of my regard; a mother who had ever felt for me such tenderness and affection. "You weep, my dear daughter," said she, hearing me sob. "No, my dear mother," replied I, not wishing to make her uneasy; "I have only a cold in my head, but I feel myself much better."

The Marchioness had not the least idea of death; she could not even bear any person to

speak of it. She was fond of company; and, caressed and respected, she was the delight of every eye, and the admiration of every heart, who had the felicity of her acquaintance. Affable, polite, sensible, humane and generous, she left behind her a name never to be forgotten, while these qualifications shall be admired as ornaments of human nature. This was her universal character, which, I was going to say, was not the partial panegyric of friendship, but even her enemies allowed her this merit. Enemies, did I say? I retract what I have written. She had no enemies, but those whose enmity, far from being disgraceful, is even meritorious; the enemies of virtue.

In a few days this paragon of female excellence breathed her last; and, notwithstanding the efforts of every one to prevent it, she breathed her last in my arms. All wished me to avoid this spectacle; but they strove in vain to tear me from her. I could not, I dared not think that she was dead. At length, with great difficulty, they forced me from the body. I was in a state of delirium. "Live, live, my dear mother," said I, addressing myself to the

breathless

breathless corpse, " or I am ruined for ever !
You are my soul, my support, my life ! "

Protectress of my infant imbecility ! directress of my youth ! whose precepts I will ever follow, but whose example I despair to imitate, thou art at this moment an inhabitant of the mansions of felicity. It is thine to wear that crown to which thy virtue entitled thee, while it is ours to mourn thy loss, which all who knew thee have most deeply felt ; but mine, much more emphatically mine, are the genuine tears of gratitude and affection.

On the death of my worthy mother, my existence was dark and comfortless ; the earth was to me a sterile promontory, and the heavens a pestilent congregation of vapours. Every amusement was insipid and tasteless. I had now no friend whose affection and prudence was so sufficient to advise, nor whose power so able to assist. The Marquis de Boulainvilliers indeed remained ; but what was the Marquis de Boulainvilliers ? He was not my friend ; on the contrary, he was the very reverse. He was, as I shall hereafter prove, my bitterest enemy ; but he presumed upon his immense riches, to

set the opinion of the world at defiance. Buoyed up by wealth, and that degree of influence which wealth alone creates among those sordid beings who bow the knee to Mammon, he consulted not the dictates of reason or philanthropy, but gave a loose to his unbridled appetite, sometimes even throwing aside the mask of dissimulation, except where he wished to palm himself upon the public opinion, for virtues which the malevolence of his soul, and the avarice of his disposition, would never permit him to practise.

Four days after this event of inexpressible anguish, which had for a time disordered my reason, I found myself in my bed, although I knew not by what means I came there; and when the frightful idea of the loss I had sustained occurred to my memory, I fell into convulsions. The Baronesses de Fodoas and de Cruffol, a little recovered from their sorrow for the death of their beloved parent, notwithstanding their grief was yet recent, visited, and endeavoured to console me. They observed, that the loss I had sustained was much more terrible to me than to them, though they had lost their own mother. My attachment was much more
inviolable,

inviolable, more strong than the brittle tie of nature, and my affection was still strengthened by the sense of my unprotected situation. She was the pillar whereon I founded all my hopes; relentless death had plucked it away, and I fell defenceless and forsaken. Monf. Gard, who attended my deceased mother, came often during my illness to visit me, and behaved with great attention and kindness; but he had no medicine for the cure of my disorder; he could not raze the written troubles of the brain; he had no sweet oblivious antidote against those reflections continually occurring to my imagination, of the value of her I lamented; nor was it within the compass of his art to minister to a mind so diseased, so distracted as mine.

The Baron de Cruffol did me the honor to visit me, and, as soon as I was sufficiently recovered to be removed without danger, sent his carriage for me, to take an airing. The Viscountess de Fodoas also paid me the same attention.

About a fortnight after my recovery, notwithstanding his conduct, as he was the husband of my much lamented parent, I thought it would

be proper to pay a visit of condolence to the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, who exhibited a most complete picture of dissimulation and hypocrisy. His mourning was all external, glaring to the eye of the world, while in his heart he was even rejoiced at being delivered from what he termed an incumbrance. He was now more at liberty to gratify his passions; he might now marry another fortune; and such was his avarice, if he could once touch the fortune, he was perfectly indifferent as to the wife,

The portrait I am now about to exhibit, of this *disconsolate* husband, is so very singular, that I almost fear my veracity will be questioned for the relation. From some preceding reflections upon the character of that bad man, my credibility may perhaps be suspected. Let it not be said that my narration is tinged with too much acrimony; let the character of this man be read in the public estimation; let it be read in the presence of individuals whom he has injured; and then let an impartial judgment be formed, if the facts I state are at all improbable; let my injuries be weighed, and then let it be decided if my remarks are too virulent.

From

From motives of mere fear, from respect to the other branches of the family, I went to pay a visit of condolence to the Marquis de Boulaingvilliers. I found a great change, on seeing him; the apartments were hung with black; he affected to be struck, as if he had felt the most lively emotions of grief; but his countenance apparently struggled with his heart, which seemed to feel the contrary emotions of pleasure. He affected an air of sorrow: "I am very poorly, my dear girl!" said he, in a faint and melancholy tone; "How are you!" I sat down at some distance from him, that I might observe him well, till the return of Victoire, whom he had sent into his closet, to open the door, which, when any came to make visits of condolence, she was generally dispatched to shut. He assumed a very serious air, and much mournful grimace; but the moment the visitors departed, he extinguished all the lights, except one small piece in a wax candlestick, which he kept burning, to light the others in a hurry. Thus did his avarice struggle with his pride, whilst dissimulation was useful to both.---I am now relating a scene to which I was actually an eye-witness.

The Prince de Conti's ecuyer came, on the part of the Prince, to pay compliments of condolence. The valet de chambre announced some gentleman, whose name I have now forgot, but who was sent by the Prince de Conti. The name of the Prince's ecuyer put the Marquis in a bustle, who, forgetting that this gentleman was in the first saloon, (and from that to where we then were, was a grand suite of rooms) in a moment this *disconsolate mourner* was running about from one room to another, lighting all the candles with the greatest expedition. Nothing could be more curious; the ecuyer was standing without at the door, observing the Marquis in his progress of illumination, and wondering at what he saw, at the same time not daring to enter. Observing his situation, I got up, and endeavoured to persuade him to walk in; but he chose to remain where he was. Ashamed to have been witness to such æconomical hypocrisy, in vain did I speak to the Marquis; he was so busy in his illuminations, that he paid no attention to me, but made signs not to be interrupted. It was impossible for me to refrain from laughing: the gentleman smiled, and begged me not to interrupt him. At length, the candles being lighted, and the theatre prepared,

pared, the actor soon made his muscles and gesture conformable. The Marquis went towards the gentleman, to whom he affected to be scarce able to speak. Observing his situation, I paid my compliments to the gentleman, and made some apology for the silence of the Marquis. As soon as he had sat down a few minutes, he clasped his hands together, and turning up his eyes to heaven, "Ah! Sir," said he, "no man but myself can tell the loss I have sustained! A wife, whose merit----but I shall not live; I shall not be able to support her loss!" The ecuyer and I endeavoured to stifle our indignation at that conduct, to which he knew not we had both been witnesses. "See, Sir," pointing to his big belly, "how I am fallen away!"---This was a farce past endurance; it was absolutely impossible for me to bear it any longer, and I arose to depart. "There is my child, Sir!" continued he in the same mournful tone, at which I could scarce refrain from laughing; and I dare say the ecuyer would not fail to divert the Prince at the expence of the Marquis, who, in every visit of condolence, had so often played the hypocrite, that he was quite an adept in the character.

Soon

Soon after, when my health was a little recovered, I received the visits of my friends, and returned them. The old Marquis was jealous of these visits; he suspected all those whom I termed friends, were in fact lovers; he was suspicious of every one. The character of M. de la Luzerne, Bishop of Langres, could not put him beyond the reach of the Marquis's suspicions: even he who respected all my family, and behaved to me like a father; for it was constantly the business of that family to oblige the whole human race, by every kindness in their power. In short, every one who obliged me, every one whom it was my interest as well as duty to speak well of, all were considered as my lovers; at the same time he himself was continually making his detested offers, which became by repetition more intolerable than ever. He never failed to suggest how much it was my interest that I should submit: he told me his wealth, his influence, all would be at my disposal, and that every obstacle in the road to my wishes would insensibly vanish away. Finding this note unsuccessful, he touched an opposite string; he addressed himself to my fears; he insinuated how much it was in his power to de-

feat

feat all my wishes, how easily he could blemish my reputation with those who would otherwise serve me. "What will you have me say," he one day asked me, "to those persons whom I am going to visit, if they should happen to make any enquiries about you? To-morrow I expect to see the Marechal de Luxembourg, who has promised you his services, as well as the Princess de Beaufremen: what do you wish that I should say to them?" Passion overcame me, and made me for a moment forget the respect I owed both to the name and memory of my worthy mother. "Ah, wicked man! you are capable of every thing, and can plot the destruction of a child, whom your worthy departed spouse has brought up and educated with so much care! It is your aim to ruin me in the estimation of those who wish to make me comfortable, and to poison their good intentions, by giving them a bad opinion of my conduct; however, if I cannot be permitted personally to explain myself, I can write; I can explain your menaces, and I will make you known."

This villainous hypocrite intercepted my letters, though they contained nothing worth discovery, and was eternally reproaching me, and
telling

telling me that I loved other men better than him.

I was not a little pleased at the return of my husband, a circumstance which gave me much satisfaction. The Marquis received him well, but endeavoured to destroy his good opinion of me. He sent one day to speak to him on business, but the conversation was chiefly about me. He labored to insinuate that I was fond of intrigue. "Oh!" says he, "her cousin is particularly attentive to her. Be cautious! Madame is very fond of company: she is intimate with my sons-in-law: I would have you watch her narrowly: I have known her from her infancy." Count de la Motte had too much good sense to give any credit to these insinuations of the Marquis; he heard, nevertheless, every thing he had to say, and seemed to listen very attentively, but he did not believe a single iota. = *what*

I went, some days after, to pay my respects to the Marchioness de Luxembourg. I was indulged that morning to stay as long as I pleased, and converse on my affairs. I was very graciously treated, though, from what my good friend the Marquis had told me, I was not without

without strong fears that the door would be shut upon me. I reflected that the Marquis was rich and powerful, and had often seen, that some men are so depraved, that the moment they have the power to do an injury, they seldom leave it undone for want of inclination. I considered that I was poor and unprotected; and, upon weighing my responsibility with that of the Marquis, in the estimation of the great world, I knew that the word of the Marquis would turn the scale against me.

At my first interview with Madame de Luxembourg, she seemed rather reserved, which greatly intimidated me; however, I took courage, and informed her of my husband's arrival; to which she replied, "I am very glad to hear it, as that will prevent you from experiencing those temptations to which many young women, without such protection, are too frequently exposed." This declaration alarmed me, and I determined to say a word or two concerning the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, which was sufficient to open her eyes; but she was already prepossessed. "Oh, no, my dear child!" said she. "Be very cautious that you make no mistake in your assertions! The Marquis de Boulain-

Boulainvilliers speaks of you as an affectionate parent; and if he reprovcs you, it is because he has your happiness at heart; he does not mean to injure you. The obligations you owe to him should direct your conduct, and you should give him your confidence. For my part, I am sensible of the manner in which he speaks of you; and those persons who have spoken of you lately, spoke very favourably. So far from being your enemy, the Marquis is a father to you! Be very cautious how you take things amiss!"

---I did not know whether I ought to continue the conversation, but Madame de Luxembourg herself engaged me to do it, and to disclose every thing as to my proper mother. With this encouragement, I unbofomed myself, and told her every thing. Although apparently affected by my story, she did not try to irritate me against him; on the contrary, she endeavoured to impress me with ideas less unfavourable, and rested the strength of her arguments on the obligations I was under, which she placed in every point of view. However, notwithstanding what she said, I observed her attentively, and imagined I discovered that her thoughts were favorable towards me; I even fancied I could trace the blush of indignation on her cheek,

against

against a man who had appeared externally as a father, but whose real disposition was so much the reverse. She encouraged me to behave well to him, assuring me of her friendship, and that she would do all in her power to supply the loss of that worthy mother.

It is necessary to point out the arts of this cunning hypocrite, whose plausibility might be too apt to deceive. Fearful that I should some time or other disclose his villainy, and his criminal passion towards me, he affected in public a fatherly affection and regard, at the same time expressing his fear that I was dissipated, and had a turn for intrigue. But why need I attempt to prove, what must be sufficiently obvious to the understanding of every reader, that the Marquis de Boulainvilliers was a most consummate adept in hypocrisy?

The conversation I had with Madame de Luxembourg irritated me yet more strongly against the Marquis de Boulainvilliers. I had, indeed, resolved to see him no more; but the advice of Madame de Luxembourg determined me to return. He took care, however, to make the house as disagreeable to me as possible, by means
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at once ungenerous and unmanly : he frequently took occasion to make use of very indelicate double entendres, with the exprefs design of giving me offence : ſometimes he engaged me to dinner, ſaying that his children, whom I preferred to him, would be preſent. “ Your confidants,” added he, “ to whom I am ſure you have repeated all I ſay to you ; thoſe who give you advice on theſe occaſions.” His sneers entirely exhausted my patience, and I was not long able to endure them. I ſometimes retorted upon him ſome of thoſe reproaches which his conduct on my behalf ſo juſtly merited. He ſaw that Madame de Luxembourg, and others, had told me much. I repreſented to him that they had thoroughly miſtaken his conduct, and were not his dupes quite ſo much as, perhaps, he might be inclinable to ſuppoſe. His answer was, that he ſhould have ſufficient influence to gain more credit than I could. His children ſometimes dined with him ; but, though he was their father, the little attention they paid him was much more through fear than affection.

The embarraſſments under which he ſuffered his daughter, the Viſcounteſs de Fodoas, to labor, will ever remain a monument of his avarice

rice and inhumanity. It is a circumstance well known, and universally reprobated throughout Paris, that he refused to give security for the payment of some small debts due at her death. So much did he expose his children, that house, furniture and estates, every thing was sold, and turned into money. It is well known that the fortune of Monsieur de Boulainvilliers is indeed immense, and probably equalled by nothing but his avarice; while his charity, his sensibility, are as poor as his virtue. Who, but such a father, could not only neglect, but abuse his own children? He it was, who, delighting in mischief, estranged from my interest all those friends who wished me well, during the lifetime of my worthy mother, excepting some who were unalterably attached, and his children, who followed not his advice. Having been attached more strongly to their mother, they would have been always glad to see me, but dared not indulge this propensity for fear of their father. He knew too well the cunning arts of dissimulation; and I am sorry that the History of my Life, and my connections, oblige me to adduce additional proofs of his malevolence.

An aunt of Monsieur de la Motte's, who lived just by, desired me to come and see her every day ; and, as I was there always well received, and saw a great deal of good company, I frequently accepted her friendly invitation. She was often so obliging as even to send her coach, notwithstanding the distance was so short, and either she herself, or one of her sons, came in the carriage to conduct me. The appearance of a young man in the carriage, according to custom, awakened the jealousy of the Marquis de Boulainvilliers. He made complaint to his children, that he saw me but little, and that I converted his house into an inn, merely to suit my own convenience.

I communicated my complaints to my aunt. " I am astonished ! " said she. " I am your aunt. Inform Monsieur de Boulainvilliers, if he says any thing to you, that I wish to see you often, and if he reproaches you with the obligations you are under, and the bed you have at his house, come to me." Encouraged by this, I became more resolute ; I told him more plainly and more openly what I thought, and spoke to him of the kindness of my aunt.

One

One day in particular, being invited to dine with my aunt, she, as usual, sent her carriage for me. Whilst we were at dinner, one of the servants came and whispered something very softly to my aunt; she rose, and went along a large saloon, which was so situated that I could see, while sitting in my place, every person who was under the window. I was not a little surprized at observing Monsieur Denis, the secretary of Monsieur de Boulainvilliers, but did not take the least notice of it to any of the company. My aunt, upon her return, appeared rather reserved, and, although she said nothing, was rather disconcerted. After dinner, taking me apart, she informed me that Monsieur Denis had waited upon her from the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, to beg an interview that evening about seven, or half past seven o'clock, at the same time charging her to keep this a profound secret from me, and, if possible, find some pretext to send me home.

Disquieted greatly, and not being able to conceive what he had to communicate, nor his particular charge that I should be sent home, we took our measures together, and consulted on what should be done; she at the same time,

knowing the dissimulation of the Marquis, and thinking he had some scheme in view, determined to be particularly cautious in her answers. The time arrived, the Marquis approached, and I contrived to conceal myself in a little closet which opened into the small saloon, where she received him. A screen extending round to the entrance, concealed my retreat, and I kept the door of the closet half open, that I might hear more distinctly. I was all suspense, and eager to hear the result of this extraordinary visit, at which I, in particular, was not to be present.

Madame Clauffe received him with a degree of reserve, which probably prevented his more immediate communication ; or possibly, thinking it improper to enter abruptly upon the business of his visit, he was sufficiently artful to bring in the main subject accidentally. His conversation at first turned upon the news ; at length he ran through a deal of nonsense about the carnival, and the common chit-chat of the day. “ Pray, Madame, have you been at the masquerade ? ” She answered in the affirmative. “ Then I presume that Madame de la Motte accompanied you ; my porter, and Mr. Denis my secretary, have both seen her return from the
assembly

assembly at eight o'clock in the morning, with a young man whom they describe as your youngest son." "Oh! no, Sir," replied she, "my son has never been with her; and besides, if he has, his being with her could never constitute a crime." "Very true, Madame; but a circumstance which I believe you are not yet acquainted with is, that the young gentleman has been at Versailles, where she has passed a fortnight on a visit, and that he hired a cabriole to go thither to see her, and he continued three days. In short, Madame, such gallantry must necessarily lead a young man into expences." "Ah! Sir," replied Madame Clauffe, "you must undoubtedly be mistaken." "I beg your pardon, Madame! I assure you that your son is very much in love with his cousin, and I would have you be particularly on your guard. I know a great deal more, much more than I chuse to disclose. Examine if he has his watch; for, as I have heard, he sent it as earnest for payment of the hire of the cabriole. As for Madame de la Motte, I tell you as a friend, I will no longer have the charge of her. I am obliged to make a sale at my house, and have occasion for the furniture of the apartment which she occupies. Be careful, Madame,

and take measures for the best. This affair may be attended with bad consequences: your son is a very young man; and love---will carry young men great lengths!"

What can the reader think of a man, who could relate such a story without the least foundation in truth? What can the most candid, the most meek, alledge in vindication of the conduct of this blasphemer of reputation, who could attempt, in a mode so deliberately artful, to blast an innocent character with a relation, by forging lies, which originated only in his own depraved imagination, and calling forth the feelings of a mother to protect her son, who was thus represented to be in danger of being ruined by her niece,

My blood was at this moment boiling in my veins, and I had scarce patience to contain myself, when he rose to depart. I now placed myself in his way, and exclaimed, "Stay, monster! Return to Madame! Explain yourself in every thing you have said! You wish to prevent my aunt from shewing her goodness: you endeavor to frustrate all my hopes, to reduce me to the necessity of throwing myself into
your

your arms, and then depending entirely upon you!"

The expressions I used on this occasion, and the tone in which I uttered them, will sufficiently shew the conception of my mind with regard to the conduct of the Marquis. In such a cause as reputation, to be cold is, in my opinion, to be criminal,

Struck with confusion, the wretch was incapable of speaking: his lips quivered, and he turned pale as death. I repeated what he had said to Madame Clauffe, *verbatim*. His confusion at being detected, at being laid open before that lady, prevented his faltering tongue from executing its office; he was incapable of uttering a single syllable. At length, as I still urged him, addressing himself to Madame Clauffe de Suremont, he said, "She is too impatient, Madame, to suffer me to enter into any explanation." "Villain that you are!" exclaimed I, provoked beyond all patience, "all that you have repeated is false, merely lies of your own coinage, invented to traduce my character, and similar to those you have told elsewhere!"

Madame Clauffe was fo struck with the manner in which I behaved to him, that ſhe did not continue the whole time, fearing that, being fo humbled, the wretch ſhould conceive ſome enmity againſt her. He retired, overwhelmed with confuſion; not the bluſh of ſhame attendant on remorse, but that of guilt abſolutely detected. To me, his conduct was uniformly inimical; but neither his wealth, nor that title which he has fo often diſgraced, nor even a name greater than either, the name of my fainted mother, ſhall prevent me from expoſing his machinations, however ſpeciouſly they may be gloſſed over by diſſimulation or plauſibility, and painting in their proper colors his real character, and the very ſecrets of his inmoſt ſoul!

Madame Clauffe very well knew, as did many others who will peruſe my Life, that I have frequently denied her ſon admiffion; his mother has given me credit for this. It was very true that he came to Verſailles, but I knew not that it was expreſſly to ſee me. I particularly interrogated him, if he had his mother's permiſſion: he answered poſitively that he had. I knew not that he had deceived me: fearful, however, that this might be the caſe, I engaged
 Monsieur

Monfieur de la Motte to fend him away. This young gentleman was alfo very much given to gaming, and would fometimes even pledge his watch, which, when fuccefsful, he redeemed. ---This is a piece of information I have fince received.

These circumftances did the fruitful brain of the Marquis (ever ready at the connection of fuch incidents) put together, and endeavour to wrefl to his malignant purpofe. This was the wonderful difcovery he had made, and with thefe materials did he fabricate this tale, mentioning the circumftance of the watch, which he knew the young gentleman, who had lately been unfuccefsful in gaming, had not about him, to impofe upon maternal affection, and alarm her fears for her fon. It is not impoffible but the Marquis, who was equal to any meanefs, might have contrived to reduce the young man to the neceffity of parting with his watch, by agents employed for the purpofe, that he might have a better opportunity of fucceeding in his defigns.

The daughters of the Marquis de Boulainvilliers, who followed that pattern of female excellence,

cellence, their mother, notwithstanding the injunctions of their father, treated me with particular kindness, and invited me to dine with them. This invitation was soon after the quarrel I had had with their father, of which they were as yet ignorant. I accepted their kind invitation, and, as soon as I entered, I beheld my grand enemy, the Marquis. My eyes met his, and I was surprized at his composure: he appeared a little cast down, and fearful lest I should relate our quarrel, but more particularly lest I should expose his designs. He watched me the whole time of dinner, and when he thought himself unobserved, he gave me a look expressive of scorn and spite; which, however he might think unregarded, did not escape the notice of the Viscountess de Tonneres.

After dinner, the ladies and I retired into a corner of the saloon, to converse more freely. Monsieur de Boulainvilliers, perceiving us together, appeared very much agitated, and came up to us: he was even suspicious of his own children. "What do they say to you?" demanded he. "Take care what you say to them; they are too cunning for you; they wheedle you out of any thing." During the whole course

course of the day he seemed to be uneasy, ashamed, and almost terrified; in the evening he embraced me; “ Good night, my child! Good night ! ”

The Baron de Crussol had interested himself on behalf of my husband, and procured him a post in the régiment of Artois, till he could be otherwise provided for. That gentleman, in compliance with the wishes of the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, and in conformity to the desire of his wife, with whom I had the honor of being upon a footing of intimacy, had exerted himself to procure this post, but did not mean that his services should stop here.

The Marquis de Boulainvilliers, disappointed of his aim in his first scandalous report, soon after fabricated another, and rumoured it abroad that the young gentleman, the son of Madame Clauffe, had absolutely eloped with me. Were I to mention half the injuries I have received from this man, it would tire the patience of my readers. However, as I have had some connection, some intercourse with him, in the course of a life replete with misfortunes, so far as his conduct had an effect in producing them, so far

I am

I am bound to relate. If these facts should reflect upon the character of the Marquis, it is not my fault, but his : let him, if he can, refute my accusation. Not only he, but all my enemies, will have that justice here, which I, by the laws of my own country, if I may call them laws, was denied. Happy that from this moment I can leave this ungracious person, at least for a time, and proceed to circumstances much more interesting, and which I hope will tend to the gratification of curiosity.

It is necessary, for the better understanding of this narrative, to recapitulate some of those circumstances, which, owing to the agitation of a mind almost overwhelmed with distress, may probably have been too much dislocated for critical perusal.

Let the circumstances and situation of the authorefs of this Life ever be present in the memory of the candid, the very recollection of whose miseries is sufficient to obliterate the powers of memory, and almost all the faculties of the mind. How then can strength of conception, judicious arrangement of circumstances, or elegance of expression, be expected from one
whose

whose situation is so completely wretched, as to render her unfit to use any other language but that which is dictated by the energy of grief? Nothing could have induced me to undertake a task like this, to retrace a life which has already been too long, and which, if my ideas of it are as just as I could wish, is drawing fast to a period; nothing could have roused me from this lethargy of grief, but to rescue my memory (when this fluttering pulse shall cease to beat, and the hand that now guides my pen be mouldered into dust) from the detractions of malice. Abused, insulted, and disgraced, the wounds of bleeding honor are too deep here to be closed. Do they call for vengeance? No; there is a just, a righteous judge, before whose tribunal I shall again meet my enemies, where neither the strong arm of oppression, nor the "gilded" hand of offence, will not be sufficiently powerful to vanquish innocence. To that tribunal I cite my enemies for a rehearing of my cause: in the mean time I consider it a duty I owe my friends, to relate those circumstances which may tend to prove that I have been the victim of powerful oppression and intriguing policy, against which nothing but the consciousness of innocence could have sustained me.

I have

I have mentioned the manner in which the estate of my ancestors had been divided, and, from the easy and unsuspecting temper of my father, added to his necessitous situation, it having been obtained by its present possessors for a very inconsiderable sum, compared with its intrinsic value, it was re-echoed from every quarter that these possessions, so fraudulently acquired, might be regained through legal compunction. To examine into this, and to gain from the people in the place every necessary information, the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers had advised us to undertake the journey to Bar sur Aube. The restoration of the inheritance of my ancestors was what I was now aiming at, and endeavouring to gain all the friends I could to support me in my claim.

When the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers was alive, she gave me the strongest encouragement to hope, that through her powerful influence and intercession, I should again be put in possession of the inheritance of my ancestors. With this view she had introduced me to all her friends, particularly those at court, from whose situation and interference any probable benefit might be derived. The worthy Marchioness,
 alas !

alas! was now dead, but the ideas she had taught me to entertain, and the hopes these ideas naturally produced, were still alive, and in full vigor. Activity and exertion were now more than ever necessary, and I foresaw that any prospect of future fortune would principally depend upon a proper cultivation of the friendship my worthy mother had implanted in the breasts of her friends, and a conjunction of fortunate circumstances, so necessary to the attainment of a desired object. I determined, therefore, to improve the acquaintance with those to whom the Marchioness had recommended me, and who, respecting the memory of that amiable lady, would be induced to render me service.

Soon after the death of his worthy lady, the Marquis conceived that I might be useful in his house, and had the audacity to offer me a direct proposal, on terms, as he expressed it, of mutual and reciprocal convenience: insinuating, that as I was now married, my reputation would be safe from the aspersions of scandal, and that the name of a wife would be at once a sanction for intrigue, and a shield for reputation. Disappointed by the forcible expression of that indignation which must ever accompany the

the total rejection of such guilty propositions, and without hope of being able to overcome a settled contempt, which his behaviour could not fail of exciting, he attempted revenge, and revenge of the blackest nature, craftily directed, and enveloped with a dissimulation against which it was almost impossible to guard. I have before shewn how he attempted to alienate the affections of my relations, and elsewhere related the means by which he endeavoured to ruin my reputation with my friends, thereby wishing to render me as much as possible, like himself, the object of private scorn and public detestation; but those good angels, whose office it is to defeat the dark designs of hypocrisy (a vice which cannot always be discovered by human penetration) disappointed his malice.

Among the chief of those in power, to whom the worthy Marchioness had introduced me, was the Cardinal de Rohan. That prince gave me the most gracious reception, and encouraged me to confide to him my future projects, which he would direct by his advice, and assist by his influence. I have already noticed that my first introduction to this Prince was at Saverne, where, having been made acquainted with my
 story,

story, much to the gratification of my worthy mother, he was pleased to pay me a particular attention. He now encouraged me to relate to him, in the most explicit manner, my situation, circumstances, and expectations, promising he would interest himself warmly in my behalf. Elated with the idea of having acquired so powerful a friend, and pleased that my plans would have so able a director, I did not hesitate to disclose them.

His Royal Highness the Duke d'Artois, having seen me at church, noticed me in a particular manner, with his wonted affability. The attention he had been pleased to pay me was soon wafted to the ears of his consort, whom also I had the good fortune to please, and she determined to take me under her protection.

The delicate and disinterested manner in which this Princess exerted herself in my favor, can never be erased from my memory. Convinced that she had lately been in a very singular predicament, and fearful that, if she placed me immediately under her patronage, it might operate to my disadvantage, she in the most private man-

ner possible placed me under the patronage of her royal sister, Madame.

The Cardinal, from whom I concealed nothing, advised me at this juncture not to press either the Countess d'Artois, or her royal sister Madame, to make any direct request, which might probably have been premature: it was sufficient that those ladies expressed an inclination to serve me. He approved of my intentions, which were, that they, with Madame Elizabeth, who had formerly honored me with her attention, would interest themselves privately, and strengthen my application to his Majesty.

The Cardinal de Rohan having sanctioned it with his approbation, I immediately set about putting it in execution, and for this purpose waited on Madame Elizabeth, who received me with the greatest complacency. I presented my memorial, which she accepted with her usual affability, and condescended at parting to salute me.

Emboldened by the success of my first application, I soon after went to the apartments of
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the Countess d'Artois, where her first woman, Madame Coulong, received me, and desired me to follow to her apartment, in which she left me without saying a word. In a few minutes, she and the Countess d'Artois came out together, reading a paper, the contents of which seemed to affect them. Madame Coulong returned, and informed me that the Countess d'Artois and Madame Elizabeth were that moment perusing my memorial, and that the latter begged me to call at her house, where she would be with me in a moment. In a quarter of an hour she arrived: I was ushered to her presence by Madame Patres, her first woman. After receiving me very courteously, and asking me many polite and obliging questions on my situation, she informed me, that she would do what I desired her with the greatest pleasure.

The petition which I delivered to the Princesses, was in fact drawn up and addressed to his Majesty. I had only, as I before intimated, put it into the hands of those ladies, that, being acquainted with the nature of my request, they might enforce it as they should see occasion.

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The kindness with which the Princess received me, the interest she took in my affairs, and the expression of her good wishes to serve me, so affected my sensibility, that I could not refrain from tears. I was extremely surprized to hear her explain herself so well, and speak with facility on minute affairs, about which ladies of her high rank are seldom supposed to be conversant. When I quitted her, I attempted to take one of her hands, and press it to my lips; but she, anticipating my intention, gently withdrew it, and exclaimed, embracing me with all the warmth of friendship, "Ah! my dear Countess, you are very dear to us, as well as Monsieur." Tears of gratitude, which I could not refrain, trickled fast down my cheeks. She observed it, and expressed anxiety to part with me. "Come often, and see me! Come every day," said she, "you will always find me disengaged at eleven. Is it possible," added she, "that the Queen will not prefer you to the Polignacs?"

If I could have believed that my misfortunes would ever be ended, it would certainly have been at this period. The whole court spoke of
me;

me ; I was the general subject of their conversation ; all pointed me out as patronized by *Madame*, who carried her attention to me to such an extent, that, fearing I might wait sometimes longer than she wished, she desired me often to write, and commissioned the Abbé Malet to take charge of my letters. This was a very singular condescension, and a very great honor ; for it is not the custom in France to write letters to the royal family, which only pass between those who are equal in point of rank : when the Princesses are addressed, they are called petitions, by way of marking their distinguished eminence and superiority. I think it necessary to make this remark, not merely from ostentation, but to shew in what a respectable light they held my family, and how much they were attached to my interest.

As often as I wrote to her, she carried her complacency and condescension so far as to write to Monsieur d'Ormesson, then intendant of the finances, and to Monsieur de Forge of Bonnaire, three or four letters, stating very fully my case, and pressing them to consider and interest themselves in my favor. These were not mere billets, usually ordered to be sent by persons of

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rank

rank upon ordinary applications ; but letters, in detail, actually written by *Madame*, under her own proper signature, purporting that she should be much pleased with them if they would pay proper attention to her request ; that these solicitations were in favor of a person who merited their support, and that her name was *Mademoiselle de Valois*.

When I presented these letters to d'Ormeffon, he said, " Well, Madam, I will reply to these letters of *Madame* very soon ; but *Madame* has now no great influence. You should rather solicit the influence of the Queen ; she can serve you much more effectually. Will you have the goodness to acquaint *Madame* that I shall be very glad to have an audience with her, to explain this business !" I confess I felt myself much hurt on an interview with Monsieur d'Ormeffon, to hear him express himself with so little respect to my benefactress ; and, as I possessed a faculty from nature of speaking the truth, (a language not often spoke in courts, not often agreeable to the ears of ministers) he felt himself so much offended, that he determined with Monsieur de Forge de Bonnaire, not to give themselves any trouble about me.

Monsieur

Monsieur de Forge de Bonnaire was intendant of the demesnes of the King's fisheries and forests; my father's estate was a part of these demesnes; it was on this account that I found it necessary to make application to him, to whom I was first recommended by his worthy uncle, Monsieur de Beauman, who had given him that place during his life. This gentleman was of an opinion very different from his nephew: the former wished me to recover, and enjoy my father's possessions; the latter asked me many impertinent questions: "Whether I had a certain right to make such demand?" and "If I was really descended from the Valois?" --- Astonished at the impropriety of such interrogatories, my descent being well known to all Paris, and acknowledged by the King himself, "Good God!" exclaimed I, in accents of surprise, "Can you really be serious in these enquiries? It is surely impossible that you can be so ignorant! nevertheless, for your satisfaction, I will send to you this evening, when I return, my genealogical extract, which will convince you to a demonstration of my birth, with a letter which shall accompany it, and explain my sentiments on this occasion." "Madame," returned he, in a tone of trifling gallantry, "I

ask your pardon ! I only asked the question, that I might indulge my eyes with gazing upon a fine woman. I admire your vivacity ; but with you, Madame, I have a double pleasure, as you are at once beautiful and witty."---" You have doubts, Monsieur de Forge," retorted I ; " you shall feel that I am a Valois !" I spoke this hastily, without the least degree of premeditation ; but M. de Forge thought otherwise, and took occasion, after having seen me frequently, to make a very fine and long declaration of love. He said many things against M. d'Ormeffon, and wished to sift me, as much as possible, concerning what had been said by Madame ; observing at the same time, that Monsieur d'Ormeffon had it very little in his power to serve me, although he was certainly his superior.

Monsieur d'Ormeffon had at first promised Madame Elizabeth, that he would arrange every thing in such a manner, that the King would not fail to grant what she desired ; and so sure was he of success, that he advanced me five hundred livres upon the rents of the succeeding year. A soon as Madame was informed of this circumstance, she sent for me, received me with a kiss of congratulation, complimented me on
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the occasion, and told me she had sanguine hopes that she should now be able to succeed in her applications, and that this was an earnest of greater success.

This beneficent Princess was so overjoyed, that she related the circumstance to every one she met that evening. All anxiously waited my arrival, that they might have an opportunity of congratulating me on my good fortune, upon which they were pleased to say a great many handsome things, and the generosity of Madame was not more the theme of conversation, than, as they flatteringly insinuated, the accomplishments of her who had occasioned it: so natural is it for people to flatter those who are just beginning to experience the sunshine of prosperity, and are distinguished by the favors of the great. The commendations of these sycophants are equally profuse in the time of favor, as their malice and contempt of the very same person laboring under the gripe of poverty, occasioned by the frowns of neglect. The history of human nature in every page, nay almost in every line, so strongly evinces the truth of this remark, that it needs neither apology for its insertion, nor proof for its support; it is one of those

those self-evident propositions which we are every day in the habit of seeing illustrated.

That same evening, *Madame* sent me to the house of Monsieur d'Ormeffon, to thank him for his kind exertions in my favor. Before I waited upon this minister at his own house, I thought proper to write to him, as if from *Madame*; a permission which that lady had given me. The purport of my note was, to enquire if he could be seen at ten o'clock that evening. He begged the favor of me, by a billet, to have the goodness to defer the appointment till seven o'clock the next evening. I accordingly attended at the hour appointed, and found there Monsieur Roullier d'Orveuille, intendant of Champagne, who was waiting to speak with Monsieur d'Ormeffon. I waited near half an hour; but what was my surprize, when I observed Monsieur de Forge, who had just left the room of Monsieur d'Ormeffon. "Ah! are you there, beautiful Countess?" exclaimed he.--- "You seem to speak as if you was ignorant that I was here," replied I, and, like a bird of ill omen, began to forebode in my own mind that no good was brooding between those two; and my foreboding was eventually true.

Madame

Madame has sent me hither, thought I to myself, to return my acknowledgments, but, instead of acknowledgments, I fear we shall have quarrels. If Monsieur d'Ormeffon had succeeded according to his promise, as he had taught me deceitfully to hope; if he had any good news for me, he would certainly have informed Monsieur Forge, as those possessions of my ancestors which I wished to regain were all within the department of the latter. "You know nothing," replied I, addressing myself to Monsieur de Forge, who had put his questions concerning my descent, "absolutely nothing! You know, at least, that you are one of those who promise largely, and perform sparingly; and you know that you have told me falsities!" He insisted upon an explanation, and what I meant by such an assertion.

Convinced, as I was, that he was yet more culpable than Monsieur d'Ormeffon, I told him my thoughts, and in a tone which people in office are least acquainted with, and least pleased to hear. "As I do not know what you mean to say," replied he, "I will not wait for you: I will either attend you at your own house, or conduct you to mine."

I then

I then went to Monsieur d'Ormeffon, leaving Monsieur de Forge with Monsieur Roullier d'Orveuille. I understood from Monsieur d'Ormeffon, what indeed I had already foreseen, that he had not said a word to Madame concerning the restoration of my possessions, and discovered that nothing more was in his power than to give me a *Regrat de Sel*, in a province about forty leagues from Paris. It is necessary to explain to those unacquainted with France, that the *Regrat de Sel* is an officer common in every town, and that the person holding this office delivers out, from a warehouse, all the salt consumed in the place. The salary is proportioned to the size of the town; and from this office the *Gabelle*, or tax upon salt, is collected, which is farmed by the *Regrat de Sel*.-- Thus was the great-grand-daughter of a King treated by these mushrooms of the day, who, springing from the transitory smile of royal favor, are destroyed by the breath that raised them, and sink into their primitive insignificance: thus was an undoubted descendant of the Valois degraded, by an offer to keep a warehouse, and be a retailer of salt.

Vexed

Vexed at such an insult, which alarmed my pride, and affected my sensibility in a manner I had not art enough to conceal, an insult which was more intolerable than an absolute disappointment, I prepared to depart. Monsieur d'Ormesson, knowing my intimacy with Madame, and observing the indignation with which I treated so degrading an offer, was not without apprehensions that I might prejudice him at court. After my audience, I went to the house of Monsieur de Forge. I confess, that I have a natural warmth of disposition, a certain vivacity and impetuosity of temper, which the proposition of Monsieur d'Ormesson had by no means tended to diminish. I could not forget so preposterous an offer; nor could I help remonstrating with Monsieur de Forge, notwithstanding the presence of Monsieur de Roullier d'Orveuille and some of the domestics. "It is you," said I, "who are the adviser of Monsieur d'Ormesson; he is not wicked enough to deny it, nor has he any reason to do so; and, had you not made some observation consonant to your own views, he would not have offered such an insult." Monsieur de Forge solemnly denied having any knowledge at all of the matter; he even appeared to blame the conduct of d'Ormesson.

d'Ormeffon. Monsieur de Forge and Monsieur Roullier d'Orveuille expressed their good wishes to serve me, gave me friendly advice for my future proceedings, and concluded by pressing me to declare whose conduct was most reprehensible. "I cannot exactly ascertain," replied I, "who is most to be censured; but *Madame* feels herself much piqued at having been thus trifled with, and by no means understands such finesse." "But the Queen," replied they, "is the only person that triumphs; it is she who rules every thing; all favors are reserved for her disposal." Monsieur d'Ormeffon had indeed engaged me strongly to pay my court to the Queen, because, he said, he was obliged to render an account of every application for favors, that the Queen might see whether they were requested either by her own, or the friends of *Madame de Polignac*, otherwise they could not be obtained.

Furnished with this intelligence, which then appeared to me so remarkably singular, I returned to *MADAME*, and related this conversation word for word. She listened to me with attentive concern, and advised me to be patient, assuring me that there would soon be a change,

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as d'Ormeffon would not long be in power ; she notwithstanding persuaded me to go to him again at Paris, and demand, on her part, that he would acknowledge his former promise, and give me fifteen thousand livres. I accordingly set out, accompanied by a friend, and waited upon Monsieur d'Ormeffon about seven o'clock in the evening. He seemed to express concern that he could do nothing for me. The sanction of *Madame*, and the presence of the friend who accompanied me, inspired me with courage to speak my thoughts. " Very well ! " replied I. " *Madame* has charged me to tell you, that your power to deceive her will cease at the expiration of three weeks, when I shall have sufficient satisfaction for your breach of faith ! " Having uttered this threat, I departed.

I had indeed predicted the truth ; for, about three weeks after my journey from Fontainebleau, he, Monsieur d'Ormeffon, was dismissed from office, and superseded by Monsieur de Calonne.

I had continued at Versailles, dancing attendance on Monsieur d'Ormeffon, (amused with hopes, and deceived by promises never meant to be performed) at a very considerable expence,
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from the month of June to the month of September, by the desire of *Madame*, that I might be upon the spot to solicit the minister. I lodged at the Hotel de Jouy, in the Rue de Recollet, having long before (which I believe I have not yet mentioned) left the Hotel de Boulainvilliers, in consequence of the behaviour of the Marquis, who, as I have mentioned in my memoirs, not choosing plainly to bid me depart, took care to make my residence as uncomfortable as possible, by several mean retrenchments, which none but a man of his disposition could have been guilty of. My residence at Versailles, and my domestics, together with the appearance I was obliged to make, and the company with whom I associated, was necessarily very expensive: at the same time I had a house at Paris, where my husband resided, in the Rue de Saint Giles.

Monfieur d'Ormeffon sent to me one day, and desired an interview, informing me he had many things to tell me, which, from his short continuance at Versailles, he had not had time to communicate. On my arrival at Paris, in the course of conversation, he said, " Oh ! Madam Countess, I am confused ! I dare not, indeed, appear before you ; I am really ashamed. Can you

you pardon me? But I fear I shall not find favor; I have so often promised, and not kept my word."---These were, indeed; humiliating concessions for a man once so high in office; but the storm which had tumbled him from the giddy height of intoxicating power, had at least been favorable in strengthening his judgment. During his administration, he had been a man of promises, and had put many to great expence in attendancies for appointments, which all evaporated in disappointment.

From too great an irritability of the nervous system, I miscarried a second time, and was indeed dangerously ill; but I had the consolation to find myself honored by the particular attention of those whose interference seldom fails to create envy. The Queen herself condescended to send for Madame Patres, to enquire after my health. *Madame* frequently sent to my house. Monsieur Champion, page of the back stairs, a particular favorite of Monsieur and Madame, was often dispatched to me with kind enquiries; sometimes he accompanied the physicians whom Madame sent to give me their advice and assistance: it was he who first gave me intimation how highly I was honored, by

the relation of a circumstance which could not but be pleasing; he informed me that he was present, when the Queen said to his Majesty, on his return from hunting, that she found herself somewhat indisposed. The King enquired from whence her indisposition proceeded. "It is," replied she, "at sight of a spectacle which I beheld from my window: a lady whose name is Valois, married to the Count de la Motte, had fallen into strong convulsions, and was carried along by two men; it was some time before I could discover what was the matter, and I am given to understand they are both young people."

Such an honor as her Majesty's notice; such a condescension as the very terms in which she spoke, intimating a degree of compassion, and even an interest in my concerns; such compassion, such interest, could not be pleasing to those who had long monopolized her Majesty's favor, and they determined, if possible, to crush this growing attention in its infancy, by adopting those means which they thought best calculated to effect their malicious purposes. To this end, and to prevent the visits and kindness of the Princesses, they insinuated that my disorder

order was of such a nature as to render it dangerous to approach me.

The kindness of these ladies, probably penetrating the intentions of those who wished to set me aside, that they might themselves enjoy my place in their esteem, would not suffer them to put an implicit confidence in their reports, notwithstanding they were not totally without fear. To ascertain, however, whether these reports were well founded; *Madame* questioned the physicians, at the same time informing them that many persons had endeavored to prejudice her against me, by insinuating that my distemper was contagious. These gentlemen gave it as their opinion, that the disorder under which I labored, and the consequent convulsions, had been occasioned by a derangement of the nervous system; "and we can aver this, for the satisfaction of *Madame*," continued they, "upon our honor." "You believe there is not the least danger in coming near her? This report, then, is nothing but the effect of jealousy."--- She then dismissed them, charging them to pay me particular attention, and to give her an account of the progress of my recovery. They obeyed her orders punctually, assisting me with

the best advice and medical preparations ; and, when I found myself sufficiently convalescent, they advised me to go and pay my respects to *Madame*, and to be seen by all the court. My first visit was accordingly made to that princess, who received me with the greatest complacency, and testified her joy at my recovery.

At courts, where jealousy is ever watchful, where envy is always prevalent, and malice continually active ; where those who are particularized as favorites cannot escape the minute investigation of court flatterers, it is not strange that at Versailles I fell under their censure. There were many who observed the growing kindness of *Madame*, and endeavored, by every means, to detach her from my interest ; they were jealous also of the friendship and esteem with which the Countess d'Artois condescended to honor me. *Madame* had the delicacy not to tell me of this, but she suggested to me her ideas through the medium of the Abbé Mallet, one of her chaplains, who prefaced his commission with compliments it would but ill become me to repeat, lest I should incur the imputation of vanity. She advised me to stop the suggestions of malice, and prevent any one from
speaking

speaking disrespectfully of my future conduct, by sending for my husband, and charged the Abbé to write himself that same day, desiring him to come as soon as he received the letter. "This will at least quiet those who are jealous; this will tend to hush their suspicions. And desire her," added she, addressing herself to the Abbé, "to take no step at court without her husband."

Soon after my recovery, my friends advised me to place myself in the *Salle des Tropes*, near the chapel, with my husband, to the intent that we might be observed by all the court. We placed ourselves at the side of the chapel, where no person has any right to be seated; but, as I was very well known, this was dispensed with in my favor. *Madame* had the goodness to point me out to the Queen, who did me the honor to notice me. Upon this attention paid me by her Majesty, many eyes, which were before directed towards this royal personage, were now turned upon me, and a whisper was heard of "There, there she is! There is the Countess de Valois, now perfectly recovered." And, as every person is ready to follow the example of royalty, all seemed to

express their kindness, and paid their compliments on this occasion.

It was more than once mentioned to me, that the King and Queen, but more particularly the Queen, felt great concern on my account ; that her Majesty had expressed herself in a very earnest and particular manner to *Madame*. From this intelligence, so favorable to my wishes, and the advice of my friends, I confess I took every opportunity to sit in the same place at the chapel, and in every other place where I might be more conspicuously observed by the royal family and the nobility ; and it will not probably be thought unnatural, that, having favors to ask at court, I should be so anxious to gain the royal favor, and seize the golden minute for my establishment in life. Whenever I appeared in public, whenever my eyes met those of her Majesty, she honored me with a smile---a fatal smile, that allured me to my ruin.

When her Majesty condescended to salute me in this affable manner, as I was on the other side the church, I observed her with a look expressive of the greatest respect. Not daring to smile again, I attempted, by my deportment,
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to convey an idea how much I felt myself honored, and how extremely grateful I was for her attentions. This favorable disposition of her Majesty did not escape the notice of my friends, who advised me to improve it to the utmost.

The Cardinal had persuaded me to see Madame d'Osseun, the Queen's attire-woman, and sister to the Duc de Guiche, who married Madame de Polignac, to intreat that she would have the goodness to take charge of the genealogical memoirs of our family, and present them to the Queen. I accordingly laid them before that lady, and begged her to use her influence in strengthening my request to her Majesty. She listened to me with great kindness, and replied, " You are certainly not well advised, in having made your first application to *Madame*, whom the Queen is informed is your protectress, particularly as you know they are not upon good terms. I scarce know how to direct in such a predicament; however, I will see if I can find a favorable opportunity of speaking to the Queen, but I have great doubts whether she will take upon herself to oblige you, on account of your first application having been made to *Madame*."

As to the memoirs which you wish to have presented to his Majesty, I would advise you to see my brother, the Duke de Guiche, captain of the Guards, successor to the Duke de Villeroy. I assure you, Madame, that I will recommend you to him this day. You may see him tomorrow about twelve, or between twelve and one. Write to him, however, at nine, by way of refreshing his memory."

I took this lady's advice, and waited upon him next day at the hour appointed. The Duke, who was young and airy, did not apparently pay great regard to my request; in fact, he did not much chuse to trouble himself with business, and, as all are trifling about the court of Versailles, and more busy in pursuit of their pleasures than any serious concerns, the Duke began to amuse himself by paying me some compliments, and making love, instead of listening to my request. As my business was of a more serious nature than to attend to these trifling gallantries, to which my situation did indeed but too much expose me, I attempted to recall his mind to the subject of my errand, and still reiterated the word "business." "Well then," replied he, "I will take the charge of your memorial:

memorial: I will deliver it myself to his Majesty: I will serve you with all my influence, and support your request with all my power."

I conceived this promise, in the language of the court, rather too profuse to be sincere, particularly as the Duke had prefaced it with some trifling compliments, which made me suppose that my concerns would escape his memory. I determined next day to have my memorial presented to the King. As there was no mass that day, it was agreed between us that the Duke should himself receive it at the chapel, and present it to his Majesty: he also politely promised to inform me, by letter, what his Majesty should observe.

Matters being thus adjusted, I myself took care to be present at the mass, and chose a situation where I could see without being observed. I had the satisfaction to perceive the King reading a paper very attentively, and the Duke appear to be in earnest conversation with him. After dinner, I received a very circumstantial epistle from the Duke, to whom the King had put a great number of questions, very favorable to my interest.

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In this epistle, the Duke advised me to throw myself at his Majesty's feet the next day, to induce him to remember me, at the same time charging me not to say a syllable to his sister of the part he had taken in my affairs. It appeared very singular, that the Duke should desire me not to inform his sister that he had presented my memorial to his Majesty, together with some other circumstances which were to me extremely ænigmatical. In vain did I reflect, ineffectually did I then puzzle myself, to find the clue that might unravel this mysterious business. It was also singular that a brother, who appeared interested to serve me, should give me advice not to trust his sister with my memorial, to deliver to the Queen. "You are unfortunately pretty, Madame," said he, "and the Queen—— You have too much power to please, and the Queen——"

I could not, for my life, divine the purport of these hints, couched in terms at that moment so very unintelligible. My readers will, perhaps, be as much puzzled as I was, and will scarcely be able to guess this ænigma. Had they known the character of the Polignacs, whose influence was then so prevalent at court ;
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had they known their jealousy of all those who were not immediately recommended by them ; had they known the fury of their tempers, the irritability of their dispositions, neither my reader, nor myself, would have wondered at this caution. The Duke was, in fact, fearful of his wife, and afraid to be the means of acquiring any court favors, the disposal of which those haughty ladies were so eager to monopolize. This also explains the reason of the advice of Madame d'Offeun, when the manner in which she received me, and the counsel she gave me, is recollected, though perhaps she was not then aware of what she said. I have, however, sometimes seen her, as she was taking an airing with the Queen in her phaeton, to whom she has frequently pointed me out, and her Majesty, as usual, has condescended to regard me with a smile of inexpressible affability.

Mon sieur de Forge, whom I met at Fontainebleau, begged permission of Mon sieur de la Motte to pay us a visit, that he might give us his advice respecting the present minister. Imagining that he wished to promote our interest, we were always happy to see him, which was indeed very often : he drew up the plan of proceeding he wished

wished us to adopt, in writing, which he desired the Count to copy, and transmit the original to Monsieur de Calonne, that he might be apprized of the nature of our claim. "Send it," continued he, "to-morrow morning at half past eleven, and, when I mention your name, he will not fail to make some remarks upon the circumstance. It shall be my care to avail myself of this opportunity to explain every thing, as soon as I get possession of your memorial." I indeed promised it should be prepared for him; but, having strong reasons for supposing his professions were not altogether sincere, neglected to send it.

The following day he waited upon me, to ask the reason why I had not sent the memorial to Monsieur de Calonne, who was going to set off the Wednesday following, consequently he could not have any opportunity of seeing him but at Paris. "That is just as I wish," replied I. "I have written to Monsieur de Calonne, begging him to appoint some hour for an interview to-morrow, and he has written a very polite note in answer, telling me that he was sorry he could not see me till Wednesday at one, just previous to his departure."

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I must do Monsieur de Calonne the justice to say, that his behaviour at that period was perfectly satisfactory, and I began to feel my hopes revive, and to think that my misfortunes were drawing to a conclusion. I was, however, deceived. These hopes were rekindled, but, alas! only to be lost in greater disappointments. Thus fallaciouſly was I accustomed to reason on the first dawn of good fortune, which I flattered myself would be progressive to the meridian of my wishes, but had cherished only an illusive gleam of fancy, which beamed in the bosom of inexperienced youth to allure it towards the precipice of ruin.

The Wednesday following, on my arrival in Paris, I understood that Monsieur de Forge had been that morning to pay me a visit. He wrote a few lines, expressive of his wish that I should devote an hour or two to him the same day, as he had some very particular business to communicate. I accordingly saw him at the appointed time, and related the good reception I had met with from Monsieur de Calonne. “ ’Tis very well,” replied he; “ I am quite delighted; there is not the least doubt but we shall succeed. I will go to-morrow, about ten; I have
some

some business to do with him, and I will be sure to speak of you." "That's very well," replied I; "and have the goodness to drop me a line, to inform me if he consents to my appointment this evening."

After waiting a considerable time, in expectation of an answer from Monsieur de Forge, I began to suspect him of duplicity, and wrote a note, wherein I informed him that I should follow him immediately, unless I could be satisfied as to the success of his application. He pretended that Monsieur de Calonne was too much engaged, "which," added he, "is not very strange, as he is scarcely seated in his office;" declaring that it was with the utmost difficulty they could find a moment to speak of me; but he will be very glad to converse with you upon your concerns to-morrow, at half past seven in the evening." There was nothing more material, than that Monsieur de Calonne, from what he had said to him concerning me, appeared very much disposed to oblige me.

Previous to my visiting Monsieur de Calonne, I saw his first secretary, named Henry. This gentleman, who was remarkably intelligent, and

and in whom I placed great confidence, wished both me and my husband all possible success. He used every exertion in his power with the three successive ministers, in my behalf, and once said, with great joy in his countenance; "Oh, Madame Countess, your misfortunes will very soon be over! Only have a little patience." I could not comprehend his meaning. He told me that he had often spoke of me to Monsieur de Calonne, who appeared desirous to oblige me. He encouraged me much, and advanced every argument that might induce me to hope, but without effect; he could not dispel those fears, which, indeed, I could not help expressing. "If he should change, Madame," replied he, "I assure you I shall be very much surprized." He then conducted me to the house of Monsieur de Calonne, to whom I was immediately introduced, although there were many persons at that time waiting.

This being an evening in which there was a particular audience, I did not intend to occupy the time of the minister, engaged in such a multiplicity of business; he nevertheless desired me to be seated. His conversation surprized me to the last degree, and I began to perceive that
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there had been a great deal of finesse between him and Monsieur de Forge, though I wanted courage to tell him my thoughts. "Confess," said he to me, "that you are only shamming poverty! You are certainly not so in reality; for it is very visible that the appearance you make speaks quite a different language. You have a hotel at Paris, your cabriole, voiture, a travelling carriage, with servants in livery; and you travel with the court. All this splendor, Madame Countess, is beyond your income. Is it possible we can believe that your pension of eight hundred livres can support all this? But come now, tell me, and tell me truly; for the calculation of your expence is at the rate of two thousand five hundred livres per annum. Confess that you have other resources than we are acquainted with, for it surprizes us greatly, that you should pretend to be so poor."

"I assure you, Sir," replied I, "those who give you this information are not acquainted with the sums I have been obliged to borrow, nor how much I am in debt. Perhaps you are ignorant that *Madame* has desired me to accept an *arret de surseance* (a species of writ issued under the King's sign manual, the party obtaining

ing which is obliged to make a declaration of the extent of their debts, and are protected from arrests, or suits at law) and that my declaration amounted to sixty thousand livres." "Oh, oh!" exclaimed he, "that is quite a different thing." "Having earnestly intreated *Madame*," replied I, "to put an end to my affairs, several of my friends advised me to mention the debts I had incurred in consequence of my attendance. Those who were jealous of me insinuated to *Madame*, that this was a piece of finesse on my part; they also advised her to treat me in the same manner, and, instead of giving me money, to grant a safe conduct for my husband, and the *arret de surceance* as a privilege for myself. By this precaution, I was given to understand that I might wait with patience, as I should not be harrassed by the demands of creditors."---Surprized at this singular mode of address, while I was making my applications, well recommended, and soliciting favors, I knew not what to reply.

I was tempted several times to rise, and make urgency of business an excuse for my departure. "You have many persons waiting for you, Sir," said I. "Suffer me to visit you another day,

when you will be more at leisure!" But I was still detained. Neglect was not sufficient; I was detained to be insulted. "An *arret de surceance!*" repeated Monsieur de Calonne, in a sarcastic manner; "but that may, perhaps, be asked without reason! It is really disagreeable for you, that *Madame* has people about her so very jealous of you, to give her such advice!" "I really do not understand your expressions," replied I; "neither can I comprehend your meaning." "Tell me then," replied he, "who are really your friends! If I desire to be informed, it is because I would anticipate them." "I ask, Sir," returned I, "nothing but the estate of my ancestors: in that centers all my demands: and I wish to hear no more."

The reader, who is at all conversant with the history of mankind, will naturally deem it unnecessary for me to point out the difficulties which are opposed to, and the trouble and vexation ever attendant on, an application for court favors. I cannot help observing, however, that those in power, forgetting the attention with which it is their duty to hear and redress the grievances of the unfortunate, wanting even in the common politeness for which the French nation

nation has ever been distinguished, (and which was requisite, in proportion as female timidity discouraged me from proceeding) will apparently listen to a distressing relation of complaints, and even pretend to pity them; but, with a significant shake of the head, the minister will coldly reply, " Really, Madam, I am extremely sorry! I have so much business to-day! Can you call again on such a day?" When that day arrives, the very same scene is again acted; and there is no end to your application, but mortification on one side, and deceit on the other.

Instead of receiving any consolation, I was treated with mere cajollery and bagatelle. Deeply did I feel that sickness of the heart, which arises from anxious suspense, ending in still greater disappointment.

Soon after my interview with Monsieur de Calonne, M. de Forge paid me a visit. I received him, and, as I have already intimated, not being possessed of the talent of concealing my thoughts, nor wearing a smile upon my countenance with a bosom laboring under discontent, I spoke to him very freely, and, in plain terms, accused him of duplicity. He de-

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fended himself to the best of his ability. "Cease, Sir," continued I, "to persuade me any farther! I assure you it is in vain! I am convinced of your dissimulation, and request you instantly to drop so disagreeable a subject. M. de Forge, with the most bare-faced effrontery, passed over every thing I had said in a few gallant expressions. "I do not wish," said he, "to be deprived of the good graces of the ladies! I submit to every thing! Fine women have a charter to say what they please!"

After numerous attendances on Monsieur de Calonne, as well at Versailles as at Paris, he at last told me, "That he had laid my memorial before his Majesty, but that the Duke de Vrilliere had exchanged one estate to which I laid claim, at Fontette, and this was what had hitherto created a difficulty; but that the King, out of his royal munificence, had granted me an augmentation of seven hundred livres." I replied, in the hearing of a number of persons, "That the King had ordered no such thing; that he gave more than this to his valets and footmen; and that, if he was properly acquainted with the true state of my claim, I should find relief from a prince who was naturally just." I refused this
pitiful

pitiful addition ; “ but I will oblige you,” said I, in a spirited tone, “ to speak of my demands ! I will stay in this house ! Make your complaints, Sir, to the King, and tell him, that I will fix myself in this house till he thinks proper to give me another !”

Monfieur de Calonne was aftonifhed at being addreffed by a female in a ftrain fo unufual ; and, he being called out at the moment to the Duchefs de Polignac, I went into another drawing-room, where I remained three hours without feeing him. Obferving his fecretary, Monfieur Henry, whom I have before fpoken of, I thought it very probable, from feveral fervants having before entered the room, that Monfieur de Calonne had fent to fee if I had put my threats in execution. Monfieur Henry expreffed his furprize at feeing me, fpoke to me very politely, defiring me to come up into his apartment, and ftay with him ; but, as I infifted on remaining where I was, he told me from Monfieur de Calonne, that I fhould certainly be fatisfied. “ I fhall come to-morrow morning to your houfe,” added he, “ to bring you good news.” I went away, not fo much through faith of fair promifes, but becaufe I reflected

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that

that my continuance would answer no purpose.

The next morning Monsieur Henry called upon me, and brought me a bag of fifty louis, and some time after another containing the same sum; and at another time he brought me less. I was tired of receiving such pecuniary gratuities, and determined to reject this last, telling him that I did not ask for money; it was my estate that I claimed.

Soon after, *Madame* sent the Sieur Champion, desiring me to wait upon her at her own house, at seven o'clock in the evening. On my arrival, she put into my hands a note from Monsieur de Calonne, purporting, that having submitted to his Majesty the demand of the Countess de Valois de la Motte, the King cannot at this time grant any more than the augmentation of seven hundred, to her former pension of eight hundred livres, making together the sum of fifteen hundred livres per annum, the brevet of which I herewith send to *Madame*.

Madame expressed the greatest anxiety that she had it not in her power to do any more, and
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appeared very much affected, as this was her last resource. At that time she advised me to exert myself to the utmost to see the Queen, and to bring her good news, which she should listen to with the greatest pleasure.

It will appear, from what I have already related of her Majesty's condescension, and the attention with which she honored me, that she had conceived some partiality for my interest, and that her good wishes were not wanting to render me service. But the Queen was not her own mistress; she was entirely governed by the Polignacs, who had acquired an absolute ascendancy at court. There was no access to the royal ear but through their influence; no favors were distributed but through their means, and to their creatures; to those who were decisively of their party, and whose interest it was that they should preserve the authority they had acquired. The Countess de Polignac, grand adviser of this junto, had no pretensions, either from beauty or address, to such an influence as she possessed; an influence which she held more from fear than any other motive. The Queen, whose disposition was warm and lofty, was filled with the most exalted ideas of her family

and descent ; but, as I have before stated, she was not her own mistress, and consequently wished not to receive me publicly.---From the hints I have already given, many doubts which may have arisen in the minds of my readers will be dispelled, and many more which might probably arise, without such an explanation, be sufficiently obviated.

Many persons of my acquaintance, perfectly conversant in the intrigues of the court, reproved me strongly for my attachment to *Madame*, my credulity in trusting to her promises, and supposing her protection could do any thing at court. Every one echoed in my ears, “ It is the Queen whom you should apply to ; it is the Queen who has the disposal of every thing : you should have cultivated an acquaintance with the Polignacs.” Those who advised me to this, I well knew were my friends, better versed in the mystery of court influence, in which they had been educated all their lives. I submitted my own ideas to their counsel and direction, and attempted to gain an admission to the *Duchess de Polignac*. In consequence of this, I wrote to that lady, begging her to do me the honor of appointing an interview, when it would be convenient.

convenient. She returned for answer, that if Madame the Countess de Valois would wait upon her the next day, between eleven and twelve, she would be at leisure to receive her.

I accordingly waited upon her the following day, at the hour appointed; when, instead of seeing her, I received a message that the Duchess was extremely sorry, but Monsieur the Count d'Artois was then with her, and that she could not tell how long he might stay, observing, that it would probably be some time, as he generally attended the Queen at her apartment; but Madame the Countess may come at the same hour to-morrow. I desired the valet de chambre to acquaint the Duchess, that I would then do myself the honor of waiting upon her.

The next day, at the hour appointed, I again waited on the Duchess, who, after keeping me a long time in the anti-chamber, dispatched the same valet de chambre with a small scrap of paper in his hand, containing these words, "Madame the Duchess is extremely sorry that she has it not in her power to receive Madame the Countess, being too much engaged
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for others, to oblige her in any claim which she may have to make to the King, or the Queen, who is already fatigued with numberless applications." Surprized at the rudeness of such a message, I addressed myself to the valet, "Is it possible that Madame de Polignac should have sent such an answer as this?" "It is not my fault, Madame," replied he, in conducting me out; "it is Madame the Duchesse, who has made me write it, because I scrupled to deliver it *viva voce*."

I will confess that my vanity was very much hurt at the treatment I received from this imperious woman. "Certainly," said I to myself, on returning home, "I am born to be a beggar, and, like a wanderer upon the earth, have no place to lay my head! Unfortunate woman! Unfortunate name! to be the scorn of those whose birth, to mine, was nothing! Children but of yesterday, raised into affluence from indigent obscurity! Was it for them to treat me with such insolence? Were these the women whom, in my humble station of a mantua-maker's apprentice, I have so frequently waited upon from Madame de Bouffol to obtain payment, and who then, instead of money, could pay

pay me with courtesy and fair promises? Are these they who, before the smile of royal favor, no tradesman chose to trust, and even their mantua-maker refused to work for; who had not even a habit to be presented in at court?"

---I do not reproach them for their misfortunes, or their poverty; but I reproach them for their haughty behaviour. I am not ashamed to confess my misfortunes. Though the descendant of a King, I have been a beggar, a servant, a mantua-maker's apprentice, and the favorite of a Queen! I now am preparing to leave a theatre where I have acted such a variety of characters, for any other state of existence, since with equal sensibility, with similar consciousness, I cannot be more miserable.

Why should I be thus treated by the Duchesse de Polignac? Was it because she knew I was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances I have just recited, that she was afraid I should avail myself of them, to wound her pride? Was it that, knowing my birth, and the noble spirit of the Queen, she was fearful lest her borrowed splendor should be eclipsed?---But I will not prostitute my time, or the patience of the reader, by mentioning those anecdotes which
could

could not fail to mortify the pride of those imperious women, whose haughty demeanor sufficiently characterizes their grovelling extraction.

Madame, who had asked me if I ever had an opportunity of seeing the Polignacs, told me, as well as the Countess d'Artois, that, upon reflection, they thought, if I could but once be presented to the Queen by those women, there was not the least doubt but I should succeed in my petition; "for, my dear Countess," continued she, "I know not whether you are well acquainted with the circumstance; but I am not upon terms with the Queen, and possibly the reason that you have not succeeded, is because I have interested myself in your behalf, as Monsieur de Calonne has himself informed me that the Queen had taken the disposal of all favors: I would therefore advise you to write to Madame de Polignac, and report to me how you are received." I accordingly wrote, and reported to *Madame* the reception I met with, at which she was highly enraged.

It was very recently that the Queen and *Madame* had quarrelled; which was not uncommon,

mon, as there were mutual piques between them. The present difference, which appeared to have been looked upon by both parties in a more serious point of view than usual, arose from a scandalous report which had been circulated relative to *Madame*, and which had no other foundation than in the mere appointment of one of her domestics to the superintendance of a garden she took a particular pleasure to walk in.

In the heat of their dispute, the Queen upbraided her royal sister with the above appointment. This drew from *Madame* an equally severe retort upon her Majesty. Their dispute arising to a very disagreeable height, the two ladies separated in the most violent agitation, seemingly entertaining the greatest rancour and indifference towards each other.

Malicious reports are present every where; perhaps at court they are more particularly prevalent.---All the eyes of the Queen's friends were upon *Madame*; they were as sharp-sighted as lynxes, to discover any blemish in her reputation, and were really afraid of her virtue: for
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his Majesty frequently had said, in the hearing of the Queen, " But no one speaks flightingly of the conduct of *Madame d'Artois!*" --- This was sufficient to excite jealousy; this was enough to make her odious. She was pointed out as a pattern of virtue; and it was necessary, if possible, to taint her reputation.

When people are determined to be malicious, they have generally cunning sufficient to invent or make false comments upon actions, in themselves absolutely innocent.---*Madame* often went to a very pretty house at Montreuil, thrice a day frequently, both winter and summer: she walked in the garden, gave orders herself that every thing should be managed to her taste. She took infinitely more pleasure in this innocent amusement, than she did in a court, where, being out of favor with the Queen, she was not only disrespected, but even frequently insulted. This innocent occupation was, by the breath of calumny, converted to a crime: they insinuated that this Princess so frequently visited this house for the purpose of seeing a domestic, who, from the solicitations of those about her, she had been charitably induced to appoint to
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the superintendance of this garden, he having been gardener before he was her chairman.

From such slender materials did these spiders artfully weave a web to entangle the reputation of the Princess. But they were not content with this; the gardener was one day found dead, and it was pretended that he was poisoned by *Madame*, to prevent a disclosure of her secrets.---I am relating only what I have heard, but which is well known to have been circulated very extensively. For these circumstances, and the truth on which they are grounded, I must refer my reader to the Polignacs. Though they may here arrest the hand of justice, when they arrive at that tribunal where the secrets of every heart shall be revealed, where they themselves will be obliged to give in evidence, there they will appear in their proper colours, and be made answerable for their unjust aspersions.

It would be a tedious task, indeed, to recapitulate the numerous and scandalous fabrications which were industriously propagated to the prejudice of these amiable ladies, whose exemplary conduct having elevated them to the very
summit

summit of public estimation, and who were no less respectable for their private worth, were rendered at once objects of hatred and envy to those who despaired of emulating their virtues.

I must confess I felt myself extremely mortified at the reception I met with from the Polignacs, my only hope, and indeed the only medium through which I could expect an access to the Queen being from their interest. Reduced to a degree of desperation, I resigned all thoughts of succeeding in my wishes, and gave way to an impetuosity of temper, which repeated disappointments had almost rendered fatal. From a warmth of disposition, I cannot remain neutral; if it is a fault, it is a defect in my nature, for which I hope I am not accountable.

Unwilling to acquaint the Cardinal with the repulse I had met with, I formed the dreadful project of putting an end to my existence, and instantly set out for my own house at Paris, hoping that I should not see my husband, to impede my design. That melancholy hope, at least, was successful; he was absent from home. I opened my secretary, and taking from thence

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two loaded pistols, I returned to Versailles.--- On my arrival there, I sat down to write my life, to leave behind me, with several letters to my friends, expressive of the distracted state of my mind, and a caution to my enemies who had reduced me to that deed of desperation; but finding myself more disturbed as I advanced, I threw down my pen, and began to expostulate. "And when I have written this miserable life," considered I, "which I am now on the point of quitting, what will it avail me, after my death, to inform the world that I have put a period to my own existence? They will only say, perhaps, that I preferred a present and sudden, to a more distant and lingering exit."

My brain was now raging, even to madness. Reason was tumbled from her seat, and every calmer thought was whirled in the vortex of despair. Nothing remained unshaken but my dreadful purpose. Filled with that purpose, I went out at six o'clock in the morning. A large calash sufficiently concealed my face. I proceeded unobserved; not even my own people were acquainted with my early departure. Nothing now was requisite but a place proper for the execution of my horrid design.

I directed my way towards a wood about 2 league from Versailles. Passing through the park, I at length came to a very large and deep pit, which had formerly been a stone quarry. Upon the brink of this pit, whose deep recess I designed to be my sepulchre, I stood for a moment, and looked round attentively, that no curious eye might mark my agitation, no hand humane interrupt me in my course. Unobserved by every eye, but His which penetrates the deepest abyss, and reads the secret thoughts, I descended, and walked a few paces under ground. My brain was in the most violent agitation, and I seemed, as it were, sealed for destruction. I made the sign of the cross, wishing, before my departure, to put up a short prayer to Heaven.

But here, reflections on the crime I was about to commit arresting the prayer ere it could take its flight, I cried, "Wretch! darest thou think of presenting a prayer to that Deity who has prohibited self-murder?" I shuddered at the very idea; I stiffened with horror at my own presumption; a thousand thoughts crowded upon my mind; Reason and Despair were in a continual struggle. "Yet, wretch," said I to myself, "listen not to the voice of Pride! Let Reason,

Reason, for a moment, calm thy fears! Attend to the whispers of Hope! Has not the Cardinal obliged you? Is he not at this very moment your friend? If the court, if the public should know this, will they not put false constructions upon his services, and traduce my character as they did that of *Madame*? But, alas! what is in the power of the Cardinal? That which has been already done, though great, is, as it were, but a transitory act of charity, and not a permanent independence!"

Wearied with this perturbation of mind, fatigued by the contest between Reason and Despair, and finding no avenue for the admission of Hope, I took one of the pistols, and placed it to my right ear. Something seemed yet to restrain my hand. "But what," thought I, "will become of my unfortunate husband? When he shall hear of this, probably he may take the same desperate remedy!" This reflection deprived me of all my resolution. I sat down, and remained for a considerable time in a state of stupidity; but at length, awaking as from a dream, a flood of tears relieved my bursting heart, and, being now capable of a little reflection, the horrid deed, which I had well

nigh perpetrated, appeared before me in its proper colors. A ray of hope at that moment was revived in my breast, and that love of life, which is inseparable from human nature, prevented me from the commission of this dreadful act, and induced me to reason, by comparisons drawn from former troubles. I reflected that, bad as my situation then was, it had been infinitely worse. I remembered myself in my unprotected infancy, when I was begging my bread from door to door. True, I had not the same degree of sensibility; but I conceived that I was not preserved from all the dangers which threatened my infancy, to become my own executioner. I considered that that Being, whom I had so recently offended, had mercy superior to the flagrancy of my crime, had bounty beyond even my utmost wishes. Towards him I bent my knee; to his ear I lifted up my voice in fervent prayer, to intreat at once his mercy and future protection.

I at last resolved to return home; but, it being now near one o'clock in the day, I was almost ashamed to enter, none of my domestics having ever seen me go out before, particularly alone. At length, however, I reached my apartment,

apartment, and threw myself upon the sofa, in hopes of being able to compose myself; but such was the agitation of my spirits, that I attempted it in vain.

Before I proceed in the relation of my narrative, it will be necessary for me to explain the situation and circumstances of some of the most distinguished personages at the court of France, whom I am about to bring upon the tapis.--- Without such an acquaintance, my narrative might appear obscure and perplexed; with this, every difficulty will vanish.

The Cardinal de Rohan, of a noble and powerful family, had been in favor with the Queen when she was Archduchess, previous to her marriage with the Dauphin; but her Majesty had now the greatest antipathy against him, which was fomented by the Cardinal's enemies, who were eternally whispering falsties concerning his indiscretion in speaking of her Majesty. The Princess de Guimenée, his treacherous niece, whom he employed to make his peace with the Queen, whom he had obliged and generously assisted, ungratefully promoted that pique, which the Cardinal thought, from

the relation in which she stood, from the assistance she promised, and from the obligations she was under, she would not only endeavour to extinguish, but even exert herself to the utmost to restore her uncle to that degree of favor which he had unfortunately lost. But in this hope the Cardinal was deceived.

Implicitly believing these reports, such a spark of resentment was kindled in her Majesty's bosom, that all his assiduity, all his exertions, could never extinguish. The Queen would have sacrificed him without scruple; but there was a circumstance which prevented this, and obliged her to dissemble till some fair opportunity offered, or his enemies might draw him into some imprudence, by which the King himself would put it out of his power to do any further injury, and at the same time gratify her revenge.

The motive which yet preserved the Cardinal from the resentment of the Queen, was, that he was connected with her brother the Emperor, deeply immersed in state intrigues, and in the highest confidence at the court of Vienna. This circumstance necessarily rendered the Queen
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and the Cardinal, divided upon former piques, now in point of interest united. Their private quarrels and animosities were for a time forgotten: the aim of the Queen was to be absolute, the Cardinal's wish was to be prime minister. He was for this purpose advancing the interest of the Emperor, who wished to cultivate the greatest influence in the French court, for reasons best known to himself, but which may easily be conjectured by those who are versed in political intrigues, and who are acquainted with the relative interests of the two countries,

The Queen, amidst the dissipation of the court, had almost forgot her former attachment to the Cardinal, who thought she had overlooked him: this the Cardinal observed and lamented. He informed me, one day, that as the Archduchess passed through Saverne, in her way to Versailles, he determined to repair thither and congratulate her on her arrival, and hastened to receive her in the palace of the old Cardinal, his uncle, where he threw himself at her feet, and saluted the hem of her robe. She had raised him up kindly, blushed and held out her hand, which he kissed with extasy. "But this," continued he, "was the last kind look

I ever experienced from the Queen ; amidst the intrigues of a court—amidst the malicious insinuations of my enemies, my former services were all forgotten.

Whether the Cardinal had really been guilty of writing these letters to the Empress, or whether he had absolutely made use of some indiscreet expressions respecting the conduct of her Majesty, is not here very material : it is sufficient to observe, that she strongly suspected him of both. Her present neglect and indifference, contrasted with her former kindness, might, possibly, have induced him to make some remarks which he did not think would rise up in judgment against him, particularly with such exaggerations ; but he was deceived—from the most slender materials his enemies found means to fabricate reports to his prejudice, and, as they well knew that her Majesty had conceived an antipathy against him, they were ever assiduous to blow this spark into the flame of revenge, which they continually kept alive by repetitions of the Cardinal's indiscretion and the disrespectful terms in which he had spoke of her Majesty, who, as I have before-mentioned, implicitly believed every thing they told her, was, at length,

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so exasperated, that she determined to get rid of him at all events.

But it was not to the Polignacs alone that the Cardinal owed his disgrace—he had another enemy whose perfidy he complained of, because she was his relation, and he thought her his friend: the person I allude to was the Princess de Guimenée, who, while he supposed her engaged in his favor, was absolutely his bitterest enemy, and, instead of bringing him nearer to the object of his wishes, removed him infinitely further off.

The Princess de Guimenée had formerly been governess to the royal children, but she was now in disgrace: the Prince, her husband, who was involved in debt and had been guilty of fraud to his creditors, thought it necessary to abscond. This circumstance, with the disturbances consequent, is so well known at Paris that a detail of particulars would be unnecessary.

The Cardinal de Rohan wished to counteract this misfortune, and attempted to establish the reputation of his niece. He made several applications

cations to the King for that purpose, who always referred him to her Majesty; with whom, as I have before stated, he was, unfortunately, in disgrace.

While exerting himself for her re-establishment, this ungrateful woman was plotting his ruin; it was she, in conjunction with the Poignacs, that by false insinuations, influenced her Majesty, who listened with but too much attention, and placed but too implicit a confidence in their reports. The Princess de Guimenée had asserted, that the Cardinal, when at Vienna, had spoken very indiscreetly, not to say disrespectfully, of her Majesty, when Archduchess; that he had even wrote letters to the Empress complaining of her levities, and had laboured to prevent her marriage with the Dauphin.

The Cardinal, however, suffered patiently. He was not totally discouraged by the magnitude of those obstacles which appeared to bar his way to royal favour: of a proud, haughty spirit, he relied upon his family: he trusted to the influence of the Emperor, with whom he maintained a private correspondence, and yet thought, notwithstanding all that had hitherto passed,

passed, to surmount every difficulty his enemies industriously involved him in, and rise again to the smiles of fortune and reconciliation with the Queen,

To this end he constantly kept his eyes upon her Majesty, ever vigilant to seize an opportunity which he was sanguine enough to hope would soon offer. He even expected to detach her Majesty from the interest of the Polignacs, and his ambition and self-confidence led him to suppose he could effect (I may say) this Herculean task; but the connection between this family and the Queen was a Gordian knot which was beyond his compass to dissolve.

The Polignacs were supposed to have in their possession some papers of consequence respecting her Majesty's affairs: they were acquainted with circumstances which would be attended with fatal consequences if they were discovered. It was the fear of this that preserved the influence of these imperious women, and rivetted them so strongly to the Queen that she found it impossible to shake them off. She had frequently complained of her situation, which obliged her to be particularly circumspect, as
there

these persons were spies upon her conduct, and had the penetration of a lynx's eye in prying into her minutest actions.

The Cardinal had observed her Majesty's condescension in smiling upon me, notwithstanding I was under the patronage of *Madame*, who, as I have before observed, was not kindly looked upon by her Majesty, and whose protection, on that account, was rather inimical than favorable to my interest. He thought he discovered, in her Majesty's smiles and apparent affability, something that, by proper management, might be turned to his advantage; he was determined, therefore, not to let slip a single opportunity: he knew me attached to his interest from motives of gratitude, and conceived that I might be instrumental in restoring him to her Majesty's favor, by which means we might be mutually serviceable to each other in the furtherance of our respective wishes.

He communicated to me the observations he had made, giving me the strongest hopes, and assuring me, that I could not fail of success. I had so long listened to his counsels, being repeatedly baffled by my unsuccessful applications, that

that I determined to give up the pursuit. The Cardinal remonstrated against my pusillanimity, and advised me to what he termed a *coup d'eclat*, not to wait the slow and uncertain proceedings of the Minister, nor the ineffectual influence of *Madame*, but to apply to the fountain-head, and throw myself immediately at her Majesty's feet.

Such was the situation of affairs at the time I followed the Cardinal's advice; and I have put this, as a *passé par tout*, in the hands of my readers, to unlock those difficulties which would otherwise tend to perplex this narrative.

The Cardinal de Rohan, as I have before mentioned, was constantly my adviser: that Prince's generosity and apparent concern for my welfare had attached me to him as a second father. Ambition, if ambition be a foible, was the failing of us both. Under similar circumstances, it was not at all strange that we should unite our counsels: the Cardinal advised me as a parent, and I paid obedience to his advice as a daughter.

The many repulses I had suffered, the *hauteur* of Madame de Polignac, who barred every avenue

nue to the royal favor, except those who were her own creatures; the neglect of ministers, and all the insolence of office, had so damped the ardor of my pursuit, that I despaired of ever being able to obtain my end, and I told the Cardinal that it was in vain to deceive myself with illusive hopes, that I found it impossible to succeed, and that I would hear no more on the subject of seeing the Queen.

The Cardinal remonstrated strongly against my want of resolution, and reprobated my timidity somewhat harshly. "What a fool you are," said he, "at the first obstacle to be discouraged!" and informed me, as I have before mentioned in my Memoirs, that the present measure was a *coup d'eclat*, which he most earnestly conjured me to adopt, as it would be the only means of insuring success; and, that this should be done as publicly as possible, the better to intimidate those who were our common enemies, he advised me to embrace the opportunity of the procession of the blue ribbons, which was to take place on the second of February.

The favor with which her Majesty had condescended to regard me, the high opinion I entertained

tertainèd of the wisdom of my adviser, and every other avenue of access to the royal person being impracticable, I determinèd to follow his advice, and took this awful step. I call it awful : it was so to me ; the most important moment of my life.

The eventful day approachèd. Prepared with the petition I was to present, and the most ample instructions to sustain myself against every possible emergency, with a heart palpitating for the success of the event, I repairèd full dressèd to the castle, where I waitèd in one of the saloons till the procession returnèd. At length the long expected moment arrivèd, and, as her Majesty was passing, I fell at her feet, presentèd my petition, and told her, in a few words, that I was lineally descended from the Valois, and acknowledgèd as such by Louis the Sixteenth ; that the possessions of my ancestors not having been transmitted with their name, his Majesty's munificence was my only resource ; that the major part of the estates they had enjoyèd were now in the King's possession ; and that, finding every other means of access blockèd up, despair had inducèd me to this mode of application to her Majesty.

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The Queen, observing the agitation of my spirits, from my trembling, and the faltering voice in which I spoke, condescended to raise me up kindly, received my petition, and desired me to make myself easy, for that she would attentively consider my request.

Fortunate as I then thought myself, my joy at this gracious reception was only equalled by the suspense which preceded it. Little did I think, at that moment, that the smiling aspect of royal favor would have been converted to the frowns of destruction; little was I aware that so splendid an avenue of distinction could lead to so dark a cavern of disgrace.

I returned to my own house, where I found a note from the Cardinal, in consequence of which I went to his hotel, and communicated every thing that had passed. His Eminence seemed highly pleased with my success, charged me to take advantage of the golden minute, and improve it till it terminated in success, and advised me to write a letter to Madame de Misery, first lady of the bedchamber, and waiting woman to the Queen, desiring her to take the trouble of delivering another, inclosed for her Majesty.

Majesty. I accordingly wrote the letter, and the very same evening received an answer from that lady, desiring to see me at her apartment at half past seven.

I repaired thither at the hour appointed. Madame de Misery received me respectfully, informed me that she had laid my letter on the Queen's mantle-piece, and congratulated me on the honor I was going to have conferred on me, which she hinted *must be kept a PROFOUND SECRET from all the world, not excepting Madame.* ---I earnestly wish to have this injunction to secrecy strongly impressed upon the minds of my readers during the perusal of this publication. It is a key to the History; and when I point out the connection between that and the intermediate occurrences, it will serve to elucidate this mysterious transaction; and it shall be my chief study, by offering such arguments as cannot fail of producing conviction in the unprejudiced mind, to remove the veil of obscurity which has so long concealed the truth, and consequently fixed on me the imputation of a crime for which, through the influence of *powerful guilt*, I have been made a public sacrifice.

I continued in conversation with Madame de Misery till about eleven o'clock, when her Majesty appeared. All amiable and condescending at that moment, she endeavored to throw aside that pomp of majesty, to me so awful. Seeing me tremble, and under a palpitation which I could not suppress, she condescended kindly to encourage me, was pleased to request my confidence, and desired me to speak to her freely respecting every thing that concerned my interest.

After some time, when my fears were sufficiently dissipated by her Majesty's affability and condescension, I summoned up resolution enough to state the nature of my claims; my repeated attendances on the ministers, under the patronage of the Princesses, her sisters-in-law; and complained with some asperity of the rude treatment I had received from the Polignacs, at which her Majesty smiled.

The Queen, after a short pause, replied, "that she had perused my memorial with attention and concern; that she perceived the purport was to urge the minister to a restitution of the possessions which formerly belonged to
my

my ancestors, but she had particular reasons for not complying with my request; yet, though she could not serve me publicly, she might privately and indirectly do me a service." She advised me to send for my brother, who, being now the head of our house, was the most proper person to solicit; at the same time promising powerfully to back his pretensions. Her Majesty concluded by presenting me with a purse, honoring me with a salute, enjoining me to remain at Versailles, *and to speak to no person whatever of this interview, or of the success of my petition.*

Her Majesty said, that "we should meet again." A few days after, I received a note from Mademoiselle Dorvat, desiring me to repair, between eleven and twelve at night, to the Little Trianon. I was there at the hour appointed, and entertained a higher opinion of her Majesty's affability, was charmed with her condescension, and received fresh proofs of her generosity. She presented me, at parting, with a pocket-book, containing to the amount of ten thousand livres on the Caisse d'Escompte, and concluded with saying, "we should meet again."

It would be needless to tire the reader with a repetition of the frequent interviews I had with her Majesty. Suffice it to say, that I received frequent proofs of her munificence, nor is it in my power to do justice to the numerous instances of her bounty which I experienced; but it was my fate to fall a victim; it is my duty to declare my innocence; and if my narrative should criminate those who have disgraced me, it is the fault of those who have forced me to that vindication, which, if it does not stamp them with guilt, will at least subject them to suspicion: nevertheless, I wish not to avail myself of any circumstances, but those which I conceive essential to my defence.

The Cardinal de Rohan, to whom I communicated every thing, beheld his speculation with an eye of satisfaction, and read, by anticipation, in my connection with her Majesty, his future reconciliation, and the completion of his wishes. It was his ambition that had forced me into her Majesty's closet; it was mine, blended with gratitude to my benefactor, and respect for my adviser, which had induced me to follow his advice. He marked my growing favor with the
Queen,

Queen, which, when he conceived to be sufficiently mature, he prepared to reap the harvest of success, and peremptorily insisted, as before, that his fortune was in my hands : he conjured me to let no opportunity slip of mentioning his name to the Queen, and, if none offered, he begged, if possible, to contrive one.

I was not at this moment aware of that inveterate antipathy which her Majesty entertained against the Cardinal, nor was I thoroughly acquainted with the motives which occasioned it. Gratitude, therefore, obliged me to undertake his request, and, in one of my interviews with her Majesty, as favorable an opportunity as I could wish spontaneously offered itself : the Queen enquired how I had supported myself before I was introduced to her ? This was the moment for naming my benefactor, but it required some caution, lest the Queen should discover that I was deeper in his confidence and counsels than it was proper for me to appear. I attempted, if possible, to avoid giving the least cause for suspicion, and expatiated largely, in general terms, on the Cardinal's beneficence, charity and benevolence ; enumerated the services he had rendered to almost every one that

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applied ; that, from his generosity, he had acquired the esteem he merited, and spoke with a grateful warmth of the favors he had heaped upon me.

Her Majesty regarded me with a curious and penetrating eye : she paused for some minutes, and appeared buried in thought. This was the first moment of my mentioning the Cardinal's name, and I had an opportunity of reading in her Majesty's face such a degree of aversion that gave me a very unfavorable omen of success—the strength of her antipathy I was then first acquainted with. At length awaking from her reverie, she expressed her surprise at the information I had given her, did not think the Cardinal capable of such actions, and that report spoke a different language.

I communicated to the Cardinal all that passed—the remarks I had made upon her Majesty's conduct, which appeared to me very unfavorable to his hopes. Nevertheless, having once broken the ice and mentioned his name to her Majesty, my future difficulties upon that subject would be considerably diminished. The Cardinal conjured me earnestly to lose no opportunity of speaking

speaking of him, suggested various modes of bringing him on the *tapis*, gave me many instructions, and sedulously applied himself to make me perfect.

The instructions he gave me were all ineffectual, the Queen not mentioning any circumstance that had the most distant reference either to him or his affairs. It was a matter of delicacy to render him, if possible, an essential service, yet avoid giving her Majesty any suspicion that I was in his interest; to introduce his name abruptly would have prevented the former, and fully confirmed the latter,

The Cardinal, who had received two hundred thousand livres, as a *pot de vin* for foraging the cavalry in Alsace, presented me with twenty thousand. I thought this a favorable opportunity to testify my gratitude to my benefactor and speak of his generosity to the Queen. My zeal now carried me greater lengths in his favor, I spoke of him with a degree of warmth almost enthusiastic, I even represented that he had imparted to me his troubles, and described him as struggling with discontent, overwhelmed

with misery, the mock of envy, and the victim of detraction.

My gratitude and the effusions of the moment hurried me away, and her Majesty suffered me to proceed uninterrupted, but her eyes informed me that my eulogium on the Cardinal was far from being pleasing. I feared I had been too copious in panegyric, for at some moments she even appeared angry: I perceived that her prejudices were too strong to be eradicated; nevertheless she soon assumed an appearance of tranquility, which, like a deceitful calm, ended in a storm, in which my peace, my fame, were dashed upon the rocks.

The Cardinal, undaunted by repulse and unmoved by my remonstrances, still emphatically preached up perseverance: I even thought, from her Majesty's silence, that, if I could not succeed so effectually as I could wish, I should, at least, weaken her prejudice,

I succeeded so far, in my own opinion, that I advised the Cardinal to hazard a letter, which I undertook to deliver the first favorable opportunity,

nity. I, indeed, advised him to write ; but I could by no means have imagined, under his circumstances, that he would have made use of indiscreet expressions, or would have been so precipitate in declaring his partiality, before he had justified himself to her Majesty, and erased from her memory the insinuations of his enemies.

The Cardinal unhappily conceived that he was essential to her Majesty's interest, and, to use his own expression, that she could not do without him.---Ill-fated Prince, the blind impetuosity of thy disposition injured thee, and accelerated my destruction !

I am at this moment writing the incidents of my life ; and I should have an indifferent claim to that candour I request, were I to conceal any circumstances which might elucidate the facts I relate. The Queen was determined to sacrifice the Cardinal, and observing his care and attention to me, she conceived I might be instrumental to his destruction ; while he, on the contrary, hoped through my means to be exalted to the highest pinnacle of his ambition.

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To give an idea of the Queen's animosity against the Cardinal, I have only to relate the following fact, which will sufficiently enforce my assertion.

The Queen, having recently heard some indiscretions which the Cardinal had either been guilty of, or his enemies had laid to his charge, urged me to engage him to attend an appointment with her between eleven and twelve at night; "because," said she, "I will persuade the King to be present." Seeing me startle at such a proposition, "Be composed, Countess!" continued her Majesty. "Serve me, and I will serve you! But that I may be perfectly easy about the business, do you continue at home, that I may be sure you have not prevented my project this evening. I will often send to your house, to be convinced that you are there; for if the Cardinal does not come, I shall suspect you as the cause."

The Queen having engaged me to write to the Cardinal what she had dictated, and she having wrote to him the same day, "Our plan," continued she, "cannot fail to be successful!"

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The King shall be concealed in the chamber, behind the window-curtains, that he may hear those expressions which the Cardinal will make (and no one knew, better than she, what he would say on such occasions). He will be sure to fall on his knees, seize my hands, and kiss them. Some expressions of his happiness on such an occasion cannot fail to escape him, when she would exclaim, and demand vengeance for such an insult; that his indiscretion would not fail to exasperate the King, and all his family would be ruined in the public estimation."

Such were the particulars of this horrid plot; such were the black ideas of revenge conjured up in the mind of the Queen, by the diabolical machinations of the Polignacs. What was the situation of the Cardinal, upon the brink of this precipice? What must have been the consequence, had he blindly entered into a snare so artfully prepared? Possibly he might have been sacrificed on the spot; or, with such strong presumptions of guilt, upon his knees before her Majesty, expressing his happiness at being again favorably received, the King himself a witness, he would have been put to the torture and beheaded, or hurried away for the remainder of his

his life to the gloomy caverns of the Bastile. His friends, his family, would have availed him nothing; both would have lost their influence, and both participated in his disgrace.

How delicate was the predicament in which I now stood? To what a dreadful dilemma was I now reduced? Either to lose the favor of the Queen, and therein sacrifice every future hope, by betraying her counsels; or be accessory to the ruin of a friend, whom, by the laws of gratitude, I was bound to honor and respect.--- Should I lay the snare for my friend, for the man who had directed me by his counsels, and assisted me with his purse? Forbid it every generous feeling! Forbid it Gratitude! Forbid it Virtue!---My ideas were distracted. I could not think of abandoning the Cardinal; I did not wish to lose the favor of the Queen. Suspended between these two extremes, Reason, Prudence, and my own interest, seemed to dictate a middle course. I resolved to amuse the Queen, and, at all events, to acquaint the Cardinal.

I quitted her Majesty, and returned home; where I had no sooner arrived, than I ordered Rosalie, my first chamber-maid, to tell any
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person who might enquire for me, that, being indisposed, I was gone to lay down, apprehensive lest the Queen should send, as she had threatened.

I ordered a horse to be harnessed to my cabriole, set out for Paris, and, unattended by a single domestic, drove to the Cardinal's, where I arrived about half past ten. He was surprised to see me at the very moment when he thought to have found me at Versailles with the Queen, or the next morning at my own house. I hastened to convey this momentous intelligence, which I communicated almost out of breath: I warned and entreated him to take every precaution not to expose me, when it was agreed that he should set off and wait upon the Queen, to whom he was to be particularly careful to observe the most profound respect, to throw himself on his knees at his entrance, and to say these words, taking care to speak very loud that the King might understand him, "I come, Madame, obedient to your orders: deign yet to extend your favors to a family which has been so unfortunate as to incur your royal displeasure (speaking of Guimenée,) condescend to recommend them to the King. They will ever re-
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tain the most grateful sense of your Majesty's goodness for their new acquired favor."

It is necessary to explain this circumstance.—The Princess de Guimenée being in disgrace, the Cardinal had frequently solicited his Majesty in her behalf, who had as constantly referred him to the Queen; it was, therefore, that by way of counteracting the machinations against him, he meant to throw himself upon his knees, as if to solicit for this family now so much out of favor.

Our plan being hastily settled I was anxious to return, lest, in the interim, the Queen should have sent; though, probably, she did not conceive I should have so far run the hazard of serving my friend at the expence of her displeasure: I was, nevertheless, not a little apprehensive as she knew my attachment to the Cardinal; at the same time I resolved, if I should be unfortunately discovered, to speak the whole truth, and express to her, in the most respectful terms, what regret I should experience in being accessory to the destruction of a person who had rendered me so much service, assuring her Majesty that it was impossible to do such violence to my feelings

ings as to be guilty of a species of ingratitude of so deep and malignant a dye, at the same time to beg her Majesty to command my utmost exertions in all things that were not in themselves impossible.

When I arrived I found all as I wished—every thing was safe. About midnight, the Queen sent me a billet to the following purport:---
 “I cannot, my dear, put my project in execution this evening. I shall see you to-morrow at the same hour---he is arrived---I have wrote to him to put off our interview till another day---perhaps to-morrow---but I will certainly see you.”

The Queen, convinced of her power and the facility with which she could sacrifice any of her enemies in France, had at first adopted this plan, supposing it would effectually destroy the Cardinal, assured as she was of her ability to make his cause wear the most unfavorable complexion.

At eleven the next evening I again saw her Majesty, and found her but little disposed to execute her project. The Cardinal, whose only
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hope was to regain the confidence of the Queen, had, with the most insinuating address, written a letter to her Majesty, wherein he refuted the malicious accusations which had been brought against him by his enemies, and expressed the anxious desire he had to see her. He took particular care in his letter that he might not expose the Queen, and very prudently did not give her the most distant idea of the confidence I had reposed in him : by these means she never had the least ground for suspicion of my interference.

Some days after, the Cardinal and I were admitted : I remained some time in the closet, and the Cardinal was introduced into her chamber, where he continued two hours : I had only a glimpse of him as he passed. As soon as he came out, he told me, every thing had succeeded to a miracle ; “ not without some reproaches,” continued he, “ but sufficient to confirm all you have told me.”

The day after, when I again saw her Majesty, she appeared considerably softened ; and, if my conjectures are not erroneous, repented of her project on the day preceding.

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This circumstance, fully demonstrative of my zeal in his cause, and the hazards I ran to render him service, certainly merited a better return than false accusations, oppression, and disgrace. The Cardinal ought to have recollected some of those circumstances wherein I have prevented him from running headlong into the snares of his enemies; he ought, I say, himself to have avowed the advice I have given him, to be cautious, and, if possible, to avoid the danger which threatened him. Frequently did I address him, in terms emphatically remonstrative. “Why, Cardinal, will you blindly hazard your life, which will probably be the price of your ambition, and I shall be disgraced? For me, were I in your situation, the world should not purchase me to expose myself to be the scorn, and probably the victim, of my enemies!”

“Fear not, my dear Countess!” replied he. “My name, my family, will all defend me! and the Queen will not have revenge in her power!”---So very inconsiderately did the Cardinal speak; so fallaciously did he reason; so completely did he deceive both himself and me. He even insinuated that the Queen could not do without him. His reliance upon his family

and connections was one of the leading traits of his character. Upon this he built much; but his private connections with the Emperor (which I believe I have formerly hinted, and may perhaps hereafter have greater occasion to mention, now buoyed him up so strongly, that all his actions seemed to take a tincture from the reflection of his circumstances. But these high-blown hopes, which for a moment bore him up, at length burst under him, and exposed him to punishment, slight in comparison with mine, doomed, as I was, to bear the guilt of both, and at length to be the dupe of deception, and the victim of disgrace.

It is almost impossible for me to describe the situation into which I was now drawn inadvertently, between two o'er-hanging rocks, both of which constantly threatened, and both of which eventually falling, buried my reputation in their ruins. Upon my first introduction to her Majesty, I had a most emphatical injunction to secrecy, to conceal every thing even from my nearest friends. A combination of peculiar circumstances had, as it were, drawn me into a situation where I could not remain with honor, from whence I could not retreat without danger.

danger. It is true, I received presents of money, and bills upon the Caisse d'Escompte ; but then I was reduced to the station of a servant, although of a superior rank. The confidant of her Majesty, the confidant of the Cardinal, between whom the Emperor wished a concordance, and I was thought a proper medium of reconciliation. I knew that all favor centered in the Queen ; she only could be the means of restoring the possessions of my ancestors. I was attached by gratitude to the Cardinal ; but had I known truly the nature of their intrigues, neither my wish to regain the possession of Fontette could have so strongly attached me to the Queen, nor motives of gratitude to the Cardinal, as to have induced me to sacrifice my peace, my reputation, and my honor, for the accommodation of either ; and I remained only in the situation I then was, merely because I had not sufficient experience to extricate myself from the dangerous path which led to my destruction. I blush, when I am about to declare the situation in which I stood between the Cardinal and the Queen : nothing but a sacred regard to truth, which I have pledged myself to declare, could have induced me to brand my own reputation by such a declaration of my errors ; but I have

at least the consolation to have confessed them, and confession is the passport to remission.--- Could my sighs, my tears, my anxious days, my sleepless nights, have erased them from the record, they would, long ere this, have been buried in oblivion. Bleeding from the wrongs I have sustained, yet smarting from the wounds which oppression has inflicted, I have no advocate whose persuasive eloquence can plead my cause, whose breath can re-animate my fame. Withered by the blight of malice, defenceless as I am, I submit my cause to that candor, which I think it frequently necessary to bespeak, to protect me from the frown of censure, and the scoffs of insult. To be entitled to that candor, I confess my errors, as a previous and necessary step towards interesting the humane, who will probably consider those errors, which I myself confess, to be sufficiently atoned for by my misfortunes.

The moment I began to perceive the nature of the service with which I was entrusted I felt myself uneasy, my delicacy instantly took the alarm, and I remonstrated strongly against such odious employment. "It is true," said I, "that I am indeed the confidant of a Queen; and,

and, because she is a person of such exalted rank, they will not, perhaps, give me that odious appellation which other women, on these occasions, would so justly merit and so surely receive; but, notwithstanding it is the Queen's service I am engaged in, it will not be in the power of her Majesty to prevent those secret whispers that would certainly injure my reputation." — Similar remonstrances I often made to the Cardinal; begging him, in the most earnest manner, to press the Queen urgently to give him a public reception, which if she refused I advised him to drop his pursuit.

My remonstrances, alas! were all ineffectual: the Cardinal still persisted. He was too confident in himself to pay much attention to my advice, affecting frequently to treat me like a child. Nevertheless, I succeeded so well as to prevail upon him to depart for Saverne---I had then that opinion, though, probably, he had other motives, strongly urging that he would be less obnoxious to the malice of his enemies, and that I should be much more comfortable: I communicated to him my intention of placing half the sum I had received from her Majesty's bounty out at interest, having disposed of the

other in purchasing an annuity for my life, and to retire to the estate of my ancestors, where a decent and contented competence would be infinitely preferable to the anxieties attending my present situation. I expatiated largely to the Cardinal, not only on the trouble and fatigue, but even of the imminent danger attending my present occupation; how the Queen frequently commanded me as one of her meanest servants, and engaged me to act a part so odious, that, if I was discovered, I should be irretrievably ruined. It would be in vain that I should plead I was acting in conformity to the orders of my Sovereign, whom I dared not disobey; that she had pledged her honor she would protect me---
 “In vain could I plead,” continued I, “that you had said the same. Upon a discovery, you would both defend yourselves, and leave me exposed to all the danger.

“I have great reason to presume that this will be the case, since both you and the Queen have thought proper to entrust me with your intimacy; but I must beg you to answer me this question: supposing what I fear should be the consequence, how will either the Queen or you extricate me from the embarrassment?”

ment?—You may, perhaps, fear nothing. Supported by the influence of your family, and the dignity of your situation, you, perhaps, may not have much reason to fear; but, single and unprotected, who shall deliver me?"

With such repeated and earnest expostulations did I endeavor to dissuade the Cardinal from rushing too precipitately to his fate; but, independent of the danger, independent of the disgrace, the fatigue, the agitation of spirits attendant upon such an occupation, rendered it extremely irksome, and almost intolerable; frequently have I been obliged to watch the greater part of the night attending her Majesty's pleasure, who, often uncertain and inattentive to the punctuality of her appointment, has kept me waiting with all the anxiety of suspense. Many an heavy hour, many a sleepless night, has been devoted to her Majesty's service, to the Cardinal's accommodation; and how have I been requited by both; the one, to extricate himself from the revenge of the other, has accused me of a crime which I tremble even to mention.

Difficult indeed it was for me, at all times, to conceal my sensations, while engaged in such a situation as I then stood; in vain did I struggle to hide those emotions which I could not suppress; the tears involuntarily trickled down my cheeks. Thus, frequently, did I count by my sighs, those painful moments while I was waiting the favorable moment when her Majesty should be disengaged, to introduce the Cardinal, who, when the Queen approached, I introduced into the saloon, which, if I am not greatly mistaken, was called the Saloon of Venus.— But, perhaps, a description of the place may at once be an apology for my want of recollection, and, in some measure, gratify the reader's curiosity.

This charming structure is situated in a garden of the Little Trianon: it is a circular building, erected upon an easy eminence, and surrounded by a ditch, which the Cardinal and myself were in the habit of passing by means of a plank. The roof of this edifice is arched in form of a dome, in the midst of which is a statue either of Venus or Apollo, (which I cannot now perfectly remember,) upon a pedestal of white

white marble: the furniture most beautiful chintz: the room is splendidly decorated with carved wood, of a lilac colour: in the corners are beautiful statues emblematic of love, and tending to inspire that passion: over the chimney-piece of fine statuary marble, capially sculptured, and superbly ornamented, are small figures conformable to the rest, and equally tending to inspire passion: the doors are pannelled with glass, from whence there is a descent into the garden by four marble steps: there are windows all round the room, with curtains of fine lawn richly embroidered with flowers. No person is permitted to enter this delightful spot except once a week, on Saturdays, and not then, without an order signed by the Queen, in which permission the name of the person must be inserted; but, in general, such a favor is rarely granted. The garden is laid out in the most exquisite taste; but I will not attempt to enumerate all those beauties which tended to render this little spot an epitome of elegance.

It was in this saloon, whose beauties the suspense of my mind prevented me from being pleased with, that I was generally stationed till
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the Queen's approach, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the nights being severely cold, I was frequently obliged to retire into the garden. Will it appear the least singular, to any one endowed with sensibility, that I should be disgusted with this odious occupation, and deplore a condition, however enviable to others, to whose vanity perhaps it might have been highly gratifying to be confidant to a Queen? I say, it will not appear singular, that such a situation should expose me to the most bitter reproaches, and the keenest pangs of insulted delicacy.

Upon her Majesty's appearance, I went in quest of the Cardinal, whom I generally found waiting the moment of my arrival with impatience, the place of rendezvous being previously agreed on in the day-time, and varied occasionally, sometimes in the walk of the Trianon, at others in the avenue leading to the Little Trianon. It did by no means unfrequently happen that the Cardinal, impatient of her Majesty's delay, had left his station, and rambled to some distant part of the garden, where, not being able immediately to find him, I have run, almost breathless, wandering from walk to walk,
and

and from one tree to another, which I have sometimes mistaken for men, imagining they were valets going home to their wives, and dressed in the same manner as the Cardinal, who, it must be observed, always disguised himself as a valet, and frequently carried a bundle in his hand, the better to favor the deception. This was contrived at once to avoid suspicion and prevent discovery. When, after a weary search, I have at length found the Cardinal, I conducted him to the place of rendezvous, the saloon before described, where the Queen was waiting. I mention these circumstances merely to prove, from the danger, suspense, uneasiness and fatigue of such a situation, that being confidant even to a Queen is by no means an enviable occupation. Fool that I was, to do those things which now give evidence against me, to accommodate those who have indeed overwhelmed the errors I was guilty of in their service, in the magnitude of their oppression, in the plenitude of my misery.

There is one circumstance, which, if I could forget, I would wish not to mention; but it made such an impression on my memory as time has not yet been able to efface. I had been
waiting

waiting for the Queen in that saloon from eleven o'clock, near an hour, without seeing her according to appointment, which was between eleven and twelve, and the Cardinal at midnight. I went to her Majesty: there was some obstacle which had impeded her appointment. "However," added she, "go and find the Cardinal, and in a very short time I will send to inform you whether I shall be able to receive you." I accordingly, after going to advertise him of this, and prevent his disappointment, went to the place appointed, to wait the arrival of the trusty messenger, whom I shall hereafter have occasion more particularly to mention.

About three hours afterwards I received two notes; after which I was again sent to the Cardinal. We went to peruse the contents of our notes by the light of the lamps near the castle, in the walk leading from the Trianon. I here took occasion to explain to the Cardinal what I suffered. "Consider," said I repeatedly, "what a part the Queen has reduced me to act. I should be much better pleased to be less distinguished by her Majesty's favor; for then I should have much less cause for humiliation!" The sense
of

of my situation made me for a moment forget all the favors he had bestowed on me, and I could not help telling him, that such proofs of her Majesty's regard were rather more painful than pleasing. Borne away at this moment by his own immediate interest, he lost sight of that delicacy which would have been more consistent with his wonted generosity. He replied, that he considered me as sufficiently fortunate in having such an employment, for which, he said, I had been so handsomely paid; but surely, at this moment, he did not consider the odious light in which I beheld this occupation, for which he thought proper to say I had been at once so highly honored, and so amply rewarded.

When I informed the Cardinal that I was ashamed, and heartily weary of the part I acted, which I would not much longer sustain, he replied, "That will be so much the worse for you, if you take this course; because the Queen will easily find another confidant, for whom you will be exchanged. Besides, Madam, what reason have you to complain? You have been well rewarded! Ah! without the Queen, what would become of you? This is not the last thing

thing she will do for you. If your brother was present, she would give you yet greater proofs of her beneficence."

Such an insinuation, that I had no reason to murmur, having been so well rewarded, yet vibrates in my ear. I felt at that moment the keenness of the reproach, which roused me to a reply, "The presents of the Queen! The favors of the Cardinal!"

His former generosity, his accustomed delicacy, vanished from my sight, and I saw nothing but a reproach of ingratitude, because my sensibility had induced me to remonstrate against a prostitution, a mercenary employment, to me infinitely more intolerable than my infant wretchedness; worse than my former menial occupation, even when I was reduced to the abject situation of being servant to a servant. Then, I reflected that I was only poor, and poverty was no cause of disgrace. Now, indeed, I was rich, and the confidant of a Queen; but neither my wealth, nor the rank of the parties whom I served, could reconcile me to a situation so infinitely beneath the most abject to which I had ever been reduced. "But this employment,"

ment," replied I, "is not the favor I am soliciting at court, where I am asking only what was absolutely the possession of my ancestors." I was induced to petition as a favor, what indeed I might demand as a right.

That there were, indeed, some persons whom I either knew, or had heard of, who were eager to receive, and would in no small degree plume themselves upon receiving, marks of royal favor; whose vanity would be highly gratified by any trifling proof of their Majesties attention, which, publicly conferred, could not fail to give them a degree of consequence above others, who would distinguish them as objects worthy of regard, and court their acquaintance, as being necessary to their interest: but, with me, the case was very different. From the secrecy so expressly enjoined, from the very nature of the service in which I was engaged, it was impossible for me to enjoy any of these advantages: few people would pay much attention to me; that I was in favor with the Queen, would appear a complete paradox. "If," they would say, "she really is in her Majesty's good graces, why has she not sufficient influence to obtain her suit, to procure the restoration of her possessions?"

essions?" If I could effect that, indeed, it might perhaps be supposed that I had friends at court, and was the object of her Majesty's protection.

I observed that the money I received was no compensation for the danger, fatigue, and opprobrium of the services I was to perform.--- Often have I wept, when I reflected upon the inextricable maze in which my destiny had involved me, whose perplexities were rendered doubly distressing, by the reproach which I had so recently received from the Cardinal, for the favors I had received from the Queen.

My reflections upon these circumstances urged me to be earnest with the Cardinal, if he was really my friend, to solicit her Majesty for the restitution of my property; but I did not foresee what objections would be raised. The Queen was so circumstanced, that she could not serve me publicly without incurring suspicion; indeed, it will be recollected that she said this at our first interview.

It will doubtless appear very singular to the reader, that the Cardinal and the Queen, so long

long at variance, and with such an inveterate animosity on the part of her Majesty, should be so suddenly, so strangely reconciled, and apparently so cordially united. I must confess, that I was myself astonished at the miracle, which I at that time conceived I had wrought; but I was as erroneous in this conjecture as the fly in the fable, who, fixed upon the wheel of the chariot, thought all the dust of his own raising.

I will endeavor to explain, as clearly as possible, and point out to the reader the secret spring which moved every wheel of the machine. It was not love that effected this; it was the dæmon of politics; it was the secret negotiations at Vienna, the private correspondence between the Cardinal and the Emperor.

I have elsewhere said, I was the confidant of the Cardinal; but there were circumstances which he concealed from me, circumstances which wore a very mysterious aspect: they indeed required caution, and were relative to those private intrigues which prevail, more or less, in almost every court in Europe. These negotiations must necessarily have been kept very close,

from the immediate danger which would have attended a discovery ; it is not therefore strange that into these he did not wish me to scrutinize.

The frequency of couriers arriving from Germany, many of whom were German officers ; their long and mysterious conferences ; the hints which the Cardinal dropt in conversation ; the number of packets which my husband was charged to deliver at different parts of the city, particularly at the Port St. Antoine, to couriers who appeared to be Germans ; the circumstances mentioned in the correspondence given in my Memoirs ; all tend to substantiate the supposition of a stated correspondence between the Emperor, the Cardinal, and the Queen.

It is not my business to interweave political disquisitions in the narrative of my Life. Perhaps I shall be censured for hinting that the Emperor was at that period distressed for a loan, which, through the political junction of the Queen and the Cardinal, he hoped he should be able to acquire. Perhaps the latter was incapable to answer the sum demanded, which the
Queen

Queen herself was obliged to procure. This might have been the reason for his yielding to my advice, in departing for Saverne : possibly, I might hint some circumstances respecting *Lorraine* ; but I dilate not upon these subjects, probably too complicate for female discussion, and substitute some apology which may probably obviate those objections which might be made to the slight sketches I have already introduced.

As far as I conceive any circumstances material for my defence, of those, by all the laws of self-preservation, I have a right to avail myself, and by the laws of nature I am justified, in using any weapons with which the guilt of my enemies has furnished me, and which I may conceive necessary to protect me against the aspersions of their malice, and the weight of their oppression. If my suggestions are merely suppositions, the evanescent phantoms of imagination, they will of themselves die away ; but, if they are solemn substantial allegations, reared upon the broad basis of truth, they will stand unshaken monuments in my favor, when the Babel structure of my enemies shall be tumbled into ruins.

The mysterious terms in which the correspondence is couched, the political magnet which attracted the parties, will at least substantiate their dissimulation, will at least prove that ambition was the regulating principle, that the Emperor attracted the Cardinal and the Queen, who, upon principles of mutual interest, strongly adhered to each other, as mutually dependant and combined in such union to advance themselves respectively to the highest pinnacle of their ambition.—I have before mentioned that I was astonished at the sudden cordiality between the Queen and Cardinal : all surprize will, however, cease, when I suggest that the Queen was acquainted with, and included in this clandestine correspondence, which had so long subsisted between the Cardinal and the Emperor.

At length, however, this political attraction diminished : either the Cardinal's real, or imaginary indiscretions, tended not only to weaken its influence, but to substitute a desire of revenge ; which, in course of time, overbalancing every other consideration, exposed him to all its fury : in a word, he was destined to become its devoted victim.

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The Queen gradually appeared to grow tired of his importunities, seemed disgusted by his attentions, and was exasperated by his indiscretions. His influence with the Emperor was, as I have before mentioned, the only thread that yet suspended the sword over his head, and her desire of revenge now became more ardent—she was determined by any means to destroy him—the negociation of the necklace afforded her an opportunity for reprehension, and the gratification of her revenge; this circumstance was accordingly favorable to her purpose, and was intended as his *coup de grace*.

Having given in my Memoirs a minute detail of that transaction, it would by no means have been my wish to retrace the many particulars relative to that circumstance; but, as many of my readers may not have perused those Memoirs, and as that occurrence appears to me so very interesting, so essentially material, I shall take the liberty of slightly glancing at the most prominent traits of that mysterious and fatal transaction, reserving my more particular remarks to throw in occasionally during the time of my confrontation with the Cardinal, and examination upon interrogatories.

The Queen had, it seems, long taken a fancy to this superb ornament, which remained a long time burthensome to the jewellers, and which they anxiously wished to dispose of. They secretly applied to me to mention it to her Majesty, artfully insinuating that they were not unacquainted with my influence, and attempting by many flattering compliments, to induce me to use that influence to serve them, by persuading her Majesty to make the purchase.

Fearful lest the Queen should suspect that I had some interest in disposing of this bauble, (a suspicion so injurious to my delicacy) I told the jewellers that it would be the highest impropriety in me to interfere, and absolutely refused to have any thing to do in the business.

Upon my next interview with the Cardinal he wore a very elegant ring, which he affected to display, by putting his hand in every possible direction to attract my notice. Observing that I said nothing about it, he directly asked me what I thought of his new ring? I replied that it was indeed very brilliant, but I had lately seen something that was much more so: I then related the circumstance of the necklace, at
which

which the Cardinal expressed great surprize, but said nothing more, at that time, relative to the subject.

Some time after, I received a note from the Cardinal, requesting to know the jeweller's address, which I procured and sent to him.

This conduct raised various conjectures in my mind concerning the reason of the Cardinal's sending so suddenly for this address, which not being able to account for, I poised in my own mind several circumstances, which led me to apprehend that the Cardinal meant to treat for the purchase of this jewel, with a view of appropriating it to satisfy the demands of some of the most clamorous of his creditors.

About this period his affairs were not a little deranged: his mode of living was, notwithstanding, diffuse, and his finances were very far from keeping pace with his extrayagance. He had indeed been censured by the King, who was characterised by his œconomy, and who, as the Cardinal himself seemed to insinuate, would be more reluctant in trusting with the affairs of the

state a person who had betrayed such mismanagement in the regulation of his own.

The motives which biased my conduct in this business seemed to concenter in what I conceived to be my duty ; as a friend to the Cardinal, I could not think, entangled as he then was, of suffering him to plunge himself precipitately into still greater embarrassments, while the means of prevention remained in my power. I had also additional apprehensions, lest, having seen the necklace, and sent to the jewellers for their address, my name should be brought into question : it was also a consideration with me that the jewellers should not part with their property upon such uncertain security.

These motives conjointly influenced my proceedings, and determined me to repair to the jewellers to hint my suspicions, desiring them to remember that I should not think myself accountable for any agreement on the part of the Cardinal, at the same time forewarning them to be particularly cautious, and not part with the necklace till they were satisfied with the security.

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This to me was a disagreeable office, but it was a circumstance which I hope will be remembered with very particular attention, because it is a leading argument in my defence, and a bulwark against the attack of my enemies. had I wished to possess myself of this ornament, as it has been most incoherently asserted, it will not wear the faintest hue of probability that I should raise obstacles against the Cardinal's purchasing it, that I should obstruct the only channel through which I could hope to obtain it.

It was several days after this transaction before I again saw the Cardinal, though I frequently saw the Queen during that interval. Her Majesty said not a syllable to me respecting the necklace, but informed me that she had seen the Cardinal two days before, and expressed her surprise that I brought no account of a commission with which she had entrusted him. I was not then aware of the nature of the commission she spoke of, but when I again saw the Cardinal I had no doubt but that it related to the necklace.

About two days after this interview with her Majesty I again saw the Cardinal, who then made
me

me acquainted that he meant to purchase the necklace for the Queen, but that she would not have her name appear in the negociation. It must be observed that her Majesty had entered into private, but express contract, with the King, not to make any purchase, or sign her name to any agreement, without his concurrence.

The Cardinal had been with the jewellers, immediately after he had received their address, and found them perfectly agreeable to his wishes: he set out for Versailles, to apprise her Majesty that the necklace was in his power, and only waited her Majesty's commands. It was during this interval, between the Cardinal's first application to the jewellers, and his departure for Versailles, that I had hinted my suspicions, and raised such obstacles, which he found so difficult to overcome; but these impediments will, I hope, be excused, on account of the rectitude of my intentions in raising them.

Upon his return from Versailles, the Cardinal, finding the jewellers strangely altered, and seeming to raise difficulties, was at length induced to declare that he purchased for the Queen, who did not wish to appear in the transaction,
and

and drew up articles for the contract, to which he meant to have her Majesty's approbation; upon the production of which the jewellers declared they would trust to his private security.

The Cardinal informed me that there would be *private arrangements* between himself and her Majesty, that the Queen might possess this jewel she so earnestly desired, and her Majesty's name not be brought in question.

When I received this information, that it was for her Majesty this jewel was designed, that it was for the Queen the Cardinal meant to purchase, I thought it no bad speculation, and began to repent that my fears had made me too precipitate in raising those impediments, which originated in the union of friendship, prudence, and justice. It was, however, now too late to retreat; the Cardinal drew from his pocket a packet, which he desired me to convey with all possible expedition to the Queen.

I lost no time, but posted in my phaeton to Versailles, where I arrived about nine o'clock, but could not that night obtain an interview with her Majesty.

I have

I have not, I believe, previously mentioned, that finding myself subservient to both parties, only so far as served their own purposes, reproached by the Cardinal, the secrecy of the transaction, and the danger in which I was involved, conspired, much more than curiosity, to induce me to take copies of some of the most material letters which passed between the Cardinal and the Queen.---Was it an error? It has happened fortunately, to enable me to speak precisely upon the most material facts of my defence.---Was it a crime? When I reflect on my misfortunes, it has been, I hope, fully expiated.

Before I went to bed, I took a copy of the Cardinal's letter, and perused the whole of the conditions of the purchase with the jewellers, with which I was dispatched for her Majesty's approbation, written in the *Cardinal's own hand*.

Disappointed in seeing her Majesty, and receiving intelligence from Mademoiselle Dorvat, that it was uncertain when I could have the honor of seeing her, knowing the Cardinal's impatience for my return with the ratification of these articles, I sent the packet to Mademoi-
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selle Dorvat, begging her to forward it with all possible expedition, as I only waited for the answer to return immediately to Paris.

Two hours after, I received a parcel sealed up, with a short note from her Majesty, desiring me to use dispatch. This parcel contained the articles I brought, not only unapproved, and unsigned, but accompanied by a note to the Cardinal, containing the most stinging reproaches.

When the Cardinal opened the packet, and found it exactly as he sent it, he turned pale; when he perused the letter, he was almost frantic. He communicated to me its contents, appealing to me to arbitrate between him and the Queen, if he had not strictly adhered to the spirit of the articles.

He then, after regretting that he had kept it a secret from me, informed me, that a few days ago the Queen had mentioned the necklace, which was, she said, destined for Portugal, and appeared desirous to have it.

“ I then

“ I then told her,” continued he, “ what I conceived the practicability of so disguising the necklace, by altering the fashion of some of the most remarkable stones, that it might not be easily discovered by his Majesty. The Queen’s desire to possess this ornament increased in proportion as the difficulty of its concealment appeared to vanish ; no obstacle remained but the payment, which well knowing to be beyond her Majesty’s immediate compass, I offered her the exertion of my credit and abilities, which she accepted, on condition of permitting her to enter into private arrangements, correspondent with those personal securities I should offer to the jewellers.

“ Perfectly, as I then thought, comprehending her Majesty’s meaning, I hastened to Paris, sent for the jewellers address, and went to them immediately, under pretence of having some jewels set, which I took with me for that purpose. After some conversation, I mentioned the necklace ; said I was commissioned to enquire the price, and that, in case the person meaning to purchase should decline to appear in the transaction, I would enter into a private agreement with Boemer.

“ No

“ No difficulties appearing, I set out for Versailles, informed the Queen that the necklace was in my power, and only waited her Majesty’s command. She answered expressly in these words:---‘ I shall approve of every arrangement whatever that you shall take, provided my name does not appear in it.’

“ Thus empowered, I returned to the jewelers, spoke of concluding the purchase, and ultimately settling the value, but was surpris’d at the difference of my reception. Instead of the same eagerness, they expressed their fears, rais’d difficulties, and made hesitations. To remove every obstacle, I told them at once that I was purchasing for the Queen; that her Majesty had very particular reasons for keeping the transaction secret; but I, fully satisfied with the arrangement her Majesty had vouchsafed to make with me, was empowered to accede to any terms that could be mutually agreed on between us. I then personally drew up the articles, such as I thought conformable to her Majesty’s inclination, and which I thought would meet her approbation, which I communicated; but one of them, Basanges, started another difficulty, that being considerably indebted

debted to Monsieur de St. James, they could not conclude the business without previously acquainting him. Teased with these obstacles, and by way of dispersing them, I then told them that I would bring the articles approved and signed by the Queen; that after they were produced, and seen by none but themselves and Monsieur de St. James, they should afterwards remain in trust with me till the total liquidation of the payment, for which I would give my own personal security.

“ With this they were perfectly satisfied, and I instantly wrote to the Queen that packet which you have just conveyed, requesting her Majesty’s approbation in the margin to the articles I sent, observing, that as that instrument would remain in my hands, her intentions would be fully complied with, and that her name would not absolutely appear.---And see,” continued he, “ what an answer I receive !”

The Cardinal was in a most violent rage, of which his expressions were sufficiently demonstrative. Finding it impossible to gain his attention, during these bursts of passion, I suffered him for a few minutes to give them vent, knowing

knowing, at the same time, from their violence, that they could not be of long continuance.

I was not wrong in my idea---his exclamations against the treachery of women at length subsided, and I observed, that there was nothing so very offensive in the Queen's letter as he might be erroneously induced to imagine: respecting that expression, that her name should not be seen in it, it had a very vague and indefinite meaning, which he might probably widely misinterpret; that it by no means implied that her Majesty would not accede to the purchase; that her sending back the agreement was by no means an argument that she did not mean to have it concluded, but merely that she was dissatisfied with the modification of those articles, which, not coinciding with her ideas, she wished to have altered; that the first thing to be done was to consult her Majesty, who had, on sending me back with the agreement, enjoined my return the same evening; but, it being then too late, I would set off early the next morning, that I might watch the first opportunity when her Majesty should be visible, when I hoped, by explaining every thing to the Queen, I should bring him better news.

The Cardinal was more cool, appeared pleased with my proposition, and allowed that it was absolutely necessary, since it was so expressly commanded, that I should again appear at Versailles: he then gave me the agreement and departed.

When I arrived at Versailles I was given to understand, by Mademoiselle Dorvat, that the Queen had expected me till twelve the preceding evening, and that she was much out of temper.

Two hours after, I received a note from her Majesty, informing me, that she should not be visible that day, commanding me to stay at Versailles, and that I should be apprised when she could be seen.

The next day, upon my return from a short visit, I found a note from the Queen in these terms: *To-night, at half past nine.*

I attended, with great timidity, at the hour appointed. Her Majesty's courteous and affable reception soon dispelled my fears. After many obliging speeches, she enquired if I had brought nothing from the Cardinal. I answered in the affirmative,

affirmative, and drawing the agreement out of my pocket, said, I was charged to receive her Majesty's commands on its contents. I then humbly represented the situation of the Cardinal, the difficulties he had to encounter, and the address with which he had vanquished them, in having at once satisfied the jewellers, and coincided in her Majesty's wishes; adding, that the writing retained in his possession was a sufficient security that her name would never appear.

The Queen replied, that she had positively told him she would enter into no arrangement but with himself; "and here," continued she, "he proposes a direct one with the jewellers. Now, (as I wrote him word) if I had chose to treat with them, I could have done it without his assistance; but now my name is actually mentioned. It is a most unpardonable indiscretion! He would have acted better by giving me notice, than taking upon him a business he was unable to execute."

I suggested a reply, in hopes of exculpating the Cardinal, that he had not foreseen the obstacles he had to encounter; that zeal, and a desire to serve her Majesty, made him proceed

in the negociation ; that, upon so many difficulties being started, he was necessitated to make use of her name, in order to clear himself of the suspicion (which he but too strongly discovered they entertained) of his having a design to purchase the diamonds, in order to convert them into money : that, finding no other means of procuring the jewels, and thinking equally to fulfil your Majesty's wishes, he mentioned your Majesty's name to excite their confidence, and meant to keep possession of the writing, to be strictly conformable to your Majesty's desire."

The Queen replied, " From what you tell me, I am sorry that I wrote to him as I did.--- I will give you a letter to him :---But does he not betray a want of skill in this conduct?---If inspiring confidence was all that was requisite, could he have devised no other mode? - - - - - HE IS, PERHAPS, IGNORANT OF IT ; BUT I TELL IT YOU, THAT I HAVE CONTRACTED WITH THE KING A FORMAL ENGAGEMENT, NOT TO SET MY NAME TO ANY THING, WITHOUT FIRST COMMUNICATING IT TO HIM.---It is therefore impracticable ! See, between you, what can be done ; or, let the idea of a purchase be given up!---IT APPEARS, THAT
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THE WRITING BEING ONLY A MATTER OF FORM---THAT THOSE PEOPLE BEING UNACQUAINTED WITH MY HAND-WRITING---YOU WILL CONSIDER OF IT. BUT, ONCE MORE, I CANNOT SET MY NAME TO IT!---However, let the matter terminate which way it will, tell the Cardinal that I will, the first time I see him, communicate the nature of those arrangements I mean to make with him."

Thoughtless of the consequence, eager to obviate every difficulty, and anxious to accommodate all parties, I revolved every thing that passed in my own mind, particularly her Majesty's expressions, " That she considered it as merely *formal*; that she was bound, by her contract with his Majesty, never to set her hand to any agreement, without his consent; that she wished to be possessed of the necklace: that the Cardinal was eager to obtain her Majesty's approbation, who seemed satisfied with any arrangement, provided her name did not absolutely appear, in violation of the contract she had made with his Majesty." Without giving myself time to think, I consulted a friend, who perfectly coinciding with me in the propriety of the measure,

sure, signed the name, *Marie Antoinette of France*, in the margin of the agreement.

I mention not these circumstances to justify, but, in some small degree, to palliate this imprudence, the greatest, and attended with the most fatal consequences of any in my life, to the commission of which my natural vivacity of temper, and the impulse of the moment, backed by what I then termed plausible arguments, hurried me irresistibly away.

I thought that this signature could not strictly wear the complexion of a forgery, for the person whose name I procured to be signed would be accommodated by this fictitious signature. It was not a fraud, for the jewellers would be possessed of the Cardinal's security, which they would not, as appears from his first application, have hesitated to admit, had it not been for my apprehensions. The Cardinal would, from the nature of his private arrangements with the Queen, be enabled to fulfil the stated times of payment regularly as they became due. Biassed by these ideas, I was guilty of this error, for which I confess I deserve censure, though,

though, possibly, every rebuke may be covered by that enormous weight of misfortunes which have assailed me in consequence of this deviation from the path of rectitude.

I had determined then upon this deception, of which I at that period knew not the consequence. The mode of proceeding now busied my thoughts, and proceeding in a manner the least liable to exception, and the best adapted to prevent discovery.---When I first arrived at my own house, I was going to put down in the margin, *Approved by me, the Queen*; but I was doubtful whether, considering her contract with the King, the Queen would have adopted that signature. I was in a state of perplexity, and had some inclination to consult my husband; but I was fearful, upon recollection of the former difficulties he had started, that he would not fall into the scheme. Doubtful, and perplexed in the extreme, while I was weighing one thing against another, and uncertain how to determine, the name of Monsieur Retaux de Vilette was announced.

M. Retaux de Vilette was a person with whom I had long been acquainted; he was on

the point of obtaining, through my influence, a military employment, and could; I thought, hardly refuse doing me what I termed a service of such trivial consequence. I accordingly kept him to dinner. He was acquainted with my connections with the Queen and the Cardinal: I had before hinted what was in agitation relative to the purchase of the necklace; I now related every circumstance, and the precise state of every incident concerning it.

I had the satisfaction to find that M. Vilette perfectly coincided with me in opinion. He told me, that, not doubting but the Queen had made use of those expressions, it appeared to him precisely in the same point of view; that it was a matter of indifference in what hand the approbation was written, since the jewellers were unacquainted with her Majesty's writing.---
 "But," says he, "neither you nor the Queen are perhaps acquainted with the danger of counterfeiting the hand-writing of any individual; it is, in the eye of the law, a criminal offence, under the appellation of *forgery*. Doubtless you would not advise me to commit such a crime; but this we may do:---Proceeding upon the supposition that the jewellers are not acquainted with

with the Queen's hand-writing, it is equally improbable that they should be acquainted with her signature. Your idea of signing *Antoinette* only, is a palpable forgery: but *Antoinette of France* has certainly no meaning at all. Were the business, indeed, to swindle away the necklace, there, whenever collusion was discovered, such a signature would indeed stand as a proof of it; but there being no doubt of the jewellers receiving their payments, since they are possessed of the Cardinal's security, secretly backed by the Queen's, I think one may, without great fear of detection, comply with these circumstances, which shall be done in the following manner:---First, I shall not disguise my hand; secondly, I shall give the Queen the inaccurate title of *Antoinette of France*. This writing being presented by the Cardinal, will not be scrutinized; and you shall promise me to burn it, in my presence, when the jewellers are paid, and the business is ended."---I gave him my word of honor that it should be done; upon which he signed the approbation.

During the time of my being engaged with Monsieur Retaux de Vilette, I received 'a note from the Cardinal, who was all impatience for
my

my return. I sent back the messenger, with an answer that I would see him soon; but, in the mean time, every thing went on well.

The moment I was possessed of this approbation, I hurried away to the Cardinal's, from whom indeed I intended to have concealed the transaction; but reflecting a little, as I went along, that neither M. Vilette, nor myself, were perhaps fully aware of the consequences which might happen, I determined to explain every circumstance, after having amused the Cardinal with a temporary deception. Wishing to make an experiment if the signature would pass current with him, "Here," said I, upon entering, "here it is at last!"---The Cardinal perused the articles, examined the approbation, and exclaimed, "Yes, here it is at last!"---I laughed heartily, and explained the whole transaction. He examined the paper more attentively, was pleased with what I had done, and observed, that if the signature had deceived him, it would be much more effectual with the jewellers.

The Cardinal departed, and on that very day (the 30th of January) concluded the bargain. The day following he sent me two letters, one
for

for myself, desiring my immediate departure for Versailles, to deliver the other, which was inclosed, and addressed to her Majesty.

In compliance with the Cardinal's request, I used all possible expedition in travelling to Versailles. As soon as I arrived, I received a note from the Queen, who was a little indisposed, commanding the Cardinal to be in my apartment at nine at night, in his usual dress, *with the box in question*, and not to depart till he heard from her.

The next day I accordingly transmitted this note to the Cardinal, as directed. About half past eight he came to me, in his usual disguise, with the box containing the necklace, which he deposited on a bureau. We remained some time conversing upon a variety of topics, till our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Lesciaux, her Majesty's groom of the chamber, (a man perfectly known to the Cardinal, and frequently employed as a trusty messenger) who well knew the nature of their intrigues. This person delivered to the Cardinal a note from the Queen, conceived in the following terms:---
 "The *minister* [the King] is actually in my
 " apartment.

“ apartment. I know not how long his stay
 “ will be. *You know the person* whom I send :
 “ deliver the box to him, and stay where you
 “ are. I do not despair of seeing thee to-
 “ day.”

The Cardinal, after perusing the note, written, as well as the preceding one, in her Majesty's own hand-writing, delivered, with his own hands, the box, containing the necklace, to the very person whom the Queen herself had expressed to be deserving of her confidence.--- Lesclaux observed, on departing, that he had orders to wait at Madame de Misery's apartment till twelve.

About half past eleven, the same Lesclaux returned with another note to the Cardinal, purporting that her Majesty was very much crossed, expressly acknowledging the receipt of the necklace, and concluding that she would see him the following day.

Such is a very brief statement of the circumstances relating to the necklace: from the time it was received by the Cardinal from the jewellers, till delivered to Lesclaux, it was not a moment

ment out of his possession. Why then, it may be asked, did he not call Lesclaux to account? The answer is obvious---because he was fearful of involving the Queen; but he delivered it to Lesclaux with his own hands, and the Queen expressly acknowledged that she had received it.

The necklace was delivered on the first of February, 1785; from the intervening months till the fatal catastrophe, a variety of circumstances took place similar to those I have already related, and which I shall hastily pass over.— On the second the Cardinal received a letter from the Queen, which did indeed but slightly mention the necklace; expressing, however, that the Queen admired it, which made the Cardinal himself remark, at the time of reading the letter, *That the vessel had sailed safe into harbour.*— This letter, indeed, I did not copy: it was conceived in terms the most indecent, the most licentious that could possibly be imagined; for these reasons it is that I wish not to enter into particulars, any further than is material to prove, from her Majesty's writing, and from the Cardinal's own expressions, that the necklace had reached the port of its destination.

Nothing

Nothing very remarkable occurred for some time, but letters in profusion, continual journies for me to and from Paris, Versailles, Trianon, &c. &c.

About a month after the Queen was in possession of this necklace, she wrote a letter to the Cardinal, informing him, that some person had assured her that it was too dear by at least two hundred thousand livres, and, unless the jewellers consented to that abatement, she was determined to return it.

The Cardinal, as usual, flew into a violent passion, loading the whole sex with the most abusive epithets, but found himself so far engaged as to be under the necessity of compliance with every caprice; the office of prime minister glittered in his eye, endued him with a greater degree of patience than he was usually possessed of; those beams of elevation still dazzled his eye, operated as a curb upon his temper, and subjected him to sustain what otherwise would have been intolerable. He sent, therefore, to the jewellers, and communicated her Majesty's letter, who, thinking the bargain ratified and confirmed,

firmed, and the property delivered, were in no small degree surpris'd.

The jewellers remonstrated strongly ; but the high authority of the person insisting on the abatement, added to the fear of having it returned upon their hands, at length operated to induce them to consent to the deduction.

This was the second arrangement with the jewellers---the necklace was in her Majesty's possession, consequently at her own disposal.

From this period to that when I was charged (I am shocked at the repetition) with having stolen this jewel, difficulties arose for the event of which I could not but tremble : a storm was gathering, and approaching rapidly, which threatened the most fatal consequences. The meetings between the Queen and the Cardinal were less frequent : the former was thoughtful and mysterious ; the latter appeared unusually reserved, and frequently out of humour. I was sensibly alarmed at this change, the effects of which I frequently experienced.

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The Queen was displeas'd with the Cardinal, and I thought I read in her present conduct a design to punish me for having been instrumental in bringing them together. Coolness in her Majesty's bosom insensibly made way for disgust, and neglect tended to raise the Cardinal's resentment, to multiply his indiscretions, and eventually to lead him to his punishment; he thought himself of consequence to the Queen, and, with the most inconsiderate and incredible rashness, resolv'd, as he express'd himself, to mortify her Majesty by his absence.

Deluded man! what dæmon could have plac'd this bandage before thy eyes, and turn'd thee loose to wander over the precipice of destruction!---thy absence!---Alas! there was nothing the Queen so earnestly wish'd; there was nothing, thy destruction excepted, that she more anxiously desired.

Have I not said that the Cardinal was guilty of some indiscretions? and will not the correspondence annexed, bear me out in the assertion? Have I not mentioned the infernal malice of the Polignacs? to add, curtail, apply; in short, to make

make every thing answer their diabolical purposes, is there any that I have hitherto said that does not wear the complexion of probability? If there is, the Polignacs are amiable, the Queen virtuous, and the Cardinal discreet.

I have before said, that the Queen seemed as if she was displeas'd with me, as if she wish'd to punish me without ostensibly appearing to be actuated by that wish. I have said that she wish'd to destroy the Cardinal, and I hope I shall be pardon'd for such frequent repetitions, because I think them necessary to prepare the mind of my readers for what I have further to relate.

One day, regarding me with her usual affability, her Majesty presented me with a box, accompanied with these words: "Here---its a long time since I gave you any thing; but don't tell the Cardinal that I have made you this present, nor even that you have seen me.-- Do you hear? Do not talk to him of me."

I have before said that I conceal'd nothing from the Cardinal, and there are some who will, probably, accuse me of breach of confidence,

dence, and disobeying her Majesty's express commands. I confess I think my conduct in that respect not irreprehensible, at least it would require a much abler advocate than myself to defend it; otherwise I might insinuate my prior acquaintance with the Cardinal, the interest he seemed to take in my affairs, and his generosity, previous to my having entertained an opinion that I should ever be able to render him any service with the Queen: I might perhaps hint, that my gratitude, as well as my inclination, biased me towards the Cardinal.

Surrounded as I was with difficulties, where I had only the painful choice of selecting what to me appeared the least, harrassed with these dilemmas, with little time for deliberation, and obliged to act, obliged to proceed, I thought deceiving the Queen would be attended with less hazardous consequences; than being obstinately determined to defend my errors, and the oppression and malicious falsities of my enemies, perhaps, have been sufficiently enormous, I had almost said, to render it my duty to take advantage of every argument that might eventually turn out in my favor, and, possibly, at once palliate my errors, and diminish that weight of
 opprobrium

opprobrium with which I have been loaded.--- I will not only admit, but avow, that I acted wrong; yet I will not avail myself of what I have just mentioned. I have a more powerful friend in the candor and generosity of the English nation, of which Protection of the Oppressed is the peculiar characteristic.---I confess that I have been guilty of errors, and throw myself at once upon the candor and compassion of my readers.

As soon as I had examined the contents of the box, and totally ignorant of its value, I hurried away to the Cardinal, at once to communicate what passed at Versailles, and to exhibit this recent proof of her Majesty's munificence. In the most earnest manner I conjured the Cardinal not to betray that confidence reposed in him, in express contradiction to her Majesty's commands. ---I request that it may be ever remembered, and deeply impressed on the minds of my readers--- that I brought these jewels to the Cardinal!

After looking hastily over the diamonds, which he poured out on his table, after a pause of surprise, and a look of astonishment, "This," says he, "appears to me something considera-

ble: how do you mean to dispose of them?" I told him, that I meant to sell the greatest part, and reserve the remainder for my own use. He surveyed them again yet more attentively, and proposed my leaving them with him till the following day.---I complied without the least hesitation.

This I beg leave to remark as another circumstance in my favor, as, by obliging the Cardinal to own they were returned, I produced an indisputable proof that, by exhibiting them to the Cardinal almost the moment they were received, I at least could not have stolen them. Had I been guilty of that crime, had I not come fairly by them, I should never have been so very simple (and my enemies allow that I was not deficient in cunning) to run the hazard of detection, by leaving them all night with the Cardinal.---But what did I do? I made not the slightest scruple to the Cardinal's proposal, who said, in conducting me out, that he would weigh them, and inform me what was their intrinsic value. This was just what I wished to ascertain. I thanked him, and retired, leaving the jewels loose upon the Cardinal's table.---Next day I received from him the following note:

“ Dear

“ Dear Countess,

“ I return by my Swiss the box in question, and I advise you to sell them as quickly as possible. I will see you at my return from Versailles, when I will speak to you more fully; but dispose of what I return to you soon.”

I confess, that I was myself ignorant of the worth of the present I had received. I was not very conversant in the intrinsic value of diamonds; yet I supposed, from the rank of the donor, that the gift was far from being inconsiderable.

I hastened to communicate my good fortune to my husband, but previously thought proper to appropriate some of the smaller stones to purchase some few trifles which I then had occasion for, and for which I did not chuse to apply to my husband, intending them, then, for my own private use. Having first made provision for myself, (a circumstance, indeed, but too common) I delivered the remainder to my husband, who, the very moment that he cast his eyes over them, observed that they belonged to the necklace, and on that account he conceiv-

ed it necessary, from prudential motives, to advise with the Cardinal relative to the mode of their disposition; in which, as he then conceived, it would be absolutely necessary to adopt the utmost circumspection, lest, through the unaccountable fluctuation, and the rapidity of the circulation of trade, these jewels should fall into the hands either of Bhomers or Bassanges, which would, doubtless, lead to suggestions by no means favorable to the parties concerned in the transaction.

While we were engaged in this conversation relative to the disposal of the jewels, the Cardinal himself arrived in great haste, informed me, that he would see me on his return from Versailles, whither he was then immediately going, in the mean time earnestly entreating me to be extremely cautious, and not shew the jewels to any person whatever.

When the Cardinal returned from Versailles he informed me, that, in his interview with the Queen, she did not once mention a syllable respecting the necklace, which was to him an inexplicable mystery; that, upon examination of the jewels she had presented me with, he had discovered

discovered the most remarkable stones in that ornament ; it did not in the least surprize him, that the Queen should take it to pieces, to make some alterations and disguise its form, but he thought it extremely singular that her Majesty should not speak about it, at the same time he observed, that he should be very much chagrined if the jewellers should hear that this ornament should have been thus taken to pieces ; adding, that this would, probably, be the case, if I should attempt to dispose of stones of so remarkable a pattern at Paris ; he, therefore, to obviate every difficulty, advised me to send them to Amsterdam. “ These flat oval stones,” continued he, “ not according with the design of her Majesty’s intended suit of diamonds, she has probably considered them as trifles ; but I declare to you that they are not worth less than three thousand livres, and you cannot dispose of them either with too much privacy or expedition.”

My husband perfectly coincided in the Cardinal’s opinion, and immediately revolved in his own mind the means of putting his plan in execution, for which purpose he that same day called upon a Jew, named Franks, who consent-

ed to undertake a journey to Amsterdam, thus commissioned, to disposed of the jewels. .

He accordingly set forward for that purpose. The disturbances at that time prevalent in Holland rendered his journey ineffectual, in consequence of which my husband determined to take that charge upon himself, to pass over into England, and he accordingly commenced his journey on the twelfth of April, accompanied by Chevalier O'Neil, a captain of grenadiers, and a knight of St. Louis,

It was during this interval that the Queen's disgust towards the Cardinal was acceleratively increasing, and rapidly advancing to its acme; their interviews were less frequent, and that time, which was formerly occupied in a manner infinitely more agreeable, was now spent in altercation, and they separated from each other mutually displeasing and displeased.

The Cardinal now gave himself but little concern about the necklace, only sometimes remarked, that it was very singular the Queen made no use of her diamonds, particularly interrogating
me

me if I had had discovered any thing new about any part of her dress? to such interrogatories I uniformly answered in the negative.

He seemed indeed surprized, but this surprize gave way to anxieties of far superior magnitude, anxieties to which this circumstance was, as it were, an airy trifle; he thought he perceived a declension of his interest with the Emperor, and he suspected the Queen as the cause of that declension: he went further, and reproached her for having trifled with him relative to the arrangements of his promised elevation; he was offended too that he was not publicly received; his whole conduct took a tincture from those circumstances, and he even formed the extravagant resolution of speedily compelling her Majesty to do him justice. It was in vain to remonstrate: his obstinacy was, indeed, truly alarming, but of this what I have just related is a sufficient demonstration.

A few days after my husband's departure the Cardinal set out for Saverne, under the strongest conviction that her Majesty, to whom he thought himself essential, not long able to support his absence,

fence,

fence, would be under the necessity of recalling him very soon.

During the absence of the Cardinal I continued paying my court to her Majesty, who very seldom mentioned his name, and when she did it was in a manner not merely indifferent, but something worse. Among the number of causes which tended to sour the temper of the Queen, jealousy bore no small part. Reports of the Cardinal's intrigues, of his indiscretions, of the light manner in which he spoke of her Majesty to noblemen and others, whom he thought his friends—these reports, I say, hourly brought to her Majesty, and constantly echoed and re-echoed in her ear by those calumniators who generally swarm in courts, had now wrought her to the highest pitch, and she wanted nothing but the opportunity of taking the most ample revenge.

Such was the state of the Queen's mind, when, on the 22d of May, I was dispatched by her Majesty with a packet to Saverne, which I was charged to deliver into the Cardinal's own hands. I will confess that my curiosity was strongly excited to examine the contents of this
packet,

packet, concerning which I had such positive injunctions; but it was wrapped up so close, and bound with silk twist, and sealed every way, that it would have been impossible to have satisfied myself without the greatest hazard of discovery. I flattered myself that the Cardinal would, in confidence, have trusted me with the contents: I was, however deceived--he said not a syllable that could lead me to conjecture what was the purport of that mysterious paper; but the Cardinal's dejection, his apparent anxiety on its perusal, clearly demonstrated that it conveyed no pleasing intelligence, and were melancholy omens, which induced me to augur as my fears but too strongly persuaded,

He uttered a few vague expressions, informing me that he should set off for Paris next day, without giving me any reason for his departure, or what was the intent of his journey.

He returned to Paris, and wrote to Versailles; but he gained no admission—his absence had given his enemies an opportunity of being busy with his fame. The Queen's resolution was firmly fixed; in vain did he strive to weaken those unfavorable impressions, which his own indiscretions

indiscretions and the machinations of his enemies had rendered indelible, in vain did he weary her with letters replete with remonstrance, every argument, every supplication they contained, were equally fruitless; they were worse, they did but confirm that resolution they were intended to invalidate, and whet that desire of revenge which they were meant to destroy.— His destruction was resolved—she did, indeed, condescend to write a line or two in answer, but it was only to throw him off his guard. Revenge had taught her that degree of dissimulation which was subservient to her purpose, and she yet disguised her real sentiments, and attempted to stifle these sparks of resentment which were daily kindling in her bosom, till the Baron de Breteuil, the mortal enemy of the Cardinal, blew them into flames which could not be extinguished.

The Baron de Breteuil, supreme head of the police, with fifty thousand spies in constant pay, with fifty thousand eyes so distributed, in every quarter of the metropolis, that nothing could escape their penetration, had been for a long time acquainted with the secret negotiation of the necklace, and he treasured it up with secret malignity, as a corner-stone whereon to rear

rear the destruction of the Cardinal. He had several times sent for the jewellers, and interrogated them respecting the transaction; they as often acquainted the Cardinal, who strongly enjoined them to secrecy, and advised them to say, *That the necklace was sent abroad.*

This part of the drama becomes highly interesting. The minister waited with mischievous intent, with malignant impatience, the time when the first payment should become due; hoping the clamors of the jewellers, in case of non-payment, which, from the extravagance and known embarrassments of the Cardinal, he had too great reason to hope would be the case, would at once unravel this mysterious transaction and entangle the Cardinal.

The Cardinal, destitute of the means of payment within himself, looked forward to the Queen, to the fulfilling of her private engagements; he looked forward with the most anxious expectation---terrified by the Queen's aversion, and suspended between hope and fear at one moment, he was doubtful whether she would fulfil those agreements---at another, he flattered himself she would do them honor.

Apprized

Apprized of the measures of the Baron de Breteuil, the Cardinal was doubly intent on securing the Queen's secret from discovery; indeed, his whole conduct relative to this affair sufficiently demonstrates his internal conviction that her Majesty had received the necklace, and conceived that, in whatever manner she might think proper to dispose of it, she was bound to discharge the obligation contracted on her account. It appeared too, that her Majesty was herself sensible of this, from her having given the Cardinal thirty thousand livres to pay the jewellers in part of the interest, which they refused to accept, but as so much money toward the account on the principal, and gave their receipt for that purpose, acknowledging to have received the sum of thirty thousand livres from her Majesty, on account of the necklace.

This transaction did not escape the Argus eyes of the Baron de Breteuil, who, eager to warp every thing to his own purpose, attempted by every art to alarm the jewellers; and, so great was his inveteracy against the Cardinal, that he forgot the respect which was due to the Queen. Before he had made any enquiries into the transaction, before he had enquired whether
the

the Queen had really impowered the Cardinal to purchase, he boldly asserted that this was an imposition, that the Cardinal had deceived them, and that their only resource was to exhibit their complaint in a memorial to her Majesty.

Alarmed at this declaration, the jewellers no longer preserved the secret, but minutely related all the particulars of the transaction, amongst which that of the signature *Antoinette de France* was singularly striking. Possessed of every circumstance in a mode the most authentic, and professing at once the honest indignation of a good subject, blended with the highest degree of zeal for her Majesty's reputation; assuming this plausible exterior, to conceal the desire of private revenge, with ardent impatience the Baron hurried away to request a private audience with the Queen, where he expatiated largely upon the information acquired by his vigilance, and blazoned strongly, in colours suited to his purpose, the nature and pernicious consequences of the discoveries he had made.

The Queen, taken thus unawares, so suddenly surprized, chose not to disclose this circumstance to the minister, nor wished to put into
his

his possession a clue that would unravel those secrets which it was her interest to conceal ; at the same time, pressed by the exigence of the moment, she affected surprize and indignation, and denied all knowledge of the transaction. She was now reduced to a disagreeable dilemma, either to expose herself, or sacrifice the innocent.

She decided upon the latter ; and, as uniformity of conduct was necessary, having once acted wrong, she persisted in error. When the jewellers presented their memorial, on the refusal of the very first line she exclaimed, with affected surprize, “ *What do these people mean? I believe they are parting with their senses!*”

My husband was now returned from London, whither he had been, as I before stated, to dispose of the jewels, accompanied by the Chevalier O’Neil ; the particulars of whose journey having been by himself related at large in my Memoirs, I shall not introduce them here.

Towards the beginning of July, probably the day after the conference of the Baron de Breteuil with her Majesty, I remarked to the Cardinal that

that my house was beset with spies. He replied, he was persuaded his own was in the same predicament, but could not conceive the meaning.

Alarmed at this intelligence, which neither of us knew how to account for, I told the Cardinal that I would make it my business to see the Queen.

I departed immediately to Versailles, and had the honor of an interview with her Majesty, to whom I imparted what had passed. She gave me no satisfactory answers, and considerably increased my fears, by affecting to divert the conversation to another subject. One thing in particular fixed my attention. She asked me whether, in the course of the present season, I was not accustomed to go into the country:

I was extremely surprized at this question, to which I replied, that my only desire was to pass near her Majesty all the moments she would deign to honor me with; and that I would never absent myself, without receiving her express command for that purpose.

Unable to gain any satisfactory intelligence, while every thing wore the appearance of mystery, I withdrew in a state of extreme agitation. I found myself sealed for destruction, and that I should share in the punishment of the Cardinal. I immediately went to his hotel, and communicated to him, as the author, as the participant of my calamity, every thing that passed. He was reserved, thoughtful, and dejected.

The next day, having been with the jewellers, whose fears of losing their property, now more predominant than their promises of secrecy to the Cardinal, had so far biased them, that they were evidently in a league with the minister, he returned in a violent rage, bitterly inveighing against the Queen, whom he loaded with the coarsest epithets, and reprobated in the vilest terms.

I was not without apprehensions that he had given loose to his rage before the jewellers; that he had not only made use of some unguarded expressions, but even discovered some of those secrets which should not have been revealed, and which would only tend to precipitate

tate his downfall, to accelerate his destruction. What Bassanges afterwards said to my husband, convinced me that I was not wrong in my conjecture. The jewellers had no security but the Cardinal's honor, and probably feared that he too might deny the receipt of the necklace.

It is impossible for me to describe the confusion in which every thing was at this juncture : I clearly foresaw the Cardinal's punishment, and in that, in dreadful characters, anticipated my own.

While I was thus harrowed up by the most disagreeable reflections, I received a little box, containing three bills on the Caisse d'Escompte, of one thousand livres each, and one hundred louis d'ors in cash, accompanied with a note in her Majesty's own hand-writing, purporting that, for particular reasons, which she would communicate at a proper time, and in a proper place, she desired I would set out for the country, promising that I should hear from her, and assuring me of her kindness.

Unfortunately for me, I had long contracted the habit of intrusting the Cardinal with every

thing : I accordingly informed him of this.— He read in the note his immediate disgrace, and hurried away to consult that star which influenced all his actions, Cagliostro ; by him he was fatally biased, to him he gave up the reins of his understanding, and from him he imbibed those counsels which have produced such a dreadful catastrophe.

That projector of horoscopes persuaded the Cardinal not to enter into any personal negotiation with the jewellers, which would probably have pacified them, as not having any security but the honor of the Cardinal they were under no small disquietude, and this circumstance made them more easily biased by the Baron de Breteuil. He further prejudiced the Cardinal, that, circumstanced as she was, the Queen would not dare to speak about this business, but would be obliged secretly to compromise it. He next suggested to him the idea of terrifying me, and by that means inducing me to remove to a place of security, that he might make my flight into a foreign country an argument of guilt, and a proof that I had defrauded the jewellers and was in possession of the necklace.

I need

I need not inveigh against the villainy of this impostor, against the blindness, the delusion of the Cardinal, the circumstances I have just mentioned speak for themselves.

The Cardinal, implicitly guided by the counsels of this calculator of nativities, who pretended to have an intimate acquaintance with the stars, and a perfect knowledge of futurity, came to my house in the evening, and, expressly as he had been tutored by Cagliostro, pretended to have made very important discoveries, informed me that the Queen had formed the most malignant designs against us both,

Though I had great reason, from her Majesty's note and the present she sent me, to believe that her intentions to me were by no means so inimical as the Cardinal would wish to suggest, yet he labored to terrify me as much as possible, that he might bring me to his lure, and made use of the most artful insinuations to complete his purpose. Accustomed, as I had long been, to be guided, when my fears were wrought up so high as not to suffer me to attend to the dictates of prudence, by his counsels, he seized the moment to bear me away; seeing me sufficient-

ly alarmed, he told me, there was but one way to save myself, that I was most inevitably ruined, if I and my husband did not take refuge in his hotel.

Intimidated with what he represented, and not giving myself time to think, I hastened to depart, and only waited a few minutes to leave instructions for my husband on his return home.— Accompanied by a trusty female, who at Versailles had frequently been witness to the meetings which the Cardinal and I so repeatedly had with the Queen, I blindly consented to be guided by the Cardinal's direction, and, attended by my woman, through bye ways accompanied him to his hotel.

When my husband came home he perused my note, which desired him on its receipt to attend at the Boulevards, where he would meet Monsieur de Carbonniere, who would immediately conduct him to me.

Surprised at the contents, and ignorant of what had happened, he repaired to the place appointed, where he met Monsieur de Carbonniere, who, attended by two heydukes completely armed, conducted him mysteriously to the Cardinal's hotel.

hotel. He asked many questions concerning the meaning of all this, but could get no other answer than that the Cardinal would give him an explanation.

The moment the Cardinal observed him just entering in the court he exclaimed, in mingled accents of joy and triumph, "Ah! Heaven be praised! there is nothing more to fear!" As M. de la Motte came up stairs and was running towards me to make enquiries concerning what had happened, the Cardinal accosted him in these words: "All this surprises you, because you are ignorant of every thing---but be not uneasy, you are now safe: I now defy the Queen, whom I laugh at, and her whole gang---we shall see what turn matters will take. It is late---go to your rest, I will see you to-morrow early, and we will talk together on the subject." When he had said this he retired, shutting all the doors and taking away all the keys.

My husband surprised, desired me to explain this mystery: I explained every thing, and was very severely reproached, as I very justly merited, for complying with advice so palpably absurd; but this sudden compliance, so detrimental to

my interest, is at least a proof how I was often hurried away by that vivacity of temper which would not give me time to think, and proved how very little I was calculated for such complicated intrigues as my enemies have thought proper to charge me with,

The air of satisfaction, the accents of exultation, which the Cardinal expressed at having us in his possession, gave my husband great reason to suspect that the Cardinal had some artifice, some scheme in his mind. Justly suspicious that the Cardinal had no good intent, M. de la Motte determined that we should both depart as soon as it was day.

We laid down to rest, but, agitated as we were, sleep did not weigh down our eyelids.--- The whole night was spent in speaking of our embarrassments, regulating plans for our extrication, and reflecting upon the peculiarity of our circumstances.

About seven in the morning the Cardinal appeared: he still labored to impress us with the idea of our danger, and strenuously urged it was highly necessary and peculiarly fortunate, that
we

we were removed the preceding night, and had taken refuge with him. "I believe," continued he, there is a suspicion of your being here; we shall see to-night, and take the necessary precautions for sending you off to Coupvrai. Your house and mine have been surrounded all night. But you are safe; there is nothing to be feared here!"

M. de la Motte, still suspecting the Cardinal of having some manœuvre, resolved, if possible, to counteract it, and determined not to remain there till night. He told the Cardinal, in a resolute tone, that he could not comprehend what he meant to say; that, not being a party concerned, not having had any thing to do with his intrigues with the Queen, having nothing to reproach himself with, he had nothing to fear; desiring, at the same time, permission to return to his own house, where there were persons employed in packing up, previous to his return into the country, who would stand in need of his directions, and his own people, who would be uneasy at his absence.

It was about this time that all our furniture was nearly packed up, and the waggons loaded,
ready

ready to set out for Bar sur Aube. This circumstance, however, shewed no great uneasiness under our situation, as her Majesty had expressly enjoined us to go into the country, and we were to follow our furniture so much the earlier, in compliance with the Queen's commands.

The Cardinal was greatly disappointed at the resolute and determined tone with which my husband addressed him, and exerted all his abilities to work him to his purpose; but, finding his efforts vain, and M. de la Motte unalterably determined, "Since then," said he, "you will run to your ruin, I clear my hands of it; but wait at least the return of my courier, who will bring me news from Versailles." The Cardinal insisted so strongly upon this, that M. de la Motte, thinking it could make no very material difference, consented, on condition that he should write a few lines to his porter, to make his people easy under his absence.

The courier arrived from Versailles, and the Cardinal pretended to give us the intelligence he had brought; but all his thoughts, words, and actions, were still guided by Cagliostro, and were

were moulded into any form that necromantic professor thought proper they should assume.---
 “ Well,” continued the Cardinal, “ all your schemes are now thwarted. I have at this moment certain intelligence that search is made after you, and that you will be instantly arrested, if you go out. You have now positively but one course to take, in which I will direct your proceeding.---I will cause you to be conveyed to Couvrai, where you will find a carriage that will take you to Meaux ; you must pass as belonging to my retinue, and the post-master will furnish you with horses. Then cross over the Rhine, and you will arrive at a village in Germany, where you will settle yourselves with a person to whom I shall recommend you ; there you may remain unknown, till matters shall wear a more favorable aspect. I will, however, provide you with a passport, and all necessary letters.”

M. de la Motte replied, that though he could not see any reason personally to fear, yet, as he was ignorant how far my imprudence might have engaged me in the unhappy affair into which the Cardinal had drawn me, and uncertain what might be the consequence, from the powerful

powerful enemies I had to contend with, he was determined not to forsake me, but to accompany me in my exile, if it was judged absolutely necessary; but that he was previously determined to spend some time at Bar sur Aube, to prevent the astonishment and noise that would take place upon so sudden and extraordinary a departure.

This proposal, of continuing at Bar sur Aube, was by no means consonant to the Cardinal's plan, which was, he being pre-determined to accuse me, to render every suspicion as plausible as possible to support the accusation; for these reasons he had persuaded me to take refuge in his hotel, whither I had also drawn my husband; for these reasons he was anxious for our immediately quitting the kingdom.

The Cardinal remonstrated, and my husband insisted, till the altercation grew rather warm; and, upon the Count's threatening to jump out of the window into the garden, the Cardinal was necessitated to give up the point. "You are perverse," said he to him, "and that perverseness will be your ruin. You are suspicious of nothing. Till to-morrow, take time for reflection:

fection : this day I will not permit you to go out of my house: 'tis the very hour that spies prowl about. I shall see you to-morrow morning ; if you then continue in the same mind, the doors shall be opened to you."---Upon the faith of this promise, my husband consented to stay another night, and early the next morning the Cardinal suffered him to depart, after taking his word of honor that he would not discover the place of my retreat.

M. de la Motte found every thing at home as it should be ; no strange face had been seen by the porter, nor was the least appearance of spies to be discovered in any quarter of the town. He went about his business, and appeared in places of the greatest resort, even at the Palais Royal ; in short, he made himself every where as conspicuous as possible. He had, indeed, promised to return in the evening, but having some packages to send off in the morning, he repaired to the Boulevards at the time appointed, and told M. de Carbonniere that he could not absolutely attend that evening, but would call next day, and fetch me away. He then went home to bed.

Early

Early in the morning, as he was in the courtyard giving directions to the people that were busily employed in loading the waggons, Bassanges appeared at the gate. Seeing the Count, he went up to him, and asked him if I was stirring. My husband told him I was at Versailles; at the same time desiring him to walk into the house, where they might converse more conveniently. "I wish," said Bassanges, "to impart to your lady, that I saw the Cardinal yesterday, who appeared greatly agitated. I am very much concerned for his disgrace, *and shall be sorry if M. Bommer should bring him into greater distress!* His eminence makes complaints to us, exclaiming in our presence against the indignity with which he is treated, 'That is not the immediate business between us!'--- One day he told us, that we ought to make ourselves easy, that he had concluded all the necessary arrangements about the payments, that it was indeed just that we should be paid, and that he would pay us. Then, walking hastily about the room, he made some speeches which I cannot repeat, but concluded by telling us, that, *since the necklace was denied to him, he might as well deny it too!*---That was certainly done to create a great deal of uneasiness among us;

us; for, as we have no security but his integrity, were he indeed to deny the receipt of it, as he threatened, we have no resource but from authority.---In this state of anxiety I came to consult the Countess, to know from her the Cardinal's ultimate resolution. We do not wish him any injury, and should be very sorry for the consequences that might ensue from this affair. But——" Here he paused.

My husband found it was easy to anticipate his meaning. The jewellers were pressed by the Baron de Breteuil, and his agents, to make the matter public, from which they were only restrained by the fear of losing the price of the necklace; and, as they were in possession of no written security to prove the purchase, the Cardinal was advised by Cagliostro to deny even the negociation of the necklace:

This was the most pernicious advice that could possibly have been given. Instead of weakening the security, he ought to have strengthened it; for, notwithstanding the derangement of his affairs, yet still they knew he had many resources, that he had immense revenues, though greatly encumbered; in short, they

they would have preferred any settlement, however indifferent, with him, to trusting to the empty promises of the Baron de Breteuil.

Towards the close of the same day, my husband, on his return, told us the conversation that had passed with Bassanges, in consequence of his conversation with the other two parties. The Cardinal began to grow warm, and interrupted the course of M. de la Motte's narrative, with such a torrent of severe reproaches, which he poured down upon the Queen, as could not have been deserved even by the most dissolute of the sex. They were at once too shocking for delicacy to hear, or decency to repeat.

It was, without doubt, this unguarded temper of the Cardinal's, which frequently broke out without the least restraint, without any attention to the parties present, whether friends or foes, that had been industriously conveyed to the Queen, together with those coarse expressions that must have exasperated her to that degree of inveteracy, which, as a Queen, she would be eager to revenge, and which, in fact, she could not easily forgive.

Often,

When the Cardinal was quite weary with the abusive epithets he had dealt out so largely against the Queen, he again, in compliance with the scheme of Cagliostro, introduced the conversation of our journey to Germany; my husband consented to go, but thought it indispensibly necessary to spend some time, previous to his journey, at Bar sur Aube, lest such precipitate departure should be malevolently misconstrued; and, the better to give color to his journey, he would, during the time of his continuance there, circulate a report that he intended going to Spa.

The Cardinal remonstrated strongly against his continuing even a day at Bar sur Aube, told him that his safety absolutely required his departure, and strongly urged his immediate flight, and reproved him much for perverseness and obstinacy.—All the Cardinal's rhetoric was, however, ineffectual; M. de la Motte was resolutely determined---he swerved not an iota from his original resolution. Finding him so firm, the Cardinal took up a card, on which he marked the day of our departure from Paris, calculated the time of our progress to Bar sur Aube, the time

of our continuance there, and how long it would take us to pass on to Germany.

After this arrangement, we took leave of the Cardinal, who was strongly impressed with the belief that my husband meant to undertake the intended journey into Germany; though, in fact, we neither of us discovered any necessity for such a measure. The whole conduct of the Cardinal, his detaining us in his hotel, his earnest desire for our immediate departure into Germany, all tended to give us strong suspicions that some extraordinary scheme was in agitation, and our ideas were, indeed, but too well founded.

When we left the Cardinal, we went immediately to Bar sur Aube, where we spent a fortnight without the least molestation. On the 17th of August we paid a visit to the Duke de Penthièvre, at Chateau Vilain: it was the eve of that prince's departure. From thence we proceeded to Clervaux, where we arrived in the evening.—It was then that we received the first intelligence of the Cardinal's being in the Bastille: we were by no means alarmed---it was

no

no more than we expected; and, had we been guilty, or conscious of the least criminality, we could not have been in a better situation for making our escape, nor could our flight have been so easily effected: at that time we had all our diamonds, a good carriage with four fine fresh horses, and four more that had brought us from Chateau Vilain: in short, had we been conscious of any degree of guilt, or of being at all brought into question for such a charge as was afterwards exhibited, nothing was more easy than that very night to have escaped out of the kingdom, but we returned home to Bar sur Aube.

Having received intelligence that the Cardinal was in the Bastile, I employed myself near two hours in burning all the letters and notes which I then recollected to have in my possession, between the Queen and the Cardinal---in short, I thought it my duty to remove all vestiges of a correspondence between the Cardinal and the Queen. I accordingly burnt a very large collection of papers: but I had omitted some, which were not discovered by the exempts in their scrutiny---of these I shall speak hereafter.

At this moment begins the denouement of the plot practising against me ; at this moment I am going to strike the reader with horror against a government, which all the universe has long supposed to be renowned for wisdom and justice. ---In the following assertions, so far from being suspected of exceeding, I may possibly be censured for falling short of the truth. Is it for imagination to conceive, is it for the most vivid colors of description to blazon adequately, the horrors of that dreadful Bastile ? I shudder even at the very name of that dungeon of despair, that tomb of broken hearts, where so many miserable victims have been immured, without any accusation, without even being acquainted with the nature of their offence, but doomed by the arbitrary will of the Sovereign to pine away their miserable existence, till Death, dreadful as he is to others, (basking in the sunshine of prosperity, and revelling in one continued round of fashionable amusements) wears here a very different aspect : here he appears like a smiling angel, a kind deliverer, whose approach they anticipate with rapture, whose touch dissolves their fetters.---Ye horrid towers ! dire monuments of despotism ! disgrace of human
man

man nature, are ye then fallen at last? Your dungeons have disgorged their victims, and, thanks to Liberty, ye are levelled in the dust! An innocent prisoner in your gloomy caves, these eyes have beheld your terrors, the reflection of which creates such a depression of spirits, as nothing can equal but the joy of my heart, in contemplating your destruction!

To this terrible prison was I conducted at four o'clock in the morning, entirely ignorant whether I was intended to be conveyed, and so little anticipating the event, that I was dozing in the carriage. In the course of our journey, the voiture was stopped, and questions asked by some person without, to whom the person within said, "Don't you know this voiture?" "Oh, yes!" replied the other. "Don't stop us, then: we have nobody but a state prisoner." At this the voiture proceeded.---Hearing this conversation, I awoke: the termination of the answer roused all my faculties. "What do you say?" exclaimed I, in a tone of agitated enquiry. "A state prisoner! Alas! then, am I a state prisoner?"---"Oh! no, Madame; no such thing!" And these people swore that it was

not so. But there is some excuse; they belonged to the police; and perjury, and bearing false witness, is no small part of their employment. Yet did they use such kind expressions, that, knowing my innocence, I flattered myself I was deceived.---One of them said to me, “Madame, I wish we were arrived at my house, where I could accommodate you with a bath and a bed; for, as it is now,” continued he, “so very early, I’m afraid we shall not be able to get an interview with the Baron de Breteuil, who has given me orders, if we arrived too early, to conduct you to my house, and to wait upon him about eleven; therefore be composed, and try to sleep a little.” All this time I remained upon my seat, till, soon after, they all desired me to conceal myself in the bottom of the voiture: this was when we arrived at the gate of St. Antoine, where they endeavored as much as possible to place themselves in such direction before me, that I might neither be seen by any one, nor observe the turning of the Bastile. Finding myself rather warm, “Let me see!” said I. I looked out, and discovered the Bastile. “How!” exclaimed I, with agitated surprize; “is it to the Bastile, then, that I am

I am going? Oh! you are all impostors!"--- They endeavored to pacify me, and begged me to make no disturbance; told me, that they were not their own masters; that they had received these orders, but they assured me that they were absolutely ignorant of the motive for which I was carried to the Bastille, and that they were persuaded that in a very few days I should be liberated.

By this time we arrived at the first bridge, leading to the Governor's house. The postillion knocked, and many invalids came out. The post-chaise belonging to the police advanced to the Governor's door, who came out himself in a robe de chambre to the carriage, to give me his hand, begging me at the same time to excuse his dishabille. He then conducted me into a large hall. Soon afterwards the King's Lieutenant arrived (of whom I shall hereafter have occasion to speak frequently) with a large book in his hand, wherein he entered the date of my arrival, and afterwards presented it to me to sign my name, which I complied with. During this ceremony, which only occupied a few minutes, the Governor, with the Exempts of the

Police, was in the court, where they were giving him an account of every circumstance which occurred in the execution of their orders. This done, the Governor returned, and asked me if I would take any refreshment, adding, "We shall take great care of you, Madame." I then asked him into which apartment I should go, to receive the Baron de Breteuil, at the same time telling him I hoped he would come at eleven, as the Exempts had informed me. "Oh! there is not the least doubt of it, Madame," replied the Governor. He then called Saint Jean, the turnkey, to whom he gave my papers, to place them, as I have since heard, in the archives; after which the Governor desired the King's Lieutenant to conduct me into my apartment. Some little conversation passed, relative to the place of my destination, of which the Lieutenant seemed uncertain. "Oh!" said the Governor, "La Comtée is the best; it is very light." He then put me into the hands of the King's Lieutenant, whose arm I took, persuaded that I should be shewn into some other apartment, and for a far different purpose. As I went along, I saw some *soldiërs* (invalids) covered with blue cloaks, large hoods over their heads

heads, with long bands hanging down and closed before. As I passed before many, I was not a little surprised to see them turn their backs towards me, it being the custom, when any prisoner arrives, to turn themselves round, fearing lest any should take too much notice. I began to laugh, with the Lieutenant, at the novelty of this, particularly at such grotesque figures, thus clad in masquerade.

Since this period, I have been informed that these good old invalids have spoke much concerning my behaviour, and have, among other things, observed to Saint Jean, my turnkey, that they had never before seen a prisoner who appeared so indifferent; that they had heard me laugh, which had excited their curiosity; and that they had observed me particularly, without my perceiving it.---I cannot say that any thing, except the passage of this bridge, and the odious great gate, put me into any kind of terror; perhaps there never was a prisoner who viewed even these with so much indifference.

We passed on till we arrived at the court, whose stair-case led to the tower of La Comtée. I passed on with as much vivacity as if I had
been

been entering a drawing-room; for I was at this time so lively, and had such an incredible flow of spirits, that these places, so horrid to others, did not in the least affect me.---How great is the power of innocence, which can, with a steady eye, behold all the gloomy mansions of punishment, and the terrific engines of torture, with a gaiety that nothing but itself can inspire. Supported by this, I can with truth assert, that, while traversing this dreary cave of despair, I had not one gloomy, one desponding idea.

We now prepared to mount the stair-case, Observing that the Lieutenant spoke very softly as we ascended, I did not follow his example, but, on the contrary, spoke in a louder and more confident tone. I knew nothing of the regulations of this prison, and I cared but little about them; I had, indeed, but a very imperfect idea of the nature of this Bastille, and erroneously imagined that the Cardinal must certainly be confined in this tower; and what made me so strongly conceive that this must be certainly the case, was that mysterious behaviour of the Lieutenant, and the silence which he enjoined me to observe.

“ Oh ! ”

“ Oh !” exclaimed I, “ is this the way, Mr. Lieutenant? This stair-case is extremely narrow.” I ascended, speaking very loud, with the intention of making myself heard by the Cardinal if he should chance to be there. The Lieutenant made no answer to my questions, and said little or nothing during our passage, till we arrived at the apartment destined for my reception, all the gates of which were very large and open.— St. Jean, who was to be my turnkey, attended me thither.

Struck with such a dismal change of situation, so very different from what I had ever been accustomed to, I could not help expressing my dissatisfaction to the Lieutenant. “ If this is the place,” said I, “ which the Governor pleases to call my apartment, to be sure, I am greatly obliged to him.” I then went to look at the bed, which was, indeed, a wretched one; told him, that it would be impossible for me to sleep in a bed so miserable as that, and demanded if he could not accommodate me with one as good as the Cardinal’s? He replied, very politely, that he did not really comprehend my meaning. It must be remarked, that, in these cells of desolation, every thing wears the appearance of
 mystery,

myſtery. Nothing could be more dangerous to thoſe who meant to oppreſs, than diſcovery of the truth. Fear is the pillar of deſpotiſm, which, viewed through the medium of myſtery, appears a maſſy column, but, examined by the eye of reaſon, is but a ſlight prop, juſt ſupporting a mutilated ſtructure, every moment threatening its fall. The agents of tyranny, to be ſucceſſful, are obliged to be ſecret, and it was a regulation in the Baſtile, that no account ſhould be given of any of the priſoners there confined, neither of their names, accuſers, or the nature of their offence; they are cut off from all communication---but a particular ſecrecy is obſerved concerning thoſe who are unfortunately imprifoned for the ſame offence.

My diſapprobation of the bed was attended with a favorable alteration, and the turnkey ſubſtituted, for that which I had great reaſon to complain of, an excellent feather-bed, with fine ſheets and curtains. Thus accommodated, and extremely fatigued, I attempted to get ſome reſt; but I was ſcarce in my bed when the Lieutenant, with my turnkey and another arrived, who were certainly at the gate, which they had not ſhut, perhaps not wiſhing to terrify me, by
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the dreadful rattling of those maffy bolts. The two turnkeys then took my cloaths and my pockets, out of which they took all the contents, confifting of feveral little articles, particularly a gold etwee fet with pearl, another of tortoise-shell, a fmall ivory box ornamented with gold, having on its lid a fmall miniature, with a gold rim, containing a fmall mirror and fome rouge, an Englifh pocket-book, bought of Mr. Gray, a knife with a tortoise-shell handle and gold blade, my purfe, containing eighteen louis and about nineteen livres, a gold repeating watch with a diamond chain, which I purchafed of one Franks, a Jew. Thefe articles, with feveral others, they took out of my pocket.

Indignant at fuch humiliating treatment I could not patiently endure, I remonftrated with fome afperity, and threatned to inform the Baron de Breteuil, whom I was fimple enough to believe I fhould fee. They were, however, regardless of my threats, and, having executed their orders, departed through thofe dreadful doors, which, with their horrid bolts, were clofed upon me, and the found pierced my very foul. Thus circumftanced, my fituation may be better conceived than defcribed, yet was I not
 now

now distressed by those fearful imaginations which afterwards tormented me. My present situation was, indeed, inconvenient; but I yet consoled myself with the hope that I should see the Baron de Breteuil, when I should be immediately released from confinement.

About eight, my turnkey came to the door: I spoke to him, but he paid me no attention, and departed without saying a word. I rose to examine this dismal habitation, and traversed the chamber, in every direction, backwards and forwards: there was nothing; no furniture but the bare walls, no cabinet, no accommodation, nothing but a stove and small chimney. I opened the window, to see if I could discover any body, or make myself sufficiently conspicuous for any body to see me. I climbed up to the highest part of the window, holding my face close to the bars, but could discover nothing; as for people, it was impossible to distinguish them.

While I was thus, ruminating upon the horrors of my situation, about nine o'clock I heard a knocking on the ceiling of the apartment below: I listened attentively--it began again, and, as if
to

to gain my attention, I heard five distinct knocks, after which it ceased. My heart palpitated--“Is it not the Cardinal?” thought I. “Oh yes, it must certainly be him!” I then employed myself upon what it might mean: “Five strokes,” thought I, “signifies the Queen---he is surely informing me, that his correspondence has been discovered. I sat myself down on the ground, that I might hear more attentively; the knocking re-commenced and was more frequent: I imagined it was really as I thought, and I answered after my own way, thinking that I understood and could make myself intelligible, and believed that this knocking was meant, where words could not be conveyed, to supply the want of conversation. I thought I understood every thing better than I should be able to make myself understood, and was greatly pleased in the persuasion that this was certainly the Cardinal.

Soon after the turnkey returned, to enquire what I wished to have for my breakfast?---that Monsieur, the Governor, made me the offer of some excellent broth. I accepted this proffer, and, when my breakfast was brought, I desired the turnkey to entreat the Governor not
to

to forget me with the Baron de Breteuil, according as I had been promised, and to remind him that it was then near eleven o'clock.

As soon as the turnkey departed, the knocking recommenced. I laid my breakfast down on the floor to answer, but, about a moment after, I heard St. Jean open the door of the chamber, which I supposed to be that of the Cardinal.

About noon the Lieutenant came to fetch me. He politely desired me to put on my calash. I complied immediately, and being prepared, I begged the favor of him to go before, and shew me the way. My intention was, if possible, to get the Lieutenant to descend at some distance, while I stopped at the Cardinal's door, which I did. "Are you the Cardinal?" said I, in a low tone. When I came before the door, I made a noise: the Lieutenant stopped, as if he heard me. "This is a very disagreeable staircase," said I to the Lieutenant; but I could not satisfy my curiosity. I was then conducted to the Sal du Conseil, at the bottom of the court, where are the six towers. I found there, instead of Breteuil, Monsieur de Crome, Lieutenant of the Police, in large black robes, and the Com-

Commissary Chenon. After a complimentary introduction, he asked me, "if we might proceed to business." I answered in the affirmative, remarking my astonishment at not seeing the Baron de Breteuil. "He is very much indisposed with the gout," replied he. My papers were then ordered to be brought. "Before I proceed, I must assure you that I am charged to read attentively every thing which these papers contain." He then proceeded to examine the papers, and looked over the letters one after the other, as they came to hand. They seemed to pause at one, whose writing was remarkably fine. Monsieur de Crone made the Commissary take notice of it. "Oh, no! this is not the same writing," said the Commissary to Monsieur de Crone. "Which writing are you speaking of?" replied I. "Nothing, nothing, Madame." "But, perhaps, gentlemen, I shall be able to set you right." They would not, however, permit me to explain, nor suffer me to interfere at all in the business.

This first examination lasted three hours. In the afternoon we began again, and continued till one in the morning. That same evening, M. de Crone said to me, "I beg you, Madame, to

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raise your hand before this Christ : I have questions to put, which I beg you to answer me with truth and sincerity." I complied, and prepared myself to answer. " You are accused, Madam, of having gone abroad with a diamond necklace, which you have illegally appropriated to your own use."

M. de Crone could scarce refrain from smiling : for my part, naturally inclined to laughter, this commencement, so extremely ridiculous, made me absolutely burst into a loud fit. " And pray, Monsieur de Crone, who are these simple people who have accused me thus ? " I urged him to give an explanation, and in the mean time regarded him attentively. " It is the Cardinal de Rohan, Madam, who has said this." I yet could not help smiling, as I could never suspect that the Cardinal had uttered any thing so palpably incoherent. " Oh ! my good Monsieur de Crone, I fear you are a wicked Mouton ! " --- It is necessary to observe, that the police of Paris is composed of monsters of every description, who, for money, will metamorphose themselves into any shape, and use deceptions of every kind. That class which goes under the denomination of *Moutons* are allowed a crown a day : these beasts

beasts of prey are let loose from their secret caverns, to exercise their functions upon some person who is either actually confined, or suspected by the Police to be guilty of some crime which they will not confess, and whom they have not sufficient evidence to convict. It is here that these Moutons exert their talents; here they prove their adroitness, in worming out of the victim they assail, sufficient materials, which, by the industry of these spiders, is wove into a web to entangle; or, if that is not sufficient, perjury comes to assist them: they swear to what they have never heard; in short, all their business is to accuse; and to such wretched subterfuges is Despotism obliged to have recourse, that they take the mere assertions of these wretches for substantial proof. I know not how to convey a better idea of their office, to an English reader, than to compare them to an informer upon the breach of penal statutes, or an English Exciseman, though the latter would certainly, in a great degree, suffer by the comparison.

These Moutons advance gradually from one step to another, till they are supposed to have discovered the commission of flagrant crimes.

D d 2

When

When possessed of sufficient materials, they then positively charge the party with murder or robbery, or conspiracy against the state, according as the accusation stands, or the Police wishes to believe. Upon this foundation is reared the materials for the accusation, which rises rapidly, and produces in effect the destruction of the prisoner.

It will easily be seen that this term, Moutons, is an ironical appellation, a term given for all those qualities in which they are notoriously deficient. When these gentlemen have faithfully fulfilled their duty in the subordinate capacity of Moutons, they are then promoted to the rank of spies, where they still assume the appearance best adapted to their purposes, and avail themselves of some very fair and plausible pretext to enter your house, as venders of poultry, or something similar; they then approach even into your very kitchen, they see every thing in the twinkling of an eye, they hear every thing, nothing escapes their notice, and they glean every thing they can, either from the servants of the family, or any disaffected person, collecting the suspicions of malevolence, which they fashion to the appearance of truth.

It

It is a compliment due to Monsieur de Crone, that he was but a very young Lieutenant of the Police, and not such an adept in his office as his predecessor, Monsieur de Noir, whose ingenuity would have given this matter a far different direction, by putting questions calculated more to puzzle and perplex, and either tending to elicit a confession, or engaging me at least to make a strong and definitive answer.---I apologize for this digression, which I thought necessary, in defining a class of men which the free government of England has rendered unnecessary, and return to M. de Crone.

That gentleman proceeded in his interrogatories, and added, “ that I had been commissioned to make a purchase for the Queen, and that, after the purchase was completed, instead of delivering it to her Majesty, which I had engaged to do, I had absconded with the article into a foreign country.” I was so struck with this charge, that I was unable to answer to so great an absurdity; and such was my natural impetuosity of temper, that I could ill brook a charge like this, so alarming to sensibility. At that moment I was going to make a discovery of every circumstance, every transaction, rela-

tive to that fatal business; but the politeness of M. de Crone, and the delicate terms he adopted to make me comprehend the cause of my commitment, tended in some measure to compose my agitated spirits, and to enable me to make such answers as the impulse of the moment, and the circumstances of the charge, seemed to dictate. "What absurdities! what ridiculous suppositions! How, Sir, if I am really accused of such an odious crime, how is it that I should be found in my own house at Bar sur Aube, without having removed either my own or my husband's jewels? Why have they not made the strictest search, to discover whether or no the necklace was in my possession? Had they done this, at that time, there could have remained no doubt, and your question would have been totally futile."---I begged M. de Crone to send to my house at Bar sur Aube, that they might scrutinize more narrowly. He applauded my request, and I conjectured, from his manner, that all these ridiculous questions were arranged and settled by the Baron de Breteuil. It is a justice due to M. de Crone, and I wish to record it, as my enemies have asserted it is not in my power to speak well of any one, that M. de Crone behaved to me with the utmost politeness and attention,

attention, during the three days of our business together.

On the 24th, the Commissary Chenon came into my chamber alone, at ten o'clock in the morning, with a handful of papers, quite out of breath. After having passed some hasty compliments, the turnkey brought a table for him to write upon, and gave me, for myself, paper, pen and ink. He drew up some other questions in writing, nearly the same as those which had been formerly put by M. de Crone, relative to the necklace, "How my husband and I came by such and such diamonds?" My first answer was, that he might send to Bar sur Aube, and enquire. He begged me to pardon him, proceeded in writing very fast, and about an hour afterwards gabbled over something I scarce understood, which he begged me to sign. I complied, and I believe I should almost have signed my own death-warrant, to get rid of the persecution of this tedious old man, who made himself extremely disagreeable and troublesome.--- For the space of a week I was plagued with one or two visits a day from this officious man. "I know very well," said he, in his last visit, "that you have received a present of diamonds

D d 4

from

from the Queen. Was I in your situation, I would say that they were given me by the Cardinal; that will save the trouble of all the questions which I am sent to put to you. You know that the Baron de Breteuil is your friend." As I am not naturally of a suspicious temper, I was very communicative to this wretch, who appeared entirely conversant in every thing that passed: I gave him an account of every thing, even to the very diamond which the Queen had given to Mademoiselle Dorvat. It was this cunning dissembler who made me sign those odious things which I was supposed to have said myself, and which were so detestable, that when they were read by his Majesty, he spit upon them, saying, "Fie! oh, fie, upon the filthy creature!"

Such was his Majesty's expression; and it is past a doubt that this mercenary hireling had been bribed by my enemies, to render me the object of royal disgust.

This man engaged me to write every circumstance that passed, as he said, for the inspection of the Lieutenant of the Police, and the Baron de Breteuil. I believed him sincere, and under
that

that imprefſion I gave him my confidence, at the ſame time deſiring him to communicate to the Baron de Breteuil that I had received his letter at Bar ſur Aube; obſerving to the Com-miſſary, that this letter had directed me to abide by, and informed me, that I could not ſwerve from my original declaration; that I could not change any more in ſaying that I had received the necklace from the Cardinal. I remonſtrated ſtrongly againſt this, and contended, that, if I ſhould make this aſſertion, they would have immediately aſked me, what was become of the necklace? of which when I was not able to give a ſatisfactory account, they would inſtantly judge that this was an evaſion; but, on the other hand, as the Cardinal knew very well how the Queen had diſpoſed of the necklace, her cauſe would become much clearer in naming thoſe to whom ſhe had given it; otherwiſe it would be underſtood that the Queen and myſelf were in a combination to deceive the Cardinal.

This man, however, would not ſwerve:---- he ſtill perſiſted obſtinately in his opinion, and, to all my rational remonſtrances, replied, with all the peeviſhneſs of age, “It is the Baron de Breteuil then, Madam, if you will force me to
divulge

divulge it, who has devised these means, that the Queen may not be exposed and brought to question." "And what will become of me? Will it not be received then, that I have deceived the Cardinal?" "No, Madam, by no means. He, indeed, may lay every thing to your charge; but, make yourself easy: we shall take care to saddle him with every thing." He then made use of every argument to exasperate me against the Cardinal. "Only think what a monster he must be," continued he, "to charge you with having absconded with the necklace! It is impossible for you to criminate him too much. You may retaliate fairly, without the least apprehension that he will have the presumption now to flatter himself he can have an interview with the Queen. Write then every circumstance, every tittle relative to this affair, and put it into my hands."

This man, like many others skilled in the arts of dissimulation, could sometimes assume the semblance of truth when he was totally deficient in the substance. Could I at that time imagine that a man could be a villain where he had no interest to be so? that he could have lured into his toils one who had never done him
any

any injury? But, perhaps, I wrong the Commissary Chenon. He was subservient to higher powers. I know not the weight of this extenuation---if it is an excuse, let him plead it to his own conscience.

I accordingly complied with his request.--- This man had done every thing in his power to exasperate me against the Cardinal, whom, from the very nature of his accusation, I was, indeed, bound to regard, less, much less, than I did; nor had he any reason to expect that I should attempt, in the manner I did, to ward the blow that was levelled at his head, which, by such interposition, only glanced at him, but crushed me to atoms.

When I was interrogated by Chenon, the questions were put in such singular and complicated terms that I scarce knew what to answer, and the interrogatories were previously framed, to extract such answers as might be easily moulded to the virulent purposes of that party to which they were calculated to be subservient; add to this, that my replies were made in a state of agitation. I could not yet believe,
seriously,

seriously, that the Cardinal had made such a monstrous accusation: "All this," thought I, "may be a trap to deceive me, and make me instrumental in sacrificing the Cardinal to the Queen's resentment. If he has, indeed, thus traduced me by this horrid charge, as guilt is not always endowed with confidence, he surely will not dare to look me in the face."

I was nine days without seeing the Commisary. During that time I was quite spiritless, fatigued with walking to and fro in my chamber, my mind was disturbed, and my ideas, rising in a melancholy succession, still exhibited, in different views, the horrors of my wretched and comfortless existence; for want of air, for want of exercise, deprived of that pleasing variety so essential to health, my countenance wore the fallow hue of languor, and my eyes were dimmed with weary watching, and hope protracted to despair. The turnkey, observing my situation, communicated it to the Governor, who came to visit me, and, finding me sufficiently calm, proposed my taking a walk on the tower, and continued with me a short time previous to our walk with the old Major.

After

After dinner we ascended the tower. At that time there had been a slight shower, which made the stones upon which we walked very slippery. I held by the arms of these two gentlemen, and we proceeded some paces from my tower. I observed the print of a foot at a small distance from that part of the pavement upon which we walked, and a circular board of wood painted red. At sight of this I recoiled with horror: the Governor viewed me with surprise. "Oh no!" replied I, "I will walk no further;" keeping my eyes fixed at the same time upon the place which had so terrified me.--- "Certainly," said the Governor, addressing himself to the Major, "Madame, believes this circle to be the place of the dungeons, for I know that such a notion prevails abroad, and people are enquiring almost every day, if it is really true that there are such things in the Bastille? To convince you, however, Madame," said the Governor, "we will go and lift up the door; but, to calm your apprehension, I give you my honor, Madame, that this hole, the gate of which leads into the court on the same side with your den, is for the purpose of raising stones to repair the building."

The

The Governor and the Major then proceeded to gratify my curiosity. They, with all their strength united, were not capable to raise the lid ; which, besides being very thick and heavy, from not having been, for a long time, opened, the dirt had made it stick very fast. They called one of the invalids, by whose additional assistance they effected their purpose. My prejudice was effectually cured, and I then found that the Governor had told me the truth. I walked on with confident composure, unterrified by the least fear of dungeons ; but the word created some very disagreeable reflections, which, according to my general way of speaking every thing I thought, I did not endeavor to suppress. After insinuating to the Governor that I was persuaded he detained a great number of unfortunate creatures in chains, and that many of them were doomed thither for their lives---and the popular opinion is by no means unjust, for, if these prisoners are suddenly apprehended and carried off, by the emissaries of the police ; when their families are ignorant where they are detained, they may be said to be in dungeon ; while they remain in total oblivion, it may be very truly believed that there are dungeons in the Bastille. The Governor pretended that no person ever died

died there, but this assertion was more than I chose to credit. He told me, that every prisoner was detained there either by order of their relations or the state, but that these remained here only a small number of years.

Having proceeded thus far in giving some account of what happened in the Bastile, it may not, perhaps, be unsatisfactory to give some account of many other little incidents which occurred at my first entrance into that abode of horrors, which has now disgorged its victims, who, thanks to liberty, have burst their restraints, and again revisit the cheerful light of day. During my residence in this house of woe, I scruple not to relate those minor incidents, which, however they may be censured by the austerity of criticism, may, probably, afford entertainment to those who read more to gratify curiosity than to hunt for blemishes, in that melancholy catalogue of misfortunes which compose the life of a female, too much agitated to attend to the propriety of diction, or to weigh the importance of the occurrences she relates, and apply them according to the disposition of her readers. She wishes not to form a tale, which the learned alone would approve; but, to suggest

suggest that she is writing her life, which must naturally be conceived to be composed of minutes, as well as incidents of superior magnitude : were she to confine herself to the latter, she might render her narrative more interesting---but, by suppressing the latter, her truth would be suspected. To those candid readers who consider the peculiar circumstances, the distressing situation of the authoress, she addresses these minute occurrences of her comfortless existence ---to these she appeals---to these she lifts her voice---for these she guides her pen, and delineates the features of her life.

Upon my arrival in the Bastille, my food was brought me in pewter plates ; these I rejected and left untouched in the place where I found them. When the turnkey came to take away, he seemed a little surprised, and, after pausing some time : “ So then,” said he, in a rude manner, “ you don’t chuse to eat, it seems.” — “ No,” replied I : “ I don’t chuse to eat. I desire to know if you serve the Cardinal in pewter ? Inform the Governor that the Valois are as nice, and entitled to equal respect with the Rohans.” At this the turnkey remained astonished. He looked at me respectfully, and answered

answered me by solemnly protesting, that he was ignorant who I was ; at the same time begging my pardon. He then departed, and returned in a moment with a better dinner, served in very beautiful dishes with silver covers. After this time I had no reason to complain of their inattention, being furnished with every thing the moment it was asked for.

But, notwithstanding these advantages of good nourishment, I could not forget that I was a prisoner. This idea ever presented itself to my imagination, which I tried unsuccessfully a thousand projects to divert ; but I need not insult the understanding of the English by any eulogium upon that invaluable blessing so emphatically theirs, a blessing whose value I could only reckon by its loss. In vain did I attempt to amuse my distracted ideas : my brain was raging--- I attempted to write ; my thoughts crowded upon each other in wild incoherency. I dropt my pen, and climbed up to the window,---it was all in vain. I conceived that by means of a knife I might make an opening through the floor. It is not the custom to suffer the prisoners to have knives ; but my keeper, at my request, lent me his, which was, indeed, a mon-

stuous one, that might almost be called a sabre, to which its length and breadth were almost equal, but the stronger I thought the better adapted to my purpose. I attempted, by means of this knife, to raise the squares from corner to corner; but, in this effort, I found so many obstacles, that, quite out of humor, I gave up the undertaking, which would, at least, tend to amuse me, and, if I could open the slightest communication below, I might derive some advantage from conversing with the prisoner underneath, whom my ideas still shaped for the Cardinal.

About an hour every day I generally walked upon the tower, attended by the Governor, who behaved very politely.—Returning one day, when he was just going to depart, I held the first door in my hand, placed myself against him, and told him, with a smile, that I would not suffer him to shut that door. “Is not one door enough to be shut upon me?” continued I. After some slight objections, he politely answered, “The ladies must be obeyed,” and from that time I had the gate within my chamber left open. Between these two doors were three steps.

I now

I now imagined that I should be able to hear very thing that passed more distinctly, and immediately after the departure of the Governor, proceeded to examine this additional extent I had acquired. When I had well examined the door, I tried to scrape away some pieces, to make an opening, but I could discover nothing. I then laid myself down, and discovered under my door, very distinctly, the windows at the bottom of the court and my stair-case. "This," thought I, "is a great point gained." I was more easy, pleased, and composed.

When I heard the turnkey, or any other person upon the stairs, I ran to peep under my door, from whence I could see what passed. A day or two after this discovery, I saw my turnkey with a new prisoner. It was in the evening.— I saw him very distinctly, and understood clearly, as he stopped at every step to rest himself, what he said. "This stair-case is very difficult to ascend," said he. This miserable wretch was near eighty years of age. The sight of an object so decrepit, and so wretched, sometimes increased the painful sensations of my own situation, by additional reflections on the miseries of his. This poor old creature was very

asthmatic, and apparently upon the point of deceiving his enemies, by escaping to immortality ; but despotism, like death, pays no attention either to youth or age. Beauty, virtue, merit, wisdom, are all objects of destruction, all are hurried away by its influence, all are engulfed in its vortex.

The next day, about eleven in the morning, this old prisoner was summoned to the Salle du Conseil, where he remained near three quarters of an hour. As he re-ascended the stair-case, I heard him utter, in feeble and piteous accents, stopping at every interval, and fetching his breath with extreme difficulty : “ A week longer and I shall no more ascend these stairs. It will certainly shorten my miserable existence.” He was examined in the Salle du Conseil, by M. de la Crone, and had, during his continuance in the Bastille, such violent attacks of his disorder, that they were under the necessity of allowing him an invalid to be near him both day and night.--- During his confinement, the Governor and officers visited him every day. His name, and the cause of his imprisonment, I was once acquainted with, but it will not, perhaps, much be wondered at, if the multiplicity of my own
subsequent

subsequent misfortunes have erased it from my memory.

In the month of September, the Commissary Chenon came to my chamber, with a very cheerful air, and informed me, that the Cardinal, at least, his family, desired this matter might be brought on in the parliament; adding, that the Cardinal had four advocates for the occasion; "but, as the Baron de Breteuil thinks that you have no acquaintance with any, here are the names of three," said he, shewing me the names written at the bottom of a letter, and the writing, which I knew to be the Baron de Breteuil's, at once inspired me with confidence and hope.

The name of the first was M. Doillot, the two others I cannot recollect, but they were gentlemen of considerable eminence in their profession. The Commissary then acquainted me, that he would write a circular letter to each of them, mentioning the names of all three in every letter, and that it was the desire of the Lieutenant of the Police that I should also write to them myself.

On the 13th, at eleven in the morning, M. Doillot arrived, went to the Police, had an interview with M. de Crone, and appeared well satisfied.

M. Doillot had scarce departed, when the carriage of the Baron de Breteuil arrived. M. de Crone informed him that M. Doillot had been there, and was gone to see him. I learnt that the Baron de Breteuil recommended me strongly. Hostile, as I have before mentioned, to the Cardinal's interest, he seemed particularly to concern himself for mine. M. Doillot was presented to me by the Governor, who remained about a quarter of an hour, and then departed, leaving M. Doillot and me in conference together.

M. Doillot, after having communicated to me the result of his interview with the Baron de Breteuil and M. de Crone, concluded by demanding what I had written,

I communicated to M. Doillot all that I had committed to paper. He read some part of it, and appeared at first struck. "Madame," said he, "this is very serious! And have you wrote
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one for the Commiffary Chenon?"---"Oh! no."---"Madame, you fhould not have given him any thing. M. de Breteuil has good information; he does not want to be better inftructed." He took down his own remarks, and every thing which he had to write the next morning, and vifited me during the fpace of four days, after which he went into the country.

A fortnight elapfed without feeing M. Doillot. About the firft week in October he returned, to affure me that every thing would be favorably arranged, and that all was going on as it fhould be. He feemed to avoid entering into any very minute or particular detail; and, from many queftions which I asked refpecting the Cardinal, I found he was enraged againft him, and appeared to load him with reproaches. Upon finding that I perfifted in my refolution of difcovering the truth, he was alfo much difpleafed with me. "You will abfolutely ruin yourfelf," he remarked, "You are but a mere worm, unprotected by the Queen's fupport; and, if you are ftill fo obftinately inclined towards the Cardinal, what will become of you?"---I wifh to be informed," replied I, "what will be the confequence to the Cardinal." "Nothing, nothing,

thing, Madame; his family will support him ! ---But is it possible that you can forgive him such an accusation as he has made against you, that you have gone abroad with the necklace ? Oh ! no, Madame ! Banish even the slightest sentiment in his favor, as baneful to your interest, as productive of your destruction, and address yourself to your own preservation ! You ought to drop every recollection of him ! From the moment that he has so palpably forgot himself, he has not merited any kindness from you, since he wishes to make you the victim !”

M. Doillot particularly enjoined me to be very cautious how I mentioned the Queen. I thought within myself, if it was really true that the Cardinal had positively accused me with having stolen the necklace, he was extremely culpable, for I could not lay any thing to my own charge. ---I could not immediately perceive what gave M. Doillot so much disturbance. I then conjectured that the Cardinal's ruin was planned by the Baron de Breteuil ; I knew that the Queen had also resolved upon his destruction, and that I was intended to be the instrument, to gratify the malice of the one, and the revenge of the other. I wished not to be subservient to such purposes,

purposes, and I conceived that the charge which they suggested the Cardinal had made against me, was intended to exasperate me to pursue him to destruction.

While M. Doillot remained with me, I heard a knocking below, and took that opportunity to represent to him, that if it was really true that the Cardinal had accused me, he would not converse with me so sociably as he did at that moment. I then explained to him the meaning of the knocking underneath, which I answered. He listened attentively. "Very true!" said M. Doillot; "but let us proceed further in this dumb conversation. Ask him his name!"---I gave the number of knocks requisite for the question, according to the key to our correspondence, which I do not now exactly remember, though the plan was perfectly simple, consisting only of nineteen letters of the alphabet.

After pausing some time, I was greatly surprised to find this person, whom I suspected to be the Cardinal, was the Marquis de Pelpont, a relation of my family, with whose relations, though I was particularly intimate, yet I had not seen him above once or twice at
Versailles.

Verfailles. It was then that I believed the Cardinal was guilty of the charge which I was given to understand he had exhibited against me.

M. Doillot was very well pleased with this discovery of my mistake, hoping that I should not now betray the secrets of the Queen, and that I should be pointedly inimical against the Cardinal. M. Doillot then left me, perfectly satisfied with my behaviour, and returned no more till towards the latter end of November. At this visit he was very communicative, and spoke with great confidence on my success.--- The fourth of November he prepared a memoir for the inspection of the public, intituled, *Memoir of Jean de Saint Remy de Valois, Countess de la Motte, against the Cardinal de Rohan*. M. Doillot came that same day this memoir was published, at eleven in the morning, and brought me one for my own perusal, at the same time apprizing me that he had sent seventeen to the Baron de Breteuil, and had three hundred more ready for dispersion.

After communicating this intelligence, M. Doillot took his leave, to give me an opportunity of

of perusing my memoir ; promising, at the same time, that he would return about six or seven in the evening. It is impossible for me to express how much I was struck on dipping into this memoir. " Oh ! " exclaimed I to myself, " I am ruined if I do not discover the truth ! " I proceeded to examine the whole piece, in the perusal of which I was frequently interrupted by my tears. As soon as I had finished, I waited impatiently the arrival of the two other advocates, whom the Baron de Breteuil had appointed to exert themselves in my defence jointly with M. Doillot.

When M. Doillot returned in the evening, I made very bitter complaints of the contents of the memoir, which appeared at once so complicated and improbable, that they were scarce entitled to credibility. I could not suppose the Cardinal would have been guilty of such meanness. M. Doillot assured me, that I ought not to commit an affair of so much importance to other advocates ; observing, that there could neither be that secrecy nor unanimity among three persons, so necessary for proceeding effectually, and that my defence would be much better managed by one. He engaged me to
compose

compose myself; and, to induce me to be calm, he affected to be countenanced by the Queen. I have some reason to suspect that he was certainly authorized to raise my spirits, by encouragement, and to put words into my mouth.

M. Doillot, well versed in the arts of his profession, knew how to persuade: but, perhaps, at that period, he might be himself mistaken; perhaps he might have been too credulous, for M. Doillot has established reputation, and has ever been held in the public estimation as a person of unshaken integrity, and I could never force myself to suppose, that a man near seventy years of age could be guilty of deceit. I chose to believe him what he always appeared, rejecting the insinuations of many persons, which were, probably, to serve their own private purposes, that he was connected with the partizans of the Queen to sacrifice me. To these reports I gave no credit. If they were really founded, may God forgive him! It was no trifling gratification to the vanity of M. Doillot that these memoirs made a noise throughout all Paris, and created such disturbances, that he was obliged to have the Gué at his house, during the time of their distribution. To give an idea how strongly the

the curiosity of the public was excited in this business, it is necessary to mention that there were not less than a thousand distributed in the course of a week, and five thousand more, sold by the printers, for their own benefit.---- It is a circumstance very remarkable, that there was nothing in the style or language of these memoirs that could produce so rapid a distribution, which must be attributed solely to the curiosity of the public. M. Doillot did not receive less than three thousand written applications for these pamphlets, a great number of which he brought to shew me. This respectable gentleman was, however, frequently in danger of being assassinated, as there were often at his house persons of his acquaintance, who, after having some discourse with others who were disguised, advised him to take care of himself, as he exposed himself to great danger, from having undertaken to plead my cause against the family of the Cardinal. From thence proceeded many conjectures, and rumors spread by the partizans of the house of Rohan, that he had certainly received money from the Queen, or, at least, that he had great expectations for being so zealous. Several anonymous letters were sent to

to him on this occasion, many of which I have read, tending to intimidate him. One day persons in disguise informed him that he was acting contrary to the wishes of the Queen, in undertaking my defence, but M. Doillot was much better informed than to be the dupe of such artifice as this; and, notwithstanding every attempt to intimidate, proceeded in defending my cause. It was, indeed, not very difficult to fathom these anonymous letters, to know the intent of the persons in disguise, nor the quarter from whence these efforts proceeded.— M. Doillot came, of his own accord, to visit me every day towards the end of November, and kindly endeavored to reason down my fears, to inspire me with confidence, and to recal my wonted gaiety. I found that I was unjustly accused. I scrutinized my inmost thoughts, which told me I was innocent, while reason seemed to assure me that innocence and peace were generally companions, and in whatever happy bosom they condescended to make their abode, the gloom of despondency could not enter, and the chains of captivity would not be felt. Hail, ye bright emanations from Heaven! celestial supporters of virtue! Sustained by you,
the

the expanding soul bursts forth, wanders at large, beyond the puny efforts of tyranny to confine, derides oppression, and disdains the chain.

The horrors of my situation began now rapidly to decrease. I sung, as though I had been at large in my own house, substituting this simple amusement to supply the want of conversation with the Marquis de Pelpont. In this mansion of the Bastille frequently did I converse with M. Doillot upon the blessings of the English nation. How much did I envy the liberty of the inhabitants of that happy country, where I can now speak the truth without danger of being molested! How much does the reflection comfort my heart, that I am now in a kingdom whose equal laws protect the weak from the oppression of the powerful, where the peasant can have redress against the injuries of the peer, where the accused is not condemned unheard, and where he can meet his accusers face to face, and their allegations are weighed in the impartial balance of justice.

I have before said that I had again assumed my wonted gaiety. Alas! there was a shock which I conceived far distant, and which I thought I should
 should

should not so suddenly have received; a shock which was above every other, more difficult to sustain.---Misfortunes seldom come alone! the history of human nature proves it in almost every page.

Being possessed of my brother's letter of attorney, to whom I had sent frequent remittances, but through negligence had not for some time received these payments from the Treasury, three or four years pension became due about this period, when, wishing to make some little payments, I authorized my advocate to receive some money for me at the Royal Treasury. M. Minguet, my notary, perfectly confiding in the security of my brother's brevet, brought it me himself. One morning, a little out of humour with M. Doillot, who was continually ringing in my ears demands for money, I could not help reprimanding him, for neglecting to receive it at the Treasury, as I had desired. He pleaded multiplicity of business in extenuation of this omission. This answer appeared very singular, and I could scarce believe him serious. " Monsieur Doillot," said I, observing him with an eye of eager attention, and a countenance

tenance of disguised suspense, “and is my brother dead?” He said, “No;” but so mysteriously, that it alarmed my apprehensions. I determined, if possible, to know the worst, and the better to engage M. Doillot to discover the truth, I assumed the appearance of calmness and resignation, spoke of the mortality of human nature, telling him, whatever might be my fate, I would submit with patient resignation to the afflicting dispensations of an unerring Providence. “I will,” continued I, “summon up all my resolution, to sustain those misfortunes which I cannot avoid.”

M. Doillot, believing me tolerably reconciled, at length informed me that my brother was dead. “He died,” continued he, “at Salam, in the East Indies, where he was buried previous to the sailing of his frigate.”

The Marshal de Castries, whom I had seen in the month of July, informed me of his safe arrival, but could not exactly ascertain the time. ---This was the crisis when I thought I should have had the firmness to stifle in resignation the rising throb of severe distress; this was the mo-

ment when I fancied myself steeled with fortitude.

If I have formerly been reprov'd for too much sensibility, and nerves too finely strung to bear even the slightest accent of reproof, picture to yourselves, ye souls of sympathy, if it is in the power of imagination to conceive, without the melancholy experience of the event, what was the state of my distracted mind, when M. Doillot inform'd me of my brother's death. This was a most afflicting stroke. My father, sister, mother, all dropped off; my brother was my only friend, the prop of my declining hopes, the ornament, the defender of his country; but, perhaps, he was prematurely call'd up to heaven, in an act of mercy, that he might not partake the insults offer'd to his family, that he might not be a witness to the injuries heap'd upon his miserable sister.

I strove, as much as possible, to conceal my emotions before M. Doillot, lest, at some future time, he might conceal from me circumstances with which I ought to be acquainted, in compassion to my sensibility; yet did I find it very
 difficult

difficult to suppress those sensations which appeared strongly, even in my efforts to vanquish, and to which I so anxiously wished to give vent.

As soon as M. Doillot quitted me, I remained in a very pensive situation, combating a multitude of the most gloomy ideas, which presented themselves in quick and painful succession. The death of my brother weighed down my heart; I walked hastily across my chamber, making every effort to drive from my thoughts ideas so exquisitely distressing. "Is he then dead?" said I to myself. "And will he never return? Alas! no!---Well then, let me be resolute; let me summon up all my resolution, and I have need of much to bear up against the power of my accusers, lest the grief of my heart should deprive me of the ability of making my defence, and my enemies should triumph in that stupidity of grief, which, by preventing me from substantiating my innocence, will exaggerate my supposed criminality. This thought roused me. I conceived myself to be more tranquil, and strove to dissipate my troubled thoughts by writing; when the Marquis de Pelpport gave a knock, which commenced a conversation, to

which I answered, and communicated my grief. He was sorry that M. Doillot had disclosed the circumstance, and assured me that he was acquainted with it some time ago, but that he highly disapproved of the conduct of M. Doillot, in not concealing it from me.

I laid myself down about eleven o'clock, as I thought sufficiently calm; but about three or four in the morning I was seized with a violent convulsion, and, in the ravings of delirium, overset a large table, which was standing by my bed-side, with all its contents. The noise alarmed the Marquis de Pelpport, who knocked violently to know what was the matter. This knocking awakened the turnkey, who ran directly to his room. The Marquis communicated what he had heard above, upon which the turnkey came up, and on opening the door, and seeing my situation, ran away, terrified almost out of his senses, and called one of the invalids, whom he dispatched instantly to wake the Surgeon, and the King's Lieutenant, who, upon their arrival, found me replaced in my bed, trembling under the agitation of a violent convulsion, which going off, the tears rolled down my cheeks in great abundance. " Oh, my

my dear brother!" exclaimed I. "O pillar of my hopes! and art thou indeed dead? And shall thy affectionate sister behold thee no more?"---After these words, intermixed with tears and heavy sobs, the Surgeon gave me some anodyne medicine, which tended a little to assuage the agitation of my mind, and so composed me that I fell into a slumber. The turnkey and an invalid remained with me, whom I was not a little surprized at seeing in my chamber when I awoke, which was about seven in the morning. They told me every thing that passed during the night, of which I had, if any, but a very imperfect recollection.

About ten the Surgeon, attended by the Governor and the other officers, came to pay me a visit. I sustained their presence very well, and listened to every thing that they had to say to me, without finding myself much affected; but I was so much fatigued and bruised, from having beat myself so violently, that I was incapable of raising myself in my bed. They bled me twice, which in some measure alleviated the violence of my disorder; but I have at this day pains in my head, which derived their commencement from this severe affection.

Since this attack, I am grown familiar with reflections on death. I have contemplated upon it so often, that it appears to me only dreadful at a distance; every day of its approach, it loses its horrors. I have reasoned myself into that firmness, that I stand on the precipice of dissolution; I look up, and my eyes do not ach; I look down, and my heart does not tremble.--- I have read authors, who assert that courage is, in men, the characteristic of the male sex; they have expatiated on this virtue, as characteristic of magnanimity; I have conceived it a desirable qualification, which, though a female, I have endeavored to attain. That brother, whose death I so deeply mourned, possessed it eminently; and that courage which he manifested in the hour of danger, I wished might be also inherent in me. Since this æra, I made it my constant study to acquire sufficient intrepidity to encounter, and resolution enough to sustain, all those miseries to which human nature is subject, of which more than a common share has fallen to my lot.

Three or four days after my illness, M. Doillot arrived. He found me up, and apparently in much better spirits than he expected. He had
indeed

and indeed been reproved by the Governor, for his indiscretion in making that communication which had so deeply affected me ; but he was pleased at finding me in such spirits. It is indeed true, that these spirits were forced, and that I affected to be more chearful than I really was, to make M. Doillot more easy, and less apprehensive of a repetition of those reprehensions from the Governor, which he had before received, for what they conceived his imprudent communication. He then informed me, that fear and compunction for what he had done, and the apprehension of becoming the object of public censure, from his conduct being submitted, through the medium of my memoir, to public inspection, had so affected the Commissary Cheron, that he was at that time at Charenton, at the house of *Les Peres de la Charite* (a private mad-house). Although not naturally vindictive, I was nevertheless not very uneasy to learn this news, which gave me a greater degree of resolution to hear the rest.

I suspend, for an instant, the narrative of my more immediate concerns, to say a few words respecting my sister, who was no sooner apprized, by public report, of my confinement in

the Bastile, than she immediately went, in the greatest anxiety, in quest of the Baron de Breteuil, whom she had formerly, at the hotel de Boulainvilliers, persuaded herself was warmly my friend.

The Baron de Breteuil was not a little surprised at seeing my sister, which was at the Louvre, one day, when there was a public audience, as he could not foresee the reason of her visit. She very prudently only desired to speak two words to him: "I am Mademoiselle de Valois," said she, in a very low whisper, in the presence of M. de Chauispere, an advocate. "I am very sorry, Madame; but, really I can do nothing for her. You should apply to Mons. the Count de Vergennes. I wish to avoid, as much as possible, that the family of Rohan should have it in their power to say, that I am the enemy of the Cardinal, or the friend of your sister; otherwise, I am sufficiently disposed. Apply to the Count de Vergennes---it is he who has the sole management of this affair."

My sister, disheartened by this reception, shed tears and departed, determined to take the earliest opportunity of making application to the
 Count

Count de Vergennes. She wrote to him at Versailles, but received no answer. She determined to go herself on the next day of public audience. She approached the Minister, and made her request. "Madam," replied he, "your sister is peculiarly fortunate. Nothing at all will be wanting---her affairs are in very good hands." "Sir," replied my sister, "the Cardinal is allowed to see all his family and his friends: my sister has no relation but me---I intreat you then to grant me permission to visit her. M. de Launay, Governor of the Bastile, whom I have waited upon, in expectation of seeing my sister, has informed me, that he has no power without an order from the Minister." "'Tis very true, Madam," replied the Count de Vergennes; "but, Madam, I am sorry that I can do nothing myself. Have you no friend near the King who has sufficient influence to procure this indulgence from his Majesty? for it is the King himself who has granted this permission to the Cardinal's family and his friends to visit him." From this answer my poor sister, perplexed in the extreme at being thus disappointed, went to seek M. Doillot, to whom she related the difficulties she had met with, and her despair of removing them; but, since she could

not

not obtain permission to visit me in the Bastile, she requested his opinion whether he thought it practicable to see me upon the tower? *Mons. Doillot* answered in the affirmative. In consequence of this my sister determined to see me in the best manner she could, and to station herself on one of the highest eminences of the Boulevards.

M. Doillot came the preceding day to inform me of the day and the hour. The next day at one was the time appointed. I communicated to the King's new Lieutenant, *du Puget*, that I had made choice of that hour for my walk upon the towers, well knowing that all the officers would, at that hour, be engaged in business. I, therefore, walked about, only accompanied by an invalid, in whom the Governor placed great confidence. I had scarce taken a turn upon the tower, when I perceived my sister, accompanied by two gentlemen and a lady; one was the Viscount de Barrafs, nephew of the Count de Barrafs, a particular friend of my brother's, on account of whose friendship the Viscount paid his addresses to my sister, and would, probably, have married her, had not my disaster prevented the nuptials; the others were

were the Abbé de Paff, and a lady.-----
 These friends waved their handkerchiefs, as a signal, which I observing did the same, but without stopping, and waving my handkerchief behind the invalid, to prevent his perceiving me, who either did not, or feigned not to see me, lest he should be severely reprimanded: it was also contrary to the ordinances of the Bastile to stop near the parapet, except in the presence of the Governor and the other officers; but in the little cabinet, opposite the coffee-house which formed the angle of the Boulevard, every prisoner may, if he prefers rest to walking, continue all the time allowed him for recreation. I, however, employed my whole hour in walking, and a quarter of an hour more to rest in this cabinet, to send a kiss to my sister, and salute her company, which when I had done, I immediately retired, without the least agitation, pleased with having seen my sister. The pleasure I experienced in having seen her was quite sufficient---I was already a philosopher: but it was different with her, who, the moment after I disappeared, was suddenly taken ill in the middle of the Boulevards, and conducted by the company and many of the spectators, who kindly interested themselves in her

her distress, to the coffee-house, to procure her some assistance.

This incident, which soon became public, at length reached the ears of the Governor de Launay, who strictly questioned my conductor, but he answered very satisfactorily, that he had seen nothing, that he had perceived nothing of the kind, and the Governor said nothing more about it. M. Doillot informed me, at the next visit, that my sister was something better, but that she would never be tempted again to see me in that manner. The dear creature, as M. Doillot informed me, was a spectacle of grief since my imprisonment, so changed as scarcely to be known, and but too much reason she had to tremble for my fate. She judged, that from several circumstances, the favor shewn to the Cardinal, in the permission granted to his friends to visit, from that privilege being denied to her, from the neutrality of the Baron de Breteuil, from all these reasons combined she judged, and with truth, which weight would incline the balance. She had sufficient presentiment of the event from having been refused by the Minister admission to see me, when she knew that all
Paris

Paris rung with the number of visitors which the Cardinal received in prison, while I, unfortunate, friendless, and unprotected, denied even the privilege of seeing my own sister, doomed to pine in solitary silence, and to read the horrors of the future, in the page of my present misery. Easy may it be imagined what little comfort a person in such a situation, suspected of a crime, the very idea of which makes her start with horror, could have had when left to herself, in solitary bondage. Such a situation might weigh down even the superior fortitude of the other sex. I should have been depressed even to the grave, had I been really guilty of the crime laid to my charge, but the fullest conviction of my integrity, and a confidence in His arm who defends the innocent and succours the oppressed, alone sustained me, amidst the present and the melancholy anticipation of future miseries, while a chearful acquiescence to the will of Heaven illumined my countenance with a smile, even in the devouring jaws of the Bastile.

There were moments when I thought every thing would terminate successfully, and, thro' the medium of hope, the future appeared a pleasing prospect.---“ The Cardinal,” said I to myself,

myself, “ from the influence of his family, will be soon set at liberty, and I shall owe my deliverance to her Majesty’s generosity, who will suspend all further process.” Thus calmly did I sometimes reason on what was reputed to be our common crime. At some moments I had such a flow of spirits, that I frequently amused myself with singing a number of songs, as they succeeded in my mind, blending them all together, without any attention to regularity. Many of the invalids, who heard me, reported to the Governor, that a lady in the third Comp-tée sung at least sixty different songs and airs every day, and that she got up to the window, where they saw her very plainly.

The Governor, upon this intelligence, ordered them to come and listen to what I sung; he also stationed another person to listen attentively to the words of my songs. I was aware of my spy, though he spoke very low. I redoubled my efforts, and sung this passage from Richard Cœur de Lion :---“ Oh, Richard! oh, mon Roi!” (instead of the name Richard, substituting that of Valois) “ by all the world forsok!”---I took occasion, in the course of my song, to introduce the name of the Governor,
and

and finished with a loud laugh. The poor Marquis de Pelport, who saw our spy, dared not utter a word; but I, not at all alarmed at the spy, nor having the least fear of the Governor, continued my song.

At eight the same evening the Governor came to see me. "Oh, oh!" said I to him gaily, "you are very obliging to make me a visit. You wish, then, to gain the good-will of the prisoners, by coming to see them?"---He smiled. "But you are a singer," said he: "I am very sorry to have interrupted you!" And this Governor, so very rigid and austere, who had prohibited singing in the Bastile, intreated me to do him the favor to sing a song. I at first hesitated, but after some little consideration began to sing; and, that I might be heard throughout the Bastile, I sung a brisk tune. As soon as I had finished, "Very well, Mr. Governor!" said I rallyingly, "you have not behaved with the greatest consistency, in sending my turnkey, St. Jean, to desire me not to sing, for that it is contrary to the rules of the Bastile, when I can absolutely say that I have authority to sing, even from the Governor himself!" I then informed him what I had heard, calling him a spy.---

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Though this was all spoke in a jocular manner, he made no reply, which indeed I did not regret; for, underneath this disguise of exterior affability, there was much latent falsehood, of which I had but too much reason to complain.

From this epocha, he has fulfilled the measure of his malevolence against me; but this I cease to mention, otherwise I could not only state the times, but the occasions. This same person visited me every evening, and passed an hour or two with me, which was constantly occupied in trifling chit-chat; for it is not a little singular, that, during the six months I was in the Bastile, neither the Governor, nor any other person, ever said a word relative to my affairs, nor ever spoke of the Cardinal, except once, when he mentioned that he walked every day in his garden, about eleven at noon, and that he passed upon his round under my window, accompanied by the Prince de Montbasson and his brother.---“ They stopped, directly opposite to your tower,” said he, “ on hearing you sing; in consequence of which I beg that you will not sing at that time again.” I promised to obey this injunction, though my curiosity was strongly excited by the manner in which I saw the Cardinal

dinal, who constantly fixed his eyes on the window of my prison, and appeared anxious to see me; he also spoke in an elevated tone of voice, with a view doubtless that I might clearly understand him.

A few days subsequent to this interview with the Governor, the Lieutenant came to my apartment, and conducted me to the same hall where I had been first examined.—I cannot say I felt myself much agitated on this examination, which might be deemed a private one compared to those which followed. On my arrival I received the *decrets* from the hands of two Greffiers, one of whom named M. Fre-myn, I shall have occasion frequently to mention, as a person strongly prejudiced in favour of the Cardinal—and though my most inveterate enemy, yet assuming that specious disguise of affability and concern for my interest, which made him more dangerous as having greater power to deceive.—The business being finished, and the *decrets* delivered, after a few complimentary expressions, I was again conducted to my apartment, and secured within those massy bars, the dreadful emblems of tyranny and oppression.

I was here indeed shut up from all communication with the world—denied the privilege even of speaking to my sister, and my sister-in-law confined in the Bastille six months for only attempting to see me—to what could I have recourse for amusement to an imagination naturally active and energetic,—qualities, alas! fatal to its own repose.—I sometimes had recourse to the ingenious expedient which necessity had taught me, of holding conversation with the Marquis de Pelpont—devoted some hours to contemplation, and the remaining time was occupied in addressing fervent supplications to that heavenly throne, which yet regards the cries an earthly tribunal thought proper to reject.

The loss of my brother, joined to my own unhappy situation, had weaned me from every hope of happiness on earth—my attachment for worldly comforts being destroyed, the native energy of my mind sought to fix itself on that rock, where it could view the storms of oppression howl unheeded beneath—But, alas! such is the frailty of human nature, such was sometimes my despondency, that notwithstanding my reliance on the Omnipotent Being
whose

whose power is over all, I blush to confess, that there were moments when my heart failed me, “when my soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death”—there were moments when, to use the expression of the Psalmist, “I communed with myself and was silent.”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE LIFE
OF
Jane de St. Remy de Valois,
HERETOFORE
COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.

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THE LIFE

OF

Jane de St. Remy de Valois,

HERETOFORE

COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE, *France*

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A circumstantial and exact Detail of the many extraordinary Events which have attended this unfortunate Lady from her Birth, and contributed to raise her to the Dignity of Confidant and Favorite of the

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WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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1791.

THE
L I F E
OF
JANE DE ST. REMY DE VALOIS,
COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.

80X168
I COMMENCED my Life with the beginning of my misfortunes. In the progress of the preceding volume, I have observed how rapidly they accumulated, how incessantly they pursued me. In the sequel of this, I shall prove that they assailed me with an unabating energy, which can only terminate in the grave, to which I feel myself hastily approaching--- that grave to which my sorrows will hurry me, long before the period assigned by Nature for the duration of comfortable existence.

VOL. II.

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I commenced with the history of my infant wretchedness, when the cravings of animal appetite were poorly satisfied by the donations of charity, the inconvenience of hunger and thirst, rags and wretchedness, and the cruel punishment of an unfeeling parent.---But stripes, and wretchedness, and all the temporary inconveniences of appetite unsatisfied, nor even the whole circle of miseries which had persecuted me, to the period from whence I commence this volume, were nothing, compared to what I have since suffered; were nothing, compared to the uneasiness of my mind, even at the very recollection of what I have since sustained.---I have stated that my conduct was biassed, that my afflictions were acuminated, by those elevated notions which I had imbibed from a dying parent, imprisoned for having resumed a title which he claimed as his birth-right, and instantaneously released, upon producing that pedigree which was too well substantiated to admit a doubt of its authenticity. I have run through the principal incidents of my life, and hinted those circumstances that led me to be the favorite, the confidant of a Queen.---It is here, that I must lament the misfortunes into which I was hurried, by the almost uncontrollable ebullitions

ebullitions of a thoughtless and giddy vivacity, which afforded my enemies an opportunity of taking advantage of that frankness of disposition, which, unaccustomed to suspicion, prevented me from discovering their machinations, till I was entangled in their snares.---I know not whether my readers will condemn, or pity, that easy temper which facilitated the impositions of the designing, and deluded me to be so foolishly attached to, and so implicitly guided by, those whose counsels were artful to persuade.

I have been censured by my enemies for having too much pride, for having too high notions of my birth. It has appeared, possibly, to the English reader, that I have a degree of pride---I will not myself determine whether it is too little or too much ; but my enemies at least should have remembered, in their accusation, that the imputation of pride but very ill accords with so odious a charge as they have alledged against me. I appeal to the history of human nature, if pride can stoop to such an act of baseness as they have thought fit to impute to me. But malice is ever blind, and defeats its own purposes. No wonder then, if, amongst the multiplicity of falsities which have been forged

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against

against me, the most glaring incongruities should appear. My accusers have aimed at too much to be entitled to credit ; they should have been more consistent.

Having premised thus much, I must proceed to make a melancholy recital of my own disgrace, and to point out the termination of ambition, under the influence of bad counsels, and giddy vivacity, to which I at length fell a martyr. I, therefore, hasten to resume the thread of my narration.

The day that the decrets were delivered, M. Doillot came to enquire of Fremyn if he could see me the next day ? and was informed, that, as all the decrets were then given in, he and the other advocates were at liberty to see us. Fremyn appeared pleased at having seen me, and told M. Doillot that he had no business with the other Greffier, but that he had begged leave to accompany him, that he might have an opportunity of satisfying his curiosity. He told M. Doillot, that he conceived it impossible for any one, who was a spectator both of my appearance and conduct, to suspect my being guilty of the crime laid to my charge. He affected to speak
very

very handsomely, and recommended me warmly to M. Doillot.

It is necessary that I should here hint, what I had every reason to suspect, what I have since no room to doubt, that the Cardinal, who was as it were at large, though in the Bastile, had most of the officers devoted to his service; nay, so great was the influence of his family, that even his judges were inclined in his favor---that even the power of the Queen could not crush him. To substantiate the truth of my assertion, I shall briefly relate the following incident :—

I have mentioned, that about three months before I had been attacked by convulsions. In consequence of my indisposition, I was allowed a nurse, who, whenever M. Doillot or the Governor came to see me, used to go down among the invalids. The Marquis de Pelpont, who had means to communicate every thing, had written two letters designed for his family, and begged me to send my woman to fetch them, informing me that they were inclosed in a cover, and concealed before the window of the staircase opposite his door, in a particular corner.

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He begged me to use my influence with M. Doillot, to desire that gentleman to put them into the post, or forward them according to their address. My woman, having descended to lead her dog to the court, in re-ascending, brought this packet from M. de Pelport's hiding-place, without the least difficulty or hesitation. I was pleased with the opportunity of obliging that unfortunate gentleman: my advocate took charge of them, and informed me that he put them both in the post. The above-mentioned woman had for a long time been so very attentive, that I thought proper to reward her fidelity with several presents, which I received from my friends, of money and other things. In fine, I reposed in her the greatest confidence, which, like many others in whom I have too incautiously confided, she at length betrayed.--- I proceed to those incidents which led me to suspect her,

I had observed, as I was walking upon the tower about the beginning of December, with the Governor and Lieutenant, that the former always found some pretext or other to keep behind us, and held conversation with the woman. This was repeated so often, that I wished to make

make him perceive I took notice of their conversing together so very earnestly, and said to the Governor, in a rallying tone, " Monsieur de Launay, I really believe that you pay your addresses to my nurse." In this rallying manner did I treat the Governor of the Bastile; and I should not recite such trivial circumstances, but to prove two things: First, that this nurse, who was given me under the pretext of kindness and attention to my indisposition, was in fact but a spy over my actions, which she communicated to the Governor, who, as I have previously hinted, was attached to the interest of the Cardinal; and lastly, to prove that, amidst the terrors of a prison, amidst the horrors of one of the most terrible, my spirits were not damped, my fortitude was not weakened, and my gaiety was frequently that which proclaims the confidence of innocence---that gaiety to which guilt was totally a stranger.

Though I assumed this air of pleasantry with the Governor, I knew that he tampered with my nurse to betray my secrets. What afterwards happened, convinced me that my conjectures were not erroneous.

One morning, about ten o'clock, the Marquis de Pelpport knocked, to intreat me to send my woman, when the turnkey brought the dinner, for a moment into the court, under the pretext of taking down her dog. I confided to this woman the charge of fetching from the same place another packet. She hesitated, and seemed cautious. "Do you know, Madam," said she, "that you are placed under my care, and that I am in the station of a turnkey? And should I chance to be discovered, the Baron de Breteuil will certainly confine me in prison for life. As to the first packet," added she, "I believed, as was the case, that it was nothing but a paper which concerned you and the Marquis de Pelpport; unless I had been convinced of this, I certainly should not have done as I did."--- This woman at length, apparently prevailed on by my entreaties, went down, and remained about a quarter of an hour. I once conceived that she was faithful, that she was attached to my interest: her fidelity, her attachment, existed only in my own imagination. She pretended, on her return, that many people who were passing and repassing had prevented her from doing as I desired her. "Very well," replied I; "then I shall inform the Marquis that
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he must again take care of his packet, when he goes to take his walk in the court." "Perhaps I shall find means," added she, "to comply with your request, when you go to walk." "True," replied I; "I shall walk about one o'clock upon the tower, with the Lieutenant," and was pleased that she herself should point out such an opportunity to favor my inclination.--- She pretended that, on account of its being so very cold, she would rather remain in my chamber.

When I returned from my walk, I found my woman upon the stair-case; she informed me that she had been hindered by several people, and engaged till that very moment. Finding I could place no dependance on the promises of this woman, I desired the unfortunate Marquis to take back his papers,

I had suspicions, indeed I had hints, that this woman betrayed my confidence. Impressed with this idea, that same day I myself spoke to the Governor, telling him that I had no more occasion for the woman; and in the evening told her, that she should not sleep in my chamber, and that I wished to see her no more. The
Governor

Governor remonstrated strongly in her favor; but all his importunities availed nothing, I remained steady in my resolution. About seven in the evening the Marquis de Pelpport, disappointed in the means of conveying his packet, and having racked his wits to find some scheme to effect his purpose, (what I am going to relate will prove that he possessed a brain fertile in expedients) knocked again. "Throw me," said he, as I interpreted his knocking, "out of your window a small crust of bread, tied fast to a quantity of thread, and contrive to make it fall about the center of the window. I will afterwards explain for what reason."

Without the most distant idea of what he meant, I hastened to perform what he desired. How fruitful is necessity in ingenious resources! ---I put three pieces of thread together, making knots from one distance to another, that the threads should not be separated. I fastened to it the crust of bread, which I cut round and sewed up in a small piece of ribband, and threw it before those horrid bars. When the Marquis perceived the end, having without doubt a little stick ready to lay hold of it, he knocked loudly, which frightened me so much that I neglected

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to lower the string sufficiently. At length he caught the thread, and attached to it a pack-thread, which I drew towards me, and by degrees brought up a strong cord, at the end of which was a packet. I was a long time without being able to see it; at length, after having rubbed the skin off my arms, which were not long enough to reach so far, I effected my purpose. A great part of the night was spent in writing, but not without great apprehensions of being discovered.

The Marquis, by this mode of communication, sent me several letters for his family, and a memoir addressed to the Marshal de Mouchy, his relation. This memoir intreated his relations to make the most expeditious application to have his accusation brought forward in the parliament, that, if he was really condemned as guilty of the crime alledged against him, he might be beheaded, without protracting his miserable existence to languish away the bloom of his life in the dreary mansions of solitary confinement. He urgently requested them, at all events, to have his sentence pronounced.---
As a young man in the prime of life, connected by social and domestic ties, a husband, and the
father

father of four children, he wished for death or immediate deliverance. "I am accused," continued he, "of having spoken against the Queen, of having written *The Evenings of Antoinette*, and a pamphlet against two respectable ministers, (M. de Vergennes, and M. de Castries). I only beg that I may be confronted with my enemies, who are prejudiced against me. I desire no favor: I only request that I may be heard, that I may be permitted to speak in my own defence."---Such were the expressions contained in the memoir, together with some complimentary verses addressed to me, wherein he stiled me his saviour and only consolation. All these fell into the hands of the good Governor, who, pleased with such an opportunity, and officious to prove his attachment to the government, transmitted them to the Minister.

On that very day, when I went to the Governor's house to receive the decrees, the unfortunate Marquis was removed to another tower. This was effected under the pretext of shewing him another chamber, in the course of his customary walk. Here they shut him up.---As soon as I entered my chamber, and the doors were shut, I rapped to inform him: nobody answered.

answered. I repeated my knocks: still no reply.

The first time St. Jean came up, who was very much attached to the Marquis, I enquired what was become of him. He answered me, with a dismal countenance, that he was removed, and it was all my fault, for having put confidence in that wicked spy.---The removal of the Marquis proves the revengeful disposition of the Governor. For having sent away the creature whom he patronized, whom he placed in my chamber to be a spy upon my actions, he wished to punish me, by depriving me of every amusement, that I might be entirely delivered up to his disposal; but I had vowed to be resolute. I had sustained the loss of a brother whom I adored; yet I gathered some consolation, by reflecting upon the comparative miseries of my fellow prisoner: I derived a momentary relief from contrasting my situation with that of the unfortunate Marquis, who had been three years and an half confined in the Bastille, where he had been permitted to see his wife, and the Chevalier his brother, only three times during that tedious and melancholy period.---I had entrusted with M. Doillot many of these papers, request-

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ing him to take the earliest opportunity of sending them, which he constantly assured me that he had punctually complied with.

Thus was my communication with the Marquis de Pelpont broken off, through the perfidy of a woman whom I thought connected by ties of gratitude, by the attachment of interest; but she was bought by the Governor of the Bastile, who suffered himself to be purchased by the house of Rohan, to whom he hired out his humanity, his honor, his duty.

Concerning the fate of the unhappy Marquis, and what afterwards became of him, reports were various and uncertain. Some persons, attached to the police of Paris, reported among themselves that he was at liberty, and out of the Bastile; while others contradicted the assertions of the former, and gave out that he was sent over to the island of Saint Marguerite.

I now return to pursue my narrative with less interruption.---On the 21st of December I went again to the Governor's house, to be interrogated by M. Titon de Vilotran, a Counsellor of Parliament,

liament, and Fremyn the Register, mentioned in the former volume. We remained together at least an hour, before any business commenced. I was acquainted with M. Titon, and greatly pleased that he was to be my judge. He begged me, in an affable manner, to listen to him with calm attention, saying, that he made this request because he was acquainted with my natural vivacity. "Without doubt," continued he, "these questions are respecting a very disagreeable circumstance; but I hope, Madam, notwithstanding that, you will answer them with calmness and moderation." After this preface, his interrogatories commenced, which were the same, *verbatim*, as those of the Lieutenant of the Police. The charge was, that I had absconded with a necklace. My answers to all these interrogatories, uniformly consistent, were precisely the same as those I had given upon a former examination.

Messrs. Titon and Fremyn then begged permission to kiss my hand, and wished me all the success I merited. The latter informed me, that he was not sure when the confrontations would commence; and we then parted, apparently good friends, and mutually pleased with each other.

other.---From the mild behaviour of these gentlemen, I augured favorably of the termination of my cause, and fallaciously predicted that my Sovereign would again remember her slave.

This examination being finished, I returned to my chamber, to commit my interrogatories to writing; and about a week after, when I saw M. Doillot, I gave him these interrogatories, and their answers, with which he appeared perfectly satisfied.---I was then thoroughly convinced that the Cardinal had really accused me of what, from the improbability of the circumstance, I could not for a long time believe, because it little accorded with the idea that I had formed, relative to some arrangements which I conceived to have been made by her Majesty.---It was, that mention was made in these interrogatories of a person whose name was hinted at, to whom I had sent the necklace. I could not comprehend the meaning of this interrogatory, and communicated to M. Doillot my surprize on this occasion. This gentleman had a solution at hand, and made no doubt, as he informed me, that the Cardinal having communicated every circumstance to the Count de Vergennes, that Minister had artfully contrived means that those

those under his direction should use all their arts to induce me to bring the Queen into question, that she might thereby be as much as possible exasperated against me. It appears clearly from this interrogatory, that the Cardinal had effectually contrived this business, to the intent that they should mention d'Esclaux, page of the chamber. Whatever reason might have biased them to adopt this plan, I conceived it would eventually turn out to my advantage. I poised this circumstance well in my own mind, and, in whichever point of view I considered it, still the impression was uniformly the same. Every thing conspired to convince me that the Parliament, once acquainted with the name of d'Esclaux, were in short acquainted with every thing; that they therefore knew my innocence, and that the Queen had certainly received the necklace through the hands of the Cardinal.

Our confrontations commenced the first week in January, and from that moment we were deprived of our counsel. About an hour before I received notice to prepare myself; about eleven o'clock the Major came to conduct me, and delivered me into the hands of Messrs. Dupuis de Marcé and Fremyn. At sight of the latter

I expressed my satisfaction, and congratulated myself on my good fortune, but could not help observing in M. Fremyn a very great alteration ; there was a degree of reserve in his manner, a kind of indifference, as if he did not even seem to observe me. As for M. Dupuis de Marcé, Commissary Judge, there was a something, which I cannot describe, that struck me at his first appearance, that impressed me with an unfavorable idea, and led me to forebode that partiality would incline the scale in favor of the Cardinal. His subsequent conduct will shew the truth of my prediction. He was, before the close of the confrontations, completely bought over ; the judge between the accuser and the accused was influenced in favor of the former, was a creature of the house of Rohan.

After waiting some time with impatience, the Cardinal at length made his appearance, who, after having saluted these gentlemen and me, whom he observed at the lower end of the hall, seemed inclined to enter into conversation with some of them, which I interrupted, by saying, in a confident tone, “ Gentlemen, I am ready, as soon as you please.” The Sieur Dupuis de Marcé then rose up, and came, with the

the two others, the Cardinal and Fremyn, towards the table, which I afterwards called the table of my sacrifice. The Commissary Judge then told me to hold up my hand, and enjoined that what I was about to declare should be strictly the truth. At this word the Cardinal and I looked stedfastly at each other. I lifted my hand with an air of resolution, at that time inwardly determined to say what might tend to my own defence, without accusing the Queen, and to avoid, as much as possible, every thing that might call her conduct in question. I was apprized of the charge while they took down our oaths. I then fixed my eyes full upon the Cardinal, who was directly opposite: he affected not to regard me, and seemed to amuse himself with his pencil, which he twirled about in his fingers. They then gave me his interrogatories, that I might peruse them, and prepare myself to reply to every specific article.

It is impossible for me to express either my indignation, or my astonishment, at finding a complete accusation, artfully adjusted, and signed in the Cardinal's own hand. I made a long pause between every article as I perused them, that he might observe me; and my eyes at that

moment spoke with much greater energy, and said more, infinitely more, than my tongue was capable of expressing. I was not, indeed, allowed to speak my thoughts, and that circumstance might, perhaps, make my looks more expressive. My whole soul, if I may be allowed the expression, was at that moment in my countenance. The manner in which I observed him attracted notice. The Cardinal cast down his eyes, as if fearful of meeting mine, which seemed to menace that I would follow exactly those measures which could not fail to crush him. The first days of our confrontation, we both seemed mutually to threaten each other's destruction; I was exasperated at his accusation against me, and he was vexed at being thwarted by those truths which were so hostile to his accusation, and would be found such obstacles to his vindication. All my first answers were indeed very simple, but in my replies to the Cardinal's interrogatories, my expressions were so strongly pointed, so pertinent and forcible, that those who were present gave smiles of approbation; and it will not be matter of surprize, that innocence, that truth, should afford me strong arguments against his accusation, arguments which would not fail greatly to embarrass the
 Cardinal,

Cardinal, and were indeed much more convincing than those which he could bring against me, notwithstanding the superiority of his abilities, notwithstanding the superior advantages he possessed from the wealth and influence of his family. The only ground he had to stand upon was false testimony, which his advocates, under the direction of M. Target, (as I shall hereafter prove) had fabricated against me.

It is impossible for me to describe the Cardinal's confusion, when I begged that he might be interrogated "if he had not told me the story of a rendezvous which he pretended to have had with the Queen, (which, added I, deserves no credit) when he disguised himself like a footman, with a bundle in his hand to colour the deception, that he might be taken for one of the King's valets?---The other question I would wish to ask is, that he would please to favor us with the story of the ditch of the Trianon, in company with the Baron de Planta?" (alluding to one of the Cardinal's own letters, annexed to this work).---At this question the Cardinal seemed very uneasy, started from his seat, and suddenly turned pale. "Oh! gentlemen," said he, to Dupuis de Marcé and

Fremyn, " I am---I am certainly ruined!--- Don't write that!"---These two persons did not seem yet thoroughly bought over. M. de Marcé answered the Cardinal, " that he was very sorry, but that he was obliged to take notice of my questions, as I, being accused, had certainly a right to oblige them to take it down."---How well did this man preach, in the first stage of this business, what in its progress he so palpably neglected to practise?" In some measure, however, to satisfy the Cardinal, M. Marcé interposed a solemn admonition, enjoining me to be well assured that what I was going to advance was absolutely true, and to be thoroughly convinced that I could substantiate the charge I brought against the Cardinal. Notwithstanding this admonition, I was determined to proceed, and still persisted to say, that " I had this information from the Cardinal himself," and urgently pressed him for his answer.

The Cardinal exclaimed against M. de Marcé, whom he thought to have leaned too strongly in my favor, and said something in a low tone, which I could not hear, and to which M. de Marcé made no reply. From this conduct of
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the Cardinal, which was too glaring to escape notice, it may easily be supposed that he felt himself uneasy. My questions touched him to the quick, and he complained of a violent headache, which for a few minutes interrupted the examination. At length recovering himself, and having considered his answer, he uniformly adopted the same, whenever in future I touched upon this subject. "You suppose," said he, "that these questions will tend to intimidate me from proceeding. By no means." He was obliged to admit, however, that what I had said was true. "It may be," said he, "perhaps it may be the truth, that I have said this to Madam, or something nearly to that purpose. But this has no relation to the Queen; and when I said this to the lady, I did not think she would have put such bad constructions upon it; but I perceive she avails herself of the most trifling incidents, which she embellishes, after her own manner, to make them preponderate in her favor."

It must be remarked, notwithstanding what I have hitherto said, I did by no means think of bringing her Majesty's name in question. Indeed, at this period, I studiously endeavored to

avoid it; for I only related this as a mere assertion of the Cardinal's, which I believed to be false. The Cardinal could not deny that he had said words to this purpose, though he would not be hardy enough to assert that they were true; and my motive was to insinuate that the Cardinal did not always adhere to truth, and draw thereby some inferences in my favor. By putting these questions, I intended to reduce the Cardinal to this dilemma: either to admit that he had seen the Queen, which would have been criminating himself; or to deny that he had ever uttered those words which I had charged him with. I waited his reply, which must either tend to invalidate his charge against me, or to accuse himself,

It will not appear astonishing that I should make use of every advantage in such a situation, under such peculiar circumstances as I then stood, which I wish may be deeply impressed upon, and ever present to, the minds of my readers:---An unprotected female, accused of a crime, the very idea of which she abhors; examined upon interrogatories partially framed, before judges who would convict the innocent, rather than hear the truth; accused by the
powerful

powerful family of Rohan, and restricted from declaring those only circumstances which could have elucidated this mysterious transaction, because they would be injurious to the reputation of the Queen.---Let these circumstances be put together, and let me ask the severest, how the line of my defence, the establishment of my innocence, should be struck out, from circumstances so puzzled and perplexed?---It was then, indeed, that I said every thing that I could imagine would extricate me from those difficulties in which I was involved, from those dangers which thus threatened me: but let me congratulate myself that I am, at this period, writing my Life, in a country where neither the power of the house of Rohan, nor the influence of Majesty, can oppress or disturb me, and where I can explain the truth without fear! I am supremely happy in the reflection, that I am now pleading my cause before a tribunal where my judges are unbiassed, who will listen attentively to my allegations, weigh them impartially, and afford an asylum for an unprotected stranger, reduced to the necessity of revealing those circumstances which must tend to criminate others, as the only means in her power to vindicate herself.

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The Cardinal was at a loss to imagine how I became possessed of this correspondence, and was constantly terrified lest in my answer I should include the Queen; but this was an arrow I still preserved, as the best in my quiver, resolving to threaten, but not shoot, till reduced to the very last extremity. My answers, however, afforded much information to my judges; they were biased by the fullest conviction that the Queen would interest herself in my favor. Assured of this, and conscious that I sustained this accusation to protect the Queen, I was convinced that she would not forsake me. I was not therefore discouraged; and, notwithstanding what I had suffered, notwithstanding my present situation, nothing impaired my usual gaiety. I looked forward with confidence; the number of my judges was, I conceived, strongly in my favor, and fallaciously led me to suppose, that such a multitude, and the respectability of their characters, was a certificate for their integrity. I could not imagine that so many could be partially affined, could be warped from their duty; but the sequel will shew how erroneously I reasoned, how little I was acquainted with those varying rules of action so falsely termed laws, and with those persons who arrogated to themselves the

the appellation of judges. Was not every ray of evidence, which, impartially considered, would have made in my favor, refracted and broken by the medium through which it passed? Simple and unsuspecting, I mistook fallacious appearances for substantial truth; and I found, to my cost, that the number of my judges, so far from being a security for their integrity, was an host combined, and directed by powerful engines, to destroy my reputation, and load me with more accumulated opprobrium. I knew not then, that powerful friends, that considerable bribes, and the influence of wealth and distinction, were laid in the scale against me. Had I been convinced of such depravity, though supported on the broad basis of innocence, yet I should have trembled.

At the beginning of this investigation, there was, indeed, a specious appearance of impartiality. Dupuis de Marcé, in the outset of the interrogatories, seemed very rationally to assert, that I ought to be permitted, as a person accused, to avail myself of every thing material for my defence, and appeared desirous that both parties should have justice, while we were discussing interrogatories to the Cardinal, at the
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commencement of the confrontation.' His questions were numerous, amounting to one hundred and eighty-three, while I contrived to reduce mine to eighty-nine. Till these interrogatories were finished, the Cardinal and I observed the most profound attention : we continued thus till we came to the fifth article of interrogation, which the Cardinal repeated, at once misrepresenting it, and extending it considerably beyond the former limits of the same accusative interrogatory. To this impropriety I formally objected. The Cardinal replied, and an altercation ensued between us, which continued near three hours. Fremyn and Marcé gave me a smile of encouragement. The Cardinal was red as fire, and extremely tenacious of his point, while I persisted in my objections, which were indeed too weighty to be overthrown by the sophistry of my opponent ; and having the advantage strongly in my favor, I came off with flying colours, leaving the Cardinal behind with those gentlemen.

I returned the next day about noon, accompanied by the Lieutenant, and perceived through the glass doors the window-curtains half drawn, by order of the Cardinal, to prevent the effects
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of the sun, which darted its beams strongly into the room. I pointed out this to the Lieutenant, at the same time making a remark, which induced him to smile: "The Cardinal might with propriety order the curtains to be drawn; his cause would not, indeed, bear the light!"

These two dissemblers, Fremyn and Marcé, presented themselves at the door, which they opened to receive me, but I found, upon entering, their conduct was very much altered: their behaviour was very different; it was indeed so much so, that I could not help auguring, from their appearance, that the Cardinal had been making them some fair promises to buy them over to his interest, and that he had succeeded. "But it is no matter," said I to myself; "my innocence will outweigh every thing."---These gentlemen made their complimentary enquiries in a very low voice, and, as I conceived, in that tone which expressed more flattery than sincerity. I replied but little, only remarking how closely we were shut up, and expressing my wish for the Cardinal's appearance; adding, with some degree of impatience, "I fear we shall never come to a conclusion!" To this they made no reply.---Soon after, the
Cardinal

Cardinal made his appearance, entering by the same door as I did. After a few compliments were interchanged between us, Messrs. Fremyn and de Marcé demanded if we wished to have read over again what passed the preceding evening; to which we both replied in the negative. I could not help observing a great deal of reserve in my two deceivers; I marked their deportment well, and the sudden change I discovered astonished me in the extreme. The Cardinal also deceived me; his conduct was very different; instead of his fierce and haughty deportment, his eyes appeared to ask pardon, and his countenance was sweet and engaging. This alteration deceived me so much, that I began to think he heartily repented of what he had done, in persisting so obstinately that I had absconded with the necklace; that he had, during the night, had some compunctions of conscience for so groundless an accusation; and that he had a sense of that crime he was guilty of, in the breach of that article of the Decalogue, which says, *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour!*---His mildness gave me fresh spirits, and increased my hopes; till we came to that important article, I remained perfectly tranquil. He well knew what he meant to answer; there
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were difficulties which could not fail to embarrass him; this was conspicuous to all. "Very well!" said the judge; "pass over in silence where Madam says, and persists so strongly, that you know what is become of the necklace, and that you well know the person to whom you have yourself delivered it.---Let us pass over that article!" says the judge to the accuser, who, as I found, was determined to persist in every thing he had already advanced. I was provoked at this, which appeared to me a great impropriety, not to say an act of the most flagrant injustice.

At this moment I was not mistress of my temper. I remonstrated warmly against this omission, which was so material to my defence, and loaded them all with reproaches. The Cardinal was confused. The judge, de Marcé, favored this confusion, and reproved me for my warmth of temper, concluding with an expression that did not in the least tend to abate it: "You are too hasty, Madam! You will not suffer me to give an explanation! I have never engaged the Cardinal to answer to what did not at first appear proper for him to reply to."---I replied, that it was not for him, sitting as a
judge,

judge, to make any observations; that it was his business to confine himself to write down precisely what we said, and nothing more. But I saw very clearly, that the Cardinal confided in the protection of these judges, who trembled lest he should relent; and I particularly observed that their eyes, feet, every thing, moved like pieces of mechanism. In short, they watched the Cardinal with all the anxiety of gamblers, who had every thing at stake, and trembled for the hazard of the dice.

I learned that the Abbé le Kel, almoner of the Bastile, was the friend of the Cardinal; perhaps my turnkey was charged to give me this intelligence. I desired the turnkey to beg him to come and visit me, and fixed two days after for this interview, wishing to repose myself a little during the interval. Scarce two hours after the departure of the turnkey, this priest arrived, pretending that he had much business on the day I had fixed. I testified my satisfaction at finding he was intimate with the Cardinal; we entered quite into particulars, and I did not conceal from him how impossible it was that I could ever forgive the injuries I had received. “Yes,” says the Abbé le Kel, “the
Cardinal

Cardinal informs me that you made use of some very menacing signals at your first interview." "It is just," replied I, "and if he does not retract, his unjust prosecution will force me to follow that advice which I have repeatedly received, to trace the matter to its source. Our accusation is indeed mutual, but my cause is much better than his."---This Abbé was intimate with the Cardinal, almost constantly with him, and dispatched by him every day to enquire after my health. He informed me once, that, notwithstanding the friends and powerful influence of the Cardinal's family, he clearly foresaw his destruction; but as to me, he was perfectly assured that the Queen would herself take charge of my protection, observing that I was well acquainted with what passed at the period when her Majesty attempted his destruction with the King, and that it was his ruin alone that the Queen so eagerly desired, and not mine.

These remarks of the Abbé perfectly accorded with my own private sentiments; his assertions threw me into a profound reverie, and I ruminated deeply on what he told me, which seemed to square with probability. It was, indeed, the

Cardinal's destruction that the Queen desired; against me she could have no enmity.

Some days after, this same priest informed me that the Cardinal's feelings suffered greatly, through being necessitated to act this part; "but we are well persuaded," added he, "that when the Queen perceives the whole weight of the accusation to rest upon you, she will conclude every thing, by contriving to prevent any definitive sentence from being passed; or, by means of her party, effect the Cardinal's destruction.

I mention these circumstances, as the Abbé le Kel is yet living, and well knows that it was not my wish to coincide in the measures of the Queen, but rather to save the Cardinal, and put an end to all the proceedings against us both, which I judged might be effected by means of the following letter, which this priest kept two hours in his pocket without returning, fearing to depart with it lest it should be discovered, as he was the only person I was permitted to see during the time of the confrontations, which continued near three months. The letter was nearly in the following terms:

"MADAM,

“ MADAM,

“ NOTWITHSTANDING the extreme hardship of my present situation, not a single plaint has escaped me. All the efforts which have been made to draw from me a confession have hitherto only served to fortify me in my resolution, never to utter a syllable that may bring the name of your Majesty into question.

“ In the mean time, however, I persuade myself that my fidelity and discretion ought to facilitate my being extricated from my present difficulties; yet, I confess, that the efforts of the family of the *slave* make me apprehensive that I shall at length fall a victim. Three months of examinations, of every species of anxiety, despondency at seeing myself accused so unjustly, has greatly diminished my fortitude, and made me apprehensive that I shall not much longer be able to sustain my part. You can put an end to this unhappy business, by causing some negotiation through the means of Breteuil. He can give the *minister* such a turn as his understanding shall best suggest; at the same time, preventing you from being called into question. The apprehensions I am under, lest I shall eventually

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tually be necessitated to discover every thing, has obliged me to have recourse to the measure which I adopt this day, persuaded that Madame will give orders that this unfortunate affair may be brought to a speedy termination.

“ I am, with the most profound respect,

“ Madame’s most obedient servant,

“ COUNTESS DE VALOIS DE LA MOTTE.”

April 13, 1786.

I made use of every argument to persuade the Abbé to be bearer of this letter, which was inclosed under three covers. He put it in his pocket, but seemed, in recollection, to be averse to the office, which, at the first proposition, had met his approbation. I attempted to quiet his fears—“ Be not under any apprehension,” said I ; “ you may put on the habit of a countryman. This letter is addressed to Madame de Misery. She has two covers to open before she comes to that destined for the Queen. You need not wait for an answer ; or you may adopt another
method

method—you may go disguised as a chairman.” Still he refused; “for, as I am,” said the Abbé, the only person whom you are permitted to see, it will be supposed that the Cardinal and I had engaged you to write that letter, and that I am privy to its contents, and acquainted with the secret; by which means,” continued he, “I shall become another victim devoted.” “Very well,” replied I; “you have made me an offer of your services, and that was the reason why I have intreated you to charge yourself with the execution of this commission: but here is another piece of service which you may do—a service in which your name cannot be called in question. I remember to have left in my escritoire six or seven letters of the Queen, written by her Majesty’s own hand, which I have forgot. These letters speak much of the Cardinal. See him, and desire him to pretend, in our confrontations, as if he wished to refer to them; that I have fully proved that I have seen the Queen, and that he recollects I have read to him these six or seven letters, which I have constantly said that I had in my escritoire.”—— I described where. “When the Cardinal,” added I, “shall have said that, I will appear very much disturbed, but let him insist that the

escritoire may be brought to the court. 'What I shall answer," said I to the Abbé, "will persuade them to send for this escritoire from Bar sur Aube, where I have left it in the chamber of Rosalie, my first chambermaid, with the portrait of the Cardinal, accompanied with many other letters. This," continued I, "will be an incident in my favor. If I find myself obliged to speak, I shall then be necessitated to give an explanation to the letters, and the Queen will not have it in her power to blame me."

The Abbé appeared to relish this proposal, and quitted me to communicate it to the Cardinal; but this very man, who appeared so much to relish my project, so earnest in my affairs, did not return till two days after, when I observed his countenance was strangely altered, and his visage extremely grave. I received him with joy, but was obliged myself to break silence. "Well," said I, "what news? The Cardinal is, without doubt, content." "No, no." "What is to be done then?" replied I.— After many questions which I was obliged to ask him, he spoke nearly to the following purport: "The Cardinal knows that you are infinitely good

good in what you have done for him; but he ought, in all prudence, to save himself from the great hazard which threatens the execution of your project. He is well aware of the danger that threatens him by mentioning her Majesty's name, or insinuating that he has ever had any correspondence with her; for, are you acquainted, Madame," continued he, "that that was really proved, which the production of these letters would tend to discover, what would they do to the Cardinal? He would, without doubt, lose his head, after suffering the most exquisite and lingering tortures. That would be the inevitable consequence of such an intimate correspondence with the Queen."

At this recital, my very flesh crept upon my bones. I had not foreseen the consequence of the production of these letters. I thought not that they would be attended with such terrible consequences to the Cardinal, who, though he had thus falsely accused me, yet I wished not to be revenged by his death: I only conceived that the production of these letters would have been evidence in my favor, to prove, at least, that I was known to her Majesty, who thought proper to disclaim any acquaintance, any knowledge,

of me, and I was under great apprehensions that what I had already said would tend strongly to his crimination.

During the interval of these two days that the Abbé was dispatched to the Cardinal, our confrontations had taken place, and I was extremely astonished that the Cardinal made no mention of the *escritoire*. I observed him attentively: we both mutually regarded each other, and interchanged signs. I was frequently unable to comprehend the signs made by the Cardinal, and the less because he never spoke. He blew me over kisses, and, when he discovered my eyes turned aside upon any other object, he played with his pencil to attract my notice. The day after the Abbé le Kel had communicated every thing he did nothing but sigh; every instant asking me how I did? so much interest did he express for my welfare.

One day, my temper a little soured by the reflections upon my present situation, seeing myself deprived of my liberty, and accused of a crime of which I was innocent, I retorted sharply. "If you are really so much concerned for my health, why will you not speak that
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which will immediately restore it?" The Cardinal at this moment turned pale, while I, who am not used to weep on trifling occasions, could not restrain my tears. These two Argusses, Fremyn and Dupuis de Marcé, pretended, during all this, to be inattentive, and not to observe what passed.

Some days after, during which I constantly continued to see the Abbé, the Cardinal approached me, and, in a soft and kind tone, enquired, "Well, how do you, Lady Countess? I have had a degree of fever which has afflicted me lately, but I hope you enjoy your health."

I wish to impress my readers with the singular behaviour of the Cardinal, unprecedented between the guilty and the accuser, and which will sufficiently prove that the Cardinal de Rohan was, at least, an accomplice in the fact, and that he dreaded the discovery of the truth. At our confrontation he joined his hands, clasped them eagerly together, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "Ah!" exclaimed he, "how unhappy we are!" He even shed tears. Is it possible, it will doubtless be enquired, that behaviour like this, that such apparent cordiality on
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the side of the accuser, for the very criminal who, if truly guilty, would have deserved more obloquy, if possible, than even I have myself received—is it possible that such conduct should not be noticed by our judges, had these judges regarded it with an eye of impartial observation, but they would not observe it. Such conduct expressed too much to be repeated, or even to be noticed by those who had already predetermined, whatever might be the complexion of the evidence in my favor, that the innocent should suffer for the guilty.

During the whole course of our confrontations, the signs made between me and the Cardinal might very easily have been discovered--- signs which we made even in the face of our judges, which proved that we were, at least, upon a good understanding with each other, and were upon a much more intimate footing than sorted with our respective circumstances; and, when the accuser and the suspected criminal appear so intimate in a court of justice, there is, surely, great reason to suspect that the judges are biassed and inattentive to their duty; or, that the accused is but an accomplice with the person who impudently stands

stands forward in the face of his judge, and holds familiar converse with one whom he accuses of guilt. That this was the case with the Cardinal I could adduce several instances, but shall content myself with this which follows.

The Abbé had refused to deliver a billet which I had written for him to take to the Cardinal, I, therefore, resolved to take an opportunity of delivering it myself, and made a signal to the Cardinal for that purpose. Soon after the conclusion of the debates for that evening, as I was preparing to depart, he came up to me, took me by the hand, and led me towards the chimney, where we conferred for some time together. I gave him my billet, and he repeated, in few words, what the Abbé le Kel had previously told me, during the time Fremyn and the judge were together at the lower end of the chamber. While the Cardinal was thus engaged in earnest conversation, speaking in the softest and most affable tone, in an attitude of the most friendly regard, I suddenly rung the bell, which was close at hand, for the officer to conduct me back. Fortunately the three officers accompanied each other, the Governor, Du Puget, and the Major.

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All three opened the door together, and surprized the Cardinal and me in the attitude I have just mentioned: I say, all three beheld, and started back with astonishment. — To all three, individually, I appeal, if this is not a fact; and, if they were not astonished at what they then saw, if they have not since remarked the intimacy which, at that moment, appeared between me and the Cardinal. The Lieutenant du Puget, in particular, could scarce pardon me, to see me holding discourse with my executioner: “A person,” said he, with indignation, “that endeavors to prove you a thief.”

The day after this discovery, when the billet was delivered, I found the Cardinal again deeply plunged in the most profound reverie, not daring to raise his eyes towards mine; precisely in the same predicament were my two very upright and impartial judges, even these disinterested men were themselves abashed at the discovery of the intimacy expressed by the prosecutor for the prisoner. Honest men, when ye peruse the pages of my unfortunate life, this circumstance, if ye have shame, will kindle the glow of shame in your cheeks, and plant the thorn of remorse in your

your hearts. Your consciences, which dare not lie, will sufficiently punish you for being the instruments of oppressing the innocent.

When the Cardinal continued to charge me, I must confess I lost all patience. "Oh, oh!" said I to him; "this is too much!" after so many strong arguments with which I have pressed him, relative to his intimacy with the Queen, I continued speaking near half an hour. "At length then," remarked I, "you will put my patience to the test."

During this conversation, the Cardinal was quite cast down, unable to utter a syllable, steadfast and immovable as a statue. The key I had touched awakened all his fears, and raised such sensations, such emotions within his bosom, that he was fixed in an attitude of stupid astonishment. It was curious also to behold the other creatures of the scene, Fremyn and Dupuis de Marcé: they were sitting, listening with their arms folded, simpering at each other; but it was not judged proper to record any thing that passed, and this evening was absolutely spent without writing a single syllable. What I said, relative to the Queen and Cardinal, was not

not agreeable to the instructions they had received from the Minister, or the bribes they had probably taken from the friends of the Cardinal. Will it be wondered then, that these motives should preponderate, in the scale of oppression, against the simple, coherent allegations of truth, and the cries of unprotected innocence?

The Abbé le Kel came the next day to visit me. He was sent to remonstrate on the behalf of the Cardinal. "Suppose," says this religious priest, "that the Cardinal has done you an injury. I believe that he has wronged you; but your religion, and all Christian duty, strongly enjoins you to return good for evil, and to seek peace. But consider well, Madam, that your behaviour will be very different to the salutary precepts of the gospel, if you reveal the secrets with which you have been intrusted by your sovereign. Suffer me to observe to you, that it is not merely my words as an individual, but the express and positive voice of religion, which commands us to suffer rather than overturn the state. Think, if the Queen should have children, if you reveal some circumstances, you would raise great ferments in the state, and probably destroy the constitution, and you will be singly

ingly the cause of all this confusion. Be perfectly assured that no danger can happen to you. The Queen herself, who requires but one victim, will, probably, make you the object of her protection. But, perhaps, we are all deceived, you never can mean to act as you threaten, and then every thing will take quite a different turn. Promise me, Madam, that you will be more temperate. I assure you the Cardinal is obliged to act this part, as the only means of his defence. You are not in the least danger. You will not be abandoned either by the Cardinal or his partisans."

I pause a moment to remark the specious disguise of hypocrisy, the plausible arguments of dissembling priestcraft, the mode in which these wolves in sheep's cloathing mislead the innocent into snares which were laid for the guilty; how they make religion a specious disguise, when it serves their purpose, when it can be subservient to their temporal concerns, by obliging those friends, to whom they are linked by interest, or connected by inclination. Was his most holy word, of which the Abbé meant to avail himself, to be prostituted to such purposes, with only the understanding of a woman? I revolt at the idea!

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But why do I accuse the Abbé le Kel in particular, for that hypocrisy which is so very prevalent amongst his brethren in general? This Abbé is not singular: there are many of his brethren, the most hypocritical, the most abandoned men, who have frequently presumed to intrench themselves behind their religious garb, and commit crimes at which human nature shudders. I could, were I so inclined, unfold such tales in proof of my assertion---but why should I attempt to prove what the superior intelligence of those to whom I now address myself already most potently believe? I would much rather that they should exercise their judgment on circumstances of which I would wish to remain silent.

I mentioned to the Cardinal, in the letter which I had lately sent him, words to the following purport:---That I could not possibly understand his drift, expressing my surprize that he did not speak out plainly, and telling him that I thought, if he would confide every thing to these gentlemen of the parliament, it would be much more advantageous to us both; that we should, in that case, be much more tranquil and much more happy; that, for myself individually, I neither could nor would say any

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thing, if I was not supported by him; “or speak yourself,” continued I. “Explain every circumstance of this mysterious affair, and I swear that I will corroborate, that I will substantiate your assertions. Consider well, if I should begin first, and you should deny every thing that I might advance, I must inevitably fall a prey to her, who has long since marked you out as the victim of her vengeance; but rest assured of my fidelity: if I perceive myself that she will not afford you any favor, I am determined upon a different measure.”

I cannot but lament sincerely, that the Abbé le Kel would not be the bearer of that letter which I have before mentioned I wrote, and so earnestly intreated him to convey. The Abbé told me, at his next visit, that I must not be much surprized if the Cardinal should observe an unusual gravity and reserve in his conduct towards me. “These gentlemen,” continued he, “have asked him if he meant really to pursue his own destruction, observing to him, that the intelligence he held with me would make it appear that we were but two persons equally accused and mutually concerned; and that, if he accused me, the regard he seemed to express,

the communications between us, in short, his whole deportment, would tend to invalidate his accusation, and prove that, if I had nothing to do in the affair of the necklace, it must necessarily follow that he alone was guilty."---The Abbé also gave me this piece of additional information: That the Prince of Condé had at that time been to pay a visit to the Judge De Marcé. (The Prince de Condé's wife was the daughter of the Prince de Soubise, the Cardinal's relation.)---This is the solution of all; this was the reason why the Cardinal affected a degree of reserve towards me, why he observed an unusual strangeness, and why he appeared so much ashamed.

This continued during three or four days of our confrontations, in which Dupuis de Marcé appeared to encourage him. "Madam," said the Cardinal, (emboldened by the countenance he received) "appeared to have some secret which she wished to communicate to the Baron de Breteuil. She said, at her first entrance into the Bastille, that she had some particular secrets to disclose." I could not divine the drift of this, nor what service could possibly redound to the Cardinal from mentioning this circumstance,

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in which I could not but think that he had over-
 shot himself, by asking a question so palpably
 absurd, and, before impartial judges, of so dan-
 gerous a tendency. However, I soon perceived
 its nature, and determined to be guarded in my
 answer. "Yes," replied I, "certainly I have
 demanded an interview with the Baron de Bre-
 teuil." "Well then," said Dupuis de Marcé,
 "the Cardinal desires that you will communi-
 cate here those secrets which you mean to com-
 municate to him: this will be the means of
 making you both easy." This was (what I be-
 lieved at first a matter of trifling consequence)
 artfully meditated to effect my destruction; not
 by the Cardinal; I will do more justice to his
 heart, and am persuaded that he was ignorant
 of the motive of the serpent, sly and venomous,
 who had dictated that question. It is to be re-
 marked that this question was written, and, as
 the Judge de Marcé informed me, did not come
 as dictated from him, but from the Cardinal's
 own proper motion. "I have never pretended,"
 answered I, "to have any thing particular to
 communicate to the Baron de Breteuil. On
 my first arrival at the Bastile, I asked the Go-
 vernor some questions, which he has without
 doubt misinterpreted. The Exempts of the Po-

lice had told me, that M. de Breteuil would read my papers. When I arrived here, I expressed a strong desire to see him, believing that, as soon as he had finished reading my papers, I should be set at liberty ; but," added I, " even now I should be glad to see him."---This engaged Dupuis de Marcé to put questions for the Cardinal. " You see then, Madam," said he, " that the Cardinal has nothing particular to disclose, yet you have secrets." " Sir," answered I, addressing myself to the Judge, " I desire that my answers may be exactly taken down.---Yes, I repeat that I have the strongest desire to see the Baron de Breteuil, having a request to make to his Majesty that he would give me permission to convey a letter to my husband, to engage him to come in person to confront and disprove this pre-concerted system of lying accusations, which pretends that he is gone off with a part of the necklace. Yes, I will engage him to produce my diamonds, and his own, and my judges shall determine if this evidence is consistent, and those who have asserted that I have sold the whole of this necklace. It is impossible that my husband can refuse to comply with this, in obedience to the commands of his Majesty, in compliance even even

with my own wishes. He is himself innocent, and he will appear; and I do intreat my judges, if the King cannot be apprized of this through the medium of the Baron de Breteuil, that they will vouchsafe to charge themselves with my request, and present my humble supplication to the august Monarch.”

Such was the request I made to the Judges; such was my entreaty; whether or no it was reasonable, I appeal to the candid. In an English court, I have been informed that the accused have the privilege of availing themselves of every circumstance, however minute, that they themselves may think material to their defence, and that the Judge himself is, by the law of that country, of counsel for the prisoner.---What is the custom in France? How striking the contrast!---But how does it apply immediately? In what manner did my Judges receive my request? Dupuis, Fremyn, and the Cardinal, turned aside without answering. The weight was laid in the scale of the accuser.---The Judge, having recollected himself, addressed himself to the Cardinal, by way of putting words into his mouth: “ You have been already a long time confined; and are we yet to

be delayed, and to wait for the arrival of M. de la Motte ?” This was all taken down. “ But,” said the Cardinal, “ what I say merely, cannot be a rule ; and if the King should so command, it is my duty to submit, without a single mumur.”

Thus closed my first confrontation with the Cardinal, which exhibits a slight specimen of the machinations against me ; of the whole combined abilities of lawyers, determined to wrest every thing to their own purpose ; of all the learning of so distinguished a personage as the Cardinal de Rohan, and of all the efforts of his numerous family combined, and directed against the imbecility of a poor, weak, and unprotected female.---Flushes not the cheek of Candor, glows not the bosom of Generosity with honest indignation ? Advances not the sword of insulted Justice, to avenge my wrongs ? ---Yes ; Justice, Generosity, and Candor, are all in my favor : they will all consider this temporary triumph of my enemies with that contemptuous scorn which their conduct merits, while they congratulate that innocence which has passed the flaming furnace of persecution, and, like the three favorites of heaven, as re-

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corded in the sacred writings, escaped uninjured.

Shall I be allowed, as I have hinted subornation of witnesses, as I have branded some with that epithet, to make some comments upon the persons, their connections, and the nature of the evidence which appeared against me?

Monfieur de la Porte, one of the witnesses, was an advocate of the parliament, to whose first child I stood sponsor, with the Count du Crenée, ecuyer of *Monfieur*. This man was a person whom, in my prosperity, I had protected and favored: he was very much embarrassed, and considerably in debt. When he appeared in my presence, he trembled, and was greatly agitated. I clearly perceived the drift of his deposition, which was one of the most ingenuous, though leaning a little towards that slight confidence which I had reposed in him, relative to my intimacy with the Queen.---“ M. de la Porte,” said I, addressing him, “ I believe you to be an honest man. Forget for a moment that you have made any deposition, and directly answer my questions.” The Sieur la Porte, when I pressed him strongly by interrogations,

at length confessed that he was persecuted by Achette, his father-in-law, who, knowing my intimacy with the Cardinal, conceived that I could, through his means, oblige them. "I was charged," continued he, "to propose to Madam two hundred thousand livres, one hundred thousand of which was to be paid in money, and the other in diamonds: the hundred thousand livres were to be divided between my father-in-law and the person who first procured me the honor of an acquaintance with Madam. This offer she has constantly refused; and when she received a note from the Cardinal, desiring her to send the jewellers' address, the Count came himself in his cabriole to my door, to fetch it: I immediately gave it to him, and a few days after I learned from the jewellers, that they were disembarassed of what had been so long burthenome; and I was further given to understand, that they had been to the Countess's house, to communicate it to her, and to return their acknowledgments. I was repeatedly charged to entreat the Countess, and also the Count, to suffer me to take measure of their fingers for rings, and one even for Rosalie, their first femme de chambre. The Count and Countess were both above stairs, and the latter

was

was very angry that I still persisted to insult her with my offers ; which," added he, " she has a hundred times refused, and could never by any means be brought to accept. And so far is she from having had any thing to do in this affair, that she has advised the jewellers to take the utmost precaution in dealing with the Cardinal ; and I solemnly declare, that I have never seen Madam since the day that I pressed her to accept the offer of the jewels. She has denied me her house, and kept her word ; for I have several times presented myself, without having had the honor of seeing her. As to the letters which I speak of, it is to the other person, who was to have shared with my father-in-law, who has told me latterly, that Madam had shewn him letters, addressed *To my cousin, the Countess de Valois.*"

Such was nearly the deposition of M. de la Porte, part of which, if properly considered, would have proved advantageous for my defence. ---Can it be supposed that this deposition could have passed under the inspection of seventy judges ? Is it necessary that I should give proof of this ?---Certain it is, that I have never totally relied upon the strength of any deposition ;
sometimes

sometimes I treated them with that indifference they deserved, and only laughed at some of their ridiculous contents, as, for example, that of this curious address, *To my cousin, the Countess de Valois!*---Such absurdity, such ingratitude from a person to whom I had rendered service, affected me more, than if from a stranger whom I had never obliged. This last deposition closed with raising my indignation. “ All these depositions are very awkwardly fabricated,” said I; “ but ’tis to be hoped that my Judges will discover and punish these false witnesses !”---“ Oh no, Madam,” replied the Sieur Dupuis, “ I have not taken down that ! Yes, yes, we know very well, and will do you all justice.”---But when I arose, intending to depart, and refusing, as well for the present, as the time to come, ever again to enter this hall of sacrifice, he caused that to be written, because it should appear in future against me, as slighting the proceedings of the court.---I believed, when first I heard mention made of this singular address, that all these people were of the family of the peasant, who wrote a letter to his son with the following curious direction : *To Mr. ——, my son, Master Lacquey, at Paris.*

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At length I again saw M. Doillot. I almost thought it an age since I had seen him before. At this interview, M. Doillot knit his large beetle brows with all the gravity of an oracle. "So, Madam---very well---you seem quite giddy. I expected to have found you dejected, and almost dead. Such is the rumour throughout all Paris, and that you are extremely mischievous and unruly, and have even bit poor St. Jean in a most terrible manner." This report, he said, he had heard in a coffee-house near the Bastile. "But if I was in his place," said this person to M. Doillot, "I should not be quite so patient." I then gave all my confrontations to M. Doillot. He appeared surprized, and observed me attentively without being able to say a word. At length he told me, that the Sieur L'Orveuil, after having spoke to him scandalously of M. de la Motte, told him this tale. "Yes, M. Doillot---oh!---your client---she confesses herself guilty---aye, guilty of every thing." M. Doillot was struck with it. "Yes, I tell you every thing." M. Doillot recovering himself, rejoined, "Is it possible that she can have confessed that she is guilty? Let me see the minutes she has signed." L'Orveuil had an answer ready, "Do you doubt it then?" said he.

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“ If it was not the truth, I should not have told you. I ought not to have done so, and it is not my duty to trust you with these papers.”

“ Very well,” replied M. Doillot ; “ but, as you have told me so, you may as well just let me see the minutes.” L’Orveuil pretended that he was afraid to shew them. He pointed out a single line which M. Doillot read, and exclaimed, how foolish I was to have taken the burthen of guilt from other people’s shoulders, and saddled myself with their crimes ; but, suddenly recollecting himself that he had proofs of the contrary, since he had seen the Dorvats, mother and daughter, on the part of the Queen, that I could not be so foolish, nor have put my hand to what was so palpably absurd. In consequence of which, M. Doillot made a second reflection, to look again at the minutes he had read, if they were really mine, and absolutely under my signature.

It was then L’Orveuil was discovered. M. Doillot was, from this moment, more particularly on his guard, and resolved to make a memoir which should completely dismask these three monsters. He conceived that he had sufficient time to do this, and to tell article for article
every

every thing that passed in the course of the confrontations ; but they had been tutored by the Count de Vergennes and the friends of the house of Rohan ; they had been apprized of the efforts of M. de la Motte to render himself up at Paris, to be confined in the same prison with his wife ; they were fearful that he would come, and they thought that he would not be quite so discreet as I was, that he would boldly declare every thing the Cardinal had said of the Queen.

Some days after, M. Doillot, coming to visit me, was informed by the Governor, that he could not gain admission to see me, as we were going to be confronted and examined again. But there were not sufficient false witnesses to be found in Paris for the Cardinal's defence : he must have recourse to those which M. Carbonniere, his charge des affaires, had been to find in London, M. Doillot finding himself much pressed at his own house, and not having then any thing further to do with me ; otherwise, he had all my confrontations, which he made me sign at the four corners of the sheets.

On the morning before the commencement of this other interrogation, I was greatly surprized to

to see the Governor and the King's Lieutenant, who came to take me out for a promenade on the towers. It was now three months since M. de Launay had discontinued his visits, in consequence of my having charged my turnkey to intreat him, from me, not to return again into my chamber. After my walk, these gentlemen continued with me at least three quarters of an hour. In the course of conversation the Governor spoke as follows: "Are you not surprized, Madam, that we should return, and at seeing us again? I forgot, this morning, to communicate to you what I heard yesterday evening, that M. Doillot is a good kind of an old man, but he is now very feeble, almost superannuated, and incapable of business: in a word, he is not such a person as you ought to have. Observe that, all this time, the girl Oliva has two advocates, and I believe that she will soon have one more. Cagliostro has three. I would advise you myself, Countess, without saying a word to M. Doillot, to take, at least, one more. I know one that is recommended to me as a most perfect pleader, writes well, and will execute your business to a miracle, but as for poor old Doillot he will most certainly ruin you."

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I heard this honest gentleman, who was so very much interested for my welfare, to the end of his tale, in which I did not once interrupt him ---but he was known to me, though I did not then pointedly chuse to tell him all I knew, lest I should be abridged of the only pleasant exercise I had, my walk upon the towers. After I was assured that he had finished every thing, I began my catechism, and asked him these questions: "Who has charged you with this commission, and takes so much concern in my affairs? Is it you?" interrogated I, ironically. "Doubtless. But you are not the only person: There is another, whom you know very well." Persecuted, as he was, by these pointed questions, he appeared half ashamed of introducing the subject; however, he suddenly recollected himself, and I repeated these interrogatories. "Who is it?---the Cardinal?---his family?---eh!" "No!" exclaimed the Governor, "at Versailles;" (meaning the Baron de Breteuil.) At this last word, he said to the Lieutenant, "You know the person I speak of very well;" but the Lieutenant was a more honest man than his Governor: he appeared incapable of such a story, and answered him sharply, that he was mistaken, that he had never been questioned concerning

concerning it, and that such extravagant conversation had never passed before him. The Governor hesitated and was silent. "Governor," said I to him, "I hope you will remember what you have now said to me, before M. Doillot. I do not conceal from you that I have an entire confidence in his ability, and that I shall communicate to him the whole of your conversation, as well as what you have said against him personally, and you will be good enough to tell him the name of this excellent advocate, whom you propose in such strong terms of recommendation. I am going instantly to write to M. Doillot to come immediately upon the receipt of this billet." "Oh, you can tell him yourself, Madam!" replied the Governor. The Lieutenant made me a signal that he would take care to send my billet as soon as possible to M. Doillot, who came at six, the moment he received my note. I recounted to him every thing that had passed, word for word, and sent him to the Governor, who was then with the King's Lieutenant.

M. Doillot expressed his astonishment at hearing that he had treated him thus. The Governor, not disconcerted, stood to every thing he had

had said. M. Doillot demanded the name of the advocate he recommended. The Governor informed him. " Ah ! " exclaimed M. Doillot, " Mr. Bordet ! he is my brother-in-law. Can it be him, Mr. Governor ? He an orator---a good writer ! He has never in his life written a line. The person you recommend, Mr. Governor, is a particular friend of the Cardinal's advocate ; they are frequently together, and in habits of the strictest intimacy. But," says M. Doillot, in continuation, to the Governor, " I am going to relate a conversation, which will sufficiently prove that he is in the Cardinal's interest, as being the particular friend of one of his advocates. I have already related to Madam de la Motte, the first time I saw her, that on Shrove Tuesday we were in the habit of inviting all our family to spend the day together. In the evening a gentleman spoke to me at supper concerning the affair of the Cardinal. My brother-in-law answered him, ' Yes, I am well convinced it is that woman, De la Motte, who is ' guilty of every thing ; and as for the two and ' thirty letters, which she pretends to have in ' her possession, they are every one forged.'--- In this very moment," continued M. Doillot, " entered one of his nephews, from the house

where he had supped, who, without having heard any thing of the preceding conversation, spoke in a very different manner to another young gentleman in company with him : That they were in the Duke of Orleans's box, where they saw the Marquis de Conflans, the Duke de *Pludjean* and many others, all of whom said, during the interlude, that they knew the Countess de la Motte, and that she was incapable of putting this trick, and deceiving the Cardinal." ' She is too giddy, too volatile, ever ' to have patience to conduct an intrigue so ' tedious and so complicated, particularly with- ' out any assistant.---All, in one word, blamed ' the Cardinal, and exculpated her.'---M. Doillot then said, that his brother-in-law finished by saying, ' Ah ! it is, indeed, quite a different ' thing ! That which I say, I heard from the ' Cardinal's own advocate, who is my particu- ' lar friend.'

This conversation at once laid open the whole of the intrigue. The Governor was in the Cardinal's interest ; this was the link that bound him ; this was the reason why he recommended me to this able advocate, pretending to be interested

rested for my welfare. But in a multitude of counsel there is not always wisdom; nor was all the address of the Attorney General adequate to the effect of persuading M. Doillot to abandon my cause, or to desert my interest; and the Governor himself was employed to prejudice me against M. Doillot, to the end that, if I had not had the sense to foresee their aim, but fallen into the snare, and taken another advocate, besides M. Doillot, he would himself never have returned, and this perfidious Governor----
 “It is not necessary that he should be acquainted! It ——”

By such means did they endeavor to detach M. Doillot, whom they thought too zealous in my cause, and who, had I been blindly induced to take that step, without his approbation, would very justly have felt himself hurt at such preference, and never more have meddled in my affairs.

I have not yet said any thing of the Baron de Planta, the Cardinal's esquire, his companion, his every thing, who is mentioned in the annexed correspondence, under the title of *the Savage*. He had asserted in his first deposition,

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that

that he was present with the Cardinal at the scene of the bower, at the farce of Oliva, and that he and the Cardinal had both waited for me at the bottom of the Queen's private stair-case; that, another time, he had seen me go out of the Queen's apartment, in the month of April, 1784; that he had waited to see me on the part of the Cardinal, and afterwards conducted me to his house. "Yet," says he, "without knowing at that time who the lady was, I have also seen in her hands, two or three times, upwards of a thousand livres in bills upon the Caisse d'Escompte; and I have sometimes seen upwards of two or three thousand, which the Queen has given her, in the year 1784."--- Ridiculous inconsistency! Could this establish the truth of the Cardinal's assertion, that he had sent me in a packet, by one of his domestics, about the month of July, the paltry sum of four or five louis? How could the Cardinal know it, if the Baron knew it? though he himself, without reverting to what he had spoken, also said that I had received fifty thousand; and, upon the question which I put to him, he answered, "that he was certain of it, most undoubtedly he was certain, since he himself had seen them, and knew the occasion of their being

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ing given ; that the Queen had lately been successful in her American negotiations, for which she had received much money."

The poor Planta, upon his re-examination, on being interrogated whether he had any thing to add or diminish, or if it was just as he wished? replied, that it was exactly so. " I have seen too," added he, " a memoir, said to be published by the Countess de la Motte, where she confesses that she never saw the Queen." He said what I have just repeated, louder than the rest. I asked him, " how he was able to procure this printed memoir, since he was cut off from all communication with any body?" He knew not what answer to give ; at length he replied, " That is nothing to you!" " Then I will tell you myself," returned I : " It is by means of an invalid, who is in pay with the Cardinal, that you have received this intelligence ; it is he who has brought you this memoir, with a letter, and the day after carried another memoir to Cagliostro."----The same invalid has entrusted this with the Marquis de Pelpport, and he is near to support it,

The Baron was very reluctant to confess, what in fact he could not deny. I then clearly proved that the Cardinal had communication throughout every part of the Bastille; that he could insinuate any thing he thought proper; all were his creatures, and all at his disposal; and that his advocates and family, who were all free to visit him, had worked upon the evidence, making them the mere mouth-pieces to convey whatever was deemed immediately material to his defence.

I now return to my second interrogatory, which commenced the 5th of April, 1786, as appears in the interrogatories of M. de Vilette. By two letters which the Minister, M. de Vergennes, judged proper, by his Majesty's command, to send to his Attorney-General, we see that M. Vilette, being accused, has deposed that, through the instigation of Madam de la Motte, he signed the said approbation *Marie Antoinette de France*; we also see, that the person accused desires to communicate some very very important secrets, which cannot be disclosed to any person but M. de Vergennes. We have observed to M. de Vilette, that he may repose the same confidence in us. My interrogatory mentioned

tioned to me these circumstances, adding, that it was easy to understand as much by what the Baron de Planta had deposed, that, by my communications with the Cardinal, we had both seen the Queen; and M. Vilette, who said himself, that if he did not fear to include a third, he would speak all, and that Madam ought to engage you to confess every thing.---But what I answered to M. Titon, the Judge, was yet more significant. He would not take it down. “ We know, my dear Countess,” said he, “ we are sure that you are well with the Queen: I should be very sorry if you should be sacrificed!” “ Sacrificed!” replied I, with warmth; “ Oh! if I had any idea of that, I would publicly declare every thing.” “ Oh!” replied M. Titon, “ I understand you, Madam.---M. Titon wrote nothing of those words, which had indeed been dictated by choler; and, impatient of this prolixity, this tedious farce, I was sometimes induced to answer sharply, and found myself at other times displeas'd with every thing that M. Titon said, whom I believed to have received his instructions, as, by every thing I could there discover, every one came prepared with his part; and I had then protested against every thing that had been said between me and

the Cardinal, before the Judge Dupuis de Marcé.

My fresh interrogatory commenced thus :---
 “ Had you no apprehension, Madam, in giving the Cardinal the approbation, that he would discover at once that the name was not the Queen’s, as well as that it was not in her hand-writing ? ”
 I replied, that I had said a hundred times, I had given nothing to the Cardinal, in consequence of which I could have no apprehension, observing, that such a thing was impracticable, without the Cardinal himself detecting it.---
 Upon the absurd supposition that the Cardinal did not know her Majesty’s true name, no more than her hand-writing, (and I believe there is not a creature in existence bold enough to undertake such an enterprize) I have proved to the Cardinal that I feared nothing, as will appear from the following circumstance :---

- My femme de chambre, Rosalie, has a brother, blind from his infancy. I spoke of it to the Cardinal, begging that he would place him at the *Quinze Vingts*, or put him as a supernumerary. The Cardinal granted him eight louis *per annum*, until he could be placed at the house
 of

of the *Quinze Vingts*, and desired of my *femme de chambre* a kind of certificate, or baptismal register of her brother, that he might send him to the *Abbé Georgel*. My *femme de chambre* was busy when the *Sieur Vilette* came to my house; I dictated to him this memorial, and my *femme de chambre* sent it the first time she saw the *Cardinal* at my house. "So," said I to *M. Titon*, "there is clear proof that I had no fear. However, *Rosalie* would have been able to have wrote it herself, as she writes a very good hand." --- All this was written down with the greatest precision.

M. Titon replied, that it was very right. I was accordingly confronted with my *femme de chambre* and *Vilette*, who coincided in corroborating this assertion. When the *Cardinal* read my interrogatory, he was not prepared for this shock, and wished to evade it; but I urged him home, and said, "You cannot deny this, for *Rosalie* and *Vilette* have both confirmed it." --- He then said, he believed he had some faint recollection of the circumstance, but that probably the *Sieur Vilette* had disguised his writing, otherwise he should have paid more attention to it; and that, when a person is not upon his guard,

guard, he is inattentive, and sees nothing.---
 “ Very true,” replied I; “ but the guilty are
 always upon their guard, and never suffer them-
 selves to be surprized; they would not have put
 into your hands any writing similar to that, and
 I desire the Cardinal to produce that writing.”

---This argument seemed to confound these
 three gentlemen, and I immediately observed
 to my Judges, if it is really true what the Sieur
 Vilette has deposed, that he has signed the ap-
 probation, it proves that he has not been accus-
 tomed to disguise his hand, and it proves that
 he has not been able to find, among his papers,
 many writings in a similar hand to that of the
 approbation. The Cardinal replied, that he
 could not immediately recollect where he had
 put that packet. This was an evasion. He
 would not produce the paper I demanded, be-
 cause he knew it was an incident strongly in
 my favor, and most pointedly against himself;
 and it further proved that the Cardinal perfectly
 agreed with me in the mode of signature which
 Vilette had adopted, *Marie Antoinette de France*,
 which I had myself undertaken on the behalf of
 the Queen. But it was not the custom of these
 wise judges to separate truth and consistency
 from complicated falsehood; neither had they

sagacity to discover, nor integrity to apply, the true point of my defence.

The Cardinal's interrogatory was delivered in few words, but these were very significant:--- If the letter in question should be found among his papers, the Cardinal expressed his fears, his agitation lest the King should chance to discover it. I then desired the Cardinal that he would give the key, and the signification of the following paper, which was produced at the trial.

Sent a second time to B. (Bhomer or Bassanges.) Believe that it is to speak to him again concerning that which has been said the first time, upon the secret in question. If he is again sent for by the minister, let him say that the object in question has been sent abroad.

It is necessary that I should give a key to this. The Baron de Breteuil had discovered the negotiation of the necklace, and had sent to the jewellers, to search the business to the bottom. In the Cardinal's agitation, lest he should be discovered, this memorandum was wrote, which sufficiently proves that the Cardinal was privy, and consented to this transaction, the burden of which

which he endeavored to remove to my shoulders, else he would not have betrayed all that anxiety, all that perturbation of spirit which was so very conspicuous, during the interval between the first conversation referred to in the memorandum, and the Cardinal's imprisonment.

It is in this place that I desire my reader to remember the counsels of Cagliostro, the Cardinal's persuading my husband to depart for Alface ; he really believed that we had blindly followed his advice, that absent, we might bear the imputation of his guilt, and not be upon the spot to confront him. So implicitly did he imbibe the counsels of his fac-totum, Cagliostro, that, the moment he was arrested, he could repeat nothing but, " Madame de la Motte has deceived me. She has absconded with the necklace."

Surely the reader cannot help smiling at a charge so fancifully absurd ! Does not his indignation rise, that upon this charge, awkwardly supported by witnesses, who swore precisely what the Cardinal's advocates pleased to put in their mouths, who spoke no more than what the judges pleased to remember—Does not the
indignation

indignation of the candid rife, when a charge fo false, evidence fo mutilated, and judges fo partial, were able fo far to overcome the truth, and deftroj the reputation of an innocent victim ? I was myfelf very much ftruck at fight of this writing, to which I fcarce knew how to fpeak, left it fould prove fatal to the Cardinal, who was constantly making fignals, fearful that I fould difcover what I knew relative to this paper. “ Oh ! ” cried he, “ It is nothing but a trifling memorandum, which I am fometimes in the habit of making, and written, by my orders, by my valet de chambre.” That monfter, Dupuis, made fignals of encouragement. I pretended to regard the Cardinal, and answered, “ I am not certain as to the purport of this writing.” It is true that, if I had given the key to it, it would have appeared very perfpicuous, though I could have fpoke with equal confidence as before, and might have difclofed fome of thofe fecrets into which I had been fo fully initiated ; but this I did not wifh, fearing that I fould plunge him into ftill greater difficulties, and remaining fully perfuaded that evidence fufficient had already appeared againft him.

It

It was in this last confrontation that the Cardinal, in danger of being foiled, had conceived the idea of sending the Sieur Carbonniere to London, to see what he could glean from public report relative to M. de la Motte, that could tend to his crimination, or could be wrested to the purpose of his master, but I will not here give a full explanation of this journey. I have already said much in my Memoirs: I will only hint, that the efforts of my enemies will be eventually in my favor; weak-fighted as they were, while they supposed they were crushing me to atoms, they were erecting a pile which will ever remain a proof of their malice, while it stands as a monument of my innocence. Why should I enumerate the machinations of the house of Rohan? Why should I mention the very words which the Count de Vergennes said to the King, to persuade him of the innocence of the Cardinal? that this family wished his destruction, to shew the universe the innocence of their relation? that they would be indefatigable in pursuit of M. de la Motte, *to put him into a sack and throw him into the sea?*

I shall slightly pass over M. Carbonniere's first journey to London, from whence he returned
without

without being able to effect his purpose. I will not trouble the reader with the peregrinations of the capuchin Mac Dermot, with the affidavits hatched up by persons in London, with those who conspired with miserable attornies, to destroy the reputation, and other agents employed to destroy the life of my husband. Their attempts to assassinate, their efforts to slander, have been related in my Memoirs, by M. de la Motte himself. These were great and daring attempts; but I proceed to shew the sly insidious methods, the poor, the pitiful efforts which the weakness of their cause obliged my enemies to have recourse to: I mean their tampering with a servant, and bribing him to give evidence against his master.

M. de la Motte had sent a person of the name of Liziere, his valet de chambre, whom he had taken with him to England, to the house of Madame de la Fresney, our friend, whither I had promised to return, after having seen the Baron de Breteuil. The police, being apprized of his arrival, had him before them to be examined, but he neither deposed any thing either against his master or me. The police paid him a crown for the day in which he appeared, and he was
 examined

examined twice, morning and evening, to prevent him from returning to England, and acquainting the Count, his master, with what had passed concerning my imprisonment in the Bastile. This domestic, who the first time made no deposition against his master, the second time said, only in answer to the second interrogatory, which had been subtilly devised to draw him to speak of the crimes of which we were supposed to have been guilty. This Liziere, so worked upon, then deposed, that his master had given him orders, while at Bar sur Aube, to prepare the cabriolet, and to use all possible diligence; adding, that his master had also said, that he was in a great hurry to go to Versailles, whither the Countess had been sent for by the Queen, and he was going to fetch her. "I have," continued he, "at the same time, heard from the Count, at the house of Mr. Jefferys, in London, that these diamonds, which he shewed him, had been given by the Queen to the Countess, his wife. Moreover I have heard Mr. Jefferys say, in my second journey, that my master had said, that the Countess had done the Cardinal essential service with the Queen, with whom she was a great favorite, and could do as she pleased."

This

This is the same deposition with that of the capuchin, Mac Dermot, and one, indeed, seems calculated to support the other. I was so enraged against this deposition, by the answers I made before all my judges, that this poor weak domestic wept bitterly that he had ever listened to the temptations thrown in his way by those serpents. This poor fellow wept so bitterly that even Du Marcé and Fremyn said to him, "If you regret so much that you have made this deposition, it is yet possible for you to change it." This miserable creature could only answer by sobs and tears, which for a moment stopped the confrontation. The Sieur Dupuis repeated in a low tone to Fremyn, but loud enough for me to hear him, commendations of this deponent, whom, by smiles of approbation and accents of encouragement; they urged to proceed, but I will not enter minutely into this deposition, lest I should too much affect the reader's sensibility. "Oh, good God!" exclaimed I, lifting up my hands and eyes to heaven, "wilt thou not then punish these impostors? What have I done to them, that they should corrupt my very domestics, who had formerly been so faithful and so honest; but now, under the hope of being rewarded ———"

O, monstrous wretches! You may receive, indeed, a little money which you are promised, L'Effuz, but will that discharge you of your obligation to your master? From this moment your integrity is corrupted, and your conscience will never be pure! No, gentlemen; I intreat you not to change this deposition. It is necessary that all my judges should know it. I will ask them; not, if they can believe that a master would repose such confidence in a servant, I beg they will examine who has been the fabricator of these inconsistencies."

I perceived, from the nature of this deposition, that it was dictated by the Sieur Target, the Cardinal's advocate, who, quite an adept in chicanery, conspired with Achette and La Porte to procure false testimonies. I have myself reproached them with this; I have convinced the world that it was the case.

This deposition was very expressive, and of a most mischievous tendency, which proved it to be the production of abler heads, of greater adepts in villainy, than a simple inexperienced lacquey, who was worked upon by promises and threats, alternately addressed both to his
 hopes

hopes and fears; and his poverty and inexperience, which should have gained him protection, was taken advantage of, to make him a lying evidence against his master.

Were they so much at a loss to make out their charge, that they must make use of false witness against me? Must they pry into the most trifling incidents of a domestic nature, and furnish a poor inexperienced wretch with weapons of ingratitude, with malevolent falsehoods, against those whom, from his duty, he should respect and serve?---But I will comment no more upon this: the very circumstance I have stated, the very deposition just given, though apparently against me, is substantially in my favor.

I have already spoke of the Abbé le Kel, but I have not yet lost sight of him. As he was the person who went between me and the Cardinal, charged from the latter to make impressions in his favor, I must again bring him on the tapis; he is yet to play a small part, before I take my final leave of him.

The two last days of my confrontation he came, as usual, to visit me, commissioned by the Cardinal, from whom he was deputed to make enquiries respecting my health. He informed me, that the Cardinal had resolved to make no memoir.---On the twenty-first of April our confrontations closed. The Abbé returned about eleven, with a very sprightly air. "Well, I have told you the truth," said he; "the Cardinal has directed M. Target not to make any memoir, and that is now finally determined; therefore, Madam Countess, he desires you to observe the same proceeding with M. Doillot. It will be entirely useless, because this process is a mere matter of form, which will terminate in nothing: that is the opinion of all the world. Nevertheless, it is in general believed that our unfortunate Cardinal will be disgraced, and deprived of his offices and emoluments; but that is, however, nothing but the mere crude opinion of those that know nothing about it. Notwithstanding, be particular; don't let your advocate proceed, nor tell him that I have shewn you the danger of making it known to the Queen! I do not chuse to meet him here; but I will return to-morrow morning, about ten, if M. Doillot is not with you."

A very

A very short time after the departure of the Abbé, M. Doillot arrived. Instructed by the Abbé, I labored to dissuade him; but, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, M. Doillot still persisted in his resolution of making a very ample memoir from the materials I had given him. I represented to him, that I thought it unnecessary. "How, Madam!" exclaimed he. "Will you still be so complaisant to the Cardinal? Who is it that sees you? Who is it that thus advises you to rush to your destruction; to prevent you from doing that which will at once be agreeable to your Sovereign, and tend to exculpate yourself? The Cardinal himself has not done so: he has given materials for his defence to Target.---Oh, Madam! you are yet visited by that man, who comes only to deceive you: after my repeated prohibitions, I beg you will see him no more. For my own part, I assure you, that this very day there will be five hundred of the Cardinal's memoirs issued from the press. I am positive of what I assert; and, to convince you that it is true, I will, if possible, procure one for your perusal."

This appeared to me very strange. M. Doillot departed, and in a few hours returned with

one of these memoirs in his pocket. "There, Madam," said he, taking it out, "there is one of the memoirs! Take it, and satisfy yourself that what I say of this Abbé is no more than the truth."

M. Doillot then left me again, to go in search of some person to write my memoir.---In the interim, I perused that of the Cardinal, which M. Doillot had given me, and could not help remarking the truth of his assertions relative to the Abbé le Kel, and thinking of his treachery and dissimulation.

About seven the same evening the Abbé arrived: I received him very coolly, and concluded by shewing him the memoir, as a proof of his treachery and deceit.---"I have also brought one in my pocket," said he. "I now come, not on the part of the Cardinal, but myself: I am as much chagrined as you yourself can be. But, Madam, if you will not take my word, I do assure you, upon the oath of an ecclesiastic, that our friend the Cardinal is himself as much dissatisfied and enraged as either of us can be: I will prove it to you, under the sanction of the same oath, that M. Target came to
the

the Cardinal's apartment, which, as soon as he read, the Cardinal strongly disapproved of, and treated M. Target very roughly on the occasion; saying it was by no means his intention to publish such infamous lies concerning you." He then pulled out his pencil, obliterated great part of it, and concluded by throwing it away entirely, saying, "Instead of clearing me, you have blackened me by such vile conduct. No---it is by no means my desire that these memoirs should appear." His eyes were, at that time, full of tears. Target replied, with an air of effrontery, that it must positively appear, as his family had given orders for that purpose, and quitted him abruptly. "Believe me, Madam," added he, "that the Cardinal entertains the same sentiments for you as he has ever done; the same sentiments, as you may perceive from what I have told you, which he is ready to come forward and evince, if he should see you in such a dangerous situation as to require it."

Suspended and uncertain, I knew not what to think. The Abbé had taken his solemn oath of the truth of his assertion, and I chose to believe the Cardinal incapable of having ordered the Abbé to be guilty of such baseness, so artfully

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contrived,

contrived, so plausibly related. Diffembling hypocrite! but I knew the Cardinal's principles better, and thought, if he had appeared to have done me an injury, it was, possibly, because he might conceive his circumstances obliged him to do so. If he supposed that I had the keys of authority, he was himself grossly deceived--- but this was what Target had advised. "Let us," says he, "lay all upon her shoulders. She who has made her the instrument of sacrificing the Cardinal, who is so well with the King, will come to her assistance. We must exert ourselves to exculpate our client at all events, and leave her to the protection of the person who only plans the destruction of the Cardinal, which she hopes, through her means, to effect.

I certainly, in this instance, forgot myself, for the Cardinal had, without doubt, done me great injustice. I reasoned to myself, "He is guilty, because he has accused me of having stolen the necklace. Could he have found no other means of defence, without having so unjustly criminated me? But, possibly, he has been sufficiently ashamed of having made so odious, so absurd an accusation.

The

The next day I was astonished by the arrival of M. Doillot. "I come," says he, "to communicate a very important piece of intelligence, with which you are yet unacquainted. I am not informed of the reason, but they talk of giving judgment in your cause next week.--- It is very extraordinary, indeed; but I must look into it. I have always understood that it was not to be determined till the week after Whitsuntide. I fear, as this is to be determined so soon and so unexpectedly, that I shall scarce have time to complete my memoir. I am, on the other side, not more satisfied concerning what you have already given. There is a person who has written a most perfect memoir, who is very conversant in these affairs: he is a young man of first-rate abilities.— In reading these pieces which you have given me, he almost devoured them. 'O how happy 'I should be,' said he, 'to exert myself upon 'these! but it is impossible. We should not 'have time. These pieces would crown my 'reputation. But a great misfortune is, that 'the Abbé le Kel, who has patronized me from 'my infancy, is particularly attached to the 'house of Rohan, whom I dare not disoblige; 'but never mind, M. Doillot. I beg you will:
 'leave

‘ leave me these pieces till you return.’ The next day, when I waited on the Abbé, ‘ M. Doillot,’ said he, ‘ I have a very great inclination to serve your unfortunate client ; but there is one small difficulty. I am young, and far from being rich. If I labor at this, I shall not be able to do it, without you will assist me : but, for the sum of thirty louis, I promise to make a perfect memoir, and to execute it as it ought to be ; nevertheless, I am not without apprehensions that my situation and circumstances will not let me undertake it.” M. Doillot consented to give it him, but he wished to have it pass for his own production, that he would not say that he had read any writing fearful lest the Queen should not chance to know it. The Abbé, who wished to gain some reputation, would not make this promise, so that I have to thank the vanity of M. Doillot, that, instead of a complete and comprehensive memoir, which would have proved the cabal of the Judges and the Deputy General Advocate, there was nothing but a brief summary, which had been drawn up by some person more complaisant than the Abbé, which made no mention of the name of the author (but there is no reason to doubt of this). This summary was made two days before

fore we went to the Conciërgerie. M. Doillot passed two hours with me. I believe it was that very evening, near seven o'clock. "I have received," said he, "a thousand compliments upon our abstract, for which I have been applauded by many distinguished personages. I am very uncertain," continued M. Doillot, "whether you will go this evening to the Conciërgerie; however that may be, I would advise you to prepare yourself. A person of my acquaintance has told me, that he thought they would come to fetch you at eleven or twelve.

I received this intelligence, alas! with joy, believing that this would be the last day of my captivity. M. Doillot did not appear in the smallest degree cast down. I could not discover in his behaviour the least trace which could lead me to suppose he had the smallest despondency: at least it appeared so to me. He asked me if I had any idea of criminal process? I replied in the negative. "You know," replied M. Doillot, "that criminals are placed upon a stool during the time of trial?" "Yes, I do." "There is no other reason," answered he, "than that they may be seated, if any thing disagreeable should happen; but at this, you should

should not be surprized any more than if passing along the small stair-case."—" Good God ! exclaimed I to M. Doillot, " I don't comprehend what you mean to say with your little and great stair-cases."

Oh, young and giddy as I then was ! in these mysterious terms were couched the prediction of what I was to undergo, terms which, from their incomprehensibility, ceased to fix my attention. Why did I not put some question ? Why did I find myself confined from speaking ? " I don't understand what you mean by your stair-case ?" M. Doillot would not charge himself with the letter which I had written to the Queen, because he was confident it would be inefficacious. As well as I can now remember, he asked me what I had done with that letter ? If I had not burnt it, that he would immediately do it, as he was fearful lest it might have been lost ; " for, I ask your pardon, but, really, you are a little giddy." " Oh, no ! no !" replied I to M. Doillot, " I shall not lose it ; on the contrary, as soon as I come near any fire it shall be burnt." He believed me, and went about his business.

About

About eight, I went to supper. My turnkey came up for something which I cannot now recollect. "Oh, oh, Madam," says he, with a disastrous countenance, and in a tone of blunt rusticity, "how very gay you seem! What news has M. Doillot brought you? Your business is likely to be terminated *a la Grève*. 'Tis a devilish bad affair, indeed." I took what this clownish fellow said to be merely in jest, though I thought this rather a coarse kind of a joke, yet I conceived it probable that he might be placed near me to take notice of what I said; I, therefore, resolved to defeat his purpose, by saying as little as possible, till this animal had the assurance to seat himself in my elbow chair. "Go," said I, "to St. Jean, and tell your Governor I am not so easily intimidated; but ask him," continued I, "if he knows whether we are to go to-night to the *Conciergerie*, because I wish to lay down, if I thought that we should not go this evening, but return immediately and bring me an answer."

He returned again about ten o'clock.—
"At eleven, Madam," said he, "hold yourself in readiness: they will begin with you."—
At eleven he came "Adieu, St. Jean!" exclaimed

claimed I, with a light head. "I hope I shall never again enter your villainous Bastile." "Oh, Madam!" rejoined he, instantly, "Will you be good enough to return me my knife and my scissars, because they are going to whip you below?" "Very well, St. Jean! Descend," continued I, "a minute or two." This expression ("they are going to whip you,") made me cautious of my intended letter for the Queen, which I concealed in my bosom. St. Jean then returned, and conducted me to the inner hall of council, where I found the Governor and two *Huiffiers*, who are termed *Huiffiers de la Chaine*. After some trifling conversation on both sides, one of these *Huiffiers* begged my pardon, telling me that it was always the custom to search the pockets of all those who went out of the Bastile to the *Conciergerie*. He then searched my pockets, opened a large bundle of papers, but read none; after which we departed in a hackney-coach for the *Conciergerie*.

Released from the Bastile, Paris appeared to me superb, but our journey seemed extremely short. It was near midnight. All the front yard before the court was illuminated, as well as the court itself; it was as light as day. The

place was amazingly crouded: all the guard were under arms. An officer came to give me his arm to alight from the carriage. I was conducted to a large hall, which they call le Greffe, whither I was attended by four or five hundred persons. All the passages---the tables---every place was crouded.

The keeper of the *Conciergerie*, and his wife, behaved to me with great civility and humanity. They offered me some refreshment, which I accepted. I listened with pleasure to a profusion of civil things that were said to me by the surrounding multitude, many of whom expressed very warm and sincere wishes for my success, and seemed much pleased at the manner in which I returned their civilities.

About two, finding myself fatigued, I expressed a desire to take some rest; and, after paying my respects to this numerous company, the keeper's wife conducted me herself to the apartment prepared for my reception. Before she left me, she obligingly told me, that she would come at six o'clock to see if I wanted any thing, and to give me assistance in dressing myself.

At

At six o'clock they began to assemble---about half past six I was ready---but they began with poor Oliva, who was delayed with her child. The keeper's wife, to whom I expressed a desire of seeing her, conducted her to my chamber, which was very near. I consoled the mother, but I gently reprov'd her, for the wrongs she had done me in following so blindly the advice of her advocates, relative to the supposed letter of the Queen, which, she said, I had shewed her.

Between ten and eleven, Hubert, the keeper of the *Conciergerie*, attended by his son, conducted me by the little stair-case, as M. Doillot had before told me, but to which I then paid little attention. The *Sieur Fremyn* then came to take my hand, and conducted me to the hall where my judges were all assembled.

This was to me a most tremendous sight; it was an awful, an alarming crisis. It is here I am going to prove, that, accused without guilt, I was tried without justice, and condemned without proof; that my accusation was supported upon the narrow foundation of false testimony, apparent even to my very judges, as contradictory and replete with absurdity. Must
I then

I then draw the melancholy inference from what I have premised, that I fell a victim to injustice and oppression? that a court, composed of upwards of sixty judges, were convened for the purpose of condemning an innocent and unprotected female? Yes. I will proceed to record my own disgrace; but the number and character of the judges, the solemnity and ceremonies of process, will also enable me to draw another inference, and to remark what hosts are necessary, in strong combination, to be successful in the condemnation of innocence. How powerful is truth, unsupported by temporal power? How weak its enemies, though reinforced with all the engines of despotism!

Condemned by this tribunal, having in vain petitioned for a rehearing on earth, and denied that justice which I have a right to demand, though loaded with what my enemies term infamy, I do not despair; my cause will be reheard, the evidences against me be re-examined, and my sentence will be reversed, with an equal degree of honor to myself, as here they have labored to stamp me with opprobrium.--- At that tribunal, where I shall again meet them, I shall have justice; my innocence will there

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appear,

appear, and their unrighteous judgment will be reversed. “ Father of Mercy, to thee I raise my cry, the cry of innocence oppressed ! that cry, though too feeble to be heard, to be regarded by my enemies, is registered in heaven, yet more potent than all the conjunctive force of human jurisdiction, where the edict of despotism dares to mimic the voice of justice.

Must I then summon up all my resolution to proceed in my narrative ? to describe my terrors upon entering the hall where so many judges were assembled ? to paint those fears which assailed me at an appearance so novel ? to proceed in the narration of my humiliation and disgrace ? Alas, I must !

Too soon I understood the ambiguous meaning of M. Doillot, in speaking of the *selette*, notwithstanding that he had attempted to prepare me for the occasion ; but, understanding not his hints, I then betrayed no symptoms of terror. It was, perhaps, because I was not then acquainted with the meaning of these mysterious expressions. At length, however, I heard a number of voices tending to encourage me, and striving to inspire me with confidence.—

“ Must

“ Must I then occupy this seat ?” exclaimed I,
 “ Must I be forced into this *selette*, formed only
 for the reception of the guilty? Subdued by
 powerful necessity, alas! I must.”

Agitated by the most heart-rending sensations,
 I remained a long time in a most dreadful situa-
 tion; my knees knocking together, and my
 whole frame trembling with agitation, unable to
 articulate a single syllable. At length, but I
 scarce know how, I found myself seated, but so
 overwhelmed with shame, at finding myself sur-
 rounded by such a number of judges, by such a
 crowd of spectators, I was almost induced, to
 prevent my answering to these humiliating
 questions which were prepared for me, to let fall,
 as if by mistake, the letter which I had written
 to the Queen, that letter which was intended
 to have been sent by the Abbé le Kel---but,
 unfortunately for me, (I say unfortunately,
 because I am at this moment persuaded that my
 judges would have taken me under their protec-
 tion, as being a prisoner, but I was badly advised),
 while I was in this state of hesitation, and con-
 sidering within myself whether I should do this,
 I heard a general cry, which was re-echoed
 throughout the hall, “ Proceed---proceed, Ma-
 H 2 dam.

dam. Take courage." This encouragement from so many of my judges supported my sinking spirits, inspired me with hope, collected my scattered thoughts, and fixed my resolution; their looks animated me, and, by degrees, I was in a condition to answer them with that consistency of truth, and energetic fortitude which innocence alone inspires.

So great was the malice of De Fremyn against me, that he could not help exhibiting, even in the very face of my judges, a degree of rudeness and indelicacy, which, upon such an occasion, in such a situation, but very ill became him; but this was by no means singular, he proved himself, on all occasions, my enemy. This man came up to me rudely, and desired me to take off my hood. I looked at him very attentively and said, even before this august assembly, "You prove, at this very moment, how much you are my enemy." The assembly applauded what I said, and remonstrated, with an air of disapprobation, "Oh! why do you so? Suffer the lady to wear her calash."

M. d'Aligre then read my first interrogatory, which was expressed in a very few words.

Many

Many supposing that I was acquainted with his rank in the assembly, informed me, that it was the first president who addressed me; upon which, after having arose and saluted him respectfully, I observed my astonishment, at an interrogatory so brief, so very much curtailed, that my judges could not determine whether I was innocent or not. "I should wish," continued I, "that my judges would interrogate me upon these articles which have relation to the necklace: to these I am particularly anxious to reply, that I may have an opportunity of demonstrating to my judges what I have already advanced, what I have above an hundred times repeated, and what I have never yet swerved from." The judges all exclaimed that I was right, and were unanimously agreed to make some additions to the first interrogatory, which did not mention a syllable of the leading point of accusation, the diamond necklace. "The Cardinal has pretended," said they, "that he brought this necklace himself to your house at Versailles, and that he placed it in an alcove till the arrival of a person who was to fetch it, on the part of the Queen; that you would insinuate, that it was her Majesty's page de chambre; that this man, as described by the Cardinal, is very

dark, has large black eyebrows, thin and tall, with large black eyes, his shape extremely slender. The Cardinal observes also, that the alcove was about half open."

"Absurdities like these, gentlemen," rejoined I, "raise my indignation, and I am convinced they will have a similar effect on you." I then pointed out the contradiction of these assertions, and explained how the Cardinal, seeing M. Vilette in his confrontations, immediately said, that he recollected his profile, and that he was the very same person to whom I sent the necklace. Such a contradiction, on the part of the Cardinal, will, I hope, merit the particular attention of my judges, and admonish them how to value the rest of his allegations, since it is notorious that the *Sieur Vilette* by no means answers the Cardinal's description. Instead of being dark, he is extremely fair; and, in every other respect, diametrically the reverse of what the Cardinal has described. But, supposing for a moment that there really came a man, as Mr. Cardinal pretends, does it wear the least semblance of propriety, that, if he had brought a letter or a note written for me, that the Cardinal should avail himself of that, since the note should

should say that the bearer should be trusted with the jewels in question? Now Mr. Cardinal ought to have returned me such billet, and the billet which would have become a receipt for him, the same note and the other which accuses him, and mentions the receipt of the jewel, "which," says this billet, "is superb;" which Messrs. St. James, Bassanges, and Bhomer, all depose, that they have read in the Cardinal's hands, and a billet containing this expression: "I request him to bring the papers before my judges, as well as two hundred others which he has read to me, and told me, that they all came from the Queen—and, since he denies them, and says, that they were written for me,—in consequence of which, when read, he would have returned them. This is an absurdity which ought to counterpoise his assertions, and weigh for what it advances.

"I have my reasons to insist that the Cardinal should produce all his letters, because they would make mention of the appointments, because they *thee'd him*. [This expression refers to the annexed correspondence, and means the frequent repetition of thee and thou, terms which are very seldom used in France, except

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from a master to his valet, or between very intimate friends.] Especially that these were in the Queen's own hand-writing; and, as the judges would add, the Cardinal should declare that these letters were written by the Sieur Vilette (though this is no where said). Then, gentlemen, this will be a strong argument, upon which I hope you will emphatically insist, that the Cardinal should produce them to the court, to be compared with that same approbation of the articles with the jewellers, which the Sieur Vilette himself confesses he has made. If my judges will take the trouble to examine this, I dare affirm that they will find letters in three different hands, and not one single one in the character of the Sieur Vilette.

“The Sieurs St. James and Bhomer, who have deposed, That they have read the letter in the hands of the Cardinal, upon the terrace at Versailles, containing this expression, ‘*I am perfectly contented with the jewel—it is superb, &c.*’ These persons have further deposed, That the Cardinal, at the same time, informed them, that this letter came from the Queen—and I, for my own part, gentlemen, repeat what I have previously deposed, and do now positively affirm,

and

and most solemnly declare, that I have also seen,
—that I have also myself read that letter.”

Mr. President then asked me, if I really believed that letter came from the Queen, as well as the two hundred other letters which the Cardinal shewed me? I replied, that the Cardinal had given me his confidence, and trusted me with his secrets, during the whole time of which I was so entrusted. He told me that he had seen the Queen, and received letters from her—that was all I could, consistent with delicacy and propriety, permit myself to say.

I had scarce uttered these words, when four Abbés all rose up at once, though at some distance from each other, they began their speeches together. Nothing was to be heard but the hoarse jargon of contention. All were intent, in their own imaginations, to do wonders—but, alas! they erected a Babel, which was but the fabric of a moment.

At length the discord abated, and the three gave way to the first; but, as his question was of no consequence, I did not condescend to make any reply. At this many persons present very
significantly

significantly shrugged up their shoulders. The second and third were of a piece with the first; the fourth, as having more pretension to wit, I thought it necessary to reply to, otherwise his question need not be here repeated, since it has been touched upon in the public papers. This was the Abbé Sabatier. We heard a stentorian voice, that almost shook the foundations of the hall. "My lord," said he, "please to put this question to the lady. She pretends that she has not interfered in any thing concerning the sale of the necklace. Why then, when the Count de Delomine asked her, 'Who those people were whom she had at her table?' did the lady reply, that 'they were persons with whom she had business?'---I observe, that this answer goes to prove that she has been a party concerned in the sale of the necklace; for it should seem by this answer to the Count de Delomine, that, if she was not at all concerned in the negotiation, and to treat with them for the sale of the necklace, why should she have any business with them?"---I looked at this great and penetrating genius with all that congratulation which so shrewd a remark was entitled to. "I understand," replied I, "and have answered that question. The question which the Abbé Sabatier

Sabatier puts to me is destitute of common sense; it is therefore unnecessary to reply to it."

---All the voices then raised themselves with one accord, bawling to the Register, "Write down what Madam says, that the Abbé Sabatier's question is unworthy an answer, and has neither reason nor common sense."

The Abbé, a good deal nettled, exclaimed loudly, "But, gentlemen, I have said that; but I have a right to speak without being the object of derision, however what I have said may seem to amuse you." At this they all burst into a roar of laughter, at the manner in which I had answered. As soon as they had finished exercising their risibility, "Gentlemen," said I, "the questions of these gentlemen, the Abbés, do not in the least surprize me. I am forewarned that these gentlemen, who are about five in number, have had some hopes of recruiting their party by the addition of a sixth, who would all give their votes for the Cardinal: and, besides these gentlemen, there is another party here who are engaged to defend him; they must therefore consequently accuse me."---The Register was then ordered, with a great deal of solemnity, to read to me
the

the question of this aforefaid sagacious Abbé, whom I answered in the following manner :

“ Gentlemen, the jewellers have indeed charged me in their depositions ; but in their confrontations, where they were with me face to face, they have discharged me, as well as La Porte, the advocate, ſince it appeared in their carrying the Cardinal’s note, which requested their addreſs, I had agreed with Baſſanges, and had read it to him, and that he himſelf wrote their addreſs in my preſence, which ſame addreſs I had ſent by my boy to the Cardinal.--- He at the ſame time admits, that I deſired him to uſe particular precaution with the Cardinal. I alſo aſk my judges, if, in this caſe, the jewellers have no obligation towards me, however ſlight it may be ? Am I not the primary cauſe of the ſale of the necklace, ſince it was the Cardinal to whom I ſpoke of it, who ſaid he purchaſed it for the Queen?---Having to render an account to M. Dolomieux, I have confined myſelf to this ſlight answer, adding that La Porte himſelf (as would clearly appear on reference to my confrontations) had poſitively depoſed that I had told him, above an hundred times, that I would have nothing to do in the ſale

sale of the necklace, and even that I absolutely rejected the offer of the two hundred thousand livres in diamonds.---I would yet further wish to observe to my Judges, that, if I wished to appropriate the necklace to my own use, I should certainly, in that case, have accepted the jewellers offer to conceal my intention of stealing this necklace.”

The President and many of the Judges were obliged many times to speak to the Register, Le Breton, to write my answers, which he did not write fully, being in the Cardinal's interest.--- M. de Bretignere, honorary Counsellor, who sat near me, asked me a question almost as improper as that of the Abbé's, but, being an honorary Counsellor, M. de Bretignere insisted that I should answer him. “ Since then, Madam,” said he, “ you have read and seen such a great number of letters in the Cardinal's hands, you can very well speak how they were written, and tell us if the Cardinal answered them.” I replied, “ that this question of the Counsellor was extremely indiscreet and dangerous. I can only observe to him, that he had much better put this question to the Cardinal than to me, and demand of him that he would produce these letters

letters. In such case, the Counsellor might sufficiently satisfy his curiosity, in reading them himself."---Adding, " that it was impossible that my Judges could give any credit to this assertion of the Cardinal, who pretends that all these letters came from the Queen, and were sent in my name, for me, and written for me. He would always have returned them as soon as they were read. My Judges, I hope, will see that the Counsellor insists upon answers to his questions; and I call all to witness, how he forces me to be imprudent in speaking, when, from respect to my Sovereign, I would wish to be silent."

I hope my readers will see how reluctant I was to betray those secrets with which I had been entrusted, and what respect I still preserved, notwithstanding all my ill treatment, for her Majesty's reputation; and from the following questions, dictated probably by curiosity, how artfully they extorted from me those secrets which I would wish to have preserved, and which, even here, (though a full disclosure might strengthen my defence) I wish to touch with delicacy, if they cannot be passed over in silence.

These

These gentlemen, either wishing to do me justice, or to gratify their curiosity, by elucidating the truth, still insisted upon clear categorical answers respecting these letters. It was not my fault: I was obliged to reply as to the contents. "Yes, Gentlemen," answered I, "one of them makes mention of an appointment broken————of their pleasure at meeting."---Making also mention of the reception of these letters, among other things, "*theeing* and *thouing* one another."---"Does Madam really believe that these letters, which the Cardinal shewed her, came really from the Queen ---were written by the Queen herself?"---"I do not know whether I ought to declare my thoughts concerning the acts of a Queen, whom I am bound to honor and respect."---"But did not Madam find these expressions very forcible, to induce her to believe that they came from the Sovereign?"---"That was the reason of my first astonishment, with the Cardinal!"---"What answer did he make to that?"

I was at length necessitated to answer fully the questions which were put, thinking, after being so persecuted, that I could not retreat; but I cannot now remember the great number

of questions which I was asked, nor the particular answers I gave.---“ Bravo! bravo!” then exclaimed a great number of my Judges. “ Certainly, certainly,” said they, clapping their hands together, “ ’tis well replied!”—“ Let the lady alone!” exclaimed a great number of voices.

I afterwards made observations on the whole of my accusation: all the questions, and my answers, were written, and read to me, lest the *Sieur Register* should act as his representative *Fremyn* had done.—*M. d’Aligre* then asked me, “ if I had any thing more to add?” to which I replied in the negative; only particularly intreating that my Judges would condescend to examine thoroughly into this business, with an impartial eye;—from whence I could not but entertain the strongest hopes that their definitive judgment would be in my favor.

* * * * *

As I have now given a faithful account of my examination, I hope I shall be indulged in a short digression upon the accounts that have been elsewhere given.—It is necessary, as my enemies, in the public prints, have loaded me
with

with reproaches—have attempted to blast me with lies, black as malignity could invent, or scandal propagate.—It is my duty, as some of my readers may, without examination, have received unfavorable impressions from those prostituted channels of intelligence, which have been poisoned by the influence of the house of Rohan, and hired to blacken my character and traduce my reputation. I repeat that it is necessary, and I am sure the candid reader will indulge me a few minutes, in a cause like this, to state the truth respecting my conduct, at this awful investigation. They have, indeed, given me credit for the energy of my speech—they have said, that I astonished my judges. I will not say how much my vanity would lead me to build upon such a confession from my enemies—but I will say, that the energy, for which even they give me credit, was the energy of truth, of innocence oppressed.

The passage to which I allude, is in the *Leyden Gazette*, *Extract of a letter from Paris*, *June 2.*—One word or two, to refute some of their assertions, and to shew what a distorted picture they attempted to give the public, whom they knew to be too much in my favor.

VOL. II.

I

The

The address of Mr. Robert Saint Vincent—spoke very emphatically the fears of the house of Rohan for the fate of the Cardinal. That speech strongly insinuates, nay more, expresses these fears. It commenced with a complaint for violating the privileges of the court, asserting that the Judges ought to protect the accused.—Mr. Robert Saint Vincent then expatiated upon the distressing situation of the Cardinal; that the other prisoners would be instantly liberated, upon the decision of the court: “But,” continued he, “what will become of the Cardinal de Rohan? who will free him from his fetters? for,” says that gentleman in one part of his speech, “*the counsels and advice of the advocate for the accused were never more necessary for his client, than at this moment!*”—This speech, these desponding expressions from one of the party, sufficiently demonstrate that they were fearful that a great number of the Judges, whom they knew to be impartial, would not fail to do me justice, and condemn the Cardinal, whose confrontations, contradictory and inconsistent, were very far from being in his favor;—and it could clearly be seen, through the veil that now but ill concealed this mysterious affair, that the Cardinal had certainly had communi-
cations

cations with the Queen, and that I had been the confidant of both.

“ Madame de la Motte,” says this lying paper, “ was tricked out, and dressed.”—This is a circumstance very improbable, at so early an hour as six o’clock in the morning; and I was to be interrogated first.—I appeal to all my Judges, and to the goaler’s wife who attended my toilet. I had plain cambric linen, a cambric cloak, and for a bounet a half-undress gauze without ribbands, and even without powder in my hair; and the gauze cap which I wore upon my head very little squared with that ridiculous assertion, “ that I was dressed.” Yet this plainness, this simple cloathing, my enemies have magnified into a full dress; they have labored to give the impressiion too, that before my Judges I was bold and loquacious. “ *That audacious woman!*” says this scurrilous print. What does this mean? Is such an expression worthy of an answer?—They accuse me too, of pride. Yes, I allow that I am proud with those who are my equals, if they vex or thwart me, but I am mild to those who court my favor; and I will add (for the insinuations of my enemies renders such an assertion

the language of duty more than vanity) that to my inferiors I am fair and open, constantly fearful lest they should perceive any thing in my conduct that might raise an idea of my superiority, and I am always desirous to raise those to a level with myself, whose sensibility would otherwise throw them below it.—Have I drawn too fair a picture of myself? My enemies will soon make the alteration; but I appeal to those whom I have obliged (and when I had the power, I never considered the trouble) whether I am really that haughty woman which the voice of party has described.—The candid, the discerning, will not read my character either in the detractions of my enemies, nor the encomiums of my friends: they will chuse the middle point between those two extremes. As such, let me be judged. I desire no more than that the world would “ Speak of me as I am.”

My enemies further say, that I am proud.—I have before observed, that the proud are always circumspect in their actions, cautious never to do any thing that may merit reproach. How then have they accused me of a crime for which I could never hope to justify myself to the public? Pride and theft but ill accord with each

each other, and my enemies are rather *mal-adroit* in such a conjunctive accusation.— They have also been kind enough to put words into my mouth; which I never heard of till I read them in this paper—*I am going to confound this great knave.*

But I will not detain my reader with a recapitulation of those lies which have been invented and industriously circulated to serve the purposes of party. Suffice it to observe, that my whole deportment before the judges gave the lie to their assertions—neither did I deserve such persecution from the house of Rohan, who acted to me with ingratitude; for, when the judges seemed so well disposed in my favor, and, fearing that it would go heavy with the Cardinal, at that critical moment, I informed them, that I had certainly read and seen a letter which the Cardinal had himself told me he received from the Queen, which was in a different hand from that of the approbation, a letter which acknowledged the receipt of the necklace, with which she was highly pleased. This circumstance was very different from *going to confound this great knave*, as my enemies assert I expressed myself—since, if such had been my intention, I should not thus

have pleaded in favor of my accuser—upon whom if I had retaliated I should have been liberated and rewarded—while, on the contrary, my lenity was one of the principal causes of my subsequent disgrace.

After I made my obedience to the assembly, I withdrew, and was conducted by Hubert, the keeper of the Conciergerie, and a great many gentlemen whom I did not know, to his wife's apartment, who appeared a very good kind of a woman. All paid me their compliments—all expressed their approbation,—observing, that I defended myself well, and that even an experienced advocate could not have pleaded my cause better. They laughed much among themselves, and blamed the Abbé and the old honorary counsellor for their absurd questions—all expressed their hopes that I should come off victorious.

I engaged Hubert, his wife, and family, to bear me company, and to dine with me every day. One day, after dinner, finding myself alone in the parlour, as I was looking over my papers, the wife of the Concierge approached me, and saw the letter which was destined for the Queen. As we were looking over it together,

ther, her husband entered :—his wife made him read it. He turned pale as he looked it over, and would have fetched a candle to burn it.—“Certainly, Madam,” said he, “you will have no occasion for this.” Both he and his wife repeated the same expression—adding, there was no doubt but that I should be acquitted with honor.

In the course of the day, while I remained in the Concierge, much company came to visit me. In the evening, I amused myself with what passed in the day—indeed I lost the idea that I was in a prison, while remaining in the apartment of the keeper’s wife, and surrounded by such numerous company. The unanimous opinion of all was, that the process would terminate in nothing, as the Abbé le Kel had so frequently told me.—About midnight I was conducted to my apartment. The next day, about nine o’clock, the keeper’s wife came herself to fetch me to spend the day with her. Madam Hubert went out in the morning, and left me by myself. “It is but for a moment,” said she, when she went out—but she continued two hours. During this time, many visitors came, whom I had to receive myself—some of whom

went away, and others remained—I believe I was that morning particularly in high spirits.—About nine at night, I heard a report, like that of acclamation in the court-yard. I ran to look out of one of the windows which commanded a view of the yard, and saw many people running very fast by the great stair-case. I could not distinctly understand what they said, except that one of them, who was very near the window, cried out, “Bravo! Bravo!” The Concierge and his son then came towards me, and a lady who was at that time present. We asked them what was the meaning of this noise? “It is nothing,” replied they. “They are pickpockets who have stolen a watch-case and handkerchief, and one of them has been caught in the fact. This, Madam, is the reason why the people called out Bravo!” This was so very plausible an account that I enquired no farther—but it was scarce ten o’clock, when I heard the following words so distinctly articulated, as, at once, to apprize me of what had previously passed, and to supersede the necessity of much further enquiry. “Upon my word,” repeated the voice, “it is very fortunate for the Cardinal—but what will become of poor Madame de la Motte?”

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The moment these words vibrated in my ear, they were like an electrical shock, and suspended for a moment the natural functions. Unable to sustain myself, my legs bowed under me; I tottered, and sunk into a chair. The keeper of the Concierge, when I was a little recovered from the first impressions, which were too strong to make any long continuance, conducted me to my apartment, assisted by his son, where having left me for a few minutes, possibly with a view of gaining authentic information of the definitive sentence of that court, which arrogated to itself the appellation of justice, they soon after both returned, and I desired Hubert, who appeared surprized and concerned, to inform me truly of the event. But neither of them appeared scarce capable of uttering a word, the color seemingly vanished from their cheeks. I had much difficulty to assume an air of indifference, the better to induce them to declare the truth.—Alas! melancholy intelligence! “The Cardinal,” said they, “is out of court, and delivered from further process; Cagliostro and Oliva are the same; Vilette, Madam, is banished, as well as you.”—“For how long?”—“I believe for three years, but every body blames the Judges. We think there will

will be some alteration. The Cardinal had but one voice more for him, about an hour before the conclusion; but they have caballed amongst themselves, and he had three."

I firmly believed the information the Concierge had given me, but could not possibly restrain my indignation, which was to them sufficiently apparent. About eleven I retired to my chamber. Oh, what an agonizing night I passed! Disgrace and infamy appeared to my distracted imagination; terrors crowded upon me, and my ideas were in a chaos of despair; but yet a gleam of hope seemed to break in, and lull with a deceitful calm those perturbations which almost overwhelmed my reason.— I have suffered deeply for the Queen, thought I; she is conscious of my sufferings; she will assuredly step in, and rescue me from that disgrace which threatens me: my respect, my attachment to her, will plead in my favor; she will never suffer me to be sacrificed!—I cheered myself under this hope: I relied upon the Queen. "I shall always have my liberty; I can write to her Majesty, and give an account of what has passed. I can make known my sufferings; or, if she will not listen, if she indeed deceives

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me, I have only to relate them to the public, and I shall be revenged."—It was this hope of being at liberty to address the public, to make my innocence conspicuous, that buoyed me up under the oppression of those frightful imaginations, which would otherwise have haunted me with unceasing persecution; it is in this hope that I yet rejoice.—Protector of the righteous cause! I thank thee thou hast given me resolution to attempt, and perseverance to make this progress, in the line of my defence.

In the morning, the keeper's wife came to make enquiries respecting my health, and to console me in my present situation. I did not appear to her very sorrowful, nor much affected, neither did I ever speak afterwards of any thing relative to this business. I breakfasted in her apartment, where I passed the day in a pleasing tranquillity; and the succeeding one many ladies and gentlemen came to visit me, who informed me, that it was generally believed judgment would not take place.

About seven the same evening the keeper's wife came to me, and with an air of much regret informed me, that she came to receive orders;

ders; that I must hold myself in readiness to depart, and return to the Bastille.—At these words I turned pale: I was struck with horror. “Merciful heaven!” exclaimed I, “what will become of me!—I am certainly destined for destruction!”—I knew not what I said.

While the keeper's wife was testifying her regret at being obliged to part with me, a voiture stopped at the door. “Oh, Madam Countess!” exclaimed she, “it is you whom these gentlemen are come to fetch.”—While we were on the middle of the stair-case, one of them called her; she went down, and returned in about a quarter of an hour after.—“These gentlemen have brought back Mademoiselle Oliva,” exclaimed she, pleased at her disappointment. “The Governor has no orders to receive any body. After some resistance on the part of the huissiers, M. de Launay, who was himself there, informed them that he had received no orders, and that he could neither receive one nor the other.”

I was in no small degree pleased at this intelligence. The very name of the Bastille made me tremble. I was delighted at the idea of the
order

order being countermanded, and pleased myself with the hope that in a few days I should be free. I formed plans of selling my house and furniture, and departing for England, from whence I might write to the Queen, and if I had not a favorable answer, I might then submit my cause to the public.—Thus fallaciously did I reason, unconscious of the future, ignorant of what disgrace, what infamy, what barbarity I was to experience.

Day after day passed on in giddy indifference, in thoughtless vivacity. Constantly surrounded by company, in a house so pleasantly situated, so agreeable, the occupiers all solicitous to please me—all these things contributed to render pleasing those moments, which, if left to myself, would have limped tediously away. I scarce reflected on my situation; I anticipated no future punishment; but what did not a little surprize me was, that I never saw M. Doillot. I thought this circumstance very extraordinary:—when I wrote to him, his answers were unsatisfactory, and very far from consoling me under my unhappy situation, yet he appeared to hope, and two words tended to compose me.—I recalled my fortitude; I summoned up all my
wonted

wonted spirits, and I became quite giddy, careless, and indifferent. I amused myself with the Concierge, her husband, son, and all their acquaintance, who found me very sociably inclined, and strove to amuse me for the fortnight I resided in that prison.

The name of M. Doillot was once brought up at table, when they spoke about the process. This raised my indignation, and I expressed myself with all the warmth of oppressed innocence striving to combat oppression, and inveighed forcibly against the parliament. Remembering what had passed during the confrontations, I was excited to expatiate largely upon the injuries I had received, upon the partiality and injustice of my judges; in fine, upon the conduct of those who ought to have protected me, since my sufferings were occasioned from too great an attachment to their interest, from too strong a desire of concealing the enormity of their crimes—those crimes for which I suffered.—Hubert, the keeper of the Conciergerie, endeavored to calm the agitations of a mind that could not be unmoved by the sentence of oppression; he desired me to compose myself, to be calm, to be patient. This was indeed the advice of a cool dis-

disinterested spectator ; it was indeed the advice of a philosopher. But when that string was touched upon, my ideas succeeded in too rapid a succession to give me time to philosophize : I acted frequently from an immediate momentary impulse. In vain did Hubert beg me to be calm, and compose myself, assuring me that, from what he had heard, he had great reason to believe that I should not be long in confinement, “ as it is generally understood,” said he, “ that the King will send you into a convent by *lettre de cachet* ; but perhaps M. Doillot will make such a memorial as will tend to prevent that : and this, I believe, is the reason why you see him so seldom, he being fully engaged in your affairs at his own house.”

This account, which was intended to pacify, was attended with a quite contrary effect.—The word *lettre de cachet* is a sound too well known in France, and excites the most poignant association of ideas. The word, *lettre de cachet*, roused me—the idea made me mad—I knew not what I did—I threw the knives and plates from the table into the air. The good people, who observed my agitation, trembled for the consequences.

quences.—In vain did they endeavor to render me more tranquil—my fury was not to be talked away—it was an impetuous storm that was not to subside so soon. I flew from my seat, rushed towards the closet, the door of which was open, and seizing a Dutch china mug, struck it against my head, with an intention of terminating my existence. I effected a considerable wound and several contusions in my head with this instrument, which was too weak immediately to destroy me, before it could be wrested from my hands. “Better,” exclaimed I, “and much more eligible is instantaneous death, than to be immured and pine away where it will not be in my power to declare my wrongs!” I was covered with blood, and a most violent convulsion succeeded to this paroxysm of passion, which continued very violently for three hours. As soon as it was abated, I was conveyed to my chamber, while my tears flowed incessantly. This night was, indeed, most miserable—a thousand ghastly phantoms were conjured up by fear, to torment and harass me—through that dark medium I looked at futurity, and every object was magnified by despair.

As

As it was thought unsafe to leave me to myself, I had two persons stationed to watch me, who were both particularly charged not to suffer any pot or knife to come into my chamber—in short, nothing that could expose me to the danger of effecting my destruction. I was confined a week to my room, during which time many of the keeper's friends came to visit and bear me company. The keeper's wife, who had been extremely terrified, obliged me to give her my word of honor that I would, in future, be more calm—"for," added she, "what my husband told you is not certain—it is only hearsay;" of which, she remarked, she was now fully convinced to the contrary—and, the better to strengthen my hopes, she brought me a letter from M. Doillot, which intreated me to be patient, informing me that he had an appointment that same day, with the Baron de Breteuil, and hoped to see me the day following. This letter tended to render me more calm, and I dined in the same apartment with the keeper's wife.—She expressed her astonishment how the public became acquainted with what had passed, and endeavored, as much as possible, to prevent the attorney-general, M. de Fleury, and the first

president, from coming to the knowledge of it through the channel of public report.

The day after, M. Doillot, by the window, brought a letter, which I conceived was calculated for the express purpose of rendering me more calm. He appeared disguised as a countryman, but could not stay a minute, as his carriage and family waited for him. The contents of this letter were, that he had seen the Baron de Breteuil, at Versailles, and was very well satisfied with that interview. "Compose yourself," added he. "He has sent me to wait upon the Keeper of the Seals. He is now at Paris—but I shall see him one of these days." Two days after, he sent me another letter, informing me, that he had received no answer—"But that," continued he, "is of no consequence—be calm and compose yourself."—The keeper's wife brought me these letters, which were all unsealed, as well as those which I sent to him. She read them every one before they were put into the post, and questioned me as to the meaning of different expressions, which M. Doillot made use of in several parts of his letters. "I don't know," said I, "I see nothing mysterious."

mysterious." "But," rejoined she, "I will not mention that to some people, lest they should prohibit me from giving you his letters.—But has he no hopes that the Queen will come forward in your favor? Such is, at least, the general report throughout all Paris, where many persons of the best intelligence believe, that she will not suffer the judgment to stand, which will certainly be the case."

I did not much endeavor to scrutinize narrowly those expressions of the keeper's wife, but could not help making some disagreeable reflections upon not seeing M. Doillot for so long a time, and was thereby induced to believe that what the Concierge had himself said was nearly the truth. From these melancholy reflections I became quite recluse, and no more amused myself with seeing company. I communicated my intentions to the keeper's wife, for whom I had a great respect. She still endeavored to eradicate the fears I expressed relative to the *lettre de cachet*, which she represented as having no foundation. "But why then," interrogated I, "am I detained here?—Who is it that detains me?—It is not the parliament, since they have sentenced me to the Bastile. It is, therefore, clear, that I am not
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kept

kept here by them,—nor can I help fearing that a *lettre de cachet* is certainly issued.” I must here also remark that I had written to the attorney-general, to demand of him the reason of my being detained in the Conciergerie, since I was condemned to exile? “Why then am I not suffered to go from the Conciergerie?” suggesting, that I had left my house at Bar sur Aube entirely at the discretion of my domestics, and that I should be glad to go thither, and from thence, after arranging my affairs, to depart for London. This letter was entrusted to the care of the keeper’s wife, who informed me that she had delivered it to the attorney-general whose answer was, that he could do nothing singly—that M. d’Aligre was in the country—but that he would see him.

One day, in conversation with the Concierge, I enquired if any person belonging to the parliament would inform me that I was sentenced to exile; how that sentence would be pronounced; and the mode in which I should be apprized of it? Hubert answered me, that it would be by one of the Greffiers, either Fremyn or Breton. “One of these,” continued he, “will come and read it to you.”

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I had many times spoken to the Concierge concerning the manner in which I should behave at the reading of this odious sentence; that, if the Greffier came to read it, I would snatch it away, and tear it to pieces. Alas! how great was my error! I was very far from expecting the least additional punishment. I thought the Judges extremely unjust, in the simple sentence of banishment alone.—But was this all? Alas! no. A punishment far more dreadful awaited me—a punishment of which I was not yet apprized; for, if it had been in my power to prevent it, I should not have survived the day of my dishonor: I should rather have rushed out of an existence, which, since the day of my disgrace, has daily become more intolerable. The moment in which my distrust originated, was, when I was prohibited from seeing my counsel, and that I was continually alarmed, and constantly in fearful expectation of the *lettre de cachet*. I could not conceal my fears: my suspicions appeared both in my countenance and conduct.

The people of the Conciergerie used to go to bed at an early hour, leaving me with their eldest son; they frequently retired without bidding

ding me good night, fearing probably lest that should induce me to go to bed sooner than I wished. "Where," said I to the boy, "where is your father and mother?" "They are in their chamber," answered he. "Let them alone, and let us play at cards." Sometimes we were seated upon one of the windows which looked into the court, to take the air—at other times I went into their chamber, where they were in bed. "Oh; how idle you are!" said I to them—"that you have stole to bed without bidding me good-night." Then embracing Madāme Hubert, after having conversed with them a little, I left them to go to bed myself. It was frequently after twelve, when the young man, in conducting me back, stopped to see Le Slapin, which was on the other side of the house, under the great stair-case, shut up by a grate, and left me at the gate opposite the entrance of the court-yard, from whence there was but another gate leading to the street—but what is much more remarkable, the Abbé De Criume, if at this distance of time I am accurate in the recollection of the man, a scholar and a person of general information, who had also improved himself much by travel, came to the house of the Coneierge, with whom he appeared

ed very intimate. He was pleased to be particularly polite, and appeared peculiarly to direct his discourse to me. The keeper's wife asked him to do as we did, to eat a simnel and drink a glass of beer. He accepted the offer. "This lady," said Madame Hubert, "is particularly fond of cyder. I remember you had some very good last year." "I will, with the greatest pleasure, send the lady a few bottles," replied the Abbé politely.

He was as good as his word, and the next morning sent two dozen of cyder. About seven the same evening he came himself to taste it.—There were only us three in company.—"I don't like the construction of your apartment," said the Abbé. "I mean those enormous bars of iron, which forms a grate before your windows; and, as I have before observed, if there should be a fire here at any time, how could you possibly save yourselves?" "Very true," replied M. Hubert, who went to a chest of drawers, standing against the wall near the chimney, from whence she brought a small round basket, where the key was—"but there is no danger," said she, "for I always leave this here." The Abbé took the key, unlocked the

iron grate before the window, and took it out again when it was open. M. Hubert then put it back into the same basket, and in the same drawer, which always remained open. “ You see, ladies, that this grate being open affords you more air,” observed the Abbé. The next morning I found them all open, as well as the two pieces that secured the parlour, which the evening before I had shut myself, before I went to my chamber within the prison. M. Hubert, finding these grates shut, enquired one day of her son who had shut them? “ It was the lady,” replied he. “ Hubert,” said she, “ I desire you to take notice that you must not give the lady so much trouble. We are not at all afraid.”

Had I been guilty of the crime with which I was unjustly charged—had I anticipated any future punishment, should I not have availed myself of all those means which were in my power, and I have every reason to believe they were intended for that purpose—to make my escape. But I was innocent—in consequence of which I could not see—I could not hear—I was deaf—I was blind—otherwise I should not have continued where I was, when my deliverance might have been so easily accomplished.

Alas

Alas! how many tears—tears more bitter than even gall itself—tears that deluge a cheek glowing with the indignant blush, which rises instantaneously at the recollection of the indignities I suffered—indignities which I could never bring my tongue to relate—which my reluctant pen trembles to communicate, while I —— but I must proceed to record my disgrace: disgrace! ah, no! let me rather say my misfortune. And why should I be ashamed of being unfortunate? Why should I not rather console myself under the reflection, that I have not merited what I have suffered from the oppression of my enemies, who, like the Manichæan God, are only powerful to destroy? In relating their barbarities—in recording my sufferings, I attend not to the elegance of diction. I am not writing a finished work for critical inspection. I labor not to adorn the page with these elegancies of expression which maturer judgment might dictate, the genuine simplicity of nature needs no ornament to affect the heart. Alas! so far from improving in my style as I advance, I fear my expressions will be more incoherent, and my diction more inelegant, since as I advance in my narration, my miseries become more complicated, more poignant, and tend to impair those

those faculties which might enable me to give a more animated picture of sufferings, which have undermined the powers of expression. Alas! could but my language keep pace with my woes—could it even equal my sensations, I would boldly step forward and challenge the minutest inspection of criticism—as it is, I request that indulgence, to which my situation entitles me, from the humane, who, considering the overwhelming griefs of an unfortunate female, will treat her as an object of compassionate regard.

On the eighteenth I was quite in despair—in a state of agitation difficult to describe. I demanded why they refused to let me see M. Doillot, which I conceived was very extraordinary, particularly as I was visited by so large a company, and most of them strangers? I begged the keeper's son to purchase me some paper for a memoir, and retired into my chamber, where I first wrote a packet addressed to the King, and a letter to the Baron de Breteuil.

In that designed for the King, I represented, “That I threw myself at the feet of his august Majesty, and supplicated that he would hear me speak for myself—that I was persuaded he had
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been deceived—they had imposed upon his conscience, in making me appear guilty in his eyes—intreating him that he would vouchsafe to hear my complaints—that I had no parent, no friend, whom I could charge to kneel at his feet and represent my innocence—only that I merited his attention, if I might be permitted to use the suggestion, as allied to Royal blood. Yes, Sire, I am at this instant going to write, and I hope that M. de Breteuil, your Minister, will serve me with your Majesty, as an advocate, and lay before you an exact representation of the intrigues which are practising against

“ Your servant,

“ COUNTESS DE VALOIS DE LA MOTTE.”

June 18, 1786.

The nineteenth and the twentieth following, I employed myself in writing, though I was at that time much fitter to keep my bed.

At length then the twenty-first arrived, that eventful day, which will live in my remembrance

brance as long as memory itself shall live—that day, the most accursed in the calendar of my misfortunes!—that day ———

One of the gaolers came to my chamber, and told me he came from M. Doillot, “who,” said this deceiver, “is now in the Greffe, and desires to see you, as he is going immediately into the country, which is the reason why he comes so early in the morning.” “I am very sorry,” replied I, “but I have really passed so bad a night, and am so very weak, that it will not be possible for me to see him to-day—beg the favor of him to come some other day. To-day I am sure—but I shall not have sufficient resolution to speak to him.” “It is only, Madam, to read you a letter which he has received from Versailles. I really believe that he is commanded to wait on you. It will be very unnecessary for you to regard your dress, because he is in so great a hurry.” These last words interested me much—my curiosity was greatly excited, and I was eager to know from whom M. Doillot had received that letter, and what were its contents. I conjectured that it must be from the Queen. My curiosity gave me strength to rise from my bed. I threw on hastily a morning dress,

dress, and followed this impostor, who made me descend a small stair-case, which I used to pass every morning to go to the house of the Concierge. He went before me, and entered first. I pushed the door from me to get through, which I had scarce half effected, when I found the door forcibly pushed to by a person on the other side, with as much violence as if they wished to secure an ox whom they were fearful would escape. A person then immediately seized me by the right arm, and dragged me into the Greffe, where another laid hold of my other arm, and bound me fast.

During this odious and inhuman treatment, I exclaimed—Alas! what did I exclaim?—I scarce remember what. The first thing I observed was the Huissier Breton holding some papers in his hand, which I conceived, as the Concierge had told me, would be read, announcing my pretended exile. “No, certainly,” said I to Breton, “I will not endure to hear so unjust a sentence—nor fall upon my knees to receive the condemnation of an iniquitous cabal, predetermined to sacrifice me.”—A great number of strange persons were present, many of whom seized me rudely round the waist, and

and others by the legs, to oblige me to kneel down—but, not being able to succeed, they held me suspended at a distance from the earth. While I was in this posture, the Huiffier read my sentence, but the cries I made almost drowned his voice.

Overpowered by superior strength, my resistance became more feeble—and, in this condition, I was dragged to the place where the sacrifice was to be completed. Weary and faint—exhausted by my cries, and the ineffectual struggles I had already made, intreating those around me to revenge the innocent, and the blood of their good King Henry II. I at length lost all sense of reason. I could see nothing—I could feel nothing, which could serve to shew me what they intended to do. After this, they stowed me in the bottom of a coach, shut up on all sides, and conducted me to the Salpetriere, where, quite senseless—[I must report faithfully, for the satisfaction of my readers, the account given by Madam Robin herself, called Sister Victoire, superior general of the hospital, a very reputable woman, sixty years of age, to a person who curiously enquired into the subject.]

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“As soon as Madame de la Motte arrived,” said she, “she was put into the Bureau, where all our prisoners are enrolled before they are sent to their several prisons. Here the poor lady remained near three quarters of an hour, apparently without any knowledge of what passed, totally insensible. A little after she came to herself, I begged her to search her pockets, and to take her ear-rings. She presented to me her right ear—she could not speak, and she was so disfigured, that her shape scarce appeared to be human—yet she seemed patient as a lamb going to the fold. The Huiffiers then crammed her into the same hackney-coach, and conveyed her to the hall of the Salpetriere. Before she entered the interior part, she was taken extremely ill, and we thought she would never recover. We all felt very much for her situation, and unanimously believed that this was the last hour of her life. We seized the first moment when she appeared to be a little recovering, and caused her to be placed, by some of the sisters, in a bed one of the prisoners had given her, which was fortunate for Madame de la Motte,—for, if she had not given her this bed, the poor lady would have been under the necessity of laying in a bed with six of the poor old women,

full of vermin, and disorders of wretchedness. I have also to add," continued she, "that every thing which I had done was by the orders of the Huissier de la Chaine, for it is not in the order of our constitution to search the pockets of the prisoners. I then asked Madame de la Motte, a moment after she was in her bed, if she had not reason to complain? and in shewing her a petticoat of grey woolen, which was upon her bed. 'That, Madam,' said I, 'is the only dress that you can have: it is the habit of the house;' to which this unfortunate lady replied nothing, but cast her eyes upon an image by her bedside, the crucifix of our blessed Saviour—and, clasping her hands together, I saw that she was desirous to speak, but could not. Her tongue and lips were so swelled that she was unable to utter a word. The manner in which she was treated was told me by the Huissiers and M. Breton, who were waiting for me at two paces from the chamber of Madame de la Motte, and I have told them what since passed relative to that unfortunate lady, for which they thanked me, and appeared interested in my narration."

Such was the relation of Madame Victoire, during the time in which I continued insensible.

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The next day a number of girls, habited in the dress of daughters of Charity, which we have in all parishes, came to visit me in crowds; they appeared, and disappeared, like lightning. The officiating sister, Genevieve, whom I shall never forget, conducted me to a small court to take the air, and left me to return to her business. I was scarcely seated, when I saw a very great number of poor women coming out of a gate into this same court, making a most dreadful clattering with their wooden shoes. As soon as they saw me, they exclaimed, "Oh! there she is; there is the lady in the court."—These poor creatures, whose appearance spoke a variety of wretchedness, approached, and invited me to see the place destined for my reception, adding, that I should find myself amongst good people, who would take great care of me. "Come, good lady," said one of them, "come and see us."—Alas! I then knew not where I was, nor what could be this troop of misfortunes which now assailed me in a form so new. Alas! I had indeed miseries in the most painful variety. I was unable to make any answer. I opened my eyes, and looked all round me, as if I had been quite in a state of superannuated dotage, or childish insensibility, incapable of perceiving my

real situation. Some of these women took me by the arm, and led me into a place which they call the Dormitory, the place where they sleep, and where they work. I had no sooner entered the door of this infernal mansion, than I recoiled with terror; but there were many women behind, who prevented me from running back, otherwise I should have fallen. My horror at sight of this hall, containing one hundred and twenty-seven women, whose wretchedness may more easily be imagined than described.—Good God! aid me by thy bounties, and give me resolution to retrace my own disgrace!—Unfortunate Valois! what, wouldst thou not interest the sensibility of the public, who are naturally so good, so humane?

I shrunk back at the sight of this hideous spectacle, while the big tear rolled down my cheeks, and, with a voice stifled by the effect of grief, I said, like a child insensible to what passed around me, “Poor Valois! oh, poor Valois!”—This was all I was capable of uttering: they could not get out of me any other expression. I lost all my senses, and remained in this pitiful condition, in this situation, at once mingled with apprehension and dismay,
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till the Wednesday following, when, by the intreaties of many sisters, I was induced to rise; and about three in the afternoon the Superior General of the hospital came towards me, as I was lying in an infamous dungeon, which continued for eleven months to be my chamber. She engaged me to accompany her. "Come along with me, and have patience, my dear lady! Trust every thing to Providence. God will come to your relief. Come along with me, and, Madam, you will immediately find sufficient proof that God does not abandon the innocent!"—I did all that the good and virtuous Superior wished me: I followed her, and arrived at the apartment of the Superior of this Salpetriere, who was absent. She presented me to a venerable old man, whose air and manners prevented the least agitation. "Behold there, my dear, the most religious of fathers, whom propitious Providence has sent to be your consolation."—This gentleman, whose memory I shall cherish till my death, is called M. Tillet. From the first moment, he endeavored to inspire me with confidence: he told me that he came from the town of Troyes, in Champagne, where he had had occasion to see the family of Valois, for whom he professed great esteem;

that he had learnt my misfortunes upon his arrival at Paris, and that he felt himself affected.

We then entered into a discourse adapted to my circumstances and situation, and he strongly inculcated patience—after which, he made me the most obliging offers to provide for all my necessary occasions, and begged permission to come frequently to see me. I assured him that I should always be glad to receive him—at the same time I took occasion to inform him, that, if the lively interest he expressed for my concerns was occasioned by the respect he had for the family at Troyes, he was mistaken—that I was no relation of theirs, and convinced him of this from the report of M. d'Ozier de Savigny, who had granted my pedigree, but that this family was capable of tracing their alliance. M. Tillet answered me, “That it was no matter.—It is the same thing, Madam,” continued he—“you are unfortunate, and that single circumstance entitles you to my protection. First ideas are not altered,” said that venerable old man, at the same time bathing my hands with his tears, and from this moment I stiled him my father.

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On the Monday he returned again, and I had an interview with him, in the presence of the two superiors. He caressed me as much as if I had been his daughter. In the course of conversation he touched upon my affairs, at which I could not help growing warm, and answered him sharply, that the Queen was to blame.—“She ought,” added I, “to be in my place, since I have been her confidant, and but too much attached to her interest.” M. Tillet replied to calm me.

This good old man gave me money to buy victuals, part of which I generally gave to six women, who were all very old and very poor—some of them more than seventy years of age, and the others nearly as much. They had been confined more than forty years in this odious prison, every day living in hope of being liberated, and in constant expectation that they should not end their days in so odious an habitation. It was this hope that made them sustain with more patience this horrible confinement. I descended a second time into this hall, where I was obliged sometimes to appear, since I was condemned to die there. When I was seated in the midst of this assembly, they all appeared

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greatly affected at seeing me, and observed a still silence. As for me, I said not a word, but my appearance so simple, so unaffected, did not escape their notice. Tears—big tears dropped copiously from my eyes—the women perceived it, drew near, and addressed me in terms, which, in my situation, was no great consolation.—“ Ah, good lady! how do you do?” said they. “ Without doubt you are uneasy. It is very hard for you to be amongst us—but you need not be under any fear from our reproach, for we are all more or less guilty, and we are all under punishment for our crimes, therefore we are all upon a footing, and cannot reproach you.” “ Mighty God! what words were these! How keener than the dagger’s point—more venomous than the serpent’s tooth:—*We are all culpable, and cannot reproach you.* Alas! Heaven have mercy upon thee, innocent and unfortunate Valois!”—My tears at that time ran copiously down, and I fell into a state of despair. I was even in a state of delirium—I raved—I tore my hair—and, the moment I could get my hands at liberty, I gave myself several blows on the breast and on the temples—in fine, wherever I could, to put an end to my miserable existence. “ Oh, good God!” exclaimed I, “ what

“ what have I then done? Suffer me rather to die than thus to languish out a miserable existence with those criminals, who could compare me with them in point of criminality?” This continued to absorb all my ideas—with such company, and with such an horrible place before my eyes. These women, who acknowledged themselves guilty, might support their punishment with greater patience than I, who was innocent and guiltless of any crime. They were, indeed, more circumspect, in future, in what they said respecting me. But it is necessary that I should give the reader some few traits of this house of penance and its inhabitants.

It will be extremely difficult for me to paint the horrors of this dreadful mansion—every effort is inadequate to give, with sufficient strength of coloring, the interior description of this house of horror, and the wretched inhabitants—for those who have, indeed, been guilty of the crimes for which they are punished, they could not suffer—but those who are not, say, as they had so strong an example, that those who are really innocent have frequently been abused and ill-treated by the guilty—so that

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they endeavor to teach them their lessons, and one would be led to imagine, from their conduct and behaviour, that these women had been reared in the forests, for they were almost as wild and savage as tygers, having always in their hands either stones, bottles, or chairs, ready to throw at the head of any that displeased them. Every day teemed with new squabbles, and they frequently fought, and would sometimes beat one another almost to death. A virtuous and quiet woman stood but a very bad chance, encompassed by these furies—the lamb would have met more mercy from the wolf, If, however well inclined she might have been, at her entrance, she did not soon assimilate herself to the conduct and manners of those wretches about her—if she was not soon as bad as her neighbours, she would soon have been destroyed by those harpies, unless some charitable persons, inclined to pity, should take her under their protection, and prevent their outrage. This prison was a seminary of vice and depravity, even too shocking to mention—and, instead of a house for the salutary correction of their souls, may more justly be denominated the place of their destruction. When the rector of this house asked me, the second time I went
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to confess, if I had not been already a witness to, and offended at what I saw passing among the creatures, (whom, for the credit of the sex, I will not term women; nor insult the dignity of human nature, by classing them among human beings).—I did not at first comprehend his question, and answered him, as understanding that he only spoke of their quarrelling and fighting. “No,” replied he; “I speak of the sin of the house.” After this explanation, I did not comprehend it better—but, at my return, I soon made myself acquainted, because I wished to inform the rector truly. “Oh, horrible!” said I to myself, “and shame to the government that suffers such a prison to exist. Sister Martha communicated my astonishment to M. Tillet; for he is also well informed what all those who inhabit this prison have said concerning the dreadful debauchery of this house.

M. Tillet was not less indignant than I was at what she told him, and had the prudence, or rather the delicacy, to drop the conversation. It is very true that I did not here restrain my tongue from speaking of the abuse which I was daily a witness to, and I had much less reason to spare my reprehensions, since I had the fullest conviction

conviction that in England they managed so much better, and I used frequently to remark, that the government of France would shew their wisdom in imitating the English in their prisons and prisoners—for, perhaps, added they, in the same people's habitation, there would be much fewer crimes, if there were better regulations in places of confinement and houses of correction, by making them useful either to themselves or the community—but in the Salpetriere, which deserves reprobation, the prisoners are good for nothing, but a burthen to the King and the public, and a disgrace to their friends. Scarce a minute passes in the day but they use the most horrid oaths, calling upon the sacred name of a long-suffering God, and venting the most bitter imprecations against their judges. This horrid mansion is not an improper resemblance of the infernal abodes, peopled by malignant spirits, who torment and prey upon each other. It is their continual cry to every person who approaches this house—"Oh, that our King would give us," say they, "our time!—that he would send us into the uninhabited towns!—We should find ourselves then happy.—We should pray for him." When these miserable creatures read, in the Gazette de France,

France, the article relative to the transportation of English prisoners to Botany-bay, they were scarce able to contain themselves—they wept, they sighed, and were quite in despair. They gave a thousand benedictions to the King of England, and to all who had established such good laws—but they are persuaded that their own good King is ignorant of all these evils that they complain of, and that, if he could really come to the knowledge of their sufferings, he would not fail to relieve them. It is in this persuasion that they live, and all their packets are constantly addressed to the King. It seems they feel a pleasure even in pronouncing his very name. They say, their heart tells them that he is a good King, and that they want nothing but some good friend to acquaint their Sovereign, and their grievances would immediately be remedied.

If my sex did not restrain me, relative to the enormities which passed in this prison, I could speak what would strike all my readers with astonishment and horror, but delicacy forbids the communication which would wound the ear of modesty to mention—I am, however, warranted in the remark, that, instead of a house of correction

rection to diminish crimes, this place may be properly termed a seminary for their propagation, the multiplication of vices of every species, and the blackest degrees of enormity.

To satisfy the curiosity of some of my readers, I will attempt to give a description of this abode of horrors—I say, I will attempt to describe, for it is impossible to give an adequate description. The entrance is by a very small court, about twenty feet broad and forty-four in length.—Opposite the entering doors are seven dark cabins under a gallery, built upon pilasters.—Cabins, or rather dungeons, are, in general, between five and six feet long, and four and an half broad, in each of which is a straw bed, a mattrafs without any furniture, and not so much as a single chair withinside. Those women who come thither and have money may purchase these cabins of the old prisoners. In each of these cabins is a window about a foot and an half square, with no glafs, but very thick wooden shutters, fastened with maffy iron bolts. Below these doors is another small opening to let the air into these cabins. At the bottom of this court, to the right, are four stone steps, after which is a little passage which divides the
great

great dormitory from the little court. On the right is a small court leading to the great one, to serve as a walk for one hundred and twenty-seven females, eighty feet long and near sixty wide—the walls about sixty-two feet high. Opposite the entering gate of the court leading to the dormitory, is a chamber for one sister, to which there is an ascent of five steps and a little window. Opposite the little court is the gate of the dormitory, which is also very low. This dormitory is sixty feet long and thirteen broad—the ceiling fortified with large strong joists—the wall round this dormitory is strengthened in the same manner. In this dormitory are six beds, about five feet in length, composed also of a truss of straw, a mattrafs, and two coarse cloth coverings. Round the bed are benches and some chairs—the right side of the window is filled with women at work, who have purchased these places, as I also paid for mine—for I had been before obliged to sit down on the ground in the court, all the places being occupied, which are to the number of forty, all of a row, in which situation they may be seen very easily, having the dark walls before them. The places opposite the windows are the most eligible. The walls are entirely surrounded with thick planks

planks from one distance to another, where they put their victuals. Beneath this dormitory is another, the half of which is below, where there are three or four beds, in a better air than the others. Upon the right of this dormitory is a corridor, three feet broad and about seventy-five feet long, in which there are thirteen cabins much the same as the first, of which I have before spoken, which are but low windows, with iron bars—so that the miserable inhabitants have no defence from the inclemency of the seasons, but the rain, wind, hail, and snow beats in upon the cabins. By mounting upon the windows you may see even to the fourth court, which is called the Court de St. Claire, where there are always a great number of people. Opposite the dormitory is a small stair-case leading to a particular little court, which leads into a square opposite to the chapel of this same prison. On the right is the cell of the superior sister Martha. Going out on the right is a court leading to the kitchen, where are three doors to enter the Salpetriere—on both sides there are porters. As you come from the Salpetriere to go out of the hospital there are seven courts, and in every court is a great number of porters, and on the left, opposite the
entering

entering passage by the Court St. Claire, are two porticoes leading to the entry of the three gates of the Salpetriere, and there are nine courts to pass before you can go out of the hospital.

This is the most accurate description I can give of this infernal abode, where the descendant of Henry II. was confined, to expiate the crimes of others. This is the description of that horrid house of bondage, where she sojourned the tedious period of eleven months and seventeen days,

The inhabitants of this den have an old petticoat for cloathing, and a gown of coarse grey cloth, stockings of the same kind, a coarse shift, a pair of wooden shoes, and a cap. They are cloathed in this habit as soon as they arrive, and it is customary for the sister who performs this ceremony to take the apparel of every prisoner, which she puts in a bundle, with the name of the woman, below, and carries it into a place which they call the Magazine. If ever these women should be fortunate enough to obtain their pardon, which hardly ever proves to be the case, as most of them, dead to the world, have no friend to plead their cause,—they are then restored—

restored—but if they die there, which is the most probable, they are then divided between four sisters of the Salpetriere, including sister Martha, superior—who, besides what she takes from these poor women, at their first entrance, finds means to extort and screw from one and the other the little pittance which the state affords, merely for the purpose of just keeping body and soul together. By the regulation of this house, every woman is allowed, thrice a week, three ounces of boiled beef—on the other days, about two pennyworth of cheese, with fat broth and five quarterns of bread, each day. Such is the regulation allowed for the sustenance of these wretches. Their bread is, indeed, given them, but provident sister Martha gives them but one ounce of meat, taking care to appropriate the rest to her own use—and, for the cheese, she keeps that to sell, to realize a little fortune from the morsels wrenched from the jaws of famine, arising from the hard hand of labor. It is thus that many of these poor creatures, who will not work, are frequently starved to death. It is a very remarkable circumstance that those females, who before have scarce ever had a needle in their hands, are here taught to work in a short time. Some are taught to stitch wristbands, others to
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make shirts, and all kinds of plain work :—but their labors to them are of trifling advantage—they have not that hope of appropriating to their own use the reward of their industry—they have not that smile which cheers the countenance of the industrious peasant, amidst the roughest exercise of labor—they have not that confidence that they are laboring for themselves, or relations more dear than themselves, and that the reward of their labors will be at their own disposal. Every thing is laid up in the hospital.—These unfortunate women receive considerable donations from charity; I say considerable, for they would be so at the end of the year, but for the interference of sister Martha, who levies her contributions upon them, for the benefit of her own private hoard.—But I will give a picture of this odious woman—how she imposes upon the unfortunate—how she loads them with yet greater misery than they have before experienced.

That reverend old man, M. Tillet, whom I have before mentioned, was particularly punctual in his visits to me. To his generosity, to his kind attentions, I am particularly indebted. He ordered the governess, Rebrin, to give me

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a good bed, quilt, &c. all new; after which he sent into my cabin the portrait of the penitent Magdalen, a large engraving, with a superb ivory crucifix about sixteen inches high, which was tied to the head of my bed; the Magdalen was placed in a central situation; on the left side of the bed was a Bible, a small table, two small chairs, and some small pictures which served as tapestry. This small cabin, which formerly inspired with horror, was now, by the beneficence of M. Tillet, converted into a little chapel, which was admired by all the sisters.—Here did I often remain, ruminating on the hardships of my situation, lamenting the injustice of my enemies, and bedewing the pavement with my tears; here too I was often sorrowful even unto death, ready to give up my last sigh, and resign my soul into the hands of Him that gave it.

In these melancholy moments, M. Tillet has frequently afforded me much consolation: to that reverend man I am indebted for many moments of comfort, for many hours of ease, while a sojourner in this house of bondage, and lying under the shadow of death. To this kind old man I owe the prolongation of my days; it was

was through his care, and by his order, that the first surgeon attended, and brought me medicines; and fearing lest the other women should be jealous, and treat me ill, in consequence of his attention to me, he paid them many visits, and gave them money. They had always the greatest respect for him. One day in particular, when he was there, they threw themselves at his feet, before sister Martha and the other sisters, and exclaimed, "You are indeed, Sir, very respectable, very good; you act as father to a lady whom we regard, and who ought not to be amongst us. Ah! Sir, she ought to be more fortunate! She was not formed to live here; and we have been more miserable since she came, for she has excited our pity."—M. Tillet found it difficult to disengage himself; and the scene so affected him, that he determined to see them no more,

"Never has the Salpetriere," says the Leyden Gazette, "received so many brilliant visitors as since the confinement of Madame de la Motte; however, very few persons who have permission to penetrate into this criminal and dreadful house of correction, can gratify their curiosity by a sight of this unfortunate lady.

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Sometimes this prisoner shuts herself up in her cabin; at other times she sits down on the ground, with her face so concealed as not to be distinguished from the rest, particularly as she wears the habit of the house.—A few days ago, a lady of the first distinction, impatient to gratify her curiosity, remonstrated warmly with her conductress ———”

I shall not, however, proceed to record what might highly gratify my own vanity, but would be indelicate, as it is so much in my favor. Those who are curious to enquire, may peruse the above in the *Leyden Gazette*, (*Extract of a letter from Paris, August 14.*) where they will see what I have just mentioned; and also what follows in that paper, which leans so much on my side, that I cannot with propriety relate it here.

One day, the poor creatures confined in the Salpetriere having intreated me to write a memoir, expressive of their misery, and how they were treated, by the sisters, they urged me to give the packet to the first company that entered to see them. I accordingly wrote two. The first company that visited them was composed

posed of four ladies and two gentlemen, who, having cast a hasty glance round the Dormitory, were preparing to depart, when one of the oldest women watched the opportunity of sliding one of the packets into the hands of one of the ladies, who expressed the greatest compassion for the miseries of the surrounding objects. The old woman took care to make a sign to the lady to be cautious of the sisters; but, notwithstanding every precaution, one of them observed what passed.

I should previously have remarked that sister Martha, fearful lest the public should be acquainted with her conduct towards these unfortunates, and should make interest with his Majesty to scrutinize into her conduct, and remedy those grievances under which they labor, in order as much as possible to prevent discovery, charges three sisters constantly to watch the company whom they conduct into this mansion of distress: towards these they have a sharp eye, that they receive nothing from the poor women, and are particularly careful also to hinder their too near approach.—To resume my narration, this sister communicated to sister Martha the discovery she had made, and sister Martha in-

treated the lady to send her the paper she had received. The lady asked her, "Why?" She replied, that she might punish those wretches. "Are you then fearful that they should explain their situation? I shall see to that!"—"Oh, ladies," replied sister Martha, "you are not acquainted with the prisoners; they are never contented!"—Such is a picture of the charity one sister has for another—for the unfortunate who are detained here.

Another day, there was a company excited by curiosity to visit these mansions. It was a party of four, two ladies and two gentlemen, who were very much affected by the picture of misery which presented itself. As they were departing, they met M. Tillet, and in his presence they each of them gave a louis to sister Martha, for the use of these poor creatures. This company consisted of the Duc de Guigne and the Count d'Offman, the Baroness du Bourg de Barabe, and the Marchioness de Guigny, niece to the Archbishop of Paris.—Madam du Bourg requested the sister Martha to let me often see M. Tillet, who would engage me to patience and hope. "Well," said these ladies, "we wish to make a visit in all the cabbins ;

she is perhaps shut up there.”—Sister Martha, in order to dissuade them, conducted them herself to see these dungeons, and, while they were employed in visiting those below, one of the sisters came to conduct me into her chamber. Sister Martha assured them, that she did not know where I was; that, as I would absolutely see nobody, I always concealed myself whenever any company came. She then shewed them one of the darkest and narrowest of these dungeons. “There,” said she, “ladies and gentlemen, that is the place where she lies.” And then shewing them a woollen petticoat and a shift, “Look at this petticoat and shift, ladies; she has no other.”—This was to excite the compassion of the ladies, and sister Martha had her reasons for it; the more their sensibility was affected, the larger would be their charitable donations; and I shall hereafter mention, for the benefit of those unhappy wretches who have long groaned under the oppression of this female tyrant, how much the charitable contributions of the public were misapplied.—These ladies, not being able to find me, and fatigued with the melancholy horrors which surrounded them, returned to the gentlemen, who were waiting below in sister Martha’s apartment.—

Madam

Madam du Bourg imagined that, by writing her name, and the names of the company, I might be prevailed upon to see them, or at least, added she, in her note, that I would see her alone.—I was in such trouble at reading this billet, so worn down by reflections on my situation, that I could not immediately recollect the name, and returned by sister Genevieve the same note. “It is no such thing!” said I. “This person has never been my acquaintance; I do not recollect these names. This is but a pretext to lead me to yet greater humiliation and disgrace. But these ladies should reflect, that if they were in my situation, they would experience far different treatment: I should never wish to oppress my equals in similar circumstances.”—These ladies replied, when my answer was delivered, that nothing was further from their intention; they were much disappointed, and hurt by my answer.

M. Tillet, who quitted this company, came to communicate to me what had passed. He told me, with a smile of satisfaction, which spoke the benevolence of his heart, that the company had given four louis, with which he doubted not but the poor women would be very well

well pleased. This news also gave me great pleasure, particularly as having been the means of procuring it for them. M. Tillet communicated this before one of the sisters, who immediately went to find sister Martha, to whom she recounted what M. Tillet had said. "Oh, what imprudence!" exclaimed she, "when my intention was only to have given these vile women but a single louis; it is quite sufficient for them. How very imprudent M. Tillet has been! however, sister Genevieve, since he has been so very indiscreet, charge Madam de la Motte to say nothing to the women about what has passed, and tell her she shall have a louis for herself."—"Oh!" exclaimed I, with indignation, "what infamy! Yes, this woman, this base woman, is meaner than the very earth she walks on, that she should dare to charge sister Genevieve with such an humiliating commission, which she would not have undertaken, had she not been in fear of sister Martha." She could not, even in her presence, help shewing her indignation, and assured her that she would entreat me only, for the reasons given by sister Martha, to say nothing to the women, but that she could never bring herself to make me this offer.—Thus had this sister Martha, this worthy governess,

governess, the impudence to insult me with such a degrading offer, which I rejected with disdain.—But I should weary the patience of my readers, were I to stain my page with a catalogue of the iniquities of sister Martha, of which there is every reason to believe some persons have had intelligence, how she and the sisters have defrauded these poor objects of their charity, particularly sister Martha, the governess of all, as the directress, the prime mover of this system of abuse. I say, there is reason to suspect that some persons have had suspicions how their donations to the Salpetriere have been misappropriated, and their charitable purposes have been defeated, by the sinister attempts of this sister Martha.—For the honor of the charitable donors, I will record their benevolence; to the disgrace of sister Martha, and for the benefit of the seminary under her jurisdiction, I will slightly glance over some of the most notorious misappropriations,

Among many other charitable contributors, was an old gentleman, between seventy and eighty years of age. The story goes, that this old man was during a year at the Salpetriere, and, after having complained that the governess had

had not fulfilled his charitable intentions, he conceived the idea of distributing his charity himself. For this purpose he was conveyed thither in his chair, taking with him an old domestic : he then put into his hat as many twelve-sous pieces as there were women, for which purpose he was furnished with a list of their names, and called them all over one after the other. Thus was the avarice of sister Martha for a time defeated ; but the unfortunate objects of his charity lost their beneficent patron a few months before I was acquainted with this horrible prison.—Another instance was, an old widow lady, who, actuated by the same charitable motives as her predecessor, used to put her cash upon her head, and muffle herself up so close that she could scarce be discovered, and every month, for the space of six months, gave twelve sols to every prisoner.—In a word, the charitable gifts to this house were so considerable, that the Confessor of the Salpetriere congratulated them one day upon the alms they received by the hands of sister Martha, their Superior ; at the same time informing them, that he knew several persons who thus contributed their charity : he even went so far as to mention the sums they gave, at which the poor creatures

creatures unanimously exclaimed, that this sister had not given them a farthing.

These women were violently enraged, and exclaimed against the rapacity of sister Martha so strongly, that she dared not for some time shew her face among them in the Salpetriere ; but she cherished the most eager desire of revenge in her bosom against the honest Confessor, who had the imprudence to say so much on this occasion. He is too an Abbé, but, indeed, a strong exception to what I have elsewhere said relative to the conduct of Abbés ; for he is, on the contrary, a very honest man, who, far from thinking he was acting wrong, was actuated by no other principle than the pleasure of communicating the good news to these unfortunate women. Happy for him, that his character was established. Sister Martha could not, indeed, materially injure his reputation with the world ; he was, however, necessitated to remove from his place, through the gross misbehaviour of this wicked woman ; but his preferment is much better, as he is now Vicar of Saint Paul's.—But why need I enumerate every specific act of the meanness and cruelty of sister Martha, who is in this house
held

held in universal detestation. I have given sufficient instances of her fraud ; I will only add a word or two concerning the five poor old prisoners, who were ordered by this miscreant into the caves of the Bicêtre, for the heinous crime of having accidentally trod upon the toes of a favorite dog.

These caves are about four feet in height, so that those who happen to be tall, are obliged to be almost in a kneeling posture ; they are loaded with irons and chains which fasten them to the wall, iron fetters, handcuffs and collars : thus they remain, in this terrible and barbarous posture, some for six months, others for three weeks.—But who is the cause of this abuse, this violation of the laws of humanity ? Their Majesties are not to be blamed ; they are deceived. It is not for them to scrutinize into these dungeons of distress ; they are ignorant of the conduct of this unfeeling woman, who practises these enormities. Can they possibly suppose that a woman, who is at the head of a house, should be so inhuman as to divert the gifts of charity from their channel, and enrich herself by grinding the poor ? His Majesty cannot believe that such a monster can exist. But let the
 police

police (and I assert that it is indubitably the duty of the police to examine whether I have spoke the truth) let them enquire, if, from a spirit of revenge, I have uttered a falsity. If I have, let me be condemned by the public; but if, on the contrary, I have wrote nothing but the truth, for the benefit of those injured women, for the credit of the police, for the honor of humanity, let these abuses be immediately rectified. Well would it become the National Assembly, now actuated by the spirit of freedom, to examine into the allegations of the injured; let them weigh the cries of the oppressed and friendless, which is with my own a common cause, before they precipitately reject my representations—before they countenance the oppression of this inhuman Superior, who has so long imposed upon the public with impunity. —Well I am persuaded, if their Majesties were once acquainted with what I have advanced, they would not suffer such infamous abuses; they would, on the contrary, supersede her, and appoint as Superintendant some virtuous woman, whose sensibility, whose education, would render her attentive to the cries of the wretched—such a Superior as that worthy woman Victoire (commonly called Robin) who

possesses

possesses a feeling heart, and every hour of the day applies her kind assistance with a discerning judgment, to assist where that assistance is most necessary, and with a degree of tender anxiety that renders her services doubly valuable. Contrasted with sister Martha, from the dark shade of that vicious woman her virtues become more conspicuous, and, as the light shines in darkness, so the good deeds of sister Victoire in some degree compensate the malevolence, the avaricious meanness of sister Martha, which is almost incredible;—she that can have the audacity to beg for these poor prisoners the charity of every person who comes to the place: “The poor prisoners!” says she, in a tone of the most consummate dissimulation, expressive of the kindest concern, while this canting Mendicant is begging for herself,

The gloomy cabbins, or rather dungeons, which I have before mentioned are shewn by this sister Martha to all the company who come to visit this house—these were shewn to work upon their feelings, by such spectacles of misery, that they might give money to purchase a bed, cloaths, and other things. . Yes, I have known that she has received much; and even M. Tillet has

has told her, but a very short time before my departure, that a great number of persons had said this, nay, that it has even been reported in the public prints, and which have observed that this sister had put this trick upon all the world. —At the same time M. Tillet himself remarked all which he had given me, and the dark dungeons which sister Martha had shewn to all the company whose curiosity had brought them thither, was nothing but with the intent to get money; that the company which came with Madam du Bourg, gave amongst them seventeen louis, to buy me a bed:—all was for herself.

That it may be well known how much this odious woman has deceived the world, I assert, that during my continuance there, not less than fifteen hundred persons came to the Salpetriere, with an intention of doing me service, of whom Madam Robin has given the list to the Police. Of these, I have myself observed many just entering within the Salpetriere, and some who went to find sister Martha, or called her to their coach, whom she prevented as much as possible from seeing me, assuring them that I had refused all my friends, not excepting my sister, and that she was perfectly assured their

trouble

trouble would be to no purpose in going to the prison, in consequence of which they then deferred their intention.—But, at a different time, it was reported that another company of ladies begged Madam Victoire, the Superior, to conduct them to the place where I was, that they might see me, when Madam Victoire replied, that I was subject to obedience in that house, but that I had myself the sole liberty either of seeing people, or refusing to see them, at my own discretion; that I had declared I would see nobody, and that they had, in consequence of such declaration, no power to force my inclination.—The voice of sister Martha was here as absolute even as the Royal edict, which shewed the power she had; and she reproved all those who wished to force me to make myself visible, that they might gratify their curiosity. She added, that I was by no means to blame for not seeing any body, which was, in her judgment, a strong proof of my delicacy.

Every circumstance which I have here recited has been read by M. Tillet, in the Paris Journal and other newspapers, particularly in another Gazette of the 22d August, 1786, of which I shall hereafter have particular occasion to take

notice ; and in some other place to make observations upon what has been said of me in this Gazette, during the time of my process.

During my confinement in this most inhospitable mansion, I was frequently afflicted with severe fits of illness. My constitution was never strong, but the disorder of my mind, reflection on my situation, and all that bitterness of soul which defies medicinal art, had so racked my frame, had so unstrung my nerves, that I was not even the shadow of what I once had been. My situation, indeed, would have attracted the notice of the compassionate, in which class M. Tillet stood very high. In this religious and venerable man I found a comforter, and, if my troubles could have been hushed, his voice would have stilled the storm, his consolation would have quieted my breast ; but it was not possible yet. Reverend father, what thou couldst, thou didst. With comforts drawn from the sacred fountain of the Gospel, he essayed to calm my sorrows, and to whisper peace. Struck with the spear of the hunter, his gentle hand solicited the darts, and strove to draw them forth ; but they were pierced too deep—and deep they must indeed be, not to yield to his applications !

applications ! He saw me blasted by disease, and fearing lest death should surprize me without confession, without the sacrament, he exhorted me incessantly, and mildly begged me to forgive my enemies, and to resemble the penitent Magdalen—to imitate Madam de Valiere, whose life he had given me for my perusal—whose life he pointed out as worthy of imitation. I had read this book, in which I perceived nothing more than a simple jealousy on her part, which led to her conversion. The first time I looked it over, M. Tillet asked me if the conversion of Madam la Valiere had made any impression upon my feelings, and whether the troubles with which that virtuous woman had been afflicted had not affected me ?—“ I have read, my dear father replied I, the book you mention, but I do not find that she has ever been disgraced. It is very true, replied M. Tillet, but she has been thus chastened for her sins. Yes, answered I, my dear father, for the sins which were peculiarly her own, but not for the crimes of another. How different my situation, how much more poignant my distress ! I am a sacrifice, a victim, not for my own crimes, and when I think of their injuries, when I reflect on my sufferings, I scarce know how to pardon them.

But, my child, replied this good man, you have sinned, and perhaps your heavenly father, whose mercy is unequalled has sent you this affliction to chasten you, to recover you to himself, to wean your affections from the lying vanities of earthly life, and to fix them in heaven, upon that rock where they ought to be placed.

Oh, my dear father! exclaimed I, think of the disgrace not of myself, but of my family, they are at least guiltless of my sins. But, Madam, though unknown to you, these afflictions may perhaps be to punish the sins of your ancestors. At this last argument, I at once forgot my dependance and my captivity—do you remember, father, that passage in our prayers, where we say pardon our offences—“ Vengeance,” says the Prophet “ is his, for he made it, and he will have mercy and not sacrifice; he will not confound the ungodly with the righteous, he will not strike the innocent for the faults of the guilty—it were almost blasphemy to suppose that a being of infinite wisdom, of ineffable mercy, will not discriminate in dealing out his punishments—he will not avenge the sins of the father upon the children, I will not believe so, my soul revolts at the idea. Can the governor of the universe employ

employ his power to punish, where even human justice would hesitate to strike.

M. Tillet replied not to my argument, but earnestly enjoined me to see the Abbé rector of the hospital the succeeding day, that he might exert himself in exhorting me to repentance— I promised to comply with his request, not that I had any very high opinion of Abbé's in general, but more in compliance with the desire of the venerable exactor of the promise;— for I foresaw that the Abbé would have some trouble. I also wished to be convinced if he was really competent to vanquish my scruples, and by the strength of his reasoning, induce me to change my opinion.

With such ideas, I had an interview with the Rector, whom I found more an Abbé in appearance than in principle; a man of an aimable disposition and well respected. I remained at the confession with him the first time two hours and a half. Upon the first interview I was not sufficiently acquainted with the man to form a decided judgment; I made a general confession of the most material circumstances of my life since the age of seven years, to which he enjoined

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me. When I made mention of a certain personage, without name, according to the usage of our canon, he was particularly attentive, and in that part of the confession commenced a very serious conversation. Upon mentioning also another personage, I entered very minutely into circumstances which I related, and descanted upon with all that energy with which grief and indignation, and the fear of being sacrificed had inspired me—the Abbé was curious to enquire—and sift to the bottom of every thing.

But, Madam, said he, is it possible that the Cardinal has been so very intimate—I could never have thought it, and she has availed herself of his assistance. I have heard that she is not only very timorous but also very religious—and has she made use of you—to be instrumental in his destruction.

The freedom of the Rector did not much surprise me—yet I conceived that there was something more in this than I could well fathom. I was obliged repeatedly to give the Abbé the key to this article, and to explain every thing very fully; and he was well paid for the trouble of his commission, by being furnished with authentic

thentic materials to gratify curiosity of his friends, and to give proof that I never deceived the Cardinal with the Queen. I then proposed to this Abbé to charge himself with a letter to Versailles which I would previously read to him, and which I begged him to deliver to the Queen, but he refused, pleading the same excuse as the Abbé Le Kel. Why, replied I, when you have it so much in your power, will you not convince yourself of the intimacy between the Cardinal and the Queen, but I can never pardon those who have been the cause of my ruin; as well as the parliament, for passing that iniquitous sentence; at the same time observing, that it was totally unnecessary for him to give himself any further trouble, as it was all to no purpose—that he had not effected any change, and my ideas remained unalterably fixed. Fie upon the priests, who can devour with avidity, circumstances scandalous, and replete with mischief, but never employ themselves in promoting that which may be productive of good!

Why should I lean upon such broken reeds—
my confidence is fixed above in God, my shield;
my refuge and my rock.

Thus ended my general confession—why should I daub this paper with any further description of French catholic priest's, those wolves in sheep's cloathing, who conceal their crafty and ambitious designs, under that specious garb which imposes upon the ignorant and the timid, to enjoy the good things of this life, and inwardly laugh at the credulity of their adherents, who, in the darker ages, armed with the dagger and the pail—deluged the land with blood? I now take my leave these Abbé's, and as I have promised the reader some circumstances in my life, which cannot fail to excite curiosity, I perform my promise by reciting occurrences which will afford an ample field for speculation.

It was nearly about the latter end of November, or the commencement of December 1786, I am uncertain which, that one of the soldiers, doing duty as a centinel, in the court of the Salpetriere, to see that the women make no holes in the dormitory, to escape by the aqueducts which the sisters could not discover, The soldier I speak of passed the end of his fuzee through a broken part of the wall, and attempted to touch Angelica, who waited upon me as a servant, and who was sentenced to be confined for

for life in the Salpetriere. I had interested myself in behalf of this poor girl and wished to serve her, and if possible to obtain her liberty. —I had for this purpose endeavoured to gain for her the good opinion of Mr. Tillet, giving him the best character of her that I possibly could; that good man had already spoken to many persons to induce them to use their interest that Angelica might obtain her pardon—the name of this girl was familiar to all Paris, and every person who came to see me expressed a desire, since her Mistress would not be seen to see the servant, who was always particularly interested, and asked a variety of questions respecting me; but before she was permitted to see company---the sisters instructed her in her lesson, particularly enjoining her not to repeat a syllable of what she had heard me say, either respecting the Queen or the Cardinal. Thus cautioned, this poor girl could frequently by tears alone, express that languid state of sickness and despair to which I was reduced.

As soon as the soldier touched her with an attempt to wake her.—“ What do you want with me ?” said Angelica. “ Is not your name
Angelica,

Angelica, said he, softly; are not you the person who waits upon Madam de la Motte?" "Yes," replied she—"Very well"—said he, "I heard many lords and ladies yesterday in the *Palais Royale* mention your name, as being the person who is so attentive to her; they have spoken much in your commendation—only have patience, Mademoiselle Angelica, and you will be set at liberty as soon as possible ---in the mean time, tell me, Mademoiselle Angelica, if you want any thing that I can do for you.—Be not afraid of my discretion, this instant put it to the proof, and convince yourself that I have a sincere desire to oblige you.—I always carry about me an inkstand, paper, &c. all of which I will furnish you with, because I know that you have not permission to write, and the next time I come, I will bring you many things; here is also a pen-knife; prepare your letters, if you wish to write to any body, I will with pleasure take charge of them."

Angelica thanked him for his kindness, but frankly confessed that she could neither read nor write.

No

“No matter for that, replied he, there is your mistress, Madame de la Motte, I would advise you to get her to write for you, to the different ladies who come here—you may very easily learn their names, and beg her to recommend you to their goodness.”

Angelica approved of this advice, accepted the offer of the soldier, and about half past five next morning, when the dormitory and cabins were open, the poor girl came quite delighted with her conquest, and told me every thing that passed between her and the soldier. ---I instantly conceived, from Angelica's recital, this was some contrivance for my advantage, and that the soldier was sent to my relief, and to render me service---I indulged these ideas, but took particular care not to communicate what I thought to Angelica; whom I applauded, and congratulated on her conquest.

Two days after this, about three in the morning, the same soldier touched Angelica with his musket, in the same manner as before, and gave her some gilt paper for a pack, a large bundle of quilts, a bottle of ink, and a letter

letter for herself:---“ But, says Angèlica bluntly, I told you before that I can't read.”
 “ Madamde la Motte will read it to you, replied he, don't say any thing to her that you have told me you can neither read nor write, for whether she knows this or not she will not make any difficulty in writing your letters, and will also have the goodness to read mine to you”---this second time he took charge of two letters to put, in the post but these were in themselves indifferent.

The next day Angelica brought me her letters to read, and at the same time informed me that this young man said he would come often, and even take some letters for other persons in the Salpetriere, and that he would easily be induced to do any thing to serve her. I then proceeded to read her letter, at every line of which I was struck with such astonishment, that I could scarce believe my eyes---this mysterious letter was as follows :

“ *Assure yourself Mademoiselle Angelique that*
 “ *I shall be extremely happy if I can be instru-*
 “ *mental in procuring your liberty. Command*
 “ *me, and believe that I shall seize every opportunity*
 “ *of*

“ of being useful to you---and immediately preced-
“ ing the last line---UNFORTUNATE---put
“ this letter before the light---’TIS UNDER-
“ STOOD---be sure to be discreet.”

After having read to Angelica so much of this letter as immediately regarded her, I made use of some pretext to fend her to the dormitory, and shut myself up close, telling her that I wished to repose myself, as I had had very little sleep in the night, and that I should not go to mass.---The moment I was alone, which I had long most impatiently desired, I put this letter to the light, and writing began to appear, as if by the power of magic; at length all was perfectly visible, and the following words astonished my eyes:

“ You are earnestly exhorted to keep up your
“ spirits, and to take proper nourishment,---that
“ you may have sufficient strength to support the
“ fatigue of your journey.---PEOPLE are now
“ intent upon changing your condition.---Speak
“ your wishes, and mention the day when you are
“ willing to depart, that a post-chaise may be
“ prepared, which you will find at the corner of
“ the King’s Garden---be discreet, ’tis your interest
“ to

“ to be so.---Confide implicitly in the bearer, without entertaining the smallest suspicion.”---

Judge of my astonishment on perusal of this mysterious paper, whose contents had chained down my attention, and engrossed all the powers of my mind.----Totally absorbed and lost in thought, I conceived that all was a delusion of the senses; my eyes, said I to myself, certainly deceive me---’tis all a dream.---I read the paper again, again, and again---surely said I to myself I am awake; and in sober certainty of the truth of what I see.---But who, thought I can be the persons who have thus interested themselves so much, in my misfortunes.---This singular expression *It is understood*----was never used by any person but myself, the Cardinal, and the Queen---perhaps they both, repenting of what they had done, ashamed of having the weakness to suffer me to be sacrificed, at this moment wish to give me liberty.----A thousand conjectures entered my brain; at length then I shall procure my liberty; my bosom glowed at the thought---this letter desires me to appoint the day of my release, and to fix upon the day of my departure,---the means of
my

my escape are also provided, a post chaise will attend me.

Thus did I for some moments---draw comfort from hope, in the anticipation of future felicity ---but fear also had an influence over my thoughts, and some terrible imaginations shot through my soul---how if they mean to dispatch me---to sacrifice me to their future security. I delivered myself up to the most horrible reflections all this day, and the following night, sleepless I consulted my pillow.--I first conceived the idea of writing an answer to this letter, and to keep myself in readiness against the time when the soldier should return, and to desire Angelica to deliver it to this young man, as her answer to the obliging letter which he had written to her. I resolved upon this, and amused Angelica with reading a letter calculated for the occasion, and the credulous girl was almost out of her senses with joy.

The answer which I sent was to the following purport :

“ I cannot at this moment comprehend the meaning of the letter ; if it is written to give me
me

me consolation, on account of that mysterious veil which envelopes it, and totally conceals its meaning and purport, it is very far from making me tranquil; and instead of giving me consolation, makes me much more uneasy than before—but perhaps you may suppose that I can easily find means to escape—no—I see none; no foundation upon which to ground a hope of being able to gain over any of the sisters—*keep yourself in readiness*—tell me, I entreat you, if you are really sincere, and I will immediately mention my day, and, feeble as I now am, the moment in which I recover my liberty, my courage will be the guarantee of my strength; but I am certain that neither the sisters nor the porter, whatever rewards might be offered, would connive at my escape.

About eleven in the evening, the same soldier came again and gave Angelica many letters, and a livre for herself, which she would not accept; he remained a short time with her, and she gave him my letter, to be sent by the post. The two letters which he brought me, gave me much information concerning what had passed; that which was said in this had engaged me to

2

wait

write to all my friends, without trusting them with the secret. The writing of this letter appeared disguised, but the stile was exactly the same as the first.

“PEOPLE have reflected—endeavor to procure the model of the key that will open easily that side where you wish to go out—do for the best, and compose yourself.”

A model, said I to myself; this second letter confirms me in my opinion, that they wish to inspire me with courage, and I will make the attempt. Resolved upon the experiment, I associated my servant in my confidence, and redoubled, from this moment, my promises that she should obtain her liberty. Every time any of the sisters came to pay me a visit, I earnestly fixed my eyes on the key, which they held in their hands; but at the same time, said to myself, how shall I procure a model?—’tis certainly impracticable, as they constantly take away their keys; how shall I be able to effect my purpose? it will be impossible. I was perplexed in the extreme, I thought I should die in this horrid house, and my secrets be buried with me. Alas! unfortunate as I am, exclaimed I, with all the

agitation of despondency, here I must stay and die—here I must rest for ever—in a few days I shall be worse than I am now—which would not have been the case, perhaps, if I had not received these perplexing letters. The agitation of my mind, the depression of my spirits, added to the horrors of captivity, materially injured my health,

I kept my bed for the space of a fortnight, agitated by the alternate whispers of hope and fear. Alas! sighed I to myself, if these be the services which they purpose to render me, will they not avail but little. Oh no! I see all will terminate in finishing my days in this miserable dungeon; my reflection increased my weakness, and every nerve vibrated in pain. My disorder became seriously alarming—poor Angelica was quite disconsolate, and the sisters feared that I should die in the nervous fever which had reduced me so low; the confessor, the physicians, governess, all were at my door, and when they found me a little calm, they essayed to comfort me.

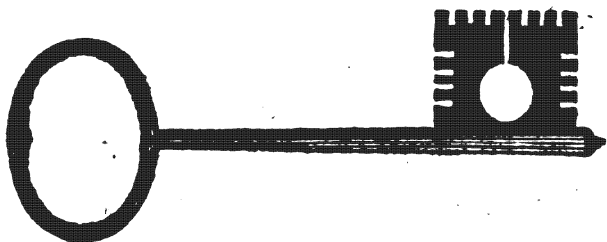
During this state of indisposition Angelica frequently saw the soldier, who informed her it was generally believed that I was really dead,
but

but that the sisters and the superior wished to conceal it—this, added he, was the current report of the day. Angelica convinced him of this mistake, gave him a faithful account of every thing that passed, and informed him that I was much better.

About the twenty-ninth or thirtieth, I received a great quantity of keys, and a master key, but none bearing the slightest resemblance to the form of that with which I was locked up, they were returned. One night, when I was a little more composed, a sudden idea struck me of the form of that key which I saw in the hands of the sisters, I instantly laid down my lamp upon a book which I put upon my bed, and attempted to design this key with my pencil, although I had never in my life learnt to draw.

I laboured almost for the space of two months in the attempt, and at length succeeded in making two designs; one small, and the other a large one, in which I thought I had fortunately delineated the wards of the key; during this space and as soon as the sisters were gone, I resumed my efforts to complete my design, which the moment I perceived to be perfect, I enclosed in a

letter, which I gave to Angelica to convey to the foldier, who, about a fortnight after, brought a key, made exactly after the paper model, and of which the following is a just representation.



As soon as I received this precious key, I leaped with transport from my bed, throwing my arms round Angelica's neck and embracing her, at the same time kissing the instrument of deliverence, the key which she had brought me. I exclaimed with rapture, Oh yes! Angelica, it will succeed!

I had the patience to wait two whole days, without sufficient resolution to make the experiment; but on Sunday, between six and seven in the morning, when Angelica and myself were together in the gallery, the opportunity seeming favourable, with a trembling hand and palpitating

ing heart, I applied the key to the lock; when, gracious heaven! what was my surprize and joy, at finding the door open. I scarce knew how to restrain that extacy which almost deprived me of my senses; I yet had, however, sufficient presence of mind to shut the door again, which I found would easily open at pleasure.

Transported at this discovery, I again threw my arms round Angelica's neck, and embraced her; we both attempted as much as possible to conceal our emotions, and proceeded to try whether this same key would open the three other doors. In the afternoon of the same day I pulled off my shoes, and crept softly along to open the second door, which also, to my great joy was obsequious to my touch. I shut it again, ascended the steps softly by three at a time, all in a tremble for fear of discovery, found, as I wished, all was fast, and every thing quiet. I then attempted to open the other side of the gallery, near the second dormitory, with wonderful facility, and with as little trouble as I had opened the others.

Finding every thing succeed so well to my wish, I retired to my little chapel, and in the

effusions of gratitude, prostrated myself before the crucifix which stood at the head of my bed, and thanked it with all my soul--kissed fervently the hands and feet, and put up another prayer, earnestly entreating that God would vouchsafe to grant me sufficient strength and resolution to accomplish my purpose.

About six the next day I went to the mass, and from this day I never failed to go thither--- I now prepared a letter for Angelica to give the soldier, announcing my success, and expressing my acknowledgements. A few days after he returned with another letter. Angelica gave him mine, which was all he required. I had promised this poor girl to procure her liberty; she earnestly wished that I would suffer her to remain with me till I should escape myself, but her simplicity, and her being so easily known, rendered her very ill adapted for my designs; I therefore determined not to make her the companion of my future fortune; observing, at the same time, that if I could succeed in procuring her liberty, she might go back to her family or remain in service at Paris---In order to effect my purpose in gaining her pardon, I made fresh applications to Mr. Tillet, who had himself
great

great hopes of procuring her liberty, and even at this time many people at Paris had received letters from me, expressing to all those ladies of my acquaintance-whom I thought had a sufficient share of sensibility, the singular misfortunes of this poor girl, at the same time strongly recommending her to their notice and regard; besides these letters, I passed many of those hours in the night, which should otherwise have been devoted to rest, in writing three memoirs, each containing about one hundred and eighty one pages; and served her in the capacity of an advocate with every one, at the same time that I did not say one syllable respecting myself, expressing only the good disposition and sensibility of Angelica.

These three memoirs were all sent away, one to the military coffee-house, in the rue de St. Honore, another to a house near the Palais Royal, and the third to the Baroness du Bourg.---I passed almost seventeen nights in preparing these memoirs, not lying down to rest till half past five when the doors were opened.---As M. Tillet used frequently to visit me, I enquired if he yet entertained any hopes of gaining Angelica's pardon? he replied, before the sisters and the Superior.

Superior, that he had no hopes ;---that M. de Miromeuil, keeper of the seals, had refused every one who had made the request, as well as M. de Bretueil, who prohibited me from speaking of this poor girl.

Anticipating the shock Angelica would receive from this bad news, I remonstrated with M. Tillet.---Nothing at all can be done for her, added he, peremptorily.---M. de Miromeuil says that the King will positively hear nothing relative to this house of the Salpetriere.---I mentioned these circumstances to Marianne, who, notwithstanding my express prohibition communicated it to Angelica, and the poor girl was quite in despair ; at the same time most of the prisoners, who were before jealous of her expectations, were more delighted with her disappointment.---I endeavoured as much as possible to compose her by persuading her that she would yet recover her liberty in a very short time, assuring her that I would not depart myself, without accomplishing my purpose.---I made this promise with a degree of confidence, conceiving that those who had power to liberate me, would also at my request, release Angelica.

I ruminated much upon the mysterious peculiarities of my present situation, pondered deeply in my mind who this person could be that had thus befriended me. Can it be the Queen?---if so, she has only to give orders, and all will be right.---Can it be the Cardinal? M. de Miromeuil I know to be the particular friend both of himself and his family; but surely it cannot be the Cardinal.---I conceived that it must certainly be no other than the Queen---with this conjecture all difficulties were removed, and the mystery began to vanish.---In the course of the month of March I wrote the following letter to be conveyed as before to the soldier.

*“ The poor creature who has taken so much care
 “ of me, without whose attentions I should probably
 “ have died, deserves your notice, and I wish to
 “ testify my acknowledgments by being instru-
 “ mental in restoring her to liberty.---I dare not risk
 “ the hazard of associating her with myself, as she is
 “ too well known, and is not sufficiently intelligent,
 “ though well enough for an uneducated peasant.—
 “ It is not therefore in my power to fix upon any day
 “ for my departure, because there is nothing deter-
 “ mined for this poor girl, whom I should be very
 “ apprehensive of leaving behind me, though she
 “ might*

“ might not be abused by the rest of the sisters, but
 “ sister Martha the Superior, would probably send her
 “ to the dungeons of the Bicetre, for not having
 “ given them intelligence.---Vouchsafe to have com-
 “ passion on her, and as soon as she is gone, I will
 “ give my day.”

About a fortnight after I sent this letter, M. Tillet came to pay me a visit, and gave me information that the King had been brought to sign a pardon for Angelica ; he then communicated to me the letter which M. de Miromeuil had sent to the Baron de Breteuil, who also wrote to Mr. Tillet, announcing that the person he protected had found favor, and assuring him that the pardon was signed. M. de Breteuil desired him to show this pardon to his child, meaning me, to persuade me of the truth, and to induce me to compose myself.

Poor Angelica felt equal joy at this intelligence, as I did when I was in possession of my key, and found that it would succeed to my wish ; her emotions were so strong, that in learning her good fortune from Mr. Tillet, she leaped upon his neck and flew into the arms of the Governess, and embraced them, while the
change

change of her countenance expressed her emotion. This revolution had so great an effect upon her, that she remained for a long time so delighted, it was feared her extacy would materially affect her health---she had absolutely lost what little understanding she then possessed, as in speaking she could not articulate four words without discovering her inability, arising from an excess of joy. She left the Salpetriere the first of May following, as soon as her pardon was recognized and legally authenticated in the register of Parliament and the Hospital. It must be observed that this unfortunate creature was confined to this prison from the age of sixteen, and she was thirty-four when she acquired her liberty; she had been seven times struck out from the books where she had been placed by those who wished to gain her pardon.

All the nobility in Paris were interested in her situation, and every body who interfered in her favour had been refused until the time when I undertook her cause. Mr. Tillet and a thousand others have seen her name marked in the register---this poor Angelica knew very well before my entrance into this prison, that she owed this good turn to some person from the
same

same neighbourhood who had given her a very bad character to the keeper of the seals, entreating that she might not have her liberty, on account of the young people of the parish. She was accused of having intended to destroy her child, but this charge which had no other support than that of malice and false testimony, was the cause of all her misfortunes---her child was then alive, and this girl was of a very good disposition and incapable of perpetrating a crime so horrid as that which they had thought proper to charge her with. This poor girl departed about eight or ten days after she had recovered her liberty, for her own country, to see her mother and daughter, whom she had not seen during the long period in which she was dead to the world. The principal people of town had determined to send her back to prison, believing that she had made her escape from the Salpetriere, but she was amply compensated for her long confinement, for the malignity of her accusers, by the pleasure of embracing her child, to which her sufferings had yet more endeared her. I was myself so strongly impressed with the pleasure I should communicate to her, and felt those pleasing sensations ever attendant on benevolence, on being able to procure the liberty

erty of this unfortunate, that I almost neglected to proceed in my own mysterious correspondence.

I reflected within myself, that if I should run the hazard of going out in the dress of the Salpetriere, I should be easily discovered, should be met by any of the sisters. I conceived also that a male habit would be much more favourable for my escape.

I communicated this to my unknown correspondent, desiring to be in a male habit, to which the soldier brought the following answer :

“ Give me your measure, and as soon as every thing is ready, write and explain what you wish.”
To which I answered to the following purport.

“ I wish to have a large blue coat, a flannel waistcoat, black breeches, a pair of half boots, a round high crowned hat, to make me appear taller, a switch, and a pair of leather gloves.”

All these the guard brought me about ten or twelve days after, and these he conveyed in the following manner: he carried the
great

great coat under his cloak, the waistcoat in his pocket, and the switch in his fufee, and about two nights after he brought the half boots, and a man's shirt. Thus furnished with wings for my flight, I was wholly intent on my game, and what is not a little singular, without the least fear of being able to effect my escape, not one shadow of doubt presented itself to my imagination—nothing gave me the least uneasiness, I felt myself quite confident of success, and I found myself much happier than I had been for a long time. I reflected that I was then under the immediate protection of the Queen, because I could not then suffer myself to entertain a doubt but that it was no other than the Queen herself who thus interested herself in my behalf; full of the idea that she felt and pitied those miseries which I so long had suffered, and which she now wished to relieve, it was she herself who wished now to compensate in some measure the injuries I had sustained on her account; it was she who had already given, it was she who would now give all the assistance I wished. Certified by these ideas, animated, inspired by these hopes, all my difficulties began to vanish, and my bosom glowed with all that fortitude which the peculiarity of my situation so energetically inspired;

inspired; but these pleasing sensations were too delightful to be of long duration.

Angelica was scarcely gone, when for the first time, an idea of apprehension came across my mind, and led me to suspect the sincerity of my unknown correspondent. M. Tillet had frequently told me that I should be sent to a convent in the space of six weeks; at this information I could not in his presence conceal my anxiety, I could not help appearing to be disquieted; I was apprehensive I had said too much, and perhaps thought I they will eventually suspect me, particularly as they must observe such a difference, and must have taken notice that I am more lively, and my health so much better; perhaps too this girl Angelica might betray me—in short, all these ideas determined me to hasten my departure. In the mean time the soldier always remained upon the same post, and Marianne supplied the place of Angelica.

Surely said I to myself this cannot be a plot concerted to lull me to security, that I may afterwards be more easily dispatched. Certainly this cannot be so, they really wish to render me service, there can be no doubt of it, since I have

the key and the proper dress—but whither will this post-chaise conduct me? probably to some Convent, and does she suppose that I can ever be happy there?—The person who thus wishes to relieve me can never be the Cardinal—tis impossible to suppose it—it is then indisputably the Queen herself who thus acts through the agency of the Baron de Bretueil, who formerly appeared so much interested in my behalf—yet I will never consent to go to a convent, but to some place where I can be free, where I may be at liberty.

Such was the situation of my mind, agitated by hope and fear, tossed by various conjectures, when I received the following laconic note.

“ At length your favoured Angelica is at liberty; only mention the day when you will be so too.”

On the receipt of this billet, I sent word that I was at present very miserable, and had a very dangerous fever, in which situation I could attempt nothing, but that as soon as I found myself better, I would communicate the intelligence.

About

About the end of the week I was not a little surpris'd by a visit from M. de Crome, Lieutenant of the Police, who had business at the hospital; scarce had that gentleman entered the apartment of Madam Victoire, than he made many enquiries about me; he said he wished much to be admitted to see and speak to me; he staid to dine, and after dinner resumed the conversation, begging sister Martha not to forget what he had told her to ask me, if I would permit him to visit me. Sister Martha then came to me, and told me, word for word, what M. de Crome had said, asking me if I would consent to see him? "Most certainly," replied I, "he was very polite to me when I was in the Bastile; tell him I shall not soon forget his civilities, and shall be happy to see him."

It was about six in the afternoon when the sisters conducted me to sister Martha's apartment, where M. de Crome was, with M. Martin, the Secretary, and another person, who appeared to be a stranger. M. de Crome at first did not know me, and he looked back to see if I was coming; when he saw me, he appeared much surpris'd and affected, to find me so much reduced, so greatly altered for the worse, and

the sensibility of this gentleman affected me also; I read in his face as in a mirror, how different I then was from what I had been when he formerly knew me. Affliction had worn me down almost to a skeleton; my eyes languid and inanimate, and I was as it were but the fleeting shadow of what I once had been, in the days of my prosperity. I stood for some moments in a state of stupidity, unable to articulate a single syllable; at length, awaking from my reverie, I saluted him, and we remained for some minutes silent, after which this amiable man kindly enquired if I wanted any thing, adding that he would give orders.—

Pleased as I was at seeing him, I quite lost myself, and forgetting every consideration which should have restrained me, I was not mistress of my tongue, and drawing near to him, repeated, “ Oh! sir, I want any thing?” it is too much, to bear—that I should be thus confined. M. Martin left his seat and quitted the company; I know not what I was going to say to him; in extreme agitation, I went towards M. de Crome, whose sensibility was too much affected to suffer me to recite the melancholy catalogue of my woes, which I was entering into with all
the

the energy which grief inspired—my language was perhaps more affecting from being interrupted by tears—yet it was sufficiently intelligible, and sensibly affected this respectable M. de Crome. All the crowns in the universe would afford me no consolation, since nothing could wash away the stain of my disgrace. I am disgraced, I am dishonoured, said I, all the pleasures of this world to me are nothing. What is pleasure without an appetite to enjoy it? I have lost my reputation, I have been most unjustly disgraced and shall always lose the enjoyment of fortune, in the overwhelming memory of my dishonour.”

I could not help thinking that M. de Crome was sent thither expressly to see me; such obliging offers as he had made; from a Lieutenant of the Police, who from his situation would not compromise without sufficient authority, and particularly, had I been guilty, he would have been cautious how he came personally, upon such an errand of benevolence as to endeavour to accommodate me—but he could not have done equal service without absolutely appearing himself, and particularly in the capacity of a Lieutenant of the Police.

The more I reflected upon this visit of M. de Crome, the more I began to be suspicious, the more I began to see that they were fearful I should say too much, and that it was judged expedient rather to endeavour to soothe than drive me to extremities ; for if I had really any ill will, any grudge towards the Queen, said I to myself, neither the Baron de Breteuil, nor the Lieutenant of the Police, would take the pains to favor me with the slightest attention ; for the Queen, without doubt, would be outrageous against me, to have been thus brought forward before the public—it is on her account then that I receive these attentions, otherwise they would never hazard her displeasure, in a matter where they could gain no advantage ; but, on the contrary, they now both wish to pay their court to the queen.—It is this which influences their conduct ; it is known that I have served her to the utmost of my power, and it is for these reasons that she wishes to soothe me under my misfortunes. It is not me, however, that they wish to serve, but their Sovereign ; they are fearful that if they reduce me to a state of desperation, I shall complain of the hardships and indignities I have suffered, and explain the true cause of my calamities. The sisters too have not failed

failed to repeat every thing I have said ; it is their wish to place me in a convent, and Sister Martha has herself told me, that they were fearful of my making any confidants in the convent where I was---that I must not name - - - - but is there then any danger lurking under this latent kindness, which I do not suspect ; under this mystery, this hope of liberty, is there not a dagger?---is there not poison?---they wish to be secure, and will they not take my life?--- These were the busy fears which passed within my bosom, but which I kept concealed, thinking it more prudent to take what was offered me, and not appear suspicious.

The Monday after this visit, I saw M. Tillet, who I thought appeared unusually reserved, which I attributed to the refusal which he conceived I had given him, which indeed Sister Martha was the real cause of. Mr. Tillet had requested me to write the whole affair between the Cardinal and the Queen, from the commencement to the conclusion, for executing which purpose, he had ordered them to give me all the necessary apparatus, and quitted me, telling me, that he should not call again for three weeks, in order that I might not be interrupted in the

completion of my design. Sister Martha however, not only refused me pen, ink, and paper, but treated M. Tillet, at his return, very roughly. This woman had the assurance to deny me, that she might oblige the Cardinal's friends, who were in a constant panic, lest the public should be undeceived, by finding that he had been intimate with the Queen, and that I had been sacrificed by both.

Three weeks after this I took my final resolution, though I was not a little perplexed in appointing my day, which however I at length resolved upon.—I first considered the means of removing from my watch all cause of suspicion; the last billet told me it would be sufficient to give the day and the hour, and it was then agreed between us, that the soldier should be removed from this house about ten or twelve days before my departure; he had been told six weeks before he withdrew himself, but remained three weeks longer, under the pretext of its being agreeable to his orders. I fixed with my unknown correspondent for the eighth of June, at eleven in the morning, or at six in the evening; the arrangements pre-concerted between us were as follow; That the guard should disguise

guise himself like a waggoner, and with a whip in his hand, walk round the King's Garden, for the space of three or four days. I took a firm resolution, however, to go out on this day alone; which was the fifth, as my health was considerably better than it had been for a long time. I had not taken any nourishment, properly speaking, for three days, and kept my bed; I could get no sleep, became extremely faint, and very much altered in my complexion. M. Tillet came the Monday afternoon, with Sister Martha, and the other sisters, into my chamber; they found me in bed. M. Tillet felt my pulse, and found me so feeble, that he ordered Sister Martha to send for the physician, who came a moment after: he found me in the same condition, ordered me some medicines, and I judged from the behaviour of those about me, that they did not think I should live many days longer.

The good Monsieur Tillet, endeavoured to comfort me. "Come, cheer up, my dear child, take courage, you must recruit your strength, and not die here; you will not have above three weeks longer to remain in this house, that I can assure you; there is a dutchess, an English lady, very intimate with the Queen,

P 4

who

who greatly interests herself in your misfortunes;—therefore, resume your courage, and if you are better to-morrow, and avail yourself of your good understanding, I promise to come and see you either Wednesday or Thursday. Madam the governess will give me this intelligence.”— This dear father then embraced me tenderly, and reluctantly departed; he seemed as if he was taking his last tender farewell, persuaded as he was that he should see me no more, that I should die in the course of the week, and a miserable spectacle I really was.

Scarcely had the company descended to the bottom of the stair-case, when, finding myself alone with Marianne: “Quick, quick, Marianne,” said I to her. “Bring me my soup.” She got it ready, and I eat two plates full with remarkable eagerness, and about a quarter of an hour after an amlet of four eggs. In the course of the day I saw the sisters, in whose presence I appeared very ill; they desired me to go to bed; I believed their advice very prudent, and therefore pretended to yield to their desire, and they left me apparently more composed.

In the afternoon, Marianne threw herself at my feet, communicated her anxiety, and fear of being

being ill treated by sister Martha, who was by nature cruel, expressed her desire to accompany me, and saying, that if she remained behind, she should be certainly made unhappy. This poor creature had the misfortune to be asthmatic and was scarce able to come up the stair-case without being frequently attacked by this disorder. Reflecting upon her unfortunate condition I conceived it impracticable to take her with me, but her tears and the fear that she would be miserable, at length determined me in her favor, " I assure you, Madam," said the poor girl, " That I shall be well able to support the journey, I shall be able to walk much better than going in a coach. This girl had been sentenced to remain in this house nine years; she had but two more to continue, and sister Martha had promised at the time of Angelica's departure, that she would take care of her, and desired her to be sure to communicate to her every thing I said. The next Wednesday, the 5th of June, the day after the visit of M. Tillet, about ten o'clock I had some conversation with the sister who replaced sister Fanchar, the person who generally shut the gates of the galleries. I must not here forget to mention, that this sister communicated to me

her

her desire to be one in a company of friends, to the forest of Vincennes, which she had never seen; her intention was to make this jaunt on the Monday, because M. Tillet was expected that day. I remarked to her that it would be more prudent to go thither on the Wednesday, and to wait, as she might desire to oblige M. Tillet. I desired her to stay, and to put off her excursion till Wednesday. This girl acceded to my proposal, and at the same time thanked me for my good advice.

On Monday, at nine in the evening, when she shut the doors, she bade me farewell for the next day. One of the sisters told me, that she departed at eight in the morning; I entreated the sister who did duty for the last, to shut me up quite close, that as I did not find myself well, I wished to try to repose myself a little—this sister was pleased to compliment me that my spirits seemed better, which she attributed to the visit of M. Tillet; I made no answer to this, but I entreated her to leave me such a prisoner, to attend me, that Marianne was gone to lay down in the chamber adjoining, having a violent fever, to which this sister consented. This woman was quite an old woman; I had
found

found this precaution necessary to remove every suspicion. Marianne's mother did the duty of gardener to that house, and this good mother used generally to come twice a day after her daughter, to fetch the soup which she usually got ready at eleven, I had also given the signal to one of the prisoners, named Dubois, that as soon as Marianne's mother should come at eleven, she should tell her, there was nothing ready, and that she should call to one of the portresses as soon as her soup was ready. About a quarter past eleven this woman, Dubois, called the portress through the wicket of a large door, which they call *porte rouge* a door which leads into the womens court, and the apartments of Martha and the officers, and also to the kitchens of the Salpetriere.

Before our departure, Marianne and I took each of us a cup of coffee, to revive our spirits, and to give us courage, I then listened attentively, and heard the first portress answering this woman Dubois.—At this moment she shut the door and went to fetch the soup; this woman Dubois, to give us all the time she could, amused her by shewing her some work; she continued long enough for me to open the doors

kept

kept by this same portress, made the fourth, three of which I shut again with my key, and the fourth Marianne drew towards her. In the court of Sister Martha, there were a number of sisters and servants, to the amount of twenty, all of whom saluted me as I passed. Marianne, who was much better acquainted than I was, and knew this house perfectly well, took the shortest turnings she could find, believing that I followed her; at length however I lost sight of her, nevertheless I did not lose my courage. I had still great faith in the old proverb--every way leads to Rome. I passed on till I found myself in a large hall, wherein were a great number of small beds, which they call *la Crecelle*; after having cast my eyes round me, I enquired of the sisters the way to the *Porte de Champs*? I did not well understand the directions they gave me, but having presented them with a crown a piece I proceeded; after traversing many courts, which I was almost induced to think multiplied upon me, as I passed I found myself at length in a very spacious court, where there were many people from Paris; who came to gratify their curiosity in seeing this house, than which, they say, there is nothing more curious, or more deserving the attention of strangers; I followed a
company

company who entered into the chapel to view it. I should have been happy to have been exempted, but thought it more prudent to mix with the rest of the company who entered the chapel, where, when I entered, I sent up a fervent prayer that God would inspire me with confidence; after which I traversed those impassable doors, where I met nobody but the sisters, to whom I gave my piece and passed, and at length fortunately reached the Porte de Champs—here I was uncertain on which side the river I was, when to my inexpressible joy, I discovered my good Marianne waiting for me near the river; my heart leaped for joy at this discovery, as she turned round and saw me, while the boat was waiting.

The King's garden was crowded with people, a great many of whom I met, and I have since been informed, that even sister Martha was herself walking there at this moment; I instantly leaped into the boat to Marianne, who was already there, with two strange gentlemen; fearful of any discovery, I made signals to her not to speak to me. The two gentlemen were seated, but lest my awkwardness in my new habiliments should be discovered, I remained very still; all the time we were passing the river,

I looked

I looked at the city of Paris, which wore a very novel appearance; contrasted with my confinement, it appeared extremely pleasing, heightened by my situation, it was inexpressibly delightful. Upon our landing near the Arsenal, that hideous mansion the Bastille, opposed itself to my view; the horrid image struck me to the very soul; it appeared to my imagination half open again to swallow me up: at length we gained the opposite bank, and Marianne conducted me through bye ways and narrow streets to reach Charenton. I took a hackney coach, which conducted us thither, and on our arrival we alighted at a shoe-maker's, to exchange my half boots for a pair of shoes, after which we hired a cabriolet, which conducted us almost seven leagues from thence, and walked till half past eleven at night. Merciful heaven!—thy providence pervading all thy works, protected also me—thy providence led me by the hand through danger, supported my heart and directed my wandering feet! Whatever the puny power of man may attempt—whatever storms oppression may raise against me—while I confide in thee, I remain secure—the wave rises in vain, and the storm passes unheeded by—by thee I have been snatched from the devouring jaws of the Bastille, delivered from the
dungeons

dungeons of the Conciergerie, from places devoted only to the reception of the guilty.—My escape is almost as miraculous as the history of my misfortunes is unparalleled.

We slept at a village called Madin Rouge, and at six the next morning pursued our journey on foot, till ten in the evening, when we stopped a few hours to repose ourselves, not being accustomed to walk so much, and in a poor state of health; finding myself on my arrival here very much fatigued, and my feet swelled and blistered, I enquired whether I could have a cabriolet; I could not however be thus accommodated; all the vehicles they had to dispose of were carts and horses, the latter of which, were out of the question, Marianne not being able to mount a horse; we were therefore obliged to take one of the carts, which conducted us about two miles from Previn; about five in the evening, we stopped at the first cabaret and dined, and after dinner I dispatched Marianne to purchase womens apparel, fearful of being suspected by the marshalsea; she returned with a jacket of narrow striped red cotton, an apron of the same stuff, a petticoat striped blue and white, a pair of leather shoes, such as are worn by peasants,

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and a pair of very small buckles. We departed from this inn, at six the same evening; the hostess came to visit me during the absence of Marianne, and having reconnoitered me with much attention, "Don't you believe," said she, "but though I am an old woman, I can clearly discover, that you are a woman in man's attire." I attempted as well as I could, to laugh her out of this; but I was under no small apprehension of being discovered, and therefore impatiently waited the arrival of Marianne.

The town of Previn was about fifteen leagues off; I did not judge it prudent to take the coach from this town, where there was no other conveyance than the post, which I wished as much as possible to avoid, fearing lest information should be given. We proceeded a little towards the back of this town, hoping that we should meet no person by the way, who could possibly discover that my sex and my habit were at variance, but all our precautions were ineffectual. We met a great number of officers walking together, one of whom I overheard, at some distance, make use of these expressions, "Oh! there's a woman in man's clothes:" when they drew nearer, they pulled off their hats, and begged permission to accompany me, and to offer

offer me their services, I had a great mind to make no reply, but they were so extremely polite, which is not always the custom in small towns, that I could not possibly avoid giving an answer; one of the gentlemen left his company, and swore he would follow me to Hell, if I went thither—his professions of service were so very profuse, that I found it extremely difficult to engage him to desist from following me; his expressions made me tremble. You are—he paused—good God thought I to myself, I am discovered—he is certainly going to mention my name, “You are said he,” continuing his speech, some young girl but just escaped from a Convent, and your lover is certainly near at hand, waiting for you in a post chaise—at these last words, I resumed my courage. “If such is your opinion, Sir,” replied I, “It is very unpolite in you to think of following me; particularly as you have no right to expect, that I should confess to you, if you should be right in your conjecture; I then stopped, and earnestly entreated him to leave me, at the same hinting that he might not be far out in his guess, and this ought to be with a gentleman, a sufficient hint to retire, as I was determined not to pursue my road much further; at this he withdrew, fully per-

suaded that I was some young lady, who had made my escape from a Convent. I followed him as he departed, with my eyes, as far as I was able; as soon as I lost sight of him, we were about a league distant from Provin, and about a mile futher, I turned towards the left under a hill, not being able to find a place more retired, and concealed ourselves under a verdant recess, where a brook of water run down towards the meadow. Here Marianne and I assumed our new disguise, which made us appear exactly like peasants, each of us holding in our arms a little basket of eggs, and a pound of butter, nearly covered with a piece of linen, which was bought for that purpose; as soon as we were completely equipped, which was so expeditiously done, that I really believe I could not have been three minutes in changing every thing. I threw my former apparel into the brook, putting stones into the coat pockets and the hat, that they might sink more easily, and that no trace of my flight might be discovered, about which I was not a little apprehensive; thanks to Providence nobody saw my transfiguration, as we met only some waggons who bid us good night; when we reached the summit of the hill, we went five leagues on foot the same evening, and stopped, about eleven

eleven o'clock, at the first house of entertainment in the suburbs of Nogent, which is about two and twenty leagues from Paris; here again I was fatigued so much that after our supper, poor Marianne was obliged to put me upon her shoulders, and bring me into the cow-house, and lay me on the straw, for there was neither bed nor chamber; here also, I was in the most lamentable situation, and my feet, unused to the hardships which I now experienced, were covered with blisters.

The day after, about seven, we hired a cart, which conveyed us directly to Troys, about nine leagues from Nogent, where we slept till four the next morning, when we again pursued our journey on foot. In our road we met a waggoner, who civilly asked us to get up into his cart, which we accepted; he conveyed us to the town where he lived, about two leagues distant, but this honest rustic would receive no money, he would have no other recompence than a promise of marriage, which I was constrained to give him; he then told me his name and place of abode, and what he would bring me in marriage; he was a young man about 24 years of age. I told him that I and my cousin Marianne had lived at Chaumon, in Champagne,

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and

and gave him a fictitious name and address ; he obliged us both to take a glass of wine with him before our departure, and exacted a promise that I would answer the letter which he intended to send me, after which we separated. There was something in this honest rustic which diverted me much, and I should not have made him such idle promises, in return for his civilities, if I could have found any other means either of avoiding suspicion, or ridding myself of his importunity; had I been in another habit, and under different circumstances, I should have thought this rather a diverting adventure.

When we arrived at this little village, we were fortunate enough to procure a farmer's cart upon the recommendation of our former conductor, who was to be my future husband. We dined at Vandourere, and about two we set forward again in a covered carriage, which conveyed us seven leagues further; we passed through Bar-sur-Aube, and at six we were put down at a village about three leagues from Bar-sur-Aube.

When I arrived at this place I wrote letters to some of my husband's relations, with which I sent Marianne, who could not find many of the persons

persons in whom I confided ; she went to seek a friend of Madame de la Tour; (sister of M. de la Motte) to whom she sent my note, this lady immediately knew my writing, and not at first knowing Marianne, but taking her for a poor girl, when I mentioned her in my letter, she threw her arms round her neck and embraced her. “ Oh ! is it you then, my good girl, who accompanies Madame de la Motte ? I intreat you to take the best care of her ; but how did she effect her escape ? Oh ! gracious heaven, said she, with tears of joy trickling down her cheeks—but you must be cold, said she, these mornings are very cold”—she then ran to her wardrobe and gave her petticoats, shifts, handkerchiefs, with half a louis, which was all she had in her pocket, and greatly regretted that she had it not in her power to do more. She then accompanied Marianne to M. de Suremont, M. de la Motte’s uncle; this gentleman’s wife, after having coldly received M. Charton, which was this young lady’s name, and Marianne, after many remonstrances of this amiable lady, whose praises and accomplishments are almost universally known, refused to come and see me. M. de Suremont sent Marianne an hour before he went away from his own house, to desire me to meet him

him half way. A place was appointed, and it was about midnight when we met ; the night was extremely dark, and we sat down on the bank of a ditch. M. de Suremont appeared very glad to see me, but expressed his extreme regret that he could not accommodate me with more than four louis, telling a very lamentable story that his buildings had cost him so much money and that he was very much in debt, and after some trifling compliments, curiosity led him to ask some questions relative to my future destination. " But pray where are you going ?" said he to me, I am going to London replied I, for the English news-papers have for a long time mentioned my husband's name, I dare say he is there. " A-propos," replied M. de Suremont, " There is a lady who has been a week at my house, and only departed about ten o'clock this morning, and we have ourselves directed her journey ; there is a plan of the rout she will take to reach Calais, I would advise you, if possible, to overtake her." I promised to follow his advice, but I knew his wife of a disposition capable of doing much mischief,

I did not believe it prudent to return to the same inn which we had quitted at midnight,
fearful

fearful of being suspected, or taken for thieves, with which all the environs of Chaumon are greatly infested; I therefore chose to walk the remaining part of the night, and the moon, which was at full, enlightened every object, and made it extremely pleasant; we proceeded nearly a mile and a half, but scarcely had we advanced a mile into the forest, when we thought of returning again towards the town; we observed upon our return many men going out from the forest, at some distance behind us; on our return to the village, we knocked at the first cabaret we came to—but they not only refused to open the door, but threatened to shoot us, taking us without question for thieves. Trembling with cold, we were necessitated to take up our lodging at the steps of their door, till it was near six o'clock the next morning, and all this season the nights were extremely cold, and the country wore almost the appearance of winter. About six in the morning three peasants and a woman passed by, who had two large dogs with them, I related to them our situation, and we traversed the forest together as far as Columbay, without seeing any thing worthy of remark, where we parted to the stage, and having break-

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. fasted,

fasted, we thence took the post, which conveyed us seven leagues further, and as this route appeared rather too public, as far as Joinville I preferred occasionally taking a cart, and when we found none we proceeded a foot. We were conveyed to this place in a cart, where we slept, and at six in the morning we commenced our journey on foot. This day was terribly hot, and we suffered severely in climbing the mountain, which is extremely steep and very high, without any shade to shelter us from the intense heat—fatigued and harrassed as I was, I could not believe how I could so long have sustained the hardships I endured. We stopped at many running springs of water, which issued forth at many parts of the mountain, parched with thirst and scorched by the burning heat of the sun, which was intense at our backs. Marianne, who was very much troubled with a shortness of breath, was incapable of proceeding any further; she sat down and wept bitterly, till fortunately a good old peasant, who was on horseback, subdued by my entreaties, and seeing the poor girl in tears, offered to take her behind him, to which she would not consent, but as his house was but at a short distance, she agreed to take the good old man's arm, while I seated myself

self

self on the horse, taking Marianne's bundle, and giving the reins to the horse, he brought me to the house before his master; where his daughter, who was lately married, recognized the horse. I then briefly related to her the circumstance which procured me the pleasure of seeing her; upon which we mutually embraced each other, and she dispatched one of her sisters to the Curate's house to fetch some fish, and some of the best wine from another neighbour. Marianne was also well received. We were afterwards presented to the husband; and all this good family loaded us with kindness. After regaling us with a good supper of pigeons and excellent fish, and delicious flavoured wine, these good people accommodated us with their own bed, where we slept soundly for six hours. After a good breakfast, we departed at ten, to reach Joinville, in these good people's cart, who would not receive a single farthing for their entertainment. The young woman, like most mothers, seemed particularly pleased at my caressing her infant, and joined with her sister in intreating us to live with them, and that they would find us work during the time of our continuance; all seemed to regret our departure.

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The husband conducted us to Nancy. In our road we were attacked by a violent storm of rain; our conductor set us down at a small cabaret, near the entrance of a village; and after having proved to me how necessary his presence was at home, to cultivate his ground, I consented to let him depart, requesting that he would procure me another conductor and a voiture, and then he might leave us.

The keeper of the cabaret where we were, consented to conduct us as far as Nancy; the rain having now subsided, we agreed to this proposal of our host, and continued our journey till we came into the midst of the most dismal forest I ever saw; it seemed a place perfectly adapted for the black business of robbery or murder; here again a most terrible storm came on, and we travelled in the midst of a heavy shower for almost two hours and a quarter, and could see nothing but the most dreadful gleams of lightning at a small distance round us. I felt myself at that moment very much intimidated, but Marianne was most intolerable; never did I see any female so cowardly. It was now almost ten, when we found ourselves yet in a hollow, one side of which
borders

borders upon another forest ; and all the way to the village, about two miles from Toule, the road lies skirting the forest, which is reputed to be the most dangerous. What added greatly to my fears was, that I had not the least knowledge of that road. Our conductor was also a very ill-looking fellow ; and his conduct was such, that though I cannot positively say he had really any bad design, yet his behaviour was sufficiently equivocal to make me suspicious ; possibly he might suppose that I was equally timorous with Marianne, and wished to assure himself if this was not the case ; his horse was very much fatigued, and when he did not find his master by his side, he stopped all of a sudden. I endeavoured to encourage Marianne, put myself in the front of the cart, and took the horse's reins and whipped him ; but the troublesome animal would obey nothing but his master's voice ; he never altered his pace for me, but crawled leisurely along ; I was absolutely hoarse with calling to our guide, but nobody answered ; our voiture was but slightly covered, and open to the weather ; Marianne and I looked after our conductor with all the eyes we had, but the night was so extremely dark, that we could not discern our road. This man,

without

without our being able to see him, started suddenly upon us four or five times, making a frightful noise every time; he strove as much as possible to frighten me, and I confess I had internally some apprehensions; but as I could not see that he had any arms, I strove to encourage myself. Am I not very courageous, said I to him, that I am not terrified, when I conduct my voiture, and alone, traversing these gloomy forests?—Why should I be terrified, since there are three of us in company?

When I observed him remarkably silent, I began to speak to him in a rustic stile, and assumed an air of resolution, I changed my situation, and placed myself in the midst of the carriage, where he could least annoy me, and where I should be best able to defend myself if he should be disposed to make an attack. The man appeared disturbed and very much agitated, and I began to scold at our being so long on the road; in the mean time, I kept my table-knife, which was very sharp and pointed, in one corner of my handkerchief, ready to receive him, determined to defend myself and Marianne, who was terrified out of her senses to the last moment.

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At length, however, I discovered a light ; it is impossible to express how welcome that discovery was, as it dispelled those apprehensions which the darkness of the night had made more terrible. Our guide then composed himself a little, and told me he was going to bait his horse, after which we might pursue our journey ; most certainly, replied I ; but when we arrived at the inn, which was about midnight, I determined to lie down. We sat down to supper ; and I told my guide, that we did not choose to expose ourselves any more that night, as his horse seemed to be so much fatigued. This determination did not seem agreeable to his inclination ; he stormed and swore, but all was to no purpose. I am determined, said I resolutely, not to proceed till six o'clock in the morning. We did, indeed, set out an hour sooner, but then there was no danger ; he put us down upon an eminence on the side of Nancy ; and I really thought he seemed to quit us with an air of regret in having failed of his prey, as he was at parting very liberal in his curses ; he questioned me concerning my business :—What's that to you, replied I ?—This impertinent fellow certainly thought that we had money.

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My satisfaction was great when I lost sight of this fellow ; it was indeed more than I can express ; and I was pleased when I reflected on the danger which threatened me, from which I had been so happily rescued. I found myself taken often extremely ill, and Marianne began to be tired with the fatigues she had undergone.

After having dined at Nancy, we took a voiture, which conducted us to Luneville, where we stopped, and slept at the sign of the Holy Ghost ; from whence, the next morning, I wrote to M. Arminot, my cousin, who was an officer in the Gens d'Armes. I took the precaution not to sign my name to this billet ; in which I only mentioned that a lady, one of his father's acquaintance, wished to communicate some news from his family ; at this he did not lose a moment, but followed Marianne immediately upon the receipt of my billet. Marianne introduced him to my chamber ; he approached me—" But really, Madam, I have not the honour to recollect you. " Look again, Sir," replied Marianne.—He looked attentively, still he did not know me ; but, indeed, I was so altered by fatigue and distress, I do not wonder

der that I should not be known by my own relation.—“Do you not know your unhappy cousin,” said I.—I could utter no more; my sensations stopped my tongue—he also appeared greatly astonished.—“Is it possible, my dear cousin,” said he, “that this can be you?”—He then embraced me affectionately; but his joy at meeting me could only be equalled by his surprize. The evening before my arrival, he had received two letters from Paris, which he shewed me, one of which mentioned my surprizing escape from the Salpetriere, observing, that there were flying reports that the Queen, who was naturally good, had facilitated my escape from that place, and that every body was pleased with it; that from such circumstances no doubt could be entertained, that she had once patronized me warmly. The other letter was of a very different complexion, and afforded my cousin less consolation. Without doubt, Sir, said this epistle, you have learned by public report the escape of Madame de la Motte from the Salpetriere; every thing is found shut after her; there are various opinions respecting this; some think one thing, some another; but what appears most authentic is, that an acquaintance of mine saw her get into a post-chaise, which
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was at the corner of the King's Garden, with three Exempts of the Police, who conducted her directly to the Island of St. Marguerite; so that this unfortunate Lady will be forgotten in captivity.

My cousin was much more alarmed with this letter, which had raised his apprehensions so much, that even I myself was scarce able to convince him of the falsity of these idle reports. I could scarce persuade him that I was really the same, as I was extremely meagre, and my face and hands very much sun-burnt. We spent two or three days together; and as I communicated to him my desire to pass through Switzerland, though without explaining my motive, he gave me in writing the plan of my route, which was by Luxemburgh. We then parted with the greatest reluctance; and I promised to correspond with him, and relate my adventures.

After this interval of rest, we pursued our journey at five in the morning on foot; we went eleven leagues this day; and the next, not being able to procure a coach, we were obliged to walk nine leagues farther. After this fatigue, I really was fearful that I should lose my companion,

panion, Marianne, who was most violently attacked with her asthma ; and for five days the physician and surgeon were doubtful of her recovery. I took every possible care of this poor sufferer ; watched her in the night, and attended her with medicine. Weak, and of a delicate constitution, Providence alone sustained me, reduced as I was, after two years imprisonment, with so much pain, so much sickness of the heart, created by reflecting upon the indignities I had suffered,

The fifth day, as soon as Marianne was in a condition to support herself, we took a voiture for Metz, where we slept, and the next day departed for Thionville, about ten leagues from thence. The diligence put us down at Thionville, at the sign of the Three Kings, kept by one Phillips, opposite the Capuchin : we arrived there about eight o'clock in the evening, and the mistress of the house gave us a chamber adapted well enough for two peasants, as we appeared to be. We were ready to die with hunger ; and Marianne was impatient for her supper, which I ordered to be prepared ; after waiting an hour, no supper came ; about half past nine, seeing that Marianne was a little im-

patient, I went myself to see what had occasioned this delay, of which I complained to the hostess. "Well, well, my good girls," replied she, "your supper is ready, go into this hall." I then called Marianne; and upon opening the door of the supper room, I was not a little astonished at seeing ten or twelve waggoners sitting at the table. Surprized at this, I instantly turned short round, and addressing the hostess in a tone of displeasure—"I did not ask, Madam, to sup in company;" and desired that she would shew me up again into my chamber. My hostess wished to remonstrate—"But you are very wrong, my girl; it will not cost you half so much to sup with these people; it will cost you no more, if you sup with these men, than two pieces of twenty-four sols each." All this preamble of the woman put me a little out of humour; and I addressed her in such a tone of displeasure, as she probably little thought of hearing from a peasant; observing, that if I had had an equipage, she would probably have been impertinently officious, asking her if the money of two peasants was not as good as that of a Duchess? An officer of infantry, who was present, addressed me with a consequential sneer, "Well, well, my pretty rustic, wait a little,
and

and you shall sup with me." My landlady's daughters burst into a laugh. Without being the least disconcerted by this coxcomb, I replied instantly, "Should you believe then, Mr. Officer, that you would so highly honor me by permitting me to sup with you? Suppose now I was really to take you at your word; because you see us in stuff petticoats, and two peasants, you suppose that we are proper company to sup with waggoners; but it sometimes happens that stuff petticoats have sat at table with people of rank, and possibly persons of equal distinction with yourself, Mr. Officer. The confident manner in which I uttered this, suddenly arrested the empty laugh of my hostess and her daughters, whose countenances, from being relaxed in risibility, now looked extremely serious.

It is, indeed, very true that I, in some measure, exposed myself to suspicion; but I was so piqued at the contemptuous tone of this empty-headed fellow, who availed himself of dress, and the apparent superiority of his circumstances, to put two innocent country girls to the blush. It is, indeed, but too common for persons of self-assumed importance, or wealth-created distinction, to despise and sneer at the peasant,

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whose difference of situation and circumstances, not different degree of understanding, alone restrains him from replying to those sarcasms, which would not so tamely be endured, if he did not feel the superior weight of his wealth or distinction ; but why should the poor be insulted with the disdainful smile of grandeur ? I would ask these arrogant persons, how they would exist if it was not for the peasant ?— Who is it that clothes them in their sumptuous apparel ? Who is it that enables them to enjoy the luxuries of life, to which the poor contribute by industry and hard labor ? Was it not for the industry of the peasant, the honest, industrious, neglected peasant, how could they subsist in all that pomp in which they are supported by the peasant, and which ungratefully they direct to insult their benefactors ? For I have always respected the laborer and the peasant ; and I will never suffer them to be slighted in my presence.

My reply to the officer produced a revolution in our favor. During the time Marianne and I were at supper together, the two daughters and my good hostess addressed me in a very different tone ; they came to beg a thousand pardons ;
 And

And though I endeavoured as much as possible to make my words and actions correspond with my habit and appearance, yet their regret and attention proved too much the imprudence I had been guilty of, and that they suspected I was some young lady in disguise. A short time after, the officer made his appearance; who, fearing that I should deny him admission, knocked at my door; which I opened; he addressed me very politely—"I beg your pardon, Madam, I did not know this was your chamber." I desired him to sit down; but he rather chose to walk backwards and forwards in the room. After some little conversation, he at last asked me if the cause between the famous Countess de la Motte and the Cardinal de Rohan was yet finished, adding, it is reported that she is in a convent. "Some little birds brought us the news this evening, who have also told us that she is delivered from her convent, but we do not know whether this news is authentic." "I really, Sir, do not understand of whom you are speaking, the Countess and the Cardinal; these people, Sir, are to me totally unknown; it is quite out of my line, as a simple peasant, the daughter of a farmer near Orleans, with no other breeding than what I have received in

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a convent,

a convent, to speak of any thing but the religious, and not of what is passing in the beau monde." He replied, that the answer which I made him in the kitchen betrayed me. I then entreated him to withdraw, observing, that it was past one o'clock of the morning.

This adventure proved a good lesson to me, and fixed me in the determination of being more cautious in future, if fortunately extricated from this difficulty, as I then conceived there could be no doubt but that he had discovered me. I reflected on it as a fortunate circumstance for me, that he was not opposite me when he pronounced my name, otherwise he might have observed a change of countenance both in me and Marianne.

I observed, that the same coachman who had brought us to this inn had given notice, that he should set off the next day, at eight in the morning, for Luxembourg. This was a public stage, and I desired M. Phillips and her daughters to call us at seven; which, however, they neglected to do; and we being so much fatigued, did not wake till after the voiture was gone. Vexed at my disappointment, I reprimanded
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the hostess and her daughters very sharply for their neglect ; to which they made no other reply, than that they had forgot, and advised me to take the post.

All the proposals of these people alarmed me ; without saying a word to them, I dispatched Marianne to try if she could procure a cabriolet, or even a cart. The interval of Marianne's absence was to me a most anxious time indeed. Curiosity was upon the tiptoe in that house ; and my hostess's daughters were continually bringing young officers to my chamber, as they said, to bear me company. These gentlemen behaved very politely, and all earnestly requested me to pass some days among them. There was one, in particular, distinguished by superior accomplishments, whom I recollected ; this was the Count de St. Mimis, a young gentleman of about twenty-two years of age, and a particular friend of de la Tour, M. de la Motte's nephew ; they had been Pages together ; and he continued in conversation with me some time : I cannot positively say whether he recollected me or not ; but from his discourse I have some reason to suspect he did.—“ I believe, Madam,” said he,—“ I beg you will excuse my freedom,

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but

but you appear to be under some kind of uneasiness and anxiety of mind, and that you are, neither in your proper habit or sphere; permit me, Madam, to make you an offer of my services—I should find myself inexpressibly happy, if you should suffer me to indulge any hope that they will be accepted—I at this instant can command twenty-five Louis—I entreat you, Madam, to say but the word—how fortunate I should think myself if I could be of service to you; and for these offers that I take the liberty of making, propose your own terms, and assure yourself, Madam, that I shall not attempt to sift into the motives which induce you to assume this habit; I have no further curiosity to know your name—to have the happiness of serving you is my sole disinterested motive; if I should succeed, I shall be most abundantly rewarded.”

This generous conduct can never be effaced from my memory; it sensibly affected me; and I thanked him with all that gratitude which such generous offers on my part demanded; but at the same time endeavoured as much as possible to convince him of his prejudice, in supposing me a woman of birth: I told him I
was

was but a poor peasant, in no respect calculated to merit such attention as he was pleased to honor me with : he then adroitly turned the conversation ; spoke of Versailles, with which he was very well acquainted, from having been Page. From the conversation of this gentleman, and from the behaviour of those about me, I plainly saw it was high time for me to depart from hence ; all my efforts to dissuade the Count were unsuccessful. It was now growing very late, and Marianne's long absence rendered me extremely uneasy and very much agitated. At length it was seven in the evening, and Marianne was not yet arrived, although she went out at ten in the morning. I could not conjecture what had detained her so long. The house of this Phillips was full of officers. I wished not to appear disquieted ; but I could not escape the penetration of these gentlemen.

At length, about nine o'clock, Marianne arrived, dripping wet : she paid our hostess, and in a rough tone of voice, and rustic manner, said to me, " Come along, take your bundle—it is lucky for you that you are under shelter—come along, Miss, there is a cart at the gate of the town waiting for you." When she saw me
surrounded

furrounded by so many officers, who begged me to remain, observing that a shower was gathering—" Well," replies Marianne, " if there is, she is not made of sugar any more than me, she'll take no hurt ; so come along, Miss, come along." Marianne was, indeed, naturally vulgar, but she affected to be more so at this moment, the better to avoid suspicion. These gentlemen would, however, insist upon conducting me to my voiture ; which, when they saw to be quite open and uncovered, politely proposed that I should remain till next day, when some of them would convey me in a cabriolet to Luxembourg. I declined this kind offer ; which I alledged my cousin, Marianne, seemed averse to accept.

We proceeded on our journey, and slept at Etanche ; and the next day we departed in a tilted carriage. My intention was to go into Switzerland, and to remain a short time at some frontier town, from whence I could write to M. de la Motte, conceiving this was the only chance of being secure ; and that Providence which had so long guided and supported me, now granted my wish, and directed me to an hospitable mansion, inhabited by the most worthy,

thy, the most charitable of beings. This person was a mother of five children, who, with her husband, that was in an ill state of health, and quite dropfical, were all maintained at her expence. The young man, who was our guide, had formerly been stable boy to Madame Shilfs, which was the name of our generous hostess, and for whose house he had the strongest attachment. Although we were but three leagues from the place whence we set out, he would stop here to bait his horses. We therefore breakfasted, as I learnt that this village was dependent on the Emperor. I was alarmed, and our good hostess seeing me agitated, addressed herself very particularly to me, and, with an air of affability, said, "If, Madam, you have any fears in being upon French ground, instantly dismiss them, nobody has any power over you here." She then engaged me to stay, with many kind and friendly persuasions. "I have no fear," replied I, "but am in want of money, and wish to write to my family."—"Very well," replied this good creature, "for that very reason I insist that you shall remain with me, you can write from hence. I was struck with the affable and generous behaviour of my worthy hostess, whom I apprized of my
intention

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intention to pass into Switzerland, and from thence to go to England. She advised me to remain at her house—guessing my motive, and conveying her conjectures in a very respectful whisper, at the same time assuring me, that I should remain in perfect security with her.— Her offer was at once so benevolent and disinterested, that I could not but accept it, and I was very far from repenting that I did so.

About two days after, I wrote to M. de la Motte, under cover to Mr. Mac Mahon, his friend, in London; to which I received an answer about ten days after, that he would make enquiries for some proper person that he could trust, whom he would send to fetch us as soon as possible. Three weeks passed away without receiving any letter, without seeing any emissary from my husband. I began to fear that our letters had been intercepted, which made me extremely uneasy. Every cabriolet, in short, every vehicle I saw, I fancied to myself was come to convey me to the Bastille.

On the twenty-third of July, I read the Journal of Luxembourg, which I was most ardently desirous of seeing, persuaded that there
would

would be some mention made of me, and my astonishing escape. The Rector, an intimate friend of my good hostess, was present while I read the paper to him aloud, reserving the article of French news till the last. At length I came to the following paragraph :

“ JUNE 5th. Escaped from the prison of the
 “ Salpetriere, the Countess de Valois de la
 “ Motte, between the hours of eleven and
 “ twelve in the morning, with the girl who
 “ waited upon her, whose name is Mariannc.
 “ This unfortunate Lady possessed all that mag-
 “ nanimity which innate dignity could inspire ;
 “ and from thence many persons of the first
 “ distinction interested themselves in her favor.
 “ She was to remain a short time in prison,
 “ and then to be sent to a Convent. This le-
 “ nity is to be attributed to that high spirit
 “ which engaged the King himself in her favor.
 “ Sister Martha asserts, that she made her
 “ escape in men’s cloaths, having a cage in her
 “ hand, with a bird she was remarkably fond
 “ of.”

I armed myself with all possible resolution while I was reading this article, though Ma-
 rianne

rienne and I both changed countenance, but he fortunately did not observe us. This same Journal also stated, that many persons pretended they had seen a post-chaise near the Boulevards, ready to take me away ; in short, every one had a different story ; and the circumstances of my escape being unknown, they were invented and furbished up by popular rumor, ever replete with conjectures, which if not authoritatively contradicted, soon gain the currency of truth.

There were some who asserted that this happened near Calais, and that three Exempts of the Police conducted me to the Isle of Saint Marguerite. This last article gave me great pleasure, as from that I judged I should elude suspicion. My good hostess had not then an idea of my being the person ; but the following day, a report gained considerable ground, and even reached the Military Society at Luxembourg, that there was a person at the house of Madame Chilze, with a tall stout girl, who perfectly answered the description of Marianne and Madame de la Motte. I was every day visited by a great a number of officers, both old and young, then residing in the village, who constantly prefaced their visits with expressions
of

of condolence, observing, how very dull it must be for me to be alone in a place so destitute of amusement.

The Chevalier Treffois begged me to accept some of his cousin's gowns; he was very urgent with me that I should accept of them; my remonstrances that I was only a peasant, consequently should ill become such attire, did not in the smallest degree abate that concern they had conceived on my account; every day they made their enquiries, and overwhelmed me with a profusion of compliments.

The Chevalier de Curel, of a family at Langres, appeared to be one of those most officious in circulating the report that I was the Countess de la Motte, which made me tremble for the consequence; and I conceived, that by associating my hostess in my confidence, she might find some means of silencing these reports. I therefore trusted her, or rather confirmed her preconceived opinion, leaving every thing to her discretion. This good lady rendered me very essential service; for when any person came to make enquiries of her, she amused them all with different stories, and at the same time en-

joined

joined the most profound secrecy to every one of them ; some gave credit to her information, while others expressed their doubts. The Chevalier de Curel, in particular, made some verses, in which, though he did not expressly mention my name, yet he contrived to let me see he knew very well who I was, and that he suspected me to be in confederacy with my good hostess.

I affected as much as possible to trust him, though in mysterious terms : I gave him to understand that I was an Italian actress from Paris, and that his cousin, the Chevalier de Curel, an officer in the King's regiment had promised to marry me ; that I was at Langres at the death of his father ; that his family having learnt that I was going to be married, had obtained an order to have me confined. " Your cousin," continued I, " has fortunately heard of this, and I am perfectly safe under the disguise of a peasant ; and the Chevalier, your cousin, will come here in quest of me."

The credulous Chevalier gave implicit credit to this story, which was calculated expressly to amuse him. I entreated him to keep it a secret, though it was universally known, that entrusting
him

him with a secret was like putting water in a sieve; he went to every coffee-house about the town to relate among his friends the secret he had heard, till at length it reached the ears of Mr. Huberty, an Advocate in Luxembourg, and a man well known in that province as a person of great merit. This gentleman's curiosity led him to my inn, to ascertain whether or no I was really an actress; he opened my door without knocking, pretending that he had made a mistake. My reserve and coldness at first abashed him; but finding him a man of understanding, I attempted to obliterate the cold reception I had given him, by begging him to sit down. I was totally ignorant of the true motive of his visit; and not a word escaped him during the whole of his continuance with me, that could give me the least cause to suspect that curiosity alone had brought him thither, particularly as his conversation was upon general topics. A few days after several officers came to inform Madame Schilfs, they were confident that I was the Countess de la Motte. Soon after this Mr. Huberty came a second time to the house of Madame Schilfs; but I was now apprized of his attention, and accordingly refused to receive him.

All these reports made me extremely uneasy, particularly as I had not yet received any farther news from London, and the letter which I had received gave me to hope that I should shortly have another, to apprize me of the day when somebody would come to fetch me. So great was my anxiety, that Marianne determined to depart for Bar-sur-Aube, hoping that she would be able to find Madame de la Tour ; or, if she was not there, that she might be able to find Madame de Surmon. My money at this time was quite exhausted ; my good Madame Schil's gave almost three louis to Marianne for her journey, a German habit to disguise her, and offered her a horse ; but the poor girl did not know how to mount him. She, however, proceeded within two leagues of Obrisse ; but M. and Madame Surmon did not receive her as was expected ; they denied her even the smallest assistance. She then applied to my cousin, M. Arminot, who being a young man had but very little money ; this he, however, offered, but which I would not accept ; it was a bill of exchange for twenty-five louis, and he indorsed it, in hopes that M. Surmon would at least accept it, if he could not oblige me with immediate pecuniary assistance. But these good relations

relations thought proper to refuse to give either money or paper.

Disappointed here, the indefatigable Marianne resolutely pursued her course to Paris, (which I did not expect) hoping to find more friends there than at Bar-sur-Aube. Poor girl!—repulsed by my relations, how could she entertain the least hope that strangers would assist me?—She had no letter to introduce her to any body at Paris. She applied first at Mr. Tillet's, whom she knew had acted the part of a father while I remained in that odious prison the Salpetriere; but the poor girl could not endure the cruel reception she met with from the domestics; she then found out the abode of Angelica. She again passed through Bar-sur-Aube, where she saw Madame de la Motte, who gave her a louis; M. Charton, who had it not in her power to give more, gave her another. Marianne then offered Madame de Surmon one of my muslin cloaks, richly trimmed, for one louis, which she pretended to refuse through delicacy, yet afterwards bought it of the very same woman whom she had recommended to her as a purchaser, alledging that she had not the money. Marianne, with M. Charton, disposed of

this cloak, with several other articles, to enable the former to return back to Oubrissé, with what M. de Charton and M. de la Motte had given her.

About the 27th of July in the afternoon, a lady and gentleman came to enquire for me.—Madame Schilfs, informed that I had been long in expectation of some persons from England, was very well pleased; she introduced them as persons she could trust; and my own confidence was increased when she presented me with a letter from Monsieur de la Motte.—The lady leaped upon my neck, embraced me, and wept for joy at seeing me, informing me that she should soon, she hoped, conduct me to an asylum in the land of Liberty; soon after which she gave me the letter of M. de la Motte.

Her arrival was extremely fortunate, as I was then trembling with fear, so many reports had been spread abroad at Luxembourg; reports which I was apprehensive would reach Paris. From these various suspicions, she and Madame Schilfs were so terrified, that we were even frightened at our own shadows. The arrival of Mrs. Mac Mahon, however, dispelled all my apprehensions.

apprehensions. A very few days before that lady's arrival, I perceived, at some distance from my inn, a cabriolet very much resembling that of the Police of Paris. I discovered two gentlemen resembling, as I thought, Exempts of the Police. One of these people alighted and came forward, and stood directly opposite to the inn, while the other seemed as if he wished to conceal himself in the cabriolet. These circumstances alarmed my suspicions. I drew aside my small window-curtain, and discovered the person who remained in the cabriolet looking through the back part, with his eyes fixed very attentively upon my window. He saw me peeping through my curtains, and the moment he discovered me, he called out to the person who had walked on before, and sent him immediately to my inn. I now began to be convinced that these were wretches belonging to the Police. Nay, so strongly was I influenced by my fears, that I even thought I recollected one in that situation. Unknowing what to do, I immediately called Madam Schilfs, to whom I communicated my apprehensions and the motives which gave them birth. That good woman conducted me into one of the garrets, where she shut the doors, and covered me as well as

she could with boxes and straw. In this disagreeable situation I remained at least two hours, till she had discovered who these gentlemen were who had so raised our mutual apprehensions.— This good woman was herself in no small degree alarmed; for the person whom I had seen coming to the inn, had enquired of the servants, if a lady did not lodge there, whom they thought they perceived through the window? To which one of the servants replied, that that was a French lady. “ She very much resembles the lady I am in quest of,” replied the gentleman. After which he returned to the other, who was concealed in the cabriolet.

Madame Shilfs soon discovered who he was; she was soon acquainted with the whole business; and such was the goodness of her heart, she rejoiced that her fears were premature.— The person who remained in the cabriolet was himself in a very critical situation; equally so, perhaps, with myself; one of them was a fugitive, of exceeding good family, from Strasbourg, and the lady he was in quest of was no other than his own sister; they had appointed their rendezvous near this place; this person had fortunately escaped—thus do we see how one

unfortunate person terrifies another; many of these alarms I had to encounter. Fear was certainly busy, and my mind was never at ease; and I conceived that even this lady and gentleman were sent to betray me; for I know that the Police of Paris have a thousand arts to decoy those whom they wish into their snares. But at length I was agreeably dissuaded from these apprehensions.

Surprised at not hearing from M. de la Motte previous to the arrival of Madame Mac Mahon, I determined to write again to London, to mark my surprise at not having any intelligence of M. de la Motte, expressing my fears that I should be again sacrificed. It must be remarked, in justification of my husband, that he communicated my first letter to his friends, Mr. Mac Mahon and his wife, who arrived in France very much fatigued by her journey.— M. de la Motte fearing to expose himself by running such a hazard as coming to fetch me, adopted the plan of reposing this confidence in some person whom he conceived he could trust, but who afterwards abused that confidence which my husband, void of suspicion, bestowed on every one who wore a plausible exterior.

My name having been frequently mentioned in the newspapers, and this person upon different occasions saying, how happy he should be, if he could find an opportunity of serving M. de la Motte ; and if he could but discover the place of my retreat, what pleasure it would give him to fetch me. From these warm professions, too warm to be sincere, my good-natured husband, whose unsuspecting nature renders him too easy a prey to the designing, led away by the apparent generosity of this impostor, trusted him with the commission, giving him money to defray the expences of his journey, and sufficient to fetch me from Obrisse : then gave him two letters, one of which was to be put in the post, to advertise me of the day when I might expect his arrival at Obrisse, and the other he was to deliver to me there in person.

This man, however, apparently so extremely zealous to serve his friend, seemed to make this rather a journey of pleasure than to execute the commission with which he was intrusted ; he remained nine days at Ostend, at an inn in that place, from whence he wrote to M. de la Motte to remit more money, of which he al-

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ledged he was in immediate want, as he had been taken ill on the road. Upon receiving this intelligence, my husband communicated his apprehensions to Mrs. Mac Mahon; who, fearing lest some additional misfortune should befall me, and forgetting at that moment the difficulties, the fatigues of such an enterprize; in the compensation she should receive from the pleasing reflection of having done a good action, determined to undertake this journey. She accordingly proceeded immediately to the inn at Ostend, where she found our zealous friend in a luxuriant state of health, his mind intent upon receiving a remittance, and his heart perfectly at ease.

Mrs. Mac Mahon, after leaving him money sufficient to enable him to return to London, took the boat for Bruges, where she was not a little surprized to see this man arrive soon after her; he followed her, and lodged at the same inn; he invented a number of stories, and used all his arguments to intimidate her, and dissuade her from exposing herself to such an hazardous undertaking. Thus did this man demonstrate the malignity of his heart, and discover his mischievous designs; but all were ineffectual;

tual; so far from altering the resolution of Mrs. Mac Mahon, they strengthened that firmness they were meant to shake, and raised her indignation against the malignant and ungrateful proposer, who would not from fear be induced to return again to London, as he had informed Mrs. Mac Mahon he intended to do, not only by verbal promises, but also by letter; he pretended that he had very urgent business in London, and that his attendance there was indispensable; notwithstanding, however, this assertion, Mrs. Mac Mahon could not shake him off; he followed her to Obrisse. She informed me of the conduct of this troublesome fellow soon after her arrival; and what she told me re-plunged me into yet greater disquietudes, and made me believe, if appearances might be trusted, that this man had written to Paris, in hopes of obtaining some reward.

From all these circumstances, we judged it imprudent to make any long continuance at Obrisse, from whence we departed the next morning at eight, at which this man seemed much chagrined. I was not a little unhappy at parting from my kind hostess; but my fears, my continual apprehension, my eagerness to see the

the land of Liberty and Security, all contributed to diminish my reluctance. None of these reasons affected Madame Schilfs; that worthy woman, who regarded me with maternal tenderness, was almost inconsolable. The mother and her children gathered about me, and for a moment suspended their tears, to unite their fervent wishes for my future welfare—"Kind souls, under your hospitable mansion a friendless stranger found consolation, protection, and friendship; and when I recollect your favors the tears of gratitude shall bedew mine eyes.

When I tell my Readers how I was entertained, they will pardon this digression in favor of Madame Schilfs, who with all the tenderness of an indulgent mother, procured for me all the rarities of the season—Fish, game, every thing; but this was trifling compared to that tender anxiety with which she listened to, and soothed my grief—that anxiety and tenderness, so amiable, so pleasing to the heart—this was the most disinterested friendship, not a sudden short-lived generosity, she expressed the same friendship, the same tenderness, and the same attention the last day as the first in which I entered the house. Such disinterested benevolence, for
the

credit of humanity, for the honour of the sex, it is to me a most pleasing duty to record. But the benevolence of this worthy woman was not confined to one individual; its operation was active and extended. A few months before my arrival, as she was returning from Thionville in a covered cart, between Thionville and Etanche she perceived a gentleman who was running very hard, having a handkerchief round his waist, with his hat in his hand, and a cross of St. Louis, which he appeared desirous to conceal under his coat; she observed him just as he was upon the point of leaping into a ditch, while the Marechaussée of Metz were in pursuit of him; this good woman instantly stopped her carriage, approached towards the place where he was, stretched out her hand, and begged him to ascend; he accepted her offer, and got into the carriage; and at a small distance from thence she put him into a bag, the better to conceal him; the Marechaussée by this time came up and asked her if she had not seen such a person, describing the gentleman in the carriage. She replied, that she had not paid any attention, and continued her route. This good woman thus snatched this poor gentleman from those hawks who were ready to pounce upon their

their prey. But she was not content merely with having delivered him, she kept him five weeks at her house, trusted only to her peculiar charge; after which he escaped into Switzerland. During the time of his continuance at her house, this generous woman supplied all his wants, and lent him money out of her own pocket. Never was generosity attended with so little ostentation; for she cannot endure to receive any compliment upon her good actions, and is even offended at hearing them spoke of.

I now return to Mrs. Mac Mahon, with whom I set out for England. Nothing very material happened during our journey, except that at Bruxelles, where our gentleman would repose himself, who had taken it into his head that we should not arrive at Ostend till Saturday, probably expecting at that time the Exempts of the Police from Paris. We arrived, however, at about eleven in the morning, but the packet did not sail till three in the evening. The suspicious conduct of this man obliged us to tell him, in plain terms, at Bruges, that we suspected him to have pledged himself to deliver me into the hands of my enemies for the sake of a reward.

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When we arrived at Ostend, this man walked three or four hours alone, while we reposed ourselves, locked up at our inn, which is kept by an Englishman, very near the sea-side.— About eleven in the evening, he invited us to go and see the ships of the line, observing that nobody would take any notice of us. We did not make any objection to this proposal, but accompanied him. After having seen some of these ships, he proposed our going to see the quarter where the Emperor's ships generally anchored. It was now extremely dark, and Madam Mac Mahon and I held fast by his arms; and being advanced about twenty paces upon a kind of bridge, I found myself pushed forward by him, and forced to advance. I began from this conduct to have very strong suspicions; and we both wished to stop immediately, but he still persisted in holding our arms, as if determined to lead us to the end; it was now extremely dark, and we were obliged to exert all our strength to disengage ourselves, and with great difficulty saved ourselves by running back to our inn. This was the same English Captain who had conveyed Mrs. Mac Mahon, and was waiting this very day for a French packet.

Thus

Thus did Providence once again preserve me. About three I was escorted to the packet-boat by three Englishmen and the Captain, and after forty-two hours passage arrived safe at Dover. About half a league before we came to anchor, we went upon deck, when many of the inn-keepers came on board the packet-boat, to engage the passengers to make use of their houses. Not being able to speak English, I answered them all in French, that I was provided with a lodging. Some of these people are frequently impertinently troublesome; but all proceeds from an officiousness dictated by motives of interest, which in many instances might be well dispensed with.

As soon as we were arrived at the inn to which Mrs. Mac Mahon recommended me, she embraced me, and desired me to dispell every apprehension, as we were then upon the land of Liberty. Cheared by this assurance, my apprehensions vanished, and we conversed together with the utmost gaiety; at the same time our troublesome friend wore the aspect of disappointment. Mrs. Mac Mahon took care to disquiet him, by leaving him no room to doubt how strongly we suspected him.

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At seven we took the route for London, where we arrived at seven the next morning; and at nine my eyes were greeted by the sight of M. de la Motte. It is not my intention to attempt to describe those mutual transports which glowed in either bosom, at this interview; the situation, the circumstances of the parties, will raise those correspondent emotions in the bosom of Sensibility, which will convey my ideas more strongly than all the pomp of diction—that may captivate the ear, but not impress the soul. After so many months imprisonment, such a series of disquietudes, so many hair-breadth escapes, to meet again the husband of my affection, in a land of Liberty, safe from the threat of Persecution, from the destroying arm of Oppression, was a pleasure which I cannot—I will not endeavour to describe.

I remained a fortnight at the house of Mrs. Mac Mahon, in the Haymarket, without venturing abroad to take the air, fearing lest I should be discovered. Every coffee-house in the environs of this place was filled with persons, many of whom were foreigners, eager to gratify their curiosity by seeing me. To prevent

vent the inconvenience of being stared and pointed at, my friend, Mrs. Mac Mahon contrived to take me out about nine or ten in the evening.

I was scarce recovered from my fatigues, when I amused myself with the idea of bringing forward my Justification, to submit my cause to public inspection, and to stand or fall by the suffrage of the impartial; to retrieve that honor which my enemies had so tarnished—and honor was my only aim.

I have said at the off-set of my Narration, that I was born to be unfortunate—that my life teemed with new and successive troubles.—Need I to the intelligent Reader, who has proceeded with me hitherto, insist upon this assertion. I will not invalidate my own testimony, by insulting the judgment of those whom I address, with attempting to prove the truth of that assertion.

On my arrival in England, I found my husband in great distress, waiting impatiently the moment when his unfeeling uncle and his wife would send over what property of his remained

in their hands, which they had given Mrs. Mac Mahon reason to hope, upon her departure from Bar-sur-Aube, that they would speedily perform.—Illusive hopes—unfeeling, not to say dishonest relations. These were they who refused me the most trifling assistance—these were they who ill-treated Marianne, who could suffer her to sell my cloaths; and Madame de Surmon, in particular, could rack her invention to justify her meanness; she could recommend Marianne to a purchaser, and she could profit by her recommendation; for she herself afterwards purchased of that very woman whom she herself had recommended. Blush, mean woman, when thou readest this page, nor dare to call thyself a relation. Blush—and expiate, if possible, by remorse, thy avarice and want of compassion—she that could be audacious enough to say, that we might yet think ourselves happy, because she had not sent every thing to the Government. “Oh! barbarous relations!” I could not help exclaiming before Mrs. Mac Mahon and my husband, “it is you who have been principally instrumental in my ruin and disgrace—it is to your insatiable avarice, to your eager desire of enriching yourselves upon the spoils of those relations whom you ought to support and protect,

fect, that we are now involved in these calamitous circumstances !”

When this female, whom I will not compliment, at the expence of her sex, with the name of Woman ; when she, I say, and her husband, shall read my Memoirs and those of the Cardinal, she will find that her petition to the Parliament would not have been admitted, but from her insinuations of the pretended avarice of M. de la Motte, who she insinuated had not only taken away his own diamonds, but those also which were mine. This same petition also alledged, that he had likewise taken our plate, lace, and all our most valuable furniture. Do I inveigh too bitterly against relations like these ? Can the impartial Reader restrain his indignation, when I inform him that all my property was seized on with most unrighteous speed by these treacherous relations ; who, in possession of that property, circulated malicious reports, to enable them to preserve the spoils they had wrenched from their unfortunate family ; thus adding irreparable injury, by destroying the reputation of those whom they had already stripped of their property. To serve their sinister purposes, they spread abroad

exaggerated reports of our magnificent furniture, of our equipage, and stile of living; labouring to insinuate, that such splendour could not be supported without extraordinary resources, without the appropriation of the diamonds. The Countess's bed-furniture, said they, is sumptuously embroidered, and sprinkled with fine pearls to the amount of 150,000 livres.

Thus did they labor to give every advantage to the House of Rohan; not once reflecting, that in disgracing me they also disgraced themselves; but it was sufficient that they had the means of procuring money at any rate; the honor of their family was an insignificant trifle; to get money was the summit of their ambition; and for this purpose the petition was filled with envious and malicious falsities; it was through fear of his relations alone that my unfortunate husband ever went to England; it was their interest to intimidate him, to leave that property which they so anxiously desired. Yet could I better have sustained their injuries, had I been convinced that I should be single in ruin.

But

But, alas! it adds more poignancy to my own misfortunes, when I reflect that those who are more dear to me than life, are involved in difficulties for crimes of which I alone have been unjustly accused, as if a kind of fatality attended all those who unfortunately had any connection with me. I lament the situation of my unfortunate husband, who is condemned for having left the country, and carrying off those diamonds which have been left to his family. Has not he also a right to demand at once a restitution of his honor and his property?—Or where is justice?—What are the articles of his condemnation?—What is the complexion of his guilt?—Is he condemned for coming to England to sell his diamonds there? Is he guilty for saying that his wife had interviews with the Queen—that the Cardinal saw her also? The Cardinal has said precisely the same himself; for my husband seeing me so often in private with the Cardinal, and knowing at the same time that I went frequently to Versailles, expressed his disapprobation, and positively prohibited me from seeing the Cardinal any more, and as to Versailles he would accompany me thither himself.

M. de la Motte rendered me at this time very uneasy ; he accused me unjustly of intrigues ; and I could not indeed confide any thing in him, as I judged him to be rather indiscreet. Denied thus to go abroad, and not being able to see the Cardinal, I found means to write, and inform of him of the restraint laid on me by my husband ; he answered that he wished to see him ; in consequence of which, the Cardinal himself wrote M. de la Motte a very polite note, begging an interview. My husband waited on the Cardinal, and returned quite charmed with his Eminence ; he even reproved me sharply for having failed in the confidence which I ought to have reposed in him, and that the Cardinal had communicated to him his connections with the Queen. “ That is the reason, Sir,” said the Cardinal to M. de la Motte, “ why I so often see the Countess, and why she goes so often to Versailles ; there is no other intrigue between us. I could not determine to entrust you with this secret the two last times I saw you ; but I thought that even in letting you remain ignorant, you would not suspect the Countess to be guilty of any personal intrigue. These are the crimes of my husband ; from this moment he wished to dive into every thing, and probably spoke

spoke like a young man, that his wife was favoured with the smiles, and honoured with the confidence of Majesty; on this circumstance, perhaps, he built much, and drew large expectations of affluence and honour; it was a piece of vanity too common, too natural to deserve censure, yet is he not merely censured, but condemned.

When I first received the jewels from the Queen, I told my husband that she had given them to me, and engaged him to go over to England to sell part of them; he himself saw a letter from the Cardinal, begging me to get rid of them as fast as possible. Is there any thing criminal in this? But the Judges have been deceived; and the relations of M. de la Motte I solemnly charge as the authors of that deception.

I flattered myself with a hope, that upon my arrival in England I should have the means of printing my defence, and submitting it to public inspection; but M. de Calonne's agent was at that time an obstacle. I would not then hear a word said about money. My friend, Mrs. Mac Mahon, who had been employed by

the agent of Mr. Calonne, can at this day testify with what contempt I rejected pecuniary offers, choosing rather to submit my injuries to the world, in ardent hope that they would judge me with impartiality, as I really was, and would not view me through the medium of prejudice, nor take the distorted picture which my enemies have palmed on the public for the resemblance of truth. But, alas! the easy temper, the habitual credulity of M. de la Motte, made him too easily deceived by the flattering promises of glozing tongues; and instead of receiving money, he actually gave money to M. de Calonne's agent.

Some people having learned that his family had brought him near sixty thousand livres worth of diamonds, eager to share the spoil, swore false debts against him. I have myself seen him arrested just five times for different sums, for which he was obliged to leave our jewels at Mr. Gray's as security; and about four months after, we ceased to have any power over our jewels, Mr. Gray having answered for what he had in his own hands. M. de la Motte's attorney availed himself of this, and advised him, to use his own expressions, to rid
himself

himself at once of these troublesome scoundrels, by giving a gratuity of two hundred Louis to one, one hundred and fifty to another, and eighty Louis was given to another attorney, without ever having called forth the laws in favor of his unfortunate client, from whom he frequently received different sums, to accommodate and extricate himself from real or pretended embarrassments.

My credulous husband, buoyed up by the promises of Calonne, threw away his money, without the least consideration, to all those who chose to take advantage of his good-natured credulity. Good easy man, he thought his expectations rested upon a pyramid. Vain expectations! they were broken reeds. M. de Calonne, profuse in promises, intimately acquainted with finesse, employed his arts but to decoy my husband to his lure; he amused him with fine promises of future arrangements, but all the arrangements of this man of words ended in dexterously gaining possession of that Memoir which he had himself approved and corrected, of that Memoir where he had even added indecent expressions against the Queen; to regain possession of this was the object of his ardent

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dent desire, and he succeeded ; and that very moment his machinations were manifest, every sincere profession of friendship, every promise of future arrangements vanished into air ; he even denied himself to M. de la Motte, who remained a dupe to his own credulity, and a victim to the artifice of Calonne ; but he was not the only one ; I was myself another ; for since that time the confidence of my husband abated towards me ; he rejected my salutary counsels, though directed to no other end than his interest ; in pursuing which I was securing my own. But, alas ! I had the mortification to find myself stripped of my jewels, which were sold without suffering me to remonstrate ; and what was to me much more affecting than poverty, I began to fear that my Justification would never see the light.

It was thus that my husband, standing on the very brink of ruin, was necessitated to have recourse to printing my Justification, as the only means of satisfying the craving demands of his creditors, whom he was obliged to avoid, notwithstanding all their efforts to take him ; while I, with Misery, like a vulture, gnawing my heart, and Poverty chasing me even at my very heels,

heels, detesting that burthen of life which it is yet my duty to support; and, God forgive me, cursing the hour of my birth, remained defenceless, unable to protect myself from insult, or to ward off the blows which Malice, disguised in darkness, aimed at my reputation.

But has not M. de la Motte, at this day, much reason to regret, that he had the misfortune, and a misfortune it may most emphatically be called, to espouse a descendant of the House of Valois?—Oh, yes—Had it not been for this name—had it not been for those ideas which this name gave rise to, I should not have known the Cardinal, I should not have been acquainted with the Queen, I should not have overwhelmed my husband in misfortunes. Unfortunate man! he would not then have reproached me, as having been instrumental in his distress, by having followed too blindly the pernicious advice of these advocates, expressly instructed on the occasion, whose only view was to involve us both in equal ruin.

Partner of my heart and affliction, thou wouldst not add to the miseries I suffer, by reproaching me as being the cause of thine; rather

ther wouldst thou pity my conduct; thou wouldst not censure me as the cause of thy disgrace and destruction, didst thou know the keenness of thy reproaches; nor would the misfortunes, the miseries under which I groan, be yet more embittered by the misfortunes of my husband. Loaded as I am with sorrows, my tranquility can never be restored. I have no power to extricate my husband from his troubles—I can only in frequent and fervent prayer address the Supreme Ruler and Director of Events, that he will vouchsafe to protect him in his wanderings; that he will spread the shield of defence over his head, and guard him from the murderer's blade, which has been already reared against his life by those desperate assassins, the wretched mercenaries of malignant power.

When these manœuvres are investigated, these malignant efforts will to the impartial prove our innocence; they will prove that Revenge was more active than Justice. The exertions of my husband to be at Paris on the eighteenth of August, will operate upon the unprejudiced as a strong proof of his honor and integrity. But he was refused to be heard; his

his petition was never submitted to the eye of Majesty, whose attribute is to hear the cries of the unfortunate; his enemies prevented and obstructed him with all their power from appealing to the justice of the Sovereign, and throwing himself into the arms of a wise nation. He would, however, notwithstanding these obstacles have succeeded, but the Revolution, and the multiplicity of business of the Assembly, retarded the defence, and he could do no more than present two Memoirs to M. le Meri.

For some time, indeed, M. de la Motte found persons who were ready to give him occasional accommodations, but then their demands of interest were exorbitant. He at length, however, printed five thousand Memoirs in French, and three thousand in English, confident, from the advice he had received, that the Queen would not suffer them to be published, though I constantly represented to him the vanity of this persuasion; particularly as he had possessed the Government with the conduct and behaviour of De Calonne, who being in possession of the original Memoir, might render it public whenever he thought proper.

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Such being the state of the case, how could he hope that Government would make any terms with us ; the Queen would never be induced to listen to our propositions; while this Memoir might be laid before the Public by De Calonne. It, indeed, never accorded with my sentiments to enter into any pecuniary negotiation with the Government; the only thing I had at heart was the vindication of my honor ; and had I been left to my own direction, neither sceptres or crowns should purchase my silence. But M. de la Motte would reason thus—If the Government should interfere to stop the publication of your Memoirs, the Public eye, which is now fixed upon you, when they see that you have affluence and fortune, will judge that you have received this from Government, as a compensation for the injuries you have sustained, and thus you will be sufficiently justified.

Such were the counsels my husband received from those who termed themselves his friends, while mine were rejected. Alas ! too plainly I foresaw our mutual misfortunes ; too clearly did I see them rapidly advancing, and chacing us even at our heels—but my husband would
not

not listen. Oh, inconsiderate young man!— Could neither thy address, thy virtue, thy sensibility, thy amiable disposition, thy humanity, thy generosity, save thee from destruction?— Alas! they conspired to precipitate thy ruin. Possessed of these virtues, thou wert blind to the machinations which were in agitation against thee; and thou couldst not perceive that man, formed like thyself as to exterior, should be so unlike thee in heart; thy appearance, thy virtues invite the designing sharper, who discovers thee with a single glance, dives into the bottom of thy heart, and marks thee as his certain prey.

Such is the outline of M. de la Motte; it will not therefore be matter of surprize he should be so frequently deceived. Out of 5000 French Memoirs, he distributed 900 to a French Hatter, of the name of Coup, in New Bond-Street, two hundred and fifty-one English, and two hundred and eighty-three pamphlets, French and English, which were sold at the different prices of a guinea, half-a-guinea, and a crown, This man advanced M. de la Motte, at different times, about 300 livres, and without ever having made any previous demand for the money,

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since he well knew that he could never pay the money he was indebted to M. de la Motte ; but he was perplexed by the advice of M. de la Motte's enemies ; and one day, the 14th of May, in the absence of my husband, came himself, at the head of half a dozen of bailiffs, and lodged an execution at my house, in Chéster-Place, where he, for the first time, told me he had sufficient authority ; but my unfortunate husband had never mentioned to me one word about this circumstance.

This was another disagreeable attack ; and I saw my house and furniture sold on the 21st of May, without being able to procure any account from this man of the books he had sold, which would have more than doubled his demand, as there were a great many people who knew, that at that particular juncture the sale of these books must have been at once rapid and extensive. He had even the meanness to put an execution upon 4 or 500 Memoirs, which remained with him, which were sold for only six guineas, and which were sold again by the purchasers at 2s. 6d. and 3s. each.— Many persons there were worthy of credit, who have been told by this Coup, that he sold a
great

great many of our Memoirs; and he said the same at my house, when I desired him to give in his account, that we might have a balance struck, which would be satisfactory to me and my creditors, who would otherwise believe that I received much money, and that it was not my inclination to pay them.

I gave instructions to my attorney to summon a meeting of my creditors; that they might themselves judge of my conduct; at which *bonnest* Mr. Coup thought proper to put in an execution instead of giving an answer, which he well knew would be so much against himself; and by these means none of my creditors have been satisfied.

I have previously observed that Coup had only 900 of these Memoirs in his possession, of which 5000 had been printed. I proceed to mention what became of the remaining ones. My credulous husband, profuse of confidence, notwithstanding he had been formerly deceived by a man who, pretending to be a capital merchant, found means to engage M. de la Motte to trust him with these Memoirs, as well French as English, which he would dispose of

in merchandize to his correspondents, in different countries, from whence he should in a short time receive remittances.

M. de la Motte, though formerly deceived, yet gave him his confidence, and delivered to him 909 French Memoirs, valued at a guinea each ; 389 English at half that sum ; and Detection, or Scourge, for Calonne ; and for all of which we never received a farthing. This man's wife, upon whom I took some pity, remained in my house during the time of the execution, under the specious pretext of rendering me service. Alas ! what service did she render me ! Small miniature paintings of great value ; some valuable articles, to the amount of 40 or 50 guineas, she put into her pocket ; and when I reclaimed these effects, she made me a most audacious and impertinent reply, that when M. de la Motte should pay them, they would then give an account—unparalleled audacity of these wretches, whose own misery and poverty should have taught them more of feeling and humanity. Ungrateful return from those, who when unable to pay their lodging, or procure the common necessaries of subsistence, and involved in every concomitant misery

ery that can afflict human beings, I have assisted with wine and money, and a variety of other necessaries ; yet have these people the audacity, forsooth, to palm themselves upon the credulous as people of property. This is the recompence I have received for my kindness ; but against their injustice I have no remedy ; they have no property ; and I am heartily sick of having any business with attorneys, who have already had too much to do with my unfortunate husband, who was always a loser.

In the mean time, six or seven others, who were considerably indebted to my husband, have constantly evaded coming to any settlement ; and when they have been requested, they have continually shut their doors against me. Thus have I been uniformly harassed, and unable to recover my right.

Mr. Ridgway, who was the Publisher of all these Memoirs, had, upon supposition, about 400 ; he sold them for about 180 livres sterling ; these were about 80 livres expence. I have scarce received above 100 pieces, and I have remaining of 8000, 800 French and 300 English, for which I have received no money.

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I am fearful that this minute and uninteresting detail will tire the patience of my Reader ; but I conceived it a duty, in justification of my husband, and in vindication of myself, to give some small proofs to shew, that if we have been unfortunate, we have not been dishonest. If we have fallen among thieves who have stripped us of all we had ; among sharpers, who, availing themselves of my husband's credulity, and of our distressed circumstances, have fattened upon our destruction, and deprived us of the means of satisfying the demands of our injured creditors ; we shall surely be entitled to the pity of the humane, who will join with us in lamenting that our honest intentions are great, while our ability is nothing.

I forget my own misfortunes, while I reflect on the losses I may innocently have occasioned to others ; some of whom may possibly suppose that I would not be honest if I had the ability. This imputation tears my heart ; and to demonstrate the goodness of my intentions, I now guide my pen, that the profits resulting from the publication of this work may be appropriated to the discharge of my husband's creditors ; that they may derive comfort from
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this record of my misfortunes, and that even my miseries may be advantageous to others.

In the month of April my husband took his departure for France; and after having run through different countries, he arrived at Paris on the 18th of August; while I remained in England, in patient resignation, to await whatever destination the wisdom of Providence should allot me; but one misfortune scarcely disappeared when another instantly arose. Such has been uniformly my destiny through the whole course of my life.

Very soon after this execution was levied against me, my servant Angelica, who had got into bad company, was advised to sue for her wages, and persuaded to sue to the amount of twenty guineas. She applied to an attorney, who threatened me with an arrest. I had given her a certificate of her character and qualifications; and as she is well able to work, I have no doubt but she might, nay, she since has been able to procure a very good place; for her I have done already much; as much more as I can do, consistent with her circumstances and mine, I am also ready to do; and I am sorry

to remark that some persons have availed themselves of this girl's simplicity, to serve interested purposes, and make her an instrument to distress her mistress. God forgive those whom I speak of, for I will not dignify the unworthiness of these wretches by mentioning their names, though public contempt would naturally follow.

All my creditors deserve my attention; but, do they know, that nothing could give me so much transport as the idea of being able, from a point of honour, for by that alone I am bound to the discharge of my debts. As such are the real sentiments of my soul, I cannot help deprecating the want of candour of those who advise even my very servants to exert their utmost to insult, and perplex me.

Alas! I have no secret resources, nor means sufficient to support even the exigencies of obscurity. I that am nobly descended, that have been the favorite of a Queen, that have basked in the sunshine of affluence, and felt the smiles of distinction, am now nothing; and were it not for the benevolence of some respectable characters, I might probably be reduced to the
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dire necessity of returning to my former mean situation, of imploring the charity of every passing stranger. One of these ladies whom I speak of, born also unfortunate, was, by the reverse of fortune, by the troubles of her parents, necessitated to withdraw from where she lived, and where they possessed a noble estate; and come over to England, dependent for support on the precarious subsistence her own industrious exertions might afford.

This kind friend, who was above a year and a half with me in the same convent, when we were both infinitely happier, by chance met me in England. We were both unfortunate, and my situation and our former friendship, induced her to render me all the services of a worthy and generous friend. It is thus that Providence has never totally abandon'd me; but has constantly sweetened the bitter cup of Misery, of which I have drank so deep, with some cordial drops of consolation, which has prolonged my days, and enabled me to go through my history; in which I hope to leave an example of patience and resignation, in supporting the ills of life.

What may be my destiny, what futurity may bring forth, I cannot tell; but it is to me a comfortable reflection, that this country is an asylum from the persecution of my enemies, and that its inhabitants are generous and impartial. For me the blessings of life have no taste; I have found its pleasures evanescent, and its woes severe. I have but one wish, the most ardent desire of my heart; it is to see my unfortunate husband reinstated, and restored to his right, so most unjustly withheld; and that the nation of whom he demands justice will deign to hear his defence without that partiality which formerly disgraced their decision.

I hope in Heaven, that these unjust laws may be abolished, that the King will banish every species of abuse, and that he will make his kingdom the residence of justice. Oh, Prince, abused by evil-minded courtiers, if thou hast at heart the good of thy people, exert thyself for the advantage of thy realm—See with thine own eyes, hear with thine own ears, and spurn with indignation those lettres de cachet which have poisoned the affections of thy people, which have been the destruction of so many ancient and honourable families, sul-
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lied the justice of thy laws, and even shook the pillars of thy throne.

Is it necessary to paint to the English Reader the pernicious consequences of these odious lettres de cachet to raise his indignation? Alas! the evils are so numerous, so extensive, that I scarce know where to begin. I shall, therefore, only slightly glance at one or two instances that have come within my own knowledge, to gratify that curiosity which I may have in some degree excited—they are circumstances which will at once affect their sensibility, and raise their indignation,

Some years ago, in the parish of Saint Sulpice, lived the widow of old Du Gue Mercier, about 34 years of age; she was left without any child, and with an ample support. This woman was frequently visited by the Abbe du Pleffis. In this same house lodged a poor family of the same name, consisting of a Chevalier of St. Louis, his wife and five children, all of whom lay on the straw; this poor Knight having only a pension of eight Louis to support the dignity of his order, and the more pressing and immediate claims of a wife and children.

dren. M. le Gris, a worthy priest of the same parish, who was in the habit of personally enquiring into the circumstances of the distressed, and seconding his enquiries by charitable and generous donations, every month took a complete list of all the poor in that parish,

As this benevolent man was one day in quest of a poor family whom he had long supported, he mistook the house, and opening the door of the apartment, surprized the Chevalier, his wife and children, all together upon the straw.— Struck with compassion at the sight, he apologized for his mistake, and departed; but still the scene which had so affected him was present to his mind. This worthy man did not rest, till, by minute enquiries, he had ascertained the circumstances of this distressed family; and the next day gave 25 Louis to the Abbe du Pleffis, who was charged with the duty of visiting in one of the quarters of the parish, for the use of the Chevalier; but the Abbe du Pleffis disappointed the charitable intention of the donor, and instead of giving this sum to the poor Chevalier, presented it to his mistress, La Merciere, at whose expence he had been frequently entertained.

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In the mean time the Abbe le Gris, believing it his duty to make a second visit to this poor family, whom he now, from his generosity, expected to find more comfortable; and actuated by the wish of enjoying that pleasure which a good heart feels, in being a spectator of that happiness it communicates to others, this worthy Abbe was not a little astonished to find this family in the same distress, and more so at learning that they had received nothing from the base Abbe du Plessis.

The Chevalier de St. Louis recollecting that there was in the house a person of the same name, concluded that the Abbe must have made a mistake; but M. le Gris was persuaded it must have been intentional; he accordingly instantly set out in quest of the Abbe du Plessis, whom he asked if he had given the 25 Louis to that poor family? This villain, with unblushing impudence, instantly replied that he had, and to corroborate his assertion, produced a receipt signed du Gué. The pious M. le Gris was deceived, and not a little exasperated at the poor Chevalier, whom he suspected to be guilty of such deceit.

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In the mean time, this villain du Pleffis, fearful of being discovered, hurries away to the Police, to the house of one Clement, an Exempt of that department, and his acquaintance, who, with the assistance of the Secretary, instantly prepared a lettre de cachet against the unfortunate Chevalier; in consequence of which the Exempts of the Police were let slip in pursuit of their prey. But Providence miraculously interfered; it fortunately happened, that while this plot was hatching the good Abbe le Gris discovered the treachery of du Pleffis; he did not however suffer his indignation to get the better of his understanding; he was resolved to have good proof to warrant his conduct; he first went to M. du Gué, and desired to see some of his writing, from which he was convinced that the Chevalier had not signed the receipt; he next had the precaution to go to the widow du Gué Merciere, whom he obliged to confess the whole, that the Abbe du Pleffis had given her 25 Louis, but that she had given him no receipt.

Armed with these incontestible proofs of the villainy of du Pleffis, the good Abbe du Gris hastened to relieve the unfortunate Chevalier from

from the imminent danger which threatened him. He instantly took a coach, which conveyed him to the Police, where the Secretary informed him, that the Exempts of the Police were then almost at the house, to conduct the poor Chevalier to the prison. Upon the information of the good Abbe, the Secretary dispatched a messenger, who found, at the entrance of the street, the poor Chevalier du Gué in a hackney-coach, going to be conveyed for life to the Bicetres.

The good Abbe instantly hastened to the relief of his disconsolate wife, whom he found stretched out upon the straw, and fainting, with her children weeping round her; it was a picture that would interest a heart of stone.— The Abbe le Gris needed not a scene so tragic to interest his feelings; he was struck at the scene; but the pleasure he enjoyed at converting the house of Misery into the abode of Happiness, can only be felt by those possessed of equal sensibility. This good man, charged like a messenger from Heaven with glad tidings of great joy, raised the disconsolate wife, comforted the weeping children, and had the unspeakable satisfaction of restoring a father and a husband,

husband, not only to life; but the means of enjoying it; for the generous Abbe exceeded the narrow bounds of simple charity, and augmented the pension to the amount of 700 livres, took care of the children, and three years afterwards bequeathed to the mother and her family 200 Louis.

The Abbe du Plessis was chased out of the parish by the enraged populace; but without the charitable interference of the Abbe le Gris, what would have been the melancholy catastrophe?—By this very lettre de cachet the innocent Chevalier would have been confined for life; and the prop which supported his wife and children being torn away—that wife, these children—but I will proceed no farther.

The Police pays no attention to the character or cause of complaint of the party demanding the lettre de cachet; it is enough that it is demanded, whether by a valet who has some pique against his master, or any other envious or malicious wretch, who chuses to gratify the base passion of envy or malice. The prisons of France are full of victims.

To

To mention another instance.—The Countess de Balby was discovered by her husband in too great intimacy with the Marquis de J——, M. de Balby, naturally passionate, immediately drew his sword ; and Madame de Balby, in attempting to hold his arm, received a slight wound. The two rivals fought, and one of them was slightly wounded. The next day Madame de Balby went to her relations with grievous complaints, and every body thought she would be spiteful enough to procure a lettre de cachet to confine her husband ; their suppositions were well-founded ; the report circulated through Paris, that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a lettre de cachet ; that even MONSIEUR would make it his own business.

M. de Balby hearing of this, very fortunately made his escape to the house of Madam Buffy, his sister, where he was discovered six months after, and conducted to Les Peres de St. Lazare ; where, as soon as he was a little recovered, he was transported to Les Peres de la Charité, at Charenton ; from whence, about six months after, he recovered his senses, and found means to escape over the wall. Four months after, he had the misfortune to be retaken,

taken, and sent back to Salcussi, where, they say, he expired in a paroxysm of passion. This unnatural conduct of Madam de Balby did not fail to create her a number of enemies ; but it was not her unfortunate husband only who fell a victim to the arm of Power ; numerous, indeed, beyond the narrow scope of my recollection, are those who have groaned unheard under the weight of injustice and oppression, directed, I am sorry to say, by the machinations of my own sex, from whose aspersions even my own character has severely suffered.

All the four convents where I have been are crowded with these unfortunate women, who can scarce tell the reason why they are confined ; and three parts of them, by ruminating on their unfortunate situation, lose their senses, and absolutely become idiots.

But I will mention another instance, which came within my own knowledge, during my confinement in the Salpetriere. Within the walls of this hospital, which was formerly destined for the reception of orphans, there are four prisons ; one to confine prostitutes ; another, the Salpetriere, destined for those who
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are confined for life; the third, which they term the prison; and the fourth a house of correction. In this prison are confined many unfortunate wives, who, when they become burthensome, their villainous husbands have nothing more to do than to procure lettres de cachet, and here they are confined. The house of correction is to receive those children who have disobliged their parents, as well as those unfortunate girls whom the officers of the Police think proper to send thither, in consequence of the malignant applications either of servants, or the Exempts of the Police, who have an antipathy to any of their female neighbours.

Some are poor girls of different hospitals who are supposed to have caballed against their confessors. Priests, who under a specious veil of religion, have conspired against these unfortunate females. But to give a slight hint, in order to show how the subjects of France are subservient to the arbitrary principles of Ministers of State, and the animosity and envy of Priests, who are at the bottom of all mischief, I shall beg leave to relate the following instance:

A young woman of Saint Denis, tall and elegantly proportioned, was patronized warmly by the virtuous Madam Neckar, who, being an orphan on both sides, charitably took care of her during her infancy; and, after having given her a very good education, placed her, when about the age of sixteen, as femme de chambre to MADAME. Such recommendation from Madam Neckar, such countenance as she received from MADAME, added to her youth and beauty, excited a most incredible jealousy and animosity amongst the other femmes de chambre towards this poor young creature, whose superior accomplishments rendered her an object of envy; they conspired together, and devised every possible means to remove her, by ruining her character in the estimation of MADAME. They began by insinuating that she listened eagerly to the pleasantries and caresses of the Comte d'Artois; at another time, that she was encircled by the King's guards. Disappointed, however, in these efforts, and finding that their insinuations made no impression on MADAME, their malignity was redoubled; and, determined at all events upon her ruin, they contrived to write many anonymous letters against MADAME, which they placed upon her toilet; and taking advantage

- Advantage of the innocent victim, they unanimously accused Mademoiselle Alexandrienne, the favourite of Madame Neckar, as the writer of these letters. MADAME carried these complaints to the Baron de Breteuil, without mentioning her name positively, but that her femmes de chambre had suspected her.

This poor girl, acquainted with what had passed, and greatly terrified, consulted her enemies, these femmes de chambre, on what was best to be done. These harpies affected to pity her situation; and they so far succeeded, that MADAME, who had been very fond of her, determined to send her back to her relations at Saint Dennis. "Never mind," said these false ones, "the storm will soon blow over, and MADAME will forget all."

This poor girl went away in the month of July, and wrote letters incessantly to her false friends, the femmes de chambre, whom she innocently expected would exert their influence to reinstate her in the good opinion of MADAME. At length she received a letter desiring her appearance at Fontainebleau, to explain herself relative to what had passed, at the same

X 2

time

time encouraging and persuading her that all would be for the best,

Upon receipt of this deceitful epistle, she came with confidence to Fontainebleau, and, suspecting nothing, went to the Baron de Breteuil, who listened to her story, and pretended to reason with her and speak kindly. "There," said he, "there is a letter to the Governess of a Convent, to which my Secretary will accompany you; MADAME is not yet recovered from the impression she has against you, but if the Superior to whom I now send you shall approve of your behaviour, of which I shall take care to inform myself, I will present her letter to MADAME, who will not fail to reinstate you in her good graces."

The poor innocent unsuspecting victim, deceived by his fallacious promise, and even pleased with the ideal letter of recommendation, was conducted to the Hospital, which she took for a convent, and delivered her letter, which was to the following purport :

"I recommend to you, Madam Superior, this poor girl, whom I send by my Secretary."

This

This Secretary was however known by Madam Victoir as an Exempt of the Police.—“Very well,” replied she to the Exempt, and called sister Martha, who is Superior to the four prisons. This poor creature was then taken to the horrid house of correction, where these avaricious sisters stripped her of all her cloaths, and dressed her in the unsightly habit of this horrible prison.

I was myself in my dungeon upon the arrival of this poor innocent, whose cries pierced me to the heart, as they recalled to my mind that cursed day when I was conducted to this odious mansion; but my reflections were yet more embittered, when one of the sisters, who respected and reposed almost an entire confidence in me, recited the story of this unfortunate girl; she told me also that one of the sisters, with intent to compose her, and reconcile her to her condition, remarked, that I, whom every body supposed to be innocent and of noble birth, was confined in the next prison for my life; to which this young victim replied—“The misfortune of one can never cure the miseries of another.”

This girl was very poor at her entrance into this prison, having no money, nor cloaths, but what she had upon her back, and was obliged, as a task, to make half a shift every day.— About fifteen years ago, the prisoners used to be whipped twice a day ; but some pious sister abolished this barbarous discipline, and substituted that of working at the needle. If they do not perform the task assigned, the sisters cause them to be exposed on their knees with the yellow cornet, in the midst of the other prisoners,

This poor Alexandrienne did not long survive her cruel confinement, but died in March, 1787, a spectacle of misery, preyed on by the most wretched disorders, hunger and despair ; and many of the sisters informed me, that she has rejected her confession, not being able to pardon those, who, wearing the appearance of women, singled her out as the defenceless victim of their jealousy,

In this same House of Correction is another woman, of a very amiable character, who also attracted the attention of Mr. Tillet ; she has had the offer of going to a convent, which she
rejected

rejected, choosing rather to do penance with the other penitents in this House of Correction. This woman is of a sweet disposition, and of manners engaging and attractive; her husband, confined in the Bicetres, has, through the kind and earnest intercessions of M. Tillet, been removed from his first dungeon, where he was almost up to his neck in water, and that during the Winter season.

I know that these instances of barbarity, which I have just recited, will stagger the belief, and excite the indignation of the English Reader: he will scarce believe that the French, who pass for a polite, sensible, and humane people, can be guilty of such enormous injustice, such savage barbarity!—Alas! what I have related is a relation of simple facts, too well authenticated to admit of doubt; and in this country of France, so polished, so humane, we were surrounded on all sides with dungeons ready to swallow us up, with engines of oppression too formidable, too strong for individuals to resist, and which required the whole force of a nation, gloriously struggling in the cause of human nature, to combat, and eventually destroy.

One word more concerning the opprobrious injustice of lettres de cachet, and I shall drop the subject. I had been scarce a week in the Bastile, when M. de la Motte's sister, Madame de la Tour, hearing of my unexpected detention, waited upon M. de Launay at his house, and enquired if she could not be permitted to see me; the Governor advised her to wait upon the Minister, M. de Breteuil; she was scarce departed, when this very Governor dispatched two Exempts of the Police to follow her close to the Hotel de St. Esprit, in the street of St. Antoine, not a great distance from the Bastile, who said they came to conduct her thither to see me; she believed, and followed them; when upon her arrival, my unfortunate sister found the doors shut and bolted upon her, without any cause assigned.

In two or three days after this, Madame de la Tour desired to speak to the Governor, of whom she demanded, if he knew on what account she was detained in the Bastile? He replied, "that he knew very little about the business of his prisoners; that he had orders to receive them, and that was all." This was all the answer my unfortunate sister-in-law could procure

procure for six months confinement in the Bastille, where she would probably have yet remained, but for the advice of the King's Lieutenant, the Chevalier du Puget, who recommended her to apply to M. de Cremar, Intendant to MONSIEUR. During her confinement, her husband and her three children were almost inconsolable for her loss, as a better mother, or more affectionate wife, perhaps no where existed.

I shall now drop this subject with this single remark, that the Baron de Breteuil sought every means to convince the Cardinal's family, that he was neither my friend, nor commanded by the Queen to act against the Cardinal.— For me, unprotected and alone, if the Queen had not herself interfered, I must have inevitably perished. If I could have conveyed my situation to her Majesty, who is yet ignorant of what passed, surely she would not have suffered me to have been thus cruelly treated; but she has been weak and irresolute; she has been led astray by those vipers, the Polignacs, who trembled lest she should repose any confidence in the Cardinal, and were jealous of her attachment to me. It is they, and they alone, who have poi-
soned

soned the good opinion of her Majesty against the Cardinal and her confident.

This sudden and unexpected imprisonment of my sister-in-law, so intimidated all my friends, that they scarce even dared to visit her, not even M. Doillet ; so that when Madame de la Tour was liberated from this unjust captivity; she even scarce dared to receive M. Doillet, whom she told how very much she had been mortified, for only presenting herself at the Bastile, and desiring to see me. From this æra Madame de la Tour never dared even to write me a letter ; the idea of the Bastile was ever present to her imagination ; and much against her inclination was she restrained from fulfilling those natural duties, which her heart as well as her situation pointed out as such ; she was restrained from distinguishing her brother and his wife with those natural marks of affection which she wished to pay ; because by following the dictates of Nature in one sense, she risked the safety of her husband in the other ; and the latter was the stronger obligation of the two. Yet it was not Madame de la Tour alone ; many other friends, whom I had patronized in the day of prosperity, now
all

all avoided me as a pestilence—my name, any communication with me, was abhorred as a contagion; but I will suppose that fear, and the treatment of Madame de la Tour, produced this change; for I will not believe they would otherwise have forsaken me; such a tormenting supposition would be mingling gall in my cup of misery, which is already too much filled with bitterness.

I wish from my heart I could with propriety pass over the conduct of some other persons, as well relations as apparent friends, whom I have most essentially served; and who ought, therefore, to have been more strongly guided by the ties of gratitude, though they will not now bestow even the poor consolation of a single line.

The English are much deceived, if they think those warm professions of attention and regard which characterize the French people, have sincerity for their basis. But why should I make a distinction which every man of the world must daily observe—that it is to circumstances alone, to the power the party has of obliging, that they conceive him worthy their acquaintance,

ance, and estimate the person only as he seems necessary to their interest. Would I could with truth retract what I have said ; but I have experienced the truth of the doctrine of that great philosopher the Duke de Rochefoucault, " that self-interest is the grand principle of human action."

Is it possible that any proof carry more conviction, or be stronger than this ? And could my Judges doubt for a single moment, that there were intrigues subsisting between the Cardinal and the Queen ?—It is, surely, impossible. After every thing that passed, they certainly supposed, that the unfortunate Valois would be supported by the Queen, whom she had served with so much respect and fidelity. Can it be possible that any Judges, who were men of education, in their professional capacity, should not be able to discover and separate the consistent concatenations of Truth from the flimsy, disjointed allegations of Falsehood ?—I cannot believe it ; however they might appear to shut their eyes against the conviction, and fortify their ears against the voice of Truth.

Let

Let me intreat my Readers for a moment to pay attention to the Cardinal's own petition to the Parliament, that they would scan his conduct impartially. Should they accede to this request, so apparently plausible, will they not find the most palpable contradictions? Will they not see the Cardinal's defence? And it certainly will be remarked, that a man thus accused would avail himself of every advantage his situation and circumstances could afford him. Will they not see, I say, and I claim only that impartiality which the Cardinal, my accuser, himself demands—will they not see those very intrigues between the Cardinal and the Queen demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt? So consistent is truth; so difficult is falsehood, that those who have recourse to its support, are ever involved in the snares they are most solicitous to shun.

Though I have already given ample proofs, and more than are necessary for my Justification, yet as some of my allegations have been misunderstood, and others perverted, even by my Judges, in a Court of Justice, I hope I shall be indulged in recapitulating some of the most glaring inconsistencies.

The

The Cardinal insists that he sent the Jewellers with a concerted letter to the Queen, to which her Majesty replied, "What would these people have?—And further, in speaking of acknowledgments, &c. But this answer pretending it was made by the Queen—if, as the Cardinal has said in his defence, that he had no correspondence with her Majesty, and that I was singly charged by the Queen to deceive him, by any artifice I could possibly suggest, yet how came he to be so easily deceived in saying that he had seen the Queen in the park of Versailles. I would then ask him if he was really in his proper senses to believe such an absurdity?—I must further ask, respecting the answer which he pretended the Queen made, if really the Cardinal has received no intelligence of that answer, for I will declare, and I would declare it as truth to the last moment of my existence, that he knew it.

But for a moment supposing the reverse, is it in the least probable, that the Cardinal's confidence should not have been shaken? Is it at all conceivable, if I had told him, as he has insinuated, that I, having the strongest apprehensions that the Queen was informed I had

had buzzed it abroad that I had interviews with her, and, fearing her vengeance, I had entreated that I might be concealed at his house, with which his natural frankness, at my earnest request, had induced him to comply, is it not very extraordinary that this Cardinal, this dupe of my-deception, should afford an asylum in his own house to that very person, whom, according to this new fabricated story, he ought to reject and punish? But, on the contrary, he takes her into his own house, as the best security for her safety.

His friend Cagliostro then comes in to open the eyes of the Cardinal. “ I assure you, Prince,” says this mountebank, “ that you are deceived by this woman; it is she who has represented another woman for the Queen—Believe me—state that to the Police—that woman is certainly guilty. But no, the Cardinal was *immoveable*; he could not persuade himself, that a woman whom he had so signally served, could possibly be guilty of such notorious injustice against her benefactor. •

Let us now examine into the depositions of Bassanges—*Certainly, he deposes, the Countess de la*

la Motte was the mediatrix between the Cardinal and the Queen ; that the Cardinal transacted nothing but through her agency. Notwithstanding this absolute and positive deposition, Bassanges afterwards asks the Cardinal, if he was quite certain that I, who was the person employed by both parties, had not deceived them both? that is Bassanges and the Cardinal.

But (continues the Cardinal) it is very plain then that Bassanges was informed by Madame de la Motte herself, that she had interviews with the Queen, and that she made the first overtures towards the negociation. But there is yet another person who comes in to the support of poor Cagliostro. The Cardinal knew the Queen's answer ; yet the Cardinal still preserves his credulity ; his confidence is not in the least diminished ; he would much rather believe Madame de la Motte incapable of deceiving him.

These things ought not to have escaped the attention of my Judges. What follows is yet much stronger. What can be said against my husband, who never saw, or had any communication with the Queen? What were his fears? Why did the Cardinal receive him so cordially ?

cordially? Nay, why so anxiously detain him? And why, when the Cardinal was apprized by Bassanges of her Majesty's answer, in the beginning of July, and he cannot say that he wanted either time or opportunity, why did he not, I say, procure the Queen's writing to confront, and the letters and proofs, that it might be ascertained whether they were really the Queen's own hand-writing.

When the former, seeing the approbation, observed that the writing was counterfeit, the Cardinal repeated the same. Yet, does it not appear extremely unaccountable, after all these accusations which the Cardinal has lodged against me, that he should not only take me into his house, but also my husband, and even my femme de chambre, and that my husband should go from his house, after having, however, as they pretend, solicited the Cardinal to suffer him to remain there; and that as soon as he could make his escape from the Cardinal's Hotel, where consonant to the counsels of his friend Cagliostro, he was detained as a prisoner, as if fearful of nothing, he should appear at the Palais Royale; that he should dine in company with many of his friends, and return to

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fetch

fetch me from the Cardinal's house? My femme de chambre was already at my house.

Next day at seven in the afternoon, the 6th of August, three days before my detention, the day I recovered my liberty, I took an airing in my coach at eleven o'clock in the morning, to make some purchases, walked to the Palais Royale, and also on Saturday at noon. I received during the short interval, between twelve and seven in the evening, when we departed for our country house, at Bar-sur-Aube, no less than three notes from the Cardinal, written with a pencil; notes containing the kindest enquiries, and many complimentary and respectful expressions, which were preserved among my papers at the Bastille.

From hence it will plainly appear that the Cardinal was not alarmed at my departure; since he knew very well that I had a country-house, and that every thing which Bassanges and Cagliostro had deposed, was preconcerted between them, that they might be all in the same story. Surely my Judges should have contrasted the uniformity of my allegations with the prevaricating depositions of my opponents.

nents, who contradicted each other, and advanced the most palpable absurdities.

After having slightly glanced at these contradictions, at absurdities so palpably incoherent, I must notice, that though submitted to the inspection of the Assembly, it was decided that I, a poor, weak, and defenceless female, was the sole author of these complicated intrigues; and I have undergone the punishment for all; it was supposed that I have forged all the letters between the Cardinal and the Queen; that I only have diminished 200,000 to 160,000 livres; that I have contrived to pay 30,000 for the interest in the month of July; that I contrived the scene of Oliva in the garden; that I alone have wrote, or caused to be written 200 letters; and lastly, that I should affirm I would bring a payment to the Jewellers the first of October following. Is it possible that I could singly have managed such a complicated intrigue; that I should have so long carried on my manœuvres, that so many persons should have been the dupes of my deception? Yet, notwithstanding all these things, if I had been conscious of guilt, is it not extraordinary that I should depart in August for my country

Y 2

house.

house. I would demand what, supposing I had really been guilty, I should have been inclinable to do at such a juncture? And, I would particularly demand, if a person conscious of any degree of guilt, would wait the event with such manifest unconcern? When the King's people found me, notwithstanding I was acquainted with the Cardinal's imprisonment in the Bastile, so perfectly indifferent, so ready to believe the story they told me, and to follow them to the Baron de Breteuil's. Had I been guilty, I could not for a moment have doubted the purport of such a message, the truth of which my husband also believed, because we were alike blameless. He also resolved to accompany me, and prepared himself for that purpose. His cabriolet even was then ready and in waiting; but he is not suffered to go—he is requested to remain—the people of the place might have some suspicions; and to prevent them from paying any attention to the departure of the wife, the husband is advised to remain, to wait the return of his wife, who would not be detained at farthest longer than four days.

Thus we find the husband was never suspected of guilt, yet he is condemned; they deprive

prive him of his property ; they even attempt to assassinate him. Injustice—accumulated injustice. This appears in every point of view ; for every person knows that the accused, the husband and his wife, are absolutely found at their country house, in the most perfect security, paying visits, and enjoying their customary amusements ; it is incontrovertibly proved, that instead of having gone abroad with the necklace, as suggested in the infamous accusation, they are found in the happiness of domestic security, and unsuspecting innocence, at their own house.

Had we, indeed, taken that advice with which Cagliostro had poisoned the Cardinal's good understanding ; had we precipitately absconded, our flight might have been deemed a presumption of guilt, or, at least, given a colour for suspicion. But what justice have we received !—To what a distressing dilemma are we reduced !—If we fly, we are suspected of guilt ; and if we stay, our innocence is still doubted. Under such unfortunate circumstances, even if error has guided our footsteps, will candour pardon the involuntary offence ?

Y 3

My

My husband offers, nay, begs to accompany his wife; the King's people refuse this just and natural request; but why do they refuse it?—They are afraid the intrigues of the Court should be discovered—his presence is not necessary—his absence is requested; and for this the most plausible, though fallacious reasons are given.

In the mean time, rumors are industriously circulated, and, disgrace to human nature, by his own relations! But the object of their machinations are self-evident; they covet his property; and, therefore, suggest dangers where none are to be apprehended. And according to the narrow-minded Police of France, innocence is no safeguard from suspicion, nor protection against the punishment that should be annexed to real guilt.

Relations upon the spot envy our possessions, and conjure up apprehensions to facilitate the accomplishment of their unworthy purposes. My husband departs, and they rush in with rapacious avidity to riot on the spoils of his house, and revel upon the wreck of his fortune. My husband departs, and the Court no longer
dreads

dreads the darkness of its intrigues being exposed to public view. The moment this end is attained, the misjudging multitude pronounce him a fugitive, and condemn him as a guilty man. Nay, in their eagerness to prejudge, these exclaimers have suppressed more than half the truth; they have not told the world, that this very fugitive demanded leave to accompany his wife; that himself and his equipage were both prepared for that purpose; nor have they said that they advised him to depart, and then condemned him for being governed by their advice.

Yet even after his departure, this same fugitive devised every possible means to come to Paris, and be confined in the same prison with his wife. But this offer did not accord with the malignant intentions of his enemies; nothing less than his life could quiet their fears and satisfy their revenge; they had before attempted to murder his reputation, and now they were determined on the sacrifice of his person. At one time the murderous steel was to unshroud the current of life; and at another, the merciless ocean was to be the grave of his misery.

Y 4

Again,

Again, they accuse him of having carried away not only his own, but also his wife's jewels; yet this same thief leaves not only his jewels, but his house, his furniture, and all his property, to be preyed on by his barbarous relations, who kept possession of all by the same unjust means that they had originally acquired it, by destroying the reputation of their relation, by the most calumniating falsehoods; inattentive to the honor of their family, and that while they were laying wealth into one scale, they were more than counterbalancing it by a weight of infamy in the other; for while they enriched themselves, they were destroying the reputation of their family.

They have spread it abroad that my husband was gone to England with my jewels and his own; and from hence it was concluded that he had embezzled the necklace; for, say they, taking his own diamonds would have been nothing, but absconding with those of his wife, constitutes his conviction. But who will say at this day, and, surely, the most confirmed in infamy will not dare to say it, that there was at that period any justice; if they assert that
there

there was, I will ask them where it was to be found? Was it amongst those Judges who condemned the innocent to expiate the crimes of the guilty?

But it is only by the assistance of false witnesses, of mercenary evidence, that I have been condemned; and the serpent who stung me to the heart was a Monk, Father E'Hote Mimme. This man's Convent was directly opposite to my house; and this dextrous hypocrite, under various pretexts and obliging offers, wished to scrape an acquaintance; it was in vain that I denied him; he would not easily be repulsed; and being frequently employed as a kind of agent for many people in the neighbourhood, this very officious man, whom not only on account of his officiousness, but his order, I ought to have distrusted, wrote many letters to my husband, finding that I paid no attention to those he had written to me; he informed him that he had a most beautiful diligence to dispose of for a Count, who then lived near the Palais Royale, if he could get a good price for it. My husband went with him to see it, but they could not agree about the purchase. From this moment he never ceased
coming

coming to my house. During the first year, this man, by way of rendering himself necessary, pretended that as my husband and I were both young people, it was necessary that we should have some trusty person to superintend the rest of the domestics; he then mentioned the name of the Count and his wife, of whom I shall speak hereafter. There were some people, indeed, who spoke of him as a man deserving confidence, and having no other motive than merely the pleasure of obliging young people, who might be imposed upon by their Stewards.

In evil hour I suffered myself to be persuaded by this man, in whom I reposed but too much confidence; he superintended every thing in the house; and when I went into the country, he had all the keys, and the care of paying my servants. In short, he had the disposal of every thing for nearly the space of two years,

In the year 1784, wishing to recompence this Monk for his trouble and attention, I mentioned his name to the Cardinal, whom I begged to provide for him. Persuaded by my earnest solicitations in his behalf, the Cardinal consented to procure him the honor of preaching

ing at the Chapel of Versailles before the King at Easter, though his Majesty has always discovered a most pointed aversion to Monks.

Notwithstanding all the Cardinal's objections, I did not give up the cause of this man. At length the Cardinal yielded, and appointed a day for this Monk to preach before the Abbe Gorgel, the Cardinal's Grand Vicar. The Abbe's opinion, however, counterbalanced the influence which till that period I had ever had with the Cardinal; and he had the strongest antipathy to the person I recommended. The Cardinal came to see me, and communicated to me the Abbe Gorgel's apprehensions that this Monk would displease the King,

It was always my disposition to be a zealous friend; and I cannot say but I felt myself a little hurt, that the Abbe Gorgel's prejudice should counterpoise my recommendation. I therefore applied to the Queen, communicating to her my chagrin at finding I had so little influence with the Cardinal. Her Majesty commanded that my protégée should preach—in consequence of this, a few days before Easter the Cardinal retired into the country, under pretence

pretence of indisposition, to keep this festival at his seat of Couvrai, but the truth was, that he was really under apprehensions of being reprimanded by the King: the Queen, however, took upon her the protection of the monk, and all went on very well; he preached before the King, and from that moment he was ranked one of his Majesty's preachers—but this was not all; I was resolved to make his fortune, and he was well aware of the zeal with which I interested myself for that purpose; he knew very well too that the Cardinal detested him. At the time of my departure for my country house in the year 1785, I left him the sole management of the one in town, and money more than sufficient to pay all my debts.

I should not have mentioned the services I had done this man, were it not to contrast them with his subsequent ingratitude,—were it not to shew that monsters exist every where, but particularly amongst men of his order; after having kept back a great quantity of furniture, which he should have sent me to Bar-sur-Aube, on the 16th of August, the day after the Cardinal was arrested at Versailles, this disgrace to human nature conspired with Target, the Cardinal's

Cardinal's advocate, with whom he was well acquainted; he then sold my furniture upon the spot, near the Bastile—this is the first trait of this man's treachery and ingratitude;—he next went home to fetch my clock, and a watch valued at 25 Louis, which was left for some slight reparation, he took possession of at the same time; he did not pay half the money left him, but appropriated to himself not only the money, but a great part of the furniture,—because he acted in concert with the Cardinal's Advocate to complete my destruction:—not, however, content with these enormities, he went farther, endeavoured to create false witnesses, and particularly, amongst many others, to the house of a young person, named Colson, for whom I had formerly done some favours, and who, being an orphan, and born at Bar-sur-Aube, and in the same neighbourhood with my husband's family, I took compassion on received into my own house, and treated her with as much tenderness and respect as if she had been my own sister.—I also patronized her brother, about the same age, who had an inclination to be a Priest. I made no objection, but seconded his inclination, at the same time granting him a pension of 150 livres per annum, and procur-
 ed

ed him a grant of the same sum from my friend M. de la Luzerne, the Bishop of Langres, and sent him to the Seminary at Langres, where not only his cloaths and travelling expences were defrayed by me, but he was lodged for three months at my house. This young woman, nearly about two years before she was at my house, expressed a wish to enter her noviciate for taking the veil, I communicated this propensity to the Cardinal, who had seen her at my house; and his Eminence, in consequence of my recommendation, promised her 200 livres per annum.

I thus conducted my charge to the Ursulines of Versailles, where I had been previously to present her, and make the necessary arrangements relative to her pension, &c. But some months after, in consequence of her complaints that the rules of this Convent were too strict, I translated her to the Abbe Royal of Longchamps, where I had formerly been myself.— Still I was at a considerable expence on her account; but it was upon her arrival at this Convent that the Cardinal performed his promise, to make her acquainted with this Father L'hote Minime. I gave him the charge of receiving

ceiving this pension from the Cardinal, as for the use of this little Colson, as well as a written grant of this pension for her life; she soon afterwards threw aside the habit, and was married.

But this Father L'hote thinking to pursue his interest at the expence of his integrity, as soon as he heard of my misfortune, went in quest of this young woman, whom he addressed to the following purport: "I am persuaded, Madam, of your gratitude to the Prince de Rohan, who is at this day in a shocking predicament; and that you will say in a deposition, voluntarily, without being called upon, that you have frequently witnessed that Mad. de la Motte has received the Prince's money in parcels by three or four of his servants. Say too that she was extremely indigent before the 11th of September, 1784; and that from this moment her magnificence began to blaze forth, and continued the same to the last; and I must remark to you," added this monster, "that if you do not make a deposition in favour of the Prince, who has been your sincere friend, you will certainly lose your pension; for, if he loses his cause, he will no longer be able to
render

render you any service ;—but on the contrary, if he should gain it, and you should be instrumental to his success, he will considerably augment his former favours—won by these insinuations, this unthinking girl yielded at length, after the repeated visits and artful insinuations of this malignant monk, who at length found means to poison her integrity, and corrupt that grateful attachment to her benefactress which could not easily be shaken off. At length she became pliant to his purpose, particularly when he called religion to his aid, and told her, among other things, that God would reward her by the means of a man .(speaking of the Cardinal.)—“ I dont know,” said she innocently, “ what Father L’Hote wishes me to depose ; he desires me to affirm that I have heard these things frequently, and he wishes me to depose, that the Countess reposed her confidence in me ; that she was intimate with the Queen ; when indeed, I never knew any thing about this.”

All this was communicated to me, and when I was confronted with this young woman, she was very much confused, and could scarce lift up her eyes ; her deposition was then read, as well as her re-examination, wherein she says—

I am

I am mistaken in saying that the Countess placed in me such implicit confidence; that she told me she had seen the Queen; but I recollect that I have heard this said frequently by Father L'Hote—I have never seen any such persons as the Cardinal's servants to bring money, but I have heard these things asserted by Father L'Hote. I persist only in affirming this as the truth. "Very well my dear, replied I, but you have spoke this language in the Countess's house before ten people where you have said that all these things were insinuated by Father L'Hote and—" "Oh no, Madam," she faintly replied, though towards the conclusion she answered me more boldly and expressed her surprise, "Oh, good God, Madam, 'tis all false! for there could not have been more than six or seven persons present. At this plain confession I jumped from my seat and made M. Dupuis de Marcé take it down; she was quite overwhelmed with shame, but particularly that I had not given her time for recollection; she confessed what I said yet more emphatically, which I insisted should be exactly written for my eyes followed the Greffier's pen. Upon the article of my poverty, and receiving small sums from the Cardinal by servants, I chose to interrogate her, that I might prove the absurd inconsistency

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consistency of such insinuations. Have I not procured your brother a pension?—Have I not treated you as my own sister, have I not been at a very considerable expence on your account, her replies were all in the affirmative; 'twas all very true, she could not deny it. Had I not seven servants when I first took you and your brother under my protection—two horses, a cabriolet and a voiture hired by the month? It was true she said, I had done many services both for her and her brother, and she deposed that I had three femmes de chabmre and that my house and every thing about it was in a genteel stile. All these depositions but ill accorded with my receiving the small sum of four Louis from the Cardinal. At length, however, this young person confessed the diabolical machinations of this ungrateful Monk, whose villainy, though Dupuis de Marcé was sufficiently convinced of, yet he suffered my confrontation with this deponent; who having been so severely handled by me, concluded by such extravagant inconsistencies, assertions so very absurd, that even Dupuis de Marcé suddenly rose up with indignation and ordered Fremyn to give him four Louis, which he threw down upon the table, saying, “Get about your business.. Begone, I say, begone.”

begone." This was the same wretch who deposed that Villette was continually at my house writing, to give colourable suspicions that he had been a principal agent in forging the approbation and letter. This was insinuated to him by the Cardinal's advocate, because this person with whom I was supposed to have confederated, might chalk out that path as the best to exculpate the Cardinal of the necklace.

This same man went with La Porte, the advocate, to the house of Regnier, my jeweller, to entice him to make a deposition against me, that he had sold and set diamonds for us to a considerable amount; observing to him, that such procedure, on his part, would be very agreeable to the Cardinal and his family, who would most undoubtedly reward him. They further intreated him to suffer them to write a Memoir in his name for him to sign, observing that this Memoir would be entirely at their expence, which Regnier conscientiously refused. This person, who did business for Mr. Doillot's sister, my advocate, happening to be one day at his house, he took the opportunity of mentioning the different manœuvres of the Monk, of la Porte, and Achette, his father-

in-law, which he appeared extremely to reprobate.

I caused all this to be unreservedly confessed at my confrontation, though he hesitated and denied much at first, I insisted that M. Doillot's sister should appear ; this obliged him to confess all. But this perjured Monk had the audacity to take his oath that all was false, with the most grave and hypocritical tone. La Porte was obliged to brow-beat, but all to no purpose, as the proof yet remains.

This Father L'Hôte being threatened in the petition of the Cardinal from my domestics, I expressed a strong desire that they might be called ; for, added I, they will unanimously confess, they have been persecuted by Father L'Hôte, who has already prepared them to see my certain destruction, so that they can now have no hopes of being taken into my service ; and I was proceeding to prove my assertions ; but none of my people were suffered to come up, lest the public should be enabled to place all these assertions in the scale of impartiality. Had this been the case, the unfortunate Valois would have been pitied by all ; her countrymen
would

would have spurned the idea of submitting their opinions to the decisions of such partial Judges, who, having no regard for the truth, prostituted both their understanding and their integrity to bribery, corruption, and the influence of party ; while I, alas, whose cause was the cause of truth, single and unsupported, without friends, without the means of bribery, was overwhelmed by the means of corrupted power ; and this serpent, who, cherished once by my protection, darted his envenomed sting against me ; this iniquitous Monk, who embezzled my money and my watch, whom I so fatally countenanced, was detested in the Convent to which he belonged ; he therefore had no resource but from his friends without those walls, and friends whom he gained by servility and hypocrisy.— Never would I give credit to those numerous and disgraceful reports which were circulated against him. On the contrary, I warmly took his part, and accused those whom I have since found to be right in their assertions, as retailers of scandal, and influenced only by envy.

From the moment when he commenced one of the King's preachers, he declared that he was upon good terms with all his Order ; but

in this also, his regard for truth was equally conspicuous as in his depositions and subornations against me; for from the moment the fraternity were informed of such black ingratitude towards his benefactress, he was unanimously shunned, despised, and detested; his friends, his acquaintances, all forsook him; they avoided him as the dangerous viper, who will give a deadly sting to the bosom that cherishes it; and, in a short time, this solitary savage, perceiving the horrors of his situation, devised means to have an interview with one of the Chaplains of the Salpetriere, of whom he had the audacity to beg that he might be admitted as my Confessor. "No," replied this respectable man, whom I have before spoken of. "But I have certain means, calculated to make my peace with her, which you shall judge of yourself. I have the most sincere regret," continued this hypocrite, "at the Countess's unhappy situation; and I am sufficiently punished for my strong attachment to the Cardinal, to whom I have rendered essential service; and who has, indeed, promised that he will never abandon me; but I am left despised and abandoned by all the world. Lately," continued he, "as I was preaching at St. Paul's, scarce a week

week ago, I was obliged to descend from my pulpit, I was so much insulted by the populace; and another day, I could not finish the mass, so great a disturbance was made in the church. Thus abandoned, I am a lost man; and, therefore, intreat you, M. Abbe to have compassion on my situation, and to assure the Countess from me, that I heartily repent my conduct: as a proof of which, I beg leave to offer to restore her these 900 livres of money which I have of her's, as well as her watch."

The Abbe imparted to me the wishes of this hypocritical villain, which I disdained to hear; and earnestly requested the Abbe, from that moment never to mention the name of this monster!—a wretch who had violated every moral obligation,

I have since learned, however, and well authenticated as fact, that this Monk, forsaken by all his acquaintance, and whose life was, from his own confession, a most intolerable burthen, having made many applications to Target, the Cardinal's advocate, expressive of his miserable situation, and reminding him of the service he had rendered his client, has at length attained

the reward of successful villainy, and been recompensed for perjury by the post of one of the Brotherhood of the Knights of Island of Malta, dignified with the cross and habit, and lodged in the Temple at Paris.

Let not villainy despair, while Father L'Hote Minime lives decorated with the insignia of an Order, an example of the splendor and promotion of perjury and ingratitude. But it is possible that God, in whose eyes the good things of this world are of no estimation, sometimes bestows them on the worst of men, to shew how frequently they are prostituted, and how little they ought to be regarded, when the insignia of temporal grandeur not unfrequently decorates the most profligate and abandoned wretches ever pointed at by the finger of public contempt.

That the foundation on which I am condemned may more clearly appear, and that there never have been any proofs to justify the unjust judgment pronounced against me, a judgment founded only upon the falsities which have been advanced, falsities which will be instantly detected the moment they are submitted to the eyes of the Public, who have been witnesses

nesses to the disgrace both of myself and my husband, I shall make a few extracts from the arret.

It is asserted in the said petition of the Cardinal, joined to this same arret, in the declaration made concerning the Sicur Vilette and Madame de la Motte, in their last interrogatory and confrontation which have been there improperly spoken of, &c. to “ *In fine, from all the proof of the innocence of the said Cardinal resulting therefrom, as well as every thing concerning this process, in consequence doing right, upon the complaint of our Attorney-General, the said Cardinal was discharged from all impeachment, &c.*” the same page continues, “ And it was permitted to the said Cardinal de Rohan to cause to be printed and published, in order to notify the arret, where it shall be deemed necessary ; it was likewise ordered, that mention should be made in the margin of the said register of the intervening arret, when and where it should be necessary, and it shall be permitted the Cardinal to prove, as well by writing as by witnesses, the following justificatory pieces, *That Madame de la Motte has, through the course of the year 1785 to the month of August*

August in the same year, solicited and received in the same year the assistance of three or four Louis, which he was in the habit of allowing the Lady de la Motte, &c."

I think I have elsewhere refuted the absurdity of this insinuation, which wears not the smallest appearance of probability ; when I have myself solicited favors for others ; when I have afforded an asylum to the fatherless and unprotected, and with the utmost anxiety made their preservation the object of my attention ; when I had a very magnificent house as well at Versailles as at Paris, and when the Cardinal himself, or some of his suite, either the Baron de Planta, or M. de Carbonniere came to visit me ; so that any person, considering all these errors, cannot but pity my situation, and exclaim, that my Judges have not only put bandages before their eyes, but even hoodwinked their consciences. The counsellors of the Cardinal have even had the audacity to go farther, and to mention the names of these pretended valets, who have been the carriers of these four or five Louis, in such parcels as their tortured ingenuity has endeavoured to varnish with all the colouring of truth.

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I have already mentioned, that I wished them to appear ; but Du Marcé did not choose to be guilty of so much imprudence ; he seemed more disposed to place this article a little to the Cardinal's advantage than to enter into a serious discussion, which must eventually terminate in the Cardinal's refutation and disgrace ; they have, therefore, thought it most prudent to pass over this in silence, as they have other contradictory depositions of the Baron de Planta ; such as that he frequently saw in my hands bank-notes to the amount of 10,000 livres, which the Cardinal himself also confessed to be true ; that I sent a box full of diamonds, but that I said the Queen had given them to me, and with these diamonds the sum of 10,000 livres.

After all this, will it be believed, that I should receive three or four Louis from the Cardinal ? Surely, it will appear from these inconsistencies, that I was destined to be a victim to these barbarous men, to be condemned upon such palpable incongruities, such unsupported allegations. But I need not recall the attention of my Reader to them, since they are so evident.

I wish

I wish to remark a few inconsistencies in that unjust arret which has been pronounced against me, in which is inserted the Cardinal's petition, from which I am going to recite an article, relative to his domestics, whom he also calls to corroborate his assertion, that he has sent me by three of his servants, named also in that odious arret as well as the public prints, three or four Louis inclosed in a paper. Indignant as I naturally was at so infamous a falsity, at so notorious an absurdity, I could not restrain my temper from retorting upon the Cardinal very severely for this iniquitous charge; a charge so humiliating, so disgraceful, so repugnant to my principles.

“ Cardinal,” said I, “ how can you suffer yourself to be led away by such pitiful counsels, which cannot but be ultimately disgraceful and injurious to yourself; for, is it possible that the Judges can give you credit for such palpable absurdities? How can your servants depose, that they have brought me such small sums, wrapped up in the manner you describe, when it is well known, that I have myself given your servants double Louis a piece? This is a fact which they cannot deny; one of my femmes
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de chambre has given them with her own hand, in my presence. But how is it that these three domestics have made no deposition? And why are they not present to be confronted? Why are they not produced against me? Are mere assertions in a Court of Justice to have the weight of proof, and preponderate in the scale against the allegations of the accused, so well connected, so firmly substantiated? O Justice! Judgment, whither art thou fled? Thou art in the deserts among the savage inhabitants of the woods, for, surely, thou hast resigned thy dominion in the breasts of men.

Were those domestics, was all Paris so very blind, that they could not see my servants, my equipage, and twelve servants, who were continually visible about their master's house, and that house not above a hundred paces distant from the Cardinal's? A house where I have lived three years, a house where the Cardinal himself has visited, where he has always found servants in livery to announce his approach, and where he himself remained in that very month of August, when he has seen my yard filled with voitures, and observed my furniture and equipage; yet has said, and asserted in this

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same arret, that he sent me three or four Louis a very short time before my departure for the country.

When he has admitted, that in the last days of June, when we were together at Versailles, and returning at three in the morning from our walk, for I did not then speak of Trianon, at the Place Dauphine, where I had a house in which I lodged some time in the course of the year. The Cardinal himself has been in this very house, and from thence sent for the Baron de Planta, and other people, and for the space of two years, Rosalie, my femme de chambre, has received and entertained them while my voiture was waiting at the door; and my coachman and domestics were waiting at the cabaret's, where the Cardinal has been himself to fetch them; and, after examining himself my voiture, to see that nothing was wanting, has himself frequently handed me in when I departed for Paris. My femme de chambre herself corroborated this assertion, which the Cardinal at first strongly denied; but upon calling my femme de chambre, and the rest of my people, to substantiate it, he then coldly admitted what he found it impossible to deny before

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so many witnesses. "Well, well," said he, perhaps it may be so; but I never paid much attention whether it was an hired voiture, or borrowed from some neighbour;" though my arms, which were upon it, could leave very little room for doubt; my coachman and servants in my own livery, could not escape the Cardinal's notice.

"But possibly," said the Cardinal, "as the lady has told me, the Queen has enabled her to support this magnificence." "Very well," replied I, with a smile of contemptuous pity at such absurdity, and finding that the unfortunate Cardinal, in endeavouring to extricate himself, was yet more entangled in inconsistency. "The Queen then," said I, "has given me diamonds, and you have very generously given me four or five Louis. Is it probable, if I was in the habit of receiving diamonds from the Queen, that I should be so mean as to accept four or five Louis from you? Would four or five Louis enable me to maintain that appearance, which all Paris knows I have so long supported? Really, M. Cardinal, you will ruin yourself by your inconsistencies;" and I really conceived, that, as if by a fatality,

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he would assuredly approximate to his own destruction. Dupuis and Fremyn at that moment trembled for him.

Every thing I have just cited was written, read, and signed by myself. Judge then, ye friends of Truth, ye patrons of Justice, if the descendant of a Monarch can claim your attention, if an oppressed female can interest your sensibility. Read her life; inform yourselves thoroughly of the facts she speaks of; and if you find them well authenticated, substantiated, and connected, I will not insult your judgment by requesting its decision in my favour—your hearts, your understandings will not suffer you to withhold it. To you I appeal from the unjust, iniquitous sentence of sixty-two Judges, who have, notwithstanding all the contradictions of this arret of my condemnation, given permission to the Cardinal de Rohan to print and publish what he or his adherents please, to mislead the public opinion. While we, by this horrible arret, pronounced against me and my husband, after every indignity heaped upon us, have no resource but to supplicate the Public, who will pity and protect us.

During

During the time of the memorable Revolution in France, many persons, apprized that my enemies were then powerless, advised me to go and throw myself into the arms of my country, which would most certainly protect me against the arm of power. But other friends in England desired me to remain there; they judged that my departure would be dangerous; and they reasoned thus, that though certain persons were deprived of power, yet they had wealth; they had also influence; and, perhaps, from motives of jealousy, and seeing me protected by the people, might cause me to be assassinated.

Determined, and perfectly confiding in the protection of my native country, it was with difficulty that I yielded to the representations of my friends in England. A lady, worthy of credit, who fled to England about that time, communicated to me a report universally prevalent, that many people at Paris having heard that I was among them, and believing they had discovered the place where I was, they went thither with a view, as this lady informed me, of protecting me, and leading me in triumph, convinced as they were that I had been the

victim of power, and the most hard and cruel persecution.

A few months after this, in the month of December, I received letters from Paris, filled with the most keen and insulting reproaches. This letter enquired, *if* my distress could for a moment have induced me to lose sight of my birth, and what I owed to myself and my family, that I should have written a Memoir replete with such erroneous inconsistencies; that if this was done with a view of procuring a temporary supply of money, it was palpably vile, and extremely *mean*. These insinuations that money was my object for publishing my Memoirs—(Money! that never dwelt in my desire; which when I had I distributed to all who asked it, and which I constantly despised) affected me not, for I knew the insinuations to be atrocious falsehoods. I bore, therefore, these reproaches with patient resignation.

“After the storm,” said I, “there will come a calm.” This letter I disdained to answer; but soon after receiving another from my husband, mentioning the publication of a second Memoir, it was my duty to disabuse him of the reports

reports he had heard from my enemies : I accordingly wrote to that purport ; and almost two words were sufficient to convince him of the odious lies propagated against his unfortunate wife.

I begged the favor of different persons to procure me one of these Memoirs, and some other pamphlets ; but what was very singular, I found myself accused, without being able to procure one of those publications upon which the accusation was grounded. This induced me to believe, that it was all a false report, a weak malicious invention of my enemies, to pursue their injured prey with unremitting rage to destruction. I conjectured I could trace the origin of this. I conceived that no such Memoirs could have been published under my name, as I knew I had written none, when I was surprized at reading in the Morning Herald, " That a second Memorial of Madame de la Motte had appeared, which was a French libel, containing the most improbable and gross calumnies."

Among other things, a letter supposed to be written from Vienna to Louis XV. by Cardinal

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Rohan,

Rohan, many years before that Prince was Ambassador at the Court of Vienna. This Memoir was entitled, Conclusion of my first Justificative Memoir, written in 1788 by M. de Calonne and his agent M. de la Tour, from the materials with which I had furnished them.

This second Memoir is a recantation of the former; and besides many other errors, it makes me confess myself guilty, and contains a number of indecencies; and there is no doubt this Memoir was fabricated by my enemies, who conceived the Public too much prejudiced in my favour; that they reprobated the iniquitous arret, and wished to raise me again to that honor and distinction to which my birth entitled me; it was my enemies, who by means of their money, and that influence which money always commands, procured a Memoir to be forged under my name, to subject the Public to a new imposition.

This second Memoir seems to have relation to the last which Target made for the Cardinal in the course of the process, in which he had the audacious effrontery to declare that I had confessed myself guilty of all—finishing in these
words

words, "and thus terminates the Cardinal's process."

There is no doubt but the Abbe le Kel had the same view, in requesting me to write no Memoir against the Cardinal, because he did not wish to be caught in a direct lie, which he had pre-concerted to say in the face of the world, in a Memoir, of which I confessed myself the author, that I was a thief; but it must be recollected, that this very language was adopted by M. Laurencelle, the Attorney General, in speaking to M. Doillot, my Counsel, who was convicted of this atrocious lie, and whose honor he wished to surprize, by dissuading him from proceeding in my defence.

I will not affirm that this last imposition proceeded from the same source, though it wears a complexion very like it; yet I hope the Cardinal, fortunate as he has been, does not wish to let himself down so much in public estimation, as to have recourse to such vile means, and to repeat again that offence against a God, whom, from his professional character, he is peculiarly bound to serve—and to shew an example to others.

Once he has been successful enough, through the villainy of some and the abilities of others, to escape from captivity, in the power of those to whom he had rendered himself obnoxious, and who would have confined him for life. Fortunately delivered from these, I will yet hope, that he has too high a sense of his duty, both to God and his fellow-creatures, to pursue with the arm of Persecution the innocent victim of his accusations.

On him I desire no vengeance; all I request is, that he would yet do justice to the complaints of my unfortunate husband: I would yet ask him, if it is not enough that one victim has broke to pieces the chains of another? that Malice should push her baleful influence yet farther, and totally destroy the remains of a reputation, which he has before attempted to blight? Shall surreptitious Memorials and anonymous pamphlets be propagated with barbarous inhumanity? Not content with destroying the reputation of the living, shall Malice stretch forth her arm, and rake up the ashes of the dead? Must the dear memory of my departed parent be scandalized by the vilest insinuations, and the feelings of a daughter be wounded by
repeated

repeated attempts to turn that parent into ridicule?—Forbid it every ingenuous feeling! and let my enemies blush for this, if they be not too callous and insensible to the tender sensations of humanity.

My father, they say, was unknown to any one, except the peasants on his estate; and these could not have related any thing injurious to his character; for they called my grandfather their Good, and my father their Generous Lord; and good reason they had to adopt this grateful epithet; for not less than fifty or sixty peasants now subsist themselves, their wives and families, upon the liberal donations of my father's bounty; and can they for a moment accuse their benefactor of malevolence? There is more gratitude, more virtue among these poor peasants.

I was also, in a small degree, chagrined at the audacious language which Target, the Cardinal's counsel, adopted in his petition to convince the Judges, where he says, "Can the Judges believe for a moment, that a Cardinal and a Prince, Grand Almoner of France, decorated with so many titles, having so much in

his gift, could possibly have had the meanness to embezzle this necklace? But, on the contrary," added he, "the Court will particularly take notice, that Madame de la Motte was in indigent circumstances, &c."

Surely, to hear the declamation of this fellow, people would be led to suppose that I was a pauper, and reduced to the necessity of asking alms. But what is this great argument? It only insinuates, that birth and title ought to pass unsuspected; it says that a Prince or a Peer cannot be a villain; that it is impossible he should disgrace himself; it tortures a misfortune into a crime; it says that poverty is a sufficient cause to justify suspicion; and that poverty and honesty are incompatible with each other. Specious sophist! I will not attempt to refute the argument; but I will ask his client one or two questions. I would say, your Eminence's advocate insists, that poverty is a sufficient cause to justify suspicion; he says you are dignified by birth, and decorated with titles, and therefore you must be innocent, because you are rich. But have you forgotten a story yet recent in the memory of a thousand unfortunate sufferers, whom two of your relations, in
offices

offices of trust, in the first places about the Court, decorated with Orders, and distinguished with the smiles of Royalty—have you forgot that period when these very people, so highly dignified, involved so many thousands of people in ruin ?

I wish not to insult you with their misfortunes ; but the villainy, the sophistry of your advocate renders it necessary that I should refute him. Have you forgot the bankruptcy of the Prince de Guémené ? Have you forgot a short time previous to these calamitous events having taken place, that a poor water carrier of Versailles, with a large family, brought 1800 livres which the Prince received, as well as many other sums ? Do you not recollect the deplorable situation of many families who brought their all to a Prince, whose revenues might have well supported his dignity ? Yet all was insufficient. Why then, Cardinal, do you suffer your ill-advised adherents to reproach the name of Valois ; and to hatch these miserable falsties against a family, equally noble, of greater antiquity, and possessing, at least, equal honour, virtue, and integrity with the greatest and proudest of the House of Rohan.

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But the Cardinal, to exculpate himself, has informed his Judges, that he has never been guilty of any thing ill. I know not if this trait, which I have cited in my confrontation, can be any reflection on the House of Rohan; his Judges may, perhaps, esteem it as being no disgrace.

The Cardinal, as I have before mentioned, proceeds to say, that he has rendered me the services of a friend anxious to protect and patronize an unfortunate female. I must beg leave to say a word or two relative to this assertion, by way of explanation. I have before stated, that I was first introduced to the Cardinal by my worthy, and ever-to-be-lamented mother, the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, in his capacity of Grand Almoner of France, who has constantly a purse of six hundred thousand livres, to be disposed of discretionally to noble families who have a numerous offspring, or to other persons, at the pleasure of the Lord High Almoner.

It was under this impression that the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers first introduced me to the Cardinal, who on another occasion found
means

means to serve me. One Cerfbere, a Jew, had contracted to supply forage at Strasbourg; the Cardinal by the interest of his friends, the Counts de Seguire and Vergennes, continued to him this privilege, and he gave him in bills upon the Bank of Poissy to the amount of 300,000 livres, which the Cardinal finding a little difficulty in getting discounted, offered them to a Jew, known by my husband, and who offered the Cardinal half that sum in money, and the rest in other articles, which he refused; but a short time after, I heard that he had been more successful; and he sent me 30,000 livres in a billet, enclosed in a very obliging letter, expressing that he was acquainted with my delicacy; but added, that I was under no obligation to him, as this sum was part of 300,000 which came to his hands unexpectedly, by God and Grace. I received them, therefore, under this presumption; and it is thus that the Cardinal rewards himself for the services which he has rendered.

In the year 1785 he again made interest with the same Ministers for the continuation of this privilege, which he obtained; and, in consequence he then gave me 20,000 livres, and as
 much

much to the Baron de Planta. To support, however, my assertions before my Judges, I have repeatedly cited this Cerfbere to make his appearance; but who, not being yet bribed to step forward in the cause of justice, has hitherto declined appearing. My counsel took notice of these facts in my Memoirs, and at the same time the names of the parties, but particularly this Cerfbere. Perhaps M. Cardinal, to serve his purpose, may have converted these considerable sums into four or five Louis.

I have also mentioned, in the course of my narration, the sum of 500,000 livres, which I had received in the years 1784 and 1785, which both Vilette and the Cardinal had affirmed in my confrontation, and all had concurred in the proof. Must I yet complain at this day, this very arret mentions, as the second part of the proof of the justification of the Cardinal, such and such a person has brought Madame de la Motte in the month of August three, four, or five Louis.

O, my good Reader, I hear thee echo my indignation at a deposition so palpably absurd; you will naturally compare all my assertions

with each other, to discover the truth; and I have no doubt, unprejudiced and impartial as I hope thou art, that thou wilt have compassion on a defenceless female, most ignominiously treated and dishonoured, deprived of her liberty, banished from her native country, and stripped of her possessions, Fain would I at this point terminate the history of a life teeming with misfortunes; but the unceasing machinations of my enemies, during my absence, render it my duty to review some of their recent persecutions before I lay down the pen—perhaps to resume it no more.

While I was condemned to confinement for life, and vilely disgraced, the Cardinal de Rohan, whose rank and offices were formerly insisted upon as arguments of his innocence; this very rank, and those very offices, now operated to discharge him from every accusation; and he was permitted to print, and proclaim to the public his pretended innocence. And was it, I would farther ask him, after all the indignities I had suffered on his account; was it further necessary that his adherents should have recourse to publish malicious lies, not only against myself, but even all my family, whilst his unfortunate

fortunate victim was in captivity, dying, and cursing the moment when she saw the light, and that which had brought her to such a calamitous crisis.

The Cardinal has, at a former period, behaved in a manner very different; he has bestowed upon me the most friendly epithets; a woman most amiable in disposition, too good, too generous; these were his expressions before the catastrophe. How strong the extreme! he now pursues me to destruction; he gives a distorted, malignantly coloured picture of me to the Public; his adherents poison the springs of public information, and make them subservient to the purposes of party. Formerly I was painted with the delicate tints of flattering friendship as an angel; daubed by the gross colouring of Malice, I am now a very fiend; formerly amiable and generous; I am now savage, malignant, and avaricious. I was a fordid wretch, say they, seizing every occasion to appropriate gold, jewels, and money, to my own use, and even papers, which were of more service to the Cardinal. In such varied shapes have they assailed me with their calumnies; but I have learned to despise them.

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I have spoke of newspapers ; one of these prostituted prints is the Leyden Gazette of 12th September, 1786 ; which, after having dealt very copiously in invectives, states among others the following absurdity :—*Several of the diamonds have been found, which the husband in his agitation had not time to carry away.* Ridiculous absurdity ! Possibly speaking of some few Jewels which it pleased my husband's relations to send away, that they might appropriate the rest with greater security.

The sister of Madame de la Motte, continues this lying Paper, who was upon the point of marriage at the time of her disaster, shares also her misfortune, in failing of a proper establishment. This unfortunate young woman has, since this crisis, reclaimed from the demesne a part of her property, which she inherited from a lady of the name of Varrance, her great aunt. This succession having never been paid, and her sister having retained the share devolving to this reclaimant, her demand has been acceded to, and she will, in consequence, obtain a pension of 3000 livres, which will enable her to live comfortably.

I am

I am sorry that such insinuations should force me, in vindication of myself, to recapitulate some of those obligations which my sister is under to me. I know it to be indelicate; but duty to myself must overcome delicacy, more especially when united with a desire of preventing the Public's being imposed upon, and to convince my sister of the impropriety of her conduct, whose actions are influenced by an interested and hypocritical Abbe. I have great reason to lament this slavery under which she is held; but my enemies have accused me of having defrauded my sister; that lost sister, in whose behalf I have so often interceded with the worthy Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, whose situation I have deplored with so many sighs, and whom I received with such joy.— This sister should with indignation have contradicted so odious a paragraph, which it is impossible to suppose a sister can have countenanced.

I will prove then how very far I am from having incurred this charge of having embezzled my sister's property, to whom I have ever behaved as a kind and even a generous sister, anticipating her wishes by every kindness in my power.

power. In the month of June, 1782, hearing that she was ill, and regretting her being at so great a distance from me, I desired my husband to go and fetch her to Bar-sur-Aube; where she remained, and was treated with all tenderness and attention. I gave her a femme de chambre, and a nurse, attended her in her sickness, which was of long continuance; and, in short, watching and nursing her with the greatest tenderness. It was during this time that I kept four filles de chambre; and I had an apartment at Versailles as well as at Paris, as I have already mentioned. When my sister was re-established in her health, I advised her to go to a Convent near me, being at that time obliged to follow the Court, as well as busied in making pressing solicitations, not only for myself but my brother and sister, to obtain, if possible, the restoration of my ancestors' possessions. My sister approved of my advice, and I conducted her to a Convent.

In the year 1784, I went to see her, and carried her fifty Louis; she then expressed a desire to spend some time with me at Paris; I instantly granted her request; she came to my

VOL. II. B b house,

house, where I made her several presents, such as a watch, gowns, &c. and gave her nearly 3000 crowns. But the gaities of the Beau Monde soon weaned her mind from the austerity of monastic regulations; her Convent appeared the residence of peevishness and discontent, and she expressed her reluctance to return thither; in consequence of which, I placed her in an elegant apartment, in the Convent of Ursulines, near the Palais Royale, gave her a femme de chambre, furnished her a magnificent apartment, presented her table-linen, and every necessary article, and allowed her a pension of 1800 livres, which I paid in advance; and also, when I departed from my country-house in the year 1785, from whence I was conveyed to that horrible Bastile, I then found myself short of money, and wrote to my sister to receive 40 Louis, which I had lent to a lady of my acquaintance; they were paid upon demand, but never transmitted to me. Thus disappointed, and my necessity being urgent, I sent my counsel, M. Doillot, to my friend's house, who himself reported that the money was paid; and M. Doillot, notwithstanding, can give testimony to the truth of my assertion, that I never uttered the slightest reproach against my sister.

I had

I had three gowns at my mantua-maker's, one of which was valued at 25 Louis; finding myself detained in the Bastille, I begged my counsel, M. Doillot to apprise my sister, that she might remove these articles from the mantua-maker's, and take care of them for me till I should come out of the Bastille. Scarce had I been three weeks in that odious prison of the Salpetriere, than not only the misery of my own condition grieved me, but I felt also the most poignant grief for the situation of my unfortunate sister.

Now bereft of every friend, I was overwhelmed with grief in reflecting upon her deplorable state. The girls, finding me almost abandoned to despair, and hearing me frequently pronounce my sister's name, kindly attempted to comfort me—"Make yourself easy, Madam," said they, "be assured that we shall find some means of conveying a letter to your sister." I reflected, that though she had lost a sister, her only friend, though in confinement, I might yet be useful; and therefore I determined to write as follows: "Remember, Madame, that you have lent your sister 700 livres; do not fail to reclaim them of the domain; the mis-

fortunes of your sister affect me too sensibly to suffer me to be more particular. I am, Madam, your most constant friend."

I understood so little of the nature of this kind of business, that I conceived she would instantly be able to procure the sum. I indulged myself in this hope, which cheered my spirits. Alas! it was not to be as I wished; my sister, upon receipt of my letter, instantly recognized the signature; and though I had strictly enjoined her not to mention a word of this letter to any one; yet she went, without any reflection, without considering a moment what calamitous consequences would result from such conduct, she went immediately to the house of M. Tillet, to whom she shewed my letter, affirming at the same time that it was written by me, and that she had received it by the post; at the same time assuring M. Tillet, that I was indebted to her the sum mentioned in the letter, and requesting him personally to make the demand of the Baron de Breteuil.

M. Tillet, upon receiving this intelligence, lost not a moment, but instantly hastened to the Salpetriere, and severely reprimanded the
sisters

sisters for suffering me to write. They were all astonished; and, knowing the difficulty of conveying a letter under such circumstances of confinement, all affirmed that it was impossible I could have wrote any such letter, as I had neither pen or ink, much less any mode of conveyance. M. Tillet positively declared, that he had both seen and read that letter, remained positive in his assertion, observing, at the same time, that he would see me no more. On the other hand, the sisters finding themselves accused, and in danger of losing their places, loaded me with the keenest and most bitter reproaches.

M. Tillet kept his word; and it was a month before I saw him again. During this tedious interval, despair took possession of me, and preyed upon me to such a degree, that I wished to get rid of a life that was become intolerably burthensome; refused to take any sustenance, and lay every night on the cold pavement. This miserable situation excited the compassion of the sisters, who begged Madame Victoir to visit me; and, if possible, administer consolation to me. She recoiled with horror when she saw my condition, and adopted every method to re-
call

call me to life. She persuaded M. Tillet to come and see me ; but I was thrown into such a desperate state, that I abhorred the sight of every living being. I even refused to see M. Tillet. " Leave me to my fate," exclaimed I, " since for the intention of doing good, I am treated as if I had been guilty of a crime ; tell M. Tillet, that even in my last moments I shall acknowledge his kindness ; but tell him also, that my intention to do good, ought not to be a motive for him to be unjust."

Soon after, M. Tillet came with this respectable Superior to see me in my dungeon ; and I endeavoured to explain what I thought was the injustice of this venerable man. Alas ! I accused him wrongfully ; he was not unjust ; his only motive was my interest, which he ever had in view ; he feared that I was furnished with materials to write, and as he had been witness to my complaints against the Queen, was apprehensive that I would not write merely to my sister, but to many other persons in Paris, against the Queen.

His views were coincident with those of the Baron de Breteuil, to procure, through the
Queen's

Queen's intervention, that I should be sent to a Convent. When I found this, I lost all my prejudice against M. Tillet, embraced him, and we mutually forgave each other. I entreated him also to adopt my sister for his child, to interest himself also in her behalf. I begged that he would represent to M. de Breteuil, the debt I owed my sister. M. Tillet never lost an opportunity of being serviceable to her; he granted my sister the 3500 livres which I had in the Bastile, under an obligation from her to allow me twenty-five Louis per annum.

I know not for what reason M. de Breteuil made this condition, which he communicated to M. Tillet; whether he was acquainted that my sister had, blindly indeed, the greatest confidence in an Abbe, who was well known to be extremely avaricious, and who had insinuated himself into my sister's good opinion, under pretext of serving her as an advocate, and making every claim on my estate in the name of my sister, for which he had his own interest in view. M. de Breteuil, after all these considerations, wished to tie her down to pay me this annuity under the name of Angelique, of whom I have before spoken, fearing lest this Abbe

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should,

should, for his own interest, contrive to oppose it.

I was myself offended that M. de Breteuil should thus suspect my sister, and when M. Tillet acquainted me of this arrangement, exclaimed against such rigor being used towards my sister, to whom, whatever my designing calumniators may assert, I have ever behaved with the most cordial affection. I endeavored, but could not bring M. Tillet to procure an alteration of these restrictions. More than 500 livres have been granted out of my estate to my sister, by the exertions of her adviser, who, eager to grasp at every thing, and thinking from my situation, being in prison and condemned, I should without hesitation enter into his schemes, and blindly sign over every thing to him.

I here subjoin, for the Reader's inspection, a letter from this intriguing Abbe, whose proposals I cannot but reject with indignation.

LETTER

LETTER FROM THE ABBE PHAPH.

11th Sept. 1787.

MADAM,

“ IT is with great pleasure that your sifter and I learn of your arrival in that asylum you have so ardently wished ; at length then, all is well, and we are content.

“ Alas ! no, all is not well—the distress in which you found your husband—the assistance which you demand of your sifter—From these I plainly discover, that you are ignorant of her unfortunate situation, and that she is now distressed herself. It is true, as you have been given to understand from M. Tillet, that I had obtained for your sifter an annuity of 3000 livres upon your estate during your detention in the Bastile, of which I have fortunately obtained 600 on your account.

“ With respect to yourself, I most sincerely hope that you will very soon be removed to a Convent, according to the rumour and wishes of many ladies of distinction. But, Madam,
we

we have not yet obtained that sum ; this agreement of rent is not yet made, notwithstanding the sollicitations of many persons whom I have procured to apply to the Minister, this instrument is not yet completed.

“ I have also made another demand, which it may be necessary to mention, and which may be estimated at 14 or 15000 livres upon your plate and furniture. In this I have succeeded, but we desire your sanction to place out this sum, as well as the first 3000 ; but, God knows when your sister will receive this income.

“ If you had chose to transmit what I asked, while you was confined in that infamous prison, your sister would not probably have been reduced to such extreme distress ; in that case both you and she would have received relief ; you would then have been assisted, and at least have been possessed of more than a thousand livres, which I fear you have now lost. But possibly it is not yet too late, perhaps with assiduity all may yet be retrieved ; to facilitate which an idea strikes me, upon which I beg you to deliberate.

I

“ I conceive,

“ I conceive, Madam Countess, upon mature reflection on the plan, which has struck me while I am writing, that it is not yet too late ; but I must first apprise you. I have learned that your sister-in-law has been at Paris, and has gained her process with the demesne for your house at Bar-sur-Aube. After this success, I shall here communicate my plan, which must be all written either by your husband, or yourself, with your own hand, upon a sheet of paper hereunto annexed, and which you must both sign, adding these words—*Agreed to this writing.*—After which you will immediately send it, and by virtue of this instrument, which will be supposed to be received by your sister, from the Isle of France, I will demand payment of one half in her name, as inheriting one half from her brother ; the business will be short in dividing what ought to be between your sister and you ; you will thus make a beginning ; and I hope that fortune will be more favourable to you and your sister, who is now a prey to distress of every species. Lose not a moment then in sending this writing. I will instantly form a demand on the demesne, and follow it up with that fortunate assiduity which cannot but terminate in success ; and convince you,
by

by having been able to render you service, of my devotion, and most profound respect.

“ I have an earnest desire to see you, but am detained here upon your sister’s affairs. I wish that you would protract the publication of your Memoir till my arrival ; I may, perhaps, be of service in this ; but send me immediately the writing annexed to this letter ; and when I have availed myself of it, I will send you the money it produces.

“ Confide in me ; prepare your materials for the Memoirs you mention, but do not publish them. I cannot explain myself further by writing—but trust me.

“ If you choose not to copy the annexed writing, you can only sign it, putting WE before the signature, and on the other side, placing between the two blank lines—*Value 4200* ; you may only, if you please, write the initials of your name ; but it would be much better copied, and written upon the large sheet of paper, which I send you for that purpose.

“ I wait your answer, and am, &c.”

Annexed

Annexed Writing mentioned in this Letter.

“ WE the undersigned Mark Antony de la Motte and Jane de St. Remy de Valois, his wife, by him especially authorized, to execute these presents, having this day definitively settled the different accounts and state of sums, the Baron de Valois, our brother and brother-in-law, has at different times lent and advanced, as well before as since our marriage, as also by the payment which he has made out of his own pocket to any of our creditors. We do hereby acknowledge lawfully to owe to the said Baron de Valois, our brother and brother-in-law, the sum of forty-two thousand livres, which we hereby promise and agree to pay him on demand, or at several payments, at his election, after the first of April, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five; for which payment we oblige ourselves, and all our estate, real and personal, which we now have, or may hereafter possess; further agreeing to renew this obligation before a Notary at the first request of recognition that shall be made.”

Dated at Paris this fourth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three.

Such

Such was the invention of that intriguing Abbe, whose brain was ever teeming with inventions for his own interest ; a very pretty example for an ecclesiastic, whose conduct should be peculiarly exemplary. Perceiving the drift of this artful and designing hypocrite, who meditated the total destruction of my husband and myself, by obtaining our signatures to this instrument, I disdained to mak a reply to this letter.

I have before mentioned the distrefs in which I found my husband involved when I came to London. I had written to my sifter a letter explanatory of that distrefs, and begging her to send me over my gowns, when this same proposition was again offered, in rather threatening language ; my answer was to the following purport :

“ Distrefs, my dear sifter, however poignant, shall never influence either me or my husband to transgress the bounds of honor. I have said on my trial, and have given sufficient proof to substantiate this assertion, that instead of being obligated to my brother for money I have paid his debts, at the commencement of the year
1783,

1783, to the amount of 50,000 livres. As I have said, as I have proved, this I cannot with propriety recede, and contradict a fact already substantiated; and as my husband and I had been unjustly condemned, I hoped we should hereafter have the means of full and ample justification."

From my sister, whom I have served with maternal tenderness, I have received no answer. I should not have troubled the Public with domestic concerns; but when I am publicly charged with having appropriated my sister's inheritance to my own use, in order to excite compassion, and engage the Baron de Breteuil and M. de Villedeuil to interest themselves in her service, I have no other resource left to vindicate my character. I have, however, reason to suspect this priest, who, leaving spiritual affairs to themselves, devotes himself to temporal concerns, with an avidity strongly characteristic, which he thinks more advantageous; it is he, her counsellor and adviser, who has dubbed himself director of her conscience, who has turned even the misfortunes of her unfortunate sister into ridicule, which is bringing shame and disgrace upon that sister whom he so anxiously professes

professes to serve. It is something remarkable too, that I never had an aunt of the name of Varrence. Probably the author of that detracting paragraph caught the idea from this circumstance. I mentioned in my first Memoir, in 1785, that the Cardinal de Rohan had taken my affairs under his patronage; among other things, he was trying to recover for us an inheritance of the Marquis of Vienna, my great uncle, who died at Bourges, in Bervy; for this purpose, my brother authorized me by letter of attorney, to take every step to recover this possession; but I had not the requisite titles in my power. This circumstance my sister knew well, and she certainly should have contradicted, with proper authority, reports which tend not to calumniate me alone, but herself also.

The papers again charge me as an intriguing woman; it cannot be merely the newspaper scribblers; my enemies must be at the bottom of this; those enemies whom I can well confound, and declare, in all the consciousness of innocence, before the face of the universe, that I am now in a place where I would challenge them to give proof of their assertions. At what age, and in what manner have I been intriguing?

triguing? Have I not already submitted my conduct to the eyes of my Reader? Is it not in that channel where it will soon be spread abroad, and is not this sufficient to satisfy every existing doubt?

It will be remarked, that Madame de Bou-lainvilliers, while she lived, solicited in our behalf; that the death of that worthy mother obliged me to throw myself upon the friendly protection of those to whom she had recommended me.

In the year 1781 this lady died; and my first solicitations at Court were in the year 1782.— These solicitations which I then made were warrantable; they were perfectly honorable, my sole intent being to reclaim the possessions of three orphans, and the estate of their ancestors. But my enemies will object, perhaps, that I have also solicited for persons from whom I received presents, for those who rewarded me for such solicitations. They charge me falsely; the pleasure of having served the necessitous and the unfortunate is all the reward I wished, and all I have ever received. This I have proved in my process; and I must at least claim some

small credit for my humanity and disinterestedness.

So very little am I famed for intrigue, that the very intrigue into which I was unfortunately drawn by the very intriguing parties themselves—that intrigue from which I found it so difficult to extricate myself—I was ashamed of it to the very soul; and was every day reproaching the Cardinal, and advising him to abandon a pursuit so very repugnant to my ideas. Must I recapitulate here, or turn again the eyes of my Readers to the depositions of la Porte, to prove how little I was swayed by mercenary motives? He says, that knowing my intimacy with the Cardinal, he presented me some plan, that he wished me to read, at which I burst into a loud laugh. “Me, Sir,” said I, “I know nothing at all about the business; I wish to do you service with the Cardinal, and will recommend you, but that’s all I can do.” I accordingly used my influence with the Cardinal, and persuaded him to grant an interview to Messrs. Perrins, of Lyons, the negotiators and projectors of this plan. The Cardinal received them with the greatest affability, and assured them of his patronage.

La

La Porte further adds, that these gentlemen had afterwards three audiences of the Cardinal, who gave them such strong assurances of success, that, in a transport of gratitude, they promised one million of livres to the Cardinal, a large sum for me, one for la Porte, one for his father-in-law, and several millions for the Queen, as also for de Calonne and several others. This fact the Cardinal would have denied, but that I obliged la Porte and Grenie to corroborate the circumstances here stated.

They further also deposed, that these negociators, to testify their gratitude for the service I had rendered them, desired to know of la Porte, if a pecuniary offer would be accepted by me, to which he replied in the negative.— They then presumed that a gratuity of some beautiful stuffs might be offered without wounding my delicacy, and accordingly sent me one of the most beautiful gowns I ever saw, worth about fourteen thousand livres. When I received it, I sent three letters to the negociators at Lyons, desiring them to find some opportunity to fetch away the present which they had had the politeness to send me, but which I begged leave to refuse.

I have earnestly entreated the Judges to procure these letters, to convince themselves of my disinterestedness, and to prove how little I understood of the business, which I left to be entirely negotiated between the Cardinal and themselves. Had I been as mercenary as my enemies would insinuate, I might have received considerable sums for my services; sums which probably my enemies, under such circumstances, would have eagerly grasped at, but which I could not stoop to receive.

It is necessary that I should here mention my refusal of 100,000 livres from the Jewellers, which I proved before the Judges; but I have no reason to expect favor from those who have, indeed, proved themselves to be mercenary.— I flatter myself between my conduct and theirs there is a sufficient difference to entitle me to impartiality: these impostors have been hitherto too readily, too implicitly believed; for well I know that it is the received opinion amongst those who wish me ill, that I am a woman of an intriguing spirit; but I have the consolation to reflect, that such vile insinuations will vanish into air when my Readers shall have honored my Memoirs with an attentive perusal; they

they will there see, that for six months after the death of my worthy mother, I remained silent and unknown ; I did not, therefore, precipitately launch myself into the world, but gradually made my claims from the Court, at which time I was not more than twenty-five years of age ; and at the time of the catastrophe in 1785 I was only twenty-eight ; so that all this intriguing spirit, this adroitness of contrivance which my enemies have accused me of, is nothing more than giddy vivacity, which, too impetuous for the slow deductions of reason, is often actuated by the mere influence of momentary impulse. Very little from natural disposition, still less from natural inclinations, have I been calculated for a woman of intrigue.

I cite my conduct, from the first dawn of reason to the moment of my disgrace, from every circumstance which I have laid before my Readers, if they can with propriety accuse me of cunning or contrivance ; and I think, from this imputation of my enemies, defenceless as I now am, I am entitled to compassion ; but, alas ! I have not yet experienced the last consequences of my disgrace, which has opened many doors for the abandoned of every description to

enter and attack me ; even those whom I scarce knew have most unaccountably become my enemies.

Scarce was I arrived in England than I received a packet, containing a letter filled with the most pointed abuse, with a caricature print, and my name at the bottom. This was the performance of a person whose name was Costa, the conduct of whose wife has been explained by my husband in his Memoir, as well as the mode in which he first became acquainted with her husband. This woman, in a very miserable and distressed condition, was brought to my house by the Abbe Gamboni ; her situation excited my pity, and I gave her two Louis ; her husband had abandoned her to live with another woman ; it was from her we learnt that this caricature and letter were the performance of her husband, who takes pleasure in writing anonymous letters, in order to make mischief. It was this very man who, about the same period, printed a libel against the Queen of France, entitled, " The Supper of Antoinette." He wrote also to the Minister at Paris, to M. Barthelemy, Charge des Affaires at London, informing them that Count de la Motte had
 printed

printed false reports against the Queen ; that it was in his power to stop the publication, if the Government would support and reward him ; but the Minister and M. Barthelemy would not condescend to answer this man, whom they knew too well. It was then that this miserable wretch threw out fire and flame against them all, and concluded by sending them one of these publications, the very libel which he pretended was written by M. de la Motte ; two copies of which were procured for our perusal by the Abbe and his wife.

This publication sufficiently proved the villainy of which this wretch was capable. M. de la Motte carried one to M. Barthelemy, who instructed him in all the machinations of this man, who was continually plotting his destruction. This man, indefatigable in this species of accusation, being apprized of the efforts of M. de la Motte to avenge himself, swore a debt against him of one hundred guineas, for which my husband gave his bill, and at the time appointed to prove his debt, he chose not to appear, but absconded. He then sent many letters, filled with abuse against me, whom he had never known.

The miseries of the wife made me forget the injuries of the husband. At the request of M. de la Motte, I took care of her ; she lodged at my house, and I gave her seven guineas and a half to buy her cloaths and other articles she wanted ; she lived with me sixteen or eighteen months ; at the expiration of this time, particular reasons induced me to request this woman to depart ; I then gave her two guineas. A few months after this, having heard her say a hundred times every thing she knew relative to the Ambassador, M. d'Adhemar, and his Secretary d'Arragon, she made the deposition which I here subjoin, as a letter subservient to the justification of M. de la Motte :

AFFIDAVIT OF MRS. COSTA.

MIDDLESEX,
TO WIT,

London, December 9, 1788.

I, the under-written Benjaminà Costa, depose and assert as follows : That on the 3d of April, 1786, I departed from Edinburgh, in order to deliver at Paris, a packet of letters and papers from Count de la Motte, to a lawyer of
the

the name of Doillot: that after performing the said commission, I took my way back to England, with the aforesaid lawyer's answer to the Count: that at the town of Aire, in Artois, I was taken up by people dispatched after me from the police at Paris, and carried back to the Bastile, whence, after two days confinement, I was taken out and carried before the Baron de Breteuil, one of the Ministers of State, who told me he had received a letter from my husband, "who," he added, "has great confidence in you; then referred me to the Lieutenant of the Police, who was to give me one hundred Louis d'ors, which the latter accordingly did, after taking, in my presence, a copy of the letter which I had from Mr. Doillot, the lawyer, in answer to Count de la Motte; that I was then dismissed under the escort of Bailiffs of the Police, who took me post down to Calais, where I passed the sea, and on my arrival in London, I had an audience of the Count d'Adhemar, to whom the Police at Paris had referred me for my instructions. His Excellency bid me tell my husband to take a house near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to facilitate the conveying off the Count de la Motte, and that my fortune should be made; adding that

d'Arragon

d'Arragon should set out next day for Newcastle. Being myself arrived there, I heard from my husband, that he had received one thousand guineas from the Secretary d'Arragon, of which sum I saw, in notes, to the amount of nine hundred and forty guineas in my husband's possession, sixty guineas having been defalcated by the said d'Arragon for his own use, That my said husband informed me he was to receive moreover, ten thousand pounds sterling, for delivering up the said Count de la Motte to the French Ministry, the Sieur d'Arragon reserving to himself also one fifth part of the said sum : that my husband had been solicited by the said d'Arragon, to administer to the said Count de la Motte, the contents of a certain phial, which were to put him to sleep for the space of four and twenty hours, during which they should put him into a sack, and convey him to a ship lying ready in the harbour, the Captain of which was one Surbois, an Exempt of the French Police ; that my husband absolutely declined administering the draught contained in the said phial. That the pretence of the said vessel's (of which the whole crew were a swarm of retainers to the Police, in disguise) sailing to Newcastle, was to make experiments on pit coal.

coal. That my husband having all along discovered to Count de la Motte, the whole machination, the latter, unwilling that Mr. Costa should lose the money promised him, suffered him to act as if in concert with the people sent to apprehend the Count; in consequence of which we all came up together to London, where my husband had a meeting in a hackney-coach, with Count d'Adhemar, and his Secretary d'Arragon, apparently on the subject of betraying the Count de la Motte. In witness whereof I have signed the present attestation.

BENJAMINA COSTA.

*Sworn before me,
this 9th of December, 1788.*

Wm: HYDE.

I did not choose to avail myself of this woman's distressed situation to procure this affidavit, which will sufficiently explain the machinations of my enemies, but waited till Mrs. Costa had procured a place; it was then I sent for her; it was then, freely and without reward, she made this deposition upon her oath. This woman's husband then asserted, that I had taken undue advantage of his wife; and, fraught with malice, went about from one coffee-house

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to

to another, French booksellers, &c. inventing malicious lies, and endeavouring, as much as possible to blacken the character of my husband and myself. This wretch then wrote me a letter so infamous, that no description can possibly equal. But I will not take up the time of my Readers, nor waste my own, by calling into existence a wretch who will soon sink into his natural insignificance.

The letter I allude to is left with Sir Sampson Wright; but at the time it was written, this fellow, dreading the consequences, thought proper to abscond; and, to prevent being pursued, caused a report to be spread that he was dead; and his wife, to give colour to this, put on mourning, and gave out that he died in Holland.

- Some persons, however, believe, they can trace him writing the life of another vagabond, Cagliostro, whose transcendant virtues have brought him to the stake at Rome, if newspapers speak true. That great man disdained the death of common men; but could not, though he had lived all his life under planetary influence,

influence, and caculated the nativity of others, predict the splendor of his own exit. This oracle, who bewitched the Cardinal's understanding, has now convinced his credulous friends and adherents of the fallacy of predicting future events by astrological calculations; for I have heard that he has been lately burnt at Rome.

It is this M. Costa, who would stop at nothing, and breathes implacable vengeance against me and my husband, who has propagated so many calumnies against me; he has even wrote to M. Tillet a letter replete with the greatest scurrility, and concluding with the following paragraph:—"M. de la Motte has left his wife, taken away all the furniture, effects, and money, and left her in great distress." Signed Angelique. This girl has never wrote any such thing.

Another letter says, "Madame de la Motte was for some time assisted by an English nobleman; but he was so disgusted at seeing her indelicacy in writing pamphlets, and also another Memoir, for the purpose of procuring money, that notwithstanding he had taken her under his protection,

protection, he at length abandoned her."—
Signed Angelique Genico. This poor girl denied these letters with tears in her eyes; she is not capable of being so great a monster. Who then can have written them? No other than those very impostors, those unprincipled creatures who have forged the rest.

I have before mentioned the cruelty of my relations, who turned a deaf ear to the request of poor Marianne; not so my worthy friend Mademoiselle de Charton. Alas! that I should meet more compassion, more relief from strangers, than relations, from whom I had a right to expect both. I have elsewhere reprobated their conduct; but I forgot to insert in its proper place the letter I received from M. de Charton, which speaks the native goodness of her heart, contrasted with the meanness of Madame de Surmon; I shall therefore insert it here; and its insertion will need no other preface, and requires no further apology.

LETTER

LETTER FROM M. CHARTON.

MADAM,

“ Permit me to commence this letter, by congratulating you upon your fortunate arrival, and thanking you for having the kindness to inform me of it ; you have thereby done justice to that lively interest with which your unfortunate condition has constantly inspired me.— Accept my sincere good wishes that you may enjoy as much prosperity in England as you have suffered adversity in France. Trust to the sincerity of her, who, without having deeply scrutinized your unfortunate business, has constantly lamented the troubles in which it has involved you.

I blush when I think of the acknowledgments which you have so profusely bestowed on my good wishes to serve you, for they are entitled to little merit. I have not given you such proofs as your situation should have exacted. This poor Marianne has greatly exaggerated and magnified the little I have done, which originated in her desire to do justice to my anxiety on account of my inability to do as I wished.

Humanity

Humanity is a virtue in a good heart ; it is also a duty which, if my abilities had suffered me to fulfil, I should have been amply recompensed in its accomplishment.

Suffer me, Madam, to remind you of happier times ; and you will believe, that if I had been able to oblige you, I should not have failed to acquit myself towards you, and thereby evince, that the recollection of your kindness to a person belonging to me has not been effaced from my heart by the picture of your misfortunes. Reluctantly I remind you of your distressing situation at the moment when you regained your freedom. Imagine to yourself my astonishment on the arrival of Marianne, my anxiety, my embarrassment—you without assistance, and I without the means of procuring it ; your secret to be kept, fear lest an indiscreet zeal might be detrimental to your interest ; every thing contributed to redouble my anxiety. Perplexed to a degree, the absence of Madame de la Tour completed my embarrassment ; I determined, however, to go in quest of Madame de Surmon, not being acquainted with your affairs ; ignorant of every circumstance that might have been between you, I could only
address

address myself to them as a suppliant, incessantly apprehensive lest they should be offended with my application, as I had no authority to press them urgently in your behalf. With the result of this first application you are acquainted, since you had an interview with M. de Surmon that same evening. I cannot, however, help remarking, that the small assistance she then afforded was incompetent to carry you to England; I was, therefore, not surprized at the return of Marianne, and still less so at the intent of her journey; it was then that I was most sensibly affected at the distress of your sad situation.

“ I again most solemnly declare, that I am totally ignorant of your husband's affairs since your terrible catastrophe. I have studiously avoided every thing that could again bring them into recollection. At length Marianne determined to pursue her journey (after the poor girl was ill-treated by this family) to Paris. At her return to Bar-sur-Aube, she showed me her little bundle and a few Louis, which she had brought from Paris; she then showed me a small parcel, containing shifts and a cloak, all belonging to you, Madame; but which, I

am sorry to say, these relations suffered to be taken away, and sold or pledged; and this mean relation redeemed the cloak after the departure of the poor girl.

“ Alas, Madame, for my part I have done nothing; I have no other merit than in disencumbering poor Marianne of her bundle, which incommoded her in her journey; the small sum I have advanced is too trifling to deserve any acknowledgment—Yes, Madam, it was then that I indeed sincerely regretted that I was not rich. ●

“ The situation in which you found M. de la Motte has excited, and will long continue to excite, my sensibility; assure him, Madam, that the distance which misfortune removes us from each other, has not diminished that attachment for you which I have always been anxious to demonstrate; and I shall constantly think myself happy in proving to both those respectful sentiments with which I have the honor to be,

“ Madame,

“ Your very humble

“ And obedient servant,

“ MELANIE CHARTON.”

Bar-sur-Aube, Sept. 12th, 1787.

The above is the kind epistle I received from M. Charton, wherein the meanness of Madame Surmon is sufficiently conspicuous; the flights, the insults, the indignities I have suffered from unknown enemies, are not half so intolerable as those I have received from relations; it is those who have encouraged the rest to print pamphlets replete with falsities; it is those who, with unheard-of barbarity, have determined that I shall have no retreat. Inhuman wretches, whither will ye pursue me? Ye have destroyed my reputation; Malice has fattened upon the animosity ye bear me. Stripped of my property, driven from my native country, will ye envy me even this poor retreat? In the exigences of obscurity, will ye pursue me to destruction?

When these wretches discovered the place of my retreat, they crowded around the door, and endeavoured to terrify the mistress of the house. "The person who lodges here," said they "is the famous Countess de la Motte, a wicked and a dangerous woman, the author of a libel against the French Government; she is characterized as such in all the newspapers; as soon as the Government is apprized that she is here, they

D d 2

will

will use force, and it will be inevitably attended with fatal consequences not only to yourself but family.

Such were the means made use of, and less than these insinuations were sufficient to intimidate people not conversant with the laws of their country. The next day, they again desired the people where I lodged instantly to drive me out, and still endeavouring to impress them with a sense of their danger.

Terrified with imaginary fears, these people were agitated to that degree, that nothing could quiet them but the remonstrance of a person of property and unblemished reputation, who promised to take all the consequences upon himself. Thus assured, as I feared no founded charge against me, and guessing the quarter from whence these injuries proceeded, I consented to remain in the same house. But it is impossible for my Readers to have any idea of that inveteracy with which I have been pursued; but I know the quarter from whence it proceeds, and the end it is expected to produce. My enemies wish, by harrassing and fatigue, to make me weary of life; they wish to bring me to my
grave,

grave, where they may then blast my memory with scandalous reports uncontroverted. Then memoirs and pamphlets may be circulated as authentic; then they may make me say just what they wish to be believed; but I trust the discerning and humane will not easily give credit to such insinuations from those, the depth of whose malignity cannot easily be ascertained.

During my confinement in the Bastile, the family of Rohan circulated a report that I was an intriguing woman, who usurped a noble name, the better to deceive and impose upon the credulous. My counsel, M. Doillot, hearing these reports, and reading the public prints, questioned me concerning my birth, and demanded how I could get it certified, all my papers and letters having been detained in the Bastile.

I then saw no other mode but to make a demand upon the Minister, to whom my counsel accordingly wrote. But the Count de Vergennes returned for answer, that he could do nothing himself without the concurrence of the Parliament; in consequence of this my coun-

D d 3 tel,

fel wrote twice to the Parliament, who refused his application. At length, finding this just demand rejected, M. Doillot determined to apply to M. d'Hozier de Serigny, Grand Genealogist of France, who granted the Memoir, perused, examined and signed by him, which my counsel rendered public, by affixing it to my first Memoir; and which, for the Reader's inspection, I have likewise annexed to this work.

At length then my enemies, convinced that I was descended from Blood Royal, finding themselves disappointed here, they attacked my husband's family, which also gained splendor from their scrutiny; they spread a report that M. de la Motte was the son of a poor family at Boulogne; that his father, called la Motte, of Bar-sur-Aube, had been a common soldier, and having distinguished himself by his bravery, was rewarded with the Cross of St. Louis and the brevet of Colonel. To refute this report also, my counsel demanded some of these titles, which were also among my papers in the Bastile; but M. de la Motte's mother furnished him with titles sufficiently authentic to be inserted with mine.

I shall

I shall only tell my *enémies*, whom, if possible, I would set right, that neither my husband, nor any descendants of that family, were born in Champagne, but in Lower Gascony, of a noble and ancient family ; that my husband's ancestors have been decorated with the Order of the Holy Ghost, created by Henry the Second and his three successors. M. de la Motte's father was a Chevalier of St. Louis, and his ancestors possessed those honors their merit had justly acquired.

Under the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, they were honored with a great number of letters, desiring their advice concerning affairs of State, greeting them with the title of Dear and Well-beloved Chevalier de la Motte. A great number of these letters, joined to the authentic titles of that family, have placed my husband's ancestors in places of eminence, and all have uniformly distinguished themselves as gentlemen and brave officers.

M. de la Motte's father was Lieutenant-major in the regiment of the Count and Viscount d'Argouge, which he quitted to enter into the Gens d'Armes, where he was made Commander

of a Company of Bourignons, and was killed at the head of his company at the famous battle of Minden. His only son, my husband, was received into the same company at fifteen years of age, and was thirteen years in the Gens d'Armes; which, though his calumniators have basely insinuated that he was obliged to quit the corps for misconduct, yet they dare not assert it publicly, lest something more than the mere detection of falsehood should repay their infamy. My husband quitted this corps of his own accord; his business calling him to Paris in the year 1782, and the brevet of retreat was given him; at the same time, his Commanders, the Counts de Vertillac and de Challeys can both testify, that M. de la Motte was earnestly entreated not to quit the corps; but he determined to follow me to Paris; and having received his brevet, he departed accordingly.— This brevet, without diminishing the merit of the other officers, paid every acknowledgment to my husband's merit, and to the propriety of his conduct for the space of thirteen years that he served in that corps.

Thus not only his birth, but his behaviour were equally honourable; and had his enemies
known

known that either would so well stand the test, their envy, their malice, would not have suffered such a disappointment by the scrutiny. Great as their effrontery is, I defy them to prove the truth of their assertions, I defy them to prove the falsity of mine. But, alas! our condemnation has opened a thousand doors for the admission of the most horrid calumnies; their own malignant dispositions, their own malicious propensities, they have transferred to me, and triumphed in those epithets upon me, which could be applied to none so well as themselves. But the good, the discerning, will hesitate in giving ready credit to the reports of such people, composed of knaves, libertines, and women of the worst and most abandoned description.

Before I lay down my pen, let me advance some precepts, by the application of which many of my own sex will find themselves much happier than they are. Perhaps, I have great reason to do this, and very just cause to complain of the persecutions and cruelties with which my own sex have pursued me since the era of my misfortune,

Delicate

Delicate as female reputation is, I would advise them, as they esteem their own, not readily to give credit to calumniating reports, much less to spread them abroad; I would caution them to despise those, who, hacknied in systematic scandal, feast upon the bleeding reputation of their sisters, mangled and torn by calumny; let them demand of those who convey such vile insinuations some proof of the circumstances which they relate; let them sift them thoroughly to the bottom; let them enquire the character of the tale-bearer; let them ask how, where and when, and whether she knows the woman whom she has so eagerly attempted to disgrace.

Alas! I have suffered from calumny; but secure in the impenetrable mail of virtue, I remain, though vexed, yet unwounded; for my character, I challenge the minutest investigation; me they cannot substantially injure; but I can assure many of my sex, if they would not listen to such dangerous disturbers of tranquility, their happiness would be infinitely greater, and they would then enjoy all that domestic felicity, which renders earth an epitome of Heaven, and their hearts would not be gnawed

gnawed by jealousy, nor their tempers soured by chagrin; then would not the pure and spotless character be stained by the false aspersions of malice, nor the brightness of virtuous reputation be obscured by the mists of envy.

The conduct of a dangerous woman, who once endeavoured to sow dissension between me and my husband here occurs to me; she assumed the deceitful appearance of hypocritical concern, and affected to give me the most friendly advice respecting my conduct, at the very moment she was labouring to destroy my character. By these insidious whispers, which injure more than direct abuse, my friends appeared unusually reserved; I was anxious to discover the reason; at length I traced it; I banished the calumniator from my house, and all was quiet; it appeared that many of my friends had imbibed an unfavourable opinion of me from her detractions; once discovered, her company was shunned, and she was avoided as a disturber of the peace of Society.

All I wish of my sex, whom I esteem and honor, is, that they will deafen their ears to the voice of Slander. Should they do this, their observance

observance of this precept will, like virtue, carry its own reward; they will enjoy themselves, and they will communicate to their families that peace and tranquillity which cannot be expressed; nor is this all, for by this conduct they will conciliate the most respectful attention from the worthy and sensible of the other sex; and let me assure my fair Readers, that no calumny is so certainly believed, as that which one woman propagates against another. Lions and tygers, even the most ferocious of the savage brood, will, at least spare those of their own species.

It would be endless were I to mention all the calumniating reports both of myself and my husband, to prejudice us in the public opinion; but these are reports of a party, whom Heaven, in mercy to mankind, has deprived of the power of doing mischief; yet though deprived of the power, they are still busied by their endeavours. They now circulate reports in the newspapers, that my husband has presented two petitions to the National Assembly, which have been rejected with disdain, and thrown aside without an answer. I have authority to contradict this report, and assign the true reason
why

why the subject of my husband's petition meets not that immediate attention which such a petition deserves ; for I have a higher opinion of the justice of the National Assembly, than for a moment to entertain a doubt so injurious to that learned body, that those claims will not be attended with success. But, immersed in a multiplicity of business, engaged in adjusting the different interests of a great nation, and presiding over an infant Constitution, such momentous concerns will not permit this illustrious Assembly so to abstract its attention from the general good, as to attend to the less important claims of a single individual. I am a Frenchwoman, and have the love of my country at heart ; I would not, therefore, wish that my countrymen should lose any benefit that may accrue from their counsels, by giving an interruption to their deliberations, however much my own interest might be dependant on the issue. My husband is of the same opinion ; he throws himself with unbounded confidence into the arms of his country's Saviours, and patiently waits the moment when the pillars of the Constitution, reared upon the pyramidal basis of Liberty and the Rights of Human Nature shall have left the architects of this glorious

rious pile at leisure, to direct their attention to the claims of oppressed individuals:

I have lately received letters from my sister, complaining of the injustice of the House of Rohan and their partisans; she reclaims the credentials of our birth, which are numerous, and in the hands of Government; these they unjustly refuse to deliver. She demands our titles of Nobility, but she is refused; every thing that might interest the Public in our behalf, is watched with a jealous eye, is kept back with a strong hand. How different the treatment of my antagonist.

The Cardinal de Rohan was advised to give every proof of his innocence; it is true, indeed, that he is not guilty respecting the necklace; but he well knows, that I was yet less guilty than himself, and that his conduct towards me is a new infamy, and will be a yet greater weight upon his conscience. I mean his having seized upon my property, and what is yet worse, detaining my papers. When my sister requests to have these delivered up, the Cardinal objects that my husband and myself were condemned as criminals. My sister then
desires,

desires, and I enforce her request, that he will read the arret against us, where he will see that we are not condemned for embezzling the necklace, for not a syllable of that circumstance is there mentioned; we are only condemned, upon the accusation of Vilette, for having written the signature of MARIE ANTOINETTE. Shallow as this evidence was against me, I was destined to be the victim of power; it was in vain to remonstrate; the Cardinal was powerful, my sister poor, and her complaints were certain to be out-tongued.

Thus, from one injustice heaped upon another, I trust the impartial will readily see, how the influence, wealth, and abilities of the House of Rohan have been collected in their might to crush an helpless individual, who, unpropped by influence, unsupported by wealth, had nothing but her own conscience to bear her up. How then, when the interest of such parties was to crush, can it be supposed a person so circumstanced should escape? My weakness as an individual invited their attack, but the strength of my cause was not so easily vanquished; to effect this, they were necessitated to have recourse to the meanest, the most

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treacherous

treacherous methods; my husband was to be assassinated, and my reputation was at any rate to be destroyed.

I have to entreat his Majesty to hear my cause: I would recommend to him the example of Louis the Fourteenth.

One day that illustrious personage was passing the wood of Boulogne on his way to St. Denis; he was charmed with that enchanting spot; and, on account of its being so near Versailles, the King wished to possess it; he enquired of those around him, how the Religious of Lonchamps became possessed of that charming wood? The Minister informed him, that it was given by Saint Louis for the portion of his sister, Saint Isabel, who was a Religious in this Abbey. "Well then," replied the King, "in that case, I suppose, there will be no difficulty in regaining it."

From this answer, the Ladies of Longchamps apprehended that they should lose their property; and the Minister instituted a process against the Convent. The King one day enquired how it went on, and what would be the result?

result? "Do you think," enquired his Majesty, we shall recover it?" "As a King," replied the Minister, "your Majesty will recover it."—"But how as an individual?" rejoined the King. "Your Majesty will lose it," replied the Minister. "Well then," said this magnanimous Prince, "let me be judged as if I were a private man."

In consequence of this, an advantageous exchange was agreed upon with the Ladies of Longchamps for another wood near St. Germain's; and since that time the wood of Boulogne has been appropriated to the amusement of Kings and Princes of the Blood. The Religious of this Abbey carefully treasure up in their archives this anecdote of the illustrious Monarch, and the very words he spoke on the occasion, which I have myself read with the greatest pleasure. When I recollect the virtues of this great King, I confess my hopes greatly strengthened, that my Sovereign, my worthy Sovereign, will follow the laudable example of his illustrious predecessor; that he will recollect the unfortunate Valois; that he will pronounce the same words as Louis the Fourteenth, the words which he put into the mouth of the

Dauphin when he presented him to the National Assembly. This hope fits smiling at my heart, and with a transient gleam illumines the dark gloom of the miseries I have so long sustained; those will I hope be recollected by my gracious Sovereign, who will also consider my humiliation, my submission and my respect, convinced as he must be, that I was undeserv- edly disgraced, and most unrighteously sacri- ficed.

The subjoined authentic Memorial will in- dubitably show, I am not a vain pretender to the honor of Royal descent, as my enemies have basely asserted; since my claim has been inves- tigated, and admitted, by the Officer of the Crown whose province it is to ascertain the ge- nealogy of the French Nobility.

MEMORIAL

M E M O R I A L

Concerning the House of Saint Remy de Valois, sprung from the natural son, whom Henry the Second, King of France, had by Nicole de Savigny, Lady and Baronesse de St. Remy.

Arms of the House de St. Remy de Valois.

Argent with a fess azure, charged with three flower de luces or.

HENRY the Second, King of France, had by (*) Nicole de Savigny, Henry de Saint Remy, that follows. The said Nicole de Savigny, styled High and Puissant Lady, Lady of Saint Remy, Fontette du Chatellier and Noez, married John de Ville, Knight of the King's Order, and made her last will on the 12th of January, 1590, in which she declared, "That the late King Henry the Second had made a donation to *Henry Monsieur*, his son, the sum of 30,000 crowns sol, which she had received in 1558."

(*) *Genealogical History of the House of France, by Father Anselme, vol. i. p. 136.*

History of France, by the President Henault, 3d edition, in 4to. p. 315.

II. DEGREE. *Fourth Progenitor.*] Henry de Saint Remy, called *Henry Monsieur* is styled High and Puissant Lord, Knight, Lord of the Manors and Baron du Chatellier, Fontette, Noez and Beauvoir, Knight of the King's Order, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber in Ordinary, Colonel of a regiment of horse, and of foot, and Governor of Chateau-Villain; married by contract October 31, 1592, articulated at Essoye, in Champaign, Dame Christiana de Luz, (†) styled High and Puissant Lady, relict of Claud de Fresnay, Lord of Loupy, Knight of the King's Order, and daughter of the Hon. James de Luz, also Knight of the King's Order, and of Lady Michelle du Fay, Lord and Lady of Bazoilles; died at Paris on the 14th of February, 1621, and had of his marriage the son who follows.

III. DEGREE. *Third Progenitor.*] Renatus de Saint Remy, styled High and Puissant Lord, Knight, Lord and Baron de Fontette, Gentleman in Ordinary to the King's Bed-chamber, Captain of a hundred men at arms, died March

(†) *The two younger sisters, Marina and Magdalen de Luz, were married, the one to Francis de Choiseul, Baron de Ambouville; and the other to Benjamin de Sancier, Lord and Baron of Tencœce.*

11, 1663, and had married, by articles entered into April 25, 1646, at Esfoye, Jacquette Bre-vau, by whom, amongst others, he had the following son :

IV. DEGREE. *Great Grand-father.*] Peter John de Saint Remy Valois, styled High and Puissant Lord, Knight, Lord of Fontette, Major of the regiment of Bachevilliers horse, was born September 9, 1649, and baptized at Fontette, October 12, 1653; married first to Demoiselle Reine Margaret de Courtois, and a second time by articles passed on January 18, 1673, at St. Aubin, in the diocese of Toul, to Demoiselle Mary de Mullot, daughter of Paul de Mullot, Esq. and of Dame Charlotte de Chalus, died before the 14th of March, 1714; and of his second marriage had a son who follows :

V. DEGREE. *Grand-father.*] Nicolas Renatus de Saint Remy de Valois, styled Knight, Baron of Saint Remy, and Lord of Luz, was baptized at Saint Aubin-aux-Auges, in the diocese of Toule, the 12th of April, 1678, served the King during ten years, as garde-du-corps to his Majesty, in the Duke de Charost's company, quitted

quitted the service to marry by articles of the 14th of March, 1714, Demoiselle Mary Elizabeth de Vienne, daughter of Nicolas Francis de Vienne, Knight, Lord and Baron of Fontette, Noez, &c. Counsellor to the King, President, Lieutenant-general in matters both civil and criminal, in the Royal Bailiwick of Barfar-Seine, and of Dame Elizabeth de Merille, died at Fontette on the 3d of October, 1759; and of his marriage had two sons: first, Peter Nicolas Renatus de St. Remy de Fontette, born at Fontette, June 3, 1716, received in 1744 a Gentleman Cadet, in the regiment of Grassin, where it is assured he was killed in an engagement against the King's enemies; and second, James, who follows:

VI. DEGREE. *Father.*] James de St. Remy de Valois, first called de Luz, and afterwards de Valois, styled, Knight, Baron de St. Remy, was born at Fontette, December 22, 1717, and baptized January 1, 1718. In his baptismal attestation, which contains his name and condition, his father, thereat present, is called and styled, "Messire Nicolas Renatus de Saint Remy de Valois, Baron de St. Remy;" and his aunt, who was one of the sponsors, is therein called

called " Demoiselle Barbara Therefa, daughter of the late Messire Peter John de Saint Remy de Valois." Both of them signed their names to it, Saint Remy de Valois. He espoused, in the parish church of St. Martin, at Langres, on the 14th of August, 1755, Mary Joffel, by whom he already had a son, who follows : and died *at the Hotel Dieu, in Paris*, February 16, 1762, according to the Register of his death, in which he is called and styled, " James de Valois, Knight, Baron de Saint Remy."

VII. DEGREE. *Procreating.*] James de Saint Remy de Valois, born February 25, 1755, and baptized the same day, in the parochial church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the city of Langres ; acknowledged and baptized by his father and mother in the act of their espousals of the 14th of August, of the same year.

Jane de St. Remy de Valois, born at Fontette, July 22, 1756.

Mary Anne de Saint Remy de Valois, born also at Fontette, October 2, 1757.

We, Anthony Mary d'Ozier de Serigny, Knight, Judge at Arms of the Nobility of France, Knight, Honorary Grand Cross of the
 2 Royal

Royal Order of St. Maurice of Sardinia, do certify unto the King, the truth of the facts certified in the above Memorial by us drawn up from authentic records. In witness thereof we have signed the present certificate, and caused it to be counter-signed by our Secretary, who has put it to the seal of our arms. Done at Paris, on Monday, the 6th day of the month of May, in the year 1776: (*signed*) D'HOSIER DE SERIGNY: (*lower down*) by Monsieur the Judge at Arms of the Nobility of France: DUPLESIIS, (*and sealed.*)

We, the undersigned Judge at Arms of the Nobility of France, &c. do certify that this copy of the present Memorial is conformable to the record preserved in our repository of Nobility; in witness whereof we have signed it, and caused it to be counter-signed by our Secretary, who has affixed to it the seal of our arms. Done at Paris, on Thursday the 13th day of the month of October, in the year 1785. *Signed* D'HOSIER DE SERIGNY.

By Monsieur the Judge at Arms of the Nobility of France. *Signed* DUPLESIIS.

A P P E N D I X.

No. I.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

“MADAM,

March 21, 1784.

“**T**HE charming Countess has imparted to me, how much you seemed affected with the account she gave you of the little services I have rendered her. The concern alone which she inspires, induced me to seize every opportunity of obliging her; for, certainly, I was very far from foreseeing she would one day be in a capacity of mentioning me to you, in such a manner as to remove the evil impressions which my enemies have ever given you of my disposition. Chance has therefore befriended me more than my own endeavors, for you know all the

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efforts I have made to speak to you, only for one instant, without ever being able to compass it.

“Persons whom I imagined my friends, and who were possessed of your confidence, have availed themselves of the desire I had of terminating my disgrace to make me commit acts of imprudence, take false steps, and almost surely to work my ruin; and, were it not for a circumstance as extraordinary as that which this day affords, I should always have appeared a monster in your eyes, without even an opportunity of establishing my innocence: but hope begins to shine in my heart, and I presume to think you will not disdain to hear me. Let but your beautiful mouth pronounce the word *yes*, you will behold your slave at your feet, and this day will be the happiest of his life.”

No. II.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

“MADAM,

March 28, 1784.

“WITH sorrow I am informed,
that you will not vouchsafe me a private inter-
view

view, till I have produced the most authentic proofs of your having been imposed upon. You require of me, in writing, a compendious plea towards my justification. Although secure of the person through whose hands it would be conveyed to you, I must own, that as yet not knowing what degree of confidence you repose in her, I would not lightly entrust a writing containing anecdotes in which your Majesty should be brought in question. As I cannot possibly employ the hand of a third, I ought (especially after all that has befallen me) to be extremely cautious. I presume to believe, that your Majesty will not look upon this act of circumspection as a refusal to comply with your will. I wait for further commands, and, in consequence of the conversation I have had with the Countess (which she will impart to you) I hope, that in order to avoid any thing's falling into unfaithful hands, you will permit me to lay before you, by word of mouth, the particulars you require of me.

“ I remain, in expectation of your ultimate will and pleasure, the most sincere and most devoted of your subjects.”

No. III.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.*April 3, 1784.*

“I AM bound to subscribe to the will of my *master*, and look upon myself as too happy in his condescending to listen to any thing relating to his *slave*. The dear Countess raised me to the summit of happiness, by telling me, that you could wish to find me innocent.— Yes; I am so, and can give you the most convincing proofs of it. So great is the joy which that idea produces in me, that every object to me no longer wears the same appearance. You will discover, by my style, that my imagination is exalted: I could wish to describe to you all the sensations I experience, but my ideas succeed each other so rapidly, that I find it impossible to write coherently. This moment of bliss has obliterated all the pangs I have endured; and I the more willingly forgive the authors of them, as I conceive what sacrifices may be gladly made to merit and preserve your kindness.

“ I no

“ I no longer delay sending you part of what you ask of me, reserving for a verbal explanation what was the aim of the Princess of Guémenée, when she wished to puzzle you with a story, in which the Duke de Lauzun and the Prince of Luxembourg were brought in as parties concerned. Discoveries which I have since made, have let me into the knowledge of my dear niece's disposition. I know that it was she who contributed most to my disgrace, and raised me enemies who have been but too successful in continuing it. She has, however, been punished for it, and the contempt she inspires you with persuades me, that you will easily perceive the falsity of all the slanderous tales she has devised, in order to effect my ruin,

“ I at this instant receive a note from the Countess, who tells me she is setting off for Versailles: I send her this letter, and to-morrow will dispatch a courier, who will deliver to her what you require.---The matter is settled.--Your faithful slave.”

No. IV.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

“ MADAM,

April 4, 1784.

“ PERUSE me attentively, judge of my desire to be again favorably received, by my recent behaviour, and do justice to him who has suffered all undeservedly,

“ Madame de Guémenée, to remove from my mind every suspicion which her conduct might raise, and to draw me into an unbounded confidence, told me, that she was almost persuaded you was acquainted with the various letters I had written, in order to raise an obstacle to your marriage with the Dauphin; that those letters had been forged at Madame du Barry's, and afterwards by her shewn to Lewis the Fifteenth, in one of those moments when she knew how to make him believe what she pleased; that this first discovery was the motive of the hatred and contempt you had conceived for her and for me; that, in the next place, you had been assured that I, stimulated by revenge for the little regard paid
to

to my counfels, had written to the Emprefs, to inform her of your intimate connection, with the Count d'Artois; that the letter was written in the plainest terms; and that probably the Chancellor, the Duke d'Aiguillon, and Madame du Barry, had improved upon the expreffions, as the difference of ftyle evidently fhewed thofe perfonages were concerned in it. 'That is,' faid ſhe, 'the information I have gained. If, 'in reality, thofe writings ever exiſted, and you 'were the author of them, you muſt never ex- 'pect forgiveness, nor ſhall I, by any means, 'take a ſingle ſtep towards obtaining it for you; 'but if, on the contrary, you was barely the 'agent in that tranſaction, and that Madame du 'Barry, to whom you could refuſe nothing, ' (after the ſervices ſhe had done you) prevailed 'on you to lend your name to that odious vil- 'lainy, it will be eaſy for me, by ſome well 'timed obſervations, to reconcile matters: but, 'previous to my taking the firſt ſtep, I require 'of you a ſincere avowal of all that paſſed.'

“ This account, which I ſhorten conſiderably, threw me into a ſtate which I cannot deſcribe: aſtoniſhment, indignation, rage, ſeized on my ſpirits, and made me pour forth againſt

those monsters a torrent of epithets they well deserved, but which respect forbids me to repeat. Grown somewhat calmer, I said to Madame de Guémenée, it was impossible such detested falsehoods could ever have been; that I had absolutely no knowledge of them; and that I could not persuade myself any one had been daring enough to use my name, as a vehicle to information so base and injurious. ‘ I cannot think,’ replied she, ‘ that you act a studied part, or that the discovery of these monstrous dealings leads you to such violence of passion, in order to persuade me that you are innocent. I know your disposition, and that you are incapable of such deceit; but that those guilty writings have existed, as also that the Queen is come to the knowledge of them, is a fact, but to tell you in what manner, is more than I know. It is your interest to help me in discovering the authors: I may possibly facilitate you the means; but let us have a little patience!’

“ The entrance of the Prince de Guémenée put an end to this conversation, and shortly after I took my leave, fearing lest he should observe my emotion. Several weeks elapsed without a possibility

possibility of finding an opportunity to renew the conference; I was only transiently informed there was nothing new stirring, and that a favorable moment was watched for, to enter upon an explanation, though matters were not to be hurried on, but that great reservedness must be used in bringing on the tapis anecdotes that had occasioned many disappointments; and that an able courtier should never stir up disagreeable recollections: that I might depend on her desire of serving me, and live in hopes of seeing my disgrace brought to a speedy conclusion.

“ Those flattering promises contributed a little to restore me to my tranquillity; for, from the period of my first interview, I had ceased to exist, and I own to you, that I was thrown into so great an agitation, by the machinations that had been put in practice against me, that I was repeatedly tempted to throw myself at your knees, and beseech you to hear me; but a short reflection, and the fear of making an *éclat*, prevented me. Above all, the hope Madame de Guémenée gave me, every time I met her, allured my resolution to such a degree, that she managed to make me believe whatever she would.

“ I was

“ I was one Sunday evening with the Prince de Soubise, who was waiting for his carriage to return to Paris, when a groom of the chambers to Madame de Guémenée came to desire my attendance on her, while you were at the card-table, intimating that she had something to communicate. The satisfaction I discovered in her countenance, on my entering her apartment, proved to me a good omen ; nor was I mistaken in it. ‘ I have good news,’ said she, ‘ to impart to you ; sit you down, and you shall hear.---I saw the Queen yesterday, and, by an unexpected piece of good luck, the conversation turned upon you, without my bringing it about. I eagerly seized the opportunity, to tell her she had been cruelly deceived by the reports that had been conveyed to her ; that, from the time of your having incurred her displeasure, your existence was the most wretched that could be ; and that, were it not for the hopes you entertained of one day justifying yourself, you would, ere this, have left the court, and retired to Saverne.’

“ If what you tell me were true,” answered she, “ he would have sought the means of justification ; yet hitherto I do not perceive he
“ has

“ has taken any method whatever to effect it.”
---“ This answer afforded me an opportunity of
‘ relating to her the conversation you and I had
‘ together ; to which I added several other cir-
‘ cumstances, which could not fail to persuade
‘ her of the fallacy of the facts reported to her.
‘ But I perceived, by her answer, that more
‘ than one conference would be requisite to con-
‘ vince her ; for which reason I did not think
‘ it expedient to carry things any farther, or to
‘ propose a premature explanation, which might
‘ have ruined all.

‘ I have an infallible way, and, if you will
‘ second me, I make no doubt of succeeding in
‘ the enterprize.---She has for some time past
‘ wished to have a small white spaniel dog : I
‘ know that the breed is frequently met with in
‘ in the Upper Alsace ; if you could, through
‘ means of your acquaintance there, procure me
‘ such a little creature, I would make her a pre-
‘ sent of it, reserving to tell her it came from
‘ you, as opportunity shall serve.’

“ I was so lucky as to procure the charming
little dog, which you was so fond of, and took
so great a liking to. Madame de Guémenée
failed

failed not to apprise me of it, assuring me that she had told you, that I, hearing of the desire you had for a little Alsatian dog, had made all possible enquiry after one; and that, having been successful, I had brought one to her with an Arabian name, the meaning of which was *Faithful and unhappy*; that this account, far from lessening your fondness for the little unfortunate being, had increased it: from which she drew the most favorable omen, and hoped that I shortly should be obliged to change the name of my representative,

“ I knew not in what words to express my gratitude to her: she was sensible of the excessive joy she gave me, and availed herself of it, to request of me the loan of a pretty considerable sum. I would have parted with my whole fortune, thinking myself too happy in being useful to a woman to whom I was so greatly beholden. The easy compliance she had met with enticed her to make farther demands, which I could not refuse, she always knowing how to accompany them with hopes, with soothing promises, and at the same time with difficulties she would find ways to overcome, all which she did in order to gain time. But my finances being

ing greatly deranged, by the fums I had been obliged to borrow for her, and finding my resources exhausted, since I had been several times obliged to give her a denial, she imagined that, to throw a mask over all her iniquities and falsehoods, the only way for her was to ruin me entirely in your opinion. She knew that the Princess de Marfan had spoken to me concerning your little dog, telling me she should be glad to see me come into favor again : that I ought to depend on your indulgence, since you had accepted of what came from me.

“ Fear of my discovering the truth, made her contrive a very sure way of rendering me odious. You are acquainted with the imprudent steps I took : they were her work ; and, at the moment I thought I was complying with your commands, she was persuading you it was a rashness to be condemned in me, that I only acted thus to expose you, and that I was in confederacy with two or three other persons, whom she named to you. Thinking her work imperfect, she wished to put a finishing hand to it, and to give me the fatal blow. To compass this, she must first assign to me the reasons why I still proved unsuccessful. She is fruitful in expedients ;

expedients; infinite are the resources of her imagination. I was subdued to her will; I implicitly believed every thing.

“ You was to give an entertainment at the Little Trianon, but the time appointed was yet distant. During the intervening space, I prepared all things necessary for my disguise. The long wished for day being come, and following my dear niece’s instructions, I slipped into the gardens, where I was not long, before I was surrounded and pursued, like an owl that had intruded into that enchanted grove. The shouts of Monsieur l’Abbé, and other very mortifying epithets, made me see clearly that I had been pitched upon to serve for sport to the whole assembly. Irritated at having been dismissed in such a manner, I withdrew, rage and despair filling my breast, fully determined to be revenged as soon as I found an opportunity. This scene caused in me so great a revolution, that I had a severe fit of illness. The authorefs of my misfortune made moreover a handle of my unhappy situation, to spread a report that I walked in my sleep, and that my night rambles in the gardens had brought on my disorder. She used every method to turn me into ridicule, and
to

to raise me fresh enemies, who since have not ceased to persecute me.

“ These are events which you have ever been ignorant of, and will serve to shew how far I have been the dupe of my sincerity.

“ As to the disappearing of your little dog, I will tell you what I have heard concerning it, as also many other stories laid to my account, and in which I never had any share; having sought, through all the unfortunate periods that ensued, every opportunity to afford you instances of my respect, and sincere attachment.

“ These are very tedious particularities, which have made me forget the hour. I hope, however, that my courier will arrive time enough to deliver my letter. I wait with great impatience for the Countess: Heaven grant she may bring me good news!---Ever faithful and unhappy.”

No. V.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

“ MADAM,

April 10, 1784.

“ I EASILY conceive, that, after all that has passed, it would be a contradiction in your conduct towards me, if you were seen to grant me openly, and so speedily, a protection, which those about you have persuaded you I was undeserving of. It would doubtless be founding an alarm for all my enemies, who would not fail to come together on that occasion. But all their efforts would prove unavailing, if my dear *master* has a desire to pardon his *slave*. Sovereign, equally powerful and respected, your will must ever be a law, which your attendants will be too happy in submitting to! If, however, you have particular reasons for acting with reserve till a certain period, I will conform to whatever may be pleasing to you, and will, to the utmost of my power, remove whatever might disturb the quiet and happiness of my dear *master*.

“ I dare

forget that it is to her you are indebted for your pardon, as also for the letter I write to you.

“ I have always looked upon you as a very inconsistent and indiscreet man, which opinion necessarily obliges me to great reservedness ; and I own to you, that nothing but a conduct quite the reverse of that you have held, can regain my confidence, and merit my esteem.”

No. VII.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

May 6, 1784.

“ YES ; I am the happiest mortal breathing ! My *master* pardons me : he grants me his confidence ; and, to compleat my happiness, he has the goodness to smile upon his *slave*, and to give him public signals of a right understanding. Such unexpected favors caused in me so great an emotion, that I for a moment was apprehensive lest the motive should be suspected, by the extraordinary answers which I made. But I soon recovered, when I saw my absence of mind was attributed to quite another motive ;

motive; upon which I assumed an air of approbation, in order to divert observation from the real object. This circumstance is a warning to me, to direct henceforth my words and actions in a more prudential manner.

“ I know how to appreciate all the obligations I am under to the charming Countess. In whatever situation I may chance to be, I shall be gratefully mindful of all that she has done in my behalf.---So much for that.---All depends on my *master*.---The facility he has of making beings happy, makes his *slave* wish for the means of following his footsteps; and being an echo of his good pleasure.”

No. VIII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO
THE CARDINAL.

May 15, 1784.

“ I CANNOT disapprove of the desire you have of seeing me. I could wish, in order to facilitate you the means, to remove all obstacles that oppose it; but you would not

* B 2

have

have me act imprudently, to bring about ~~more~~ compendiously a thing which you must be persuaded you will shortly obtain.

“ You have enemies, who have done you much disservice with the *minister*, (the Countess will tell you the meaning of that word, which you must use for the future). The turning of them out cannot but be advantageous to you. I know the changes and revolutions that are to happen, and have calculated all the circumstances which will infallibly bring forward the opportunities which I desire. In the interim be very cautious, above all discreet; and, as there is no foreseeing what may happen, be reserved, and greatly perplexed in what you hereafter write to me.”

No. IX.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO
THE CARDINAL.

May 23, 1784.

“ MENTION was made of you to me yesterday, in a manner which induces me to think there is a suspicion of some intelligence.

I cannot

I cannot conceive what can have given rise to such a supposition. Whatever the intention was, it was not gratified: I give you notice of it, that you may be upon your guard, and avoid all surprize.

“ I shall go this week to T----n, and shall there see the Countess, to whom I will communicate a scheme that will certainly be pleasing to you.”

No. X.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

“ MADAM,

June 2, 1784.

“ THE Countess misunderstood what I said to her, relative to my request of entreating from you an interview. I should be very unjust, and truly indiscreet, to solicit that favor, whilst those obstacles remain which you so kindly acquainted me with. This is exactly what I jestingly said to her, not thinking she would report it to you :--- ‘ Charming Countess! ‘ you are very amiable, and doubtless deserving ‘ of the attachment that is conceived for you !---

* B 3 .

‘ How

‘ How háppy are you ! You will to-morrow see
 ‘ my dear *master* ; you will be at his feet, whilst
 ‘ his faithful *slave* lives under a continual re-
 ‘ straint, deprived of the only pleasure he could
 ‘ have, of seeing, admiring, adoring him, and
 ‘ swearing at his feet that his respect, his at-
 ‘ tachment, his love, will only end with his
 ‘ life. You have it in your power to crown all
 ‘ my wishes ; it depends greatly on you.---Hear
 ‘ me !---I should indeed be sorry, did my *master*
 ‘ imagine that my whole conduct had no other
 ‘ tendency but towards ambition, and the desire
 ‘ of being avenged of my enemies. The request
 ‘ I preferred to him of receiving me, may have
 ‘ raised those suspicions in him ; which, in order
 ‘ to remove from his mind, and persuade him
 ‘ that I have no other aim or desire but to please
 ‘ him, tell him that I would very willingly
 ‘ consent to pass for ever, in the public estima-
 ‘ tion, for a man in disgrace, and who richly
 ‘ deserves it, if he would vouchsafe me the fa-
 ‘ vors he grants to you.---This confession is as
 ‘ sincere, as the desire I have of seeing my
 ‘ wishes accomplished.’

“ The Countess laughed heartily at the no-
 tion, and made her account of entertaining you
 with

with it. The manner in which she related to you our conversation, is, no doubt, what occasioned your reproaching me. My crime is very pardonable, and indeed I rely much on your indulgence. You are so kind, so ready to relieve the wretched, that your *slave* cannot persuade himself you will much longer debar him from embracing your knees."

No. XI.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

June 12, 1784.

"THE *Savage* is delighted—he has just mentioned to me, with rapture, the signal of intelligence and kindness which he received from the *master*. I, in order to perplex him, endeavored to insinuate, that it was to the Countess and not to him it was directed, which threw him into a violent rage. You see how jealous people are of pleasing you, and obtaining a single look from you. From that instant the *Savage* has been happy, and I am persuaded there is nothing in the world he would not undertake to merit your esteem and countenance. He hopes

* B 4

you

you will become reconciled to his figure, and that his qualifications will make you regard him with a more favorable eye.

“ I was in hopes of hearing from you before my departure, but the Countess has just told me, that your toilet and the etiquette of the day had not left you one moment's leisure.— I am highly pleased with the *minister* ; I don't despair of seeing him one day act as my mediator.”

No. XII.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

July 29, 1784.

“ MY adorable *master*, permit your *slave* to express his joy for the favors you have conferred upon him. That charming *rose* lies upon my heart—I will preserve it to my latest breath. It will incessantly recal to me the first instant of my happiness.

“ In parting from the Countess I was so transported, that I found myself imperceptibly brought

brought to the charming spot which you had made choice of. After having crossed the shrubbery, I almost despaired of knowing again the place where your beloved *slave* threw himself at your feet. Destined, no doubt, to experience, during that delightful night, none but happy sensations, I found again the pleasing turf, gently pressed by those pretty little feet—I rushed upon it as if you had still been there, and kissed with as much ardor your grassy seat, as that fair hand which was yielded to me with a grace and kindness that belong to none but my dear *master*. Enchanted, as it were, to that bewitching spot, I found the greatest difficulty in quitting it; and, I should certainly have spent the night there, had I not been apprehensive of making my attendants uneasy, who knew of my being out.

“ Soon after my return home I went to bed, but pressed for a considerable time a restless pillow. My imagination, struck with your adorable person, was filled, during my slumbers, with the most delightful sensations. Happy night! that proved the brightest day in my life!— Adorable *master*, your *slave* cannot find expressions to describe his felicity! You yesterday witnessed

witnessed his embarrassment, his bashfulness, his silence, the natural effects of the most genuine love! You alone in the universe, could produce what he never before experienced.—

Enveloped in these pleasing sensations, I sometimes imagine it to be only a visionary felicity, and that I am still under the influence of a dream; but combining all the circumstances of my happiness, recalling to mind the enchanting sound of that voice which pronounced my pardon, I give way to an excess of joy, accompanied with exclamations, which, if they were overheard, would argue distraction. Such is my condition, which I deem supremely happy, and wish for its continuance the remainder of my life.

“ I shall not depart till I have heard from you.”

No. XIII.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

August 9; 1784.

“ I THINK I have found out the opportunity and pretence the *master* is wishing for.

for. Not long since I imparted to him the fears of his *slave* and the dangers he is exposed to, in consequence of the suspicions which his assiduities have raised. A discovery would undo him for ever, by the insinuations which would necessarily ensue, and the *master*, spite of his authority, would find himself forced to sacrifice his *slave*, lest himself should be exposed, through an endless circulation of tittle-tattle.

“ We are sometimes under a necessity of bestowing our confidence on persons who are placed near us, on whose fidelity, perhaps, we can but little depend, and who often avail themselves of circumstances to draw us into inconsistencies, which we are not at first aware of. Their aim is to become possessed of weapons which they know how to turn against us, in order to preserve their sway, and incapacitate us from acting in conformity with our wishes. Such is the situation of the *master*---thwarted in his views, his projects, his very conduct; he sees, but too late, the danger there is in giving one's self up without reserve, especially to the wicked; who know how to make their advantage of every thing. Not knowing as yet the reasons of the reservedness he is to put on, nor the nature of his

his confidence, I can give him no counsel, nor investigate the means of avoiding what might prove displeasing to him.---You comprehend my meaning.---I must then confine myself to pointing out the method of sending openly for his *slave*, without the *minister*, the P. the V. the B. &c. being able to pass any reflection on that proceeding. That first step being settled, nothing will be more easy than to continue visits, which will be sanctioned on one side, and a matter of indifference on the other.

“ You have at the present moment a young person who works under your immediate inspection : I know that that person’s works have been pleasing to you, and that you wish to patronise her. She has made a clergyman, a relation of her’s, to whom she is under great obligations, a partaker of your bounty. The latter is come to consult me, and ask whether he might hope to obtain a vacant place, which would be demanded of me by you. Being made acquainted with all the particulars, I directed him to draw up a memoir, which will be delivered to the little one, with all instructions requisite.— You will find the petition at the bottom of your basket, and will judge, by the contents of it, that
the

the *slave* must necessarily be sent for to receive his orders from his *master*, to whom this unaffected transaction, and the eager desire of complying with his will, must, undoubtedly, afford an opportunity of shewing his indulgence, and of insensibly forgetting what has passed.

“ The Countess will stay till Thursday, that she may bring me back your determination or your commands.

“ M. B. S. T. C. B.---You comprehend my meaning.”

No. XIV.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

“ MADAM,

August 13, 1784.

“ THERE is a proverb which says, ‘ No good fortune ever comes alone ;’ my sad adventure will prove the proverb false. Do not be alarmed ; prepare, on the contrary, to laugh heartily, and to make game of me at our next meeting.

“ After

“ After the most complete happiness, I was stealing away to the passage you know, when, passing along a quickset hedge, a loud noise made me apprehensive some body wanted to surprise me. Terrified to the last degree, I made but one jump to get out of reach. My hastiness having prevented my taking the usual precautions, and still less noticing that the rain had made the ground slippery, I found myself, I cannot well say how, in the very middle of the ditch.

“ The *Savage*, who was waiting for me on the other side, perceiving in my comical fall nothing more than an excess of clumsiness on my part, burst out into an excessive fit of laughter, holding his sides, and writhing himself in the most whimsical manner. A few significant words stifled, for an instant, his immoderate risibility, and he helped me out of the mire, into which I had sunk pretty deep.

“ You know the serious turn of the *Savage*-- would you ever have thought, that, after I had apprised him of the cause of my fright, he would have fallen a laughing afresh? Undoubtedly not. Well, off he goes, twisting himself
about

about, rolling upon the grass, unable to utter a single word. Seeing nothing move on the opposite side, I waited with tolerable composure to see the end of this extraordinary merriment. When he was grown a little more sedate, I told him somewhat seriously, that I would be careful never after to take him along with me, since, in so delicate an occurrence, he behaved with equal folly and indiscretion.

‘Do not condemn me unheard,’ answered he ;
 ‘hear me. It’s a rabbit or a partridge that has
 ‘frightened you. You thought you saw the
 ‘whole gang at your heels, and, without reflect-
 ‘ing in the least, you came and played the di-
 ‘dapper, to avoid being seen by them.—
 ‘Suppose yourself in my place : as I neither
 ‘perceived nor heard any thing that could occa-
 ‘sion so precipitate a retreat, my first motion
 ‘was to laugh. You relate your fright, I guess
 ‘at the motive that gave rise to it : I then sur-
 ‘vey you, behold you all over mud, with your
 ‘breeches torn from one end to the other---
 ‘who the Devil could forbear laughing ?’—
 I myself look, and see the truth of his account ;
 our eyes meet, and we join in chorus. So far all
 was right, except the tearing of a pair of
 breeches,

breeches, and a rather filthy masquerade; but the discovery of my thumb's being out of joint, brought on a little gravity in our progress.--- Having stolen in unperceived at home, the *Savage* performed the office of a surgeon. Thanks to his balsam, I am in much less pain to-day.

“ The Countess, whom I saw this morning, finding me with my hand muffled up, naturally asked what had happened to me. Though sure she would run her jokes upon me, I told her my sad mishap, at which she laughed so immoderately, that she was forced to leave me, and go into another apartment. The marks she had left in the drawing-room, of her excessive risibility, making me apprehend a second shower, I withdrew without seeing her again. ”

“ The charming laughter will not fail of telling you what she calls my awkwardness; but I hope that, for this time, her mirth will not terminate in the same manner.”

No. XV.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO
THE CARDINAL.*August 15, 1784.*

“ LAST night I received the packet, the instructions, and reflections thou sendest me concerning Calonne. I know him to be a man who would not miss an opportunity of setting himself off at the expence of any person whatever; but I likewise know, that when I have recommended to him any matter whatsoever, he will pay regard to it, and not seek to thwart me. The object of which thou speakest to me, relative to the Countess, has no manner of reference to this. I am well pleased with thee for thy demand upon him; but the matter of fact is, that at that period I only knew the Countess by sight, and for having heard her spoken of by *Madame*, who was her well-wisher. The encomiums she passed on her, and the circumstances of the 2d of February, did all the rest.

“ A minister is often forced to contrive falsehoods, and be guilty of injustice, especially when sure of impunity : he was ignorant at that moment of my concern for her, nor do I wonder at his using my name, or that of the *minister*, in order to avoid all farther solicitations from thee. Moreover, as it is an affair of the first magnitude, and that requires mature deliberation, we will take all necessary measures not to meet with any obstacles, and at the same time revive the saying of the Doctor: *All is for the best.*—Farewell.”

No. XVI.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO
THE CARDINAL.

August 16, 1784.

“ AN observation made to me yesterday, with an air of curiosity and suspicion, will prevent my going to-day to T-----n, but will not, for all that, deprive me of seeing my amiable *slave*. The *minister* sets out at eleven, to go a hunting at R----- : his return will be very late, or, to speak more properly, next morning. I hope, during his absence, to make
myself

myself amends for the tediousness and contradiction I have experienced for these two days past. Imprudent conduct has brought me to that pass, that I cannot, without danger, remove objects that are displeasing to me, and who haunt me. They have so thoroughly studied me, and know so little how to feign and dissemble, that they attribute my change to nothing but a discretion, which to them appears blame-worthy; it is therefore very essential to be on one's guard, to avoid all surprize.

“ The daring question put to me, persuades me that my confidence has been abused, as well as my good-nature, and that advantage has been taken of circumstances to fetter my will. I have a way of coming at information concerning it, but I will first consult thee. As thou wilt play the principal part in the scheme I have devised, we must needs agree as well on this point, as we did last Friday on the S-----. This comparison will make thee laugh, no doubt; but, as it is a just one, and I desire to give thee a proof of it to-night, before we talk of serious matters, observe exactly what follows:---Do thou assume the garb of a messenger, and, with a parcel in thy hand, be walking about, at half
 * C 2 past

past eleven, under the porch of the chapel: I will send the Countess, who shall serve thee for a guide; and conduct thee up a little back staircase to an apartment, where thou wilt find the object of thy desires."

No. XVII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO
THE CARDINAL.

August 18, 1784.

" SINCE the step I directed the Countess to take with the President d'Aligre, concerning your affair of the Quinze-Vingt, I suspect, from his astonishment, that he has endeavoured to pry into the motives which actuated me, and that, unable to make any discovery, he has spoken of it to *certain persons*, who are supposed to be ignorant of nothing, and who, perhaps, on this occasion, have dissembled their behaviour, to shew they still possess my confidence. The restraint I am under, by their redoubled assiduities, the continual chit-chat with which I am plagued, their anxious and inquisitive looks when I answer a question, in short, every thing persuades me that they suspect our

our

our secret intelligence, and that they are using every method to acquire the certain knowledge of it.

“ This morning the *minister* conversed with me concerning thee with an air of kindness, which induces me to believe he has received some information. As it is not the first time that has happened, and I never failed to acquaint and consult those persons I suspect as the authors, whose view is to chain me down still more, I shall not fail to impart to them my astonishment, with such circumstances as will enable me to judge whether my suspicions are well or ill grounded.

“ Thou art much in the right, in telling me that I am in a wood, surrounded with whatever is dangerous and venomous on the face of the globe; but, in short, we must howl with the wolves till we have muzzled them. As to the *minister*, I know his coarse-spun finesses, and his foible for me: they know his brutality, and what account is to be made of the first stroke from his tusk, and that is what gives me spirits; they know, that in circumstances more delicate than the present, I have chained up the lion,

* C 3

and

and have made him see and believe whatever I pleased.

“ Thou knowest what it is prevents my getting rid of my leeches : help me to find out the way, and to deprive them of the means of hurting me, and thy desires shall soon be gratified.

“ I expect thee to-night, at the same hour and place. I hope, before that happy moment, to have got all out of the *minister*.

J. t. R. t. B. a. V. C. S. Adieu.”

No. XVIII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO
THE CARDINAL.

August 18, 1784.

“ I WRITE to thee in haste, to give thee notice that is impossible for me to receive thee to-night. I have gained more information than I could wish, and, though engaged at the scene I have just had with LaP----, I will conceal my resentment, and carry my dissimulation to the utmost. I know that anger

is of no service, and therefore take the resolution most suitable, though contrary to my own inclination. I will not leave the *minister* till I have wrought him to my purpose; which object accomplished, I am not at a loss to find a shelter, and if the bomb-shell bursts, I shall be able to make the splinters fall on those who set fire to it. Do not depart till to-morrow, at one o'clock; and fail not to be this evening in the walk to T-----. As I doubt not (from what I have heard) but all thy steps are watched, it is a material point to perplex the inquisitive, and render it impossible for them to realize their suspicions.

“ The Countess will stay here to-morrow, and inform thee of all that has passed. Depend on my attachment, and be persuaded that I shall know how to treat, as I ought, ungrateful people, who are become thy enemies, because thou wast not introduced by them. Above all, be discreet: I rely on the Countess as on myself.”

No. XIX.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.*August 21, 1784.*

“ It would indeed be unjust, after the confidence you have granted me in the present circumstances, if I did not adopt the line of conduct you have prescribed for me. Be assured that I will sacrifice every thing to the quiet and happiness of my dear *master*. Whatever may occur during my absence, (which is become necessary) he will call to mind my sincerity, my zeal to serve him, and my most tender love. I am not superstitious, yet (shall I tell thee?) I have forebodings which I dread to see realized. The more I reflect on the secrets thou hast communicated to me, the more I perceive the possibility of a reconciliation. The absent are always in the wrong.---When once I am got to S-----, a thousand ways will be found to do me prejudice: I shall not be at hand to clear myself: slander, aided by anonymous letters flying from all sides, will be the weapons used by my enemies; and then, to support them,

them, will come the handsome F----- . He is not, I grant thee, an ambitious man : he is young, amiable, and aspires solely to the happiness of pleasing you ; but the C---- is an old stager, whose affairs are greatly involved, and who is susceptible of no attachment, any farther than the gratification of his interest and ambition. Such are, I am sure, part of their attempts, and the terms in which they will address you ; if insufficient to sway you, they will have recourse to the last contrivances.---I confess to you, 'tis there I dread them most. It would be an unpardonable villainy ; but from their indelicacy, and their extreme carefulness in laying hands upon and preserving those writings, it is plain they did it only with an intent to make an ill use of them. However, from all the reflections I have made, I think that, with resolution supported by authority, they might be compelled to a restitution. If that method be dangerous, there is another, which appears to me infallible, and that agrees perfectly well with their selfish disposition : I will impart it to thee in my next letter.---Since this discovery, my mind has been anxiously bent on finding out the most speedy and best expedient, and I own I still recur to my first opinion.

“ I shall

“ I shall depart on the feast-day, and not appear at V----- but on receipt of a particular order. Meanwhile, my thoughts shall be occupied with the great object. The packet will go off to-morrow night. The caution I shall use will prevent all confidence that might prove dangerous; and if unfortunately any surprize should happen, the bearer will be able to give no indication nor token of intelligence.”

No. XX.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

August 24, 1784.

“ THE courier set out last night at half past twelve. The Countess will tell thee how I contrived the delivery of the packet. I have given all instructions necessary for the arrival and departure of my two couriers, by which means I shall hear from thee at least once a week; and if any thing extraordinary should occur, I shall always have a confidential person in readiness to dispatch. All my equipages are ready.

“ To-morrow

“ To-morrow is the fatal day, when I must part with all that is dear to me. This reflection depresses my spirits, and occasions me to feel an uneasiness which I cannot overcome; yet I know that my absence is necessary here, and my presence indispensable at the place of my destination.---I think I am jealous; a dreadful malady! The personage in question disturbs my brain, and makes me dread my departure. Have a little compassion on me; seek to calm my uneasiness, and persuade thyself that I should not outlive thy infidelity. Farewell! Be careful of thy health, live happy, and sometimes bestow a thought upon the *slave*.”

No. XXI.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO
THE CARDINAL.

September 8, 1784.

“ IT is very astonishing that the courier is not yet returned; it gives me uneasiness, as I required the greatest dispatch. If on receipt of this letter he is not yet arrived, dispatch immediately a courier with the inclosed note: tell him, by word of mouth, whom he is to deliver it to.

“ Thy

“ Thy departure has silenced every tongue; whether out of discretion or policy, thy name has not been pronounced. People redouble their dutiful attendance, and strive to make me forget the scene, as well as the motive that gave rise to it. The advice thou givest me is impracticable. They never told me they were in possession of ——; I only surmised it from behaviour, reproaches and speeches which I have overheard. I am fully persuaded, that, let what will happen, they will never expose themselves to convey any writing into the hands of the *minister*; but I should always be uneasy to know they had in their possession what could disturb my tranquillity. I am fully resolved to take a decided part; but I have made so many sacrifices for all those people, and the *minister* has so often accused me of inconstancy and fickleness, that I must absolutely have a reason to assign to him: not that he loves or values them; quite the contrary; but he pretends that it is for my sake, and that it is always extremely expensive to have new favorites. A well-placed system of œconomy truly!---Adieu! To-morrow I set off to T----, where I shall remain a few days, to have greater liberty to see the Countess. Thou hadst not told me the *Savage* would stay at Paris; a very useless thing.”

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No. XXII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO
THE CARDINAL.

September 8, 1784.

“ YOU must have received a parcel which I sent you : I am surpris'd I have not had an answer to it. You may judge of my uneasiness by its contents. I hope for the future you will use more punctuality.”

No. XXIII.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

September 13, 1784.

“ THE *master* will see by the packet I send him, that his object is attained, and his note become needless. The courier before this last, was entrusted with a letter, somewhat long, relative to his attendants. After the deepest reflection, the *slave* thinks that the *master* may, without danger, follow the counsel which he gives him; for, after all, he is the *master*. I have sent the Countess
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a small phial for you, which contains a liquor that may be written with, and nothing appear; but being shewn to the fire, or light, grows black, and disappears again afterwards. In case of any thing particular, leave a wide space between your lines, that you may interline with that liquor. I saw, the day before yesterday, the person in question, whose answer appeared to me to be evasive. He is to call again in the course of the week, to make known his last determination. If he refuses, I have another person in my eye. The Countess will communicate what I am prohibited doing in this paper.

“(t. C. E. l. M. A. b.)”

No. XXIV.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO THE QUEEN.

September 23, 1784.

“IF the *slave* is happy to contribute to the success of the grand object, undertaken by the *master*, he thinks it will be necessary before the execution, that he should remove to a less distant situation. The most impenetrable veil being necessary to cover the
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author of the project, there must be an impossibility of tracing to the source, in order to be doubly guarded against contingencies. I have perfectly felt the force of the latter reflection. There is nothing permanent in the world. In consequence of this truth, the *master's* policy is plainly seen, for, in case of a revolution, he is sure of receiving a *support*, which will validate his claims, and prevent the triumph of his enemies. Divided between hope and fear, my situation is the most cruel, and my existence wretched. Yet, when I make reflections on the past, and bring into consideration my degree of confidence with the *master*, I see the injustice of my fears. The hopes of seeing myself soon within his arms, gives a fresh spring to my joy, and restores me to my security."

No. XXV.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL TO
THE QUEEN.

November 22, 1784.

"THE desire I feel of being serviceable to the Countess, and to remove all obstacles that still oppose a public reception, makes
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me practise every possible method to fulfil those two objects. The *master* will judge by the proceedings which I have directed one of my dependants to adopt, whether the success of his solicitations can serve as a pretence to the mutual desires, and remove all difficulties. The Abbé de Sefaryes is to resign his office of Master of the Oratory, to the Abbé de Phaff, by extraction a German, whose friends live at Brussels, in the retinue of the Archduchess. As a difficulty exists which you alone can remove, I have advised him to go to Brussels, to use all methods with the Archduchess, to obtain from her a letter of recommendation to you. As the business cannot be transacted without me, since 'tis I who furnish the funds, it will be an additional motive for bringing me into recollection. I had projected a scheme to accelerate and prevent a denial, but as that might have brought you into question, and raised suspicion, I judged it most prudent to decline it. *So much for that* ---you will allow that events succeed so rapidly on both sides, that it were dangerous to proceed too far. So politic an answer from an aspiring spirit, astonishes me the more, as the æras, spoken of, are yet very remote. I foresee many difficulties in bringing that to a prosperous issue
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that's understood—I shall always be ready, scrupulously, to perform the commands of the *Master* : the most pleasing would be, no doubt, to be recalled near his divine person.”

No. XXVI.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE
CARDINAL.

Dec. 12, 1784.

“ HAD I followed the maxim that says, “ in all thy doings make slow haste,” the accident which befel thy last letter would not have happened. The earnestness, the eagerness of reading, urging me to put the letter too near the light, it took fire, and in spite of all my endeavours to extinguish it, could save only some part of it. To him that understandeth, greeting:—The first packet was gone off when the courier arrived. Being pressed for time, I could not answer with regard to the Abbe; had I been forewarned, I would have saved him a needless journey. We have made an agreement, never to grant any person whatever a request of that nature, assuredly the Abbe will not be an exception to the rule; besides,

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suppose the scheme could have taken place, it is clear the object could not have justified the proceeding. The situation I am in, will infallibly bring on a more favourable opportunity. The most speedy dispatch will shorten the exile of the *Slave*. *I believe it is understood."*

No. XXVII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE
CARDINAL.

Jan. 15, 1784.

“ IF it had not been my intention there should be a mystery in the purchase of the jewel, I certainly should not have employed you to procure it for me. I am not accustomed to enter thus into treaty with my jewellers, and this way of proceeding is so much the more contrary to what I owe to myself, as two words were sufficient to put me in possession of that object. I am surprised that you dare to propose to me such an arrangement; but let there be no more said about it. It is a trifle that has occasioned me to make a few reflections, which I will impart to you when opportunity offers. The Countess will deliver to you your paper.

I am

I am sorry you have given yourself so much trouble to no purpose."

No. XXVIII.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE
CARDINAL.

January 29, 1785.

"HOW is this? Affectation with me? Why, my friend, ought people in our predicament to act under restraint, to seek for shifts, and deal with insincerity? Dost thou know that thy reserve, and thy false pride, drew upon thee the letter thou hast received; and that but for the Countess, who has told me all, I should have attributed that pretended arrangement to quite a different motive. Fortunately all is cleared up. The Countess will deliver thee the writing, and explain the motives by which I have been actuated in this matter. As I am supposed ignorant of the confidence thou hast shewn her, as also of the token of trust that thou wilt give her, by laying before her our particular engagements, that is a more than sufficient reason to make thee secure, and remove all difficulties.

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Thou wilt keep the writing, and deliver it to none but me.

“ I hope, notwithstanding my disorder, to see thee before the holiday. I expect the Countess to-morrow. I will tell her whether I shall be able to receive from my *Slave*, the object which had nearly set us at variance.”

No. XXIX.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE
CARDINAL.

July 6, 1785.

“ YOUR fears are groundless ; the coolness and dislike for you, which you surmise, is by no means the effect of inconstancy. Put the question to yourself : I long to speak to you : the steps I cause to be taken towards you, must needs convince you of it. The *Minister* returned from the chace much sooner than I expected him ; he was still with me, as also Madame E—— when I dispatched the confidential person to you. Do not depart to day ; be at ten o'clock with the Countess, and believe that no one desires more than I do the explanation you request.”

No. XXX.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE
CARINAL.

July 19, 1784.

“ I Believe I have informed you of the disposal of the sum, which I destined for the object in question, and that probably I should not fulfil the engagements till my return from Fontainbleau. The Countess will remit to you thirty thousand livres, to pay the interest. The privation of the capital is to be taken into consideration, and this compensation will make them easy.

“ You complain, and I say not a word: a very extraordinary circumstance; time will, perhaps, acquaint you with the motive of my silence. I do not love suspicious people, especially when there is so little reason for it. I possess a principle I never will recede from. Your last conversation is very opposite to what you related to me at a preceding period. Reflect upon it, and if your memory serves you faithfully, by comparing the æras, you will judge what I am to think of your pressing solicitations.”

No. XXXI.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO THE
" CARDINAL.*February 12, 1785.*

“ FROM all that I have heard concerning that extraordinary man thou tellest me of, I cannot look upon him but as a mountebank. It may be prepossession in me, and I know by experience, that one ought never to judge of any body from the report of others, but I have many reasons for not yielding to thy entreaties. I am not superstitious, nor is it an easy matter to impose upon me ; but as those sort of people have sometimes things that astonish, and thereby dispose one to believe whatever they say, I am not in a situation for such trials. Besides, it would be very difficult, nay, even impossible to receive him as mysteriously as I could wish, and thou knowest the cautiousness with which I must act in the present moment. The Countess made me laugh heartily, by relating the last scene ; it has something of prodigy in it, and raises in me the greatest desire to see the grand Cophte. Yet, if I must believe the Countess,

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it requires a person to be very innocent, in order to behold the mysteries of that great man : though, to judge from the circumstances of all his apparatus, I believe he looks upon thee and the Countess as two simpletons, and treats you as two dupes. Don't be offended at my frankness : I promise thee I will judge of him in my own person.

“ The *Minister* leaves me as little as he can ; I do not yet guess at the reason of it, but shall not be long before I do. Luckily I have not to deal with an Egyptian, like thy Cagliostro, who guesses the past, and foretells the future. He is not possessed of the Talisman that gives utterance to the ladies toys, and indeed I am at ease, and dread not any indiscretion from mine.

“ Excuse my follies ; for some time past I so seldom allow myself any diversion, that thou wilt no doubt be delighted with having afforded me the opportunity of a moment's recreation.”

F I N I S.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE foregoing sheets comprize the leading circumstances of the Countess Delamotte's life, as narrated by her own pen, the elevation and depression of which alternately excite astonishment and compassion: at one moment we behold her the chosen companion and confidant of the first Princess in the most brilliant European Court, surrounded with all the blandishments of its voluptuous and splendid attractions; the next, withdrawn from the fostering rays of royalty by which she had been cherished, the lamented victim of sanguinary machinations, condemned to bear the horrors of a loathsome dungeon, and endure the severities of a degrading punishment. These circumstances, however, being fully in possession of the Reader, we have only to remark, from the narration of her writings and the example of her sufferings, the truth of the sacred text, that *there is no trust in the favour of princes.*

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The last misfortune of her life, which terminated its existence, is yet recent in public recollection: it has now become the office of surviving friendship to complete this work by a relation of the melancholy particulars.

The *ci-devant* Countess, as she styled herself, having completed the preceding History of her Life, was induced to delay its publication, from overtures being made for its suppression by a person pretending to be charged with a commission for that purpose from the *then* HIGHEST POWERS in France. Some months were therefore wasted in fruitless negotiation, till the unexpected flight, and consequent embarrassments, of the Royal Fugitives destroyed every flattering prospect and pleasing hope of the Countess being relieved from the difficulties in which the most vindictive persecutions had involved her. The discussion of inferior objects necessarily gave way to the more momentous concerns of national affairs; and the speedy flight of the negotiator, who had impressed her with an idea that she would soon be placed beyond the reach of fortune, by the immediate settlement of an annuity on herself, and the liquidation of her husband's debts, on condition of giving up the manuscript and printed copies of Her Life, left her

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to struggle with the new-created difficulties his flattering assurances had so greatly increased.

During this time, debts she had unavoidably contracted; not through luxurious indulgence, but by immediate necessity; for in the humiliating school of adversity she had been taught the useful lessons of frugality and moderation; and these she daily practised, with patient submission; yielding to her reverse of fortune with a calm composure that would not have dishonoured the rigid maxims of the most austere philosopher. These, however, she had a reasonable prospect of being disincumbered from. But her tranquility was again interrupted by a shock she little expected, and was less prepared to support. Without previous demand, or intimation, a writ was issued against her for a debt of 30*l.* said to have been contracted by her husband during his residence in England; and she was arrested at her lodgings, opposite the Temple of Flora, near the Asylum.

Here the fortitude which had supported her through more trying scenes forsook her. She was alarmed with the idea of its being a scheme once more to put her in the power of her enemies; and the dread of being again immured amid the horrors of a French prison distracted

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her mind. It was natural enough for her to entertain this supposition, as similar attempts had before been unsuccessfully made. The minion of justice frequently admonishing her of the necessity he was under of immediately conveying her to prison, at length roused her to a due sense of her situation. By the persuasive influence of a guinea, and a bottle of wine placed on the table, his forbearance was obtained for an hour or two, in which time she told him she should be able to procure a friend to bail the action. The fellow's scruples being thus silenced, he was less attentive to his prisoner than the passing strangers of the street, his attention being occupied by looking out of the window. The Countess, imagining this would be a favourable opportunity to extricate herself from the fell gripe of her merciless pursuer, with much art and dexterity slipped out of the room, and locking the door on the outside, thought of her escape; she ran into a neighbouring house, while the bailiff, sensible of the trick, remained at the window, coolly observing what course she would take. Being satisfied of this, he soon liberated himself and followed her. He searched the house, which she vainly hoped would have proved her asylum,

lum, without effect, till reaching the two pair of stairs back room, the door of which was locked, he concluded the unhappy fugitive had taken refuge in it, and without hesitation broke it open. This he had no sooner accomplished, than, maddening with the idea of being again in his power, she threw up the window, and jumped out before he could secure her.

By the rash act of this frantic moment, falling against the trunk of a tree, she broke one of her thighs, shattered her knee-pan, beat in one of her eyes, disfigured her face, and otherwise bruised her body in a manner too shocking to relate. The blood issued with a violence from her wounds, that for a while resisted every effort to stop its course, suspended animation, and impressed the idea of immediate dissolution. Recovering, however, from these dangerous symptoms, she was at length, with much care though great difficulty, conveyed to her lodgings. But while the feelings of the surrounding spectators were agonized with humane sympathy at this horrid spectacle, the officer, with a disgraceful apathy, was only intent to maintain the legality of his caption, and refused to surrender the mangled carcase till he had good bail for its security. This was obtained from a gentleman, who

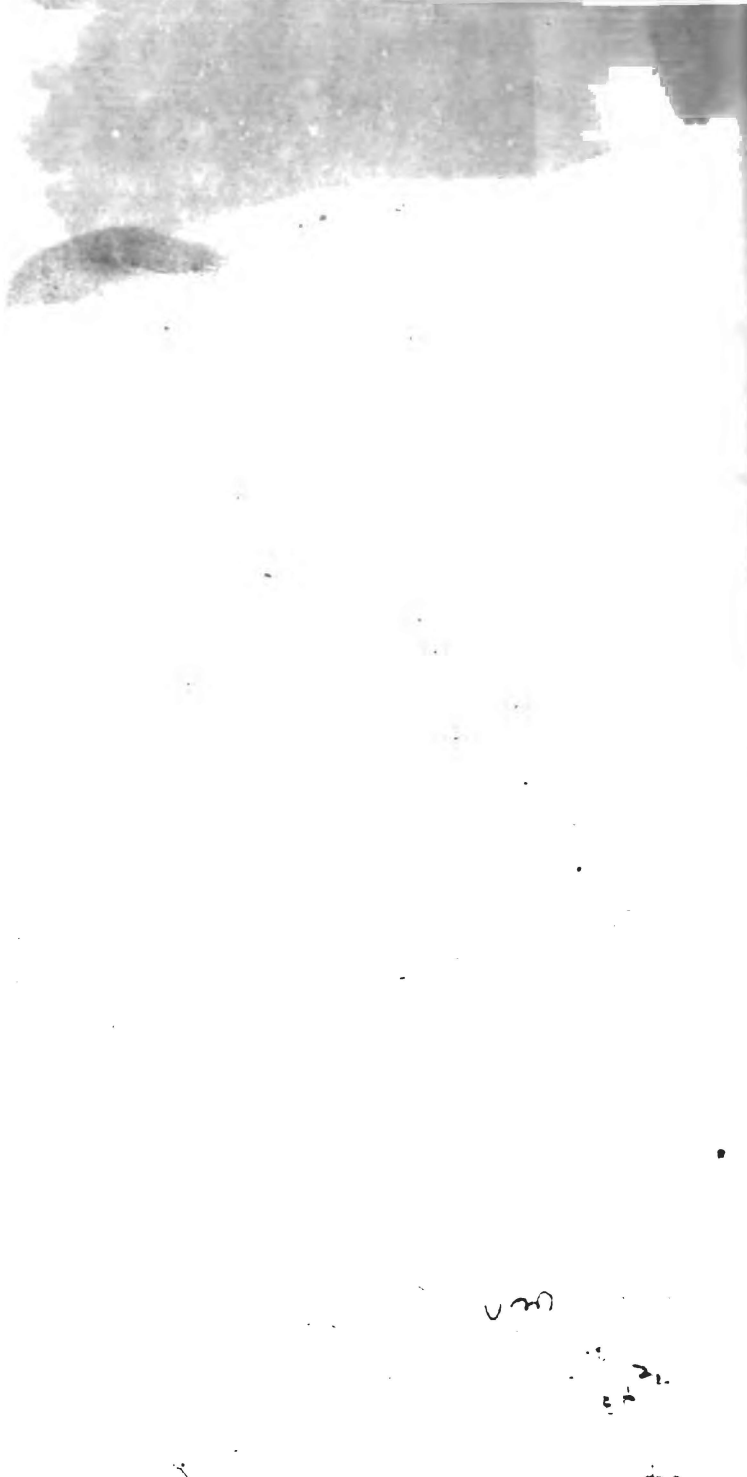
who has since contested the validity of the writ, and nonsuited the party with whom it originated.

She continued for some weeks in a doubtful state of painful suffering; and her friends rather cherished than entertained the hope of her recovery. The exertions of her surgeon however seemed to co-operate with their wishes, and his skill effected more than their warmest hopes expected. No less distinguished by humanity than professional ability, it is a tribute enforced by truth to mention the name of Mr. Forster, surgeon, near the asylum.

About the expiration of the ninth week she was so far recovered as to be judged out of danger. Her spirits, which had never forsaken her during this severe trial, seemed now to have recovered much of their wonted brilliancy. Her friends rejoiced in the event; but their imprudence soon put an end to every flattering prospect. On Sunday, the 21st day of August, 1791, they inconsiderately gave her some mulberries, of which she was extremely fond, to eat; they had an immediate and fatal effect; for scarcely had they settled on her stomach, before she swelled to an astonishing degree, and was seized with a violent vomiting, which continued

nued with little intermission till the Tuesday night following, when she expired. She was privately interred in the lower burying-ground, at Lambeth, on the Friday following, aged 35.

Such was the melancholy termination of the life of that extraordinary woman, Jean de St. Remy de Valois. In whose character, whatever may be said by the rigid daughters of chastity in the insolence of virtue, there were many good and amiable traits. In her disposition she was generous and humane ; in behaviour affable and engaging ; and in her conversation sprightly and entertaining ; the life and spirit of whatever circle she appeared in ; and from the superiority of her mental endowments, the envy or admiration of whoever knew them. She possessed a masculine spirit, soaring far beyond the timidity of her sex, which supported her through every perilous trial, except that which accelerated her dissolution. Her appeal is now made to a higher tribunal ; if on earth she had the vices detraction has painted, let her death expiate them, and her grave conceal them.





APR 3 - 1931

