

THE CONFESSIONS OF J.J. ROUSSEAU

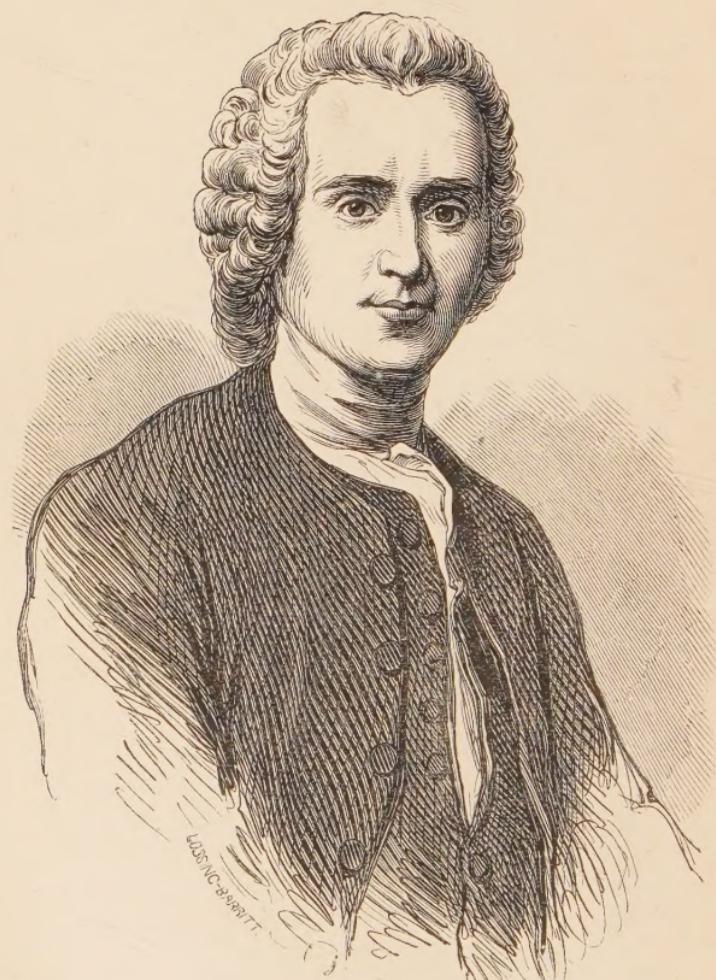


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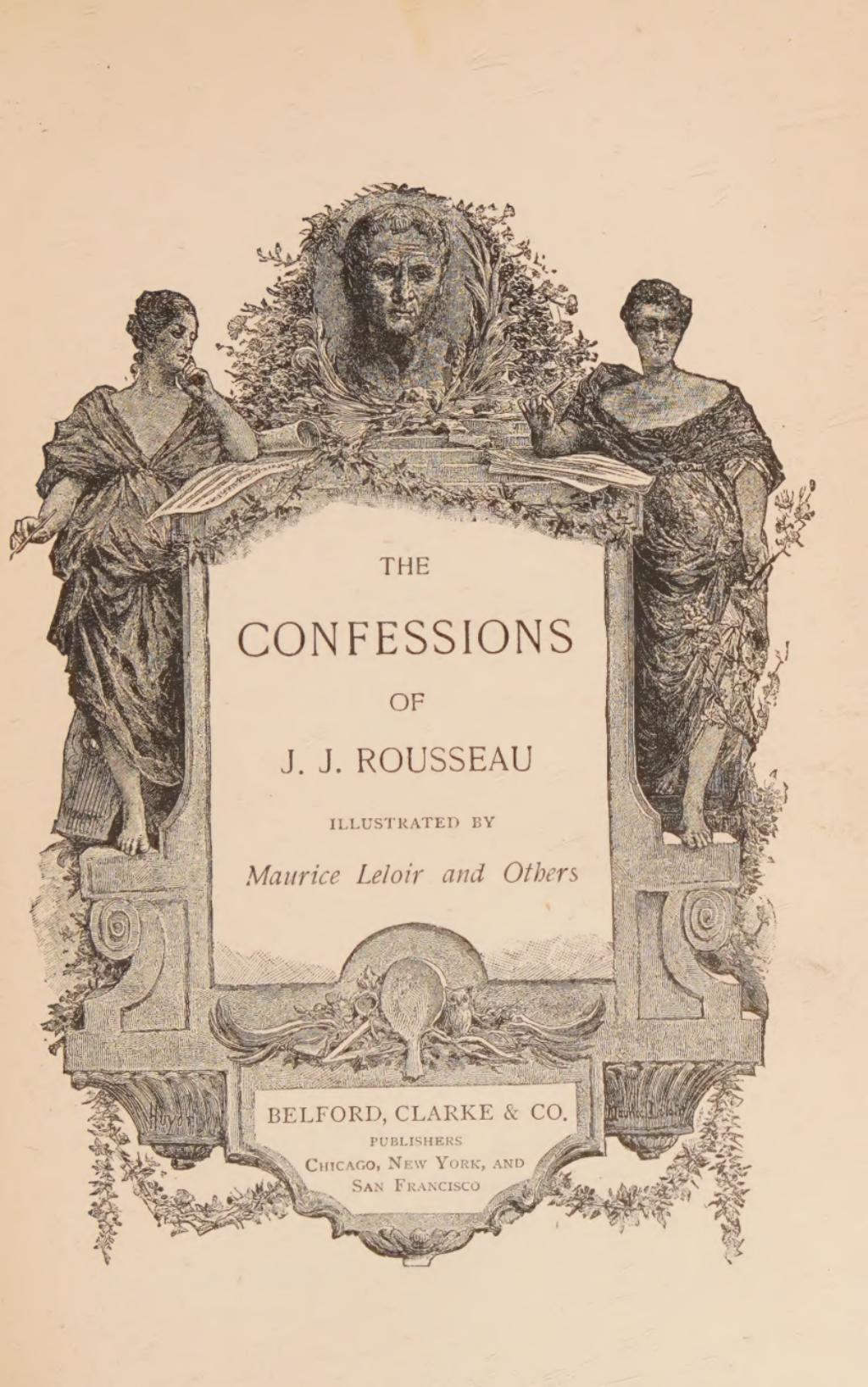


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JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



THE
CONFessions
OF
J. J. ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATED BY

Maurice Leloir and Others

BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.

PUBLISHERS

CHICAGO, NEW YORK, AND
SAN FRANCISCO

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OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU

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ROUSSEAU'S CONFESSIONS.

PERIOD FIRST.

BOOK I.

1712 — 1719.

I PURPOSE an undertaking that never had an example and whose execution never will have an imitator. I would exhibit to my fellows a man in all the truth of nature, and that man — myself.

Myself alone. I know my own heart and I am acquainted with men. I am made unlike any one I have ever seen ; I dare believe unlike any living being. If no better than, I am at least different from others. Whether nature did well or ill in breaking the mould wherein I was cast can be determined only after having read me.

Let the last trumpet sound when it will, I will come with this book in my hand, and present myself before the sovereign judge. I will boldly proclaim : Thus have I acted, thus have I thought, such was I. With equal frankness have I disclosed the good and the evil. I have omitted nothing bad, added nothing good ; and if I have happened to make use of some unimportant ornament, it has in every case been simply for the purpose of filling up a void occasioned by my lack of memory. I may have taken for granted as true what I knew to be possible, never what I knew to be false. Such as I was I have exhibited myself, despicable and vile when so ; virtuous, generous, sublime when so. I have unveiled my interior being, such as Thou, eternal Existence, hast beheld it. Assemble around me the numberless throng of my fellow-mortals ; let them

listen to my confessions, let them blush at my depravities, let them shrink apalled at my miseries. Let each of them, in his turn, with equal sincerity lay bare his heart at the foot of thy throne, and then let a single one tell thee, if he dare : *I was better than that man.*

I was born at Geneva, in 1712,* of Isaac Rousseau and Susannah Bernard, citizens. A very slender fortune, portioned out among fifteen children, having reduced my father's share to as good as nothing, his only means of gaining a livelihood was his craft of watchmaking, at which, 't is true, he was quite expert. My mother, daughter of M. Bernard, a minister, was richer, possessing both virtue and beauty. Not without difficulty had my father obtained her. Their love had commenced almost with their existence. From the age of eight or nine they were wont every evening to stroll together along the bank of the Treille; at ten they were inseparable. Their sympathy and soul-union strengthened the sentiment which companionship had occasioned. Naturally tender and of fine feelings they each awaited but the moment to discover in the other a similar disposition, or rather this moment awaited them, and they mutually resigned their hearts to the first which opened to receive it. The very circumstances which seemed to cross their passion served only to animate it. The young lover, unable to obtain his mistress, pined away in sorrow. She advised him to travel so as to forget her. He traveled — fruitlessly however, and came back more in love than ever. He came back to find her whom he loved tender and constant. After this proof it remained but for them to love their life long. They pledged their troth, and heaven blessed the vow.

Gabriel Bernard, my mother's brother, had fallen in love with a sister of my father. She, however, would consent to wed the brother only on condition that the sister should wed her brother. Love arranged the whole matter, and the two marriages took place on the same day. My uncle was thus my aunt's husband, and their children were in a double sense my cousins germain. At the year's end a child was born into each family, when a new separation was forced upon them.

* June 28th. TR.

Uncle Bernard was an engineer : he went to serve in the empire and in Hungary, under Prince Eugene, and distinguished himself at the siege and battle of Belgrade. My father, after the birth of my only brother, set out for Constantinople, whither he had been invited, and became watchmaker to the Seraglio. During his absence the beauty, intellect and accomplishments of my mother attracted many admirers. M. de La Closure, the French Resident, was among the most assiduous in his attentions. His passion must have been indeed ardent, since I have seen him, after the lapse of thirty years, become deeply moved while speaking to me of her. My mother had more than virtue as a safeguard — she tenderly loved her husband. She entreated him to come back. He left all and came. Of this return I was the sad fruit. Ten months afterwards I came into the world weak and sickly. I cost my mother her life, and my birth was the first of my misfortunes.

I never learned how my father supported his loss, but I know that he remained ever after inconsolable. In me he thought he still saw her, and yet he could never forget that I had taken her away from him. Never did he embrace me without my becoming aware from his sighs and from his convulsive claspings, that a bitter regret was mingled with his caresses. Yet only the more tender were they. When he used to say to me, "Jean Jacques, let us speak of your mother," my usual reply was, "Well father, we'll cry then," a reply which would instantly bring the tears to his eyes. "Ah!" he would exclaim, with agitation, "give me her back, console me for her loss, fill up the void she has left in my soul. Could I love thee thus wert thou but *my* son?" Forty years after having lost her he expired in the arms of a second wife, but with the name of the first on his lips and her image engraven on his heart.

Such were the authors of my being. Of all the gifts heaven had allotted them, a feeling heart was the only one I inherited. While, however, this had been the source of their happiness, it became the spring of all my misfortunes.

I came into the world in an almost dying state, but little hope of preserving my life being entertained. I brought along with me the seeds of a disorder that has gathered strength with years and from which I am now at intervals

relieved only to suffer more intolerably in another way.* A sister of my father, an amiable and sensible girl, watched over me so devotedly that she succeeded in saving me. At the time of my writing, she is yet alive, nursing, at the age of fourscore, a husband younger than herself, but broken down by hard drinking. Dear aunt, I forgive you your having preserved my life and only lament that it is not in my power to bestow on you, in your declining days, the tender solicitude you lavished on me at the first dawn of mine! My nurse Jacqueline also survives, hale and hearty. The hands which opened my eyes at birth may yet close them in death.

I felt, before I thought : 'T is the common lot of humanity. More than my own share of this did I experience. I have no knowledge of my doings till I came to be five or six years old. I know not how I learned to read ; all that I remember is what books I first read and the effect they produced on me. It is from this period that I date an uninterrupted self-consciousness. My mother had left a number of romances. These father and I betook us to reading during the evenings. At first the sole object was, by means of entertaining books, to improve me in reading ; but ere long, the charm became so potent that we read turn about without intermission, and passed whole nights in this employment. Never could we break up till the end of the volume. At times my father, hearing the swallows of a morning, would exclaim, quite ashamed of himself, "Come, let's to bed ; I'm more of a child than you are !"

I soon acquired, by this dangerous course, not only an extreme facility in reading and understanding, but, for my age, a quite unprecedented acquaintance with the passions. I had not the slightest conception of things themselves, at a time when the whole round of sentiments was already perfectly familiar to me. I had apprehended nothing—I had felt all. The confused emotions, which ever and anon I experienced, in no wise disordered my judgment, which, indeed, I could hardly be said at that time to possess ; but they give rise within me to one of a quite different stamp and induced faustastic and romantic notions of human life, where-

* The disorder referred to was an almost continual retention of urine, caused by some defect of conformation in the bladder. — Edition Musset Pathay. Tr.

of experience and reflection have never altogether succeeded in curing me.

(1719-1723.) With the summer of 1719 the romance reading terminated. The following winter my activities were turned into a totally different channel. My mother's library was exhausted, and we had recourse to that portion of her father's which had fallen to our share. Among these there happily chanced to be some good books—a circumstance which could hardly have been otherwise, this library having been formed by a man of taste and intellect, albeit a minister and, for that part, a *savant*—a character which in those times was all the rage. The History of the Church and Empire by Le Sueur, Bossuet's Dissertations on Universal History, Plutarch's Lives, Nani's History of Venice, Ovid's Metamorphoses, La Bruyère, Fontenelle's Worlds, his Dialogue of the Dead and a few volumes of Molière were transported into my father's shop, and I read them to him every day during his work. For this employment I acquired a rare and, for my age, perhaps unprecedented taste. Plutarch especially became my favorite reading. The pleasure which I found in incessantly reperusing him, cured me in some measure of the romance-madness, and I soon came to prefer Agesilaus, Brutus and Aristides to Orondates, Artemeunes and Juba.. From these interesting studies joined to the conversations to which they give rise with my father, resulted that free, republican spirit, that haughty and untameable character, fretful of restraint or subjection, which has tormented me my life long, and that in situations the least suitable for giving it play. Incessantly occupied with Rome and Athens, living, so to speak, with their great men, born myself the citizen of a republic, and son of a father with whom patriotism was the ruling passion, I caught the flame from him—I imagined myself a Greek or a Roman and became the personage whose life I was reading. The recital of traits of courage or constancy which had chanced to strike me, brought the fire to my eyes, and added depth to my voice. At table one day I was relating the daring of Scavola, when I terrified the folks by starting up and placing my hand on a chafing-dish, so as to represent the act of that personage.

I had a brother, my elder by seven years. He was then be-

ing brought up to my father's craft. The extreme affection entertained towards me caused him to be somewhat neglected, a course of which I would be the last to approve. His education shared the same neglect. He fell into the ways of debauchery even before he was old enough to be really a libertine. He was put to another master from whom he managed repeatedly to run away, just as he had done from his father's house. I scarcely ever saw him—hardly can I say that I was acquainted with him, and yet I did not fail to love him tenderly, and he loved me as much as a scapegrace can be said to love anything. I remember once when my father was chastising him severely and in anger that I impetuously threw myself between them clasping him tightly. I thus covered him with my body, receiving the blows which were aimed at him, and I held out so persistently in this position that, whether softened by my cries and tears, or fearing that I should get the worst of it, my father was forced to forgive him. In the end my brother turned out so bad that he ran away and disappeared altogether. Some time afterwards we learned that he was in Germany. He never once wrote to us, nor have we ever since heard anything of him ; and so it was that I remained the only son.

If this poor lad was carelessly brought up, it was quite otherwise with his brother. Not the children of kings could be more zealously cared for than was I during my first years—idolized by all around, and—what is much more uncommon—treated ever as a beloved, never as a spoiled child. Up to the time of my leaving my father's house, I was never once allowed to run the streets with the other children, never was there occasion either to curb or to indulge me in any of those whims which are charged to the account of nature, but which are in every instance the result of education. I had the faults common to my age—was a babbler, a glutton, at times a liar. I would have made no scruple of stealing fruits, dainties, or eatables ; but never took any pleasure in maliciously doing wrong, in wasting, in accusing others or in tormenting poor animals. And yet I remember having once made water in the kettle of one of our neighbors, named Dame Clot, while she was away at church. I do confess that the recollection of this affair even now makes me laugh, for this same Dame Clot—though for

the rest a good sort of a creature—was decidedly the most grumbling old woman I ever knew. Such is a brief and faithful account of all my childish transgressions.

How, indeed, could I have become vicious when I had before my eyes only examples of mildness, and around me the best people in the world? My father, my aunt, my nurse, my relations, our friends, our neighbours, and all around me did not, to be sure, obey me, but they loved me; and I loved them in return. My desires were so little excited, and so seldom crossed, that it never came into my head to have any. I can solemnly aver that, till the time when I was bound to a master, I never knew what it was to have a whim. Saving the time that I passed in reading or writing with my father, or when my nurse took me out walking, I was constantly with my aunt, seated or standing by her side, watching her embroidery or hearing her sing—and I was happy. Her hilarity, her sweetness, her agreeable figure have left so deep an impression on me, that her manner, look and attitude are still present to my mind's eye. I recall many of her endearing little expressions, could describe her clothes and head-dress, not forgetting the two curls of dark hair, which, according to the fashion of the times, hung over her temples.

I feel convinced, that it is to her I owe my taste or rather my passion for music, a passion which did not fully unfold itself till long afterwards. She knew an astonishing number of tunes and songs, which she sang with a thread-like little voice of great sweetness. The soul-serenity of this excellent girl, banished from herself and from every one around her all sadness and foolish fancies. To me the charm of her singing was such that not only have several of her songs dwelt ever since in my recollection, but, now that my memory is gone, there are even some which, totally forgotten since my infancy, return upon me in proportion as I grow old, with a delight beyond the power of expression. Would any one believe, that I—old dotard that I am, cankered with care and infirmity—should at times catch myself sobbing like a child while humming those little airs, with a broken and trembling voice? There is one in particular, the tune of which I perfectly recollect, but the latter half of the words constantly refuse every effort to recall them,

though I remember some of the rhymes. The beginning, with what I can recollect of the rest, goes thus:—

Tircis, je n'ose
 Ecouter ton chalumeau
 Sous l'ormeau ;
 Car on en cause
 Déjà dans notre hameau.
 un berger
 s'engager
 sans danger;
 Et toujours l'épine est sous la rose.*)

I seek wherein lies that melting tranquility, which my heart finds in this song, but it remains a caprice which I am totally unable to account for; and yet it is utterly impossible for me to sing it through without being stopped by my tears. I have a hundred times had the idea of writing to Paris to procure the remainder of the words, should such a thing be, that any one still knows them. I am almost certain, however, that the pleasure I experience in recalling this air would in a good degree vanish were I assured that others, save my poor aunt Susan, have sung it.

Such were the first attachments of my young years. Thus commenced the formation or the manifestation in me of that heart at once so haughty and so tender, of that effeminate and yet unconquerable character which, ever vacillating between courage and weakness, between virtue and yielding to temptation, has all along set me in contradiction to myself and has resulted in my failing both of abstinence and enjoyment, both of prudence and pleasure.

*) We give this song entire. It is very well known indeed, in Paris, and is still sung by the working classes. In the Paris edition of 1824 the music also is given:

Tircis, je n'ose
 Ecouter ton chalumeau
 Sous l'ormeau ;
 Car on en cause
 Déjà dans notre hameau.
 Un cœur s'expose
 A trop s'engager
 Avec un berger,
 Et toujours l'épine est sous la rose.

This course of education was interrupted by an event the consequences of which have influenced my whole after life. My father got into a difficulty with a certain M. Gautier, who held a captain's commission in France and had connections in the council. This Gautier, a dirty, overbearing fellow, happened to bleed at the nose, and in order to avenge himself accused my father of having drawn his sword on him in the city. My father, who was about to be led to prison, persisted in demanding that, according to the law, the accuser should be confined as well as himself; and not being able to obtain this he preferred to quit Geneva and expatriate himself for the remainder of his life rather than give up a point wherein honor and liberty appeared to him compromised.

I was left under the guardianship of my uncle Bernard, then employed on the fortifications of Geneva. He had lost his eldest daughter, but he had a son of the same age as myself. We were both of us sent to board at Bossey with parson Lambercier—there to acquire Latin and along with it all the accompanying mass of paltry rubbish styled education.

Two years, spent in this village, softened, in some measure, my Roman rigor, and brought me back to the ordinary disposition of children. At Geneva, where nothing was exacted of me, I loved application and enjoyed reading—indeed it was my sole amusement; at Bossey, however, study made me fond of the sports which served as a relaxation therefrom. The country was so entirely new to me, that I could never grow weary in my enjoyment of it; and I acquired so strong a liking for it, that it has never become extinguished. The recollection of the happy days I passed in those rural scenes has made me look back with longing to my sojourn therein, and the pleasures it brought, and this in every age, even till now, when I have again returned thereto. M. Lambercier was quite a remarkable sort of man, who, without neglecting our instruction, never imposed upon us too severe tasks. What convinces me that his method was the right one is, that in spite of my aversion for anything like restraint, the remembrance of my hours of study is never associated with disgust, and that, if I did not learn very much from him, what I did acquire, I acquired without difficulty, and have forgotten none of it.

The simplicity of this rural life was productive of one benefit of to me incalculable value—it opened my heart to friendship. Hitherto the only sentiments I had experienced had been of an elevated, yet purely imaginary species. The habit of living together in this tranquil manner united me tenderly to my cousin Bernard. Before long, I came to regard him with even more affection than I had entertained for my brother, nor has it ever become obliterated. He was a tall, very lank and very weakly lad, of a disposition as mild as his body was feeble, who took no undue advantage of the predilection that the folks of the house entertained for him as son of my guardian. Our studies, our amusements, our tastes were the same; we were alone and of the same age, each needed a playmate—to separate would, therefore, have been in some measure to annihilate us. Though we had but few occasions of making proof of our attachment for each other, it was yet extreme; and not only were we unable to live a moment apart, but we could not conceive the possibility of ever doing so. Mutually of a disposition to be won by kindness and compliant when not crossed, we lived in constant and perfect unanimity. If, through the favor of those who had charge of us, he had some ascendancy over me while under their eyes, I was sure to acquire it when we were alone, and so the equilibrium was restored. In our recitations I always whispered him the lesson when he hesitated, when my exercise was finished I used to help him with his, and, in our amusements, my more active genius always served as guide. In a word, our dispositions harmonized so well and the friendship which united us was so cordial that during the five years and more that we were constantly together, as well at Bossey as in Geneva, we fought often enough, to be sure, but never was there occasion to separate us, never did any of our quarrels last more than quarter of an hour, and never once did we make any complaint of each other. These observations are, it may be, puerile, but they nevertheless exhibit an instance perhaps unprecedented in the case of any other children.

The manner in which I lived at Bossey chimed in so well with my disposition, that it would only have been necessary for my sojourn to have continued longer in order to

have quite fixed my character. In the life I led the tender, affectionate, and placid sentiments were the chief elements. I do believe that naturally no human being ever possessed less vanity than I. I would rise through sudden flights to sublime impulses, but I forthwith sank again into my original languor. To be beloved by all around me was my most ardent desire. I was gentle, my cousin was equally so, while those who had the care of me were of similar dispositions. During two whole years I was never either witness or victim of a single violent sentiment. Every thing contributed to strengthen the propensities which nature had implanted in my breast. I knew nothing so delightful as to see every one pleased with me and with all around. I shall always remember that, when repeating my catechism at church, nothing gave me greater pain when I happened to hesitate than to observe marks of disapprobation or uneasiness on the countenance of Mlle. Lamercier. This alone afflicted me more than the shame of failing in public, though that was painful in the extreme—for, albeit but little sensible to praise, I was ever keenly alive to shame ; and I can truly affirm that the anticipation of being reprimanded by Mlle. Lamercier, alarmed me less than the dread of grieving her.

And yet, when the case required, she was no more destitute than was her brother of severity ; but as this severity, almost always just, was never carried too far, I merely grieved and never rebelled. It mortified me more to displease than to be punished, and the indication of dissatisfaction was more intolerable than the chastisement itself. It is embarrassing for me to enter into any further explanation, and yet it is imperatively necessary that I should do so. How soon would we adopt a new method of punishing children, were the remote effects of our present plan, often imprudently and always indefinitely administered, but more distinctly perceived ! The profound instruction that may be derived from a case as frequent as it is fatal, induces me to enter into a fuller development of the subject.

As Mlle. Lamercier had a mother's affection for us, she also exercised a mother's authority, and sometimes even carried it so far as to chastise us, when we deserved it. For long enough she confined herself to threats, and this

threat of punishment, so new to me, appeared to me something very dreadful. I found the reality, however, much less terrible than the anticipation, and, what is still more odd, the chastisement increased my affection for her who had inflicted it. It required even the whole depth of this affection, aided by all my natural gentleness, to prevent me from courting, by fresh offences, a return of the same treatment; for I had experienced in the smart, in the very shame, a degree of sensuality which induced greater desire than fear of experiencing a new infliction from the same hand. 'Tis true that a similar chastisement from her brother would by no means have appeared agreeable, for a certain precocious sexual instinct doubtless entered into the matter. From a man of his disposition, however, this was but little to be feared, and if I refrained from meriting correction, it was simply from the fear of offending Mademoiselle Lamercier; for so powerful is the sway that good will, even of that species which springs from the senses, exercises over me, that it has ever sat as law-giver in my heart.

This recurrence, however, which I had put off without at all fearing it, came without its being my fault, that is, without my seeking it, and, I may say that I made the best of it with a clear conscience. This second time was, however, the last also, for Mademoiselle Lamercier, happening doubtless to perceive from some indication or other that this chastisement did not produce the desired effect, declared that it fatigued her and that she renounced it for the future. We had hitherto slept in her chamber, and, during winter, sometimes even in her bed. Two days after they sent us to sleep in another room, and from that time forth I had the honor—an honor I could very well have dispensed with—of being treated by her as a grown lad. Who would believe that this child-punishment, received at eight years old from the hand of a woman of thirty, determined my taste, my desires, my passions, my whole being for the remainder of my life, and that in a manner quite the opposite of what might naturally be expected. At the same period when my senses were kindled, my desires took the direction so perfectly, that, confined to what I had already experienced, they sought no further. With blood burning

with passion almost from my birth, I preserved myself free from pollution up to the period when the coldest and most backward temperaments become developed. Long tormented I knew not by what, my eyes gloated on every handsome woman ; incessantly did my fancy recall them, simply to turn them to account after my fashion, and transform them into so many Miss Lamberciers.

Even after the age of puberty, this fantastic taste, still retaining its sway and carried to perversity—to very madness—preserved my morals pure, instead of corrupting them as was assuredly its tendency. If ever bringing up were modest and chaste, it was assuredly mine. My three aunts were not only persons of exemplary virtue, but maintained a degree of reserve with which women have long dropped acquaintance. My father, though a man of pleasure, was a gallant rather of the old school, and never dropped, even with the women he was most fond of, a single expression at which a maiden could blush ; and never was that circumspection which should be exercised towards children, more strictly observed than in our family, and before me. Nor were they less punctilious on this head at M. Lambercier's. An excellent maid servant was turned off because she had let fall a somewhat free expression in our hearing. Until I became a young man, I had not only no distinct conception of sexual communication, but never did even my confused notion present itself to my mind save in connection with the most odious and disgusting associations. Of street-walkers I had a horror that has never become effaced, and I could not look on a rake without contempt and even terror. This abhorrence of lewdness I had entertained ever since my being shown, while going one day by a hollowed road to Little Saccenez, certain cavities on either side of the way, wherein, I was told, persons of that character were in the habit of having communication. What I had observed in the case of dogs always recurred to me on thinking of the matter, and my mind revolted at the bare recollection.

These prejudices of education, calculated in themselves to retard the first explosions of an all too combustible temperament, were, as I have hinted, seconded by the diversion selfward taken by my first sensual impulses. Having the con-

ception only of what I had experienced, in spite of some devilishly disagreeable ebullitions of blood, my desires went out only towards that species of gratification with which I was acquainted, without ever extending to that which had been rendered odious to me, and which was so closely related to the other without my having the slightest suspicion thereof. In my crack-brained freaks, in my erotic transports and in the extravagant acts to which they at times led me, I borrowed in imagination the assistance of the other sex without ever dreaming that it was adapted to any other use than that which I burned to put it to.

Thus, with a most ardent, lascivious, precocious temperament, I not only passed the age of puberty without having either the desire or the conception of any sensual gratification beyond that whereof Mademoiselle Lambercier had so innocently given me the idea, but even when in course of time, I arrived at man's estate, it was still the very circumstance which had every likelihood of proving my ruin that in reality saved me. My old child-taste, instead of passing away, became so intimately associated with the whole matter that I never could separate it from any of my desires kindled by the senses; and this folly, joined to my natural timidity has rendered me, all my life, anything but enterprising with the ladies; for, from my lack of courage either to speak fully or act freely in such cases, the kind of enjoyment whereof the other alone was to me the goal could neither be usurped by him who desired, nor divined by her who might have gratified it. Thus, even in the presence of those I most loved I have passed my life in longing and—silence. Never daring to declare my inclination I used at least to hold it in play by associations which preserved the idea thereof. To fall at the feet of an imperious mistress, to obey her mandates, to be obliged to implore her pardon were to me most exquisite enjoyments, and yet the more my lively fancy inflamed my blood, the more like a bashful lover did I become. It may readily be imagined that this mode of love-making is by no means attended with the most rapid progress, nor particularly dangerous to the virtue of its objects. I have thus but few favors to boast of, and yet I have not failed to enjoy a great deal in my own way, that is—in imagination. And this is how

the senses, in concurrence with my timid disposition and romantic cast of mind, preserved my feelings uncorrupted and my morals chaste, and that with precisely the same inclinations which, perchance, if seconded by a dash of effrontery, would have plunged me into the most brutal excesses.

I have made the first and most painful step in the dark and mirry maze of my confessions. It is not what is criminal that is the most trying to divulge—'t is what is ridiculous, or base. Henceforward I am sure of myself; after what I have just dared disclose, nothing can now deter me. A conception of what it has cost me to make such avowals as these may be gained from the fact that, when in company with those I loved, though hurried away at times by the transports of a passion which blinded and deprived me of hearing—though out of my senses, and seized with a convulsive tremor throughout my whole frame—I never could, during the whole course of my life, and in the closest intimacy, master the courage to declare my weakness, and implore of them the only favor that remained to bestow. Only once did this happen—during my childhood, namely, and with a child of my own age; yet even in that instance it was she that made the first proposition.

In thus going back to the first traces of my sensible existence, I find elements which, though in some instances apparently incompatible, have yet united together for the powerful production of some simple and uniform effect. I find, moreover, other elements which, though apparently identical, have, by the concurrence of certain circumstances, resulted in combinations so different, that it could never be imagined they had the slightest relation to each other. Who would believe, for instance, that one of my most vigorous springs of action was tempered in the same source whence luxury and effeminacy flowed into and became mingled with my blood? Without leaving the topic on which I have just been dwelling, a quite different phasis will come to light.

I was one day studying my lesson by myself in a room contiguous to the kitchen. The maid had set Mademoiselle Lambercier's combs to dry by the fire. On returning for them, however, she found one with a whole row of teeth broken. On whom should suspicion of this mischief fasten? No one save me had entered the room. They question me;

ROUSSEAU'S CONFESSIONS.

I deny having touched the comb. M. and Mlle. Lambergier both join together, in admonishing, entreating and threatening me. Most doggedly I persist; but the evidence was too overwhelming, and though this was certainly the first time they had found me so bold in a falsehood it outweighed all my protestations. The matter came to be regarded as serious—it deserved to be. The depravity, the lie and the obstinacy appeared equally worthy of punishment; but this time, as it chanced, it was not Mademoiselle Lambergier that was to inflict it. They wrote to my uncle Bernard. He came. My poor cousin was charged with a dereliction not less grave, so we shared the same fate. And terrible it was! If on the principle of like curing like, they had sought utterly to eradicate my depraved desires, they could not have gone better to work. Let me say too, by the way, that for a long time afterwards my passions left me in repose.

They could not wring from me the confession they insisted on. Brought up time and again, and reduced to the most frightful condition, I was not to be shaken. I would have suffered death, and had resolved to do so. Force itself had at last to yield to the diabolical obstinacy of a child, for thus did they style my constancy. From this fiery trial I came out at length, mangled, but triumphant.

It is now almost fifty years since this occurrence, and I have no fear of being punished over again for the same thing; well, I aver in the face of heaven, that I was innocent, that I neither broke nor touched the comb, that I did not go near the fire, and never even thought of doing so. Ask me not how the mischief came about, I do not know and cannot conceive; but one thing I do know with most perfect certainty, that is, that I was innocent.

Imagine a character timid and docile in the ordinary round of life, but ardent, haughty, invincible in his passions—a child constantly governed by the voice of reason, ever treated with mildness, equity and regard, that had not even the idea of injustice, and who for the first time experiences so terrible an instance thereof—experiences it from precisely those whom he most loves and respects: What an overthrow of his ideas, what a disorder in his sentiments,

what a revolution in his heart and head and all his little intellectual and moral world. I say, imagine all this, if it be possible, for, for my own part, I feel unable to unravel it, or follow the slightest trace of what then passed within me.

I did not at that time possess sufficient experience to perceive how much appearances were against me, or to put myself in the position of others. I abode by my own, and all I felt was the cruelty of a dreadful chastisement, inflicted for a crime I had not committed. The mere bodily pain, though acute, I felt but little; I was sensible only of indignation, of rage, of despair. My cousin, in a situation quite similar to my own, having been punished for an involuntary fault as if it had been a premeditated act—became infuriated after my example, and, so to speak, chimed in with me. In bed together, we embraced each other with convulsive transports, almost stifling ourselves; and when our young hearts became sufficiently relieved to give vent to our indignation, we sat up in the bed and shouted out a hundred times at the top of our voice: *Carnifex! carnifex! carnifex!*

Even in narrating this I feel my pulse grow quick, and should I live a hundred thousand years, that period would still be present to my memory. So deeply has this first experience of violence and injustice become engraven on my soul that every idea associated therewith recalls my first emotion; and this sentiment, though in its origin having reference only to myself, has become so thoroughly detached from all personal motives, and acquired such consistency in itself that my heart becomes inflamed at the sight or relation of any act of injustice, whatever may be the object or wheresoever it may be perpetrated, just as though the consequences were to fall on myself. When I read of the cruelties of a merciless tyrant, or the subtle atrocities of a rascally priest, I could most heartily set off to go and stab the miscreants, though I should perish a hundred times in the attempt. Many a time have I wrought myself into a sweat by chasing or stoning a cock, a cow, a dog, or any animal I saw tormenting another, merely because it knew it was the stronger. This may be a natural impulse with me, and I am inclined to believe it is, though my vivid recollection of the first injustice of which I became the victim was too

long and too powerfully connected therewith not to have added considerable force to it.

Thus for ever ended the serenity of my child-life. From this moment I ceased to enjoy unadulterated happiness and even now I am conscious, that the remembrance of the delights of my childhood stops here. For a few months longer we remained at Bossey. We remained, but very much in the condition of our first parents—still in paradise, but without the power of enjoying it. To all appearance our condition was precisely as before, yet in reality we led a totally different life. Affection, respect, intimacy, confidence no longer bound the pupils to their guides; no longer did we look up to them as superior beings, able to read the secrets of our hearts. We became less afraid of doing wrong and more afraid of being found out; we learned to dissemble, to rebel, to lie. All the vices common to our age began to corrupt our innocence and disfigure our very sport. Even the face of the country lost to our eyes that aspect of sweetness and simplicity, which captivates the heart. It seemed gloomy and lonely—it was as though covered with a veil that concealed its beauties from us. We left off cultivating our little gardens; our plants and flowers were neglected. No longer were we wont to go and slightly scratch the earth, shouting for joy on discovering that the seeds we had sown had begun to shoot. We grew tired of this life, and the folks grew tired of us; my uncle took us away, and we parted with M. and Mlle. Lamercier, thoroughly weary of each other, and with but few regrets on either side.

Nearly thirty years passed away from the time of my leaving Bossey, during which period I did not once recall my stay there as associated with any thing agreeable; but ever since I passed my prime, and now as I decline into old age, while more recent occurrences are wearing out apace, I feel those old remembrances come back afresh and become engraven on my memory, with lineaments whose charms and power increase day by day. 'T is as though, feeling my life already hastening away, I endeavored to snatch it back from the very beginning. The most trifling incidents of that period delight me, simply because they are of that period. No circumstance of time, place or person escapes me.

I see the maid or footman busying about in the room, a swallow flying in through the window, a fly settling on my hand while reciting my lesson—the entire arrangement of the room we frequented passes before me; on the right M. Lamercier's study, with a print representing the various popes; a barometer, a large almanac, the raspberry-bushes which, rising from an elevated garden, into which the house ran back, shaded the window, and even at times found their way through it. I am perfectly well aware, that it is not very necessary that the reader should know all this; but it *is* necessary for me to tell him. May I not even go so far as to recount all the little anecdotes of that thrice happy age, whose very recollection yet sends a thrill of delight through me? Five or six especially nay, let us compound: I will give up the five, but one I must have—one only—with the understanding that I am to draw it out to its utmost length, in order to prolong my enjoyment.

Had I merely the reader's in view, indeed, I might tell him how, by an unlucky somersault, at the bottom of the meadow, Mademoiselle Lamercier's backside was exposed to the full view of the king of Sardinia, who happened to be passing by. The anecdote of the walnut tree on the terrace is, however, more amusing to me, since here I was an actor, whereas in the affair of the somersault I was simply a spectator; and I must confess that I see nothing to be laughed at in an accident, which, however, comical in itself, alarmed me for one whom I loved as a mother—perhaps more.

Ye readers, curious in respect to the lofty history of the walnut tree on the terrace, listen to the awful tragedy thereof, and keep from trembling—if you can!

Without the court-yard gate, to the left on entering, was a terrace on which we used often to sit in the afternoon. It was, however, destitute of shade. To obviate this inconvenience M. Lamercier had a walnut tree planted thereon. The planting of the said tree was attended with the utmost pomp, the two boarders being the godfathers; and while the earth was being filled in, we each held a hand on the tree, singing triumphal songs. The better to water it, a species of basin was dug all around its foot. Daily the eager spectators of this watering, we

mutually confirmed each other, cousin and myself, in the very natural idea that it was something nobler to plant a tree on the terrace than colors on a breach, and this glory we resolved to acquire, without dividing it with anybody whatever.

To carry out our project we went and cut a slip of a young willow, and planted it on the terrace, some eight or ten feet distant from the august walnut tree. Nor did we neglect to make a hollow around our tree. The difficulty, however, was to procure wherewith to fill it; for the water had to be brought from some considerable distance, and they would not let us go after it. But for our willow this was a *sine qua non*. Accordingly, for a few days we made use of all sorts of stratagems to procure it a supply; and so well did every thing succeed, that we saw it bud and shoot out little leaves whose growth we hourly measured, persuaded, though it was scarce a foot from the ground, that it would very soon afford us an abundant shade.

Our tree, absorbing our whole attention, and rendering us incapable of any application or study, we became, as it were, delirious over it; and the cause of our inattention not being known, we were kept closer than before. Accordingly we saw the fatal moment approaching when the water would give out, and grievously we mourned over the idea that our tree must perish of drought. Necessity, however, the mother of invention, at last suggested a plan whereby we might save both our tree and ourselves from certain death. This was to construct under ground a drain along which a portion of the water from the walnut tree might be privately conducted to our willow. This undertaking, though executed with ardor, was not immediately successful. The fall was so badly managed, that the water would not run, the earth fell in and stopped up the drain, the mouth became chocked up with rubbish, and all went contrary. But nothing disheartened us. *Labor omnia vincit improbus*. We deepened the drain of our basin to give the water a better chance to flow; we took the bottoms of boxes, cut them into narrow slips, and, laying a row flat down, set two others inclining towards each other, so as to form a triangular canal. At the mouth we inserted thin pieces of sticks with openings between them, forming a kind of grat-

ing, which kept back the mud and stones, without obstructing the flow of the water. We carefully covered up our work with well trodden earth, and, on the day when all was finished, awaited, in a transport of hope and fear, the hour for watering.

After ages of expectation, this hour at last arrived. M. Lambercier came, as usual, to be present at the operation, during which we both of us kept behind him so as to conceal our tree, to which he, by good fortune, turned his back.

Hardly had they finished pouring the first pail of water, than we began to see some of it run into our basin. At this sight prudence abandoned us, and we burst forth in shouts of joy, whereupon M. Lambercier turned round. And a pity 't was, for just then he was contemplating with the utmost satisfaction, how good the earth around the walnut tree was, and how greedily it imbibed the water. Surprised at seeing it run off into *two* basins, he shouts in his turn, examines, perceives the roguery, and, sending instantly for a pick-axe, at one fatal blow makes two or three of our boards fly; then, shouting at the top of his voice, "*an aqueduct! an aqueduct!*" his pitiless strokes fall in every direction, each blow going to our very hearts. In an instant boards, chaunel, basin, willow, all were destroyed—plowed up, and that without a single word being pronounced during the whole of this terrible transaction, saving the ceaseless exclamation, *an aqueduct! an aqueduct!*" And so he cried while shattering the whole, "*An aqueduct! an aqueduct!*"

It will be thought that the adventure terminated disastrously for the young architects. This, however, was not the case—the whole matter ended here. M. Lambercier did not give us a single word of reproach, nor did he look the less pleasantly on us, and never spoke of it to us afterwards. We even heard him a little while after laughing along with his sister so as to split his sides, for M. Lambercier's laugh might be heard a long ways off. What is still more surprising, however, is that after the first transport of sorrow had subsided, we were not ourselves very violently afflicted. We planted another tree in another spot, and often did we...!! the catastrophe of

the former, repeating to ourselves, with significant emphasis, "*An aquaduct! an aqueduct!*" Hitherto I had at intervals fits of pride when I was Aristides or Brutus ; this, however, was my first very decided impulse towards vanity. To have with our own hands constructed an aquaduct, to have set a slip in competition with a large tree, seemed to me the highest stretch of glory. At ten I had a juster conception thereof than had Caesar at thirty.

The idea of this walnut tree and the little history connected therewith, have so well continued in, or returned to my memory, that, during my visit to Geneva, in 1754, one of my most agreeable projects was to go to Bossey, and see once more the monuments of my boyish sports, and above all the dear walnut tree, whose age must even then have bordered on a third of a century. I was so beset with people, so little my own master, that I could not find the opportunity to carry out my design. There is but little appearance that such an occasion will ever now arrive ; yet while I have lost the hope, I have not the desire, and I am almost sure, that should I at any time return to those beloved scenes and find my dear walnut tree still alive, I should water it with my tears.

On my return to Geneva I lived two or three years with my uncle, while awaiting the determination of my folks respecting what should be done with me. Designing his son for the engineering service he had him taught a little drawing, and instructed him in the elements of Euclid. These I also learned in the way of companionship, and I acquired a taste therefor, especially for drawing. Meanwhile they were deliberating whether to make me a watchmaker, a lawyer, or a minister. I would have preferred being a minister, for I thought it very fine to preach ; but the trifling income from my mother's fortune, divided between my brother and myself, would not suffice to enable me to prosecute my studies. And so, the age at which I then was, not rendering the choice very pressing, I remained in the interim with my uncle wasting my time, or as good, yet not failing to pay, as was but just, pretty high for my board.

My uncle, though like my father a man of pleasure, could not, like him, sacrifice his inclinations to his duties, and so

took little enough care of us. My aunt was a devotee, who liked better to sing psalms than to watch over our bringing up. We were thus left at almost complete liberty —nor did we ever abuse it. Ever inseparable we became all the world to each other, and having no temptation to associate with the urchins of our own age, we fell into none of those loose habits which idleness might have induced. I am even wrong in supposing that we were idle—in our lifetime we never were less so. It was a fortunate circumstance, moreover, that each of the amusements in which we were successively absorbed, kept us employed together within doors, without our being even tempted to go into the streets ; we made cages, whistles, shuttlecocks, drums, houses, pop-guns, and cross-bows. We spoiled my good old grandfather's tools in making watches in imitation of him. But our taste lay chiefly in bedawbing paper, in drawing, coloring, illuminating, and wasting paint. There came to Geneva an Italian Mountebank, named Gamba Corta; we went to see him once, but had no inclination to go again. However, he had puppets, so we set about making some also. These puppets of his would play kinds of comedies ; and so we invented some for ours. From our lack of practice we were forced to mimic from our throats the voice of Punch, and so play those charming comedies which our poor dear relations had the patience to see and listen to. My uncle Bernard, however, having one day read to his family a very splendid discourse of his own composition, we forthwith left comedy, and set about writing sermons. These details are not very interesting, I confess, but they manifest how well directed our early education must have been, since, though our own masters, and having our time very much at our own disposal and that at so early an age, we were so little tempted to make a wrong use thereof. So little did we feel the want of comrades, that we even neglected all opportunity of making them. When taking our walks together we observed, while passing, their diversions without desiring to take part therein, or even dreaming of such a thing. Friendship so entirely filled our hearts, that our merely being together served to render our simplest tastes delightful.

Our being constantly together soon attracted attention

And all the more so from the whimsical contrast we presented; my cousin being very tall, while I was quite little. His long, slender figure, his little sallow and wrinkled countenance, his sluggish air and shuffling gait excited the ridicule of the children. They nicknamed him, in the patois of the county, *Barna Bredanna*: and no sooner could we get out of doors than "*Barna Bredanna*" assailed us on every side. This he bore with more calmness than I did. I got mad and was for fighting. The little rogues of course asked no better. I fought and was beaten. My poor cousin backed me as far as was in his power; but he was weak, and a single blow brought him to the ground. Then indeed I became furious. Yet though I got many a hard blow, it was not at me they were aimed, it was at "*Barna Bredanna*." But to such a degree did my headstrong wrath augment the evil that henceforth we dared not go out save during class-hours, for fear of being shouted after and followed by the scholars.

Behold me, then, already a redressor of wrongs. To be a true knight in form also there was but a lady wanting. I had two of them. From time to time I went to see my father at Nyon, a small town in the Canton de Vaud, where he had settled down. My father was much loved, and his son, too, became a sharer in the good will.

During my short visit, the question seemed to be who could show me the most kindness. A Madam de Vulson in particular made all the world of me, and to cap the climax her daughter took me for her beau. How a girl of two and twenty looks on a gallant of eleven I need not explain. But these artful hussies are all of them very fond of setting up little puppets in front to conceal the larger ones, or to lead on those same larger ones by the semblance of a play which they well know how to render attractive!

For myself I saw no disparity between us, and took the affair in earnest. I gave myself up to it with my whole heart, or rather with my whole head, for it could scarcely have gone any further, though I was in love to very folly and my transports, agitations and furies resulted in *scenes* which would have made any one die with laughter.

I am acquainted with two kinds of love quite distinct, yet quite real, which, though both very ardent, have scarcely

any affinity, and each of them differing materially from tender friendship. The whole course of my life has been divided between these two affections, so diverse in their nature, and I have even felt the power of both at the same time. For instance, at the period of which I am speaking, at the same time that I laid claim to Mademoiselle de Vulson so publicly and in a manner so tyrannical that I could not suffer any one of my sex to approach her, I was carrying on various intimacies with a certain little Miss Goton—intimacies short, yet sweet, wherein she deigned to play the schoolmistress. This was all: yet this all, which to me was in reality all, appeared to me the height of happiness; and experiencing already the charm of mystery—though to be sure I could derive but a child's advantage therefrom—I repaid Mademoiselle de Vulson in kind and that at a time when she least expected it, for the solicitude she had taken to employ me in concealing other intrigues. But, to my great regret, my secret was discovered or it was not so faithfully kept on the part of my little schoolmistress as on mine, for they lost no time in separating us.

Truly a singular character was this same little Miss Goton. Without being handsome, she had a face not to be forgotten and which I yet recall, at times much too vividly for an old fool. Her eyes especially belonged not to her age, as was also the case with her figure and her manners. She had an imposing and dignified little air, altogether suitable to the *role* she had assumed, and which, indeed, had given rise to the first idea thereof between us. But the strangest part of her composition was a mixture of forwardness and reserve, difficult to be conceived. She allowed herself the greatest liberties with me, without permitting me any thing of the kind with her—treating me precisely like a child, a circumstance that induces me to suppose either that she herself had ceased to be one, or that, on the other hand, she was still sufficiently so to regard simply as play the danger to which she was exposing herself.

I belonged wholly, so to speak, to each of these persons; and so completely so that while in the company of either, it never came into my head to think of the other. in other respects, however, the emotions they produced in me bore

no affinity. I could have lived my whole life long with Mademoiselle de Vulson, without dreaming of quitting her, and yet in approaching her my joy was quite serene, never in the least flurrying me. It was above all in large companies, that she charmed me; the playful sallies, the arch glances the very jealousies engaged and interested me; I proudly triumphed in the preference she bestowed on me, while addressed by more powerful rivals which seemed to treat with cruelty. I was tormented, but I loved the torment. Applause, encouragement and smiles fired and animated me. In company I was transported with love; flights and sallies of passion seized me. *Tete à tête* I would have been constrained, cold, perhaps bored. And yet I was tenderly interested in her. I suffered with her, when she was sick, I would have given up my own health to reestablish hers—and observe I knew from experience what health and sickness were. When absent, she filled my thoughts and left a void within me; when present her caresses came with rapture to my heart, though my passions were unaffected. I was with perfect impunity familiar with her; my imagination asked nothing else than what she bestowed on me, and yet I could not have endured to see her go so far with others. I loved her like a brother, but was jealous of her as a lover.

In the case of Mademoiselle Goton my jealousy would have amounted to the fury of a Turk or a tiger, had I but imagined that she could have treated another as she did me—for even this was a favor that had to be asked on my knees. Mademoiselle de Vulson, indeed, I used to approach with a most lively pleasure, but a pleasure unattended with the slightest discomposure; whereas on simply seeing Mademoiselle Goton everything else faded from view and all my senses were thrown into bewildering confusion. With the former I was familiar without using any familiarities, while in the presence of Mademoiselle Goton I trembled as violently as I was agitated, and that even in the midst of the very greatest familiarities. I do believe that, had I remained very long with her, I could not have lived—the violence of my palpitations would have stifled me. I equally dreaded giving either of them displeasure; but I was more complaisant with the one and more submissive

towards the other. I would not for the world have offended Mademoiselle de Vulson; but I do believe, that, if Mademoiselle Goton had commanded me to throw myself into the fire, I would have instantly obeyed her.

Happily for us both, however, our loves, or rather our meetings, were but of short duration. Though my connection with Mademoiselle de Vulson was not attended with the same danger, yet after a continuance of some greater length it, also, had its catastrophe. The termination of that sort of an affair should of course always have a tinge of romance and give rise to exclamations. Though my relation with Mademoiselle de Vulson was less close, it was perhaps more engaging. We never separated without tears, and it is amazing what an aching void I experienced on leaving her. I could neither speak nor think save of her My regrets, let me say, were both vivid and sincere, though I am inclined to believe, that these heroic sorrows were not all for her sake, and that, without my perceiving it, the amusement whereof she formed the centre, had a good share therein. To alleviate the sorrow of absence we wrote each other letters of a pathos, which might have melted a heart of stone. To crown all, my triumph was so complete, that she could not restrain herself and came to Geneva to see me. This capped the climax; my head became completely turned, and during the two days she remained with us, I was at once intoxicated and distracted. When she left, I was for throwing myself into the water after her, and long did I rend the air with my cries. Eight days after this she sent me gloves and sweetmeats, a circumstance, that would have appeared to me gallant in the extreme, had I not at the same time been apprised of her marriage and learned, that the aforementioned jaunt, whereof she had been pleased to do me the honor, was undertaken for the purpose of buying her wedding clothes. My frenzy may be more easily imagined than described. In my heroic wrath I swore never more to see the faithless one, a punishment, than which I could conceive of none more terrible for her. But it did not kill her after all; for while on a visit to my father, some twenty years after, we were sailing on the lake together, and I asked, who those ladies were in a boat not far from ours, "What!" said my father, smiling, "does not your

heart tell you? that's your old flame, Madame Cristin—Mademoiselle de Vulson that was?" I started at the sound of that all but forgotten name, at the same time telling the boatmen to turn off, not judging it worth while to perjure myself, however favorable the opportunity for revenge, in renewing a quarrel of twenty years standing with a woman of forty.

(1723-1728). Thus were the most precious years of my youth, frittered and fooled away, before they had come to any decision, as to what employment I should be put to. After endless deliberation on my natural bent they at last resolved on a course quite the opposite thereto, and I was sent to M. Masseron, the City Recorder, to learn under him the thriving craft of a *scraper*, as M. Bernard used to say. This nickname was supremely disgusting to me. Nor did the expectation of gaining lots of money, coming, as it must through a mean channel, particularly flatter my high fantasy. The employment itself appeared to me both irksome and insupportable, while the assiduity and subjection it required completed my disgust, and I never entered the office without a feeling of horror, which gathered strength day by day.

M. Masseron, being on his part but little pleased with me, treated me with contempt, continually upbraiding me for my dulness and stupidity, daily telling me, that my uncle had assured him, that I was a knowing one, whereas the fact was, that I knew nothing, and insinuating that, while he had been promised a sprightly lad, he had got simply an ass. At last I was ignominiously turned out of the registry on account of my ineptitude, the clerks of M. Masseron pronouncing me good for nothing but to handle a file.

My calling thus determined, I was bound as an apprentice, not, however to a watchmaker, but to an engraver. So utterly had the contempt of the recorder humiliated me that I submitted without a murmur. My master, M. Ducommun, was a churlish and violent young man who very soon succeeded in tarnishing all the radiance of my childhood, in stupifying my amiable and sprightly disposition and in reducing me, as well in spirit as in fortune, to my actual condition of apprentice. My Latin; antiquities and history were long forgotten, and I did not even remem-

ber that such a people as the Romans had ever lived in the world. When I went to see my father he no longer found in me his idol, no longer was I the ladies' gallant Jean Jacques, and so thoroughly did I feel that M.^e and Mlle. Lambercier could not possibly recognize in me their pupil that I was ashamed to present myself before them and have never seen them since. The vilest tastes, the lowest inclinations took the place of my innocent amusements and obliterated even the remembrance thereof. It must be that, in spite of my most decorous up-bringing, I had a decided proclivity to degenerate, for most rapidly and most easily did the declension take place. Never did so promising a Cæsar so quickly become a Laridon.

And yet I did not dislike the craft in itself. I had a keen taste for drawing, the play of the graving-tool was quite amusing to me and as it required no very extraordinary talent to engrave all that was required in watch-making, I hoped to attain to perfection therein. In all probability I would have succeeded had not my master's brutality and the excessive restraint to which I was subjected disgusted me with the business. I stole my time from him and employed it in occupations which differed but little from my usual ones, but which to me had the charm of freedom. I engraved species of medallions which served my comrades and myself as ensigns for our order of knighthood. My master caught me in the midst of this contraband labor and gave me a most unmerciful thrashing, accusing me at the same time of trying to make counterfeit money, our medals bearing the arms of the Republic. I can honestly declare that I had not the slightest conception of counterfeit money, and but very little of the genuine. I knew better how to make the Roman *As* than one of our threepenny pieces.

My master's tyranny resulted in rendering insupportable to me the employment I should otherwise have liked, and in plunging me into vices which I would have hated, such as lying, idleness and theft. Nothing ever gave me a profounder appreciation of the difference between filial dependance and abject slavery than the recollection of the change that this period produced in me. Naturally bashful and timid I had never less inclination towards any vice than

I had towards impudence. I had, however, enjoyed a reasonable liberty, which only by degree was thus restrained, and at length disappeared altogether. I was bold at my father's, free in the family of M. Lambercier, and prudent at my uncle's; under my master I became timorous, and henceforward I was a lost child. Accustomed in my mode of living, to a perfect equality with my superior, to be witness of no enjoyment that was not within my reach, to see no dish whereof I did not have my share, to entertain no desire that I did not make known, in a word, every emotion of my heart being wont to rise spontaneously to my lips, think of what I must necessarily have become in a house where I dared not open my mouth, where I was forced to quit the table when the meal was but a third through and the room when I had no active employment, where, incessantly confined to my work, I saw nothing but pleasure for others and privations for myself, where the sight of the liberty my master and the journeymen enjoyed only increased the weight of my subjection, where, in discussions on topics I was the most familiar with, I dared not open my mouth, where, in fine, every thing I saw became to my heart an object to be coveted, and that simply because I was deprived of everything. Farewell now ease and gayety—farewell those happy turnes of expression which used to bring me off free from punishment, even when it was deserved. I cannot recall, without laughing, that at my father's one evening being condemned for some prank to go supperless to bed, while passing through the kitchen with my poor piece of bread, I saw and smelt the roast meat which was being turned on the spit. The folks were seated around the fire—I must bow to every one as I passed. When I had gone the round, leering out from the corner of my eye at the roast which looked so good and smelt so fine, I could not refrain from making it a bow also, and thus addressing it in a pitiful tone, *Good night Roast meat!* This ingenuous sally appeared to them so pleasant that I was permitted to stay to supper. It may be that, at my master's it would have been attended with an equally happy result, but sure it is that I never would have thought of such a thing, or, if I had, I should not have dared give utterance to it.



"Good-night, Roast Meat." Page 50—I.

Thus was it that I learned to covet in silence, to dissemble, to dissimulate, to lie, and at last to steal—a propensity, for which I had never hitherto had the slightest inclination, and of which I have never since been able quite to cure myself. Desire, joined to inability to obtain the object, ever results thus. This is why all footmen are knaves, and also why all apprentices inevitably tend to become such, though in a state of equality and tranquility, wherein every thing they see is at their command, these latter as they grow up, get rid of this shameful propensity. Never having had the same advantage, I was never able to derive the same profit therefrom.

It is almost always good sentiments badly directed, which cause children to take the first step towards evil. Notwithstanding the privations and temptations, to which I was constantly exposed, I had lived with my master for more than a year before I could bring myself to pilfer any thing, even eatables. My first theft was the result of complaisance, but it opened the door to others which had not so laudable a motive.

My master had a journeyman, named M. Verrat, whose mother's house, in the neighborhood, had a garden attached to it, which lay some distance off, and which produced capital asparagus. This Verrat, who, by the way, had no very large supply of money, took it into his head to rob his mother of some of the early asparagus and sell it, converting the proceeds into some extra good breakfasts. As he did not wish to expose himself, and not being very nimble, he selected me for this expedition. After certain preliminary flatteries, which won on me all the more, as I did not perceive the drift of them, he proposed it to me as a notion, that had just struck him. Long did I stickle, but he persisted. I never could resist kindness, so I consented. I went every morning to the garden, gathered the best of the asparagus, and took it to "*the Molard*," where some good creature, perceiving that I had just been stealing it, would insinuate that little fact, so as to get it the cheaper. In my terror I took whatever she chose to give me, and carried it to M. Verrat. This was presently metamorphosed into a breakfast whereof I was the purveyor and of which he used to partake along with another comrade; for, as for

myself, quite satisfied with some little bribe, I would not even taste their wine.

This little domestic arrangement continued for several days, before it came into my head to rob the robber and tithe M. Verrat for the proceeds of the asparagus. I executed my roguery with the utmost fidelity, my sole motive being to please him who forced me to do it. And yet had I been caught what blows, what a torrent of abuse, what cruel treatment must I have received, while he, the wretch, in denying all knowledge of the matter, would have been believed on his word, and I should have been doubly punished for daring to accuse him—for me, an apprentice daring to accuse him, a journeyman! So is it, that in every condition the guilty powerful escape at the expense of the innocent weak.

I thus learned, that to steal was, after all, not so very terrible a thing as I had conceived; and ere long I turned this discovery to so good an account, that nothing I had an inclination for could safely be left within my reach. I was not absolutely ill fed at my master's, and temperance was painful to me only from seeing it so little observed. The custom of sending young people from the table precisely when what is most tempting to them is brought on appears to me admirably well calculated to make them as dainty as roguish. I soon became both; and I generally got along very well, though now and then, when caught, not quite so well.

A recollection that still makes me at once smile and shudder is connected with an apple-hunt which cost me dear indeed. These apples lay on the floor of a pantry which was lighted from the kitchen by means of an elevated lattice. One day when alone in the house, I climbed up to gaze into the garden of Hesperides at that precious fruit which I could not reach. I went and got the spit to see if it would not help me. It was too short. I lengthened it by another little one which was used for the smaller game, my master being fond of the chase. I poked several times unsuccessfully; at last, however, I felt that I had got an apple. Most gently did I draw—already the apple touched the lattice, and I was ready to grab it. Who can paint my grief?—the apple was too large to pass through the space. What devices did I not make use of to get it through! Supporters had to be found to keep the spit in the same



The theft of the apples. *Page 52—I.*

position, a knife long enough to divide the apple and a lath to support it withal. By dint of dexterity and perseverance I succeeded in getting it divided, hoping thus to extract the pieces one after the other. Hardly, however, had I got them cut when they both fell into the pantry. Compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction.

Not a jot had my courage abated. I had, however, lost a great deal of time. Dreading a surprise, I put off till the next day what I hoped would prove a happier attempt, and returned to my work as quietly as if nothing had happened, all unmindful of the two blabbing witnesses that were telling their story against me in the pantry.

The day following, finding the opportunity once more favorable, I renew the attempt. I mount my trestle, lengthen and adjust the spit, and was all ready to dart at them. . . . Unfortunately the dragon was not asleep. All of a sudden the pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, folds his arms, and looking up, he exclaims, "Bravo!" . . . The pen drops from my hand.

By and by, the constant recurrence of ill-treatment rendered me callous. It seemed to me at length a kind of compensation for my theft, which gave me the right to continue it. Instead of turning my mind backwards, and looking at the punishment, I looked forward and thought of my revenge. To be beaten as a knave authorized me, as I judged, to be one. I found that stealing and being flogged went hand in hand and constituted a sort of compact, and it seemed to me that if I performed my own share of the bargain, I might leave the care of the other to my master. Having thus fairly struck the balance, I set to stealing with still greater equanimity than before. I thus reasoned: "What will come of this at last? I shall be beaten. So be it—'tis what I was made for."

Without being greedy, I am fond of eating; I am addicted to pleasures of the senses, though not a gourmand. Too many other inclinations draw me away from that. I have never paid any attention to my belly save when my heart has been disengaged, and that has happened so rarely in my life-time that I have had but little time to think of dainty bits. I did not, therefore, long confine myself to purloining eatables, but soon extended the range of my thefts to any-

thing whatever that struck my fancy, and if I did not become a thief in form, it is simply because I was never very much tempted by money. Within the general workshop my master had a special room for himself which he kept locked. I found out a way whereby I could open the door and shut it again without its being perceived. Here I put his fine tools, his best designs, his impressions—every-thing I took a fancy to and he desired to keep out of my way, under contribution. At the bottom these thefts were quite innocent, since they were committed only to be employed in his service; but I was transported with delight at having these trifles in my possession; I imagined that in stealing its productions I stole the art itself. Besides these there were boxes that contained scraps of gold and silver, small jewels, valuable coins and money. When I had five or six sous in my pocket I was rich in my own estimation ; yet far from taking any of these, I do not remember having once cast a wistful eye at them. I regarded these valuables rather with terror than delight. I am inclined to think that this dread of stealing money or what stands for money, was in a great degree the result of education. There were associated therewith secret ideas of infamy, of prison, of punishment, of death which would have made me tremble had I ever felt any temptation of this kind ; whereas my own little tricks seemed to me only as waggeries. Nor indeed were they anything else. All this could only occasion me a good trimming from my master, and this I was already prepared for.

But again, I was not even sufficiently covetous to have to restrain to myself—I had nothing to combat. A single sheet of fine drawing paper was to me a greater temptation than money enough to have bought a whole ream. This fantastic caprice is connected with one of the idiosyncrasies of my character, and has exercised so powerful an influence on my conduct that it deserves a special explanation.

My passions are most violent, and while under their influence nothing can equal my impetuosity. All discretion, respect, fear, and decorum vanish, and I become cynical, saucy, violent, or intrepid. No shame can stop, no danger can intimidate me. Saving the single object that engrosses me, the

whole universe rounds off into a dream and insanity. This, however, lasts but a moment, the next plunges me into a state of annihilation. Take me during seasons of tranquility and I am indolence and timidity itself. Everything startles, everything disheartens me—the buzzing of a fly frightens me. A word to speak or a motion to make appears to me an intolerable task. So utterly am I overwhelmed by fear and shame that I would fain hide myself from mortal view. If it is necessary for me to exert myself, I know not what to do; when obliged to speak I know not what to say. If any one looks at me I am instantly out of countenance. When I get warmed up I at times succeed in expressing myself; but in ordinary conversation I can say nothing—absolutely nothing. They are to me insupportable just because I am obliged to talk.

I may add that none of my ruling passions consists in things that are to be purchased. I demand unadulterated pleasures. Money poisons all. I love, for instance, the enjoyments of the table, but being unable to endure either the restraints of good society, or the license and intemperance of the tavern, I can realize them only in company with a friend, for alone it is impossible—my imagination runs off into something else, and I lose all the pleasure of eating. If my kindled passions crave women, my beating heart more eagerly still craves love. A woman that was to be bought with money would lose all her charms for me, I even doubt if it would be in me to take any advantage therefrom. So is it with every pleasure within my reach—if they be not spontaneous and free I find them insipid. I love those possessions only which belong to no one save to the first that can joyfully appropriate them.

Never did money appear to me so desirable as it is usually esteemed. Nay, more, I never even thought it so very handy. In itself it is absolutely useless; if you would enjoy it, you must transform it. You must buy and bargain, be often cheated, pay high, and be badly served. I wish a good quality of an article; with *my* money I am sure of having it very decidedly bad. I pay roundly for a fresh egg, and it proves rotten; for mellow fruit, and it proves green; for a girl, and she turns out to have the—I love good wine, but where shall I procure any? At the

wine merchants ?—Sure as fate he will poison me. Do I desire to be absolutely well served ? What endless cares and embarrassments !—I must make friends and have correspondents, send messages, write, come, go, wait, and often end in being deceived after all. What a bore with my money! I fear it more than I love good wine.

A thousand times, both during and since my apprenticeship, have I gone out to buy some dainty. I approach the pastry-cook's, and perceive some women at the counter : already I imagine them laughing and joking over me for a little gourmand. I pass by a fruit-shop, and eye some beautiful pears—their odor tempts me ; but two or three young fellows near by are looking at me; a man that knows me is standing at his shop-door; I see a female approaching in the distance—is not that our servant girl ? My short-sight, too, gives rise to a thousand illusions ; I take every body that passes for folks of my acquaintance ; some obstacle everywhere presents itself to intimidate and keep me back ; I grow the more eager as I grow the more ashamed, and, at last return like a fool, a prey to my longing, with money enough in my pocket to satisfy it, but without having had courage enough to purchase what I wanted.

I would enter into the most insipid details, were I to go over the embarrassment, shame, repugnance, inconvenience, and general disgust which I have experienced in the laying out of my money, as well in my own person as through the agency of others. As the reader advances in my life, and gets into my humor, he will feel all this of his own accord, without my dwelling on it.

This understood, one of my supposed contradictions will be easily accounted for, that, namely, of my allying an almost sordid avarice to the most unbounded contempt for money. Money, indeed, is an article for which I have so little use, that I never even think of desiring any more of it than I have, and that, when I do chance to possess any, I keep it a long time without spending it, simply from the lack of knowing how to lay it out to my satisfaction ; but let a suitable and agreeable opportunity present itself, and I make so good use of it that my purse gives out before I am aware. And yet do not think that I have the miser's affec-

tation of spending merely for ostentation. On the contrary I lay out my money secretly and for pleasure's sake, and, far from making any show of spending, I rather conceal it. So thoroughly do I feel that money is not made to answer my ends, that I am almost ashamed to own, and still more so to make use of it. Had I ever possessed an income sufficient to support me in comfort, I am very certain tha I would never have been tempted to become a miser; I should have spent it all without seeking to augment it. My precarious situation, however, keeps me in perpetual dread. I adore liberty and abominate restraint, trouble or subjec-tion. So long, I know, as the money in my purse lasts, my independence is insured ; it frees me from the necessity of scraping and screwing for more—a necessity I have ever had in horror. For fear, therefore, of seeing it come to an end, I am saving of it. The money that one possesses is the guarantee of liberty ; what he is in pursuit of is the instrument of slavery. And this is the reason why, without coveting what I have not, I am loath to spend what I have.

My disinterestedness is therefore simply laziness—the pleasure of having not being worth the pain of getting. So is it also with my dissipation—when an agreeable opportunity for spending presents itself, one cannot make too good a use of it. Money tempts me less than do things themselves, for, between the object desired and the power of procur-ing it, there is ever a wide gulf, whereas between the object and its enjoyment there is none. I see the thing itself and it tempts me ; while if I see but the means of acquiring it I am not tempted at all. I have therefore been a pilferer in my time, and, for that part, am sometimes even so stil in respect of trifles which strike my fancy and which I would sooner take than ask. But, boy or man, I do not recollect having ever in my whole lifetime taken a farthing from any one, saving once only, some fifteen years ago, when I stole seven livres and ten sous. The story is worth telling, exhibiting, as it does, so ineffable a union of impudence and stupidity that I myself could scarcely credit it did it relate to any one but me.

'T was at Paris. I was walking with M. Francueil in the Palais Royal. The hour about five. He pulls out his

watch, and looking at it, says to me, "Let's go to the Opera." "With all my heart," replied I; so off we started. He gets two box tickets, hands me one, and passes on himself before me with the other. He enters; I follow. On going in after him, however, I find the door crowded. I look in, and, seeing every one standing, it strikes me that I might easily lose myself in such a crowd, or at least make M. Francueil suppose so. According I go out, ask my check, get the money returned, and then leave the house, without considering that hardly had I reached the door when every one would be seated, and M. Francueil might readily perceive that I had gone.

As nothing was ever more radically opposed to my natural disposition than that affair, I note it here to prove that there are moments of a kind of delirium during which men are not to be judged by their actions. You can hardly say that I stole the money, I only stole the use of it. But the less of a theft, the more infamous was it.

These details would run out to an endless length were I to follow the various steps whereby I passed, during my apprenticeship, from the sublimity of heroism to the depravity of a good-for-nothing rascal. And yet, while I acquired the vices incident to my situation, I never could altogether acquire the taste for them. I grew tired of the amusements of my comrades, and, when the very great restraint to which I was subjected, had disgusted me with my work, I grew tired of everything else too. This, accordingly, revived my long neglected taste for reading. This taste, however, having now to be gratified during time stolen from work, became a new crime and drew down on me new punishments. Thus strengthened by opposition, it soon became a passion and by and by amounted to a perfect furor. La Tribu, a famous book-lender, furnished me with works of all kinds. Good, bad and indifferent—all were equally welcome. I had no choice, but read all with the same assiduity. I read while at my bench, I read while going on errands, I read in the privy, and forgot myself in it for whole hours together. I was crazed with reading, and did but little else. My master watched me, caught me, beat me and took the books from me. How many were torn, burnt, and

thrown out of the window ! How many odd volumes did I thus make for La Tribu ! When I had no longer wherewith to pay her, I gave her my shirts, my handkerchiefs, and other articles of dress ; the three sous of pocket-money that I received every ~~sunday~~ were regularly carried to her.

And so, it will be said, money at length *did* become necessary. True ; but it was only after my reading had deprived me of all activity. Wholly given up to my new taste, I only read, and stole no longer. This is another of my characteristic peculiarities. Even while under the full sway of a certain habit, the least trifle turns me aside, draws me to itself and at last becomes a passion. Every thing is then forgotten, and I no longer think of aught save of the new object that occupies me. My heart would beat with impatience to run over the new book I had in my pocket ; just as soon as I got alone I drew it forth, nor did I now think of rummaging my master's room. I can hardly think that I would have stolen, even though I had had more expensive tastes. Limited to the present moment, it was not in my nature to take much care of the future. La Tribu gave me credit ; her advances were but trifling, and when I had pocketed my book I thought of nothing more. As money came along it naturally passed into the hands of this woman ; and when she chanced to be pressing nothing was so close at hand as my own little effects. To steal for the future involved too much foresight, while I had no temptation whatever to steal in order to pay.

By dint of squabbings and blows, joined to my stolen and ill-chosen reading, my disposition grew fierce and moody ; my head began to turn, and I lived like a perfect ware-wolf. And yet, if my inclination had not preserved me from most flat and unprofitable books, I was preserved by my good genius from all obscene and licentious ones. Not that La Tribu, in every respect a most accommodating creature, at all scrupled to lend me such ; but, to enhance their value, she mentioned them to me with an air of mystery that had precisely the effect of inducing me to refuse them, as much from distaste as from shame, and chance so well seconded my bashful turn that I was over thirty before I had ever seen a single one of those dangerous books, which a certain fine

lady of the fashionable world regards as inconvenient in that they can be read with but one hand.

In less than a year I had exhausted La Tribu's scanty stock, and most grievously out of employment did I then find myself during my leisure hours. Reclaimed from my childish and scampish propensities by my love of books, and even by my reading itself, which albeit unsystematic and often bad, yet restored my heart to feelings nobler than those my condition had inspired ; disgusted with every thing within my reach, and feeling all too far out of it everything that could have tempted me, I saw nothing whatever that could please my heart. My senses, long since awakened, demanded an enjoyment of which I could not even imagine the object. I was just as far away from the true one as if I had been destitute of sex ; and, though now arrived at the age of puberty, and of a fiery disposition, I recurred at times to my former follies, but saw no farther. In this strange condition my restless fancy took a course that saved me from myself, and allayed my rising passion. This was to feast itself on those situations that had interested me in the course of my reading, to recall, vary, and combine them—to appropriate them so completely to myself, that I became any of the personages I conceived of, and always saw myself in the position most agreeable to my taste ; in a word, so to identify myself therewith that the imaginary condition into which I succeeded in getting myself, caused me quite to forget the real one with which I was so discontented. This fondness for imaginary objects, joined to the facility with which I could occupy myself therewith, completed my disgust for every thing around me, and gave rise to that love of solitude which has ever since abode with me. There will, in the sequel, be more than one occasion of observing the singular effect of that disposition apparently so misanthropic and so melancholy, but which in reality proceeds from a heart all too fond, too loving, too tender—from a heart which, failing to find real beings with which to sympathize, is fain to feed on fictions. Suffice it, for the present, to note the origin and first cause of a bent which has modified all my passions and which, itself the continent of them, has ever

rendered me loath to act from the too great ardor of my desires.

I thus attained my sixteenth year, restless, discontented with myself and everything else, destitute at once of liking for my occupation, and of the enjoyments common to my age, devoured by desires of whose object I could form no conception, weeping without any cause for tears, and sighing for I knew not what;—in a word, fondly caressing my chimeras from the lack of seeing anything around me that I considered of equal value. On Sundays my comrades used to come after sermon-time to get me to go out and join them in their sports. Most gladly would I have avoided them had I been able; but when once really into their games, I was more ardent and went further than any. Difficult to shake, and difficult to restrain—such was ever my disposition. In our strolls without the city I would go on and on without ever a thought of returning, unless somebody else thought of it for me. Twice was I caught in this way—the gates being closed before I could get back. The reader may imagine what awaited me the day following. On the second occasion I was promised such a reception for the third that I resolved not to expose myself thereto. This much dreaded third time, however, arrived after all. My vigilance was baffled by a cursed captain, named M. Minutoli who, when on guard, was in the habit of closing the gate half an hour before the others. I was returning homeward with two comrades. Half a league from the city I hear the tat-too; on I hasten—still the drum beats, I run with all my might, and get up out of breath, and sweating at every pore. My heart beats—from afar I see the soldiers at their posts; I rush forward and shout to them in a stifled voice. 'Twas too late. Twenty paces before me I saw the first bridge drawn up, while high in the air I beheld those terrible horns—the sinister and fatal omen of the inevitable destiny that from this moment began to pursue me. And I trembled with horror.

In my first transport of grief I threw myself on the glacis and bit the earth. My comrades, laughing at their misfortune, immediately determined what they would do. So did I—but in quite a different way. On the spot I

swores never, never to return to my master's; and on the morrow, when the gate was opened and they re-entered the city, I bade them an eternal adieu, only entreating them secretly to inform my cousin of my resolution, and where he might see me once more.

At the beginning of my apprenticeship, being more separated from him, I saw him less frequently. And yet, for some time, we used to meet on Sundays; but each insensibly acquired different habits, and so we saw each other more rarely. I am persuaded that his mother contributed largely to this change. He, of course, was a young man *du haut*, while I, pitiful apprentice that I was, was but *un Enfant de Saint-Gervais*.* Thus, in spite of our relationship, there was no equality between us, and it was degrading himself to frequent my company. Yet the tie that bound us was not altogether broken, and being naturally a lad of good heart he sometimes followed that notwithstanding his mother's lessons. On learning my resolution, he hastened to me, not, however, to dissuade me from it, nor himself to take the same determination, but, by some little presents to facilitate my flight, as my own means could certainly not have carried me very far. Among other things he gave me a small sword of which I was very proud, and which I took with me as far as Turin, where want compelled me to dispose of it, and where I parted with it as though it had been "my dear heart-strings." The more I have since then reflected on his behavior towards me at that critical moment, the more I am convinced that he followed the instructions of his mother, and, perchance, of his father; for, left to himself, it is impossible that he should not have made some effort to detain me, or been himself tempted to follow me. But no. He

* "Geneva is situated on a hill, and the summit of this hill, on which, during the 18th century, handsome edifices were constructed, has become the aristocratic quarter. Thence the distinction of people *du haut*, and people *du bas* (Geneva *above* and *below* the hill), and the reproach of vanity on one side, and jealousy on the other—a circumstance that has given rise to the saying, that were the city level it would never have been troubled with dissensions"—Hist of Geneva, by Picot, p. VII. The quartier *St. Gervais*, situated in the *lower* part, is one of the most considerable and most populous.—Tr.

rather encouraged me in my design than dissuaded me from it; and when at last he saw me firmly determined, he parted from me without any very great show of tears. We have never either written to or seen each other. 'Tis a pity: he was of a character essentially excellent; we were made to love each other.

And now, before giving myself over to the fatality of my destiny, let me, for a moment, contemplate what would naturally have been my lot had I fallen into the hands of a better master. Nothing was more agreeable to my tastes nor better calculated to render me happy than the calm and obscure condition of a good artisan, more especially in certain lines, such as that of an engraver at Geneva. This calling, lucrative enough to furnish one a comfortable living, though not sufficiently so to lead to fortune, would have bounded my ambition for the rest of my life, and, allowing me a reasonable amount of leisure for the cultivation of moderate tastes, would have kept me within my own sphere without presenting me the means of getting beyond it. Endowed with an imagination rich enough to gild any condition with its fantasies, and powerful enough to transport me, so to speak, from one to another at pleasure, it would have little mattered in which I chanced really to be placed. And wherever this might be, it could not possibly be so far from the first castle in the air but that I could very easily reach it. From this very circumstance it follows that the humblest station, that which would have involved me in least care and turmoil and left the mind most at liberty, was such as would have suited me best. Such, too, was precisely my lot. In my native country, in the bosom of my religion, of my family, and my friends I would have led a life gentle and unchequered as became my character, in the uniformity of a pleasing occupation and among connections dear to my heart. I would have been a good christian, a good citizen, a good father, a good friend, a good artisan, and a good man in every respect. I would have loved my station, it may be I would have been an honor to it; and, after having passed an obscure and simple, though even and happy life, I would have peacefully departed in the bosom of my kindred. Soon, it may be, forgotten, I should at least

have been regretted as long as the remembrance of me survived.

Instead of this What a picture am I about to draw !—Ah ! why anticipate the miseries of my life. Only too much shall I have to occupy the reader with the melancholy subject.

BOOK II.

1728 — 1731.

As woeful as had appeared the moment when terror suggested to me the project of flight, just so charming seemed that wherein I put my design in execution. To quit, while yet a child, country, friends, stay and resources —to break off an apprenticeship but half completed and without knowing enough of my craft to live thereby—to give myself up to the horrors of want without any means of extricating myself therefrom—to expose myself, in that age of weakness and innocence, to all the temptations of vice and despair—to go afar, only to find ills, errors, snares, slavery and death, under a yoke more inflexible by far than that I had been unable to bear : such was the course I was about to enter upon, such was the prospect I should have looked in the face. But oh ! how different was the future I pictured to myself ! The independence I imagined I had acquired was the sole feeling that possessed me. Free and my own master, I conceived of nothing I could not do, nothing I could not attain to. I had only to push forward to rise and soar

“ Beyond this visible, diurnal sphere.”

With confidence I was entering the vast expanse of the world—my merit was to fill it. At each step I was to meet with festal entertainments, treasures, adventures, friends ready to serve me and mistresses eager to gain my favor. On showing myself I should engage the attention of the universe. Nay, not the whole universe ; I hardly required all that, and would dispense with part of it. A charming circle would suffice me, without burdening myself with the rest. My modesty limited me to a somewhat narrow but deliciously select sphere, within which I was sure to reign.

A single castle bounded my ambition. The favorite of the lord and lady, the daughter's lover, the friend of the son and the protector of the neighbors—I was satisfied, and asked no more.

While awaiting this modest future, I roamed for a few days in the environs of the city, staying with some country folks of my acquaintance, who invariably received me with greater kindness than I would have met with from the people of the city. They welcomed, lodged and fed me much too kindly to take any credit for it. They could hardly be said to be giving charity—the act was not accompanied by a sufficient air of superiority for that.

Thus, in the course of my travels and ramblings around, I at length reached Confignon, in the domain of Savoy, two leagues from Geneva. The curé proved to be a M. de Pontverre. This name, famous in the History of the Republic, struck me forcibly. I was curious to see what appearance the descendants of the *Gentlemen of the Spoon* presented.* Accordingly I went to see M. de Pontverre. He received me kindly, spoke to me of the heresy of Geneva, went into a disquisition on the authority of Holy Mother Church and—gave me some dinner. I had but few objections to make to arguments that came to that kind of conclusion, and was inclined to believe that priests that gave such excellent dinners were at least quite as good as our ministers. Spite of M. de Pontverre's pedigree I was certainly the more learned of the two, though I was quite too good a companion to appear the better theologian, and his Frangi wine, which I thought excellent, argued so victoriously on his side that I would have blushed to silence so worthy a host. I gave in therefore, or rather did not resist to his face. Could any one have observed the precautions I employed he might have esteemed me a dissembler. This,

* These gentlemen, subjects of the Duke of Savoy, were thus named because, enemies of the Genevese whom, they had bragged, they would eat with a spoon, they bore, as a rallying sign, a spoon hung to their neck. From 1527 to 1530 they did much damage to the city which they twice attempted to escalade, conducted by Francis de Pontverre, their captain; but they failed in all their enterprises: their chief was killed, and since 1530, when all their castles were burned, no mention is made of them in the History of Geneva.—Vid. Spon, *Hist. de Geneve* tome 1. p. 190 et seq.

however, would have been an erroneous judgment; I was simply courteous—nothing more. Flattery, or, rather, condescension, is not always a vice; it is more frequently a virtue, especially in young people. The kindness a person shows us attaches us to him; it is not to deceive him that we acquiesce, but merely not to grieve him, not to render him evil for good. What interest had M. de Pontverre in receiving me into his house, in treating me kindly and in endeavoring to convert me? None in the world but my own. And this my young heart told me. I was filled with gratitude and respect for the worthy priest. I felt my superiority, but scorned to repay his hospitality by making him feel it also. There was nothing hypocritical in this course—I had no notion of changing my religion, nay, far from so quickly entertaining the idea, I could not think of it save with a degree of horror that might well have long banished it from my mind. I only wished to avoid giving offence to those who, with some such end in view, treated me with kindness; to cultivate their good will, and, by seeming less armed than I really was, to inspire them with the hope of success. My sin, in this particular, resembled the coquetry of well-meaning women, who, to gain their ends, know very well at times how, without either permitting or promising anything, to inspire hopes they never intend to realize.

Either reason, compassion, or love of order assuredly demanded that, instead of encouraging me in my folly, I should have been snatched from the ruin into which I was rushing, and sent back to my friends. Such is what any truly virtuous man would have done, or tried to do. But though M. de Pontverre was a very worthy, he certainly was not a virtuous man; but, quite otherwise, a devotee who knew no virtue save in worshipping the images, and counting his beads—a sort of zealot who conceived that the greatest service that could be rendered religion consisted in writing libels on the ministers of Geneva. Far from thinking of sending me home, he took advantage of the desire I felt of getting away to put it out of my power to return, even should I ever be so disposed. 'T was a thousand to one that he was sending me off to perish of want, or to become a scoundrel. All this, however, entered not

into his calculations. He simply saw a soul snatched from heresy, and brought back to the fold of the Church. Honest man or rogue, what mattered it so long as I went to mass? Do not imagine, however, that this mode of thinking is confined to Catholics particularly; it is common to every dogmatic religion in which the essential is made to consist not in doing, but in believing.

"God calls you," said M. de Pontverre ; "Go to Annecy where you will find a worthy and most charitable lady, whom the king's bounty puts in the condition to turn other souls from that error which she herself has escaped." This allusion was to a Madam de Warens, a new convert, whom, in fact, the priests forced to share a pension of some two thousand francs, granted her by the king of Sardinia, with the wretches that were disposed to sell their faith.

Extremely humiliated did I feel myself at having to be obliged to any "worthy and most charitable lady." I was perfectly willing to be furnished with what I stood in need of, but did not relish receiving it on the footing of charity. Besides, a devotee was to me by no means the most attractive of characters. Nevertheless, pressed by M. de Pontverre, as well as by hunger that pursued me close; delighted, moreover, to go on a journey, and to have an end in view, I formed my resolution and left, though reluctantly, for Annecy. This I might easily have reached in a day, but I did not hurry myself, and so took three. Not a country-seat could I see, either to the right or left, without going after the adventure which I was certain awaited me. I could not master courage to enter the mansion, nor even to knock, for I was excessively timid ; but I sang beneath the most inviting window, very much astonished to find, after wasting my breath, that neither Lady nor Miss made her appearance, attracted by the beauty of my voice, or the spice of my songs, seeing that I knew some capital ones that my comrades had taught me, and which I sang in the most admirable manner.

At last I arrive and see Madam de Warens. This period of my life was the deciding point of my character ; I cannot bring myself to pass lightly over it. I was in the middle of my sixteenth year. Though not what could be called a handsome fellow, I was well-made for my height ;

I had a neat foot, a well turned leg, a free and easy air, an animated countenance, a delicate mouth, black hair and eye-brows, and eyes which, though small, and even sunken, flashed forth the fire that coursed through my veins. Unfortunately, all this was totally unknown to me, and I never in my whole life-time chanced to bestow a thought on my person until it was too late to derive any advantage therefrom. Thus I had, along with the timidity natural to my age, that of a most affectionate nature, ever disquieted by the fear of giving offence. Besides, though my mind did not lack culture, yet having seen nothing of the world, I was totally deficient in point of manners, and my acquirement, far from remedying this defect, served only to increase my embarrassment by making me sensible of how utter was my deficiency in this respect.

Fearing, therefore, that my appearance would not be apt to tell very powerfully in my favor, I had recourse to other expedients. I wrote a splendid letter after the style oratorical, in which, patching together a mass of bookish phrases with the expressions of an apprentice, I mustered all my eloquence to gain the favor of Madam de Warens. I enclosed the letter of M. de Pontverre within mine, and set off for this terrible audience. I did not, however, find Madam de Warens, she having, as I was told, that moment gone to church. It was Palm-Sunday of the year 1728. I hasten after, overtake and speak to her I ought to remember the place—many a time have I moistened it with my tears and covered it with my kisses. Would that I could surround the happy spot with a golden balustrade; would that I could draw thither the homage of the world! Let whoever loves to honor the monuments of human salvation approach it on his knees.

It was a passage behind her house, between a brook on the right which separated it from the garden and the court-yard wall on the left, leading by a private door into the church of the Cordeliers. Just ready to pass through this door, Madam de Warens turned round on hearing my voice. What an effect did the sight of her produce on me! I had pictured to myself a grim old devotee—M. de Pontverre's "worthy lady" could, in my opinion, be none other. But lo, a countenance beaming with charms, beautiful, mild

blue eyes, a complexion of dazzling fairness, the outline of an enchanting neck ! Nothing escaped the rapid glance of the young proselyte, for that instant I was hers, sure that a religion preached by such missionaries could not fail to lead to Paradise ! With a smile she takes the letter which, with a trembling hand, I present to her, opens it, casts a glance over M. de Pontverre's, and returns to mine which she reads quite through, and would have done so again, had not the footman reminded her that it was time to enter.—“And so, my child,” said she with a tone that thrilled me, “Here you are a-roving very young ; ‘t is a pity indeed.” Then, without awaiting my answer, she added, “Go, and wait for me at the house; tell them to give you some breakfast, and after mass I will come and talk with you.”

Louisa Eleanora de Warens was a young lady of La Tour de Pil, a noble and ancient family of Vevay, a city in the canton de Vaud. While quite young she had married M. de Warens, of the house of Loys, eldest son of M. de Villardin, of Lausanne. This union, unblessed with offspring, not proving a very happy one, Madam de Warens, incited by some domestic grievance, took advantage of the visit of king Victor-Amedeus to Evian, to cross the lake and throw herself at the feet of that prince, thus abandoning her husband, friends, and country through a precipitancy quite similar to my own, and which she also has had time enough to regret. The king, fond of appearing the zealous Catholic, took her under his protection, and bestowed on her a pension of fifteen hundred livres Piedmont—a very considerable sum indeed for one so little inclined to prodigality. Observing, however, that his reception of her gave rise to a suspicion of an affection for the lady, he sent her to Annecy, escorted by a detachment of his guards, where, under the direction of Michel Gabriel de Bernex, Titular-Bishop of Geneva, she made her abjuration in the convent of the Visitation.

She had been six years here when I came, and was at that time in her eight and twentieth year, her birth having taken place at the beginning of the century. Hers were the charms that do not pass away, belonging rather to the general physiognomy than to special features; so that her



With a smile she takes the letter, which with a trembling hand, I
present to her. *Page 70—I.*

beauty was in its full bloom. She had a winning and tender manner, a mild eye, an angelic smile, a mouth very much the shape of my own, and ash-colored hair of rare beauty, to which she gave a negligent turn that rendered her extremely engaging. She was of small stature, short even, and somewhat thick set, though not deformedly so; but it was impossible to see a handsomer head, a lovelier bosom or more beautiful hands and arms.

Her education had come from a great variety of sources, and formed quite a medley, she having, like myself, lost her mother from her birth. She had received instruction indiscriminately, and just as it chanced to present itself, learning a little from her governess, a little from her father, a little from her masters and much from her lovers, especially from a M. de Tavel who, possessing both taste and learning, adorned therewith the mind of her he loved. But so many diverse methods only hampered each other, and the limited degree of order with which she prosecuted them prevented her various studies from developing her naturally well-balanced judgment. Thus, though she was acquainted with some of the first principles of philosophy and chemistry, this did not hinder her from taking a fancy her father had had for empiric medicine and alchemy. She compounded elixirs, tinctures, balsams, magisteries, and pretended to secrets. A set of quacks, taking advantage of her weakness, flocked around and beset her, squandering her property, and consuming amid furnaces and drugs that mind, those accomplishments and those charms which might have graced the most elegant circles.

But, though these vile wretches took advantage of her misdirected education to becloud the light of her reason, her excellent heart was proof against all such influences, and remained ever the same. Her sweet and loving nature, her compassion for the unfortunate, her inexhaustible goodness, her gay, open and frank disposition never changed; and even at the approach of old age, when plunged in poverty and suffering and various calamities, the serenity of her beautiful soul preserved even to the end of her life all the blitheness of her happiest days.

Her errors arose from an inexhaustible fund of activity which perpetually demanded employment. It was nev-

womanly intrigues that she required, 'twas the forming and directing of enterprises. She was born for vast designs. In her situation, Madam de Longueville would have been a mere busy body; in Madam de Longueville's she would have governed the state. Her talents were misplaced, and what would have been her glory in a more exalted sphere was the ruin of her in that wherein she lived. In undertakings that came within her means, she always developed the plan in her head, and ever saw the object in all its amplitude. It thus came about that, employing means proportioned rather to her ideas than to her abilities, she failed through others' mismanagement, and the project miscarrying, she was ruined where another would scarce have been a loser. This love of action, which involved her in so many difficulties, was at least productive of one great benefit in her monastic retreat, in preventing her, namely, from settling down therein for the rest of her life—a course she had some thoughts of pursuing. The simple and uniform life of the nuns, their little parlor gossip, all this offered but slight attraction to a mind always on the stretch, and which, daily forming new systems, required liberty to give itself up thereto.

The good Bishop of Bernex, with less intellect than Francis of Sales, resembled him in many respects, and Madam de Warens, whom he was wont to call his daughter, and who resembled Madam de Chantal in many others, might have done so in her retiring from the world also, had not her tastes given her an aversion to the inaction of a convent. Not from want of zeal was it, if this amiable woman did not give herself up to the idle routine of devotion, a course which, indeed, might have seemed becoming in a new convert living under the direction of a prelate. Whatever might have been the motive in her change of religion, she was sincere in that which she had embraced. It may be that she repented having taken the step, but she had no desire to turn back. Not only did she die a good Catholic, she in all sincerity lived such; and I dare affirm, I who surely read the inmost secrets of her heart, that it was simply her aversion to all cant that prevented her from acting the devotee in public. Her piety was much too heartfelt for her to affect devotion. This, however, is not the

place to enlarge on her principles ; I shall have other occasions to speak thereof.

Let those who deny the existence of a sympathy of souls explain, if they can, how, from the first interview, the first word, the first look, Madam de Warens inspired me not only with the deepest attachment, but with a perfect confidence — a confidence that has never been shaken. Supposing that what I felt towards her was truly love—and to any one that follows the history of our connection this will appear at least quite as doubtful as otherwise—how happened it that this passion was, from its very commencement, accompanied by feelings it is the farthest from inspiring—by peace of heart, calmness, serenity, security, assurance ? How was it that on my first meeting with a most lovely, polished and enchanting woman, a lady of a station superior to mine and whose equal I had never approached, her, too, on whom in a measure depended my fate, in the greater or less degree of interest she might feel in my lot—how was it, I ask, that for all that, I found myself, on the moment, as free, as much at my ease as though I were perfectly sure of pleasing her ? How was it that I felt not a moment's embarrassment, timidity or restraint ? Naturally bashful, easily put out of countenance and having seen nothing of the world, how came I instantly and from our first interview to adopt with her easy manners, tender language, and the same familiar tone that I had ten years afterwards, when the closest intimacy had rendered it natural ? Is there such a thing as love—I say not without desire, I have myself felt that—but without disquietude, without jealousy ? Can we, at least, avoid an anxious wish to learn from the loved one's lips if our affection be returned ? 'Tis a question that I never any more thought of putting to her than of enquiring if I myself loved her ; nor was she ever any more curious in respect to me. There was certainly something extraordinary in my feelings toward this charming woman, and the sequel will reveal many unexpected and whimsical developments in relation thereto.

What was to be done with me : that was the question. Accordingly, to have more leisure for the discussions of the topic she made me stay to dinner. This was the first meal in my life at which I had felt a want of appetite, and her

waiting woman, who served us, declared that I was the first traveler of my age and stuff she had ever seen deficient on that head. This remark, which did me no injury in the opinion of her mistress, fell rather hard on a big lubber who was dining with us and who himself devoured what would have been a respectable meal for half a dozen persons. As for myself, the ecstasy I was in would not suffer me to eat. My heart was feasting on a new sentiment that engrossed my whole being and left no inclination for any thing else.

Madam de Warens expressed a desire to learn the particulars of my little history. All the old spirit that had been crushed out of me at my master's returned to assist the recital. The more I interested this excellent soul in my favor the profounder was the pity she felt for the fate to which I was exposing myself. Her tender compassion shone through her manner, her look, her action. She did not venture to advise me to return to Geneva—that in her situation, would have been high treason to Catholicism, and she was well aware how strictly she was watched and how critically her words were weighed. And yet she spoke to me with so touching a tone of the affliction my father must feel, that it was very evident she would have liked me to return and console him. Little thought she how, all unconsciously, she was pleading against herself. Besides that my resolution was formed, as I believe I have observed, the more eloquently persuasive she appeared, the more her words went to my heart and the less could I resolve to tear myself from her. I felt that to return to Geneva would be to put an almost insurmountable barrier between us—surmountable only by repeating the expedient that had brought me here; so I judged it much the better course to persevere. Accordingly persevere I did. Madam de Warens, seeing that her efforts were fruitless, did not push them so far as to compromise herself. She only added with a look of commiseration, "My poor child, you must go whither Providence calls you; but when you grow up, you will think of me." She did not herself, I imagine, conceive how sadly this prediction was to be fulfilled.

There, however, remained the problem as far from solution as ever. How was I to support myself so young and away from my native country? Scarcely half through with

my apprenticeship, I was very far from knowing my craft. And even had I known it I could not have lived thereby in Savoy, a country too poor to give much encouragement to the arts. The afore-mentioned lubber, who did the eating for us all, compelled by sheer fatigue of jaws to come to a pause, imparted a piece of advice, which, according to him, came express from heaven, though to judge by its results it was much more probably dictated from quite the opposite quarter. This was, that I should go to Turin, where, in a *hospice* instituted for the instruction of catechumens, I should find both temporal and spiritual food, until, having entered the pale of the Church, I should meet with some charitable Christians who would make it a point to procure me a situation that would turn to my advantage. Touching the expense of the journey," continued my gentleman, "his Grace, my Lord Bishop, will not be backward, when once Madam has mentioned this holy work, kindly to make provision therefor, and my lady, the Baroness, who is so charitable," added he, bending over his plate, "will assuredly cheerfully contribute thereto."

I did not much relish all these *charities*. My heart was bursting with grief. However, I said nothing, and Madam de Warens, who did not catch at the project with as much ardor as it was put forth, contended herself with observing that every one should do all the good in his power, and that she would mention the plan to his lordship. But the devil of a fellow, questioning whether she would urge it to his satisfaction and having his own little private interest in the matter, hastened to acquaint the almoners with my story and so far influenced the good priests that when Madam de Warens, who feared the effects of this journey on me, mentioned it to the Bishop she found it was a settled affair, and he instantly put into her hands the money for my little traveling expenses. Of course, she dared not insist on my staying. I was approaching an age when a woman like her could not, with any propriety, appear desirous of retaining a young man by her.

My journey being thus regulated by those solicitous of my welfare, I was fain to submit. And submit I did, without any very great reluctance. Though Turin was farther off than Geneva, I judged that being the capital, it

must have more intimate relations with Annecy than a city under a different government and of a contrary religion. Besides, as I undertook the journey in obedience to Madam de Warens, I regarded myself as living under her constant direction ; and this was surely more than merely to reside in her neighborhood. In fine, to crown all, the idea of a long journey charmed my passion for walking—a mania which already began to manifest itself. Most delightful did it appear to me to cross the mountains at my age, and tower, high as the Alps, above my comrades.

The temptation of seeing foreign countries is one which a Genevese is not very apt to resist. Accordingly I gave my consent. Our lubber was to set out in a couple of days with his wife. To them I was confided and recommended. They were entrusted with my purse, re-enforced by Madam de Warens who, furthermore, secretly gave me a little private store, to which she added the most ample instructions. 'Twas the Wednesday before Easter when we set out.

The day following my departure from Annecy, my father arrived thereat, having traced me step by step, accompanied by a friend of his, named M. Rival, like himself a watch-maker—a man of parts, of fine parts, I may say, who wrote better verses than La Motte, and spoke almost as well ; a man, moreover, of perfect integrity, but whose misplaced literary taste resulted only in making a comedian of one of his sons.

These gentlemen saw Madam de Warens and contented themselves with lamenting my fate with her, instead of following after and overtaking me, which they might have done with the greatest ease, they being on horseback while I was on foot. My uncle Bernard pursued precisely the same course. He had gone to Confignon, and there learning that I was at Annecy, he returned to Géneva. It seemed as though my kindred had conspired with my star to consign me to the destiny that awaited me. My brother was lost by a similar negligence, and lost so completely that we never heard what became of him.

My father was not only an honorable man, but a person of the most reliable probity, and endowed with one of those powerful minds that perform deeds of loftiest

heroism. I may add, he was a good father, especially to me. Tenderly did he love me, but he loved his pleasures also, and, since our living apart, other ties had, in a measure, weakened his paternal affection. He had married again at Nyon, and though his wife was no longer of an age to present me with brothers, yet she had connections; another family-circle was thus formed, other objects engrossed his attention, and the new domestic relations no longer so frequently brought back the remembrance of me. My father was growing old, and had nothing on which to rely for the support of his declining years. My brother and I had something coming to us from my mother's fortune; the interest of this my father was to receive during our absence. This consideration did not present itself to him directly, nor did it stand in the way of his doing his duty; it had, however, a silent and to himself imperceptible influence and at times slackened his zeal, which, unacted upon by this, would have been carried much farther. This, I think, was the reason, that, having traced me as far as Annecy, he did not follow me to Chamberi, where he was morally certain of overtaking me. This will also explain why, on visiting him many times since my flight, I received from him on every occasion a father's kindness, though unaccompanied by any very pressing efforts to retain me.

This conduct on the part of a father of whose affection and virtue I have had so many proofs, has given rise within me to reflections on my own character which have not a little contributed to maintain my heart uncorrupted. I have derived therefrom this great maxim of morality, perhaps the only one of any use in practice; namely, to avoid such situations as put our duty in antagonism with our interest or disclose our own advantage in the misfortunes of another, certain that in such circumstances, however sincere the love of virtue we bring with us, it will sooner or later, and whether we perceive it or not, become weakened, and we will come to be unjust and culpable in our acts without having ceased to be upright and blameless in our intentions.

This maxim, engraven deep on my heart, and reduced, though somewhat late, to practice in my entire conduct, is one of those principles that have contributed most to give

me a whimsical, crack-brained appearance in public, and still more so among my acquaintances. I am charged with aiming at originality and desiring to act differently from others. In very truth, I have thought very little, either of doing like others, or otherwise than they. I have sincerely desired to do what was right. I have, with all the energy of my character, shunned situations which set my interest in opposition to the interest of another, thus inspiring me with a secret, though involuntary desire prejudicial to that man.

Two years ago, My Lord Marshal desired to put my name in his will. This I opposed with all my power. I assured him that I would not for the world know my name to be in anybody's will, far less in his. He yielded. Now, however, he insists on my accepting a life-annuity, and to this I offer no opposition. It will be said that I find my account in the change. This may be. But O, my benefactor and father, should I have the misfortune to survive you, I know that in losing you I have everything to lose, and nothing to gain !

This, in my opinion, is true philosophy—the sole philosophy suited to the heart of men. Daily do I receive fresh conviction of its profound solidity. I have presented it in many of its phases, in all of my recent writings; but the public, necessarily frivolous, has not had the eye to observe it. If I survive the completion of this present undertaking and am able to commence another, I purpose presenting, in a continuation of "*Emile*," so charming and so striking an illustration of this maxim that the attention of my readers must per force be attracted thereto. But these are reflections enough to come from a traveler ; it is time to continue my journey.

And more agreeable the journey proved than I could have expected. My lubber turned out to be less gruff than he appeared. He was a middle-aged man, wore his black hair, sprinkled with grey, in a queue; had a grenadier-like air and a strong voice; was tolerably cheerful; walked well but ate better, and was a sort of Jack of all trades and master of none. He had, I believe, proposed to establish the Lord knows what sort of manufacture at Annecy. Madam de Warens had not failed to enter into the project,

and it was to endeavor to gain the approbation of the Minister that he was making this journey, his expenses being handsomely defrayed. The fellow had a knack of intriguing by ingratiating himself with the priests, and pretending to be eager to serve them, he had, under their tutelage, picked up a certain pious jargon, of which he made constant use, piquing himself on being a notable preacher. He even knew one passage from the Latin Bible, and it answered his purpose quite as well as if he had known a thousand, for he repeated it a thousand times a day. For the rest, he was rarely at a loss for money when he knew that there was any of that article in the purse of anybody else. And yet he was more artful than knavish, and, when dealing out his capucinades with the tone of a recruiting corporal, resembled Peter the Hermit preaching the crusade with a sabre by his side.

Madam Sabran, his wife, was a worthy sort of creature, quieter by day than at night. As I always slept in their room, her noisy insomnies often awoke me, and would have done so much more effectually, had I understood what was the matter in hand. But I had not even the slightest suspicion thereof, and was on this head of a stolidity that left entirely to nature the whole care of my instruction.

Gaily I set out with my pious guide and his brisk partner. No accident disturbed my journey. I was in the happiest condition of body and mind I have ever experienced. Young, vigorous, full of health, full, too, of security and confidence in myself and others, I was in the midst of that brief yet precious season of life, when its expansive plenitude penetrates every sensation, and dilates our whole being, embellishing to our eyes universal nature with the charm of our existence. My sweet disquietude had an object that rendered it less roving and centered my thoughts on it. I regarded myself as the work, the pupil, the friend, the lover almost of Madam de Warens. Her kind expressions, the little caresses she had bestowed on me, the interest she had seemed to take in my welfare, those charming looks that appeared to me full of love because they inspired me therewith, all fostered my ideas during the journey, and mingled together in dreams of delight. No dread of coming evil, no anxiety as to my future troubled these dreams. Sending

me to Turin, in my thought, of course involved supporting, and suitably providing for me while there. No longer had I any anxiety in respect to myself—others had assumed that care. Thus relieved of this burden I walked lightly on, while young desires, enchanting hopes and brilliant prospects filled my mind. Every object I saw appeared as so many persuasive guarantees of my approaching felicity. Within the houses, my imagination pictured rustic banquets; in the meadows, gleesome sports; along the waters, baths, sailing and fishing; on the trees, delicious fruits, and 'neath their shades voluptuous meetings; on the mountains, abundance of milk and cream, with charming inaction, and peace, and simplicity, and the delight of roaming one knows not where. In a word, nothing met my eyes without carrying some alluring charm to my heart. The grandeur, variety, and real beauty of the scene rendered this attraction not unworthy of reason. Vanity, too, had its influence. To go so young to Italy, to have already seen so many countries, and follow Hannibal over the Alps appeared to me a glory beyond my years. Add to all this, our frequent and agreeable halts, together with an excellent appetite, and plenty to satisfy it, for, in truth it was not worth while to be sparing—beside M. Sabran's dinner, mine could not possibly be missed.

I do not remember having ever, in the whole course of my life, passed a period more perfectly exempt from care and trouble than during the seven or eight days we took on this journey; for Madam Sabran's pace, by which we had to regulate our own, made it merely a long walk. The remembrance of this jaunt left me the keenest taste for everything connected therewith, especially for mountains and pedestrian excursions. It was only in my happy days that I traveled on foot, and ever with the most unbounded satisfaction. Too soon duties, business, and the burden of baggage forced me to act the gentleman, and employ vehicles, but cankering cares, embarrassments, and restraint were sure to mount along with me, and from that time forth, instead of as formerly when on a journey simply feeling the pleasure of traveling, I now merely felt anxiety to arrive at the place of destination. When in Paris, I long sought to find two companions of similar disposition to my own, who

would each agree to devote fifty louis and six months time to make together the tour of Italy, on foot, and with no other attendance save a young fellow to carry our carpet-bag. I have met with people enough, who were seemingly enchanted with the project, but at the bottom they invariably regarded it as a mere castle in the air, well enough to talk about, but without any notion of really putting it in execution. I recollect once, when speaking enthusiastically with Diderot and Grimm touching this project, that I at length succeeded in inspiring them with the fancy. At one time I thought the matter settled ; but it turned out to be a desire to make the journey—on paper, in which Grimm found nothing so funny as making Diderot commit a number of impieties, and getting me clapped in the inquisition in his place.

My regret at reaching Turin so soon was in a measure compensated by the pleasure of seeing a great city, and by the hope of shortly making therein a figure worthy of myself, for already the fumes of ambition were rising to my head—already I looked on myself as infinitely above my old apprentice-state. Little thought I how soon I was to be far beneath it.

Before proceeding any farther, I owe the reader an apology, as well for the trifling details into which I have just entered, as for those I may hereafter have occasion to mention—details which can have nothing interesting in his eyes. An apology or a justification. In pursuance of the undertaking I have entered upon of unreservedly revealing myself to the public, it is imperative that nothing that concerns me should remain obscure or concealed—I must be continually under the eye of the reader—he must follow me through all the wanderings of my heart, into every nook of my being—he must not lose sight of me for a single instant, lest finding the slightest void or chasm in the recital, he should have occasion to ask, “What was he doing at such a period?” and should accuse me of not daring to confess the whole. I give scope enough to the malignity of men by what I say, without furnishing further food by my silence.

My little stock of money was all gone. I had let out the secret, and my conductors contrived to be no losers by

the indiscretion. Madam Sabran found means to strip me, down even to a piece of ribbon embroidered with silver which Madam de Warens had given me for my little sword, and which I regretted more than anything else. The sword itself would have gone the same way, had I not been so persistently bent on keeping it. They had faithfully paid my expenses during the journey, but they left me nothing at the end of it. I reached Turin without clothes, money, or linen—in the strictest sense leaving entirely to my merit all the honor of the fortune I was about to acquire.

I brought letters with me. These I delivered, and was forthwith conducted to the *hospice* of the catechumens, there to be instructed in that religion, in exchange for the reception of which I was to be provided with the means of subsistence. On entering my eyes fell on a huge iron-barred gate, which, as soon as I had passed through it, was double locked behind me. This beginning seemed to me more imposing than agreeable, and it had commenced to set me a-thinking, when I was conducted to an apartment of considerable size. Here the only furniture I saw consisted of a wooden altar, surmounted by a large crucifix, which stood at the farther end of the room, and around which were four or five chairs, also of wood, that appeared to have once seen varnish, but which now shone simply by dint of use and scrubbing. In this hall of audience were assembled four or five frightful looking banditti, my companions in instruction, but who would have been taken rather for imps of Satan than candidates for the kingdom of Heaven. Two of these rascals were Slaves, who gave out that they were Moorish Jews, and who, as they confessed to me, passed their lives strolling through Spain and Italy, embracing Christianity and getting themselves baptized wherever it would pay to do so. Another iron door was now opened, which divided into two parts a long balcony overlooking the court-yard. Through this door appeared our sister catechumens who, like myself, were about to be regenerated, not by baptism, but by a solemn abjuration. A viler set of whores and slovens never disgraced the Lord's sheep-fold. There was only one that appeared to me at all pretty or interesting. She was about my own age, perhaps a year or two older, and had a pair

of roguish eyes that often met mine. This inspired me with some desire to make her acquaintance, but during her further residence of about two months in this institution—in which she had been already three—I found it absolutely impossible to exchange a single word with her, so strongly had she been recommended to the care of our old duenna and so closely was she beset by the holy missionary who labored for her conversion with more zeal than good speed. She must have been excessive stupid—though indeed she had not the appearance of such—for never was indoctrination more protracted. The holy man constantly found her in an unsuitable frame for adjuring. Meantime she became weary of her seclusion and declared that she would out, Christian or not. They found it advisable to let her have her way, while she was still open to conviction, for fear she would grow refractory and turn a deaf ear to everything of the kind.

The little society was assembled together in honor of the new-comer. A brief exhortation was addressed to us: to me, that I might give good heed to the call of mercy; to the others, to invite them to assist me with their prayers and edify me by their example. Whereafter, our virgins having retired to their own apartment, I was left to contemplate at leisure that wherein I found myself.

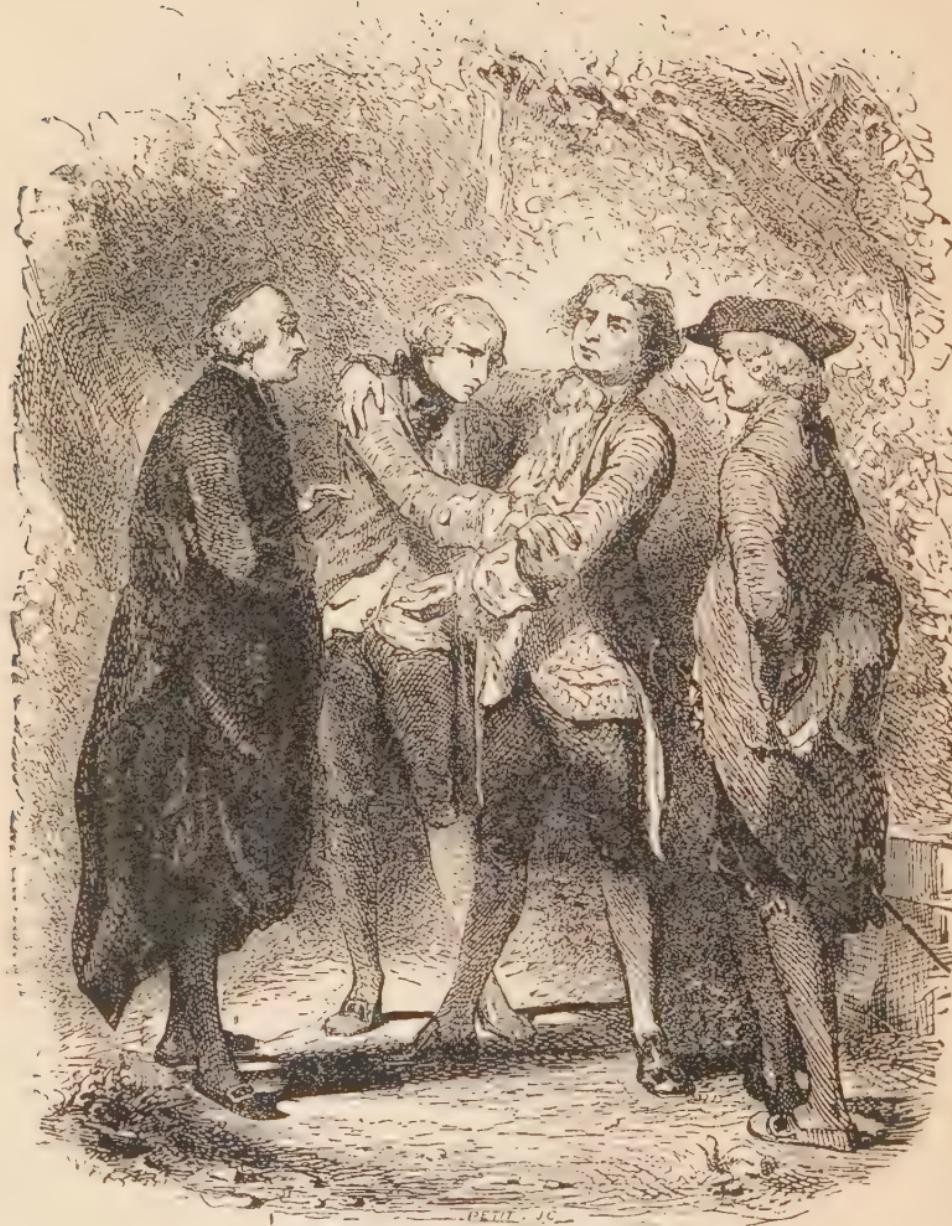
The next morning we were again assembled for instruction; and it was there that for the first time I began to reflect on the step I was about to take and on the course that had led me hither.

There is one thing I have already remarked, but I repeat it now and shall probably do so again, for I am every day more convinced of its truth; and that is, that if ever child received a rational and wholesome education, it was myself. Born of a family whose morals distinguished it from among the people, I had been taught only lessons of prudence and had had set before me nothing save examples of honor by all my relations. My father, though a man of pleasure, was not only a person of the strictest integrity, but also very faithful in the duties of religion. Externally a man of gallantry, but a Christian at heart, he had early inspired me with those sentiments whose force he so profoundly felt. Of my three aunts, all of them prudent and virtuous, the two

eldest were professedly pious, and the third, a maiden full at once of grace, mind and good sense, was perhaps more truly religious than either, though with less ostentation. From the bosom of this estimable family I passed to the household of M. Lambercier, who, albeit a churchman and a preacher, was a believer at heart and practised almost as well as he preached. His sister and he, by kindly and judicious instructions, cultivated the principles of piety I had already imbibed. To this end, these worthy people employed means of so fitting, so judicious, so rational a character, that, far from growing weary during the sermon, I never came out therefrom without being inly touched and forming resolutions to live virtuously, from which, when they were present to my memory, I seldom swerved. 'T is true that with aunt Bernard devotion became somewhat wearisome, as she made a business of it. At my master's the matter scarcely ever entered my head, though, indeed, my views on the subject underwent no alteration I had fallen in with no companions to corrupt me. I became a sapegrace, but not a libertine.

Thus I possessed all the religion a child of my age could have. I had even more —for why should I, on this head, disguise my thought? My childhood was not that of an ordinary child; I ever felt and thought as a man. It was only on growing up that I sank to the general level of mankind, at birth I was above it. I shall doubtless incur ridicule by thus modestly holding myself up for a prodigy. So be it. But when they have laughed their fill, let them find a child who, at six years of age is delighted and interested by romances, transported to such a point as to weep hot tears over them, and I shall then realize my ridiculous vanity and acknowledge that I am wrong.

And so, when I asserted that we should not speak of religion to children if we wished them ever to possess any, and declared that they were incapable of acquiring even our knowledge of God, I founded my judgment on observation, not on my own experience, well aware that this was not a rule to be applied to others. Find Jean Jacques Rousseau's of six years of age, and my word for it you may, without any danger, speak to them of God **at seven.**



His first act on leaving my arms, was to turn toward the Ecclesiastic.

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It will, I conceive, be admitted that in the religion of a child, and even in that of a man, the main point is to follow the belief in which he was born. We sometimes take therefrom, but rarely add thereto. Dogmatic faith is the fruit of education. In addition to this general principal attaching me to the faith of my forefathers, I had the special aversion entertained by our city for Catholicism, which was represented to us as the most monstrous idolatry and its clergy painted in the blackest colors. In my own case this feeling went so far that at first I could never look into the inside of their churches or meet a priest in his surplice or hear the bell ring for a procession without a shudder of horror and affright. In large cities this soon wore off, but it has often come back in country parishes, more nearly resembling the scenes in which I had first experienced the feeling. It is true, this impression was in curious contrast to the recollection of the kindness which the priests around Geneva are so fond of showing to the children of that city. For while the bells of the viaticum filled me with fear, the chiming for mass or vespers was associated in my mind with a breakfast, a collation, fresh butter, fruits and milk. The capital dinner of M. de Pontverre, too, had a great effect. Thus my old repugnance readily wore off. Associating popery with nothing worse than pleasure and good fare, I readily familiarized myself to the idea of living under its rules, though the idea of solemnly embracing it presented itself to my mind only as a transient and distant possibility. Now, however, there was no putting it off, and I saw with the deepest horror the nature of the engagement I had entered into and its inevitable consequences. The new converts by whom I was surrounded were not calculated to sustain my courage by their example and I could not hide from myself that the holy work I was about to perform was, at bottom, simply the act of a ruffian. Young as I was, I felt that whatever religion might be the true one, I was about to sell mine, and that even should my choice be well, I at heart lied to the Holy Ghost and merited universal contempt. The more my thoughts dwelt on the subject the more exasperated I became at myself, and I cursed the fate that had brought me to such a pass, as though I had not myself shaped that fate. There were moments when these reflections became so

overwhelming that had I but for an instant found the gate open, I would certainly have made my escape. But the opportunity never presented itself, nor, indeed, was the resolution itself a very determined one.

Too many secret desires combatted it, not to come off victorious. Besides, my fixed determination not to return to Geneva, the shame of so doing with the difficulty of recrossing the mountains, joined to the embarrassment of seeing myself far from my own country without friends or resources—all concurred to make me consider my remorse of conscience as a repentance that came too late. I affected to reproach myself for what I had done in order to excuse myself for what I was going to do. In aggravating the errors of the past I regarded the future as the necessary consequences thereof. I did not say to myself—"Nothing is yet done and you may come off guiltless if you but will;" but I said—"Tremble at the crime of which you have rendered yourself culpable and whose measure you have forced yourself to fill up?"

And in truth, how rare a strength of character would it have required for me to have, at that age, revoked all I might hitherto have promised or given reason to expect, to break the chains with which I had enthralled myself and boldly declared that, whatever might be the consequences, I was determined to continue in the faith of my forefathers. This was a vigor beyond my years, and even had I possessed it, there is but little likelihood that it would have been attended with any very remarkable success. Matters were too far advanced for the folks to allow themselves to be baffled in their attempts, and the more determinedly I might have resisted, the more fixed would have been their purpose to overcome my resistance.

The sophism that ruined me was precisely that into which the generality of persons fall, who lament the lack of resolution when it is already too late to exercise it. It is our own fault that uprightness is difficult, and, were we but always prudent, we would rarely have any occasion for the virtue. But, propensities that are easily surmounted lead us irresistingly on; we yield to temptations so trivial that we despise their danger. And so we insensibly fall into perilous situations, from which we might easily have preserved our-

selves, but from which we now find it impossible to extricate ourselves without efforts so superhuman as to terrify us, and we finally fall into the abyss, saying to the Almighty, "Why hast thou made me so weak?" But notwithstanding our vain pretext, he addresses our conscience, saying, "I have made thee too weak to rise from the pit because I made thee strong enough not to fall therein."

I did not exactly resolve to become a Catholic, but, regarding that event as still afar off, I employed the interval in familiarizing myself with the idea, hoping, meanwhile, that some unforeseen occurrence would arise to extricate me from my embarrassment. In order to gain time I resolved to put forth the finest defence in my power. Soon, however, my vanity rendered this resolution unnecessary; for on discovering that I not unfrequently embarrassed those who had the care of my instruction, I needed nothing more to make me anxious to floor them completely. This undertaking I pursued with a quite ridiculous zeal; for, while they were laboring at my conversion, I resolved to labor at theirs. I seriously believed that to induce them to become Protestants I had but to convince them of their error.

They did not, therefore, find me quite so plastic as they had expected, neither in respect of knowledge nor of will. Protestants are in general better taught than Catholics. This is as we should suppose. The doctrine of the former requires discussion, that of the latter submission. The Catholic must acquiesce in the decision of others; the Protestant is taught to decide for himself. This they were aware of, but neither my age nor circumstances promised much difficulty to persons of their experience. Besides I had not taken my first communion nor received the instructions connected therewith. This they also knew. But they did not know that, on the other hand, I had been thoroughly disciplined while under the care of M. Lambercier and, further, that I had by me a, to these gentlemen, most troublesome little store of ammunition in the *History of the Church and Empire*, a work I had almost learned by heart at my father's, and which, though almost forgotten since that time, came back in proportion as the discussion warmed.

A small but rather venerable old priest held the first conference with us—a conference at which we were convened

all together. On the part of my comrades it was a catechetical rather than a controversial exercise, and he had more to do in the way of instructing them than in answering their objections. It was otherwise, however, with me. When my turn came, I stopped him on every point, and did not spare him a single difficulty I could bring up. This rendered the conference exceedingly long, and to those present exceedingly tiresome. My old priest talked a great deal, grew warm over it, wandered from the subject and extricated himself from the difficulty by declaring that he had but an imperfect knowledge of the French language. The next day, for fear my indiscreet objections should prove a stumbling-block to my companions, I was put by myself into a different room with another priest, a younger man and a fine talker, that is a spinner of long phrases, and as self-satisfied as ever doctor was. I did not, however, suffer myself to be bullied by his imposing appearance, but, being sensible that I could maintain my ground, I set myself to answering him with sufficient assurance and, whenever an opportunity presented, to press upon him as hard as I was able. He thought to overwhelm me with Saint Augustine, Saint Gregory and others of that ilk, but found out, to his unspeakable astonishment, that I could handle this array of Fathers almost as dexterously as he could. Not that I had ever read them, nor he either, perhaps; but I retained a great number of passages from them, derived from my *Le Sueur*, and just as soon as he cited one, without disputing the citation, I parried it with another from the same Father—a course that frequently extremely embarrassed him.

At length, however, he carried the day, and that for two reasons. In the first place, he was the stronger, and, feeling myself, so to speak at his mercy, I was well aware, young as I was, that it would not do to drive him to extremities, for I plainly saw that the old little priest had conceived no great liking for either my erudition or myself. The other reason was that the young priest had really a disciplined mind, which I had not. The result was that there was a method in his mode of arguing which I could not follow, and whenever he found himself pressed by an unforeseen objection he would put it off till the next day, pretending that I wan-



At times we would unconsciously linger there till midnight.
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dered from the subject in hand. Sometimes he even rejected all my citations, alleging that they were false, and, offering to go and bring me the book, he would defy me to find them in it. He was well aware that he ran no great risk, and that with all my borrowed erudition, I was too little accustomed to handle books and too poor a Latinist to find a passage in a bulky volume, even had I been assured it was in it. I even suspect him of having been guilty of the perfidy of which he accused the ministers and of having now and then fabricated passages to help him out of an inconvenient difficulty.

While these little wranglings were going on and the days passed in disputing, in mumbling prayers and in acting the idle rascal, I had a villainous and most disgusting little adventure which was near turning out very badly for me.

There is no soul so vile nor heart so barbarous as not to be susceptible of some species of attachment. One of the two banditti calling themselves Moors took a liking for me. He readily accosted me, conversed with me in his French gibberish, did me some little services, sometimes gave me a share of his allowance at table, and above all bestowed on me frequent kisses with an ardor that was anything but welcome to me. However afraid I might naturally have been of that ginger-bread visage, adorned with a broad scar, and of that enflamed look which seemed rather furious than tender, I endured his kisses, saying to myself, "The poor man has conceived a most ardent friendship for me ; I should do wrong to repel him !" By degrees he passed to still freer ways and sometimes made me such singular proposals that I thought his head was turned. One evening he wished to come and sleep with me. This I opposed, telling him that my bed was too small. He would have me go to his ; but this I also refused to do ; for the wretched man was so filthy and smelled so strong of the tobacco he chewed that he made me sick at the stomach.

The day following, early in the morning, we were alone together in the hall of audience. Hereupon he recommenced his caresses, but with motions so violent as to become frightful. At length he wanted to pass by degrees to the most shocking privacies and, adjusting my hand, would have me do the same with him. I impetuously disengaged my-

self, screaming and jumping backwards ; and, without manifesting either wrath or indignation, for I had not the slightest idea of what he was about, I expressed my surprise and my disgust with so much energy, that he let me alone ; but just as he was finishing working with himself I saw—and the sight made my stomach rise—a certain indescribable gluey and whitish stuff shoot towards the fire-place and fall on the floor. I rushed out on to the balcony, more moved, more troubled, indeed more terrified than I had ever been in my life, and ready to faint.

What could be the matter with this wretched man I could not conceive. I thought he had fallen into fits or that some still more terrible frenzy had seized him ; and verily I can imagine no more hideous sight, for a cool spectator, than that obscene and filthy appearance and that frightful visage enflamed by the most brutal lust. I have never seen another man in a similar state ; but if we present such an appearance to the women, their eyes must be indeed very much fascinated not to be horrified at us.

Everything else had now to be laid aside to go and tell every body what had just happened to me. Our old duenna bade me hold my peace; I perceived, however, that the story had deeply affected her and I heard her muttering between her teeth, "*Can maledet ! bruta bestia !*" However, seeing no reason for my keeping silent, I pursued my course spite of the interdiction, and I blabbed so much that the next day one of the administrators came to me early in the morning and reprimanded me rather sharply, charging me with bringing scandal on a holy house and making much ado about nothing.

He prolonged his censure, telling me many things of which I was ignorant, but which he did not imagine he was letting me into for the first time, persuaded that I had resisted the fellow, knowing perfectly well what he wanted with me, but not wishing to consent thereto. He gravely told me that it was a prohibited deed just as lechery was, but that, for the rest, the intention of it was not a whit more insulting to the person who was the object thereof, and that I had no reason to get so incensed for having been found lovable. He told me without going at all round the bush that, in his youth, he had himself had the same honor,

and that, having been surprised at a time when he could offer no resistance, he had found nothing so very grievous in the matter. He went so far with his barefacedness as to make use of the very words ; and, imagining that the fear of pain was the cause of my resistance, he assured me that this fear was groundless and that there was nothing at all to be alarmed at.

I listened to this infamous wretch with all the greater astonishment as he spoke not on his own behalf; he seemed to be teaching me purely for my good. His talk appeared to him so little out of the way that he had not even sought the secrecy of a private interview, and we had, as a third party, an ecclesiastic, whom all this startled no more than it did him. This natural air imposed on me to such a degree, that I came to believe that the thing was undoubtedly a usage received in the world, but about which I had not hitherto had occasion to be informed. The result was that I listened without anger, but not without disgust. The image of what had happened to me, and above all of what I had witnessed, remained so deeply imprinted on my mind that, on thinking of it, my stomach again turned. The aversion I felt for the thing extended, without my perceiving it, to the apologist himself, and I was unable sufficiently to restrain myself for him not to have discerned the ill effects of his lessons. He darted a not over kindly look at me, and from that time forth he spared no pains to render my sojourn in the *hospice* disagreeable to me. And so successful was he that, perceiving but one way of getting out of it, I hastened to adopt this method with as much eagerness as I had hitherto shunned it.

This occurrence sheltered me for the future from the designs of the *chevaliers de la manchette*; and the sight of persons that passed for such, recalling the air and acts of my frightful Moor, has ever inspired me with so much horror that I could with difficulty conceal it. On the other hand, women gained greatly in my estimation by this comparison. I seemed to myself to owe them tenderness of feeling and the homage of my person as a reparation for the offences of my sex ; and the ugliest she became to my eyes an object of adoration at the recollection of that would-be African.

As for him, I know not what they might have said to him; it did not, however, appear to me, that, with the exception of Dame Loreuza, any one looked on him any differently than before. However, he neither came near nor spoke to me more. Eight days afterwards he was baptized with great ceremony, habited in white from head to foot to symbolize the purity of his regenerated soul. On the day following he left the *hospice*, and I have never seen him since.

My turn came a month after, for all this time was thought necessary, in order that my directors might have the honor of a difficult conversion, and every dogma of their faith was recapitulated, the more completely to triumph over my new docility.

At length, sufficiently indoctrinated, and sufficiently disposed to acquiesce in the will of my masters, I was led in procession to the metropolitan church of Saint John, there to go through a solemn abjuration and receive all the accessories of baptism. They did not, indeed, rebaptize me; but as the ceremonies are very much the same, it serves to persuade the people that Protestants are not Christians. I was clothed in a kind of gray robe, adorned with white trimmings, which was destined for occasions of this kind. Two men, one behind, and the other before me, carried copper basins which they kept striking with a key, and in which each one deposited his alms, according as he was influenced by devotion or by the interest he took in the new convert. In a word, nothing of the Catholic pomp was omitted that could render the solemnity more edifying to the public or more humiliating to me. There was only the white dress which might have been exceedingly useful to me, but which they did not bestow on me, as they had on the Moor, seeing that I had not the honor of being a Jew.

This was not all. I must now go to the inquisition to receive absolution for the crime of heresy, and enter the bosom of the church with the same ceremony to which Henry the Fourth was subjected by his ambassador. The manner and appearance of the right reverend Father Inquisitor were by no means calculated to dissipate the secret terror that had seized me on entering that institution. After

Several questions touching my faith, situation in life, and family connections, he abruptly asked me if my mother were damned. Fright repressed my first indignant impulse, and I contented myself with replying that I must hope not, and that heaven might have enlightened her during her last hours. The monk said no more, but he gave me a look that appeared to me by no means a sign of approbation. All being over, and that at the very moment when I imagined my hopes were about to be realized and I provided for, they put me to the door with a little over twenty francs in small change—the produce of the collection on my behalf. They exhorted me to lead the life of a good Christian and to be faithful to the grace shown me; they then wished me God speed, shut the door on me, and all vanished.

Thus in a moment disappeared all my splendid hopes, and from the selfish course I had been pursuing nothing remained save the remembrance of having been a dupe and an apostate at the same time. It is easy to conceive what a sudden revolution must have taken place in my ideas, when from my brilliant prospects of fortune I saw myself plunged into the completest misery, and when, after having that very morning deliberated as to the choice of the palace I was to inhabit, I found myself before night reduced to seek lodgings in the street. It may be supposed that I began by giving myself up to a despair all the more bitter as the grief I felt at my errors must have been aggravated by the consciousness that my misfortunes were my own work. Not at all. I had just been confined, and that for the first time in my life, for over two months. The first feeling that came over me was joy at my recovered liberty. After a long thraldom, once more my own master, I saw myself in the midst of a great city, abundant in resources and full of great folks to whom my worth and talents could not fail to recommend me, as soon as I became known to them. I had, moreover, no lack of time before me, and the twenty francs I had in my pocket seemed to me an inexhaustible treasure. Then, I could dispose of it in whatever manner I pleased, without having to render an account to any one. I had never seen myself so rich before. Far from giving way to discouragement or tears, I simply transferred my hopes elsewhere, nor did my self-love lose anything by the



change. Never did I feel so great a degree of confidence and security. I looked on my fortune as already made, and exulted in the idea that I was obliged to no one save myself for the acquisition thereof.

The first thing I did was to satisfy my curiosity by strolling all over the city, even though it were but to put my liberty to use. I went to see the soldiers mount guard; the band pleased me prodigously. I followed processions, listening with delight to the droning music of the priests. I went to see the king's palacé: with awe I approached; however, seeing others enter, I followed their example, nor did any one hinder me. 'T is possible that I owed this favor to the small parcel I carried under my arm. Be this as it may, I conceived a high opinion of my consequence, on finding myself in this palace—looking on myself as already almost an inhabitant of it. I went and came, till at length I grew fatigued. The weather was warm and I was hungry. I went into a milk-depot; they brought me some *giunca*, some curds and whey, and two slices of that excellent Piedmont bread, which I prefer to any other; and for my five or six sous I had one of the few good dinners I have had in the course of my life.

But, a lodging had to be looked for. As I already knew enough of the Piedmontese to make myself understood, this was not difficult to find, and I had the prudence to select my quarters with reference to my purse rather than to my taste. I was informed that there was a soldier's wife, in Pô street, that furnished lodgings to servants out of place for one sous per night. I found one of her miserable bunks disengaged, and took possession of it. She was young and newly married, though she had already five or six children. Mother, children, and lodgers all slept in the same room, and it continued thus while I remained with her. She was, however, a good sort of woman, swore like a trooper, and went with her dress and hair in a state of primitive looseness and dishevelment; but withal she had a gentle heart and an obliging disposition. She conceived a friendship for, and even proved of service to me.

For several days I gave myself up solely to the delight of independence and curiosity. I went wandering within and without the city, exploring, visiting whatever seemed

to me either curious or novel—and every thing was so to a young man that had never been out of sight of the smoke of his native town. I was above all exceedingly exact in my visits to court, being regularly present every morning at the king's mass. I thought it something great to be in the same chapel with this Prince and his retinue, though my passion for music, which was beginning to show itself, had a larger share in my assiduity than the pomp of the court, which, soon seen and ever the same, ere long ceased to be very fascinating. The King of Sardinia had, at that time, the finest music in Europe. At his court Somis, Desjardins and the Bezuzzi alternately shone. It needed not all these attractions to charm a youth whom the simplest instrument, were it but correctly played, transported with delight. As for the magnificence that met my gaze, it excited but a stupid admiration in me—an admiration unattended with any thing like covetousness. The sole matter that had any interest for me amid all the courtly splendour was to discover whether there was not some young Princess present who might merit my homage and whom I might make the heroine of a romance of real life whereof I was to be the hero.

A romance, indeed, I *was* fain to commence; in a less elevated sphere, it is true, yet wherein, had I gone through with it, I should have found pleasures a thousand times more delicious.

Though I lived exceedingly economically yet my purse was insensibly growing lighter. And, by the way, this economy was not so much the effect of prudence as of a simplicity of taste which, even up to the present time, not the frequenting of richly furnished tables has been able to corrupt. I knew then and I know now of no better cheer than a rustic repast. Who furnishes me with milk in its various forms, eggs, vegetables, cheese, brown bread and passable wine is sure of regaling me; only let me not be disgusted by the officiousness of a steward and his bustling waiters, and my good appetite will supply all that is lacking. I used then to get much better meals at a cost of six or seven sous than I have since for six or seven francs. I was temperate, therefore, for want of temptation to be otherwise. And yet I know not but I am wrong in employing the epithet temperate in connection with the matter, for I drew all the

sense-gratification possible therefrom ; and what with my pears, my *giuncà*, my cheese and my bread, with now and then a glass of a heavy Montserrat wine you might have cut into slices, I was the happiest of gourmands. Spite of all this, however, such a thing as the end of twenty livres might be—a possibility I was beginning to feel more sensibly every day, and ere long, notwithstanding the thoughtlessness incidental to youth, my uneasiness respecting the future amounted to absolute dread. Of all my castles in the air, that of finding an occupation by which I might earn a living was the only one that remained to me. Nor, by the way, was this a project of very easy realization. I thought of my old craft, but with this I was not sufficiently familiar to go and work with a master; nor, indeed, were masters themselves very abundant in Turin. I resolved, therefore, till something better would turn up, to go from shop to shop, offering to engrave ciphers or coats of arms on pieces of plate, and hoping to tempt the people by the lowness of my price, taking whatever they chose to give me. The expedient was not exceedingly successful. In almost every instance I met with a flat refusal, and what I did find to do was so trivial that it barely sufficed to procure me now and then a meal. Passing, however, pretty early one morning, through the Contrà nova, I saw through the window of a counting house a young tradeswoman of a mien so gracious and attractive, that, notwithstanding my timidity with the ladies, I did not hesitate to enter and offer her my services. She did not repel me, but made me sit down and relate my little story, pitied me, bade me be of good courage and assured me that good Christians would not let me want; then, whilst she sent to a neighboring goldsmith's for the tools I had mentioned I needed, she herself went up to her kitchen and brought me some breakfast. This beginning seemed to me to augur well ; nor did what followed belie the fair promise. She appeared to be pleased with my work, and still more so with my little chat, after I had in some measure recovered myself, for she was elegantly attired, and notwithstanding her gracious manner, this splendor had rather overawed me. Her kind reception, however, her tone of sympathy, her sweet and kindly manners soon set me quite at my ease. I saw that my efforts were being crowned with success, and

this very fact made me still more successful. But though an Italian and too pretty not to be a bit of a coquette, she was so modest and I so timid that it was difficult for the matter very soon to amount to much. We were not allowed time to finish the adventure. However, I only recall with greater delight the few short moments I passed in her company ; and I may say that during their continuance I tasted, in their full flowerage, the sweetest as well as the purest pleasures of love.

She was a brunette of a lively cast of countenance, though her vivacity was rendered engaging by the good nature that beamed from her handsome face. The name of her was Madam Basile. Her husband, her elder and passably jealous, was accustomed to leave her, while absent on his journeys, in the care of a clerk too disagreeable to be thought seductive, but who, nevertheless, had his own pretensions, which, however, he seldom showed any signs of, except by his ill humor. Of this he bestowed a good share on me, notwithstanding that I liked to hear him play on the flute, which he did pretty well. This second Egistus was sure to grumble whenever he saw me go into his mistress's apartment, treating me with a degree of disdain which she took care to return him in full. She even seemed to take delight in caressing me in his presence on purpose to torment him, a species of revenge, which though very much to my taste, I should have enjoyed all the more had it been in a *tête-à-tête*. However, she did not go so far as that, at least the manner was *different*. Whether she thought me too young, or was backward in making advances, or honestly desired to be virtuous, she had, at such times, a kind of reserve, which was not repellent, but which intimidated me without my knowing why. Although I did not feel toward her that reverence I had for Madam de Warens—a reverence as true as tender—I felt more fear and much less familiarity. I was embarrassed and trembled ; I dared not look at her, I dared not breathe in her presence, though I dreaded leaving her worse than death. With eager eye I devoured whatever I could see, without myself being observed—the flowers on her dress, the point of her pretty foot, the portion of a firm white arm that appeared between her glove and ruffle and the glimpse of her neck at times visible between her tucker and hand-

kerchief. Each object heightened the impression produced by the others. By constant gazing on what I could see—and even farther—my sight grew confused, my breast became oppressed, my breathing, every instant heavier, gave me much trouble to control, and all I could do was to give forth noiseless sighs—sighs most troublesome in the silence in which we quite frequently found ourselves. Happily, as seemed to me, Madam Basile, busied with her work, perceived nothing of all this. And yet I at times saw her handkerchief, by a sort of sympathy, repeatedly rise and fall. This dangerous sight completely undid me, but when on the point of giving way to my transport, she would, in a quiet tone, address a word to me that instantly brought me back to myself again.

I saw her several times alone in this manner, without one too expressive word, or motion, or look marking the existence of the least understanding between us. This situation, though most tormenting to me, was yet my delight and hardly could I, in the simplicity of my heart, imagine why I was so tormented. It would seem that these little *tête-à-têtes* were not unpleasant to her either, at least she sought frequent enough occasions to renew them—certainly a most needless care on her part, considering the use she made or suffered me to make of them.

One day, when wearied to death with the clerk's senseless colloquies, she had gone up to her room, and I made haste to finish the little task on which I was engaged in the back shop and followed her. Her chamber door was half open; I entered without being perceived. She was embroidering near a window facing the side of the room opposite the door. She could not see me enter, nor could she hear me on account of the noise the vehicles made in the street. She always dressed well; that day, however, her attire bordered on coquetry. Her attitude was graceful—her head slightly bent, revealing the whiteness of her neck, while her hair, elegantly gathered up, was adorned with flowers. There reigned throughout her entire figure a grace which I had full time to contemplate, and which drove me distracted. I threw myself on my knees at the entrance of the room, passionately stretching my arms towards her, quite certain that she could not hear



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With a simple motion of her fingers she pointed to the mat at her feet. *Page 99—I.*

me, and not conceiving that she could see me . . . but there was a glass on the mantel-piece that betrayed me ! I know not what effect this transport produced on her : she did not look at me, did not speak to me, but, turning her head half round, with a simple movement of her finger she pointed to the mat at her feet. To start up, utter a cry and bound to the place she had pointed out were with me one and the same thing ; but what is difficult to believe is that in this situation I dared venture no farther—neither to speak a single word, nor to lift my eyes to hers nor to lean on her, in so cramped an attitude, for the purpose of supporting myself an instant on her knees. I was dumb, motionless, though assuredly not undisturbed. Every thing marked in me agitation, joy, gratitude, ardent desires uncertain in their object and restrained from the dread of displeasing—on which point my young heart could feel no degree of confidence.

She neither appeared more calm nor less timid than myself. Troubled at seeing me where I was, confounded at having drawn me thither, and beginning to perceive the consequences of a sign made doubtless before reflection, she neither encouraged nor repelled me ; she did not take her eyes off her work and endeavored to do as though she did not see me at her feet; but all my stupidity could not prevent me from perceiving that she partook of my embarrassment, perchance of my desires, and that she was restrained by a backwardness similar to my own. And yet the perception of all this did not give me power to surmount that backwardness. Five or six years older than myself, every advance should, according to my idea, have been made by her ; and since she did nothing to encourage boldness on my part, I thought to myself that any advance I might make would be distasteful to her. Even at this time, I am inclined to believe that I thought rightly, for assuredly she had wit enough to perceive that a novice like me needed not only encouragement, but instruction.

I know not how this animated though dumb scene would have ended, nor how long I would have remained motionless in my ridiculous yet delicious position, had we not been interrupted. At the height of my agitation I heard the

door of the kitchen, which joined the room we were in, open, and Madam Basile, in her alarm, said with hurried voice and gesture, "Get up; here's Rosina!" I hastily rose, and in so doing seized one of her hands, which she held out to me, and imprinted thereon two burning kisses, at the second of which I felt that charming hand press lightly on my lips. In my life I never experienced so delicious a moment! The opportunity I had lost, however, never returned, and our young love was thus nipped in the bud.

It is perchance for this very reason that the image of this lovely woman has remained imprinted on my inmost heart in lineaments so charming. This image, too, has grown even more beautiful, to my mind, according as I have become better acquainted with the world and with women. Had she had the smallest degree of experience, she would have taken other measures to animate so youthful a lover. However, if her heart was weak, it was honest—she yielded involuntarily to the inclination that hurried her along. To all appearance this was her first infidelity, and I should, in all likelihood, have had more difficulty in overcoming her shame than my own. Without going to that length, I experienced ineffable delights in her company. Naught of all I have ever felt in the possession of women can equal the two minutes I passed at her feet, without even daring to touch her knees. Oh no, there are no enjoyments comparable to those a virtuous woman whom one loves can give. Every thing that comes from her is esteemed a favor. A slight sign made by her finger, a hand lightly pressed against my lips are the only favors I ever received from Madam Basile, and yet the mere recollection of them, small though they were, still transports me in thinking thereof.

The two following days, warily though I watched the opportunity for a new *tête-à-tête*, it was impossible to find such; nor could I perceive on her part any desire to bring it about. She even became, not colder, but more reserved in her behavior than usual, and I am under the impression that she avoided my looks, for fear of not being able sufficiently to control her own. The cursed clerk was more vexatious than ever. The fellow even became a wit and a joker - telling me that there was no danger of *my* not get-

ting on with the ladies. I trembled lest I had been guilty of some imprudence, and, regarding myself as already in the plot with her, I endeavored to cover with an air of mystery a liking which hitherto, indeed, had stood in no great need of such. This made me more circumspect in my choice of opportunities for satisfying it, and by resolving to seize only such as were absolutely free from the danger of a surprise, I met with none whatever.

Here, too, is another romantic folly from which I have never been able to free myself, and which, joined to my natural timidity, has very completely belied the clerk's prediction : I always loved too sincerely, too perfectly, I may say to be very easily happy. Never were passions at once more ardent and more pure than mine ; never was love more tender, more true, more unselfish. A thousand times over would I have sacrificed my happiness to that of the person I loved ; her reputation was dearer to me than life, and not all the pleasures of enjoyment could have made me willing one moment to compromise her peace of mind. This has made me employ so much solicitude and precaution and secrecy in my love-affairs that none of them ever sped very well. My limited degree of success with the women has ever proceeded from having loved them too well.

To return to our flutist Egistus : what was most singular was that in becoming more insupportable the treacherous rascal seemed to grow more complaisant. From the first day his mistress had taken an interest in me, she had endeavored to make me useful in the store. I had a passable knowledge of arithmetic--she had proposed that he should teach me book-keeping; but my humorist received the proposition very illy, apprehensive, perchance, of being supplanted. Thus all that I had done, besides my engraving, was to transcribe certain bills and accounts, to make a fair copy of some books, and to translate a few letters from Italian into French. All of a sudden, however, the knave thought fit to return to the before rejected proposal, saying that he would teach me book-keeping by double entry, and that he was desirous of putting me in the situation to offer my services to M. Basile on his return. There was something indescribably hollow and malicious and ironical in his tone and manner, that was far from inspiring me

with anything like confidence. Madame Basile, without waiting my answer, dryly told him that I was much obliged to him for his offer, that she hoped, however, that fortune would at length smile on my worth, and that it would be a pity that, with so much talent, I should be a mere clerk.

She had several times told me that she desired to have me form an acquaintance that might prove of service to me. She had prudence enough to perceive that it was time for us to part. Our mute declaration had been made on Thursday. On Sunday she gave a dinner, at which I was present. Among the guests was a fine looking white-friar to whom she presented me. The monk treated me exceeding affectionately, congratulated me on my conversion, and said several things in reference to my history that showed she had acquainted him with its details; then, lightly tapping me twice on the cheek with the back of his hand, he told me to be prudent, to keep up my spirits, and to come and see him, and we would talk together more at our leisure. From the deference the whole company paid him I judged him to be a person of consequence, and from the paternal tone he assumed with Madam Basile, that he was her confessor. I likewise remember well that his becoming familiarity was mingled with marks of esteem and even of respect for his penitent, which made less impression on me then than they do at present. Had I possessed more judgment, how would I have been touched at having been able to awake emotion in a young woman respected by her confessor!

The table not being found sufficiently large for all present, a small one was put into requisition, at which I had the delightful company of our clerk. I lost nothing on the side of attentions and good fare by this arrangement —many a dish was there sent to the little table, that was certainly not intended for *him*. So far all went well. The ladies were very gay and the gentlemen very gallant, while Madam Basile did the honors with most charming grace. In the midst of the dinner a chaise is heard stop at the door; some one is coming up stairs—'t is M. Basile! I see him as though he were even now entering, in his scarlet coat with gold buttons—a color for which I have had an aversion ever since that day. M. Basile was a tall and

handsome man, of graceful appearance in company. He enters with great ado and the air of a person that takes his company unawares, though none but his friends were present. His wife throws her arms around his neck, takes his hands, and gives him a thousand caresses, which he receives without returning. He salutes the company, they give him a cover, and he eats. Scarcely had they begun to speak of his journey, than, casting his eyes on the small table, he asks in a sharp tone, "What lad that was he saw there?" Madam Basile tells him quite ingenuously. He enquires if I lodge in the house; and receives an answer in the negative. "Why not," replied he, coarsely; "since he stays here during the day, he might as well remain during the night too." The monk now interfered; and, after a grave and truthful eulogium on Madam Basile, he, in a few words, commends me also—adding that, far from blaming his wife's pious charity, he ought eagerly to further it, since nothing had passed the bounds of discretion. The husband answered in a tone of ill-humor, of which he concealed the half, restrained by the presence of the monk, but which sufficed to let me know that he had received information touching me, and that the clerk had served me an ill turn.

Hardly had we left the table, when the fellow, dispatched by his master, came in triumph to inform me that I must instantly leave his house, and never in my life set foot in it again. He flavored the message with everything that could render it cruel and insulting. I left without saying a word, but with a heart overwhelmed with sorrow, less to quit that amiable woman than to leave her a prey to her husband's brutality. He was certainly right in wishing that she should not be faithless, but, though virtuous and of good family, she was an Italian, that is, sensitive and vindictive—and he was not right, I think, in pursuing precisely the course best calculated to draw on himself the very evil he most dreaded.

Such was the success of my first adventure. I determined to try and pass through the street two or three times, to see if at least I could get a sight of her whom my heart so unceasingly regretted; but instead of her I only saw her husband and the vigilant clerk, who, on perceiving me, made me a sign with the ell-measure they used

in the store, which was more expressive than alluring. Finding myself so closely watched, I lost courage and passed that way no more. I would, at least, go and see the patron she had provided me. Unfortunately I did not know his name. I ranged several times around the convent fruitlessly trying to meet him. In the course of time other events banished the delightful remembrance of Madam Basile, and ere long I forgot her so completely that, as simple and as much of a novice as before, I did not even continue to be allured by pretty women.

However, her liberality had somewhat recruited my little wardrobe, though very humbly indeed, and with the precaution of a prudent woman, that looked more to neatness than to decoration, and who wished to keep me from want, not to make me flashy. The coat I had brought from Geneva was still whole and wearable, so she only added a hat and some linen. I had no ruffles; nor did she furnish me with any, however eagerly I desired them. She was satisfied with having put it in my power to keep myself clean—a care there was no necessity of recommending to me so long as I appeared before her.

A few days after this catastrophe my hostess, who, as I observed, had taken a liking to me, told me that she had perhaps found a place for me, and that a lady of rank desired to see me. At this announcement I thought myself already on the road to great adventures, for to that idea I always recurred. The present one, however, did not turn out to be so brilliant as I had anticipated. I waited on the lady along with the servant that had spoken to me of her. She questioned and examined me; I rather pleased her, and so forthwith entered into her service—not exactly in the quality of favorite, but in the quality of footman. She dressed me in the color of her other dependents, the only difference being that they wore a shoulder-knot, which was not given me, and as there was no lace on her livery, it appeared very much like the ordinary citizen-dress. Such was the unexpected termination of all my splendid hopes. The Countess de Vercellis, into whose service I was now entering, was a widow without children. Her husband was a native of Piedmont, though I have always thought her from Savoy, not being able to imagine that a *Piedmontaise* could speak French so well

and with so pure an accent. She was a middle-aged lady, of most noble person and cultivated mind, fond of French literature, with which she was well acquainted. She wrote a great deal and always in French. Her letters had the turn and almost the grace of those of Madam de Sévigné—with respect to some of them a person might readily have been deceived. My chief employment, and one that was by no means displeasing to me, was to write under her dictation, a cancer in the breast, from which she suffered extremely, not permitting her to write herself.

Madam de Vercellis possessed not only a large share of intellect, but a great and lofty soul. I waited on her during her last illness ; I saw her suffer and die without ever exhibiting a moment's weakness, yet without making the slightest effort to restrain herself, without ever appearing anything save the woman, or suspecting that there was any *philosophy* in all this—a term that was not yet in fashion and which she did not even know of, in the sense in which it is now used. This force of character at times went so far as to become positive apathy. She ever appeared to me to feel quite as little for others as she did for herself, and when she relieved the unfortunate, it was rather for the sake of doing what was right in itself than through any real commiseration. I myself experienced, in a measure, this same insensibility during the three months I remained with her. It would have been but natural in her to have had an esteem for a young man of some promise whom she had constantly under her eyes, and to have reflected, when she felt she was dying, that after her death he would stand in need of assistance and support. However, whether she judged me unworthy of any special attention or the people that beset her permitted her to think of no one but themselves, she did nothing for me.

And yet I distinctly remember that she had shown some curiosity to become acquainted with me. Now and then she would question me ; she was quite pleased when I showed her the letters I wrote to Madam de Warens, or gave an account of my feelings. Assuredly, however, she did not take the best way of becoming acquainted therewith, as she never discovered her own. My heart loved to overflow, provided it felt it was overflowing into another. Dry and

cold interrogatories, with no manifestation either of approbation or blame at my replies, inspired me with no confidence. When there was nothing to show me whether my chat pleased or displeased, I was ever in fear, and sought less to express what I thought than to say nothing that might injure me. I have since observed that this dry manner of questioning people so as to fathom them is a very common characteristic of women who pride themselves on their intellect. They imagine that by not allowing their own sentiments to appear they will manage the better to penetrate into your's ; but they lose sight of the fact that by that very course they destroy the courage so essential to any disclosure of this kind. A man you question, instantly, and by that very fact, begins to put himself on his guard, and if he thinks that, without taking any real interest in him, you only wish to pump him, he lies, or he remains silent, or else he keeps a double watch over himself and prefers to pass for a fool rather than to be the dupe of your curiosity. In short, it is always a bad plan to try to read the heart of another by affecting to conceal your own.

Madam de Vercellis never addressed a word to me that seemed to express affection, pity or good will. She coldly interrogated me ; I answered with reserve. My replies were so timid that she must have found them stupid and grew weary of them. Latterly she asked me no more questions nor said anything that was not immediately connected with my duties. She formed her opinion of me, less from what I was, than from what she had made me, and by dint of seeing nothing but a footman in me, she prevented my appearing otherwise.

I am inclined to believe that even at that time I had a taste of that mischievous game of concealed interests that has crossed me during my whole life and given me a very natural aversion for the arrangement which seemingly gives rise thereto. Madam de Vercellis having no children, her nephew Count de La Roque was her heir and paid his court assiduously. Her principal servants, moreover, seeing her end approaching, were on the look out for the main chance, and she was beset by so many officious and expectant hirings that she could hardly have found time to think of me. At the head of her household was a M. Lorenzi, an artful

man with a still more artful wife, who managed so to insinuate herself into the good graces of her mistress that she was rather on the footing of a friend than a hired woman. She had introduced a niece of her's, a Mademoiselle Pontal, as waiting woman, a cunning gipsey, who put on the airs of a lady's companion, and lent her aunt such powerful assistance in besetting their mistress, that she saw only with their eyes and acted only through their hands. I had not the good fortune to please these three persons. I obeyed, but did not serve them, not conceiving that, besides the duty I owed to our common mistress, I was bound, further, to be the valet of her valets. I was, moreover, a troublesome sort of personage to them. They saw very well that I was not in my place, and they feared least Madam should see it also, and that what she might give me in order to raise me to my true sphere, woudl diminish their shares; for people of their nature, too greedy to be just, look on everything left to any body but themselves, as actually taken out of their own rightful property. Accordingly they united their efforts to keep me out of her sight. She was fond of writing letters: in the state she was in it was an amusement for her. They, however, contrived to give her a distaste for it, and induced the Doctor to have her lay it aside, persuading her that it fatigued her. Under pretext that I did not know how to wait on her, they employed in my place two great lubberly carriers of sedan chairs. In a word, they managed so well, that when she came to make her will, I had not been in her room for eight days. Afterwards, 't is true, I went in as formerly, and I was even the most assiduous of all, for the sufferings of the poor woman rent my heart. The constancy wherewith she bore them rendered her extremely dear and worthy of all respect, and often did I shed honest tears in her room, without either her or anyone's perceiving it.

At length we lost her. I saw her expire. She had lived like a woman of mind and sense; she died like a philosopher. I can truly say that she rendered the Catholic religion lovable to me by the soul-serenity wherewith she fulfilled its duties, without either negligence or affectation. She was naturally grave. Towards the end of her illness, however, she assumed a sort of gaiety too equal to be

affected, and which was simply a counterpoise, provided by reason itself, to the melancholy of her situation. She only kept her bed during the last two days, continuing to converse calmly with all around her. At length, when speech had left her, and whilst in the last agonies, she let a loud fart. "Good!" said she, turning herself around, "*Femme qui pète, n'est pas morte*"—"a woman that farts is 'nt dead." These were the last words she pronounced.

She had left a year's wages to all her under servants; but, not being on the household-list, I got nothing. The Count de la Roque, however, presented me with thirty livres and allowed me to keep the new coat I had on me, and which M. Lorenzi wanted to take from me. He even promised to endeavor to procure me a situation, and gave me permission to wait on him. I went two or three times without getting an opportunity of speaking to him. I was easily repulsed and so returned no more. I was wrong, as will presently appear.

Would that this were all I have to relate of my residence at Madam de Vercelli's. But, albeit my condition apparently remained the same, I did not leave her house as I had entered it. I carried thence with me the lasting memories of a crime and an insupportable weight of remorse which, after a lapse of forty years, still hangs on my conscience, and the bitter feeling of which, far from weakening, gathers strength in proportion as I advance in years. Who would believe that the sin of a child would be followed by consequences so cruel? 'T is on account of those more than probable consequences that my heart cannot be soothed. I, perhaps, caused an amiable, honest and estimable girl, and who assuredly was much better than I, to perish in want and opprobrium.

It is difficult indeed for the breaking up of an establishment not to cause some confusion in the house, and result in many things going astray. Yet such was the fidelity of the domestics and the vigilance of M. and Madame Lorenzi that nothing on the list was found wanting. Mademoiselle Pontal alone lost a silver and rose-colored ribbon, somewhat faded. Many other better things were within my reach, but this ribbon alone tempted me, and I stole it. However, as I took scarcely any pains to conceal it, they

soon found it on me. They insisted on knowing whence I had taken it. I grow confused, stutter, and at length, reddening with shame, declare that Marion had given it to me. Marion was a young *Mauriennese* whom Madam de Vercellis had made her cook, after she had left off giving entertainments, and had dismissed her former one, having more need of good broths than fine ragouts. Not only was Marion pretty, but she had that freshness of color only to be found among the mountains, and, above all, an air of sweetness and modesty that made it impossible to see her without loving her; she was besides a good and virtuous girl, and of unswerving fidelity. This was precisely what surprised everybody when I accused her. Their confidence in me was hardly less strong than in her, so they judged that it behooved to discover which of the two was the thief. Accordingly she was sent for. The assembly was numerous, the Count de la Roque being present. She comes—they show her the ribbon: with brazen-faced audacity I accuse her. She remains confounded, speechless, casting on me a look that would have disarmed the demons, but which my barbarous heart resists. At length, she denies with firmness, though without anger—addresses me, beseeching me to return to my better self, and not dishonor an innocent girl that had never done me any harm; while I, with infernal impudence, confirm my declaration and maintain to her face that she had given me the ribbon. The poor girl burst into tears, saying but these words: "Ah! Rousseau, I thought you a good character. You are making me very miserable, but I would not like to be in your place." That was all. She continued to defend herself with as much simplicity as firmness, but without once indulging in the least invective against me. This moderation, compared with my decided tone, injured her. It seemed unnatural to suppose on the one side so diabolical an audacity, and on the other so angelic a mildness. They did not appear to decide absolutely, but the presumption was in my favor. In the bustle in which they then were, they could not take time to go to the bottom of the matter; and the Count de la Roque, on sending us both away, contented himself with saying that the conscience of the guilty one would sufficiently avenge the innocent. Not vain has

his prediction proved. Not a single day ceases it to be fulfilled.

I know not what became of this victim of my calumny; but there is no likelihood of her having been able, after this, readily to get into a desirable situation. She labored under an imputation terrible in every respect to her honor. The theft was but a trifle, but nevertheless it *was* a theft, and, what was worse, made use of to seduce a young lad; while her lying and obstinacy left nothing to hope of one in whom so many vices met. I do not look upon want and desertion as the greatest evils to which I exposed her. Who knows to what, at her age, the hopelessness of disgraced innocence might have led her? And if my remorse for having rendered her miserable be insupportable, judge what I must suffer at the thought of having rendered her worse than myself.

This cruel recollection at times so troubles and overwhelms me that, in my troubled sleep, I see this poor girl come and reproach me with my crime as though 't was but yesterday it was committed. While living in tranquility it tormented me less, but now in the midst of a stormy life it deprives me of the sweetest consolation of persecuted innocence. It makes me woefully feel what I think I have said in some of my works, that remorse sleeps during prosperity but awakes to bitter consciousness during adversity. And yet, I could never bring my mind to unburden myself of this avowal, even into the bosom of a friend. The closest intimacy has never induced me to do so to any one, not even to Madam de Warens. All I could do was to own I had to accuse myself of an atrocious act, but never said in what it consisted. This weight has therefore remained even to this day unlightened on my conscience, and I may say that the desire of in some measure relieving myself therefrom greatly contributed to the resolution I have formed of writing my confessions.

In the confession I have just made I have proceeded straight forwardly, and assuredly it will not be thought that I have palliated the turpitude of my offence. I should not, however, carry out the aim of this book did I not at the same time lay bare my inward intents, and did I fear to excuse myself so far as is conformable to truth. Never was wickedness farther from my thoughts than at that dreadful moment,

and when I accused that unhappy girl, it is strange, but it is true, that my friendship for her was the cause of it. She was present to my thought—I laid the blame on the first object that presented itself. I charged her with having done what I was desirous of doing, and of having given me the ribbon, because it was my intention to give it to her. Afterwards when she appeared, my heart was rent with grief; but the presence of so many persons was stronger than my compunction. I dreaded punishment little, I merely dreaded shame; but I dreaded it more than death, more than crime, more than all the world. I would have buried, smothered myself in the centre of the earth. Invincible shame outweighed every thing else—shame alone produced all my impudence; and the more criminal I became the more intrepid did the fear of my guilt being discovered render me. I saw nothing but the horror of being detected, of being publicly and to my face held up as a thief, a liar, a calumniator. Every other feeling was removed by a universal agitation. Had they allowed me to come back to myself, I should infallibly have declared the whole truth. Had M. de La Roque taken me aside and said to me, “Do not ruin that poor girl; if you are guilty, own it to me,” I am perfectly sure that I should instantly have thrown myself at his feet. But they did nothing but intimidate me, when they ought to have inspired me with courage. It is also but right to make some allowance for my age—I was hardly out of my childhood, or rather I was yet in it. In youth, really dark villainies are still more criminal than in riper years; but a mere weakness is much less so, and my fault was at the bottom scarcely anything else. And so I am less afflicted at the remembrance thereof on account of the harm itself than on account of the evil it must have caused. It even did me this good, it preserved me, namely, for the rest of my life from every act tending to crime, by the terrible impression the only one I ever committed produced on me; and I think I feel that my aversion for lying proceeds in a great measure from the regret of having been guilty of so black a one. If it is a crime that admits of expiation, as I must dare believe, it may well have been washed out by the many misfortunes that overwhelm my later years —by forty years of uprightness and honor in trying situa-

tions ; and poor Marion is being so well avenged in this world that, however great my offence towards her may have been, I have little fear of carrying the guilt of it with me. Such was what I had to say on this head Let it be permitted me never to mention it again.

BOOK III.

1728 — 1731.

HAVING left the service of Madam de Vercellis very much as I had entered it, I returned to my former hostess, with whom I remained for five or six weeks, during which period health, youth and idleness frequently rendered my temperament importunate. I was restless, absent, dreamy. I wept and sighed and longed for a happiness whereof I had no conception, but of which, however, I felt the lack. This state is not to be described ; nay, few men can even imagine it, the greater part of them having anticipated that plenitude of life, which, at once tormenting and delicious, gives, in the intoxication of desire, a foretaste of enjoyment. My feverish blood incessantly peopled my brain with girls and women. Ignorant, however, of their true use, I employed them, in idea, after my wild fantasies, without knowing how to put them to any other purpose. These fancies kept my passions in most uncomfortable activity—an activity from which they fortunately pointed out no deliverance. I would have given my life to have, for a quarter of an hour, met with a Miss Goton. But the time had now gone by when my child's-play took that direction as of its own accord. Years had brought shame, the companion of a guilty conscience, and had so heightened my natural timidity as to render it insurmountable. Never either then or since could I bring myself to make a lascivious proposition unless she to whom it was made had, in a manner, constrained me to do so by her advances, and this though well aware that she had no scruples about the matter, and almost certain of being taken at my word.

My agitation increased to such a point that, not being able to gratify my desires, I added fuel thereto by the most

extravagant manoeuvres. I sought out dark alleys and secret by-places wherein to expose myself from afar to persons of the other sex in the state I should have liked to be in with them. What they saw was not the obscene object—I did not even think of such a thing—it was the ridiculous one. The sottish pleasure I took in displaying it to their view is beyond the possibility of description. There was but one step thence for me to experience the desired treatment, and I doubt not that some resolute fair one might, while passing, have afforded me the amusement, could I have mustered audacity enough to wait. This mania came to a quite comical, though to me not so funny a catastrophe.

I had gone one day and ensconced myself in the farther end of a yard wherein there was a well to which the girls of the house often came for water. Here there was a slight declivity leading, by several communications, to some cellars. I explored these subterranean alleys in the dark, and, finding them long and unlighted, I judged that they came to no end, and that, if seen and surprised, I might find therein a safe refuge. Thus confident, I presented to the girls that came to the well a sight that was more laughable than seductive. The most sensible one's feigned not to see anything; some began a-laughing, while others thought themselves insulted, and set up a shout. I made my escape into my retreat; thither they pursued me. I heard a man's voice, on which I had not counted, and which alarmed me. At the risk of losing myself, I dived down into the regions underground; the uproar, the voices, and the man's voice, however, still followed me. I had counted on darkness, but behold light! I shuddered, and dived down more deeply still. A wall stopped me; so not being able to go any farther I was forced there to await my destiny. In a moment I was overtaken and seized by a huge man, with a huge moustache, a huge hat, and a huge sabre, escorted by four or five old women, each of them armed with a broomstick; and among them I perceived the little jade that had descried me, and who, doubtless, was anxious to look me in the face.

The man with the sabre, collaring me, fiercely demanded what I was doing there. As may be thought, my answer was not immediately forthcoming. I recovered myself, how-

ever, and summoning all my powers in that critical moment, I spun from my brain a romantic expedient that proved perfectly successful. With suppliant tone I besought him to have a pity on my age and condition, telling him that I was a young stranger of noble birth whose mind was deranged; that I had made my escape from my father's house because they were going to keep me confined; that I was ruined should he make known who I was, but that would be allow me to go away, I might perhaps some day make him a return for his kindness. Contrary to all expectation my words and manner took effect—the redoubtable man was touched thereby, and after a very brief reprimand, he let me go softly off, without questioning me any farther. From the manner of the feminines young and old on seeing me go, I judged that the man I had so much feared had been very useful to me, and that the fair ones would not have let me off so cheaply. I heard them murmuring something or other, of which I took but little heed; for, provided the sabre and the man did not interfere in the matter, I was quite sure, nimble and vigorous as I was, of freeing myself from them and their cudgels.

A few days afterwards, walking the street with a young Abbé, a neighbor of mine, I met my man of the sabre full in the face. He recognized me, and mimicking me, exclaimed in a bantering tone, "I am a prince, I am a prince, and as for me, I am a poltroon: but let his highness not come back again!" He added nothing more, and I slipped by with bent head, thanking him in my mind for his circumspection. I judged that those cursed old women had made him ashamed of his credulity. But, however it may have been, Piedmontese and all, he was an excellent man, and I never think of him without a feeling of gratitude; for the story was so humorous that, were it but for the desire of making a laugh, anybody else in his stead would have done me dishonor. This adventure, without having consequences that I could have to fear, did not fail to render me prudent for a long time.

My stay at Madam de Vercellis's had procured me some acquaintances that I cultivated in the hope that they might prove useful to me. Among others, I sometimes visited a Savoyard Abbé, called M Gaime, tutor to the children of

Count de Mallarède. He was still young and but little known, though full of good sense, probity and intelligence, and one of the most upright men I have ever seen. It was out of his power to be of any use to me in the object that led me to him; he had not interest enough to procure me a situation ; but I gained from him more precious advantages, which have profited me through life—lessons of pure morality and maxims of sound judgment. In the successive order of my tastes and ideas I had ever been either too high or too low—Achilles or Thersites; now a hero and anon a scoundrel. M. Gaime took pains to put me in my own place and show me to myself, without sparing, and yet without discouraging me. He spoke to me in advantagous terms of my talents and disposition ; but he added that he saw that these very talents and this very disposition would give rise to obstacles that would prevent me from profiting thereby; so that, according to him, they were to serve less as steps by which I should mount to fortune, than as means that would enable me to do without it. He gave me a truthful picture of human life, whereof I had but false ideas ; he showed me how, under an adverse destiny, the wise man may ever tend towards happiness and sail close-hauled to the haven — how there is no true happiness without virtue and how virtue is limited to no one station. He very much cooled my admiration of greatness by proving to me that those who ruled others were neither wiser nor happier than they. He made one observation that has often returned to my mind ; namely, that if each man could read the hearts of all others, there would be more persons that would want to descend than to ascend. This reflection, striking without being strained, has been of great use to me in the course of my life in causing me to remain satisfied with my lot. He gave me my first true idea of honor, which my high-flown fancy had seized only in its extremes. He made me sensible that the enthusiasm of sublime virtues was of but little use in society ; that in towering too high one is in danger of a fall, and that the uniform discharge of little duties requires no less force than heroic actions and will at the same time procure more honor and happiness, and that it was much better to possess the lasting esteem of men than now and then their admiration.

In order to establish the duties of man to man, it was found essential to go back to their foundation. Besides, the step I had recently taken, and of which my present condition was the consequence, led us to speak of religion. It will be already thought that the honest M. Gaime is, at least in great part, the original of the *Vicaire Savoyard*. Only, prudence obliging him to speak with more reserve, he explained himself less openly on certain points ; but, for the rest, his maxims, his sentiments, his counsels were the same, and, even to the advice to return to my native land, all was as I have since given it to the public. Without enlarging, therefore, on conversations of which any one may see the substance, I shall simply say that his lessons, sensible, yet without any immediate effect, became, in my heart, germs of virtue and religion that were never choked up and which, to fructify, awaited only the attention of a more beloved hand.

Though at that time my conversion was rather unsubstantial, I did not fail to be moved. Far from becoming weary of his conversations, I grew fond of them on account of their clearness, their simplicity and, more than all, on account of a certain heart-felt interest, which, I knew, pervaded them. I have a loving heart, and have ever become attached to people less in proportion to the good they did me, than on account of that they wished me, and this is a matter on which my feelings rarely deceive me. And so I grew truly fond of M. Gaime, I was so to speak his second disciple—and this was, even at that very time, of inestimable advantage to me in turning me from a propensity to vice whither my idleness was leading me.

One day, when such a thing was the last in my thoughts, I was sent for by the Count de La Roque. I had grown tired of constantly going to his house without being able to speak to him, and so went no more. I thought that he had forgotten, or retained some unfavorable impressions of me I was mistaken. He had more than once been a witness of the pleasure wherewith I fulfilled my duties towards his aunt; he had even mentioned it to her, and afterwards spoke thereof to me when I no longer thought of it myself. He received me well, saying, that instead of putting me off with vague promises he had sought to procure me a situation, that he had succeeded, that he now put me on the fair way of be-

coming something, but the rest must depend on myself; that the house into which he was procuring my introduction was powerful and held in great consideration, that I should need no other protectors for my advancement, and that, though at first treated merely as a servant—the footing on which I had hitherto stood—I might rest assured that if, from my sentiments and behavior, they judged me above that station, they were disposed not to allow me to remain in it. The end of this speech grievously disappointed the brilliant hopes the beginning had inspired. "What! for ever a lackey?" said I to myself with a bitter vexation, which assurance ere long effaced. I felt myself too little born to that station to fear that I would be allowed to remain in it.

He took me to the residence of the Count de Gouvion, Master of the Horse to the Queen, and head of the illustrious house of Solar. The dignified appearance of this venerable old man rendered the affability with which he received me still more touching. He questioned me with interest, and I answered him with sincerity. He observed to the Count de la Roque that I had an agreeable countenance and one that betokened intellect; nor, indeed, did it appear to him that I was deficient in this respect, but that this was not all, and the rest remained to be seen. Then, turning to me, "My child," said he, "the beginning of almost everything is attended with difficulties; yours, however, will not be very much so. Be prudent, and endeavor to please every one here. Such will, for the present, be your sole employ; for the rest, keep a stout heart, you will be taken care of. Hereupon he went to his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness de Breil, and presented me to her, then to his son, the Abbé de Gouvion. This beginning seemed to me to augur well. I already knew enough of the world to judge that the reception of a lackey is not attended with so much ceremony as all that. Nor, indeed, was I treated as such. I dined at the steward's table; did not wear livery, and the Count de Favria, a young giddy-pate, having wanted to make me mount behind his coach, his grandfather ordered that I should mount behind no coach, nor follow any one beyond the house. However, I waited at table and performed, within doors, very much the duties of a footman, though I performed them, in a manner

of my own free will, without being nominally attached to any one. Saving a few letters that were dictated to me, and some figures the Count de Favria made me cut out, I was almost master of my time during the whole day. This probation, which, however, I did not then recognize as such, was assuredly very dangerous, nor was it even very kind, for such an entire lack of employment might have led me to contract vices I should not otherwise have fallen into.

Most fortunately, however, this did not happen. The lessons of M. Game had made an impression on my heart, and I took so strong a liking to them that I used now and then to steal out and go and hear them over again. Little notion, I guess, had they who saw me issuing out thus stealthily of where I was going. Nothing could be more sensible than the advice he was wont to give me touching my conduct. My beginning had been admirable ; I had shown an assiduity, an attention, and a zeal that charmed every one. The Abbé Gaime prudently gave me a hint to moderate this first ardor lest it should by and by begin to flag, and this relaxation be observed. "Your setting out," observed he, "is the measure of what will be required of you : endeavor so to husband your forces that you may be able gradually to do more ; but take care never to do any less."

As they had scarcely examined me at all as to my little talents, and had given me credit only for those wherewith nature had endowed me, there was no appearance, notwithstanding what the Count de Gouvon had told me, of their having any thoughts of making anything of me. Affairs came in the way, and I was all but forgotten. The Marquis de Breil, son of Count de Gouvon, was then ambassador to Venice. Commotions had arisen at court that made themselves felt in the family, and they were for several weeks kept in a state of agitation that left but little time to think of me. I had, however, all along relaxed but little in my attentions. One thing did me both harm and good : good in alienating me from all exterior dissipation, and harm in rendering me at the same time somewhat more inattentive to my duties.

Mademoiselle de Breil was a young lady of about my own age, well formed, tolerably handsome, very fair, with

extremely black hair, and, though black-eyed, wearing on her countenance that air of sweetness characteristic of blonds, and which my heart never could withstand. The court-dress, so becoming to young persons, showed her handsome bust, and set off to advantage her breast and shoulders, while the mourning which they wore at that time rendered her complexion still more dazzling. It may be said that it is not for a servant to be taking notice of such matters. Undoubtedly I was to blame, yet take notice I did. Nor was I even the only one. The steward and the valets at times canvassed the topic at table with a vulgarity that grievously pained me. My head was not, however, so completely turned that I really fell in love. I by no means forgot myself; I kept my own place, nor did I give loose reins even to my desires. I liked to see Mademoiselle de Breil, to hear her say anything that indicated mind, sense, or good nature. My ambition, limited to the delight of waiting on her, never went beyond my rights. At table I was ever on the watch for occasions to make the most of them. If her footman for a moment left her chair, I instantly supplied his place. In default of this I would stand opposite her, reading in her eyes what she was about to ask and watching the moment to change her plate. What would I not have given for her but to have deigned to give me some order, to have looked at me, to have addressed me a single word! But no. I had the mortification of being nothing to her—she did not even notice my being there. Her brother, who at times spoke to me while at table, having, however, said something or other to me that was not very gracious, I returned him so keen and well turned an answer that it drew her attention, and she cast her eyes on me. This glance, momentary thought it was, failed not to transport me. The day following an opportunity for obtaining another presented itself, and I took advantage thereof. That day a great dinner was given, at which, for the first time and to my great astonishment, I saw the steward serve with sword by his side, and cap on his head. By chance the conversation turned on the devise of the house of Solar which was wrought in the tapestry along with the arms: "*Tel fieret qui ne tue pas.*" The Piedmontese not being in general very consummately skilled in the French



That day a great dinner was given. *Page 120—I.*

language, some one present found an orthographical error in this devise, and said, that the word *fiert* did not take a *t*. The old Count de Gouvou was about to reply, but having cast his eyes on me, he perceived that I smiled without daring to say anything, and ordered me to speak. Whereupon I said that I did not think the *t* superfluous, *fiert* being an old French word, not derived from the noun *ferus*, proud, threatening; but from the verb *ferit*, he strikes, he wounds; and that, consequently, the devise did not appear to me to signify, “*Some threaten,*” &c., but “*Some strike who do not kill.*”

The whole company looked at me and at each other without saying a word. In your life you never saw such astonishment. But what was to me most flattering of all was clearly to perceive an air of satisfaction on the countenance of Mademoiselle de Breil. This so disdainful person deigned to cast on me a second look which was at least quite worth the first; then, turning her eyes towards her grand-papa, she seemed to wait with a sort of impatience the praise due to me. And this he bestowed on me so fully, so thoroughly and in so pleased a manner that it was eagerly chorused by the whole table. This was a brief, but in every respect delicious moment—one of those moments, all too rare, that restore things to their natural order and avenge disparaged worth for the outrages of fortune. A few minutes afterwards, Mademoiselle de Breil, once more raising her eyes to mine, desired me, in a tone of voice as timid as affable, to give her a drink. You may think I did not let her wait; but on approaching I was seized with such a trembling that, having filled the glass too full, I spilled some of the water on her plate and even on herself. Her brother gruffly asked me why I trembled so. This question by no means tended to reassure me, and Mademoiselle de Breil blushed up to her ears.

Here ended the romance, wherein it will be observed, as with Madam Basile and in all the after-years of my life, that I have been anything but fortunate in the conclusion of my loves. To no purpose did I cultivate the acquaintance of Madam de Breil’s antichamber—no longer could I obtain a single mark of attention from her daughter. She went in and out without looking at me, while I scarce dared raise

my eyes to her. I was so much of an ass and so maladroit that, having one day while passing dropped her glove, instead of rushing towards that glove, which I would fain have covered with kisses, I dared not stir from my place and suffered it to be lifted by a big booby of a valet whom I could heartily have made mummy of. To complete my timidity, I perceived that I had not the good fortune to be agreeable to Madam de Breil. She not only never gave me any orders, but even rejected my services, and having found me on two occasions in her antichamber she asked me in a very dry tone if I had nothing to do. So the dear antichamber had to be renounced. At first it caused me regret ; but circumstances occurring to call away my attention, I very soon thought no more about it.

I found consolation for the disdain of Madam de Breil in the kindness of her father-in-law who at length began to think of me. The evening of the dinner whereof I have spoken, he held half-an-hour's conversation with me, which seemed to please him and which certainly enchanted me. This good old man, though a person of mind, was less intellectual than Madam de Vercellis ; he had, however, more feeling, and I succeeded better with him. He bade me attach myself to his son, the Abbé Gouvon, who had taken a liking to me and told me that should I profit by this affection, it might be of use to me and enable me to acquire what I wanted for the carrying out of their views respecting me. The next morning I flew to M. l'Abbé's. He did not receive me as a servant ; but made me sit by his fireside, and, questioning me with the utmost affability, he soon perceived that my education, commenced in so many things, was completed in nothing. Finding above all that I had but a very slender knowledge of Latin, he undertook to carry me on with the study. We agreed that I should come to him every morning, and I began the day following. Thus, by one of those motley minglings that will often be met with in the course of my life, at once above and below my station, I was a scholar and servant in the same house, and had, while in servitude, a preceptor whose birth properly made him such only to the children of kings.

M. l'Abbé de Gouvon was a younger son, whom his family destined for a bishoprick, and whose studies had, for

that reason, been carried farther than is usual with children of the quality. He had been sent to the University of Sienna, where he had remained several years, and whence he had brought back a sufficient dose of Cruscantism to be to Turin very much what the Abbé de Dangeau formerly was to Paris. Disgust with theology had driven him to the *belles-lettres*—a very common occurrence in Italy with those who run the prelatic race. He had read the poets with critical attention and wrote passable Latin and Italian verses. In a word, he had the taste requisite to form mine and introduce something like system into the chaos of rubbish with which my brain was stuffed. But, whether my chat had given rise to some illusion on his part as to my knowledge, or that he could not endure the bore of teaching the elementary parts of Latin, he put me at first much too high ; and he had scarcely made me translate a few fables from Phaedrus before he put me into Virgil, of whom I could hardly understood anything. It has been my destiny, as will be seen hereafter, frequently to take up Latin, but never to acquire it. And yet I laboured quite assiduously, and l'Abbé lavished his attention on me with a kindness the remembrance of which still profoundly affects me. I passed a good part of my mornings with him, as much for my own instruction as for his service. Not, however, for any menial office, for he would never permit me to render him any such, but for the purpose of copying or writing under his dictation. My function of secretary was more useful to me than that of scholar. I thus not only learned the Italian in its purity, but also acquired a taste for literature and some discernment of good books—a discernment not to be picked up at La Tribu's, and which was of great service to me when I came to write alone.

If, in my life, there ever was a period when, without entertaining any very wild projects, I might with most show of reason have indulged the hope of advancement, this was assuredly it. M. l'Abbé, thoroughly pleased with me, expressed his satisfaction to every one ; while his father had taken so remarkable a liking to me that the Count de Favria told me he had spoken of me to the king. Even Madam de Breil had laid aside her disdainful air towards me. In short I became a sort of favorite in the house, and this to

the great jealousy of the other servants, who, seeing me honored by the instructions of their master's son, knew excellently well that this boded my not remaining very long their equal.

As far as I have been able to judge of the views entertained respecting me by some stray words dropped at random, and which I thought of only when it was too late, it appears to me that the house of Solar, wishing to run the course of Embassies, and in time, perhaps, pave the way to the Ministry, would have been nothing loath to mould to its views a person of worth and talent, who, depending solely on it, might in course of time obtain its confidence and render it useful service. This project of the Count de Gouvou was noble, judicious, magnanimous, and truly worthy of a great, generous and far-seeing nobleman. But, besides that I did not then see all its extent, it was much too rational to be to my mind, and demanded too long a subjection. My crack-brained ambition sought fortune only in adventures, and not finding one woman in the scheme, this mode of advancement appeared to me slow, painful and tedious ; whereas I should have thought it all the more honorable and certain that women were not concerned in it, the species of merit they patronize being certainly not that I got credit for.

All went on passing well. I had obtained, compelled almost, the esteem of every body. My ordeal was over and I was generally regarded in the house as a young man of the greatest promise who was not in his proper place, but whom they were expecting to see reach it. But my place was not that which man assigned me—a place to be reach, too, by quite other paths. This leads me to one of those characteristic traits natural to me, and which it suffices to present to the reader without adding any reflections.

Though there were at Turin many new converts of my own stamp, I did not like them, and had no desire to see a single one of them. But I had met certain Genevese who were not of this stamp, and among others a M. Mussard, nicknamed *Wry-Neck*, a miniature painter and a distant relation of mine. This M. Mussard found out the fact of my residence with the Count de Gouvou, and came to see

me along with an other Genevese named Bâcle, who had been a comrade of mine during my apprenticeship. This Bâcle was a very amusing, sprightly young fellow, full of facetious sallies which his age rendered agreeable. Behold me, then, all at once fascinated with M. Bâcle—fascinated to such a point as to be unable to leave him. He was shortly to depart for Geneva. What a loss was I about to sustain! Keenly did I feel all its extent. However, to make at least the most of the time that remained to me, I quitted him no longer, or rather he did not quit me, for my head was not as yet sufficiently turned for me to leave the house, and go and pass the day with him without leave; by and by, however, seeing that he entirely engrossed me, he was forbidden the house, and I grew so incensed, that, forgetting everything save my friend Bâcle, I neither went to Monsieur l'Abbé nor to Monsieur le Comte, and was no more to be seen about the house. I was reprimanded, but paid no attention thereto. They threatened me with dismissal. This threat was the ruin of me. It gave me a glimpse of the possibility of Bâcle's not departing alone. Thenceforth every other pleasure, fate, or fortune save that of making a similar journey, vanished from my mind. I saw therein only the ineffable felicity of the journey, at the end of which, to complete the delight, I caught a glimpse of Madam de Warens, though at an immense distance. As for returning to Geneva, I never thought of such a thing. Hills, green fields, woods, streams, and villages endlessly succeeded each, and ever with new charms. It seemed as though this delightful jaunt must absorb my whole being. With the keenest satisfaction I remembered how charming this same journey had appeared to me in coming. What then must it be when to all the alluring charm of liberty should be joined the delight of traveling with a good-humored comrade of my own age and tastes, without encumbrances, obligation or constraint, but free to go or stay as we pleased! He must be a fool that would sacrifice such a chance to projects of ambition, slow, difficult, and uncertain in execution, and which, even supposing them realized at some day, would not, in their utmost splendor, be worth quarter of an hour's true youthful pleasure and liberty

Full of this sage scheme, I managed things so well that I succeeded in getting myself turned off; and truly this was not effected without trouble. One evening, on returning, the steward gave me warning on the part of M. le Comte. This was precisely what I wanted; for, feeling spite of myself the extravagance of my conduct, I added thereto, in order to excuse myself, injustice and ingratitude, thinking thus to leave them without excuse, and justify myself in my own eyes for a step taken by necessity. I was told from the Count de Favria to go and speak to him the morning following before my departure; but as it was evident that my head was so completely turned that I might readily do no such thing, the steward put off till after this visit giving me some money destined for me, and which I had assuredly very poorly earned; for, not wishing to leave me in the situation of a valet, I had no fixed wages.

The Count de Favria, young and light-headed though he was, talked to me on this occasion in the most sensible, I might even say, the most tender manner, so flattering and touchingly did he set forth the solicitude of his uncle and the intentions of his grandfather. At length, after having drawn in lively colors what I was sacrificing merely to rush headlong to ruin, he offered to make my peace, only stipulating that I should no more see the little wretch that had seduced me.

It was so evident that all this came from somebody else besides himself that, spite of my stupid blindness, I felt the full force of my old master's kindness and was touched thereby; but that dear journey was too deeply imprinted on my imagination for anything to counterbalance its charm. I was utterly out of my head. I grew the more confirmed in my purpose, steeling myself against all opposition; nay, I assumed swaggering airs, arrogantly replying that as they had given me my dismissal, I had determined to take it; that it was too late to retract, and that, whatever might befall me in life, I was fully resolved never to let myself be twice sent away from the same house.

At this, the young man, justly irritated, bestowed on me the names I deserved, put me out of his room by the shoulders and shut the door behind me. For myself, I departed triumphant, as though I had just gained the

greatest victory; and, for fear of having a second combat to sustain, I had the ingratitude to leave without going and thanking M. l'Abbé for his kindness.

In order to conceive the full extent of my delirium at this moment, you would require to be aware how heated my heart is apt to grow over the merest trifles, and with what force it plunges into the conception of the object that attracts it, however vain that object may at times be. Plans the most fantastic, the most childish, the most crack-brained arise to foster my favorite idea, and show how quite in keeping is my giving myself up thereto. Would you credit that a person of near nineteen could build his hopes of support for life on an empty phial?—Listen, then.

The Abbé Gouvon had, a few weeks before, made me a present of a very pretty little Hiero's fountain that amazingly delighted me. Well, what by making this fountain play and talking of our journey, the sage Bâcle and I thought to ourselves that the one might readily be of advantage to and prolong the other. What in the world was there so curious as a Hiero's fountain?—This principle was the foundation whereon we built the edifice of our fortune. In each village we would assemble the country folks around our fountain, while feasting and good cheer would rain down on us, and that all the more plentifully as we were both of us persuaded that provisions cost those that grew them nothing, and that if they did not stuff travellers it must be from sheer ill-nature on their part. On every hand we pictured to ourselves naught save weddings and festal entertainments, reckoning, that without any other outlay than the wind from our lungs, and the water from our fountain we would be able to pay our way through Piedmont, Savoy, France, and the world in general. There was no end to our projected travels. Meanwhile we directed our course Northward, rather for the pleasure of crossing the Alps than from the supposed necessity of having at last come to a halt somewhere or other.

(1731-1732.) Such was the plan wherewith I took the field, abandoning without regret protector, preceptor, studies, hopes, and the attainment of an almost certain fortune, to commence the life of a veritable vagabond. "Farewell to the capital; farewell court, ambition, pride, love;

farewell ye fair, farewell all the splendid adventures of which last year had brought me the hope." I set out with my fountain and my friend Bâcle, my purse lightly stocked, but with a heart overflowing with delight, dreaming of naught save enjoying the ambulant felicity to which I had all of a sudden confined my brilliant projects.

I performed this extravagant journey, however, almost as agreeably as I had expected, though not exactly in the same manner; for, notwithstanding that our fountain furnished a few minutes amusement to the hostesses and maid-servants of the ale-houses, we found ourselves none the less obliged to pay on leaving. But this gave us but little concern, as we never calculated on relying wholly on this resource until our money should give out. An accident spared us that trouble: our fountain got brokeu near Bramant; and 'twas time for it, for we both of us felt, though without daring to own it, that it was getting to be a bore. This misfortune rendered us gayer than ever, and we laughed heartily over our thoughtlessness in forgetting that our clothes and shoes would wear out, and over our greenness in trusting to the play of our fountain for new ones. We continued our journey as merrily as we had begun it, only steering a little more directly towards the port where our drained purse compelled us to lay to.

At Chambéri I became thoughtful, not over the folly I had been guilty of—never man made up his mind so quickly or so well touching the past—but respecting the reception that awaited me from Madam de Warens, for I looked upon her house exactly as my home. I had written her an account of my engagement with the Count de Gou von; she knew on what footing I stood in his household, and in congratulating me thereon, had given me many very sensible instructions as to the return I should make for the kindness they had shown me. She regarded my fortune as assured, did I not destroy it by my own fault. What, then, would she say on my arrival? The possibility of her shutting the door on me never even came into my head; but I dreaded the chagrin I was about to give her, and I dreaded her reproaches, to me more cruel than want. I resolved to bear all in silence and to do everything in my power to



A thrill ran through me at the first sound of her voice: I threw myself at her feet. *Page 129—I.*

appease her. In the universe I saw nobody save her alone
To live under her displeasure was an impossibility.

What gave me most concern was my traveling companion, with whom I did not wish to burden her, and whom I feared I should have hard work in getting rid of. I paved the way for our separation by behaving rather coldly towards him the last day. The chap was rather hare-brained than a fool, and so understood me. I expected that he would have been hurt at my inconstancy. I was wrong—my friend Bâcle was hurt at nothing. On our arrival at Annecy, we had hardly set foot in town when he said to me, “Here you are at home, then.” He then embraced me, bade me adieu, turned a *pirouette* and vanished! I have never heard of him since. Our acquaintance and friendship lasted in all about six weeks ; their results will last while life does.

How did my heart beat as I neared the house of Madam de Warens ! my legs shook under me, a film gathered over my eyes, I saw nothing, heard nothing and could have recognised nobody. I had several times to stop to draw breath and recover my wits. Was it fear of not obtaining the succor I stood in need of that so troubled me ? At the age I then was, does the fear of perishing of hunger induce such like alarms ? No, no, I affirm it with as much truth as pride, it was never, at any time of my life, in the power of either interest or indigence to elate or depress my spirits. In the ups and downs of a life memorable for its vicissitudes, often without bread to eat or a roof to cover me, I have ever looked on plenty and want with the same eye. I might, at the pinch, have begged or stolen like another, but never would have been troubled at being brought to such a pass. Few men have grieved so much as I, few, in their life, wept so much ; yet never did poverty or the fear of falling into it make me either heave a sigh or shed a tear. My soul, fortune-proof, has recognised as truly good or truly evil only what does not depend thereon, and it is just when I have been in want of nothing, that I have been the most miserable of mortals.

Hardly had I appeared before Madam de Warens than her manner reassured me. A thrill ran through me at the first sound of her voice, I threw myself at her feet, and, in

transports of deepest joy, pressed my lips to her hand. As for her, I know not whether she had received information respecting me, but however this may have been, I saw on her countenance little surprise and no sorrow. "Poor little fellow," said she to me in a kindly tone, "so here you are again! I knew very well you were too young for that journey: I'm glad, any way, it did not turn out so bad as I had feared." She then made me relate my story. It was not long, and I gave it to her with the utmost fidelity, suppressing, indeed, some circumstances, but, for the rest, without either sparing or excusing myself.

The question arose as to where I should lodge. She took counsel with her maid. I dared not breathe during this deliberation; but when I heard that I was to sleep in the house I could scarcely contain myself, and I saw my bundle carried into the room destined for me very much as Saint Preux saw his chaise put up at Madam de Wolmar's. But the best of it was, I had the pleasure of learning that this was not to be a transitory favor, and at a moment when they thought my attention turned in quite another direction I heard her observing, "Let them say what they please; but as Providence sends him back to me, I am determined not to forsake him."

Behold me then at last settled down in her home. This settlement was not yet, 't is true, that from which I date the happy days of my life, but it served as a preparation therefor. Though that sensibility of heart that makes us truly enjoy ourselves be the work of nature, and perhaps a result of organization, yet it requires circumstances to develop it. Without these operating causes a man naturally of the acutest sensibility might feel absolutely nothing, and die without ever knowing his real disposition. Such had hitherto been very much my case, and such it might have continued to be, had I never known Madam de Warens, or even having known her, had I not lived in her company long enough to contract the sweet habit of affectionate sentiments wherewith she inspired me. I dare affirm, who feels only love feels not what is sweetest in life. I know another sentiment, less impetuous it may be, but a thousand times more delicious, which sometimes does, though frequently it does not accompany love. Nor yet is this sentiment simply

friendship—it is more voluptuous, more tender. I cannot imagine it'; being felt towards a person of the same sex; at least I was a friend if ever man were, and I never experienced it towards any man. Obscure though the matter may appear, it will in the sequel become quite clear. Sentiments, are properly describable only by their effects.

She occupied an old house, though large enough to have a handsome spare apartment which she made her drawing room. In this I was lodged. This room was over the passage of which I have spoken as having been the scene of our first interview. Beyond the brook and the gardens the country was discernible. By no means a matter of indifference was this to the young occupant. 'T was the first time since I had been at Bossey that I had seen verdure in front of my windows. For ever masked by walls, nothing had met my eyes save roofs or dull grey streets. How sweet, how touching was the change ! My disposition was naturally towards tenderness of feeling ; this greatly increased it. This charming landscape became to me a new boon from my dear patron. I could fancy that she had put it there on purpose for me ; placidly I placed myself by her side ; my eyes pursued, her amidst the flowers and the verdure ; her charms to me became confounded with those of Spring. My heart, hitherto pent up, felt more free in this expanse, and my sighs found readier vent amid these orchards.

There was not to be found at Madam de Waren's the magnificence I had been accustomed to see in Turin ; but there *was* to be found neatness, decorum and a patriarchal abundance that never attends pomp. She had very little plate and no china, there was neither game in her kitchen nor foreign wines in her cellar ; but both kitchen and cellar were well stocked, and at any or every one's service, and she gave capital coffee in earthen cups. Whosoever came to see her was invited to dine either with her or in the house, and never did either workman, messenger or traveler leave without eating or drinking. Her household consisted of a rather pretty *femme de chambre*, a native of Fribourg, called Merceret ; a countryman of her's as valet, the name of him Claude Anet, of whom more by and by ; a cook, and two hired chairmen when she went on a visit, which, however, she seldom did. Truly much to be done with two

thousand livres a year. And yet, her little fortune, if carefully managed, might well have sufficed in a country where land is very good and money very rare. Unfortunately economy was never her favorite virtue. She contracted debts, paid them ; her money passed from hand to hand like a weaver's shuttle, and all disappeared!

The arrangement of her household was precisely such as I should have chosen, a circumstance of which you can well believe that I with delight took advantage. What pleased me the least was that we had to remain very long at table. It was with difficulty that she could bear the first smell of soup and meats ; so powerfully did it affect her as almost to cause her to faint away, and this disgust lasted for a long time. Little by little she would come round, talking, meanwhile, but eating nothing. It was not till the end of half an hour that she ever tasted the first morsel. I could have dined thrice in the time, and was always through with my meal a long while before she had begun hers. I would then commence over again for company's sake, and so dined twice, though I found myself none the worse for that. In short, I gave myself up all the more entirely to the delightful sense of comfort which I experienced in her house, as my enjoyment thereof was mingled with no uneasiness as to the means of keeping it up. Not being at this time let confidentially into the state of affairs, I supposed her means adequate to carrying on things on the same footing. I afterwards continued to find the same comforts as before ; but when acquainted with her real situation, and finding that they anticipated her income, I could no longer enjoy them so tranquilly. Forethought, with me, ever poisons enjoyment. To no purpose do I foresee the future ; if a thing must come, why, come it must, and I can't avoid it.

From the first day, the most affectionate familiarity sprang up between us, and that to the same degree in which it continued during all the rest of her life. *Petit*--Child, was my name; *Maman*--Mamma, her's, and *Petit* and *Maman* we remained, even when the course of time had all but effaced the difference of our ages. These two names seem to me marvellously well to express our tone towards each other, the simplicity of our manners and, more than all, the relation of our hearts. She was to me the tenderest of mothers, never

seeking her own pleasure, but ever my welfare ; and if the senses had any thing to do with my attachment for her, it was not to change its nature, but only to render it more exquisite and intoxicate me with the charm of having a young and pretty mamma whom it was delightful for me to caress. I say quite literally, to caress, for it never entered into her head to deny me the tenderest maternal kisses and endearments, nor into my heart to abuse them. Some may say that, in the end, quite other relations subsisted between us. I grant it ; but have patience, I can't tell everything at once.

The first sight of her, on the occasion of our first interview, was the only truly passionate moment she ever inspired me with, and even that was the work of surprise. Never did my imprudent eyes go peering under her kerchief, spite of the fact that a but ill-concealed fulness in that region might well have drawn them thither. I felt neither transports nor desires when by her ; I remained in a ravishing calm sensible of an indefinite and indefinable happiness. While in this state, I could have passed my whole life or eternity itself without for a moment growing weary. She is the only person with whom I never felt that bareness of conversation which makes a punishment of the necessity of sustaining it. Our interviews were not so much conversations as inexhaustible chats which, in order to end, had to be interrupted. Far from having to make it a rule to talk, I had rather to make it one to be silent. What by meditating over her projects she would often sink into a reverie. So be it, in her reverie let her stay ; while I, in my silent contemplation of her, was the happiest of men. There was another singular way I had : Without pretending to the favors of the *tete-à-tête*, I was perpetually seeking one, and I enjoyed them with a keenness that amounted to fury when they were broken in upon by importunate persons. So soon as any one arrived, whether man or women, it mattered not, I would out murmur, unable to bear remaining in her company as a secondary object. I would go and count the minutes in her antichamber, calling down a thousand curses on those eternal visitors. I could not conceive how they could find so much to say, because I had still more.

It was only when I was out of her sight that I felt the

full force of my attachment for her. When in her presence I was simply content; but when she was absent my uneasiness amounted to absolute anguish. The want I felt of living with her excited in me outbursts of feeling, often even to tears. I shall ever remember one great holiday, whilst she was at vespers, that I went strolling outside of the town, my heart full of her image and of the ardent desire of passing my life with her. I had sense enough to see that, for the present, this was an impossibility, and that my happiness was something too good to last. This gave to my reverie a sadness, which, however, was not at all gloomy, and which was tempered by flattering hopes. The chiming of the bells, which ever singularly affected me, the song of the birds, the beauty of the day, the sweetness of the landscape, the scattered country-houses, among which I, in idea, placed our common dwelling, all so came over me with a deep, tender, sad yet touching impression that I saw myself as in a trance transported to that happy period, and that happy abode where my heart, possessing all the felicity that could please it, enjoyed it with inexpressible raptures, without even thinking of sense-delights. I do not recollect having ever been so completely and with so much illusion transported into the future; and what strikes me most in the recollection of that reverie is that, when it came to be realized, I found each object exactly such as I had imagined it. If ever waking dream bore the appearance of a prophetic vision, it was assuredly this. I was only deceived in its imaginary duration; for ideally days, years, and life itself passed in changeless tranquility, whereas the reality lasted but for a moment. Alas! my most constant happiness was in dream. Its accomplishment was, on the instant almost, followed by an awaking.

I should never have done, did I enter into a detail of all the follies the remembrance of that dear *Maman* made me commit when not in her sight. How often have I kissed my bed from the thought that she had slept thereon; the curtains, all the furniture of my room, on thinking that they were her's, that her fair hands had touched them; the floor itself, on which I threw myself at the recollection that she had trod thereon! Sometimes even in her presence extravagances would escape me that apparently naught save the most violent

love could possibly inspire. One day at table, just as she was putting a bite into her mouth, I exclaim that I see a hair in it : she spits it out into her plate, whereupon I eagerly snatch it up and swallow it. In a word, between me and the most passionate lover there was but one difference—one single difference, but that an essential one, and one that renders my state almost inconceivable to the understanding.

I had returned from Italy, not altogether as I had gone there, but as perhaps no one of my age ever returned therefrom before. I had brought back, not my virginity, but my pucelage. I had felt the progress of years; my restless temperament had at length declared itself, and its first quite involuntary eruption had alarmed me for my health in a way that, better than anything, manifests the innocence in which I had hitherto lived.

Ere long reassured, I learned that dangerous substitute which cheats nature, and saves young persons of my disposition from many disorders at the expense of health, strength, or life itself. This vice, which bashfulness and timidity find so convenient, has besides a mighty attraction for lively imaginations : it enables them, so to speak, to dispose, at pleasure, of the other sex, and to make the beauty that tempts them subservient to their gratification, without needing to obtain its consent. Seduced by this direful advantage, I labored hard at the undermining of the excellent constitution wherewith nature had endowed me, and to which I had given full time for perfect development. Add to this disposition my present location : living with a pretty woman, cherishing her image in my inmost heart, constantly seeing her during the day, and at night surrounded by objects that recalled her to my mind, and sleeping on a bed whereon I knew she had slept. What stimulants !. The reader who takes them all into account, undoubtedly regards me already as half dead. Quite the contrary; what had every likelihood of being the ruin of me was precisely what proved my salvation, for some time at least. Intoxicated with the charm of living in her company, and the ardent desire of passing my life along with her, absent or present, I ever saw in her a tender mother, a beloved sister, a delightful friend, and nothing more. "T was thus,

I saw her ever, ever the same, and I saw none save her. Her image, ever present to my heart, left room for no other. She was to me the only woman in the world, and the wondrous sweetness of the sentiments wherewith she inspired me, leaving no time for my senses to be called out by others, preserved me from her and from all her sex. In a word, I was virtuous because I loved her. Taking these effects, which, indeed, I can but poorly render, into consideration, let him tell who can what was the nature of my attachment for her. For my own part, all I can say is that if it already appears very extraordinary, it will, in the sequel, appear much more so.

I passed my time in the most agreeable manner imaginable, occupied with matters that pleased me least. There were projects to digest, bills to copy out fairly or receipts to transcribe, and anon, herbs to pick, drugs to pound, or distillations to attend to. Right in the midst of all this, would come troops of travelers, beggars, and visitors of all sorts. Conversation had to be carried on at once with a soldier, an apothecary, a prebendary, a fine lady, and a lay-brother. I would storm, grumble, curse and send the whole damned pack to the devil. As to her, who looked on all this as capital fun, my furies made her laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks; and what made her laugh still more was to see me grow all the more furious that I myself could not keep from laughing. These little intervals, during which I enjoyed the pleasure of grumbling, were charming; and if, in the midst of the row, a fresh visitor of the importunate kind arrived, she knew how to make this also contribute to the amusement, maliciously prolonging the visit, and meanwhile casting glances at me for which I could have given her a hearty drubbing. It was with difficulty she could keep from bursting out a-laughing at the sight of me, hampered and restrained by politeness, my eyes dancing with rage, whilst at the bottom of my heart I, too, could not help thinking all this very comical.

All this, without being pleasing to me in itself, yet amused me, constituting, as it did, part of a mode of living I regarded as charming. Nothing that went on around me, nothing they obliged me to do, was to my mind ; but everything was to my heart. I dare say I would have

come to be fond of medicine, had not my distaste therefor given rise to frolicsome scenes that kept us in perpetual merriment. 'T was, perchance, the first time the art had produced a similar effect. I pretended to know a medical work by the smell, and the best of it was that I was rarely deceived. She obliged me to taste the most detestable drugs. In vain I ran away, or tried to defend myself; spite of my resistance or wry faces, spite of me or my teeth, when I saw her pretty, bedawbed fingers approach my mouth, I was forced to end by opening it, and taking in the potion. When she got together all her little apparatus in the same room, if you had heard us running and shouting amidst peals of laughter, you would rather have imagined that we were acting some farce or other than preparing opiates or elixirs.

My time was not, however, entirely passed in these fooleries. I had found some books in the room I occupied: the Specator, Puffendorf, Saint-Evremond, the Henriade. Though I no longer had my old book-mania, I read a little of these in lack of other employment. The Spectator above all pleased me much and did me good. M. l'Abbé de Gouvon had taught me to read less eagerly and with more reflection. On the whole, reading was the more profitable employment. I accustomed myself to reflect on the matter of diction and elegant constructions, and practiced in distinguishing pure French from my provincialisms. For example, I was set right as to an orthographical blunder I used to make, in common with all us Genevese, by these two verses of the Henriade.

Soit qu'un ancien respect pour le sang de leurs maîtres
Parlât encore pour lui dans le cœur de ces traîtres."

That word *parlât* caught my eye, showing me that the third person of the subjunctive requires a *t*, whereas I had hitherto been accustomed to write and pronounce it *parla*, like the perfect indicative.

At times I used to converse with *Maman* respecting what I read; at others I read to her, and in this I took exceeding delight; I practiced in reading properly, and that also was useful to me. I have observed that she had a cultivated

mind. It was at this time in full flower. Several people of learning had been eager to gain her favor, and had taught her to distinguish works of merit. Her tastes were, if I may so express myself, somewhat Protestant in their character ; she spoke of no one save Bayle and highly esteemed Saint-Evremond, who had long ere this sunk into oblivion in France. This, however, did not hinder her from being acquainted with and highly appreciating the better literature. She had been brought up in select society ; and, coming into Savoy while yet young, she had, in the charming intercourse with the nobility of the region, lost the affected ways of the Vaud country, where the women mistake smartness for sense and are unable to speak save in epigrams.

Though she had seen the court but cursorily, her rapid glance had let her quite into its workings. She always retained some friends thereat ; and, spite of secret jealousies, spite of the murmurs her conduct and running in debt excited, she never lost her pension. She had a practical knowledge of the world and the reflective mind to enable her to derive advantage from that knowledge. This was her favorite topic of conversation, and, considering my chimerical ideas, 'twas precisely the sort of instruction I most needed. We read La Bruyère together. She liked him better than La Rochefoucauld, a sad and melancholy book, especially in youth, when we do not like to see men as they are. In her moralizings, she sometimes rather lost herself in the clouds, but by every now and then kissing her lips or hands, I kept my patience, and did not grow weary over her long-drawn discourses.

This life was too delightful to last. I felt this, and the disquietude the thought gave me was the only thing that disturbed my enjoyment. Along with all our fun and frolic, *Maman*, at the same time, studied, observed, questioned me, and formed project on project for my fortune—projects I could very well have dispensed with. Happily, an acquaintance with my bents, tastes and talents, was not all; opportunities for deriving advantage therefrom had also to be found or made, and this was not the work of a day. Even the prejudices the poor women had conceived in favor of my merit put off the time of turning it to account, by rendering her more nice as to the choice of means. Thus, thanks to the good opin-

ion she entertained of me, everything went to my wish. Suddenly, however, things took a new direction, and thenceforth, farewell tranquility. A relation of hers, named M. d'Aubonne, came to see her. He was a sort of intriguing adventurer, of keen intellect, a genius of projects like her, but who took care not to let his projects ruin him. He had been to propose to Cardinal Fleury the plan of a very complicate lottery, but the project had not been relished much, and he was now going to propose it to the Court of Turin, where it was accepted and put in execution. He remained some time at Annecy, where he fell in love with the Intendant's wife, a most amiable person whom I liked very much, in fact, the only woman I used to see with any pleasure at *Maman's*. To M. d'Aubonne I was introduced by Madam de Warens. She spoke to him in relation to me, so he undertook to examine me to see what I was fit for, and promised, if he found the right sort of stuff in me, to seek me a situation.

Madam de Warens sent me to him two or three mornings in succession, under pretence of carrying him messages, and without saying a word to me about it. He took a capital plan to set me a-talking : he assumed a familiar tone with me, set me as much at my ease as was possible, talked with me on nonsensical and all sorts of subjects, and all without appearing to be observing me, without the slightest affectation, and as though, taking pleasure in my company, he had wished to converse unrestrainedly. I was enchanted with him. The result of his observation was that, maugre what my exterior and my animated countenance promised, I was, if not silly, at least a lad of little mind, without ideas, almost without acquirements, in a word, very narrow in every respect, and that the honor of one day becoming a village curé was the highest fortune I should ever aspire to. Such was the account of me he gave to Madam de Warens. This was the second or third time I had had the same judgment pronounced on me ; nor was it the last, and the verdict of M. Masseron has often been confirmed.

The cause of these judgments is too intimately related to my individual character not to require an explanation in this place ; for it must be felt that I cannot in conscience subscribe thereto, and that with all possible impartiality

whatever Messrs. Masseron, d'Aubonne and Company may have said, frankly I cannot accept their say as the whole truth of the matter.

In me two almost incompatible faculties meet, without my being able to conceive how: a most ardent temperament, lively, impetuous passions, and ideas slow of birth, coming only after much embarrassment and when too late. You would say that my heart and head belonged to different persons. A feeling, more rapid than the lightning's flash, takes possession of my soul; but instead of illuminating, it burns and dazzles me. I feel everything, see nothing. When warm, I am stupid; to think, I must be cool. The most unaccountable part of the matter is, that I have withdrawn a sound enough judgment, penetration, subtlety even, if you will but give me my own time. Give me leisure and I can make excellent impromptus, but I never could on the spur of the moment either do or say anything of value. I could carry on a capital conversation by mail, as they say the Spaniards play chess. When I read that trait of a Duke of Savoy* who, when traveling, turned round to cry: *A votre gorge, marchand de Paris!* — "At the throat of you, trader of Paris!" I said, "*There I am!*"

This sluggishness of thought and vivacity of feeling I not only experience in conversation, but even have it alone and when I am writing. It is with the most incredible difficulty that my ideas take shape and order in my head. They seethe through my brain, fret and ferment till they stir a fever in my blood and palpitation in my heart; but, in the midst of all this emotion, I see nothing clearly and cannot write a single word; I must wait. Insensibly the convulsion subsides, the chaos assumes order, and everything takes its own place; slowly, however, and after prolonged confusion and agitation. Have you never seen the Opera in Italy? During the change of scenes, protracted disorder reigns on those ample stages; the decorations are all intermingled; on every side you see a disagreeable pulling and hauling going on, and you fear the whole is going to upset; little by little, however, everything arranges itself, nothing is wanting, and, to your great surprise, you see this long tumult

* Charles Emmanuel 1st, who came to the court of Henry IV. towards the end of 1593.

followed by a ravishing spectacle. This manœuvre is very much such as takes place in my brain when I am going to write. Had I been able first to wait, and then rendered, in their natural beauty, the things that thus painted themselves on the canvas of my mind, few authors would have surpassed me.

Thence comes the extreme difficulty I find in writing. My manuscripts blotted, erased, interlined and all but undecipherable witness to the trouble they cost me. There never was one I did not have to transcribe four or five times over before giving it to press. Never could I do anything seated opposite a table, with pen in hand and paper before me; 't is while rambling, amid rocks or woods, 't is by night on my bed and in my insomnies that I compose in my brain: (how slowly you may judge, especially for a man absolutely devoid of verbal memory, and who never in his life could retain half a dozen verses by heart). There are certain of my periods I have turned and returned five or six nights in my head before they were fit to be put on paper. Thence, too, comes it that I succeed better with works that demand labor than with such as require to be put together with a certain lightness, letters for example, a species of writing whose tone I never could catch, and the composition of which is to me a positive punishment. I cannot write a letter on the most trifling matter without it's costing me hours of fatigue, or, if I do write what comes first, I neither know how to begin nor end, my letter is a long and confused string of words, which, when read, can hardly be understood. Not only do thoughts cost me much to express, they cost me much to receive. I have studied human nature and I think myself not a bad observer, and yet I know nothing from what I see, I know only from what I remember, and my mind lies wholly in my recollections. Of all that is said or done or takes place in my presence I can perceive nothing, fathom nothing. The outward sign is all that strikes me. But afterwards the whole comes back again. I recall the place, time, tone, look, gesture, circumstance—nothing escapes me. Then, from what was said or done, I find out what was thought; and it is rarely that I am wrong. So little master of my mind alone with myself, judge what I must be in conversation, where, to speak fittingly, you must on the spot think

of a thousand things at once. The bare idea of so many conventionalisms, some one of which at least I am sure to forget, is enough to intimidate me. I cannot understand even how it is possible to speak in company; for at each word, everybody present has to be taken into account—you must know their characters and be familiar with their histories, so as to be sure to say nothing to offend any one. On this head, those who live in society have a great advantage: knowing better what not to say they are more confident as to what they do say; and yet even they often make slips of the tongue. In what a pickle then must he be who drops as it were from the clouds—it is all but impossible for him to speak a minute with impunity. A *tête-à-tête* has another inconvenience which I find still worse—the necessity, namely, of eternally speaking. If you are spoken to you must answer, and if the other says nothing, why then, you must keep up the conversation. This insufferable constraint is of itself enough to disgust me with society. There is to me no more terrible torment than the being obliged to speak continually and on the spur of the moment. I know not if this proceeds from my mortal aversion to all subjection; but it needs no more than for me to be absolutely obliged to talk, for me infallibly to talk nonsense.

The fatalest part of the matter is that, instead of knowing how to keep still when I have nothing to say, it is just then that, the more speedily to pay my debt, I am possessed with a violent proclivity towards talking. I hasten to babble a mass of idealess words, only too happy when they signify nothing at all. Desiring thus to conquer or conceal my ineptitude, I rarely fail to expose it. Out of a thousand examples I might cite, I take one, belonging not to my youth; but to a period when, having lived several years in society, I should have acquired its ease and tone, if such a thing ever could be. I was one evening in the company of two great ladies and a gentleman—his name need not to be concealed, 't was M. the Duke de Gontaut. There was nobody else in the room, and I forced myself to contribute a few words (God knows what!) to a conversation between four persons, three of whom assuredly stood in no need of my assistance. The mistress of the house had an opiate brought in which she was in the habit of taking twice a day

for her stomach. The other lady, seeing her make a wry face, laughingly asked her, "Is that M. Tronchin's opiate?" "I should rather think not," replied the first in the same tone. "I don't believe it's any better," gallantly added the witty Rousseau. The whole company remained speechless; not the slightest word was dropped, not a smile escaped, and the instant afterwards the conversation took another turn. In the case of another the slip might have been only funny, but addressed to a woman too amiable not to have given rise to some little talk, and whom assuredly I had no design of offending, it was terrible, and I imagine that the two spectators, man and woman, had enough to do to keep from bursting out. Such were the flashes of wit I would give forth by speaking without having anything to say. That one I shall with difficulty forget; for, apart from its being in itself very memorable, I have a notion that it was followed by consequences that only too often recall it.

So much to show how, though not a fool, I have nevertheless often got the credit for being such, even from people capable of a correct judgment—a conclusion all the more vexatious that my physiognomy and eyes promised otherwise and that this frustrated expectation renders my stupidity the more shocking to others. These details to which a special occasion gave birth, are not without their use for what is to follow. They contain the key of many extraordinary things I have been seen to do, and which folks might be apt to ascribe to a savage disposition I do not possess. I should like society as well as another, were I not sure of showing myself not only to disadvantage, but quite other than I am. The plan I have adopted of writing and keeping out of the way is precisely what suits me. Of the man present, people never would know the worth, never suspect it even; and this happened with Madam Dupin, though a woman of mind and though I lived in her house for several years—she herself has often told me the fact since that time. On the whole, however, this entire matter is subject to certain exceptions, and I will come back thereto by and by.

The measure of my talents thus determined, the station suitable to me thus designated, the question only remained—and that for the second time—to follow my calling. The difficulty was that I had not gone through the

necessary studies, and did not even know Latin enough for a priest. Madam de Warens thought of having me instructed at the Seminary for some time. She spoke of it to the Superior. 'Twas a Lazarist, named M. Gros, a capital little fellow, half blind, thin, gray-haired, with the most mind and the least pedantry of any Lazarist I ever knew, which, indeed, is not saying very much.

He used sometimes to come to *Maman's*. She welcomed him, made much of him, ogled him even, and sometimes had him lace her stays, an office he was nothing loathe to perform. While in the fulfilment of his function, she would run about the room from one side to another, now doing this, now that. Drawn along by the alluring lace, M. le Superior followed grumbling, coming out every moment with, "But Madam, Madam do stand still!" On the whole quite a picturesque scene!

M. Gros entered heart and head into the project of *Maman*. He was satisfied with a very modest fee, and took on himself the care of my instruction. All that remained now to be got was the consent of the Bishop, who not only granted it, but offered to pay my expenses. He permitted me, moreover, to remain in the lay habit till they could judge, by a trial, as to the success they might expect.

I had to submit; but what a change! I went to the Seminary as I might have gone to execution. A sad abode is a Seminary, especially for one who goes there from the house of a lovely woman. I took with me a single book that I had asked *Maman* to lend me, and which proved to be a rich mine. I doubt if you could guess what sort of a book it was—'t was a music book. Among the talents she had cultivated, music had not been forgotten. She had voice, sang passably, and played a little on the harpsichord. She had had the complaisance to give me a few lessons in singing; and pretty rudimentally she had to commence, for I scarcely knew even our psalm-tunes. Eight or ten lessons from a woman, and they very much broken in upon, far from enabling me to solfa, did not teach me a quarter of the musical signs. However, I had such a passion for the art, that I would practice alone. The book I took with me was none of the easiest—'t was the cantates of Clérambault. You can imagine my application and determination

when I tell you that without understanding either transposition or quantity, I succeeded in reading and singing without a mistake the first recitative and first air of the cantate of Alpheus and Arethusa; and it is a fact that this air is so justly scanned that it needs but recite the verses with their measure to catch the movement of the air.

There was at the Seminary a cursed Lazarist that took me in hand, and who gave me a horror for Latin which he wished to teach me. He had straight, greasy black hair, a ginger-bread face, with the voice of a buffalo, the look of a screech-owl, and boar's bristles in lieu of a beard. His smile was more of a sardonic grin, and his limbs played like those of a mannekin moved by wires. I have forgotten his hateful name, but his frightful figure, so sweet and deprecating, remains vividly present with me, and I can scarce recall it without a thrill of horror. I fancy again meeting him in the corridors, graciously extending his greasy square cap as a sign for me to come into his room, to me more frightful than a dungeon. Lately the disciple of a court-Abbé, think what a contrast such a master must have presented to me!

Had I been left for two months to the mercy of this master, I am persuaded that my senses could not have stood it. But the good M. Gros, perceiving that I was unhappy, that I eat nothing, and was growing thin, divined the cause of my grief—not a very difficult matter, indeed. He took me from out of the claws of the brute, and, by an other contrast still more marked, placed me with the gentlest of men. 'Twas a young Faucignieran Abbé, named M. Gatier, who was pursuing his Seminary-course, and who out of complaisance for M. Gros, and I do believe from humanity, undertook to spare from his own studies time enough to direct mine. I never saw a more touching physiognomy than that of M. Gatier. He was fair-complexioned, his beard rather inclining to red, and had the ordinary behavior of the folks of his province, who, under a heavy figure, conceal all of them much mind; but what was evidently observable in him was a feeling, tender, affectionate nature. There was a mingling of mildness, tenderness, and sadness in his large blue eyes that made it impossible to see him without feeling an interest in him. From the

look and manner of the poor young man you would have said that he foresaw his destiny, and that he felt he was born to be unfortunate.

Nor did his character belie his countenance. Full of patience and complaisance, he rather appeared to be studying along with than instructing me. It needed not all this to make me love him ; his predecessor had rendered that very easy. And yet, spite of all the time he devoted to me, spite of all the good will we both of us brought to the task, spite, too, of the excellence of his plan of teaching, with much pains I made little progress. It is singular that, with a rather keen apprehension, I never could learn anything with masters, excepting my father and M. Lambercier. The little I know besides I learned alone, as will be seen hereafter. My mind, impatient of every species of restraint, cannot submit to the law of the moment; the very dread of not learning takes away my attention ; for fear of wearying the patience of the teacher, I fain to understand, he goes ahead, and I comprehend nothing. My mind must take its own times and seasons ; it cannot submit to those of others.

The time for ordination having come, M. Gatier returned to his native province a deacon. He carried with him my regrets, my attachment, my gratitude. I offered up prayers for him that have been no better answered than were those I put up for myself. Some years afterwards, I learned that, being vicar of a parish, he had got a young girl with child—the only woman whom, with a most tender heart, he had ever fallen in love with. This was a dreadful scandal in a diocese under very severe government. Priests should, properly, get only married women with children. For having infringed this conventional law, he was put into prison, disgraced, banished. I know not whether it was ever after in his power to reestablish his affairs; but the remembrance of his misfortune, engraven deeply on my heart, returned when I wrote "*Emile*," and, uniting M. Gatier with M. Gaime, I made out of those two worthy priests the original of the *Vicaire Savoyard*. I flatter myself that the imitation has not dishonored the models.

While I was in the Seminary, M. d'Aubonne was obliged



One Sunday myself and my wife went to dine at the Maillo Gate.

to quit Annecy. M. the Intendant took it into his head to get offended at his making love to his wife. This was acting like the dog in the manger ; for, although Madam Corvezi was a most amiable woman, he used her very ill; his Italian tastes rendered her useless to him, and he treated her so brutally that a separation was talked of. M. Corvezi was an ugly fellow, black as a mole and knavish as an owl, who, by repeated oppressions, ended by getting himself kicked out. The Provençals are said to revenge themselves on their enemies by songs ; M. d'Aubonne revenged himself on his by a comedy. This piece he sent to Madam de Warens, and she showed it to me. It pleased me, and gave me the notion of writing one, also, to try whether I was really as stupid as the author had pronounced me. This project, however, did not get itself executed till I went to Chambéri, where I wrote *The Self-lover (l'Amant de lui-même)*. And so, when I said in the preface to that piece that I wrote it at eighteen, I lied by a few years.

It is to about this same period that an event belongs not very important in itself, but which had its effect on me, and which made a noise in the world after I had forgotten it. I had permission once every week to go out : I need not say what use I made of this liberty. One Sunday when I was at *Maman's*, a building belonging to the Cordeliers, which joined her house, caught fire. This building, containing their oven, was filled to the very roof with dry fagots. The whole was in a blaze in a few minutes, and the house was in great danger, as the wind was carrying the flames towards it. Accordingly, we set about getting the furniture out, carrying it into the garden which fronted my old windows and beyond the brook whereof I have spoken. I was so troubled that I threw everything that came to hand, it mattered not what, out of the window, even to a big stone mortar, which, at any other time, I would have had hard work to move ; and I was just going to send a large mirror after it, had I not been prevented. The good Bishop, who had that day come to see *Maman*, did not remain idle, either. He led her into the garden, where he set to praying along with her and all there assembled ; so that, having come hither some time afterwards, I saw everybody kneeling, and joined them. Whilst the holy man was praying

the wind changed, and this so suddenly and so in the nick of time, that the flames which enveloped the house and were already entering the window, were borne to the other side of the court-yard, and the house received no damage. Two years afterwards, M. de Bernex having died, the Antonines, his former brethren, began to collect material to serve for his beatification. At the prayer of Father Boudet, I added thereto an attestation of the fact just related, which was all right ; but what was *not* all right was my giving out this fact for a miracle. I had seen the Bishop at prayer, and during his prayer had seen the wind change, and that very *a-propos*, too—all this I could say and certify to ; but that the one was the cause of the other, I ought not to have attested, because that is a matter of which I could not possibly be sure. However, as far as I can recall my ideas, then a sincere Catholic, I did it in perfect good faith. Love of the marvelous, so natural to the heart of man, my veneration for the virtuous prelate, and the secret pride of having myself, perhaps, contributed to this miracle, all helped to seduce me ; and what is very certain is that if this miracle really was the effect of most ardent prayers, I might well attribute to myself my own share therein.

More than thirty years afterwards, when I had published the Letters from the Mountain (*Lettres de la Montagne*) M. Fréron managed somehow or other to exhume this certificate, and made use of it in his columns. It must be confessed that the discovery was a very happy one, and, to myself even, it appeared to have a quite amusing appropriateness just then.

I was destined to be an outcast from every occupation of life. Although M. Gâtier had given as favourable as possible an account of my progress, it was quite evident that my advancement was not proportioned to my pains, so that there did not seem encouragement enough to prosecute my studies. The Bishop and Superior, consequently, became disheartened, and I was sent back to Madam de Warens as a subject not even fit to make a priest of ; "for the rest, a very good lad," said they, "and not at all vicious." The latter part of it counterbalanced the former, so that, spite of so many disheartening verdicts respecting me, she did not forsake me.

I brought back to her in triumph her music-book, which I had turned to so good an account. My air of *Alpheus and Arethusa* was about all I had learned at the Seminary. My marked predilection for this art suggested to her the idea of making me a musician. The opportunity was favorable to the plan : once a week at least, she had music at her house, and the music-master from the cathedral, who led this little concert, came to see her very often. He was a Parisian, named M. Le Maitre, a good composer, very gay and lively, still young, rather well made, with small intellect, but, take him all in all, a very worthy man. *Maman* made me acquainted with him. I grew attached to him and he seemed rather pleased with me. A fee was talked about and agreed on. In short, I went home with him and passed the winter all the more agreeably at his rooms that being but twenty steps from *Maman's*, we could go there in a minute, and we frequently took supper there together.

You may readily suppose that the gay, singing life I led at M. Le Maitre's, constantly in the company of the musicians and choir-boys, was more agreeable to me than that of the Seminary, along with the Fathers of Saint Lazarus. And yet, this life, though freer, was none the less equal and regular. I was born to love independence, yet never to abuse it. During six whole months I never once went out saving to go to *Maman's* or to church, nor had I even any inclination to. This interval is one of the seasons when I lived in the utmost calm, and which I recall with the greatest pleasure. In the diverse situations wherein I have found myself, some have been characterized by such a feeling of happiness that the remembrance thereof affects me as though I were still therein. Not only do I recall the times, places and persons, but all the surrounding objects, the temperature of the air, its odor and color, with a certain local impression only to be felt there, and whose vivid recollection again carries me back thereto. For instance, everything that was said at M. Le Maitre's, whatever was sung in the choir and whatever passed there, the fine dress of the canons, the chasubles of the priests, the mitres of the choristers, the looks of the musicians, the old lame carpenter that used to play counter-base, the fair-complexioned young Abbé who performed on the violin, the ragged cassock which M. Le Maitre,

after laying aside his sword, used to put over his lay dress and the handsome surplice wherewith he covered his tatters when he went to the choir, the pride with which I went, holding my little flute to my lips, and sat down in the gallery-orchestra to play a little snatch of recitative that M. Le Maître had composed expressly for me, the good diuine that awaited us afterwards, and the good appetite we brought to it—all these groupings, vividly traced on my memory, have a thousand times charmed me as much or more in recollection as in reality. I have always preserved a tender affection for a certain air of the *Conditor alme siderum* that goes in iambies, because one Sunday in Advent, while lying in bed, I heard this hymn sung from the steps of the cathedral, according to a rite of the Church of Annecy. Mlle. Merceret, *Maman's* femme de chambre, knew something of music. I shall never forget a short anthem *Afferte* which M. Le Maître made me sing with her, and which her mistress listened to with so much pleasure.

In a word, everything, even to the good maid-servant, Perrine, who was so kind a creature, and whom the boys of the choir took such delight in teasing, everything in the memory of those times of happiness and innocence full oft returns to my mind to ravish and to sadden me.

I lived at Annecy for about a year without the slightest reproach. Everybody was pleased with me. Since my departure from Turin I had not been guilty of a single folly, nor did I commit any while under *Maman's* eye. She guided my conduct, and ever well she guided it. My attachment for her had become my sole passion; and what proves that it was not a foolish one is that my love developed my understanding. 'Tis true that a single sentiment, absorbing, so to speak, my every faculty, rendered me incapable of learning anything, not even music, notwithstanding that I exerted myself to the utmost. This was not, however, my fault, as to the strongest inclination I added the utmost assiduity. I sighed, was absent and dreamy: what could I do in such a state? Nothing that depended on me was wanting for my progress; but for me to commit new follies it was only necessary that an occasion should arise to inspire them. This occasion did present itself, chance arranged the

matter, and, as will be seen in the sequel, my luckless head took advantage thereof.

One cold evening in the month of February, as we were all seated around the fire, we heard a knock at the street door. Perrine takes her lantern, goes down and opens it: a young man enters, comes up with her, presents himself with an easy air, and making M. Le Maître a short and well-turned compliment, gives himself out for a French musician constrained by the slim state of his finances to itinerate in this manner so as to get along. At the name of French musician, the heart of the good Le Maître leaped, for passionately loved he his country and his art. He welcomed the young stranger, offered him lodgings, of which he seemed to stand in great need, and which he accepted without much ceremony. I scanned him whilst he was warming himself, and chatting till supper would be ready. He was of short stature, but broad-shouldered, and had some indescribable defect in his shape, though without any special deformity—he was, so to speak, a flat shouldered hunch-back, and I think he was slightly lame. He had on a black coat, shabby rather through use than years, and which hung in tatters; a very fine but very dirty shirt, with handsome fringed ruffles, spatterdashes in each of which he might have put both legs, and to protect his head from the snow a small cap you might have carried under your arm. Spite of this comic attire there was, however, something noble about him which his behavior did not belie; he had a smart, agreeable countenance, and spoke easily and well, though not over modestly. Everything about him indicated a young debauchee who had received an education, and who did not go craving assistance as a beggar, but as a mad-cap. He told us his name was Venture de Villeneuve, that he was from Paris, that he had wandered from his way, and, slightly oblivious of his rôle of musician, he added that he was going to Grenoble to see a member of Parliament, a relative of his.

During supper we talked of music, a topic on which he spoke right well. He was acquainted with all the great virtuosi, all the celebrated works, all the actors, all the actresses, all the pretty women, all the great lords. He seemed posted on everything you could speak about, though no sooner was a topic started than he would break in on the talk with

some loose waggery that set people a-laughing and made you forget what had been said. This was a Saturday; tomorrow there was to be music at the cathedral. M. le Maître proposed that he should take part therein.

"All right," acquiesced he.

"What is your part?"

"Contralto."

And he turned the conversation into another channel. Before church, they offered him his part to look over—he did not even give it a glance. This gasconade surprised Le Maître. "You'll see," whispered he in my ear, "that he does not know a note of music." "I am very much afraid of it," replied I. Most uneasily did I follow them. When they commenced, my heart beat with terrible force, for I was exceedingly interested in him.

I was soon reassured, however. He sang his two recitatives with all the precision and taste imaginable, and, what is more, with a very pretty voice. Scarcely ever was I more agreeably surprized. After mass, M. Venture was loaded with praises by both canous and musicians, to which he replied in his loose, joking way, though, as ever, quite gracefully. M. le Maître embraced him heartily. I did the same: he saw that I was very glad, and this seemed to give him pleasure, too.

It will be allowed, I suppose, that, after having been fascinated with M. Bâcle, who at best was but a clown, I might well be infatuated with M. Venture, who had education, wit, the ways of the world, and who might pass for a very agreeable rake. Infatuated I did grow, and I dare say, so would any young man in my place, and that all the more easily in proportion as he might have a keener perception of worth, and a stronger attachment therefor; for Venture, without doubt, *had* merit, and he had one, especially, quite a rarity at his age, that of being in no hurry to show off his acquirements: It is true, he laid claim to many things he knew nothing at all about; but of those he did know, and which were quite numerous, he said nothing. He would wait for an occasion to display them, and this he would then take advantage of without any forwardness, which had all the greater effect. As he stopped at each thing without speaking of the rest, it was

impossible ever to conjecture whether he had shown all. Waggish, playful, inexhaustible, seductive in conversion, constantly smiling but never laughing, he would get out the grossest things in the most elegant manner, and make them pass. The most modest women even were astonished at what they endured from him. It was no use for them to determine to take umbrage, they could not do it. Abandoned women alone were the thing for him, and I do not think he was born to good fortune; but he was constitutionally adapted to infuse infinite agreeableness into the converse of persons possessing such. It was hard indeed that, with so many pleasing talents, in a country where these are so thoroughly appreciated, he should remain long confined to the sphere of musicians.

My liking for M. Venture, more rational in its cause, was also less extravagant in its effects, though deeper and more durable than that I had conceived for M. Bâcle. I loved to see him, and I loved to hear him; everything he did appeared to me charming; his every word seemed an oracle; but the enchantment did not go so far as to render me incapable of leaving him. I had in my neighborhood an excellent preservative against that sort of excess. Besides, finding his maxims first-rate for him, I felt that they were not the thing for me—I required another species of pleasure, whereof he had no idea, and of which I dared not even speak to him, very sure that he would have made a fool of me. However, I would fain have allied this attachment for him to that other which ruled me. I spoke of him to *Maman* with transport; Le Maître with praise. Accordingly, she consented that we should bring him to see her. The interview, however, was not at all successful—he thought her a prude, she thought him a libertine; and, getting alarmed for the effects of so bad an acquaintance on me, she not only prohibited my bringing him back again, but likewise painted so vividly the danger I was running in associating with the young man, that I became a little more circumspect in my attachment for him, and, very happily both for my morals and my wits, we were ere long separated.

M. Le Maître had the tastes that are apt to accompany his art—he loved wine. At table he was quite temperate, but when to work in his study he must drink. And this

his maid-servant knew so well that, no sooner did he prepare his paper for composition and take his violincello than his bottle and glass arrived, too; and the bottle got itself replenished from time to time. Without ever being absolutely drunk, he was usually rather high. And truly a pity 't was, for he was an essentially good fellow, and so gay that *Maman* never called him anything but *petit chat*—Kitten. Unhappily, he loved his gift of music, and so he continued working much, and drinking ditto. This took effect on his health and at length on his temper—he would, at times, grow gloomy and easily offended. Incapable of rudeness, incapable of giving offence to any one whatever, he never said an ill word, not even to one of his choir-boys; but neither, on the other hand, must any fail towards him, which, of course, was but right. The misfortune was that having but little mind, he did not discern tones and characters, and often took offence at nothing.

The old Chapter of Geneva, where formerly so many princes and bishops thought it an honor to have a seat, has lost in exile its ancient splendor, but it has preserved its pride. To be admitted, you must either be a gentleman, or a Doctor of Sorbonne; and if there is a pardonable pride, after that arising from personal merit, it is certainly that arising from birth. Moreover, priests who have laymen in their pay, treat them, as a general thing, with sufficient haughtiness. And thus the Canons often treated poor Le Maître. The chorister, in particular, M. l'Abbé de Viddone by name, in other respects very much of a gentleman, only a trifle too full of his nobility, did not always show him the attention his talents deserved; and he was not the man willingly to put up with such affronts. That year they had, during Passion week, a sharper rencontre than usual at an institution-dinner that the bishop gave the Canons, and to which Le Maître was always invited. The chorister failed in some formality towards him, and said something harsh which the other could not digest. He forthwith determined to leave them the night following; nor could anything make him change his resolution, though Madam de Warens, whom he went to take leave of, spared no pains to appease him. He could not give up the pleasure of taking vengeance on his tyrants by leaving them in

embarrassment against Easter feast, a time at which they stood in most need of him. But what embarrassed himself was his music that he wished to carry with him, a thing more easily said than done, as it filled a quite large and very heavy case, not to be carried under your arm.

Maman did what I should have done, and what I would still do in her place. After many useless efforts to detain him, seeing him resolved to go whether or no, she determined upon aiding him as far as was in her power. I hazard saying that this was but her duty. Le Maître had, so to speak, devoted himself to her service. Whether in what belonged to his art or in the matter of attention, he was entirely at her orders, and the heart he put into it gave a double value to his complaisance. Thus she was only making return to a friend, and that on an important occasion, for what he had done for her in detail during three or four years; but she possessed a soul which, to fulfill such duties stood in no need of being reminded that she was paying her own debts. She sent for me, enjoined on me to follow M. Le Maître at least to Lyous, and continue with him so long as he might have occasion for my services. She afterwards confessed to me that the desire of removing me from Venture had a large share in this arrangement. She consulted Claude Anet, her trusty servant, as to the conveyance of the case. He was of opinion that, instead of hiring a beast at Annecy, which would infallibly cause us to be discovered, it would be better to carry it ourselves, under cover of night, to a certain distance, and then hire an ass in some village to transport it to Seyssel, where, being in the French dominions, we should have nothing to fear. This advice was followed. We left the same evening at seven o'clock, and *Maman*, under pretext of paying my expenses, increased the little purse of the poor "*Kitten*" by an addition that was not utterly useless to him. Claude Anet, the gardener and myself carried the case as best we could to the first village, where an ass relieved us, and that same night we reached Seyssel.

I have, I think, already observed that there are times when I am so unlike myself that I might be taken for another man of a quite opposite character. Here is an example. M. Reydelet, curé of Seyssel, was a Canon of Saint Peter's, consequently an acquaintance of M. Le Maître, and

one of the persons from whom he should have taken most pains to conceal himself. My advice, on the contrary, was to go and present ourselves to him and ask lodgings of him under some pretext or other, as though we had come with the consent of the Chapter. Le Maitre relished the idea, as it gave a mocking and satiric character to his vengeance. Accordingly, we boldly presented ourselves at M. Reydelet's, who received us very kindly. Le Maitre told him that he was going to Bellay, at the solicitation of the Bishop, in order to direct the music during Easter, and that he calculated returning that way again in a few days; while I, to support this falsehood, strung together a hundred others so natural, that M. Reydelet, thinking me a very agreeable fellow, took a liking to me and showed me a thousand civilities. We were well regaled and well lodged. M. Reydelet scarce knew how to make enough of us, and we separated the best friends in the world, with the promise to tarry longer on our return. Scarcely could we wait till we were alone to give vent to our mirth, and I avow that the fit seizes again me in thinking thereof, for 't would be impossible to imagine a better sustained or happier prank. It would have afforded food for merriment during the whole journey, had not M. Le Maitre, who did not cease drinking or roving, been attacked two or three times by a complaint to which he was becoming very subject, and which greatly resembled epilepsy. This threw me into embarrassments that terrified me, and from which I resolved to extricate myself as best I might.

We did go and pass our Easter at Bellay, as we had told M. Reydelet, and although we were not expected, we were kindly received by the music-master and heartily welcomed by every one. M. Le Maitre was noted in his art, and he deserved to be so. The music-master of Bellay took a pride in his best works, and endeavored to gain the approbation of so good a judge ; for, besides that M. Le Maitre was a judge, he was equitable, neither jealous nor yet fawning. He was so far superior to the generality of country music-masters, and this they themselves felt so thoroughly, that they looked on him less as a comrade than as their chief.

After having passed four or five days very agreeably at Bellay, we departed and continued our journey without any

accident saving those of which I have spoken. Arrived at Lyons we were lodged at *Notre Dame de Pitié*; and, while waiting the case which, by the aid of another lie we had embarked on the Rhone, through the care of our kind patron M. Reydelet, M. Le Maître went to see his acquaintances, and among others Father Caton, a Cordelier, of whom more by and by, and the Abbé Dortsan, Count of Lyons. Both of them received him well; but they betrayed him, as will be seen presently. His good fortune had been exhausted at M. Reydelet's.

Two days after our arrival at Lyons, as we were passing through a small street not far from our inn, Le Maître was attacked by one of his fits, but this time so violently, as to give me the utmost alarm. I screamed, called for help, named the inn he put up at, and entreated the people to carry him thither; then, whilst a crowd was assembling and crowding around a man fallen senseless and foaming in the middle of the street, he was forsaken by the sole friend on whom he had a right to depend. I seized the opportunity when nobody was heeding me, made round the corner and disappeared. Thank heaven, I have finished this third painful confession. If there remained many such for me to make, I would abandon the undertaking I have begun.

Of all I have said up to the present time, a few traces remain in the places where I lived; but what I have to say in the following book is almost entirely unknown. These are the greatest extravagances of my life, and it is fortunate they did not terminate worse. But my head, screwed up to the pitch of a strange instrument, was out of tune: it came back of its own accord, and then I ceased my follies, or at least I committed ones that were more in accordance with my disposition. This epoch of my youth is the one whereof I have the most confused idea. Scarcely anything happened during it of sufficient interest to my heart deeply to trace on my memory the remembrance thereof, and it is difficult, in so many comings and goings, in so many successive removals, for me not to have made some transpositions of time or place. I write absolutely from memory, without monuments or materials to help my recollection. There are some events of my life that are as present to me as though they had just happened; but there are also voids

and chasms I cannot fill up but by the aid of a recital as confused as the remembrance of the events to which they refer. I may, therefore, have erred at times, and I may do so again in trifles, until the period when I have surer tokens of myself; but in whatever has an essential bearing on the subject, I am positive of being exact and faithful, as I shall endeavor constantly to be in everything. On this at least you may firmly rely.

Immediately on quitting Le Maître my resolution was formed, and I set out for Annecy. The cause and the mystery of our departure had greatly interested me in the security of our retreat; and this interest, wholly filling my thoughts, quite banished, for some days, that other interest that called me to return; but no sooner had security restored my tranquility than the dominant sentiment regained its place. Nothing flattered, nothing tempted me. I had no wish save to return to *Maman's*. The tenderness and truth of my attachment for her had uprooted from my heart all fantastic projects, all the follies of ambition. I saw no happiness apart from living with her, nor could I take a step without feeling that I was getting farther and farther away from that happiness. I returned, therefore, as quickly as possible. So speedy indeed was my return, and so absent my mind that, although I recall with so much pleasure all my other journeys, I have not the slightest recollection of this one; I remember nothing about it, unless it be my departure from Lyons, and my arrival at Annecy. Judge, indeed, if the last event can have slipped from my memory: on arriving I found Madam de Warens gone; she had set out for Paris!

I never learned very exactly the secret of this journey. She would have told me, I am very sure, had I pressed her but never was man less curious than I as to the secrets of his friends. My heart, solely occupied with the present, is filled to its utmost capacity therewith, and, aside from past pleasures, which henceforth are to form my only enjoyment, there is not an empty corner left for aught else. All that I believe I caught from the little she said to me on the subject is that, in the revolution caused at Turin by the abdication of the king of Sardinia, she feared being forgotten, and wished, by means of the intri-

gues of M. d'Aubonne, to seek the same advantage at the Court of France, a source from which she had told me she would prefer it, as the multitude of weighty affairs causes your not being under such disagreeable surveillance. If this was the case, it is very astonishing that on her return she was not looked upon with a worse eye, and that she always enjoyed her pension without any interruption. Many people believe that she had been charged with some secret commission, either by the bishop who, at that time, had business at the court of France, where he was himself obliged to go, or by one more powerful still, who knew how to insure her a gracious reception on her return. If this was the case, it is very certain that the ambassadress was not badly chosen. Still young and pretty, she had all the qualifications necessary to success in a negotiation.

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BOOK IV.

1731 — 1732.

JUDGE of my surprise and my grief at not finding her on my arrival! 'T was then I began to feel regret at having so basely deserted M. Le Maître. And still more deep did it become when I learned the misfortune that had befallen him. His case of music, containing his whole fortune, that precious case, brought off at the expense of so much fatigue, had been seized on at Lyons by the vigilance of Count Dortsan, to whom the Chapter had transmitted intelligence of our having furtively absconded therewith. In vain had Le Maître claimed his property, his means of livelihood, the labor of his whole life. The ownership of the case was at least subject to litigation; they allowed him no such chance. The affair was decided on the instant by the law of the stronger, and so poor Le Maître lost the fruit of his talents, the work of his youth, and the support of his old age.

Nothing was wanting to render the blow I received overwhelming. But I was at an age when great griefs take but slight hold of the mind, and ere long I conjured up consolations. I counted on shortly hearing news of Madam de Warens, though I was ignorant of her address and she knew nothing of my return. As for my desertion, all things considered, I did not look on it as so very culpable. I had been useful to Le Maître in his flight, and that was all that was in my power. My remaining with him in France could neither have cured him of his malady, nor have saved his case; I would but have doubled his expenses without being able to do him any good. Such was the light in which I then saw the matter; I see it otherwise now. It is not immediately after the commission of a base act that we are tormented, 't is when, long afterwards, we recall it; for the memory thereof dieth never.

The only means I had of obtaining news of *Maman* was to wait her arrival; for where should I look for her, even if I were at Paris, and where withal make the journey? There was no place more certain than Annecy for me sooner or later to hear where she was. I remained, therefore; conducting myself meanwhile not over well. I did not go to see the Bishop, who had protected me, and might still do so; for, no longer having my patroness near, I feared his reprimands on the subject of our flight. To the Seminary I went still less: M. Gros was there no longer. In fact, I visited none of my acquaintance; and yet I should have liked very much to have gone and seen the Intendant's lady, but I never dared. I did worse than all this—I sought out M. Venture, of whom, maugre my enthusiasm, I had not even thought since my departure. I found him in high spirits, *feted* throughout all Annecy, and a universal favorite among ladies. This success of his capped the climax of my infatuation—M. Venture became my all in all, almost making me forget Madam de Warens. To profit the more at ease by his lessons, I proposed to share his jodgings. To this he consented. He was living with a shoemaker, a merry buffoon of a fellow, who, in his country patois, called his wife nothing but *salopière*, slut, a name that was not so very inappropriate. He was constantly at loggerheads with her, and these Venture took care to prolong, under the appearance of doing quite the contrary. He would, in a cool tone and with his Provençal accent, say things that produced the most marked effects, and gave rise to scenes fit to make you die with laughter. The mornings thus flew by without our taking any note of them. At two or three o'clock we ate a bit; Venture would then go out round his circle of acquaintances, among whom he took supper, while I walked out alone, meditating on his vast worth, admiring and coveting his rare talents, and cursing my unlucky stars for not calling me to this happy life. O, how little did I know about it! my own might have been a hundred times happier, had I but been less of a fool and known better how to enjoy it.

Madam de Warens had taken no one with her but Anet Merceret, her *femme de chambre*, of whom I have spoken,

she had left behind, and I found her occupying the apartment of her mistress. Mlle. Merceret was a young girl of my own age or a little older, not pretty, but still quite agreeable; in fact, a kind-hearted, good-natured Fribourgeoise, of whom I knew no other fault than being at times a little mutinous with her mistress. She was an old acquaintance—the sight of her recalled a dearer presence that made me love her, so I went to see her quite frequently. She had several female friends, and among others a Mlle. Giraud, a Genevese, who, as a visitation for my sins, took it into her head to have an inclination for me. She was always pressing Merceret to bring me along with her; so, as I rather liked Merceret, and as there were other young girls there whose company pleased me, I allowed myself to be led along. As to Mlle. Giraud, who exercised all sorts of alluring arts over me, nothing could possibly increase the aversion I had for her. When she brought her withered black snout, stuck all over with Spanish snuff, near my face, it was with difficulty I could refrain from spitting thereon. But I kept my patience. Aside from this, indeed, I enjoyed myself exceedingly among those girls; and, whether to court the favor of Mlle. Giraud, or for my own sake, they outvied one another in attentions. I saw nothing but friendship in all this. I have since thought that it might have depended only on myself to have seen something more; but it never came into my head, I never thought of such a thing.

Besides, seamstresses, chamber-maids, and shop-girls never tempted me—I must have ladies! Every one has his whim; this was ever mine, and I do not think with Horace on that point. And yet it is not at all the vanity of rank or station that attracts me; it is a better preserved complexion, handsomer hands, a more elegant attire, an air of delicacy and neatness over the whole person, more taste in the mode of dress and expression, a finer or better made gown, daintier foot-gear, ribbons, lace, better arranged hair. I should always prefer the less handsome woman possessing more of the above. I myself regard this preference as very ridiculous, but yet prefer it my heart does.

Well, this advantage, too, presented itself, and it only depended on myself to have profited thereby. O, how

do I love to light from time to time upon the delightful seasons of my youth ! so sweet and yet so short, so rare and enjoyed at so cheap a rate! Still to my heart does their memory bring pure raptures, most needful to reanimate my drooping courage and support the ennusis of my latter years.

The aspect of day-break one morning appeared to me so beautiful that, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to gain the country so as to see the sun rise. I enjoyed that pleasure in all its charm. "T was a week after midsummer. The earth, in its richest attire, was covered with grasses and flowers; the nightingales, whose song was almost ended, seemed to take delight in gushing out with increased volume; all the birds in concert, bidding adieu to spring, were singing the birth of a beautiful summer's day—one of those lovely days, not to be seen at my age, and which never were beheld on the sad soil I now inhabit.*

I had insensibly wandered to a considerable distance from town—the day was growing hot, and I was strolling in a shady vale along a running brook. All of a sudden I hear behind me the tramp of horses and the voices of a party of girls, who appeared to have got into some sort of trouble, but who were none the less laughing heartily. I turn round; they call to me by name; approach, and find two young ladies of my acquaintance, Mlle. de Graffenried, and Mlle. Galley, who, not being the best of riders, could not get their horses to cross the brook. Mlle. de Graffenried was a very amiable young Bernoise, who, having been expelled the country for some youthful folly, had imitated Madam de Warens, at whose house I had sometimes seen her; but not having like her received a pension, she had been only too happy to connect herself with Mlle. Galley, who having conceived a friendship for her, had prevailed on her mother to engage her as companion, till she could be otherwise provided for. Mlle. Galley, a year younger than her, was still prettier ; I cannot say exactly what, but there was something finer, more delicate about her ; she was at the same time quite pretty and full-bosomed, a matter that is of the utmost moment for a girl. They loved each other tenderly, and the excellent disposition of both could

* Rousseau was then at Wootton, in Staffordshire, England.

not fail long to keep up this union, if some lover did not come in the way and disturb it. They told me that they were going to Toune, an old chateau belonging to Madam Galley, and implored my assistance in making their horses cross the stream, not being able to compass it themselves. I would have given the animal a cut or two with the whip, but they feared I might be kicked and they jolted. I had recourse to another expedient : I took Mlle. Galley's horse by the bridle, then drawing him after me, I crossed the brook, the water reaching to mid-leg ; the other horse followed without any difficulty. This done, I was going to make my bow to the young ladies and go off like a goose. They whispered a few words to each other, and Mlle. de Graffenried, addressing herself to me, exclaimed, "No, no, we're not going to let you escape thus. You have wet yourself to do us a service, and we ought in conscience to see that you get dried : you must come with us, please you; you are our prisoner."

My heart beat, I looked at Mlle. Galley.

"Yes, yes," she added, laughing at my scared look, "our prisoner of war; get up behind her, we'll look after you."

"But, Mademoiselle, I have not the honor of being acquainted with your mother; what will she say on seeing *me* along with you?"

"Her mother," replied Mlle. de Graffenried, "is not at Toune, we shall be all alone. We will return this evening and you'll come back with us."

Not more sudden is the effect of electricity than that produced on me by these words. As I leaped on Mlle. Graffenried's horse, I trembled with joy, and when it became necessary to clasp her round the waist so as to hold myself on, my heart thumped so loud that she observed it. She declared that her's also beat from the fear of falling off—a declaration which, in the posture I was then in, was all but an invitation to verify the fact. I dared not, however; and, during the whole way, my arms girdled her, very tightly 'tis true, yet without for a moment leaving their place. Lady reader, you would be for boxing my ears, would you not ? Well, I deserve it.

The gayety of the trip and the chat of these girls so loosened my tongue that during the whole time we were to-



And during all the whole way my arms girdled her. *Page 164—I.*

gether, onward till evening, we never for a moment ceased talking. They had set me so thoroughly at my ease, that my lips kept pace with my eyes, though they spoke not exactly the same language. For some few moments only, when I happened to be left alone with one or the other, the stream of conversation did not flow quite so smoothly; however, the absent one soon returned, leaving us no time to clear up the matter.

Toune reached, meanwhile, and myself well dried, we breakfasted. The next thing was to proceed to the important business of getting dinner ready. The two young ladies found time from their cooking every now and then to kiss the farmer's children, while the poor scullion looked on inly fretting. Provisions had been sent from town and we had the elements of a capital dinner, especially in the way of dainties ; but unfortunately wine had been forgotten. This oversight, on the part of girls who rarely drank anything of the kind, was not at all to be wondered at ; but I was vexed at the omission, for I had reckoned a little on its aid to give me pluck. They were sorry, too : for the same reason, shall we say ? Perhaps ; though I rather think not. Their lively, charming gayety was innocence itself ; and besides, what could they have done with me between two of them. They sent throughout the whole neighborhood in search of wine, but could find none, so temperate and so poor are the peasants of this canton. As they were expressing their disappointment at not finding any, I begged them not to give themselves any uneasiness on that score, as that, while with them, I had no need of wine to intoxicate me. This was the only gallantry I ventured to give utterance to during the day, and I do believe the sly rogues saw well enough that the gallantry was a verity.

We dined in the kitchen of the farm-house, the two *amies* seated on benches at each side of the long table, and their guest between them, on a three-legged stool. What a dinner ! how full of charms the recollection ! Why, when we can so cheaply procure pleasures so pure and so real, seek after others ? Never did Parisian *petit souper* approach this repast, I do not merely say in gayety and sweet joy, but in sense-delights.

Dinner over, we practised the virtue of economy : in-

stead of drinking the coffee left from breakfast, we kept it to enjoy along with cream and some cakes they had brought with them ; and to keep our appetite in play, we went into the orchard to finish our desert on cherries. I climbed the tree and threw them down bunches, they meanwhile returning me the stones through the branches. Once, Mlle. Galley, holding out her apron and drawing back her head, stood so fair and I took such good aim that I dropped a bunch right into her bosom. The merry laugh rang out; while I said to myself, "Would that my lips were cherries ; how heartily would I throw them in the same direction !"

The day passed thus, with freest frolic, yet with the utmost decorum. Not a single equivocal word, not a single loose joke. Nor was this decorum at all imposed by us ; it came quite spontaneously—we assumed the tone our hearts dictated. In short my modesty, others will say my sheepishness, was such that the utmost familiarity that escaped me was once kissing the hand of Mademoiselle Galley. 'Tis true, the surroundings heightened the value of this trifling favor. We were alone together, my breast heaved with emotion, her eyes were downcast : in place of speaking I rapturously pressed my lips to her hand, which she gently drew back after the kiss, giving me a look not at all expressive of anger. I know not what I might have said to her—her friend entered. She seemed to me ugly just then.

At length they bethought them that they must not let night come on before returning to town. There now remained but just time for us to reach it during day-light, so we hastened to depart in the same order in which we had come. Could I have ventured, I should have reversed this order ; for Mademoiselle Galley's glance had deeply touched my heart ; but I dared not say anything, and it was not for her to propose it. On the way, we blamed the day for ending ; but, far from complaining that it had been short, we were conscious that we had known the secret of prolonging it by the various amusements with which we had managed to fill it up.

I left them at nearly the same spot where they had taken me up. With what regret did we part ; with what pleasure did we form projects of seeing each other again !



I said to myself, "Would that my lips were cherries." *Page 166—I.*

Twelve hours passed together had wrought the effect of ages of familiarity. Nothing did the sweet remembrance of this day cost those amiable girls ; the tender union that reigned among us three outvalued more lively pleasures, and, indeed, was incompatible therewith. We loved each other without mystery and without shame, and we wished our love to continue ever so. Innocence has its pleasure equal to any other, because it is a pleasure whose enjoyment has neither pause nor end. For my own part, I feel that the remembrance of so delightful a day affects and charms me more, is oftener present to my heart than that of any other pleasure I have enjoyed. I knew not very well what I wanted of these two charming girls, but both greatly interested me. I do not say that, had the arrangement of the matter been in my own hands, my heart would have been divided,—I did feel some degree of preference. I should have been delighted indeed to have had Mlle de Graffenried for my mistress ; but, left to my choice, I rather think I should have liked her better as a confidante. Be it as it may, it seemed to me on leaving them as though I could not possibly live without either. Who would have said that I was never to see them more, and that *here* our ephemeral loves were to end ?

Those who read the above will not fail to laugh at my gallant adventures, when they observe that after many preliminaries, the most advanced of them never got beyond a kiss of the hand. O my reader ! do not deceive yourselves in the matter ; I have perhaps had more pleasure in my loves, ending by a kiss of the hand, than you will ever have in your's, beginning there at least.

Venture, who had gone to bed very late the night before, came in a little while after me. For this time, I did not see him with my usual satisfaction, and took care not to let him know how I had passed the day. The young ladies had spoken of him in a manner that showed they regarded him with but little esteem, and had seemed to me not very well pleased at finding me in such bad hands. This lowered him in my estimation ; and besides anything that diverted my mind from them could not but be disagreeable to me. However, he soon brought me back to myself and to him by speaking to me of the state of my affairs. Too

critical was it to last. Although my expenses were but small, my little store was getting quite exhausted. Ways or means I had none, and no news from *Maman*; I knew not what would become of me, and profound was my affliction at seeing the friend of Mlle. Galley reduced to beggary.

Venture told me that he had spoken of me to the Judge Major, and would take me to dine with him the next day. He said he was a man in a situation to do me service through his friends; in other respects, a desirable acquaintance, a man of mind and letters, most agreeable in conversation, possessing talents himself, and loving them in others. Then mingling, as was his wont, the most trifling frivolity with the most serious matters, he showed me a pretty couplet that had come from Paris, set to an air of one of Mouret's operas which was then being played. This couplet had so pleased M. Simon (so the Judge Major was called) that he had resolved to make another to the same tune, in answer to it. He had desired Venture to make one also; and the mania seizing him, too, he wanted to have me compose a third, that, as he expressed it, they might see couplets start up next day like sedans in the "*Roman comique*."

During the night, not being able to sleep, I composed my couplet as best I could. For the first verses I had made, they were passable, better even, or at least with more taste in them than they would have been the night before, the subject running on a very tender situation, a vein to which my heart was already quite disposed. In the morning I showed my couplet to Venture, who, thinking it pretty, put it into his pocket, without telling me whether he had made his. We went and dined with M. Simon, who received us kindly. The conversation was agreeable, as, indeed, it could not help being between two men of mind and culture. For myself I acted my part, too—I listened and said nothing. They neither of them mentioned the matter of the couplets, nor did I either, and never, as I know of, was there any allusion made to mine.

M. Simon appeared pleased with my behavior—about all he saw of me during this interview. He had seen me several times before this at Madam de Waren's, without paying any particular attention to me. It is from

this dinner, therefore, that I may date our acquaintance, which, though utterly useless to me so far as the object that led me to make it went, was afterwards productive of other advantages that make me recall his memory with pleasure.

I should do wrong not to speak of his person, for it was such as, considering his office of magistrate, as also his wit on which he was wont to pique himself, you could not imagine unless I were to tell you. Judge Major Simon was assuredly not two feet high. His straight, slender, and rather long legs, might, indeed, had they but been vertical, have added to his height; but unfortunately they sprawled out obliquely quite like a pair of very open compasses. His body was not only short, but thin, and in every way of inconceivable diminutiveness. When naked, he must have looked like a grasshopper. His head was of the natural size, with a well formed countenance, noble air and rather fine eyes, and appeared like a borrowed head stuck on a stump. As for the matter of dress he might well have saved himself all expense on that score, for his huge wig itself enveloped him from head to foot.

He had two quite different voices which were perpetually intermingling in his conversation with a contrast at first very funny, but which before long became very disagreeable. The one was grave and sonorous—the voice of his head let us say; the other, clear, sharp, and shrill, was the voice of his body. When he paid particular attention to the matter, spoke leisurely, and husbanded his breath, he could always talk in his deep voice; but if he grew the least animated, or got into a livelier accent, it became shrill as the whistling of a key, and he had all the trouble in the world in getting back again to his bass.

To complete the picture of M. Simon, and which is by no means too highly colored, he was quite a gallant, dealt largely in sweet things and carried the decoration of his person to very foppery. Eager to profit by his advantages, he was fond of giving his morning-audiences in bed; for when people saw a handsome head on the pillow, they, of course, thought the rest was to match. This gave rise at times to scenes which I am very sure all Annecy still remembers

One morning when he was hearing cases in, or rather on his bed, with a very fine and white night-cap, adorned with two huge bows of rose-colored ribbon, on his head, a countryman arrives and knocks at the door. The maid had gone out. His honor, the Judge Major, hearing the knock repeated, cries, "Come in." He spoke rather loud, and it was in his shrill tone. The man enters, looks about for where the woman's voice comes from, and seeing a morning head-dress and top-knot in the bed, he was about to go out again, making the lady a hundred excuses. M. Simon gets into a rage, and only cries the shriller. The countryman, confirmed in his idea and thinking himself insulted, reviles her, telling her that apparently she was nothing better than a street-walker, and that His honor the Judge Major hardly set a very good example. The enraged Magistrate, having no other weapon than the jordan, was just about to pitch it at the poor fellow's head, when his housekeeper came in.

Nature, who had been so niggard in bodily favors towards the little dwarf, had made it up to him in intellect: he had a naturally pleasing mind, and had taken care to adorn it. Though he was regarded as a good enough juris-consult, he did not like his profession, and had taken up literature which he pursued successfully. He had, in particular, caught that brilliant surface and flower of letters which infuses such a charm into intercourse, even with the women. He knew all the little stories from the *Ana*, and things of that ilk; and of these he knew the art of making the most, by relating with interest and mystery, and as an anecdote of yesterday, what happened sixty years before. He understood music and sang agreeably in his masculine voice. In a word, he had many fine talents for a magistrate. By dint of cajoling the ladies of Annecy, he had made himself fashionable among them, following in their train like a little sapajou. He even pretended to special favors, and this greatly amused them. A lady of Epagny used to say that the utmost favor to which he could aspire was to kiss a woman on her knees.

As he was familiar with good books, and spoke readily thereof, his conversation was not only amusing, but instructive. Afterwards, when I had acquired a taste for study, I cultivated his acquaintance and found my account in it

I sometimes went to see him from Chambéri, where I then was. He lauded and animated my emulation, giving me excellent hints as to my reading, from which I oft derived profit. Unfortunately, in his frail body was lodged a most sensitive soul. Some years afterwards, God knows what unlucky affair chagrined him, but it proved the death of him. And a pity 't was ; he was assuredly a worthy little man, whom you began by laughing at, but ended by loving. Although his life was but little connected with mine, yet as I received from him many useful lessons, I thought it not amiss, in the way of gratitude, to consecrate this brief memento to him.

As soon as I found myself at liberty, I ranged up and down the street in which Mlle. Galley lived, flattering myself that I would see some one go in or out, or at least a window open. But no ; "not a mouse stirring," and all the while I continued there, the house remained as closed as though it were uninhabited. The street was small and lonely, so that a person was very observable. Every now and then people passed, entered or issued out from the neighborhood. I was devilishly embarrassed at the figure I cut—it seemed to me as though they divined what brought me hither; and this idea tortured me, for I have always preferred to my pleasures the honor and quiet of those dear to me.

At length, weary of playing the Spanish lover, and having no guitar, I determined on writing to Mlle. de Graffenried. I should have preferred doing so to her friend; but did not dare, and, any way, it was befitting that I should commence with her to whom I owed the acquaintance, and with whom I was most familiar. My letter written, I went and took it to Mlle. Giraud, as I had agreed upon with the young ladies on parting. 'Twas they that furnished me with this expedient. Mlle. Giraud was a quilter; and as she sometimes worked at Madame Galley's, she had free access to the house. The messenger, I must confess, did not appear to me to be very well chosen ; but I feared, that if I started any difficulties on that head, they might not propose any other. Besides, I dared not hint that she was anxious to do business on her own account. I felt humiliated that she should dare think

herself of the same sex to me as those young ladies. How ever, I thought her agency better than nothing, and availed myself of it at all hazard.

At the first word la Giraud saw through me—not a very hard matter, I own. If sending a letter to young girls did not of itself speak plain enough, my silly, embarrassed manner alone would have betrayed me. You may imagine that the execution of this commission gave her no great pleasure. She undertook it, however, and performed it faithfully. The next morning I flew to her house, and found an answer for me. How did I hurry away to go and kiss it at my ease ; this needs not to be told ; but what *does* need to be told is the course pursued by Mademoiselle Giraud, and wherein I find more delicacy and moderation than could have been expected from her. Having sense enough to perceive that what with her seven and thirty years, her hare's eyes, daubed nose, shrill voice and black skin, she stood no chance against two young girls overflowing with grace and in all the bloom of beauty, she determined that she would neither betray nor serve them, choosing rather to lose me entirely, than to keep me on merely for them.

(1732). For some time past Merceret, hearing nothing from her mistress, had been thinking of returning to Fribourg. The friendly Giraud quite determined her to do so. Nay more ; she intimated to her that it would be but right for some one to conduct her to her father's, and proposed me. Quite a capital idea, thought the little Merceret, to whom, indeed, I was by no means displeasing. Well, they spoke of it to me that very day as a fixed point, and as I saw nothing but what was agreeable enough in this mode of disposing of me, I consented, looking on the journey as at the utmost an affair of eight days or so. La Giraud, however, who arranged the whole matter, thought otherwise. The state of my finances had to be confessed. This, also, they took care of : La Merceret took it on herself to defray my expences ; and, to regain in one way what she expended in another, it was, at my request, decided that she was to send her little baggage on before, while we should proceed by easy journeys on foot. We did so.

I am sorry at having so many girls in love with me, but as there is nothing to be specially vain of in the advantage

I took of these various amours, I think I may tell the whole truth without any hesitation. La Merceret, younger and less artful than la Giraud, never made me such lively advances ; but she imitated my tone and accent, repeated my words, paid me the attentions I ought to have paid her, and always took good care, as she was very timorous, that we should sleep in the same room—a coincidence that rarely stops *there* in a journey between a young fellow of twenty and a girl of twenty-five.

There it stopped this time, however. My simplicity was such that, although la Merceret was not disagreeable, there came not into my head, during the whole journey, I say not the slightest amorous temptation, but not even the most distant idea connected therewith ; and even had the idea presented itself I was to great a goose to profit by it. I could not conceive how a boy and girl could come to sleep together ; I imagined it must require ages of preparation to bring about so terrible an arrangement. If poor Merceret in paying my expenses, counted on some sort of equivalent, she was decidedly cheated, for we arrived at Fribourg exactly as we had left Annecy.

In passing through Geneva I went to see no one, but I had almost fainted while crossing the bridges. Never could I enter that happy city nor gaze on the walls thereof without experiencing a certain sinking of my heart, springing from feelings all too tender. While the noble image of liberty elevated my soul, the thought of equality, of union, of mildest manners touched me even to tears, inspiring me with a longing regret at having lost all these blessings. What an error was I in, and yet how natural was it ! I thought I saw all this in my country just because I bore it in my heart.

Nyon had to be passed through. And this without seeing my good father ? Had I had the heart to do so, I must have died of regret. I left Merceret at the inn, and went to see him at all hazards. Oh, how wrong was I to fear him ! His heart, filled with fatherly feeling, gushed out on seeing me. What tears were mingled with our embraces ! He thought at first that I was returning to him. I told him my story and the resolution I had taken. He feebly opposed it, pointing out to me the dangers to which

I was exposing myself and telling me the shortest follies were the best. For the rest, he was not even tempted to retain me forcibly, and in this I think he was right ; but it is certain that he did not do all he might have done to bring me back, whether that, after the step I had taken, he himself judged I ought not to draw back, or that, perchance, he was embarrassed to know what, at my age, to do with me. I afterwards learned that he had conceived a very unjust and very erroneous, though natural enough, opinion of my traveling companion. My step-mother, a good woman, with somewhat of the sweet-sweet in her composition, made a show of wishing to have me stay to supper. I did not stay ; but told them that I purposed remaining longer with them on my return, and I left in their trust my little packet that I had brought by boat, and which would only have been an incumbrance to me. I went my way early the next morning, very glad at having seen my father and having had courage to do my duty.

We arrived safely at Fribourg. Towards the end of the journey, Mlle. Merceret grew rather less warm in her attentions. After our arrival she became positively cold ; and her father, who was not in the best of circumstances, not welcoming me very heartily, I betook myself to the ale-house. Next day I went to see them ; they offered me some dinner which I accepted. We parted without tears, I returning to my poor inn, and the third day after my arrival, I left without having any very distinct idea as to where I purposed going.

Here again was another opening in life with which Providence presented me, offering me precisely what was needful for me to pass my days happily. La Merceret was a most excellent girl, not brilliant, not beautiful, but not ugly either ; with but little liveliness, and yet very reasonable, excepting some little fits of temper that generally passed off in tears and were never followed by any very stormy consequences. She had a real inclination for me ; I might have married her without any difficulty, and followed her father's craft. My taste for music would have made me love her. I should have settled down at Fribourg, a small and not extra pretty town, but full of good sort of folks. I should undoubtedly have lost great pleasures, but then I would have lived in peace



MANTELL.

This course determined on, I gave loose rein to my reveries.
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till my dying day, and I ought to know better than anybody that where this is to gain there is no room for hesitation.

I returned, not to Nyon, but to Lausanne. I wished to feast my eyes with the sight of that beautiful lake, there to be seen in its utmost extent. The greater part of my secret determining motives have been of no more solid a kind. Distant expectations have rarely had power to rouse me to action. The uncertainty of the future has always led me to regard projects of far-off execution as but deceitful lures. I, too, give myself up to hope like another, provided it costs me nothing to nourish, but if it requires trouble for some length of time, I will none of it. The least little pleasure that is within my reach is a greater temptation to me than the joys of Paradise. However, I except pleasures that are to be followed by pain. By such I am never tempted, as I love only enjoyments that are unalloyed, which can never be the case with such as you feel are to be followed by repentance.

I stood in great need of coming to halt somewhere or other, and the nearer the better; for having strayed in my road I found myself in the evening at Moudon, where I spent what little I had left, saving ten creutzers which went next day for my dinner. At night, having arrived at a small village near Lausanne, I went into an ale-house without a penny to pay for my lodging, and knowing not what was to become of me. I was prodigiously hungry, so putting a good face on the matter, I called for supper, just as though I had had wherewithal to pay for it. I went to bed without a thought on the subject, and slept soundly. Next morning, after having breakfasted and reckoned with mine host, I offered to leave him my waistcoat in pledge for the seven batz, the amount my bill came to. The brave fellow refused it telling me that, thank Heaven, he had never stripped any one, and was not going to begin for seven batz. "Keep your waistcoat," added he, "and pay me when you are able." I was touched by his kindness, though less than I ought to have been, less than I have been since in thinking of it. I did not long put off sending him his money, with thanks, by a man I could depend on. Fifteen years after this, when passing through Lausanne on

my return from Italy, I exceedingly regretted having forgotten the name of the inn and the host. I would have gone to see him, and should have felt a true pleasure in bringing this good deed of his to his mind, and proving to him that it had not been misplaced. Many a service, of more importance undoubtedly, but rendered with greater ostentation has not appeared to me so worthy of gratitude as the simple, quiet humanity of that honest man.

As I neared Lausanne, I mused over the distress in which I was plunged, and over the means of extricating myself therefrom, without having to go and expose my want to my step-mother. I compared myself, in this pedestrian pilgrimage, to my friend Venture on his arrival at Annecy. Well, I got so warmed up over this idea that, without reflecting that I possessed neither his gentility nor his talents, I took it into my head to play the little Venture at Lausanne, to teach music which I did not understand, and give myself out as coming from Paris, where I had never been. In consequence of this fine project, as there was no *maitrise* here to enter, and as, besides, I took good care not to thrust myself among professional people, I began by hunting up a small inn wherein comfort and economy were both taken into account. I was directed to a man named Perrotet who kept boarders. This Perrotet turned out to be the best fellow in the world, and received me most kindly. I told him my little fibs as I had arranged them. He promised to speak of me, and endeavor to procure me some scholars, telling me that he would not ask any money of me until I had earned some. His rate of board was five *ecus blancs*, which, though moderate in itself, was a great deal for me. He advised me, for the outset, to take but half board, which consisted in nothing save good soup for dinner, but a plentiful supper at night. I closed with the offer. Poor Perrotet trusted me on all these matters with the utmost heartiness, and spared no trouble to be useful to me.

How is it that, having found so many kind, good folks in my youth, I find so few such in an advanced age. Is the race extinct? No; but the station in which I have to seek them now a days is not the same where I then found them. Among the people, where great passions speak but

at intervals, natural feelings are much more often heard. In more elevated ranks, they are absolutely smothered, and under the guise of feeling, it is naught save interest or vanity that speaks.

I wrote from Lausanne to my father, who sent me my packet, and gave me some excellent advice, which I should have profit'd better by. I have already noticed moments of inconceivable delirium during which I was no longer myself. Here is another of the most striking instances of this kind. To comprehend how completely my head was turned, how completely *Venturized*, so to speak, I was, it needs but to see how many extravagances I accumulated one upon another. Behold me, then, a singing-master before I could read a tune ; for granting that the six months I passed with Le Maitre had profited me, they could not possibly have sufficed. But besides this I learned from a master, and this was of itself enough for me to learn badly. A Parisian from Geneva, and a Catholic in a Protestant country, I thought it befitting for me to change my name as well as my religion and country. I still approached as near as possible to my great model. His name was Venture de Villeneuve ; so I, making the anagram Vaussore out of the name Rousseau, called myself Vaussore de Villeneuve. Venture understood composition, though he had said nothing about it ; I, without knowing aught of the matter, boasted of my skill to every one, and, without possessing ability to put the simplest vaudeville on paper, gave myself out for a composer. Nor was this all : having been presented to M. de Treytorens, law-professor, who loved music and gave concerts at his house, nothing would do me but I must give him a sample of my talent, so I set about composing a piece for his concert quite as boldly as though I had really been an adept in the science. I had the constancy to work for fifteen days on this fine affair, to copy it fair, write out the different parts and distribute them with as much assurance as though it had been a master-piece of harmony. Then, what will scarcely be believed, but which yet is gospel truth, worthily to crown this sublime production, I tacked to the end thereof a pretty minuet which was then having a run on the streets, and which in all proba-

bility everybody yet recalls from these words then so well known :

Quel caprice !
Quelle injustice !
Quoi ! ta Clarisse
Trahirait tes feux ! etc.

Venture had taught me this air with the bass set to other infamous words, by the help of which I had retained it. At the end of my composition, then, I put the minuet and the bass of it, only suppressing the words, and I gave it as my own just as resolutely as though I had been speaking to inhabitants of the moon.

They assemble to perform my piece. I explain to each the nature of the movement, the style of execution and the relations of the parts—I was very full of business. For five or six minutes they were tuning ; to me each minute seemed an age. At length, all being ready, I rap with a handsome paper bâton on the leader's desk the five or six beats of the "*Make ready.*" Silence is made—I gravely set to beating time—they commence ! No, never since French operas began, was there such a charivari heard. Whatever they might have thought of my pretended talent, the effect was worse than they could possibly have imagined. The musicians chocked with laughter ; the auditors opened their eyes and would fain have closed their ears. But that was an impossibility. My tormenting set of symphonists, who seemed rather to enjoy the fun, scraped away with a din sufficient to crack the tympanum of one born deaf. I had the firmness to go right a-head, however, sweating, it is true, at every pore, but held back by shame; not daring to retreat, and glued to the spot. For my consolation I heard the company whispering to each, but quite loud enough for it to reach my ear : "It is not bearable !" said one. "What music gone mad !" cried another. "What a devilish din !" added a third. Poor Jean Jacques, little dreamed you, in that cruel moment, that one day before the King of France and all the Court, thy sounds would excite murmurs of surprise and applause, and that in all the boxes around thee the loveliest ladies would break out with, "What charming sounds ! what enchanting music ! every strain reaches the heart !"

But what restored every one to good humor was the minuet. Scarcely had they played a few measures than I heard bursts of laughter break out on all hands. Every one congratulated me on my fine musical taste ; they assured me that this minuet would make me spoken about, and that I merited the loudest praises. I need not attempt depicting my agony, nor own that I well deserved it.

Next day, one of my performers named Lutold, came to see me and was kind enough not to felicitate me on my success. The deep realization of my folly, shame, regret, despair of the condition to which I was reduced, with the impossibility of keeping my heart closed amid its terrible sorrows, caused me to open to him ; I gave loose to my tears, and, not content with owning my ignorance, I told him all, conjuring him to keep my secret, which he promised to do. How he did keep it, you can imagine. That very evening all Lausanne knew who I was ; and, what is remarkable, no one made as though he knew it, not even the good Perrotet, who, for all that, did not grow tired of lodging and feeding me.

I lived, but sadly enough. The consequences of such a beginning did not make Lausanne a very agreeable residence. Scholars did not exactly come in crowds ; not a single lady pupil, not a soul from the city. I got in all two or three *Teutches*, as stupid as I was ignorant, who bored me to death and who did not become very splendid musicians in my hands. I was sent for to one solitary house, where a little serpent of a girl took delight in showing me piles of music whereof I could not read a note, and which she had the malice afterwards to sing before her master to show him how this, that and the other was executed. I was so little able to read a tune at first sight that in the brilliant concert whereof I have spoke I could not possibly follow the execution a moment to know whether they were playing correctly what I had before my eyes and I myself had composed.

Amid so many humiliations I was sweetly solaced by the news which every now and then I received from the two charming *amies*. I have ever found in woman the utmost consolatory virtue ; and in disgrace nothing lightens my affliction more than the knowledge that a kind heart is interested therein. This correspondence, however, ceased soon

afterwards and was never renewed. But this was my own fault. In changing from place to place I neglected to give them my address, and, forced by necessity to think constantly of myself, I ere long forgot them altogether.

It is a long time since I have spoken of poor *Maman*; but if you think I had forgotten her for all that, you are mistaken. I did not cease thinking of and desiring to find her again, not merely for the need of subsistence but greatly more for my heart's need. My attachment for her, how deep and tender soever it was, did not hinder me from loving others; but it was not in the same way. All equally claimed my love on account of their charms. And herein lies the distinction, that in others it was simply these charms that drew me, and, they departing, my heart departed, too; whereas in the case of *Maman* she might have become old and ugly without my loving her a whit less tenderly. My heart had transmitted in full to herself the homage it at first paid to her beauty; and, whatever change she might undergo, provided she was still herself, my feelings could know no change. I am perfectly well aware that I owed her gratitude; but in truth I never thought anything about that. Whatever she might have done or might not have done for me, it would have been all the same thing. I loved her neither from duty, interest or expedience; I loved her because I was born to love her. When I grew fond of somebody else, my thoughts would rove from her, I confess, and she was less present to my mind; but I thought of her with none the less pleasure, and never, in love or not in love, did my mind dwell on her without my realizing that for me there was no such thing as true happiness in life possible so long as I was apart from her.

Although I had heard nothing of her for so long a time, I never thought I had utterly lost her, nor that she could have forgotten me. I said to myself: "She will some time or other learn of my strolling life, and send me some token of remembrance. I shall find her again, I am certain." Meantime, while waiting, it was delightful for me to live in her native country, to walk the streets she had trod, to pass before the house she had lived in; and all, too, merely in the way of conjecture, for one of my absurd whims was that I did not dare inquire about her,

nor even pronounce her name, unless compelled to do so by sheer necessity. It seemed to my mind that in naming her I let out all that she inspired me with, that my mouth revealed the secret of my heart, that I in some sort wrouged her. I suppose, too, that the dread of hearing something ill of her entered into the matter. They had spoken a great deal of her course and somewhat of her conduct. For fear, then, that I should be told something about her I did not wish to hear, I preferred not to be told anything at all.

As my scholars did not take up a great deal of my time, and the town where she was born was but four leagues from Lausanne, I went on a ramble of two or three days out there, during which time the most delightful emotions never left me. The aspect of the lake of Geneva and its wondrous shores ever possessed to my eyes a special attraction which I am unable to explain, and which arises not merely from the beauty of the scene itself, but from a certain mystic something that moves and melts me. I never near the Vaud country, without experiencing an impression made up of the remembrance of Madam de Warens, who was born there, of my father who lived there, of Mlle. de Vulson for whom my heart's love-flower first opened, of several pleasure-trips I made thither during my child-years, and, it seems to me, of some other cause still more secret, still more powerful than all. When the ardent desire after that gentle and happy life, which flees me yet for which I was born, arises to inflame my imagination, 't is ever in the Vaud country, close by the lake, 'mid those charming plains that fancy dwells. I must absolutely have an orchard on the banks of this, and no other lake, a true friend, an amiable wife, a cow, and a small boat. I should never enjoy perfect earthly bliss without all this. I laugh at my simplicity in several times going thither, simply to seek for this imaginary happiness. I was always surprised to find the people, and especially the women, of a quite other character than that I was looking for. What a disparity seemed there to exist! The country and the people that cover it have never appeared to me made for each other.

On my way to Vevay, following the course of those lovely banks, I gave myself up to sweetest melancholy. My heart reveled in a thousand innocent felicities; melting with

tenderness, I sighed and wept like a child. How often, while stopping in order to weep more at my ease, did I sit down on a large stone, and amuse myself by seeing my tears drop into the water !

While at Vevay I lodged at "*The Key*;" and during the two days I remained there, though I knew nobody whatever, I conceived a love for that town that has accompanied me through all my journeyings and, indeed, was the reason that induced me to locate the hero and heroine of my novel there. Heartily I say to those who have taste and sensibility : go to Vevay, visit the surrounding country, observe the groupings, sail on the lake, and say if nature has not made this lovely country for a *Julie*, for a *Claire*, and for a *Saint Preux*. But do not expect to find them. I resume the thread of my story.

As I was a Catholic and gave myself out for such, I observed without either mystery or scruple the form of worship I had adopted. On Sundays, when it was fine, I went to hear mass at Assens, some two leagues from Lausanne. I generally went in company with other Catholics, particularly a Parisian embroiderer, whose name has slipped from my memory. He was not such a Parisian as myself, but a genuine Parisian, one of the Almighty's archi-Parisians, and as honest a fellow as was ever *Champeenois*. He loved his country so strongly that he would never doubt my belonging to it, for fear of losing this opportunity of talking on the favorite topic. M. de Crouzas, Lieutenant baillival, had a gardener, also from Paris. This chap, however, was less complaisant, and regarded the glory of his country as compromised if any one who had not that honor gave himself out as belonging thereto. He would question me with the air of one certain of tripping me, and then smile maliciously. He once asked me what there was remarkable on the *Marché-Neuf*. I was nonplussed, as you may well guess. After having lived for twenty years in Paris, I ought now to be familiar with that city; and yet, if the like question were put to me to-day, I would be no less embarrassed to reply, and from this embarrassment it might quite as legitimately be concluded that I have never been to Paris. So apt are we to build our opinions on deceitful principles, even when we meet with truth.

I cannot tell exactly how long I remained at Lausanne. I did not carry with me any very striking recollections from that city. I only know that, not finding means of support, I left it and went to Neufchâtel, where I passed the winter. I was more successful in this last city. I got some scholars, and saved enough to settle up with my kind friend Perrotet, who faithfully sent me my little baggage, albeit that I was considerably in his debt.

By teaching music I insensibly came to learn it. My life was quite pleasant, and any reasonable man might have been contented with my lot; but my restless heart demanded something else. On Sundays, and indeed whenever I was disengaged, I used to go strolling in the neighboring woods and fields, wandering, dreaming, sighing; and when I had once left the town behind me, I never got back till evening. One day when at Boudry, I went into a tavern to have some dinner. My eyes fell on a man with a long beard and a fur cap, wearing a violet-colored dress after the Greek fashion, of quite noble air and attire and who seemed often to find difficulty in making himself understood, speaking only an almost unintelligible jargon that sounded more like Italian than anything else. I understood about everything he said, and I was the only one that did so; with the inn-keeper and country-folks he could communicate only by signs. I spoke a few words to him in Italian, which he perfectly understood, whereupon he rose up and came and embraced me heartily. We were fast friends in a trice, and thenceforth I became his interpreter. His dinner was capital, mine worse than indifferent; so he invited me to a share of his, which I accepted without much ado. Well, what with drinking and jabbering we managed to get quite intimate with each other, and by the end of the meal we became inseparable. He informed me that he was a Greek Prelate and Archimandrite of Jerusalem, and that he was employed to take up a collection for the reëstablishment of the Holy Sepulchre. He showed me some very fine patents from the Czarina and the Emperor; he had others also from many Sovereigns besides. He was well enough satisfied with what he had collected hitherto; but he had experienced inconceivable difficulties in Germany, as he did not understand a word of German, Latin or French and had been obliged

to have recourse to his Greek, the Turkish or the Linqua Franca, which did not procure him much in the country he had got into. He proposed that I should accompany him in the capacity of secretary and interpreter. Spite of my recently bought violet-colored little coat, which, by the way, did not square ill with the proposed post, my whole appearance indicated a state of the finances, that would not render me hard to win over. So he thought, and he was right. The bargain was soon struck—I asked nothing and he promised much. Without any heed as to what I was doing, without any security or knowledge, I gave myself up to his guidance, and next day behold me off for Jerusalem!

We began our circuit in the canton de Fribourg, where he did not accomplish a great deal. The episcopal dignity would not allow him to play the beggar nor solicit private aid ; but we presented his commission to the senate, and they gave him a trifling sum. Thence we proceeded to Berne. We put up at *The Falcon*, then a good inn and frequented by respectable company. The table was well supplied and attended. For a long time I had been faring very meagerly and stood in great need of making up for it ; the opportunity to do so now presented itself and I took advantage thereof. My lord the Archimandrite was himself a first rate companion, quite fond of good cheer, gay, speaking well for those that understood him, not lacking in certain kinds of knowledge, and bringing in his Greek erudition quite agreeably. One day at desert, while cracking some nuts, he cut his finger pretty deeply ; it bled freely, and he held it up to the company saying with a laugh : *Mirate, signori, questo e sangue pelasgo.*

At Berne my functions were not altogether useless to him, nor did I manage matters so badly as I had feared. I was much bolder and spoke better than I could have done for myself. Matters were not conducted so simply as at Fribourg ; long and frequent conferences with the Premiers of the state had to be gone through with, and the examination of his titles was not the affair of a day. At length, everything being arranged, he was admitted to an audience by the Senate. I entered with him as interpreter, and was told to speak. I expected nothing less, and it never came into my head that, after having long conferred

with the members, it would be necessary to address them in body as though nothing had been said on the subject. Judge of my embarrassment! —for so bashful a man to speak not only in public, but before the Senate of Berne, and to speak impromptu, without a single minute for preparation—truly enough to annihilate me! I was not even intimidated. In a clear, succinct manner I laid open the commission of the Archimandrite. I extolled the piety of the princes who had contributed to the collection he had come for the purpose of making. Stimulating the zeal of their Excellencies by emulation, I said that, from their accustomed munificence nothing less was to be expected from them; and then, endeavoring to prove that this good work belonged equally to all Christians without any distinction of sect, I concluded by promising the blessing of Heaven on those who took part in it. I do not say that my speech produced any effect; but it certainly was relished, and on our leaving the audience, the Archimandrite received a very handsome donation joined to many compliments on the ability of his secretary, which I had the agreeable task of interpreting to him but which I dared not render to the letter. This was the only time in my life that I ever spoke in public and before a Sovereign, and the only time perhaps that I spoke boldly and well. What a difference is there in the disposition of the same man. Three years ago, having gone to Yverdun to see my old friend M. Roguin I was waited upon by a deputation to thank me for some books I had presented to the town-library. The Swiss are great haranguers, and harangue me these gentlemen did. I thought myself bound to reply; but I grew so confused and my brain got so muddled that I broke down and was laughed at. Though naturally timid, I was sometimes bold in youth, but have never been so in my advanced years. The more I have seen of the world, the less have I been able to get into its ways.

Berne left, we went to Soleure; for the Archimandrite's design was to re-enter Germany and return by way of Hungary or Poland. A prodigious journey indeed; but as in the course of his travels his purse filled faster than it emptied, he cared nothing about going out of his way. For myself, almost as much delighted on horseback as on foot,

I would not have asked better than to have traveled on in this way during my whole life. But it was written in the book of fate that I was not to go quite so far.

The first thing we did on arriving at Soleure was to go and pay our respects to the French Ambassador. Unfortunately for my Bishop he proved to be the Marquis de Bonac who had been Ambassador to the Porte and who was of course familiar with everything relative to the Holy Sepulchre. The Archimandrite had an audience of quarter of an hour, to which I was not admitted, as the Ambassador understood the Lingua Franca and spoke Italian at least quite as well as myself. On my Greek's retiring I was about to follow him, but was detained—it was my turn now. Having given myself out for a Parisian, I was, as such, under the jurisdiction of his Excellency. He asked me who I was and exhorted me to tell the truth. This I promised to do, only requesting of him a private audience, which was granted me. The Ambassador led me to his office and shut the door; and there, throwing myself at his feet, I did as I had promised. Even had I not promised I would none the less have confessed the whole truth, for a continual longing to unbosom myself is ever bringing my heart to my lips, and after having unreservedly disclosed myself to the Musician Lutold, I was not likely to attempt the mysterious with the Marquis de Bonac. He was so pleased with my little story and the openheartedness with which I had related it, that he took me by the hand, led me to his lady, the Ambassador, and presented me to her, giving her at the same time an abridgment of what I had told him. Madam de Bonac received me with kindness, saying that it would not do to let me go with that Greek monk, so it was determined that I should remain in their house until they should see what could be done with me. I wished to go and bid adieu to my poor Archimandrite, for whom I had conceived an attachment; but they would not allow me. They sent and signified my detention to him, and a quarter of an hour afterwards I saw my little bundle arrive. M. de la Martinière, Secretary to the embassy, was in some sort entrusted with the care of me. As he conducted me to the room destined for me, he said, "This apartment was occupied under Count de Luc by a celebrated name-sake of yours: it depends only on yourself to fill

his place in every respect and have it one day said, Rousseau the First, Rousseau the Second." This resemblance, which I then but little expected, would have been less flattering to my desires had I known at what price I was one day to purchase it.

What M. de la Martinière had told me excited my curiosity. I read the works of the person whose room I was occupying ; and conceiving on the strength of the compliment that had been paid me, that I had a taste for poetry, I made my first attempt in the way of a cantata in praise of Madam de Bonac. This taste did not continue. I have from time to time written indifferent verses—'t is a good enough exercise to break one off from inelegant inversions and to teach one to write better in prose ; but I never found sufficient attraction in French poetry to devote myself entirely to it.

M. de la Martinière wished to see something of my style, and asked me to give him in writing the same account I had given the Ambassador. I wrote him a long letter, which I have since heard was preserved by M. de Marianne, who was long in the employ of the Marquis de Bonac, and who afterwards succeeded M. de la Martinière, under the embassy of M. de Courteilles. I entreated M. de Malbessherbes to try and procure me a copy of this letter. If I get it by this or any other means, it will be found in the collection that is to accompany this my "Confessions."

The experience I was commencing to acquire little by little moderated my romantic projects. For example, not only did I not fall in love with Madam de Bonac, but I felt, to begin with, that I stood no great chance of succeeding in her husband's house. M. de la Martinière in place, and M. Marianne so to speak in expectancy, the sole fortune left me to hope for was the office of under-secretary, which was not very hugely tempting. The result was that, when they consulted me as to what I desired to do, I expressed a great wish to go to Paris. The Ambassador rather relished the idea, as it tended at least to free him of me. M. de Merveilleux, interpreting Secretary to the embassy, said that his friend, M. Godard, a Swiss colonel in the service of France, was looking for some one as a companion for his nephew, who had entered very young into the service, and he thought

I might suit him. On this idea, so lightly formed, my departure was resolved upon; and I, who saw a journey to perform, with Paris at the end of it, went into it with the utmost delight. They gave me several letters, with a hundred francs for the expenses of my journey, accompanied by most excellent advice, and I left.

I took some fifteen days in this journey, a period I may account as among the happiest of my life. I was young and well, had money enough and lots of hope; I was traveling on foot and I was traveling alone. People will doubtless be astonished at counting in such an advantage as that, unless he has already grown familiar with my humor. My sweet phantasies kept me company, and never did the heat of my imagination produce more magnificent ones. When offered an empty place in a vehicle, or accosted by any one on the way, how vexed was I to see that fortune had overthrown the edifice whereof I was building while walking. For once my ideas were martial. I was going to live with a military man, nay, to become one myself; for they had arranged that I was to begin by being a cadet. I already thought I saw myself in officer's dress with a splendid white plume. My heart grew enflamed at the noble idea. I had some little smattering of geometry and fortification; I had an uncle an engineer, and was in a manner a soldier by inheritance. My short sight presented some little difficulty, but this did not trouble me, and I reckoned that what by coolness and intrepidity I could readily supply that defect. I had read that Marshal Schomberg was very short-sighted; why might not Marshal Rousseau be the same? So warm did I grow over these follies, that I no longer saw anything save troops, ramparts, gabions, batteries, and myself in the midst of fire and smoke calmly issuing orders with my spy-glass in my hand. And yet when I passed through delightful parts of the country, where I saw groves and brooks, this touching aspect made me sigh with regret; I felt in the midst of my glory that my heart was not made for all this havoc; and by and by without knowing how, I would find my thoughts wandering to my dear sheep-folds, renouncing for ever the labors of Mars.

How much did the sight of Paris disappoint the idea I had formed of it. The exterior decoration I had seen at Turin, the

beauty of the streets, the symmetry and regularity of the houses led me to look for something quite different at Paris. I had pictured to myself a city as beautiful as large, of the most imposing aspect, where nothing was to be seen save superb streets, with palaces of marble and gold. On entering by the Faubourg Saint Marceau, I saw nothing but little dirty, stinking streets, filthy dingy houses, a general air of dirt and poverty, with beggars, carters, patchers, criers of diet-drink and old hats. This my first view struck me so forcibly that all the real magnificence I have since seen in Paris has been unable to erase that first impression, and I have always preserved a secret dislike to living in that capital. I may say that the whole time I afterwards lived in it was employed in seeking means to enable me to live out of it. Such is the fruit of a too active imagination, which overtops the exaggeration of men, and ever sees more than is told it. I had heard so much about Paris that I conceived of it as very much like ancient Babylon, and I dare say, could I behold ancient Babylon itself, I should find just as much to bate of the picture I had formed of it. The same thing happened to me at the Opera, whither I hastened the day after my arrival ; the same thing I experienced at Versailles; afterwards, too, on beholding the sea, and the same thing will always happen to me on seeing sights I have heard too much about; for it is impossible for man and difficult for nature herself to surpass the riches of my imagination.

From the manner in which I was received by all those for whom I had letters, I thought my fortune made. He to whom I was most recommended, and who received me least kindly, was M. de Surbeck, who had retired from service and was living philosophically at Bagneux, where I went to see him several times, without his ever offering me a glass of water. I met with a better reception from Madam de Merveilleux, the sister-in-law of the interpreter, and from his nephew who was an officer in the guards. Not only did the mother and son receive me well, but they offered me the use of their table, whereof I often took advantage during my sojourn at Paris. Madam de Merveilleux appeared to me to have been handsome; she had beauti-black hair which she wore, according to the old fashion, curled on the temples. She still retained what does not

perish with the charms of person, a most amiable mind. She appeared to take a liking to me, and did all she could to be of service to me; but no one seconded her, and I was ere long undeceived as to all the great interest they had appeared to take in me. And yet, justice must be done the French: they do not exhaust themselves in protestations as much as is said, and those they make are almost always sincere; but they have a way of appearing to be interested in you that deceives worse than words. The coarse compliments of the Swiss can impose only on a fool. The manners of the French are all the more seductive in that they are more simple—you would think they do not say all they mean to do for you, so as to surprise you the more agreeably. I will go farther: they are not false in their demonstrations; they are naturally eager to serve, feeling, kind-hearted, and, whatever may be said on the subject, even truer than any other nation; but they are light and flighty. They do indeed feel the sentiment they profess for you; but this sentiment goes as it came. While speaking to you they are full of you; do they not see you, you are forgotten. Nothing is permanent in their hearts; with them everything is the work of the moment.

And so I got lots of flattery and little service. The aforesaid colonel Godard, to whose nephew I was recommended, proved to be an ugly old miser, who, though reveling in wealth, seeing my distress, wished to have me for nothing. He pretended that I was to hold the relation of a species of valet without wages, rather than a true tutor to his nephew. Constantly attached to him, and by that very fact exempt from service, I should live on my cadet's pay, that is, on a soldier's allowance. Hardly would he consent to give me a uniform; he would have had me be satisfied with that of the regiment. Madam de Merveilleux, provoked at his propositions, led me herself to refuse them, and her son was of the same opinion. They sought for something else, but nothing turned up. Meanwhile, I began to be pinched, and a hundred francs, with my traveling expenses deducted from it, could not carry me very far. Fortunately, I received from the Ambassador another small remittance that was of very great service to me, and I am of the opinion that he would not have forsaken me, had I only had more pa-

tience ; but lingering, waiting, soliciting are to me impossibilities. I grew disheartened, no longer made my appearance, and so the whole matter fell to the ground. I had not forgotten my poor *Maman* ; but how was I to find her ? where was I to look for her ? Madam de Merveilleux, who was acquainted with my story, had aided me in this search ; but for a long time fruitlessly. At length she informed me that Madam de Warens had returned some two months ago, but that it was unknown whether she had gone to Savoy or Turin, and that some person or other said she had returned to Switzerland. It needed nothing more to make me determine to follow her, well assured that in whatever spot she might be, I should find her more easily in the provinces than I could possibly do in Paris.

Before leaving I exercised my new poetic talent in an epistle to colonel Godard wherein I used him up as completely as I was able. I showed the stuff to Madam de Merveilleux, who, in place of censuring me as she ought to have done, laughed heartily over my sarcasms, as did also her son, who, I imagine, had no great affection for M. Godard ; and it must be confessed he was not very lovable. I felt like sending him my verses ; they encouraged me to do so ; and as there was no penny post then at Paris, I put it into my pocket, and sent it to him from Auxerre, as I passed that way. I even yet laugh at times over the grimaces he must have made on reading this panegyric, in which he was drawn to the life. It began thus :

“Tu croyais, vieux penard, qu'une folle manie
D'élever ton neveu m'inspirerait l'envie.”

This little piece, indifferently written 'tis true, but not lacking in point and announcing a talent for satire, is yet the only satirical writing that ever came from my pen. I have too little spite in my heart to take advantage of such a faculty ; but I rather think it may be gathered from certain polemical writings thrown off from time to time that, had I been very combative in my disposition, my aggressors would rarely have had the laugh on their side.

What I most regret in the details of my life, whereof I have lost the remembrance, is my not having kept journals of my travels. Never have I thought so much, existed so

completely, lived so thoroughly, been so much of myself, if I may use the expression, as in my solitary journeys on foot. There is something in walking that animates and enlivens my ideas. I can scarcely think at all when I remain in one place ; my body must be in motion to set my mind a-going. The sight of the country, the succession of agreeable aspects, the open air, the capital appetite and good health which I gain while walking, the freedom of the ale-house, the absence of everything that makes me feel my dependance, of everything that recalls me to my real situation—all conspire to free my mind, to give me a greater audacity of thought, and launch me, in a manner, into the immensity of beings, combining, choosing, and appropriating them after my fancy, without fear and without restraint. Master of universal nature, I dispose of it as I will; my heart, wandering from object to object, unites and identifies itself with those that attract it, surrounds itself with charming images, and becomes intoxicated with delicious sentiments. If, to fix them, I amuse myself in mentally describing them, what boldness of touch, with freshness of coloring, what energy of expression do I give them ! Why, inquire you, not write them ? And why, ask I, write them ? Why deprive myself of the charm of enjoyment to inform others that I had enjoyed ? What cared I for readers, a public, the world and its huge roudure whilst I was hovering high in the empyrean. Besides, was I to carry paper and pens with me ? Had I thought of all this, naught would have suggested itself. I did not foresee that I was to have ideas ; they came when they, not when I listed. They do not come at all, or they come in gangs, overwhelming me with the number and force of them. Ten tomes per day would not have sufficed. How find time to write them ? On arriving I thought of naught save of getting a good dinner, on setting out I thought of naught save having a good walk. I felt that a new paradise was awaiting me at the door ; I thought only of jubilantly entering and enjoying it.

Never did I experience this so completely as during the return of which I am speaking. While coming to Paris my mind had been restricted to ideas relative to what I was going to do there. I had rushed into the career on which I was about to enter, and I had run it with considerable glory; but this career was not that to which my heart called me, and realities interfered with the creations of my imagination. Colonel Godard and his nephew figured but ill by the side of such a hero as I. Thank Heaven I was now delivered from all these obsfacles; I was free to roam at pleasure into the fairie land of fancy, for that alone now stretched before me. And, indeed, I strayed so far therein that I really several times lost my way; and very sorry I should have been to have gone any more directly; for feeling that at Lyons I was again to return to the earth, I would fain never have reached it.

One day, among others, having purposely turned aside to get a closer view of a spot that appeared worthy of all admiration, I grew so delighted with it and wandered round it so often that I at length lost myself completely. After several hours of useless walking, weary and faint with hunger and thirst, I entered a peasant's hut which did not present a very promising appearance, but it was the only one I saw around. I conceived it to be here as at Geneva and throughout Switzerland, where all the inhabitants in easy circumstances are in the situation to exercise hospitality. I entreated the man to give me some dinner, offering to pay for it. He presented me with some skinned milk and coarse barley-bread, observing that that was all he had. I drank the milk with delight, and eat the bread, chaff and all; but this was not very restorative to a man exhausted with fatigue. The peasant, who was watching me narrowly, judged of the truth of my story by the sincerity of my appetite. All of a sudden, after having said that he saw perfectly well that I was a good and true young fellow that did not come to betray him,* he opened a little trap door by the side of his kitchen, went down and returned a moment afterwards with a good brown loaf of pure wheat, the remains of a very tasty ham and a bottle of wine the sight of which rejoiced my

* Apparently I had not then the physiognomy they have since given me in my portraits.

heart more than all the rest. To these he added a good thick omelette, and I made such a dinner as none but a walker ever enjoyed. When it came to pay, lo, his disquietude and fears again seized him ; he would none of my money and rejected it with extraordinary manifestations of disquiet. The funniest part of the matter was that I could not conceive what he was afraid of. At length, with fear and trembling, he pronounced those terrible words *Commissioners* and *Cellar-rats*. He gave me to understand that he concealed his wine because of the excise, and his bread on account of the tax, and that he was a lost man if they got the slightest inkling that he was not dying of hunger. Everything he said to me touching this matter, whereof, indeed, I had not the slightest idea, produced an impression on me that can never be effaced. It became the germ of that inextinguishable hatred that afterwards sprang up in my heart against the vexations to which these poor people are subject, and against their oppressors. This man, though in easy circumstances, dared not eat the bread he had gained by the sweat of his brow and could escape ruin only by presenting the appearance of the same misery that reigned around him. I left his house as maddened as grieved, deplored the fate of these fair countries on which nature has lavished her gifts only to become the prey of hard-hearted excisemen.

Such is the only very distinct recollection I have of what happened to me in the course of this journey. The only further circumstance I recall is that, while approaching Lyons, I was tempted to prolong my way by going to see the banks of the Lignon ; for, among the romances I had read with my father, *Astrea* had not been forgotten, and 'twas it returned most frequently to my mind. I inquired the way to Forez ; and, in the course of a chat with the hostess of an inn, she informed me that it was an excellent place for mechanics, there being many forges and much iron work done thereabouts. This eulogy quite abruptly calmed my romantic curiosity, and I judged it hardly the thing to go in search of Dianas and Sylvanders among a race of blacksmiths. The good woman that encouraged me with this piece of information had assuredly taken me for a journeyman locksmith.

I was not going to Lyons utterly without views. On arriving, I went to the Chasottes to see Mlle. de Châtelet, a friend of Madam de Warens, and to whom she had given me a letter when I came along with M. le Maître: so that the acquaintance was, in a measure, made already. Mlle. de Châtelet informed me that her friend had indeed passed through Lyons, but that she could not tell whether or not she had gone on to Piedmont, and that she herself was uncertain on leaving whether not to stop in Savoy; that if I wished she would write for information and that my best plan would be to wait for it at Lyons. I accepted the offer, but did not dare tell Mlle. de Châtelet that I was in a hurry for the answer, and that my little well-drained purse would render it impossible for me to wait long. What held me back was not that I had been coldly received; on the contrary she made very much of me and treated me on a footing of equality that took away from me all courage to let her see my real state and descend from the part of good fellowship to that of a wretched beggar.

I seem to myself to have clearly enough in my mind the connection of everything I have mentioned in this book. And yet I half recollect, about the same period, another journey to Lyons, the date of which I cannot very precisely fix, but wherein I found myself already in very straitened circumstances. A little anecdote, quite difficult to relate, will never permit me to forget it. I was one evening seated in Bellecour after a very scanty supper, ruminating on the way and means of getting myself out of my difficulties, when a man with a cap on came and sat down by my side. He looked like one of those workers in silk that are called *Taffetatiens* at Lyons. He addresses me; I reply. We had barely talked a quarter of an hour when, with the same sang-froid as ever and without changing his tone, he proposes that we should amuse ourselves together. I was waiting for him to explain what "amusement" he meant; but without a word further, he took it on himself to set me the example. We were within about touching distance, and the night was not dark enough to prevent me from seeing for what exercise he was making ready. He did not want anything with my person—at least nothing announced that intention, and the place would not have favored it—he quite

literally desired, as he had said, simply to amuse himself and that I should amuse myself, each on his own hook; and the thing seemed to him so much a matter of course that he had not even dreamed that it would appear any otherwise to me than to him. I was so shocked at his impudence, that without answering him, I precipitately rose up and set to running at the top of my speed, imagining the wretch was at my heels. I was so confounded that, instead of making towards my lodgings by the *rue Saint Dominique*, I ran along the quay and did not come to a halt till I had got beyond the *Pont de bois*, trembling as violently as though I had just been committing a crime. I was myself subject to the same vice ; this recollection cured me of it for a long time.

During the present journey, too, I had an adventure very much of the same kind, but which put me in greater danger. Feeling my money wearing towards its end, I husbanded the sorry remainder thereof. I took fewer meals at my auberge and ere long I took none at all, as I could, at the pot-house, for five or six sous fill myself quite as well as I could at the other for twenty-five. Eating no longer at the auberge, I could not bring myself to go and sleep there, not that I owed much, but I was ashamed to occupy a room without being any profit to my hostess. The weather was fine. One very warm evening, I determined to pass the night in the public square ; and I had already ensconced myself on a bench, when an Abbé that was passing, seeing me lying so, came up to me and asked me if I had no lodgings. I confessed my case to him, and he appeared touched by it. He sat down by the side of me, and we entered into conversation. He talked agreeably; everything he said gave me the best opinion in the world of him. When he saw me favorably disposed, he observed that he had not very ample accommodations, having but one room, but that assuredly he would not allow me to sleep thus in the public square; and as it was late to look for lodgings, he would offer me half of his bed for that night. I accepted the offer, hoping that I had already made a friend that might prove useful to me. We went. He struck a light. His chamber notwithstanding its smallness appeared to me neat; he did the honors exceeding politely. He drew from a glass

dish some cherries preserved in brandy ; we each eat two and got us to bed.

This fellow had the same inclinations as my Jew of the *Hospice* ; but he did not manifest them so brutally. Whether he knew that I might be heard, if he forced me to defend myself, or that he was really less confirmed in his projects, he did not dare openly to propose their execution to me, and sought to move without alarming me. Wider awake than the first time, I was up to his design; and it made me shudder. Knowing neither into what house nor into whose hands I had got, I feared, if I made a noise, that I should pay for it with my life. I feigned not to know what he wanted with me ; but, appearing very much pestered by his caresses and very decided in my purpose not to endure their progress, I managed so well that he was obliged to contain himself. I then spoke to him with all the kindness and all the firmness in my power; and, without appearing to suspect anything, I laid the blame of the disquietude I had shown him on my former adventure, which I affected to relate to him in terms so full of disgust and horror that I made even the fellow himself sick at the stomach, and he renounced his project altogether. We passed the remainder of the night in quietness : he even said many capital and most sensible things to me, and the man was assuredly not destitute of worth; though he was a sad rascal.

Next morning M. l'Abbé, who did not want to seem discontented, spoke of breakfast, and begged one of the daughters of his hostess, a decidedly pretty lass, to have some brought. She told him she had not time. He addressed himself to her sister, who did not deign answering him. We waited on ; no breakfast. At length we went into the young ladies' room. They received M. l'Abbé in a not over friendly style, while I got still less to brag off in my reception. The eldest one, on turning round, stepped with her sharp-pointed heel on my toe, where a very grievous corn had forced me to cut my shoe; the other hastily withdrew a chair from behind me on which I was about to sit down, and their mother, while throwing water out of the window, sprinkled my face. Wherever I went they made me clear out to look for something or other; such a time I never had. I saw in their insulting and mocking looks a

concealed fury which I was so green as not to see into Amazed, confounded, beginning to think them all round, I commenced to get frightened in good earnest, when the Abbé, who pretended neither to hear nor see what was going on, judging wisely that there was no breakfast to be hoped for, went out, while I hastened to follow him, very much delighted to escape these three furies. On our way, he asked me to go and breakfast with him at the *Café*. Prodigiously hungry though I was, I did not accept the offer, on which, indeed, he himself did not insist very much, and we separated at the third or fourth corner : I, delighted to get out of sight of everything belonging to that damned house; and he, very glad, I suppose, to have removed me to a sufficient distance from it as to render it not a very easy matter to find out again. As nothing like these two adventures ever happened to me either in Paris or any other city, they have left me an impression not over favorable to the people of Lyons, and I have always regarded it as the most ~~frightfully~~ corrupt city in Europe.

Nor yet does the recollection of the extremities to which I was reduced contribute to make its associations very agreeable. Had I been like others, possessing the knack of borrowing and running in debt at my inn, I might easily have got out of my serape; but in that matter my incapacity equalled my repugnance ; and to conceive how far both go, it suffices to know that after having passed almost the whole of my life in narrow circumstances, and frequently near wanting bread, I was never once asked for money by a creditor without instantly giving it to him. I could never bear to contract clamorous debts, and have always preferred to suffer than to owe.

And suffer I certainly did, if you call being reduced to pass the nights in the street suffering. This happened to me several times at Lyons. I preferred spending the few sous I had left for bread rather than for lodgings, as on the whole I stood less in danger of dying of hunger than for want of sleep. The most astonishing part of it is that, in this wretched condition, I was neither restless nor sad. I had not the slightest care for the future, and while awaiting the reply Mlle. de Châtelet was expecting to receive, I slept beneath the canopy of Heaven, stretched

on the ground or on a bench, as soundly as on a bed of roses. I remember, particularly, having passed a delicious night without the city on a road that skirted the Rhone or the Saone, for I cannot remember which. On the other side were terraced gardens. It had been a very warm day; the evening was charming, the dew moistened the faded grass; a calm night, without a breeze; the air was cool without being cold; the sun in setting had left crimson vapors in the sky, which tinged the water with its roseate hue, while the trees along the terrace were filled with nightingales gushing out melodious answers to each other's song. I walked along in a species of ecstasy, giving up heart and senses to the enjoyment of the scene, only slightly sighing with regret at enjoying it alone. Absorbed in my sweet reverie, I prolonged my walk far into the night, without perceiving that I was wearied out. At length I discovered it. I lay voluptuously down on the tablet of a sort of niche or false door sunk in the terrace wall. The canopy of my couch was formed by the overarching boughs of the trees; a nightingale sat exactly above me its song lulled me to sleep; my slumber was sweet, and my awaking still more so. It was broad day; my eyes on opening fell on the water, the verdure, and the admirable landscape spread out before me. I arose and shook off dull sleep, and, growing hungry, I gaily directed my steps towards the city, bent on transforming two *pieces de six blancs* that I had left, into a good breakfast. I was so cheerful that I went singing along the whole way. I even remember that I sang a cantata of Batistins, entitled *The Baths of Thomery*, which I knew by heart. And blessed be the good Batistin and his cantata, for they brought me a better breakfast than I had reckoned on, and a dinner much better still, on which I had not reckoned at all. Right in the midst of my walk and song I hear some one behind me; I turn round, and see an Antonine following me and apparently listening to me with pleasure. He accosts me, salutes me and asks if I understand music. "Some," answer I, but in such a way as to imply "a great deal." He continues questioning me, and I tell him part of my story. He asks me if I ever copied music. "Often," replied I. And this was true—I had found copying the best way of learning.

"Well", said he, "Come with me; I will procure you several days work, during which you shall want for nothing, provided you consent not to quit my room." To this I readily agreed, and so followed him.

M. Rolichon was the name of the Antonine. He loved music, understood it, and used to sing in little concerts which he and his friends gave. So far, all was harmless and perfectly right; but the taste had apparently gone so far as to become a furor, which he was obliged partly to conceal. He led me into a small room which I occupied while with him, and where I found a great quantity of music which he had copied. He gave me some more to copy, particularly the cantata I had sung and which he himself was to sing in a few days. I remained with him for three or four days copying during the whole time I was not eating; for never in the life of me was I so hungry nor better fed. He brought me my meals himself from their kitchen; and a capital one it must have been if their commons were like mine. Never in all my days did I take such delight in eating; and I must confess that these days of fatness came in very pat for I was just then about as lean as one of Pharaoh's kine. I worked almost as heartily as I ate, and that's saying a good deal. 'Tis true my correctness did not equal my diligence. A few days afterwards, I met M. Rolichon and he informed me that there were so many omissions, repetitions, and transpositions in the parts I had copied, that the music could not be executed. I must confess that in choosing, as I afterwards did, the employment of music-copying as a pursuit I hit on the one for which I was worst fitted. Not but that my note was very handsome, not but that I copied very neatly; but the bore of a long-continued labor so bewilders me that I waste more time in scratching out than in pricking down, and if I do not preserve the strictest attention in collating the parts, they are sure to be found faulty when they come to be executed. And so with this; in trying to do it very well I did it very ill; and aiming at expedition I did it all amiss. This, however, did not hinder M. Rolichon from treating me well to the last and giving me half a crown at my departure, a renumeration which, indeed, I hardly deserved, and which set me quite on my feet, for a few days afterwards I received

news from *Maman*. She was at Chambéri and sent me money to join her, which I did with rapture. Since then my finances have frequently been very low, but never at such an ebb as to reduce me to absolute fasting. I note this period with a heart fully alive to a watchful Providence. 'T was the last time in my life that I felt the pangs of want and hunger.

I remained at Lyons for seven or eight days longer waiting the execution of some commissions with which *Maman* had charged Mlle. de Châtelet, whom I visited during this interval more assiduously than before, having the pleasure of speaking with her of her friend, and no longer disturbed save by those bitter returns to my fortune which forced me to conceal it. Mlle. Châtelet was neither young nor pretty, but she did not lack in grace ; she was of an easy, familiar disposition, while her mind enhanced this familiarity. She had an inclination for that sort of moral observation which leads to the study of human nature ; and it was from her, in the first place, that I received this same taste myself. She liked the romances of Le Sage, particularly *Gil Blas*. Of this she spoke to me, lent me it, and I read it with pleasure, though I was hardly ripe yet for that sort of reading, I required romances of high-flown sentiment. And so I passed my time by Mlle. de Châtelet's grate with as much pleasure as profit, and certain it is that the interesting and sensible conversation of a woman of worth are better adapted to form the character of a young man than all the pedantic philosophy of books. I got acquainted at the Chasottes with other boarders and their friends, among others with a young person of fourteen, Mlle. Serre her name, to whom I did not then pay much attention, but whom I fell in love with eight or nine years afterwards, and naturally enough, for she was a charming girl.

Filled with the expectation of shortly seeing my good *Maman*, I laid aside my phantasies for a season, and the real happiness that was awaiting me rendered it unnecessary for me to seek ideal delights. Not only had I found her, but she had also procured me an agreeable situation near her, for she sent me word that she had got me an occupation which she hoped would suit me and which would not remove me from her. I exhausted all my conjectures in divin-

ing what this occupation could be, and divine I must have done to have hit on the right one. I had money enough to perform my journey agreeably. Mlle. de Châtelet wished me to hire a horse: I would not consent to it; and I was right. I should have lost the pleasure of the last pedestrian journey I made in my life, for I cannot apply that name to the excursions on which I often went in my neighborhood, whilst I lived at Motier.

It is a very singular fact that my imagination is never more agreeably excited than when my situation is the least agreeable, and that, on the other hand, it is most sombre precisely when everything is smiling around. My confounded head will not be confined to things themselves; nor can it remain satisfied with embellishing, it must create. Real objects present themselves to my mind quite as they are; it can only decorate ideal ones. If I would paint Spring, it must be in winter; if I would describe a beautiful landscape, it must be within walls, and I have a hundred times observed that if ever I should be confined in the Bastile, I would draw a picture of Liberty. On leaving Lyons naught but an agreeable future stretched before me: I was as contented—and I had reason to be so—as I had been discontented on leaving Paris. And yet, during this journey I had none of these delightful reveries that had accompanied me in the other. My mind was serene, but that was all. With a heart melting with tenderness I drew near the excellent friend I was once more to behold. I enjoyed in advance, though without intoxication, the delight of living with her: I had always expected it—it was as though nothing new had happened me. I was anxious as to what I was going to do, just as though that had been subject-matter for anxiety. My ideas were sweet and calm, not celestial and ravishing. Surrounding objects met my gaze; I observed the landscapes; noticed the trees, houses and brooks; deliberated at cross-roads; was afraid of losing myself, and I did not lose myself. In a word I was no longer in the empyrean—I was now where I was, and anon where I was going; never any farther.

I feel in relating my travels very much as I did in making them—loath to reach the end. My heart beat with joy as I approached my dear *Maman*, but I went none the

faster on that account. I love to walk at my ease and to stop when I please. A roving life is the life for me. Traveling on foot during fine weather, in a beautiful country, without being hurried and with an agreeable object in view at the end of my journey, is of all modes of life that which is most to my taste. What I mean by a beautiful country you must already be aware of. Never, for instance, does a flat one, beautiful though in reality it may be, appear such to my eyes. I must have torrents, fir-trees, black forests, mountains, rugged paths to climb and descend, with precipices on either side to awaken fear in me. I enjoyed this pleasure, and I enjoyed it to the utmost, while approaching Chambéri. Not far from a cut mountain called the *Pas-de-l'Echelle*, beneath the main road hewn in the rock, in the place called *Chailles*, a small stream runs boiling and bubbling into fearful chasms, chasms which it appears to have taken millions of ages in scooping out. The road is protected by a parapet to prevent accidents, thus enabling me to gaze down to the very bottom and get vertigoes *ad libitum*; for the funniest part of my taste for steep places is that they cause my head to swim, and I am very fond of this, provided I am in safety. Firmly upheld by the parapet, I leaned forward and remained so for whole hours, catching now and then a glimpse of the froth and blue water of that stream whose roar I heared mingled with the screams of ravens and birds of prey that flew from rock to rock and from bush to bush, a hundred fathoms beneath my feet. In places where the slope was tolerably regular and free enough from bushes to allow stones to roll, I went away off and got as big ones as I could carry, collecting them all in a pile on the parapet; then, pitching them off one after the other, I reveled in delight at seeing them roll, rebound and fly into a thousand pieces before reaching the bottom of the precipice.

Nearer Chambéri I engaged a similar sight, though of a different kind. The road passes by the foot of the most charming cascade I ever beheld. The mountain is so steep that the water is clean separated therefrom and falls arcade-wise, at sufficient distance for one to pass between the cascade and the rock, and that sometimes without being wet; though, by the way, if you don't look out, you will be very

apt to be caught, as I was myself ; for, on account of the extreme height, the water separates and descends in mist, and when you approach a little too near this cloud, without at first perceiving that you are being wet, you instantly get drenched through.

At length I arrive and see her. She was not alone. The Intendant-general was along with her when I entered. Without speaking to me, she takes me by the hand and presents me to him with that grace of her's, the ready pasport to every heart : "This, Sir, is the poor young man ; deign to protect him as long as he deserves it, and I shall feel no concern about him for the remainder of his life." Then addressing me, she said, "Child, you belong to the king; thank M. the Intendant who provides you with means of support." I staid without saying a word, without knowing very well what to think. A very little more and rising ambition would have turned my head and I have acted the little Intendant. My fortune turned out to be not quite so brilliant as at this the first outset I had pictured to myself; but, for the present, it was sufficient to maintain me, and that, for me, was a great deal indeed. Let us see what it was.

King Victor Amadeus, judging by the event of former wars as well as by the situation of the ancient patrimony of his ancestors, that it would some day or other slip from his hands, sought only to exhaust it. Some few years before this, having resolved to tax the nobility, he had ordered a general survey of the whole country, to the end that the impost might be assessed more equitably. This scheme, commenced under the father, was completed by the son. Some two or three hundred men, part surveyors, styled geometers, part writers, styled secretaries, were employed in this work, and it was among these last that *Maman* had got me enrolled. The post, without being very lucrative, furnished means of living in easy circumstances in that country. The worst of it was that the employment was but a temporary one; however, it might afford breathing time to look out for something better; and it was through foresight that she was endeavouring to secure me the Intendant's special protection, so that I might pass to some more solid employment when this should be finished.

I entered on my duties a few days after my arrival.

There was nothing difficult in the business, so I soon understood it. Thus, after four or five years of roaming, of folly and of suffering, since my departure from Geneva, I now for the first time began honorably to earn my bread.

These minute details of my early youth will have appeared puerile in the extreme; and I'm sorry for it. Though born a man in certain respects, I remained long a child, and in many others I am still one. I have not promised to present a great personage to the public: what I promised was to exhibit myself such as I am; and in order to know me in my after-years, it is indispensable to be thoroughly acquainted with me during my youth. As, in general, objects themselves produce less impression in me than their recollection, and as all my ideas consist in images, the first traits that were engraven on my mind have remained, while those that have since been imprinted thereon have rather combined with than effaced them. There is a certain succession of affections and ideas which modify those that come after them and which have always to be taken into the account as an essential for any correct judgment. I aim throughout at the thorough development of first causes, the better to show the concatenation of effects. I would that I could, in some way, render my soul transparent to the eyes of the reader; and to this end I seek to exhibit it to him in every possible point of view, to throw every possible light thereon and bring it about that not a motion should escape him, so that he may form a judgment of the spring that produces them.

Did I take it on myself to decide, and say to him: Such and such is my character, he might think, if not that I was deceiving him, at least that I was deceiving myself; but by detailing with perfect simplicity everything that has happened to me, everything I have done, everything I have thought, everything I have felt, I cannot possibly mislead him, unless I do it intentionally; and even then I would not succeed very well by this method. His part it is to assemble these elements and judge of the being they compose: the result must be his work; and if he is then deceived, all the error will be on his own side. Now, it is not sufficient for this end that my recitals should be faithful, they must be scrupulously exact. It is not for me to judge as to the importance of facts; I must give him the

whole of them leaving the selecting to him. This has hitherto been my aim—an aim into which I have put all my heart; nor will I relax in the sequel. The recollections of middle age are, however, less vivid than these of early youth. I have begun by turning the latter to the best possible account. If the others return with the same force, impatient readers may, perchance, grow weary; but I shall not be dissatisfied with my labor; I have but one thing to fear in my undertaking: not the saying too much or telling falsehoods, but not telling the whole and the being silent as to truths.

BOOK. V.

1732 — 1736.

It was in 1732, it seems to me, that I arrived at Chambéri, as I have just related, and began my employment at the Registry in the King's service. I was over twenty, near twenty-one. Intellectually I had considerable culture for my age, but my judgment was sadly undeveloped and I stood in great need of falling into the hands I did to teach me how to direct my steps. Several year's experience had not been able radically to cure me of my romantic, visionary ideas, and, notwithstanding all the hardships I had undergone, I knew as little of the world or of mankind as though I had not paid dearly for my schooling in both.

I lived at home, that is with *Maman*; but I found not my room at Annecy. No garden, no brook, no landscape. The house she occupied was dark and dismal, and my room the darkest and dismallest of all. A dead wall in the way of prospect and an alley for a street, close air, bad light, confined room, rats and a rotten floor formed an assemblage not likely to make up the most agreeable of habitations. However, I was in the house with and near her. Constantly at my office or in her room, I heeded little the hideousness of my own, and had no time to dwell on the topic. It may seem strange that she should have taken up her residence at Chambéri on purpose to inhabit this horrible house; but this was itself one of her strokes of policy that I must not pass over in silence. She had no great inclination for a journey to Turin well aware that after the revolutions that had so recently taken place and amid the agitations in which the Court was yet plunged, this was not the time to present herself there. Still, her affairs demanded her presence: she feared being forgotten or served some ill turn. She was aware, above all, that Count de Saint Laurent, Intendant-general of Finances, did not look on her

with a very friendly eye. He had an old house at Chambéri, so badly built and in so wretched a situation that it stood always untenanted. She rented it and took up her abode therein. The plan furthered her end much better than a journey to Turin would have done—her pension was not taken from her, and from that time forth Count de Saint Laurent became a fast friend.

I found her household much on the old footing, and the trusty Claude Anet still with her. This person was, as I believe I have already said, a peasant of Moutrn, and had passed his youth gathering herbs amid the Jura for the purpose of making Swiss tea. Madam de Warens had taken him into her service on account of his knowledge of drugs, finding it handy to have a herborist and a waiter in one and the same person. He pursued his study of plants so fondly, and she so heartily furthered his taste that he became a thorough botanist, and, had he not died young, he would have acquired a name in that science, as indeed, he deserved one among honest men. Being serious, grave even, and as I was younger than he, he assumed in a manner the care of me, and was instrumental in preserving me from many follies. He rather overawed me, and I dared not forget myself in his presence. He even commanded respect from his mistress, who knew his great good sense, his uprightness and inviolable attachment to herself, an attachment which she returned him in full. Claude Anet was incontestably a rare character, and, indeed, the only person of his kind I ever met with. Slow, staid, deliberate, circumspect in his conduct, cold in his manners, laconic and sententious in his speech, he was yet of an impetuosity in his passions which he never allowed to appear, but which devoured him inwardly, and which, in the course of his life, led him to be guilty of but one piece of folly. And a terrible one it was—he poisoned himself! This tragic scene took place shortly after my arrival, and it needed it to let me into the intimacy that obtained between this young man and his mistress, for had she not told it me herself I should never have had the slightest suspicion thereof. And surely, if there is aught in attachment, zeal and fidelity to merit such a reward, he well deserved it; and what proves his worthiness is that he never abused it. They seldom quarreled, and their quarrels

always ended happily. They had one, however, which did *not* end happily; his mistress, in a passion, said something abusive to him which he could not digest. He took counsel only with his despair, and finding a phial of laudanum at hand, he swallowed it, which done, he calmly betook him to bed, expecting to awake no more. Happily, Madam de Warens, uneasy and agitated herself, in the course of her wandering through the house, lit on the phial and divined the rest. Her screams, while flying to his assistance, brought me to her. She avowed all, implored my assistance, and succeeded after a great deal of difficulty in making him vomit the opium. Witness of this scene I could not help wondering at my stupidity in never having entertained the slightest suspicion of the connection it revealed. But, indeed, Claude Anet was so circumspect that sharper fellows than myself might have been misled. Their reconciliation was of such a kind that I, too, was deeply affected thereat; and ever since then, adding respect to the esteem I entertained for him, I became, in a manner, his eleve, nor was I the worse for his care.

And yet, not without pain did I become aware that another lived in greater intimacy with her than myself. I had not even dreamt of desiring the place for myself; but it was hard for me to see it filled by any one else. And a very natural feeling this was. Nevertheless, instead of conceiving an aversion for him who had forestalled me, I really felt the affection I entertained for her extend to him. My chief desire, and desire of all desires was that she should be happy; and since she had need of him to be so, why, I was content that he should be happy also. For his part, he perfectly entered into the views of his mistress, and conceived a sincere friendship for the friend she had chosen. Without affecting with me the authority his post entitled him to assume, he naturally acquired the ascendancy over me which his judgment had over mine. I dared do nothing he appeared to disapprove, and he disapproved only of what was wrong. We thus lived in a union that rendered us all happy, and which death alone was finally able to destroy. One proof of the excellence of this amiable woman's character is that all who loved her loved each other. Jealousy and rivalry themselves yielded to the

dominant sentiment she inspired; and I never saw any of those who surrounded her, entertain the slightest ill-will towards each other. Let my reader pause a moment at this eulogy; and if he has in his mind's eye any other woman of whom he can say this much, let him, as he values his life's repose, cleave to her, were she, for the rest, the lowest of drabs.

Here begins a period of eight years, from my arrival at Chamberi until my departure for Paris in 1741, during which I shall have few events to record, because I led a life as simple as sweet; and this uniformity was precisely what I most needed to finish the formation of my character, which a continued series of troubles had prevented from assuming form. 'Twas during this precious period that my crude, orderless education, having acquired stability, made me what I have never ceased to be amid the storms that have environed me. This progress was slow and insensible, attended by few memorable events; and yet it deserves to be followed and developed.

At first, I was occupied with little save my duties, the restraint of the office let me think of nothing else. My little spare time I passed along with the dear *Maman*; and not having even an opportunity for reading, the notion did not take me. But when my occupation, having become a species of routine, took up less of my attention, my mind grew again disquieted and reading once more became a necessity; and as though this taste was ever stimulated by any obstacle in the way of its indulgence, it would have become a passion as at my master's, had not other tastes come in the way and turned this into another channel.

Though our operations did not require a very high arithmetic, they sometimes required enough to puzzle me. To overcome this difficulty, I bought works thereon, and I learned it well, for I learned it alone. Practical arithmetic goes farther than one would suppose, if he would attain exact precision. There are operations of extreme length amid which I have at times seen first-rate geometers lose themselves. Reflection, joined to practice, gives precise ideas; and then short methods are discovered, the invention of which flatters one's self-love while their exactness satisfies the understanding, and makes a pleasure out of a labor of



All my time was fitted by endearing attentions.

itself ungrateful. I got so thoroughly into it that there was no question solvable by figures alone that presented any difficulty to me. Even now that everything I once knew is slipping day by day from my memory, this acquirement still in a measure remains after thirty years interruption. 'Tis but a few days ago that, in a journey I made to Davenport, being present while my host's children were taking their lesson in arithmetic, I performed one of the most complicate operations without a mistake and with inconceivable delight. Methought, while writing down my figures, that I was again at Chambéri in my young, happy days. 'Twas to retrace my steps from afar.

Our geometers' map-colouring had also revived my taste for drawing. I bought colors and set to painting flowers and landscapes. It was unfortunate that I turned out to have little talent for this art, I certainly had unlimited inclination for it. I could have passed whole months amid my crayons and my pencils without leaving the house. This occupation, coming to exercise too powerful a fascination over me, they were obliged to tear me from it. Thus it is with all the tastes to which I devote myself—they increase, become a passion, and ere long I lose sight of everything saving the amusement that absorbs me. Years have not cured me of this failing, nay, have not even lessened it, and now as I write I have, like an old dotard, got infatuated with another useless study which I know nothing about,* and which even those who devote their youth to its pursuit are forced to abandon at the age I am wanting to begin it.

'Twas then it would have been in place. The opportunity, too, was capital, and I was rather tempted to profit by it. The satisfaction I saw in Anet's eyes as he came home loaded with new plants so swayed me that I was two or three times on the point of going out herbarizing with him. I am almost certain that had I gone once, I should have been won over, and I might perhaps, by this time, have been a great Botanist. I know of no study in the world more congenial to my natural tastes than that of plants, and the country-life I have led for the past ten years has been little else than a continual herbalizing, though, I must confess, without end and without progress; but

* Botany.

not having at that time the slightest idea of botany I entertained a sort of aversion and even disgust for it—I looked on it as a study fit only for an apothecary. *Maman*, who was fond of it, did not herself make any other use of it, seeking none but common plants to work up into her drugs. And so Botany, Chemistry and Anatomy, confounded together in my mind under the appellation of Medicine, served only to furnish me with witty sarcasms the day long, and procure me a box on the ears every now and then. Besides, a different and quite contrary taste was gradually springing up and ere long absorbed all others. I refer to music. I must assuredly have been born for this art, since I began to love it from my very childhood, and as it is the sole one I have loved constantly and in all times. The wonder is, that an art whereto I was born should yet have cost me so much pains to acquire and that I should have acquired it so slowly that, after a life-times practice, I never could succeed in singing with any certainty at sight. What then rendered this study specially agreeable was that I could pursue it along with *Maman*. With tastes in other respects widely different, in music was a point of union whereof I loved to avail myself. She had no objections: I was then just about as far advanced as she was, after two or three efforts we could decipher a tune. At times, seeing her busily engaged around a furnace, I would say to her, "Maman, here's a charming duet which seems to me just the thing to spoil your drugs." "Upon my word," she would reply, "if you make me burn them, I'll make you eat them." And so, disputing away, I managed to draw her to the harpsichord: we would forget ourselves in it—the extract of juniper or wormwood calcined: she would smear my face with it, and all this was delicious.

Thus you notice that with little leisure I had much wherewith to fill it. Another amusement, however, came along which was well worth all the others.

We lived in so confined a dungeon, that we needed sometimes to breathe the open air. Anet induced *Maman* to rent a garden in the suburbs to put plants in. To this garden a pretty little summer-house was attached. It contained a few articles of furniture; a bed was added. We often went and dined therein, and I sometimes slept in it



"Upon my word," she would reply, "if you make me burn them
I'll make you eat them." *Page 212 - I.*

Insensibly I became attached to this little retreat; I put some books and a number of prints into it and spent part of my time in adorning it and preparing some agreeable surprise for *Maman* when she walked out thither. I used to quit her to come and occupy myself with her, to think of her with greater pleasure—another caprice which I neither excuse nor explain, but which I avow, because it *was* so. I remember that Madam de Luxembourg was once telling me in a laughing way of a man who left his mistress simply for the pleasure of writing to her. I observed that I might easily have been that man, and I might have added that I had sometimes done the very same thing. I never found it necessary, however, to leave *Maman* in order to love her the stronger, for I was always as perfectly at my ease in her company as though I had been alone, something I can say for no one else, whether man or woman, and how great soever my attachment for them may have been. But she was so often surrounded by people so utterly displeasing to me, that spite and ennui drove me to my asylum, where my heart could hold converse with her at pleasure, without fear of being followed thither by impertinent intruders.

Whilst thus I lived in serenest repose divided between business, pleasure and culture, Europe was not so tranquil as myself. France and the Emperor had a short time before mutually declared war; the King of Sardinia took part in the quarrel, and the French army was filing off in Piedmont in order to enter Milan. One division passed through Chambéry, and, among others, the regiment of Champagne, whose Colonel was the Duke de La Trimouille, to whom I was presented. He made me many fine promises, and doubtless never gave me a second thought. Our little garden stood just at the upper end of the suburb by which the troops entered, so that I got my fill of delight in going and seeing them pass and I became as deeply interested in the success of this war as though it had nearly concerned me. Hitherto I had not troubled myself much about politics, and for the first time I set to reading the newspaper, but with such a partiality for France that my heart throbbed with joy at her most trifling advantages, while her reverses afflicted me as though they had fallen on myself. Had this infatuation been but transient I should not have

deigned mentioning it; but it took such deep root in my heart—truly without any reason—that when I afterwards stood up in Paris as the anti-despot and haughty republican, I felt, in spite of myself, a secret predilection for the very nation I declared servile and for the Government I affected to censure. The funniest part of it was that, ashamed of an inclination so contrary to my maxims, I dared not avow it to any one, and I rallied the French on their defeats while my own heart was more deeply wounded than theirs. I am surely the only one who, living with a people that treated him well and which he adored, ever put on a false air of despising it. And yet so disinterested is this inclination on my part, so powerful, so constant, so invincible, that even since my quitting the kingdom, since the government, magistrates and authors have outvied each other in their rancor towards me, since it has become fashionable to load me with injustice and abuse, I have not been able to get rid of my infatuation. Maltreat me though they will, I love them in spite of myself.

I have long sought the cause of this partiality, and I have been able to find it nowhere save in the occasion that gave it birth. A growing love for literature attached me to French books, to their authors and the country that produced them. At the very time the French army was defiling 'neath my eyes, I read Brantôme's "Great Captains." My head was full of Clissons, Bayards, Lautreces, Colignys, Montmoreneys, Trimouilles, and I loved their descendants as the heirs of their worth and courage. Me thought I saw in every regiment that passed those famous Black Bands that erst had performed so many exploits in Piedmont. And then I applied to what I saw the ideas I got from books—my repeated readings ever derived from the same nation nourished my affection therefor and induced a blind passion for it that naught has been able to surmount. I had afterwards occasion to observe in the course of my travels that this impression was not peculiar to myself, and that, acting more or less in all countries on the reading portion of the nation, it balanced the general hatred which the overweening air of the French inspires. Their romances, more than their men, endear them to woman of all countries, while their dramatic master-pieces give the youth a fond-

ness for their drama. The celebrity of the Parisian stage attracts thither crowds of strangers who return enthusiasts. Besides, the excellent taste of their literature captivates every person possessing anything of the kind; and even during the late unhappy war, I have seen their authors and philosophers sustain the glory of the French name, tarnished by their warriors.

I was, therefore, an ardent Frenchman, and this rendered me a newsmonger. I went along with the crowd of itchy-ears and waited on the public square for the arrival of the couriers, and, sillier than the ass in the fable, I bothered my head a great deal as to who my master, whose pack-saddle I was to bear, should be, for they then pretended that we were to belong to France, and that Savoy was to be exchanged for Milan. And yet, confess I must, I had some cause for fear, for had the war turned out unfortunate for the allies, *Maman's* pension would have run a great risk. However, I was full of confidence in my good friends, and for once, spite of the surprise of M. de Broglie, this confidence was not ill-founded, thanks to the king of Sardinia, of whom I had never thought.

Whilst they were fighting in Italy, they were singing in France. The operas of Rameau began to make a noise and brought his theoretic works, which their obscurity prevented all but a very few from understanding, into notice. By chance I heard of his "Treatise on Harmony," and rest there was none for me until I had got the book into my possession. By another chance I fell sick. The illness was inflammatory; it was violent and brief, but my convalescence was a matter of time, and I was a month before I could go out. During this period I ran over and devoured my "Treatise on Harmony," but it was so long, so diffuse and so badly arranged that I felt it would take me a good while to study and unravel it. I suspended my application and recreated my sight with music. The cantatas of Bernier, which I practiced, never left my mind. I learned four or five by heart, and among the rest, "*The Sleeping Cupids*," which I have never seen since and which I still retain almost entirely, as also, *Cupid stung by a Bee*, a very pretty cantata of Clerambault's, which I learned about the same time.

To cap the climax, there came along from Val-d'Aost

a young organist, Abbé Palais the name of him, a good musician and a capital fellow, accompanying very well on the harpsichord. I got acquainted with him, and inseparable we soon became. He was the pupil of an Italian monk, a great organist. He spoke to me of his principles: I compared them with Rameau's, and filled my head with accompaniments, cords and harmony. But, all ear for all this must be formed. I proposed to *Maman* having a little concert once a month; to this she consented. Behold me, then, so full of this concert that neither day nor night could I think of aught else. And truly it did occupy a good deal of my time and attention, in collecting the music, musicians and instruments, extracting the parts, etc. *Maman* sang; Father Cato, whom I have alluded to and of whom I have more to say, sang also; a dancing master, called Roche, and his son, played on the violin; Canavas, a Piedmontese musician who worked in the Registry and who afterwards got married at Paris, played on the violincello; the Abbé Palais played an accompaniment on the harpsichord, and I had the honor to lead the music without forgetting the baton of the wood cleaver. You may judge how fine all this was! —not exactly as at M. de Treytorens, but it was not very far from it.

The little concert of Madam de Warens, a new concert, and living, said people, on the King's charity, set the pious crew a-murmuring; but it was a very agreeable amusement for several worthy folks. It would be hard for you to guess whom I put at the head of them on this occasion—a monk, but one in whom the monk did not hide the man of merit, a person to be loved even, whose subsequent misfortunes deeply affected me, and the memory of whom, associated with my happy days, is still dear to me. I speak of Father Cato, a Cordelier, who, conjointly with Count Dortan, had caused the music of the poor "Kitten" to be seized at Lyons—certainly not the finest trait in his history. He was a bachelor of Sorbonne, had lived many years in Paris among the very first society, and was a particular crony of the Marquis d'Antremont, then Sardinian Ambassador. He was a tall, well made man, with a full face, prominent eyes, black hair which formed natural curls on each side of his forehead, a noble, open, modest manner, of simple

yet graceful appearance, with neither the hypocritical or impudent behaviour of a monk, nor the cavalier like ways of a man of the world, but the assurance of an honest man, who, without being ashamed of his cloth, sets a proper value on himself and ever feels in his own place among good company. Though Father Cato's erudition was not very profound for a doctor, it was so for a man of the world, and not being impatiently anxious to show off his acquirements, he brought them in so appropriately that they appeared to positive advantage. Having lived long in society he had cultivated agreeable accomplishments rather than solid learning. He was witty, composed verses, conversed well, sang better, had a handsome voice, and fingered the organ and harpsichord. It needed not so much to be sought after, and sought after he was; yet so little did this cause him to neglect the duties of his function that, spite of very jealous competitors, he was chosen Definitor of his province, or, as they said, one of the great pillars of their order.

Father Cato made the acquaintance of Maman at the Marquis d'Antremont's. He heard of our concerts, expressed a desire to join in them, did so, and rendered them brilliant. We were soon bound together by our mutual taste for music, which in both was a lively passion, with this difference only, that he was really a musician, while I was but a bungler. In company with Canavas and the Abbé Palais we had music in his apartments, and sometimes during holidays at his organ. We frequently dined at his little table, for what was moreover astonishing for a monk was that he was generous, lavish and fond of sense-pleasures, without, at the same time, manifesting anything like grossness. On our concert-days he supped at *Maman's*. And most gay and agreeable these suppers were—neither word nor thing was kept back, we sang duets; I was at my ease, was witty and indulged in sallies; Father Cato was charming; *Maman* was adorable, while the Abbé Palais with his ox-like voice was the butt of the company. Sweet moments of sportive youth, how long since you have fled for ever!

As I shall have no farther occasion to speak of poor Father Cato, let me here in two words conclude his sad history. His brother monks, jealous or furious rather at seeing in him a worth, an elegance of manners which savoured

nothing of monastic stupidity, conceived a hatred to him, because he was not as hateful as themselves. The chiefs combined against him and set on the envious rabble of monks, who formerly would not have dared face him. They affronted him in a thousand ways, degraded him from his office, deprived him of his room which he had furnished tastefully yet simply, and banished him I know not whither; in short the wretches overwhelmed him with so many outrages that his honest and haughty soul naturally sank under it, and after having been the delight of the most amiable circles, he died of a broken heart on a wretched bed, in the bottom of some cell or dungeon, wept and lamented by all the worthy people who knew him, and who could find no fault in him save his being a monk.

In this little course of life, I did so well in a short space of time that, entirely absorbed by music, I found myself unfit to think of aught else. I no longer went to my desk save with disgust—the restraint and assiduity required in the labor became to me an unbearable punishment, and I at length came to wish to quit my employ, so as to devote myself unreservedly to music. As you may well surmise, this folly did not pass without some opposition. Leaving an honorable post with its fixed salary to run after uncertain scholars was too crack-brained a course to meet the approval of *Maman*. Even supposing my future progress as great as I anticipated, it was fixing very humble limits to my ambition to think of reducing myself for life to the condition of a musician. She, who formed naught save magnificent prospects for me, and who no longer took M. d'Aubonne at his word, saw me with concern seriously occupying myself with a talent which to her seemed so frivolous, and often repeated to me that provincial proverb, which, by the way, does not hold quite so good at Paris, that

“Who sings well and well dances,
Follows a trade that little advances.”

On the other hand, she saw me hurried away by an irresistible passion, my taste for music became an absolute furor, and it was to be feared that my work, suffering by my distraction, might draw on me a dismissal which it was much better to take of my own accord. I represented to her, besides, that my employment had not long to last, that it was necessary I

should have some permanent means of support, and that I was much surer of attaining this by completing by practice the mastery of an art to which my inclination led me, and which she, too, had chosen for me, than by putting myself at the mercy of protection or making fresh essays which very possibly might not succeed, and leave me, after having passed the age for learning, without anything on which to rely for a livelihood. At length, more by importunities and caresses than satisfactory reasons, I extorted her consent. Forthwith I ran and haughtily thanked M. Coccelli, Director-general of the Survey, as though I had performed the most heroic deed, and voluntarily left my employment without cause, reason or pretext, with as much pleasure as I had felt on entering it barely two years before.

This step, foolish though it was, procured me a sort of consideration throughout the country that I found useful. Some supposed me possessed of ways and means I had not, while others, seeing me wholly devoted to music, measured my talent by my sacrifice, and concluded that with such a passion for the art I must be greatly superior therein. In a nation of blind men the one-eyed are kings. I passed for a good master, as all they had were bad ones. For the rest, not lacking in a certain taste for singing, favored, too, by my youth and appearance, I soon procured more scholars than were sufficient to make up for the loss of my secretary's pay.

Certes, as to the agreeable in life, it would be impossible to pass more rapidly from one extreme to the other. At the Registry, occupied eight hours a day on the most disagreeable of tasks, in company still more disagreeable, shut up in a dismal office reeking with the breath and perspiration of a set of clowns, the major part most filthy and unkempt, I felt myself at times so overcome with the attention, bad air, restraint and weariness that my head would swim. In place of this, here I was all of a sudden thrown into the fashionable world, admitted into and sought after by the first houses; meeting everywhere with a gracious and most kindly reception and a festive air—amiable, well-dressed young ladies await me, receiving me with most kindly welcome; I behold nothing but charming objects, smell nothing but roses and orange flowers, we sing, chat, laugh, sport; and I leave all

this only to go and enjoy a repetition of the same somewhere else. It must be admitted that, other things being equal in advantages, there was no room for hesitation in the choice. And indeed so pleased was I with the one I made that I never repented it, nor do I now when weighing the acts of my life in the balance of reason and freed from the influence of the useless motives that led me on.

Such was almost the only time that, consulting only my inclinations, I was not deceived in my expectation. The easy reception, accommodating nature and free disposition of the inhabitants of the country made me like society, and the taste I then acquired for it satisfies myself, that if I do not love to live among men, it is less my fault than their own.

It is a pity the Savoyards are not rich, and yet perhaps it would be a greater pity still if they were so; for, take them all in all, they are the best and most sociable people I know of. If the world contains a small town wherein the pleasures of life in agreeable and steady intercourse are experienced, that town is Chambéri. The gentry of the province here collected, have only wealth enough to live, not enough to support any state, and not having an opportunity of giving way to ambition, necessity compels them to follow the advice of Cyneas. They devote their youth to warfare and then return to pass their old age peacefully at home. Both honor and reason preside over this arrangement. The women are handsome, yet might well dispense with beauty —they possess all that can enhance its value or even supply its place. It is singular that, called by my profession to see so many young girls, I do not recollect having ever seen a single one at Chambéri that was not charming. You may say, I was disposed to find them so, and there may be some truth in the surmise; but I had but to open my eyes to see. I cannot remember my young scholars without pleasure. Why cannot I in here naming over the most amiable of them, carry them, too, and myself with them, back to the happy age at which we then were, in those sweet yet innocent days I passed along with them! The first was Mlle. Mellarède, my neighbor, and sister to a pupil of M. Gaime. She was a very lively brunette, but of a pleasing vivacity, full of grace, and without any giddiness. She was somewhat thin, as most girls are at her age; but her bright

eyes, fine shape, and attractive manner had no need of plumpness to be pleasing. I went to her in the morning and she was still generally in dishabille, her hair simply thrown carelessly back, adorned with a flower or so, put in on my arrival and taken out at my departure for her hair to be dressed. There is nothing in the world I fear so much as a pretty woman in dishabille; I should dread her a hundred times less in full dress. Mlle. de Menthon, to whom I went in the afternoon, always was so, and produced quite as pleasing, though, at the same time, a different impression. She had flaxen hair, was very delicate, very timid and very fair, with a clear, correct, flute-like voice, but which dared not let itself out. She bore the mark of a scald on her breast, which a handkerchief of blue chenille did not entirely hide. This mark at times drew my attention in that quarter and ere long I was absorbed in something besides the scar. Mlle. de Challes, another of my neighbors, was a grown woman; tall, well-formed and plump. She had been very well in her day, but was no longer a beauty; she was rather a person to be referred to for her gracefulness, equal temper and good disposition. Her sister, Madam de Charly, the handsomest woman in Chambéri, was not now learning music, but she had her daughter taught. She was quite young, indeed, but her budding beauty gave promise to equal her mother's, had she not been unfortunately a little red-haired. I had a little French lady at the Visitation, whose name has slipped from my mind, but who merits a place in the list of my preferences. She had adopted the slow, drawling tone of the nuns, and in this drawling tone she would give out some very keen things, which did not seem in the least to correspond with her manner. Otherwise, she was indolent, not caring to take the pains to let out her wit, and this was a favor she did not grant everybody. It was only after a month or two's lessons and negligence that she thought of this expedient for rendering me more assiduous, for I never could bring myself to be so. I took pleasure in teaching during the lesson, but did not like being obliged to attend at a particular hour: restraint and subjection are to me unendurable in any shape; they would make me hate even pleasure itself. It is said that among the Mahometans a man passes through the streets at break

of day, ordering the husbands to do their duty to their *wives*. I should be a bad Mussulman at such hours.

I had some pupils likewise among the *bourgeoisie*, and one, among others, that was the indirect cause of a change of relation whereof I have to speak, since, indeed, I have promised to make a clean breast. She was a grocer's daughter, her name Mlle. Lard—a perfect model for a Grecian statue; I should quote her as the handsomest girl I have ever seen, if there be such a thing as true beauty without life or soul. Her indolence, coldness and insensibility were absolutely inconceivable. It was equally impossible to please or displease her; and I am persuaded that, had any one made an attempt on her virtue, she would have let him, not so much from inclination as through stupidity. Her mother, not wanting to run the risk, did not quit her a single moment. In having her taught singing and providing her with a youthful master, she did all she could to enliven her; but it was all in vain. While the teacher ogled the daughter the mother ogled the teacher; and this was just about as bad. Madam Lard added to her own natural vivacity all the sprightliness her daughter should have possessed. She was a brisk, rumpled little body, pitted with small-pox. She had small twinkling eyes, somewhat red, as they were almost always sore. I found my coffee and cream ready for me every morning on my arrival; and the mother never failed to welcome me with a kiss fair on the lips, which I should, through curiosity, have liked very well to have returned the daughter to see how she would have taken it. But, indeed, all this was done so much as a matter of course and so little attended by any consequences that, even when M. Lard was present, the ogling and kissing were none the less carried on as usual. He was an easy, good natured fellow, the genuine father of his daughter, and whom his wife did not deceive, because there was absolutely no occasion for it.

I took all these caresses with my usual verdancy, receiving them quite sincerely as so many marks of pure friendship. I was, however, pestered by them at times, for the sprightly Madam Lard did not fail being exacting, and if in the course of the day I had passed the shop without dropping in, she would have made a rumpus. I was fain, when in a

hurry, to take a round about way, well aware that going in was one thing and getting out another.

Madam Lard thought too much about me for me not to think something about her. Her attentions greatly affected me. I spoke of them to *Maman* as of a matter about which there was no mystery, and even had there been, I should none the less have spoken thereof, for to have made a secret of anything whatever with her was to me an impossibility —my heart lay open to her as to Heaven. She did not look on the matter with the same simplicity as myself. She saw advances where I had only seen amities, and concluded that Madam Lard, making it a point of honor not to leave me as much in the dark as she had found me, would contrive to make herself understood some way or other. Besides, apart from the fact, that it was not just that another woman should take on herself the instruction of her eleve, she had motives more worthy of herself for wishing to guard me against the snares to which my youth and situation exposed me. At the same time, too, I was exposed to a still more dangerous temptation, which, indeed, I escaped, but which taught her that the dangers that incessantly beset me required all the preservatives she could bring to bear to counteract them.

The Countess de Menthon, mother of one of my pupils, was a woman of great ability, and got the credit of being no less mischievous. She had been the cause, 't was said, of many an embroilment, and among others, of one that terminated fatally for the house of Antremont. *Maman* had seen enough of her to know her character: having very innocently inspired a certain person to whom Madam de Menthon had some pretensions with a liking, she found her guilty of the crime of this preference, though, indeed, it had been neither sought after nor accepted; and from that time forth Madam de Menthon endeavored to play her rival a number of ill turns, none of which succeeded. I will give you one of the most comic by way of sample. They were together in the country with several gentleman of the neighborhood, and among the rest, the aspirant in question. Madam de Menthon took an opportunity to observe to one of these gentleman that Madam de Warens was nothing but an affected prude, that she had not a particle of taste, that she did not dress well and that she covered her neck like a *bourgeoise*.

"O, for that matter," replied the person addressed who was a joker in his way, "she has her own reasons, and I know it to be a fact that she has the mark of a great big, ugly rat on her bosom, but so like that you would positively declare it was running." Hatred, as well as love, renders its votaries credulous. Madam de Menthon determined to make use of this discovery, and one day when Madam de Warens was at cards with the lady's ungrateful favorite, she watched her opportunity to pass behind her rival, then, half oversetting her chair, she dexterously displaced the handkerchief; but in lieu of the big rat, the gentleman beheld a far different object, which it was not more easy to forget than to obtain a sight of, and this by no means, furthered the lady's end.

I was not the person to occupy the thoughts of Madam de Menthon; she desired only brilliant people around her. However, she paid me some attention, not for my person's sake, of which, indeed, she assuredly took no thought, but for the wit I got credit for, and which might have enabled me to further her inclinations. She had quite a keen taste for satire and was fond of writing songs and lampoons on people that displeased her. Had she found in me talent enough to help her in turning her verses, and complaisance sufficient to write them, we would between us have, ere long, turned Chambéri upside down. The libels would have been traced to their source; Madam de Menthon would have got out of the scrape by sacrificing me, and I should, perchance, have been cooped up in prison for the rest of my days to teach me to play Apollo with the ladies.

Fortunately, nothing of the kind happened. Madam de Menthon had me stay twice or thrice to dinner to have a chat with her; but she soon found out that I was a mere nincompoop. I felt this myself, and writhed I did under the discovery, envying the talents of my friend Venture, instead of thanking my stupidity for keeping me out of harm's way. I remained, therefore, to Madam de Menthon, her daughter's music-teacher, and nothing more; but I lived quietly and ever well received at Chambéri. This was certainly more desirable than being a wit in her eyes and a serpent with everybody else.

However it might be, *Maman* saw that, in order to

snatch me from the perils of youth, it was time to treat me as a man; and this she did, but in the most singular fashion that ever entered woman's brain in similar circumstances. Her manner became graver and her discourse more moral than usual. To the playful gayety with which she was wont to intermingle her instructions, suddenly succeeded a tone sustained throughout, which was neither familiar nor yet severe, but which seemed to be preparing the way for an explanation. After having fruitlessly sought in myself the reason of this change, I begged that she would tell me the cause thereof. This was what she was expecting. She proposed a walk out to our little garden for the day following; and we went in the morning. She had taken measures so that we should be left alone during the whole day, and she employed it in preparing me for the favors she meant to bestow on me, not, as another woman would have done, by toying and incitements, but by a conversation full of sense and sentiment, calculated rather to instruct than seduce me, and speaking more to my heart than to my passions. And yet, excellent and useful though the talk she held with me was, and though it was anything but cold or melancholy, I did not pay it all the attention it deserved, and so did not fix it in my memory as I should have done at any other time. Her air of preparation at the outset had made me uneasy: whilst she was speaking, thoughtful and absent-minded in spite of myself, I gave less heed to what she was saying and was more curious to find out what she was aiming at; and as soon as I had comprehended her design—and this was not a very easy matter for me—the novelty of the idea, which all the years I lived with her had never once entered my head, wholly filled my thoughts and overmastered my power of thinking of what she was saying. I thought only of her, and heard her not.

The idea of rendering young people attentive to what is told them by holding out an object that greatly interests them as the goal, is a mistake into which instructors often fall and which I myself have not escaped in my "Emile." The young man, struck with the object presented to him, is wholly absorbed therein, and leaps lightly over your preliminary discourses to reach directly the point whither you are leading him quite too slowly for his humor. If you

would render him attentive, you must not allow him to see through the matter to begin with. Herein it was that *Maman* was maladroit. By an idiosyncrasy, the natural outgrowth of her systematic intellect, she took the quite needless precaution of laying down her conditions; but no sooner did I learn the price than I no longer listened thereto and hastened to consent to everything. I doubt, indeed, whether in similar circumstances there is a man on the whole earth with frankness or courage enough to dare to dispute terms, or a single woman that would pardon his having done so. By a continuation of the same whim, she connected the gravest formalities with this grant, and gave me eight days to think over it. I assured her I had no need of them; falsely, however, for to cap the singularity, I was very glad of the interim, so struck was I by the novelty of these ideas, and such a revolution did I experience in my thoughts, which time alone could quell.

You will be supposing that these eight days seemed to me so many centuries. Quite the contrary; I could have wished they were. I know not how to describe the state in which I found myself—filled with a certain terror mingled with impatience, dreading what I desired, and dreading it so much as oftentimes to addle my brains for some civil pretext of evading my happiness. Take into account my warm, lascivious temperament, my love-drunken heart, my vigor, health and youth. Think, too, that in this state and with all my feverish longing after women, I had never approached one; that my imagination and my desires, vanity and curiosity joined in devouring me with the ardent desire of being a man and appearing such. Add above all—for this is not to be left out of the estimate—that my deep and tender attachment for her, far from losing any of its power, had daily gained additional strength; that I could be happy only in her presence; that I left her only to think of her, and that my heart was full, not only of her kindness and amiable disposition, but of her sex, her figure, her person, herself; in a word, united to her in every relation that could possibly render her dear. Nor let it be supposed that her being ten or a dozen years my elder made her either be or seem old. 'Twas now five or six years since I had felt such rapturous transport at the first sight of her, and during this period she

had in reality altered very little, while to my eyes she had not changed at all. To me she was ever charming, and was still thought so by every one. Her shape alone had grown a little rounder; but, otherwise, 'twas the same eye, the same complexion, the same bosom, the same features, the same beautiful fair hair, the same gayety, ay, and the same voice, that silvered voice of youth, which ever so thrilled me that even to this day I cannot hear the clear harmonious tones of a girl without the deepest emotion.

What I had naturally to fear in the expectation of the possession of one so dear was lest I should anticipate it, not to be able sufficiently to govern my desires and imagination as to remain master of myself. It will be seen that, at an advanced age, the bare idea of certain slight favors that awaited me from the loved one so fired my blood that it was impossible for me with any patience to traverse the short space that separated me from her. How, then, and by what miracle was it that, in the flower of my youth, I was in so little of a hurry for the first enjoyment? How could I see the appointed hour approach with more pain than pleasure? How came it that instead of intoxicating delights, I felt repugnance, nay fear? It is not at all to be doubted that could I have with any propriety evaded my happiness, I should have done so with all my heart. I promised strange developments in the history of my attachment for her; there is certainly one that can not have been looked for.

The reader, already disgusted, surmises that being already in the possession of another man, she lost in my eyes by sharing herself, and that a feeling of disesteem weakened the sentiments wherewith she had inspired me. You're wrong. This division was, 't is true, a bitter affliction, as well from a very natural delicacy as because, indeed, it appeared quite unworthy of her and myself; but as to my feelings towards her, it did not in the slightest change them, and I can solemnly aver that I never loved her more tenderly than when I felt so little inclination to possessing her. I knew too well her chaste heart and icy temperament to think for a moment that sensual pleasures had anything to do with this *her abandon*. I was perfectly sure that it was only her solicitude to snatch me from otherwise all but in-

evitable dangers and to preserve me wholly to myself and to my duties that induced her to infringe one which, as will presently be seen, she did not look on in the same light as women in general do. I pitied her and I pitied myself. I should have liked to have said to her: "No, *Maman*, it is not necessary; I will answer for my conduct without that." But I dared not, firstly because it was not a *sayable* thing, and further because, at the bottom, I felt that it was not so, and that, in truth, there was but one woman that had the power of preserving me from the rest of her sex and that could make me proof against all temptation. Without desiring to possess her, I was quite glad that she should free me of the desire of possessing others, so much of an evil did I regard anything that tended to draw away my thoughts from her.

The long-continued habit of living together, and innocently so, far from weakening my feelings for her, had strengthened them, but had at the same time given them another turn that rendered them more soft, more tender perhaps, but less sensual, also. What by calling her "*Maman*" and using the familiarity of a son, it became natural for me to regard myself as such. This I think is the true reason of my coolness in looking forward to the possession of her, notwithstanding that she was so dear to me. I distinctly recollect that my emotions on first seeing her, though not more vivid, were more voluptuous. At Annecy I was in a state of perpetual intoxication, which at Chambéri passed away. I still loved her as passionately as man could, but I loved her more on her own, and less on my account, or, at least, I rather sought my happiness than my gratification in her—she was to me more than a sister, more than a mother, more than a friend, more even than a mistress, and 't was for this very reason that she was not a mistress. In short, I loved her too much to desire her: such are the clearest ideas I have on the subject.

That day, more dreaded than desired, at length arrived. I had promised everything required of me, and I kept my word. My heart ratified my engagements without desiring their reward. Obtain it, however, I did. I beheld myself, for the first time, in the arms of a woman, and of a woman I adored. Was I happy? No. I enjoyed the pleasure;

but some secret yet unconquerable sadness poisoned its charm: I felt as though I had been guilty of incest. Two or three times, while pressing her with transport in my arms, I poured out floods of tears on her bosom. For her part, she was neither sad nor lively; she was kind and calm. As she had little passion and had never sought pleasure, she enjoyed no rapture and was visited by no remorse.

Again I say, her failings proceeded from her errors, never from her passions. She was of good birth, her heart was pure, she loved everything noble, her desires were right and virtuous, her taste delicate—she was made for a purity of morals she ever loved, but never acted up to, because instead of listening to her heart which led her aright, she hearkened only to her reason which led her astray. When false principles misled her, her feelings ever set her right again. Unfortunately, she piqued herself on “Philosophy,” and the system of morals she had formed for herself ran counter to the principles her heart prompted.

M. Tavel, her first lover, had been her teacher of philosophy, and the principles he had instilled into her mind were such as he wanted in order to effect her seduction. Finding her attached to her husband and her duties, ever cold, self-possessed and impregnable on the side of her passions, he attacked her by sophisms and held up the duties to which she was so attached as simply the twattle of the catechism—merely designed to amuse children; the union of the sexes as in itself the most innocent thing imaginable; conjugal fidelity as an obligatory appearance, the whole morality of which regarded opinion, and a husband’s repose as the only rule of a wife’s duty; so that concealed infidelities, being nothing to the offended party, were a nullity, too, to the conscience: in a word, he persuaded her that the thing was in itself nothing, that it arose simply through scandal and that any woman that appeared virtuous, by that very fact was virtuous. Thus was it that the wretch compassed his end, by corrupting the reason of a girl whose heart he had been unable to corrupt. He was punished by the most devouring jealousy, persuaded that she treated him as he had taught her to treat her husband. I know not whether he was mistaken on that point. The Minister Perret passed for his successor. One thing I know, that this young wom-

an's coldness of temperament, which, we should say, would have preserved her from this system, was the very thing that afterwards prevented her from renouncing it. She never honored with the name of virtue an abstinence that cost her so little.

On her own account, therefore, she would have had but little inclination to act up to her false principles; but she did so for other's sake, and that from another maxim almost as false, but more in union with the kindness of her heart. She was persuaded that nothing so endeared a woman to a man as possession, and although she loved her friends only through amity, it was an amity so tender that she made use of all the means in her power to draw them still more closely to her. The most extraordinary part of it is that she almost invariably succeeded. She was so truly amiable that the closer your intimacy with her, the more certain you were of discovering new reasons for loving her. Another fact worthy of note is that after her first slip she rarely favored any save the unfortunate—brilliant persons all lost their labor with her; but the man whom she began by pitying must have been very unamiable indeed, if she did not end by loving him. And even when she made a choice but little worthy of herself, far from its springing from base inclinations (which were strangers to her noble heart) it was purely the effect of a disposition all too generous, too pitiful, too feeling, which she did not always govern with sufficient discernment.

If certain false principles misled her, how many admirable ones did she possess that never forsook her. By how many virtues did she redeem her failings, if indeed we can apply that name to errors in which the senses had so little to do! The very man that deceived her on one point instructed her excellently on a thousand others, and her passions, by no means turbulent, permitting her always to follow the dictates of her own good sense, she was all right whenever her sophistry did not lead her astray. Her motives were laudable even in her faults—in her mistakes she might perchance act wrongly, but she could not possibly desire any ill. She abhorred duplicity and lying, and was just, equitable, kind, disinterested, true to her word and her friends, faithful in the discharge of what she thought

duty, incapable of hatred or revenge, and not even conceiving that there was the slightest merit in pardoning. In fine—to return to the less excusable phases of her character—though she did not estimate her favors at their proper value, she never made a vile commerce thereof; she lavished, but never sold them, and that though she was incessantly reduced to expedients for procuring ways and means of subsistence. I hazard the assertion that if Socrates could esteem Aspasia, he would have respected Madam de Warens.

I am aware, before hand, that in giving her sensibility of disposition and coldness of temperament, I shall, as usual, and with equal show of reason, be accused of contradiction. 'T is possible that nature did ill, perhaps this combination ought never to have been made; all I know is that it was so. All who knew Madam de Warens, and of whom so great a number are still living, must have had opportunities of knowing that she was as I have described her; I dare even add that she had but one pleasure in the world, namely, in making those she loved happy. However, every one is of course free to argue on the matter as he pleases and learnedly prove that what I have said is not so. My business is to tell the truth, not to enforce the belief thereof.

I little by little learned all I have just related in the conversations that followed our union, and which of themselves rendered it delicious. She was right in hoping that her complaisance would be useful to me: I derived therefrom great advantages for my instruction. She had hitherto treated me like a child, speaking to me of myself only; she now began to speak to me of herself and treat me like a man. Everything she said was so interesting to me, so touched me that, falling back on myself, I derived more profit from her confidential communications than I had done from her lessons. When one really feels that the heart speaks, our own opens to receive its outgushings, and never can all the moralizing of a pedagogue approach in effect the affectionate and tender yet artless conversation of a sensible woman for whom you feel an attachment.

The intimacy in which I lived with her enabling her to appreciate me better than she had done, she judged that, despite my awkwardness, I was worth the trouble of being



trained into the ways of the world, and was of the opinion that, could I one day present myself on a somewhat advantageous footing, I should be on the fair way of getting along. With this end in view, she used her endeavors not only to develop my judgment but to cultivate my exterior, to form my manners and render me amiable as well as estimable; and if it be that one can ally worldly success with virtue—which, for my part, I do *not* believe—I am sure at least there is no other road than that she had taken and which she wished to point out to me. For Madam de Warens knew human nature, and understood to a superior degree the art of dealing with men without falsity yet without imprudence, without deceiving, yet without provoking them. This art lay, however, more in her character than in her precepts—she knew better how to practice than to preach it; and, indeed, I was the last man in the world that was likely to acquire it. And so all she did towards this was all but lost labor, as was also the pains she took to procure me dancing and fencing masters. Although vigorous and of a good figure I could never learn to dance a minuet. Being troubled with corns, I had contracted so determined a habit of walking on my heels that Roche could not break me off; and never, with all my apparent nimbleness, could I manage to jump over the narrowest ditch. I got along still worse at the fencing-school. After three month's lessons I had still to draw to the wall, utterly unable to make any assault, and never could I get my wrist supple enough nor my arm sufficiently steady to retain the foil whenever my master chose to make it fly. Add, moreover that I had a mortal dislike both to the art itself and the master that undertook to teach me. I never could have believed that it was possible for anybody to be so proud of the knack of killing a man. To bring his vast genius within my comprehension, he expressed himself only by comparisons drawn from music, which he knew nothing at all about. He discovered a striking analogy between a hit in *quarte* or *tierce* and the music intervals of thirds or fourths. When he was going to make a feint he would cry out, “Look out for this *diesis*,” because anciently *dieses* bore the name of *feints*; when he had sent the foil flying out of my hands he would observe with a jiggle that I had come to a *rest*. On the whole I never

in my life met with a more insufferable pedant than this poor man with his plume and plastron.

I made but little progress in my exercises, and ere long I threw them up in sheer disgust; but I got along better in an infinitely more useful art, that, namely, of being content with my lot and not longing for anything more brilliant, for which, indeed, I began to feel nature had not designed me. Entirely absorbed in the desire of rendering *Maman's* life happy, I grew increasingly fond of her company, and, notwithstanding my passion for music, I began to feel my lessons a bore, when forced to leave her to run off to town.

I know not whether Claude Anet perceived the intimacy of our intercourse, though I have reason to believe that he was no stranger thereto. He was a very keen-sighted, but at the same time very discreet young fellow, who never spoke counter to his thought yet did not always let it out. Without in the slightest appearing to be in the secret, his conduct indicated so much; and this conduct assuredly did not proceed from baseness of soul, but from the fact that, having entered into his mistress's principles, he could not disapprove of her acting in accordance therewith. Though no older than herself, he was so grave and mature that he looked on us very much as two children to be indulged while we both regarded him as a man worthy of all respect and esteem. It was only after she was faithless to him that I rightly learned the strength of the attachment she bore him. As she knew that I thought, felt, breathed only for her, she showed me how deeply she loved him, so that I might love him too; and she dwelt less on her friendship than on her esteem for him, that being the sentiment I could most fully share in. How often did she cause our hearts to melt and us to embrace with tears by assuring us that we were both necessary to her life's happiness! And let not the woman that may read this smile malignantly. With her temperament, there was nothing ambiguous about this requirement—it was but her heart's craving.

Thus there sprang up between us three a union to which perchance the world can offer nothing parallel. Our every wish our every care was the same; our hearts were but one. Beyond this little circle we never went. The habit of living together, and living exclusively, became so powerful that

if, at our meals, one of the three was missing or if a fourth party was present, everything was deranged; and, notwithstanding our special private relations, our *tête-à-têtes* were really less agreeable than our reunions. What precluded anything like constraint between us was a deep reciprocal confidence, while we had a sure preventative of ennui in being all of us constantly fully employed. *Maman*, ever planning or carrying out her projects, left neither of us much leisure, while, indeed, we had each our own special occupation that might well have fully filled up our time. According to me, idleness is as much the bane of society as it is of solitude. Nothing is more narrowing to the mind, naught so engenders triviality, tale-bearing, trickery, mischief and lying as being eternally shut up in the same apartment together, with no other employment save keeping up an incessant clatter. When every one is busied, there is no talking unless where there is something to be said; but if you have nothing to do, a continued fire of words becomes an absolute necessity, and of all necessities that is certainly the most terrible and most fatal. Nay, I will go farther and maintain that to render company truly pleasant, it is not only requisite that everybody should be doing something, but that something should demand some degree of attention. Knitting, for instance, is just about the same as doing nothing, and as much pains is necessary to amuse a woman whose fingers are thus employed as though she sat with her arms crossed. But if she is engaged on her embroidery it is another thing; she is sufficient occupied to fill up the intervals of silence. The most disgusting and ridiculous part of the matter is to see, during these intervals, a dozen of poker-shaped foo-foos get up and sit down again, go backwards and go forwards, turn on their heels, play for the eighteen hundred and fifty-sixth time with the chimney ornaments and addle their brains to maintain an inexhaustible flow of words. Delightful occupation! Such fellows must ever be a bore and burthen both to others and themselves. When I was at Motiers, I used to go and make laces with my lady neighbors; were I again to mix with the world, I should always keep a cup and ball in my pocket, and I should play with it the live long day so as to dispense with my talking when I had nothing to say. If every one did the same, man-

kind would become less mischievous, people's intercourse would be more steady, and, in my thought, vastly more agreeable. In short, let wits laugh if they will, but I maintain that the sole morality adapted to this present century is the cup-and-ball philosophy.

For the rest, we hardly had the trouble of getting rid of weariness, when by ourselves for a set of importunate rascals gave us too much of that article by their company to feel any when we were alone. They made me no less impatient than formerly, all the difference was that I had less time to think about them. Poor *Maman* had not lost a whit of her old predilection for schemes and undertakings; on the contrary, the more she felt the pressure of household necessities, the more she endeavored to provide therefor by immersing herself in visionary projects; the smaller her present means the more abundantly did she conjure up future resources. Increase of years had only strengthened this mania of hers: and in proportion as she lost her relish for wordly and youthful pleasures, she made up for it by an additional fondness for secrets and projects. The house was never clear of quacks, contrivers of new manufactures, philosopher's stone-hunters, and projectors of all sorts, who, showering their millions on you, ended by craving half-a-crown. No one left her house empty handed, and one thing that astonishes me is, how she could so long support such profusion without exhausting the source or wearying out her creditors.

The main project that filled her head at the time I refer to, and which, by the way, was not the most irrational scheme she might have entertained, was to bring about the establishment at Chambéri of a Royal Garden of Plants with a regularly appointed "Demonstrator." (And *who* was destined to fill this office you readily guess before hand.) The situation of this town, in the midst of the Alps, was quite favorable to Botany; and *Maman*, whose wont it was to help on one project by another, added thereto a College of Medicine, which really appeared quite useful in so poor a country, where the doctors are mainly apothecaries. The retirement of the Chief Physician Grossi to Chambéri, on the death of King Victor seemed to her greatly to favor this idea, and perhaps first suggested it to her. However

this might be, she set about cajoling Grossi, who, however, was not the most cajolable of souls, being on the whole decidedly the most caustic and brutal fellow I ever saw with any pretensions to being a gentleman. Here are two or three anecdotes of him, which I give by way of sample, so that you may judge for yourself of the nature of the man.

He was one day in consultation with some other doctors, one, among the rest, who had been sent for from Annecy, and who was physician in ordinary to the sick. This young man, not as yet very well posted in doctorial etiquette, had the audacity to differ in opinion from the great chief. The latter gave him no answer but simply inquired when he returned what road he was going by and what conveyance he intended taking. The other, after having satisfied him, inquired in his turn if there was any service he could do him. "Oh, nothing, nothing," replied Grossi, "only I shall place myself at a window on your way so as to have the pleasure of seeing an ass on horseback." He was as miserly as rich and hard. A friend of his wanted one day to borrow some money of him, offering him good security. "My friend," answered he, squeezing the person's arm and grinding his teeth, "were Saint Peter to descend from Heaven to borrow ten pistoles of me, offering me the Trinity for security, I would not lend it to him." One day, being invited to dinner with Count Picon, Governor of Savoy, and a great devotee by the way, he arrived before the hour, and his Excellency, just then busy over his rosary, proposed that he should engage in the same pastime. Not knowing very well how to refuse, he knelt down with a frightful grimace; but scarcely had he said two *Aves* than, unable any longer to contain himself, he hastily rose, took his cane and was making off without saying a word. Count Picon ran after him, crying, "M. Grossi, M. Grossi, hold on, there's a fine partridge for you on the spit below." "Count," replied the other, turning round, "though you were to give me a roasted angel, I would not stay!" Such was the character of the chief-physician Grossi whom *Maman* undertook to tame, and succeeded in the undertaking. Though his time was very much taken up, he used to visit her quite frequently, conceived a friendship for Anet, seemed to think highly of

his acquirements, spoke of him with esteem, and, what was not to be expected from such a bear, affected to treat him with consideration, so as to efface the impressions of the past. For, though Anet no longer stood on the footing of a domestic, it was known that he had done so, and it required nothing less than the example and authority of the Chief Physician to procure him that respect which none else could have induced. Claude Anet, with his black coat, well-dressed wig, grave and becoming behavior, sage and circumspect conduct, quite extensive acquirements in matters medical and botanical, and furthered, moreover, by the favor of the head of the faculty, might reasonably have hoped to fill with applause the place of royal Demonstrator of Plants, had the projected establishment taken place. And really Grossi had liked the plan, had, in fact, adopted it, and was only waiting the opportunity when the return of peace would permit them to turn their attention to useful matters and enable them to spare the necessary means for its maintenance to propose it at court.

But this project, which, had it been carried out, would in all probability have plunged me into Botany, for which it seems to me Nature designed me, failed through one of those unlooked for strokes that often thwart the best laid schemes of mice and men. I was destined to become by degrees an example of "all the ills that flesh is heir to." You would say that Providence, in calling me to these great trials, removed by his own hand every obstacle in the way of my encountering them. In an excursion which Anet had made to the top of the mountains in search of genipi, a rare plant that grows only in the Alps, and which M. Grossi was in want of, the poor fellow so overheated himself that he was attacked with a pleurisy, which even the genipi could not relieve, though said to be a specific thererfor, and despite all the art of M. Grossi, certainly a very skillful man, notwithstanding the infinite care wherewith his kind mistress and myself watched over him, he died in our arms on the fifth day, after the most dreadful agony, during which he received no other exhortations than mine; and I lavished them on him with such transports of grief and zeal that, had he been in a state to hear me, they must have been some consolation to him. Thus I lost the firmest friend I

ever had in my life—a rare and estimable man, in whom nature supplied the place of education, who nourished in servitude all the virtues of a great man, and who, perchance, in order to have shown himself as such to the world, only needed to have lived and been placed in a suitable situation.

The day following I was speaking of him to *Maman* with the deepest and most sincere affliction, when all of a sudden and right in the midst of the conversation, the base, ignoble thought that I should inherit his wardrobe, and especially a fine black coat I had thought very becoming, came into my head. I thought this, consequently I gave utterance to the thought, for when with her these were to me one and the same thing. Nothing could have made her more keenly feel the loss she had sustained than this odious and despicable speech, disinterestedness and nobility of soul being qualities which the deceased had, in an eminent degree, possessed. The poor woman, without any reply, turned away her head and burst into tears. Dear and precious tears! their reprobation was fully felt; they flowed into my very heart washing out therefrom the last vestiges of a base and despicable feeling. Never since have any such entered the sanctuary of my soul.

This loss was as detrimental to the interests of *Maman* as the bereavement was grievous. From this time forward matters went worse and worse with her. Auet was an extremely exact and regular person, and maintained order in his mistress's house. His vigilance was feared, and so there was less waste. She herself stood in awe of his censure and set bounds to her squandering. For she was not satisfied with his attachment, she wished to preserve his esteem, and she dreaded the just remonstrance he would at times take the liberty of urging, namely, that she was squandering the property of others as well as her own. I thought as he did, and I expressed my opinion too; but I had not the same ascendancy over her, and my words did not carry the weight his had done. After his death I had to take his place, a place for which I had as little ability as taste, and so of course I filled it ill. I was but little careful, and at the same time very timid, and so, while scolding away to myself, I let everything take its own course. Besides, though, in-

deed, I had obtained an equal share of confidence, I had not acquired the same authority. I witnessed the disorder, trembled thereat, bewailed it and—was not attended to. I was too young and too full of spirits to have pretensions to the exercise of much reason; and when I would have acted the censor, *Maman* would caressingly slap me on the cheek, call me her little Mentor and force me to return to my old ways.

The profound realization of the distress into which her ill-regulated expenses must necessarily sooner or later plunge her, produced all the deeper an impression on my mind that, having become supervisor of her household, I had personal experience of the utter disproportion between the debtor and creditor side of her account. I date from this period the commencement of a proclivity towards parsimony which I feel I have had ever since then. I never was foolishly prodigal, except now and then in spells; but hitherto I never cared much what the state of my finances was. Now, however, I began to be solicitous about the matter and looked after my purse. I was, indeed, impelled by a very noble motive in becoming sordid, for, in truth, my only object was to secure something whereon *Maman* might fall back against the impending catastrophe. I feared her creditors would seize on her pension and it be withdrawn all together; and, with my usual shortsightedness, I took it into my head, that my little hoard would be of vast service to her. But to effect this, and especially to keep it, it was essential that she should be in the dark, for it would not have done for her to have known that I had spare money whilst she was pushed to all sorts of make-shifts. Accordingly, I went hunting around here, there and everywhere for little hiding places wherein I concealed a few louis, calculating on constantly adding to the stock until the time came to lay it at her feet. I was, however, so undexterous in the choice of my repositories that she always found them out; while she, to let me know that she was up to me, would take out the gold I had put in and replace it by a larger sum in different coin. Covered with shame I used to come and bring back my little treasure to the common purse, and never did she fail to lay it out in clothes or presents for me, such as a silver hilted sword, a watch or something of that ilk.

Thoroughly convinced that I should never succeed in the way of accumulating and that all I could thus lay by would be but a poor stay for her, I at length realized that there was no other way for me to ward off the misfortune I dreaded, save by fitting myself to provide personally for her support, whenever, ceasing to provide for mine, she should find herself reduced to want. Unhappily, basing my projects on the foundation of my tastes, I foolishly persisted in seeking my fortune in music, and feeling ideas of harmony rising within me and snatches of song resounding through my brain, I imagined that just so soon as I was able to profit thereby, I should become a celebrated man, a modern Orpheus whose sounds would attract all the riches of Peru. Beginning to read music passably, the main question for me now was how to learn composition. The difficulty was to find somebody to teach me, for without some other assistance than my Rameau, I had no hope of mastering it myself, and ever since M. Le Maitre had left, there had been no one in Savoy that understood anything about harmony.

Here, now, comes another of those *inconsequences* of which my life is so full—modes of action that have so often caused me to go right opposite to the end aimed at, and that even when I conceived I was tending directly thereto. Venture had made frequent mention of an Abbé Blanchard, his composition-master, a man of worth and of great talent, who was then leader in the Cathedral of Besançon and is now in the same capacity at the Chapel of Versailles. I took it into my head to go and take lessons of the Abbé Blanchard, and this seemed to me so sensible an idea that I succeeded in making it appear so to *Maman*, also. Behold her then working away at my little out-fit, and that with the same profusion with which all her plans were executed. Thus still with the project of preventing bankruptcy and repairing in the future the effects of her dissipation, I commenced by causing her an outlay of eight hundred francs—I hastened her ruin so that I might have an opportunity of remedying it. However foolish this conduct may have been, the illusion was complete on my part, and even on her's. I was persuaded that I would be laboring usefully for her, and she that I would be laboring usefully for myself.

I had reckoned on finding Venture at Annecy and getting a letter of recommendation from him to the Abbé Blanchard. He had gone. The only token I could get was a Mass in four parts, which he had composed and written out and which he had left me. With this I was fain to content myself, and accordingly, with this recommendation, I set out for Besançon, passing through Geneva, where I visited my relations, and through Nyon where I went and saw my father, who received me in his usual manner, and agreed to forward my trunk, which, as I was traveling on horseback, came after me. I reach Besançon. The Abbé Blanchard receives me kindly, promises me his instruction, and offers his services. We were just getting ready to begin when I learned from my father that my trunk had been seized and confiscated at Rousset, a *Bureau* of France on the frontiers of Switzerland. Terrified at this piece of news, I made use of the acquaintance I had made at Besançon to ascertain the motive of this confiscation; for quite certain of having nothing contraband, I could not conceive on what pretext they could found the act. I learned at length, and I must tell you, for it is a curious fact.

I became acquainted at Chambéri with a good old man from Lyons, his name M. Duvivier. He had been employed at the *Visa*, under the regency, but, having nothing to do, he had come to work in the Registry. He had mingled with society, possessed talent and some little culture, was good-humored and polite; he was something of a musician, too, and as we wrote in the same room we preferred each other's company to that of the unlicked cubs that surrounded us. He had correspondents at Paris that furnished him those little nothings, those ephemeral novelties that have a run you know not why, and die you know not how, without anybody's ever thinking of them after they have ceased to be talked about. As I sometimes took him to dine at *Maman's*, he paid me attentions of one kind or another, and, to make himself agreeable, he tried to give me a liking for those fiddle-faddles, for which, indeed, I ever entertained such a distaste that I never of my own accord read a single one of them. By ill luck, however, one of the cursed papers was left in the vest pocket of a new suit, that I had worn two or three times so as not to violate the regulations of the

custom-house. This paper was a rather flat Jansenist parody of a fine scene in Racine's *Mithridates*. I had not read ten lines of it, and had left it through forgetfulness in my pocket. And this was what caused my baggage to be confiscated. The commissioners, at the head of the inventory of my trunk, placed a pompous *procès-verbal*, wherein taking ~~re~~ or granted that this writing was on its way from Geneva to France, there to be printed and distributed, they vented themselves in holy invectives against the enemies of God and the Church, and indulged in eulogies over their pious vigilance in having arrested the execution of this infernal plot. They doubtless discovered that my shirts, too, smelt of heresy, for on the strength of that terrible paper, everything was confiscated, without my ever hearing anything of my little all. The revenue officers to whom we wrote required so many instructions, references, certificates, memorials etc., that losing myself a thousand times over in the labyrinth, I was constrained to let it go. I quite regret not having preserved the Rousses *procès-verbal*: the piece deserved to figure with distinction among the others that are to accompany the present work.

This loss necessitated my immediate return to Chambéri, without having done anything with the Abbé Blanchard. Weighing the whole matter and seeing that all my enterprises turned awry, I resolved to cleave to *Maman* alone, to share her fortunes whatever might betide, and disquiet myself no longer as to a future over which I could have no influence. She received me as though I had returned loaded with treasures, by degrees recruited my little wardrobe, and my misfortune, though falling heavy enough on both of us, was forgotten almost as soon as it happened.

Though this mishap had damped the ardor of my musical projects, I did not leave off studying my Rameau; and by dint of determined endeavor, I at length succeeded in seeing through it and making some little attempts at composition, the success of which quite encouraged me. The Count de Bellegarde, son of the Marquis d'Antremont, had returned from Dresden upon the death of King Augustus. He had long resided at Paris, was extremely fond of Music and had, in particular, conceived quite a passion for Rameau's. His brother, Count de Nangis, played on the violin,



I herborized intelligently on the cage of my birds.

and the Countess de La Tour, their sister, sang a little. All this made music quite fashionable at Chambéri, and a sort of public concert was established, of which they at first thought of giving me the direction; but it was soon perceived that this was above my ability, and so some other arrangement was made. However, I contributed certain little pieces of my own composition, and, among others, a cantata that made quite a hit. The composition was nothing extra, but it was full of new songs and effects of one kind or another that were not expected of me. These gentlemen could not credit that, reading music so ill, I could compose anything passable in that line, and they doubted not that I had taken to myself the credit of some other person's labor. To verify the matter, M. de Nangis called on me one morning with one of Clérambault's cantatas, that he had transposed for convenience in singing, as he said, and which would require another bass, the transposition making that of Clérambault impracticable on the instrument. I replied that that would involve considerable labor and could not be done on the spot. He conceived I was merely attempting an evasion and pressed me at least to write him the bass for one recitative. I did so accordingly; badly, undoubtedly, because to do anything well I must feel free and have my own time; but I did it at least according to the rules, and as he was present, he could not possibly doubt that I was acquainted with the elements of composition. And so I did not lose my scholars, but my musical ardor rather cooled, seeing that a concert was given at Chambéri, and they passed by me.

It was about this same time that, peace being concluded, the French army crossed the mountains on their way home-wards. Several officers came to see *Maman*, among the rest, the Count de Lautrec, colonel of the regiment of Orleans, subsequently Plenipotentiary to Geneva and ultimately Marshal of France, to whom she presented me. From what she told him, he appeared to take a deep interest in me, and made me large promises, which he thought no more of until the last year of his life when I no longer stood in need of his assistance. The young Marquis of Senneterre, whose father was then Ambassador at Turin, passed through Chambéri at the same time. He dined at Madam de Men-

tion's, where I also was dining that same day After dinner, the talk turned on music, in which he was quite a proficient. The opera of Jephta was then having its first run; he referred to it and it was brought. He made me tremble by proposing to execute it between us, and on opening the book, he fell on that celebrated double chorus:

La terre, l'enfer, le ciel même,
Tout tremble devant le Seigneur.

"How many parts," asked he, "will you take? for myself, I'll take these six." I was not as yet accustomed to that sort of French smartness, and, although I had at times bungled over partitions, I could not conceive how one man could execute six parts at the same time, nor two either. Nothing has cost me so much in the practice of music as this being able to skip lightly from one part to another and having the eye at the same time on a whole partition. From my manner of getting out of this undertaking, M. de Senneterre must have been inclined to believe me ignorant of music. It was in all likelihood to satisfy himself in regard thereto that he proposed my noting a song which he wished to give to Mlle. de Menthon. I could not refuse. He sang the song, while I wrote; and that, too, without even obliging him to repeat much. He afterwards read it, and, as was but true, pronounced it very correctly noted. He had observed my embarrassment and now took pleasure in enhancing the value of this little success. And yet it was a very simple matter. In point of fact, I understood music very well; all I lacked was that quickness of glance, which, indeed, I never had in anything and which was only to be acquired in music by intense practice. Be that as it may, I was fully alive to the kind care he took to efface from the mind of others and from my own mind any little constraint I might feel; and twelve or fifteen years afterwards, meeting him at various houses in Paris, I was several times tempted to recall the anecdote to his mind and show him that I retained the remembrance thereof. But he had lost his eye-sight in the interval and I feared renewing his regrets by recalling to him the use he had formerly made of it, and so I remained silent.

I am now nearing the time that begins to connect my

past life with the present. A few friendships of that period prolonged till now have become very dear to me. They have often caused me to regret that happy obscurity when those who called themselves my friends, were really such, loving me for my own sake, through pure good will, not from the vanity of being connected with a conspicuous character or from the secret desire of thus finding further opportunities of harming him. 'Tis from this time I date my first acquaintance with my old friend Gauffecourt who has never forsaken me, spite of all the efforts that have been made to deprive me of him. Forsaken me! Alas! Yes; I have just lost him. But he ceased to love me only when he ceased to live and naught but death could sever our friendship. M. de Gauffecourt was one of the most amiable men that ever lived. It was impossible to see him without loving him, or to live with him without growing wholly attached to him. I never in my whole life beheld a more open, a more winning, a more serene countenance, a face more expressive of mind and feeling or that inspired you with more confidence. However reserved one might be, it was impossible to avoid being as free with him from the first sight as though you had known him for twenty years; and I myself, who was wont to find it so hard to be at my ease with new faces, was so with him in a moment. His tone, accent, speech perfectly accompanied his physiognomy. The sound of his voice was clear, full and sonorous, a fine, deep, searching bass that filled the ear and thrilled the heart. It would be impossible to possess a more equal and pleasing gayety, more real and unaffected grace, talents more natural or cultivated with greater taste. Join thereto a loving heart, but loving rather too indiscriminately; an obliging disposition, though this too, was exercised without much choice; serving his friends with zeal, or rather making himself the friend of every body he could serve, and contriving very dexterously to manage his own affairs at the same time that he kept a diligent eye to the interest of others. Gauffecourt was the son of a plain watch-maker and had worked at the trade himself. But his person and worth called him to another sphere, and this, indeed, he soon attained. He got acquainted with M. de la Closure, the French Resident at Geneva who conceived a friendship for him. He procured

him other connections at Paris that were of service to him, and through whom he obtained the privilege of furnishing the salts of Valais, worth twenty thousand livres a year. This ample fortune was the limit of his good luck with men; but not so was it with the women: he had his choice, and did what he desired. What was most remarkable and most honorable to himself was that being connected with people of every station of life, he was universally esteemed, universally sought after, without ever being envied or hated by any one; and I really believe that he never had an enemy in his whole life. Happy man! He was wont to come every year to the baths of Aix, whither the best society from the neighboring countries resorts. Connected by ties of friendship with all the nobility of Savoy, he came from Aix to Chambéry to see the Count de Bellegarde and his father the Marquis d'Antremont. It was here Mainan got acquainted with and introduced me to him. This acquaintance which was apparently destined to come to nothing, and which was for a number of years interrupted, was renewed on an occasion which I shall mention, and become a permanent friendship. This of itself is enough to authorize me to speak of a friend to whom I held such close relations; but even though I took no personal interest in his memory, he was so amiable a man and so happily organized that, for the honor of the human species, I should still think it well to preserve the remembrance of him. Charming as the man was, he had, however, as will be seen hereafter, his faults like other mortals; nay, had it not been so, he might perchance have been less amiable: to render him the most interesting possible, it was essential that we should have something to pardon in him.

There is another connection belonging to this same period, that has not been broken up, and which still lures me by that hope of temporal happiness, which is so long of dying out from the breast of man. M. de Conzié, a Savoyard gentleman, then young and amiable, took it into his head to learn music, or rather to make the acquaintance of the person teaching it. Along with intellect and a taste for polite acquirements, M. de Conzié possessed a sweetness of disposition that rendered him extremely engaging while I was myself of a most pliant nature for those who were so with

me. The friendship was soon formed.* The germs of literature and philosophy which were beginning to take root in my mind, and which only waited some little culture and emulation to attain to full development, found both in him. M. de Conzié had no great inclination for music, and this also was well for me: our practice-hours were spent in something quite different from solfaing. We breakfasted, chatted and read the new publications; but not a word of music. The correspondence of Voltaire with the Prince Royal of Prussia was at that time exciting considerable attention; and these two celebrated men often formed the subject-matter of our conversation; one of whom, recently seated on the throne, even then gave promise of what he was ere long to appear, while the other, then as much decried as he is now admired, made us sincerely lament the misfortune that seemed to pursue him, and which is so often the appendage to great talents. The Prince of Prussia had been rather unhappy during his youth, while Voltaire seemed doomed to be eternally so. The interest we felt in both parties extended to all that concerned them. Nothing that Voltaire wrote escaped us. The taste thus formed for these productions inspired me with the desire of learning to write with elegance and induced me to endeavor to imitate the splendid coloring of this author, with whom I was enchanted. Some time afterwards appeared his "Philosophical Letters." Although they are assuredly not his best work, they were what most powerfully attracted me towards study, and this rising inclination was never afterwards outrooted.

But the time for devoting myself wholly thereto was not yet come. My disposition was still somewhat flighty, still there remained the old desire, rather limited than destroyed, of going and coming, a desire nourished by the way matters went at *Maman's*—a style of things quite too bustling for one of my solitary temper. The crowd of perfect strangers that was daily flowing thither from all quarters, and the persuasion I felt that these fellows sought only to dupe her each after his fashion, turned my home into a downright torment. Since my succeeding Auet in his mistress's con-

* I have seen him since and found him totally transformed. O, what a potent magician is M. de Choiseul! None of my old acquaintances has escaped his metamorphoses.

fidence, I had narrowly watched the state of her affairs, and I beheld with absolute terror the ruinous tendency they were taking. I had a hundred times over remonstrated, prayed, entreated, conjured; but all to no purpose. I had thrown myself at her feet and represented to her in the strongest colors the catastrophe that threatened her; I had earnestly entreated her to reform the expenses, beginning with myself, and exhorted her to suffer a little while she was yet young, rather than, constantly multiplying her debts and her creditors, expose herself in her old days to vexation and want. Sensible of the sincerity of my zeal she would melt into tears with me and make all sorts of fine promises. But let a single artful fellow come along and on the instant all was forgotten. After a thousand proofs of the futility of my remonstrances, what remained for me to do except to turn away my sight from the evil I could not avert? I withdrew from the house whose door I could not guard—I made short trips to Nyon, to Geneva, to Lyons, which, while shaking off the thought of my secret solicitude, heightened by my expenses the very cause thereof. I can swear that I would gladly have borne any retrenchment, had *Maman* really been disposed to profit by this thrift; but, certain that whatever I denied myself passed into the hands of a set of knaves, I took advantage of her freeness to partake with them, and, like the dog returning from the shambles I carried off a piece of the junk I had not been able to protect.

Nor were pretexts wanting for these various journeys, and *Maman* herself would have furnished me with more than enough, so many connections, negotiations, affairs, commissions had she all around, which she wished to entrust to some reliable person. She asked no better than to send me, while I asked no better than to go, so between us I could not fail to have a rambling enough life. These journeys were the means of my making several good acquaintances that have since been agreeable or useful to me; among others I made, at Lyons, the acquaintance of M. Perichou whose friendship I reproach myself with not have sufficiently cultivated, considering the kindness he showed me, also the good Parisot, of whom more by and by; at Grenoble, I became acquainted with Madam de Deybens and Madam la

Presidente de Bardonanche, a woman of enlarged mind, and who would have felt a friendship for me, had it been in my power to see her more frequently; at Geneva, with M. de la Closure, the French Resident, who often spoke to me or my mother, whose image neither death nor time had been able to efface, as also the two Barillots—and, by the way, Barillot Sen., who used to call me his grandson, was a person of most agreeable converse and one of the worthiest men I ever knew. During the troubles of the Republic, these two citizens embraced opposite causes, the son siding with the *Bourgeoisie*, and the father with the Magistrates; and when in 1737 they took up arms, I was at Geneva and saw father and son leave the same house armed, the one going to the Town Hall and the other to betake himself to his *quartier*, certain of meeting face to face in deadly conflict two hours afterwards. This frightful spectacle produced so profound an impression on my mind that I swore never to imbrue myself in any civil war, and never in any internal conflict to support liberty by arms, either personally or by my influence, if ever I entered on my rights as a citizen. I can testify to having kept this oath on a very critical occasion and it will be acknowledged, at least I think so, that this moderation was of some avail.

But I had not yet reached that first effervescence of patriotism which Geneva in arms excited in my heart. How far I was from it you may judge from a very grave deed with which I have to charge myself. I forgot to put it in its proper place, but it must not be omitted.

My Uncle Bernard had some years previous to this gone over to Carolina to superintend the building of the city of Charleston, of which he had furnished the plan. Here he died shortly after his arrival. My poor cousin had also died in the service of the King of Prussia and so my aunt lost her husband and son almost at one blow. These losses reanimated in some measure her friendship for her nearest surviving relative, which was myself. During my visits to Geneva, I lodged with her, and I amused myself rumaging over the books and papers my uncle had left. I came across lots of curious things, and many letters of whose existence people assuredly never dreamed. My

aunt who held this mass of dusty papers very cheap would have let me carry the whole off had I wished. I contented myself with two or three books annotated in the hand writing of my grandfather Bernard the minister, and, among the rest, a quarto copy of the Posthumous Works of Rohault, the margins of which were full of excellent scholia that gave me a liking for mathematics. This book was left in the library of Madam de Warens; I always lamented not having kept it. To these books I added five or six MS. memorials, and one printed one by the famous Micheli Ducret, a man of vast talent, learned, liberal, but rather too revolutionary in his ideas, who was very cruelly treated by the Magistrates of Geneva and who died lately in the fortress of Arberg wherein he had for many long years been confined, for having, as it was said, been implicated in the conspiracy of Berne.

This memorial was a quite judicious criticism on that extensive but most ridiculous plan of fortification which was partially executed at Geneva, to the inextinguishable laughter of all skilled in the art, who are not acquainted with the secret end the Council had in view in the execution of this magnificent enterprise. M. Micheli having been excluded from the Committee of Fortifications for having blamed this plan, had conceived that, as a member of the Two Hundred, and even as a private citizen, he was at liberty to express his opinion at greater length; and this he had done in the memorial referred to, which he had been so imprudent as to print, though not to publish, having only had a sufficient number of copies struck off to send to the Two Hundred, and which were all intercepted at the post-office by order of the Lower Council. I found this memorial among my uncle's papers, along with the answer he had been charged to make to it; I carried them both off. This journey I had made shortly after my leaving the Registry, and I had remained still somewhat connected with the advocate Coccelli, who was at the head of it. Some time after, the director of the custom-house bethought him to ask me to stand god-father to one of his children, and gave me Madam Coccelli for god-mother. The honors completely turned my head, and, proud of being so closely related to

the Advocate, I endeavored to act the man of importance, so as to show myself worthy of this glory.

With this idea, I thought I could do nothing better than show him my printed copy of M. Micheli's memorial, which was really a very rare document, so as to prove to him that I belonged to the notables of Geneva and was related to persons acquainted with state secrets. Yet, by a species of half-reserve, which I should find it difficult to account for, I did not show him my uncle's reply to this memorial, perhaps because it was in manuscript, and nothing but print would do for his honor the Advocate. He, however, appreciated so thoroughly the value of the paper which I had the stupidity to put into his hands, that I could never afterwards either see it or get it back, and so, well convinced of the futility of all my efforts, I made a virtue of necessity and transformed the theft into a present. I doubt not for a moment that he managed to turn this document, more curious, indeed, than useful, to account at the Court of Turin, and that he took good care to be reimbursed some way or other for the expense its acquisition must have cost him. Happily, of all future contingencies, one of the least probable is that the King of Sardinia will ever besiege Geneva. But as there is nothing impossible about the matter, I shall always have my silly vanity to reproach with having exposed the weakest points of my native city to its most ancient enemy.

In this way, I passed three or four years between music, magisteries, projects and travels, fluctuating from one thing to another, seeking to settle down without knowing at what; yet drawn by degrees towards study—seeing men of letters, hearing them speak of literature and sometimes mingling myself in the conversation, though acquiring rather the jargon of books than the knowledge they contained. In my excursions to Geneva, I went from time to time to see my good old friend M. Simon, who greatly increased my rising emulation by fresh news from the republic of letters, extracted from Baillet or Colomiés. There was also a Dominican at Chambéri whom I saw a great deal. He was a professor of Chemistry and a good fellow for a monk; I have forgotten his name; but he used often to make little experiments that vastly amused me. I took it into my head to

make sympathetic ink in imitation of him. To this end, after filling a bottle more than half full of quick lime, orpiment and water, I corked it tightly. The effervescence almost immediately began very violently. I ran to the bottle to uncork it, but was not in time, it burst in my face like a bomb. Part of the orpiment and lime went down my throat, and I had like to have died. I remained blind for over six weeks, and thus learned not to meddle with experimental Chemistry without knowing the first elements thereof.

This accident was ill-timed for my health, which had, for some time back, been visibly on the decline. I know not how it came that, having a large, well-made chest, and running into no kind of excess, I was plainly wearing away. I am quite broad-chested, so that my lungs must have had full room to play; and yet I was short-breathed, felt oppressed, sighed involuntarily, had palpitations and spat blood; a lingering fever came on and from that time forth I have never since been quite free from it. How can one fall into such a state in the flower of his age, without anything wrong internally and without having done anything to destroy his health?

"The sword wears the scabbard," we sometimes say, and the saying symbolizes my whole history. My passions have been at once the life and the death of me. "What passions?", you ask. Mere nulities, the most trivial matters in the world, and yet matters which would affect me as though the possession of Helen or of the throne of the Universe were at stake. At first women. When I had got one, my passions were calmed, but my heart never. The craving after love devoured me in the very bosom of happiness. I had a tender mother, a dear friend; but I sighed for a mistress. I pictured her as such, giving her a thousand forms so as to delude myself into the idea. Had I thought 't was *Maman* I held in my arms, I should indeed have clasped her none the less warmly, but all my desires would have gone out; I should have sobbed with irrepressible emotion, but would have lost all sense of enjoyment. Enjoyment? and is that same the lot of any man? O, had I but once in my life tasted in all their plenitude the delights of love, I cannot imagine that my frail existence could have borne it; I should have died in the act.

And so, I was burning with love without any object on which to lavish it; and of all its forms this is perhaps the most wearing. I was disquieted and tormented at the bad state of poor *Maman's* affairs and at her imprudent conduct, which could not fail ere long to bring on total ruin. My morbid imagination, which aye outruns misfortunes, was ever bringing up this in all its excess and in all its consequences. I already saw myself forcibly separated by want from her to whom I had consecrated my life and without whom life itself could offer nothing worth living for. Thus was my mind in a state of constant agitation. Longing and dreading alternately devoured me.

Music was another of my passions, less fiery, indeed, but none the less consuming from the ardor with which I devoted myself thereto ; from the persistent study of the obscure works of Rameau, and my invincible obstinacy in wishing to load my memory therewith, against which it constantly rebelled ; from my continual rambles, and the immense compositions I accumulated, passing quite often whole nights in copying. And why confine myself to permanent matters, whilst every folly that entered my fickle head, the fugitive inclinations of a single day, a journey, a concert, a supper, a walk, a novel, a play, things the least premeditated imaginable in my pleasures or in my affairs, became to me so many violent passions, which, in their ridiculous impetuosity, occasioned me the realest torment ? The reading of Cleveland's Imaginary Misfortunes, pursued with avidity and often interrupted, I do believe occasioned me more bad blood than my own.

There was a Genevese named M. Bagueret, who had been employed at the Court of Russia during the reign of Peter the Great—one of the damnedest rascals and the biggest fools I ever met, eternally full of projects as idiotic as himself, who would rain down millions on you, and whom zeros cost nothing. This man, having come to Chambéri about some suit pending before the Senate, as was natural got a hold of *Maman*, and in return for his treasures (of zeros) which he prodigally lavished on her, spunged her piece by piece of her poor crowns. I did not like the fellow, and this he perceived, for with me that is not a very difficult matter. He spared no sort of meanness so as to

cajole me. He took it into his head to propose his teaching me chess of which he understood a little. I made an attempt, though in spite of myself almost, and after having, through various failures and successes, got the run of it, my progress was so rapid that before the end of the first sitting I gave him the rook, which, at the beginning, he had given me. It needed no more completely to fascinate me with chess. I bought a board with the rest of the apparatus, and shut myself up in my room, where I passed whole days and nights bent on mastering all the varieties of the game, driving them into my head wili nili, and playing by myself incessantly and without relaxation. After two or three months spent over this delightful employment, months of inconceivable effort, I issued out to the *Café*, thin, sallow, emaciated, and with my head completely muddled. I make another attempt and play with M. Bagueret again: he beats me once, twice, twenty times; so many combinations had got jumbled together in my head, and my imagination had become so deadened that a haze seemed perpetually before my eyes. And, by the way, whenever I have attempted with the work of Philidor or of Stamma to practice by conning over the games, the same thing has always happened, and after having exhausted myself with fatigue, I have found myself less able to play than before. And, indeed, let me throw chess aside or let me plunge headlong thereinto, I never could advance a mite beyond my first game, and I have always found myself exactly where I was when finishing it. I might practice for a thousand millenia and would end by managing to give Bagueret the rook, and nothing more. "A fine way of spending time," say you. And not a little thereto was spent after this wise. I gave up my first attempt only when I had not strength enough left to continue it. When I came out from my room I looked like as though I had come from my grave, and, indeed, had I held on the same way, I would not have been long out of it. You will agree that it is hard, and especially so in the ardor of youth, for such a head to suffer the body long to enjoy health.

My enfeebled constitution had an effect on my disposition and tempered the ardor of my fancies. Feeling myself growing weaker, I became calmer and lost in a measure my rage for traveling. My life being more sedentary, I was



Whole hours flew by in these nightly talks. *Page 255-1.*

attacked, not by tedium, but by melancholy, vapors succeeded my passions, my languor became sadness, I wept and sighed for no cause, and felt life ebbing away without my having enjoyed it. I trembled, too, at the condition in which I should leave my poor *Maman* and at the pass to which I saw she must soon be reduced. I may say my sole regret was at leaving her, and that in such sad circumstances. To end with, I fell quite ill. She nursed me as never mother nursed her child, and this proved beneficial to herself, too, in diverting her mind from her projects and keeping schemers at a distance. How sweet death, had it then come! If I had tasted but few of the pleasures of life, I had felt but few of its woes. My tranquil soul would have taken its flight, without the bitter experience of man's inhumanity, which empoisons both life and death. I had the consolation of surviving in the better half of me—'t was hardly to die. Had it not been for the disquietude I felt on account of the fate that awaited her, I could have died as I might have gone to sleep, and even these disquietudes had an affectionate and tender object that took away the edge of their bitterness. I used to say to her: "Have you not my whole being in your keeping? act, then, so that I may be happy." Twice or thrice, when my illness was at its height, I arose in the night and dragged myself to her room to give her advice as to her conduct, advice, which I doubt not was very sensible and correct, but in which the most observable feature was the interest I took in her welfare. As though my tears had been both nourishment and medicine to me, I found myself the better for those I shed by her side, along with her, seated on her bed and holding her hands in mine. Whole hours flew by in these nightly talks, and I returned better than I had come, calm and happy in the promises she had made me and the hopes she had inspired, and I slept thereon with peace of heart and resignation to the will of Providence. God grant that, after so many reasons for hating life, after all the storms that have disturbed my poor existence, making a very fardel out of it, death that is to end it, may be to me no more grievous than it would have been at that moment!

By dint of care, vigilance and inconceivable pains, she saved my life, and certain it is that she alone could have done

so. I have little faith in physician's medicine, but much in that of true friends; the matters on which our happiness depend are always much more efficacious than aught else. If there be in life a delicious sentiment, we experienced it on being restored to each other. Not that our mutual attachment increased, that was impossible, but it became somehow more close, more touching in its perfect simplicity. I became wholly her work, wholly her child, nay, more so than if she had been really my mother. We commenced, without our at all designing it, to be no longer apart, to run, in a manner, our whole existence together; and, feeling that we were not only mutually necessary to each other, but reciprocally sufficing, we accustomed ourselves to think no longer of anything foreign to us, to confine our whole desires and our every desire to this mutual possession, a possession perhaps unique among men, which sprang not, as I have said, from love, but from a more essential possession, which, without having reference to the senses, to sex, to age, or to form, is bound up with everything that constitutes positive personality, and which can be lost only by ceasing to be. How came it that this precious crisis did not secure our mutual happiness for the rest of our days? 'Twas not my fault, I have the consoling conviction. Nay, 'twas not hers either, at least not willingly so. It was decreed that ere long temperament, invincible temperament should resume its sway. But this fatal return did not take place all at once. There, was, thank heaven, an interval, a brief, but precious interval, which came not to an end through any fault of mine and which I have not to reproach myself with havin' employed amiss.

Though cured of my severe illness, I had not recovered my strength. My lungs had not regained their free action and the remains of the fever still lingered about me, keeping me very low. I had but one desire, that was to end my days near the beloved one, to confirm her in the good resolutions she had formed, to show her wherein consisted the true charm of a happy life, and, as far as depended on me, to render her's such. But I perceived, nay, I felt that our being continually alone in our sad, sombre house must itself at length become inexpressibly irksome. The remedy presented itself as of its own accord. *Maman* had pre-



scribed milk for me and desired that I should go and take it in the country. To this I acceeded, provided she would come along with me. This was enough to determine her, and the only question now was as to the choice of a place. Our suburban garden was not properly in the country: surrounded by houses and other gardens, it did not possess the attractions of a rural retreat. Besides, we had, on the death of Anet, given up this garden for reasons of economy, feeling no longer a desire to rear plants, and other views making us but little regret this spot.

Profiting now by the dislike she manifested for the town, I proposed to her to abandon it altogether, and settle down in some little cottage, far enough off to put impertinent intruders out of their latitude. She would have done so, and this course which our good angel had suggested to me, would in all likelihood have assured us happiness and tranquility till death had divided us. But this was not the lot to which we were called. It was decreed that *Maman*, after having passed her life in abundance, should feel all the sorrows of poverty and misfortune, in order that she might learn to quit it with less regret; while I was doomed, by accumulated ills of every kind, to become one day an example to all who, inspired with the simple love of justice and the public weal, and strong only in their innocence, dare openly tell men the truth, unsupported by cabals and unprotected by parties.

An unfortunate fear kept her back. She dared not quit her wretched house for fear of displeasing the proprietor. "Your proposed retreat," said she to me, "is charming, and much to my liking; but in that retreat we will have to live. By leaving my prison, I run the risk of losing my bread, and when we come to be out in the woods, we will be forced to come back and seek it in the city. So as not to be reduced to return, let us not quit it altogether. Let us pay Count Saint Laurent this little pension so that he may let me have mine. Let us seek some nook far enough from the city to live in peace, and near enougn thereto to return whenever it may be necessary. And so we did. After some little search, we fixed on the Charmettes, an estate belonging to M. de Conzié, at the gate almost of Chambéri, and yet as solitary and retired as though it had been a hundred

leagues off. Between two tolerably high hills is a little valley running North and South, through which among trees and pebbles runs a babbling brook. Along this valley, half way up its sides, are some scattered houses, forming a beautiful retreat for those who like a retired and somewhat savage scene. After having tried two or three of these cottages, we at last chose the prettiest, belonging to a gentleman who was off at service, his name M. Noiret. It was quite convenient. In front was a terraced garden, with a vineyard above and an orchard below; opposite was a little wood of chesnut trees, with a fountain hard by; farther up the hill were meadows for cattle—in a word, we found everything we needed for the little rustic household we intended setting up. As far as I can recall times and dates, we took possession towards the end of the summer of 1736. I was transported with delight the first day we slept in it. “*O Maman,*” said I to the dear friend, embracing her, and weeping tears of tenderest joy, “this is the abode of happiness and innocence. If we do not find them here with each other, we need seek them nowhere else.”

BOOK VI.

1736.

Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret....

I cannot add :

Auctiūs atque
Dī melius fecere ;

but no matter, I desired no more, not even the possession of all this—the enjoyment of it was enough for me, and I have long said and long felt that proprietor and possessor are often two very different persons, even though you leave husbands and lovers out of the question.

Here commences my brief season of happiness, here come those calm yet rapid moments that authorize me to say that I have lived. Precious, ever regretted moments ! Ah ! begin again your delightful course and, if it be possible, flow now in my memory more slowly than erst you did in your fugitive succession. What shall I do to prolong at pleasure this recital so touching yet so simple, to say the same things over and over again and not weary my readers by their repetition any more than I was myself wearied at perpetually recommencing them ? And then if all this consisted of deeds, actions, words, I might, after a fashion, manage to render and describe it; but how convey an idea of what was neither said nor done nor thought even, but felt, enjoyed, without my being able to mention any other object of my happiness than the sentiment itself ? I rose with the sun, and I was happy ; I walked out, and I was happy ; I saw *Maman*, and I was happy ; I left her, and I was happy ; I rambled over the hills and through the woods or strolled along the valleys, I read, loafed, worked in the garden, gathered the

fruits, helped in any household duty, and happiness accompanied me everywhere: in nothing assignable was it, 't was in myself, and so could not for a moment leave me.

Naught of all that happened to me during that beloved season, naught I did or said or thought the whole time it lasted, has slipped from my memory. The times and seasons that precede and follow after it return to me by intervals—they come back unequally and confusedly—but this period I recall as completely as though 't were yet present. My imagination which, in youth, was ever pushing forward, but now backward turns its course, compensates by these sweet recollections for my hopes, which I have lost for ever. I can see nothing in the future to tempt me, there is naught save these returns to the past that afford any satisfaction, and these returns, so vivid and so real, to the period to which I refer, often make me happy, spite even of my misfortunes.

Of these recollections I will give a single example; it may afford some idea of their force and reality. The first day we went to sleep at the Charmettes, *Maman* was carried in a chair, while I followed on foot. The road is uphill, and, as she was rather heavy, she feared tiring the chairmen too much and so got out when we were about half-way on to walk the rest. While walking along she despaired something blue in the hedge, and exclaimed, "Ha? there's some periwinkle in flower yet." I had never seen any before, nor did I stoop down to examine it, and I am too short-sighted to distinguish plants on the ground unless I do stoop. I simply cast a glance at it while passing, and thirty years had elapsed without my seeing anything of the kind or at least without taking any notice of it. In 1764, while at Cressier with my friend M. Peyrou, we were ascending a hill on the top of which he has a pretty place to which he gives the appropriate name of *Belle-Vue*. I was just then beginning to botanize a little. Going along and looking among the bushes, I gave a shout of joy and exclaimed, "*Hollo! there's some periwinkle!*" and it was so indeed. Du Peyrou perceived my transport, but was ignorant of its cause; he will, I hope, learn it sometime or other when he comes to read this. The reader may judge by the effect one such simple object made on me, of how deep must be

the impression of the various incidents relating to the same period.

Still, the country air did not restore me to my former health. I sank more and more. I could not bear the milk and had to discontinue it. Water was at this time in vogue as a universal remedy; to this I had recourse, and that with so little discretion that it came near releasing me, not of my ills, but of life itself. Every morning on rising I went to the fountain with a large goblet, and drank successively, while walking, to the amount of a couple of bottles. Wine I gave up altogether at meals. The water I drank was rather hard and difficult of passage, as is most of mountain-water. In short, I managed so well that in less than two months I completely ruined my hitherto capital stomach. No longer being able to digest my food, I was well aware that I had no reason to expect a cure. At this same time an accident happened to me that was as singular in itself as in its effects, which can only terminate with my existence.

One morning when I was no worse than usual, as I was putting up the leaf of a small table, I felt a sudden and almost inconceivable revolution throughout my whole frame. I know not how better to describe it than as species of tempest which arose in my blood and in a moment spread through every member of my body. My arteries began beating so violently that I not only felt, but even heard it, and particularly the beating in the carotides. It was attended, too, by a loud noise in my ears, and this noise was moreover, of a three- or rather four-fold kind: to wit; a heavy, hollow buzzing; then a more distinct murmur, like running water, with a very sharp whizzing, attended by the beating referred to, the throbs of which I could easily count without feeling my pulse or putting a hand to my body. So great was this internal noise that it completely destroyed my former acuteness of hearing and made me, not altogether deaf, but hard of hearing, and so I have remained ever since.

You may judge of my surprise and terror. I thought myself dying, and went to bed. The physician was called in; trembling with apprehension and thinking my case past cure, I told him what had happened to me. I believe he

was of the same opinion; however, he did his office. He got off a long string of causes and effects, which I knew nothing at all about; then, in pursuance of his sublime theory, he commenced *in anima vili* the experimental cure it pleased him to try. It was so troublesome, so disgusting and wrought so little success, that I ere long got tired of it, and, after several weeks, finding that I grew neither better nor worse, I left my bed and returned to my usual life, with my beating arteries and the buzzing in my ears, which from that time till now, that is for the least thirty years, have never for a minute left me.

Hitherto I had been a great sleeper. The total loss of sleep, which accompanied these various symptoms, and which has all along continued to do so, still more completely persuaded me that I had not long to live. This persuasion eased me for a time of my anxiety for a cure. Unable to prolong my life, I resolved to get the best I could out of the little shred that remained; and this, by the way, I could do, through a singular favor of nature in exempting me from the sufferings so dreadful a state would seem necessarily to bring with it. The noise bored, but did not pain me, nor was it accompanied by any other habitual incommodity excepting the loss of sleep and by a constant shortness of breath, which did not amount to asthma, and of which I became sensible only when I attempted to run or put forth any extra exertion.

This accident, which threatened the death of my body, killed only my passions, and I thank heaven every day of my life for the happy effect it produced on my soul. I can truly say that I began to live only when I looked on myself as a dead man. Estimating the things I was so soon to leave at their real value, I commenced to employ my thoughts on nobler cares, as though anticipating the duties in which I was ere long to engage, and which I had hitherto sadly neglected. I had often made light of religion in my way, but had never been wholly without it. I therefore found less difficulty in returning to this subject, so sad for so many people, but so sweet to those to whom it brings hope and consolation. *Maman* was, on this occasion, far more useful to me than all the theologians.

She, who systematized everything, had not failed to do

as much for religion; and this system was made up of the most disparate ideas—some sound in the extreme and others quite as silly—of sentiments springing from her disposition and prejudices derived from her education. As a general thing, they who do believe in God, make him like themselves: the good make him good and the bad make him bad; ill-natured, gall-hearted bigots, who would fain damn the whole race of men, see nothing but hell, while kindly and loving souls all but disbelieve in it; and one of the matters of astonishment I never could get over is to see the good Fenelon refer thereto in his *Telemaque* as though he really put any faith in it: I must hope he lied then; for, by the way, how great soever a lover of truth a man may be, when he is a Bishop he must sometimes fib. Maman, however, was sincere with me, and that heart, so free of all bitterness, unable to imagine a vindictive or even angry God, saw only pity and forgiveness where bigots saw but rigid justice and punishment. She used often to say that there would be no justice in God's being strict with us; for, not having given us power to be perfectly upright, he would be requiring more than he had bestowed. The queerest part of the matter was that, though she did not believe in Hell, she had implicit faith in Purgatory. This arose from her not knowing what to do with the souls of the wicked, loath to damn them and yet unable to place them along with the good until they had become so themselves; and really it must be confessed that both in this world and in the world to come the wicked are a very troublesome set.

Another whimsicality. It is clear enough that by this system the whole doctrine of original sin and redemption is destroyed, that the basis of christianity as commonly received is shaken, and that Catholicism at least cannot stand. And yet *Maman* was a good Catholic, or pretended to be so, and certain it is the pretention was sincere. She thought that the Scriptures were interpreted too literally and harshly. All we read about eternal torments appeared to her comminatory or figurative. The death of Jesus Christ she regarded as an example of charity verily divine designed to teach men to love God and each other in the same manner. In a word, faithful to the religion she had embraced, she subscribed to the whole confession of faith; but when you

came to the discussion of each article separately, it turned out that she believed quite otherwise than the Church, while at the same time humbly submitting thereto. On this head, she showed a simplicity of heart and a frankness more eloquent than any sophistry, and which often embarrassed even her confessor, for with him she disguised nothing. "I am a good Catholic," she would say to him, "and will always be so; I adopt with all the powers of my soul the decisions of Holy Mother Church. I am not mistress of my faith, but I am mistress of my will, and this I unreservedly submit. What more can you ask?"

Even had there been no such thing as christian morality, I am persuaded she would have acted up to its dictates, so perfectly did they accord with her natural disposition. She performed every duty enjoined, but she would none the less have performed it had it not been enjoined. In matters of choice, she rather liked on the whole to obey; and had she not been permitted, nay, enjoined to eat meat, she would have kept Lent with God and herself, and that without prudence having any influence whatever on her conduct. Her whole system of morality, however, was subordinated to the principles of M. Tavel, or rather she pretended to see nothing in religion contrary thereto. She would have slept with twenty men a day with a perfectly calm conscience and without having any more scruple than desire in the matter. I know that there are lots of devotees that are, on that head, no more scrupulous; but the difference is that they are seduced by their passions, while she was merely led astray by her sophisms. In the midst of the most touching, nay, the most edifying conversation, she would glide into this subject without the slightest change either in her tone or manner and without the most distant idea that she was in contradiction with herself. She would even, at a pinch, have interrupted the talk to make theory practice, and then have resumed the thread of discourse with the same serenity as before, so thoroughly was she persuaded that it was purely a maxim of social polity to which every sensible man or woman might give his own interpretation, application or exception, according to the spirit of the matter, and without the slightest danger of offending God. Though on this head, I was assuredly not of her opinion, I do confess I dared not

combat it, ashamed of the very ungallant part I would have had to play. I would willingly have laid down the principle as a rule for others, endeavoring, at the same time, to make an exception in my own case; but, apart from the fact that her temperament was itself a powerful enough preventative to the abuse of her principles, I am aware that she was not a woman to be fooled in that way, and that to claim an exception in my own case would simply be to grant it her in the case of any or everybody else. I take occasion here to mention this among the rest of her inconsistencies, though it had never any very great influence on her conduct, and, at that time, none at all. However, I have promised to give a faithful exposé of her principles, and I shall keep my promise. I come back to myself again.

Finding in her all the maxims I needed to free my mind from the terrors of death and a future world, I drew security from this source of confidence. I grew still more attached to her than ever; fain would I have transported into her my whole of life, which I felt would ere long leave me. From this redoubled attachment for her, from the persuasion I felt that I had but little time to live and from my profound security as to my future fate, resulted a state of habitual calm, nay, of positive pleasure, in that, deadening all the passions that carry afar off our hopes and fears, it left me without trouble or concern to enjoy my little remaining shred of life. One thing contributed to render it still more agreeable, namely, my anxious endeavor to nourish her love for the country by every amusement I could bring to bear. In awaking in her a love for her garden, poultry-yard, pigeons and cows, I myself grew increasingly attached to them, and these little occupations, filling up the day without troubling my tranquility, were more serviceable than milk or any of the other remedies in preserving my poor frame and even in reëstablishing it so far as was possible.

The vintage and gathering in of our fruit amused us for the rest of the year, while we grew more and more fond of our rural life, in the midst of the good folks by whom we were surrounded. With deep regret we beheld the approach of winter and we returned to town as we would have gone into exile. To me, never expecting to live to see another spring, this was particularly so, and I felt as though I was

bidding an eternal adieu to the Charmettes, nor did I leave them without kissing the earth and the trees and casting many a wistful look behind as I wended my way. Having long ago given up my scholars and lost my taste for city amusements and society, I no longer left the house, and saw nobody saving *Maman* and M. Salomon, who had lately become our physician. He was a good man and a man of mind, a great Cartesian, discoursing quite well on the system of the world, and whose agreeable and instructive talk was of infinitely more value to me than all his prescriptions. I never could bear the wishy-washy nonsense of ordinary intercourse, but useful and solid conversations have always given me much pleasure, and I was never backward to join in them. Those of M. Salomon pleased me amazingly; it seemed to me as though, when with him, I had a foretaste of that lofty knowledge my soul would acquire when freed from this mortal coil. The liking I had for him extended to the subjects of which he treated and I began to inquire after books that might aid me in better understanding him. Those that mingled devotion with science seemed to me the most suitable; such were particularly those of the Oratoire and of Port-Royal. I set to reading, or rather devouring them. There was a book fell into my hands by Father Lamy, entitled *Conversations on the Sciences*. It was a sort of introduction to scientific works. I read and re-read it a hundred times over, and resolved to make it my guide. In short I felt myself drawn little by little, in spite of or rather by my condition, with inevitable force towards study, and while looking on every day as my last, I studied with as much ardor as though I was going to live forever. They told me that it was doing me harm; I think, for my part, that it did me good, and that not only to my soul, but to my body; for this application, of which I grew so fond, became so delightful to me that, thinking no longer of my ailments, I was much less affected thereby. And yet 'tis true nothing gave me absolute relief; however, having no acute pain, I got accustomed to my weakness and wakefulness, to think instead of acting, and at length to look on the slow but gradual decay of my mortal frame as something that must inevitably go on and to the progress of which dea ↳ alone could put a stop.

Not only did this opinion detach me from all the vain cares of life, but it freed me from the bore of remedies, to which, spite of myself, I had hitherto been obliged to submit. Salomon, convinced that it was not in his drugs to save me, spared me the trouble of taking them, and simply allayed the grief of my poor *Maman* with some of those harmless prescriptions which lure the hope of the sufferer and maintain the doctor's credit. I departed from my restricted regimen, resumed the use of wine and, according to the measure of my strength, pursued the general way of living of a man in health, temperate in everything, but abstaining from nothing. I even went out and began revisiting my acquaintances, especially M. de Conzié, whose intercourse pleased me exceedingly. Finally, whether that it appeared to me something great to go on learning till my last hour or that a remnant of hope of living was concealed deep in my heart, the expectation of death, far from relaxing my love of study, seemed to animate it, and I hastened to acquire some little knowledge for the other world as eagerly as though I had believed that, when I got there, I should never get any more than what I carried with me. I conceived an affection for the store of a bookseller named Boucharde, where quite a number of literary persons were wont to meet, and Spring, which I had calculated on never seeing again, being near at hand, I furnished myself with a little stock of books for the Charmettes, in case I should have the happiness of returning thither.

I did have that happiness, and I profited to the utmost thereby. The joy with which I saw the first buds is inexpressible. The sight of Spring was to me an awaking in Paradise. Hardly had the snows begun to thaw than we quitted our dungeon, and we got out to the Charmettes in time to hear the first song of the nightingale. Thenceforth I threw aside all thoughts of dying, and really it is singular that I never was affected with any very serious sickness while in the country. I have suffered enough, but was never obliged to keep my bed. Often have I said, on feeling worse than usual, "When you see me ready to die, just carry me out 'neath the shade of an oak, and I warrant you I'll revive."

Weak though I was, I resumed my rustic employments,

though in manner proportioned to my strength. It vexed me exceedingly that I was not able to work the garden all alone; but when I had given half-a-dozen strokes with the spade I was completely out of breath, the sweat rolled from me and I was utterly exhausted. I could not stoop down without the beating's redoubling in intensity and the blood rushing to my head with such force that I was compelled instantly to straighten up again. Constrained to confine myself to less fatiguing cares, I took, among other little duties, the pigeon-house into my hands, and I grew so attached thereto that I often passed whole hours together around it without wearying for a moment. The pigeon is very timid and difficult to tame, and yet I succeeded in inspiring mine with so much confidence that they followed me everywhere and let themselves be taken at pleasure. I could not make my appearance in the garden or the yard without instantly having two or three of them on my arms and head, so that, notwithstanding the pleasure I took in them this retinue became so unhandy that I was at last obliged to set bounds to their familiarity. I have always taken a singular pleasure in taming animals, especially such as are timorous or wild. It appeared to me charming to inspire them with a confidence I never betrayed; I desired that they should love me freely.

I have said that I took books along with me; I made use of them, but in a manner less adapted to instruct than to perplex me. The false idea I had of things persuaded me that to read a book with profit, it was indispensable to have all the knowledge it supposed, very far from imagining that the author himself often did not have it, and that he drew from other books according as he stood in need of material. With this foolish idea, I was stopped every minute, forced to run incessantly from one book to another, and often, before I got to the tenth page of the one I was engaged on, I would have had to exhaust whole libraries. However, I persisted so determinedly in this method that I lost an infinity of time, and came near so muddling my head as to be past either knowing or understanding anything. Happily I perceived that I was on the wrong road, a road that was leading me into an immense labyrinth, and I got out before I was altogether lost.

However little true taste one may have for the sciences, the first thing he feels on looking into the matter is their connection, the fact that they mutually attract, aid, and illustrate each other, and that one cannot do without the other. Albeit the mind of man is unable to master the whole of them, and though one is always to be preferred as the chief, yet unless one has some notion of the others, he often gets into difficulties even in the one he is pursuing. I felt that my undertaking was good and useful in itself, and that I had but my method to change. Beginning with the Encyclopedia, I went through it dividing it into its various branches. Soon, however, I discovered that I must do quite the contrary, that is, take each one separately and thus pursue them by themselves until they met. Thus I came back to the general synthetic method, but I came back like a man who knows what he is doing. In this matter meditation stood in place of knowledge, and a very natural reflection aided in guiding me aright. "Live or die," thought I, "I have no time to lose." A man who arrives at twenty-five years of age without knowing anything, and is seized with the desire of knowing everything is on the fair way of making a profitable use of his time. Not knowing how soon accident or death might put a stop to my zeal, I would at all events acquire some idea of everything, as well to fathom my natural disposition as to judge for myself what best merited being cultivated.

In the execution of this plan I found another advantage on which I had not counted, namely, the profitable employment of a great deal of time. It must be that Nature never intended me for study, for continued application so fatigues me that it is impossible for me to stick closely half an hour to the same subject, particularly when following another's ideas, for I have often chanced to devote myself to my own for a much longer time, and that quite successfully, too. After following any author that requires being read with application through a few pages, my mind leaves him and loses itself in the clouds. If I persist, I exhaust myself to no purpose; a bewilderment seizes me and I can understand nothing; but let different subjects succeed each other, even uninterruptedly, one relieves the fatigue of the other, and without taking any relaxation, I follow them more easily.

I turned this observation to account in my plan of studies, and I so intermingled them that I used to pursue them the whole day long without feeling at all tired. 'Tis true, domestic and rural concerns formed useful diversions; but, in my growing ardor, I readily contrived to find opportunities for study, often employing myself about two things at once, without reflecting that each lost by the arrangement.

Amid all these trivial details which charm me at the expense of the reader's patience, I nevertheless use a moderation you would hardly give me credit for, did I not take care to let you into the matter. Here, for instance, I delightedly recall the various methods I adopted for the distribution of my time in such a way as to bring about at once the utmost possible pleasure with the utmost possible profit; and I may say that this period, during which I lived in retirement and constant ill health, was of all my life the time when I was most busied and least bored. Two or three months thus passed in feeling after the bent of my mind, and in enjoying, during the finest season of the year and in a spot it rendered enchanting, the charms of life, to whose value I was so keenly alive. Add to this the delight of a society as free as agreeable (if, indeed, the word society is applicable to so perfect a union), and the pleasure of the delightful attainments I purposed acquiring, for to me it was as though I had already possessed them, nay, 'twas better still, the pleasure of learning forming a large part of my happiness.

These essayings must, however, be passed over as, though to me all delightful, they were much too simple to admit of description. And, indeed, all true happiness is indescribable; it is only to be felt, and this feeling is all the keener in proportion as its utterance is less possible, resulting as it does not from a concourse of circumstances, but being itself a permanent state. I often repeat, but I would do so a great deal oftener, did I say the same thing as frequently as it comes into my mind. When at length my way of life, often changed, had taken a uniform course, here was about the distribution of my time.

I rose every morning before the sun, and passed through a neighboring orchard into an exceeding beautiful path, above the vineyard, leading along the hill-side towards Chambéri.



We usually breakfasted on coffee with milk. *Page 271—I.*



Here, while walking along, I offered up my prayer, consisting not in any vain lip-service, but in a sincere elevation of heart to the Author of that lovely Nature whose beauties met my gaze. I never liked to pray in my room; it seems to me as though the walls and all the little works of man interposed between God and my soul. I love to contemplate him in his works whilst my heart rises in adoration towards him. My prayers were, I can say, pure, and worthy therefore of being heard. I asked for myself and for her who was never out of my thought only a calm and innocent life, exempt from vice, sorrow and painful want; the death of the righteous, and their lot in a future world. And, indeed, this act consisted rather in admiration and contemplation than in requests, for I knew that with the Giver of every good and perfect gift the best means of obtaining what we stand in need of is less to ask than to deserve it. Continuing my walk, I used to return by a round-about way, absorbed in the delightful contemplation of the rural objects by which I was surrounded, those aspects of which alone the eye and heart never weary; I looked from afar to see if *Maman* was stirring yet, and if her shutters were open, a thrill of joy would run through me and I would make towards the house; if they were still shut, I went into the garden to wait her rising, amusing myself by reviewing what I had learned the evening before or in gardening. The moment the shutter was thrown open, I went and embraced her in bed, often while still half asleep; and this embrace, as pure as tender, derived from its very innocence a charm which never enters into sensual pleasures.

We usually breakfasted on coffee with milk (*café au lait*). This was the time of day when we had most leisure and could converse with most freedom. These sittings, which, indeed, were generally pretty long, gave me quite a taste for breakfasts, and I greatly prefer the English and Swiss custom, where this is a regular meal which calls together the whole family, to the French fashion of each one breakfasting alone in his room, or more generally still of omitting this meal altogether. After chatting for an hour or two, I went to my books till dinner-time. I began with some philosophic works, as the Port-Royal Logic, Locke's Essay, Malebranche, Leibnitz, Descartes, etc. Ere long I

discovered that these various authors were in perpetual contradiction with each other, and I formed the insane project of reconciling them—an undertaking that both greatly wearied me and made me lose a vast deal of time. My head got muddled, and I could not go on a step. At length I renounced this method, too, and adopted an infinitely better one, a method to which I attribute all the progress I may have made, spite of my lack of capacity, for certain it is I never had much ability for study. While reading an author, I laid it down as a principle to follow all his ideas without mixing either mine or any body's else therewith, and without entering into any dispute with him. I said to myself, "Let's begin by laying up a stock of ideas: whether true or false, I shall not inquire, provided only they be clear; waiting, meanwhile, till my stock is large enough for me to compare and chose." This method, I am aware, is not without its inconveniences; but it answered my purpose in the object I had in view of self-instruction. At the end of several years passed literally in thinking only according to others, without reflection, so to speak, and almost without reasoning, I found myself possessed of a sufficient amount of material to set up thinking on my own account. Then, when journeys or affairs deprived me of the opportunity of consulting books, I amused myself in recalling and comparing what I had read, weighing every opinion in the balance of reason and at times judging my masters themselves. I did not find that my delay in putting my judiciary faculty into exercise had at all weakened its vigor, and when I came to publish my own thoughts, I was never accused of being a servile disciple, or swearing *in verba magistri*.

Thence I passed to elementary Geometry, for I never got any farther, persisting in my determination to overcome my lack of memory by dint of going over the same ground hundreds on hundreds of times and incessantly coming back and beginning over again. Euclid I did not relish: he aims rather at the chain of demonstration than the connection of ideas. I preferred the Geometry of Father Lamy, who henceforth became one of my favorite authors, and whose works I still read with pleasure. Algebra followed, and it was still Father Lamy I took for my guide. When I was farther advanced, I took up the *Science of Calculus* by

Father Reynaud, afterwards his *Demonstrated Analysis*, which I simply glanced through. I never went far enough thoroughly to understand the application of Algebra to Geometry. I had no fancy for that mode of operating without knowing what one is doing, and I used always to think resolving a problem of Geometry by equations was like playing a tune by turning a crank. The first time I discovered by calculation that the square of a binomial is composed of the square of each of its parts plus the double product of each, spite of the correctness of my multiplication, I would not believe a bit of it until I had made the figure. Not but that I had quite a taste for Algebra, considered only in reference to quantity in the abstract, but when applied to dimensions I had to see the absolute measurement of the lines, otherwise I could understand nothing about it.

After this came Latin. This was at once the most painful study I had, and the one in which I made the least progress. I began with the Port-Royal method; fruitlessly, however. Those Ostrogothic verses turned my stomach and fell dead on my ear. I lost myself in their crowd of rules, and in learning the last I forgot all that went before. A study of words is hardly the thing for a man without memory, and it was precisely to force mine to retain what I learned that I persisted in this study. I had at last, however, to give it up. I understood construction well enough to read an easy author with the help of a dictionary. I followed this method, and I found it succeed tolerably well. I applied myself to translation, not by writing but mentally, confining myself entirely thereto. Well, by dint of time and practice, I succeeded in being able to read Latin authors quite fluently, but I never could either speak or write the tongue—a circumstance that has often embarrassed me on finding myself, God knows how, enrolled among men of letters. Another inconvenience resulting from this mode of learning is that I never understood prosody, far less the rules of versification. Desiring, however, to have a taste of the harmony of the language both in verse and prose, I made many attempts to learn the art; but I am convinced that without a master that is an impossibility. Having learned the composition of the easiest of all verse, the hexameter namely, I had the patience to scan almost the whole

of Virgil, marking the feet and their quantity; then, when I was in doubt as to whether a syllable was long or short, 'twas my Virgil I consulted. You may readily suppose that this made me make many mistakes because of the alterations permitted by the rules of versification. So that, if there are advantages in studying alone, there are also great disadvantages; above all there is inconceivable trouble to the learner. And this I know better than any one.

At noon I left my books, and if dinner was not ready, I went and paid my friends, the pigeons, a visit, or I went and wrought a while in the garden, waiting till it was. When they came and called me, I heartily obeyed the summons, and ran in, fortified with a first rate appetite; for this is another note-worthy circumstance that, however sick I may be, my appetite never fails. We dined very agreeably, talking over our affairs, while waiting till *Maman* was able to eat. Two or three times a week, when the weather was fine, we went and drank our coffee in a cool and shady arbor behind the house, which I had decorated with hop-vines, and which was very agreeable during the heat of the day. Here we passed an hour or so, visiting our vegetables and flowers and conversing respecting our manner of living, thus making us better realize the pleasure of it. I had another little family at the end of the garden in my bees. I never failed, often accompanied by *Maman*, to pay them a visit. I felt a great interest in their labor, and took infinite delight in watching them returning to the hive, their little thighs sometimes so loaded that they could hardly walk. At first curiosity rendered me imprudent and they stung me two or three times; but after a while we got so well acquainted that they let me go as near as I liked, and however full and ready to swarm the hives might be, I was at times surrounded by them, had them on my hands and face without their ever molesting me in the least. All animals are distrustful of man, and they are rightly so; but are they once sure that you mean them no harm, their confidence becomes so great that he must be more than a savage who would abuse it.

To my books I next returned, though my afternoon occupations rather deserve the name of recreations and amusements than labor or study. I never could bear regular ap-

plication after dinner, and in general any kind of attention is trying to me during the heat of the day. I employed my time, however, without restraint or rule, in reading without studying. What I paid most attention to was History and Geography; and as these studies require no great intensity of thought, I made as much progress therein as my weak memory would permit. I took a fancy to study Father Pétau and plunged into the dark depths of Chronology; but I soon grew disgusted with the critical part thereof, as it has neither bottom nor shore, and preferred the exact measurement of time and the course of the heavenly bodies. I should have even contracted a fondness for Astronomy, had I had instruments; but had to content myself with some of the elements derived from books and certain rude observations made with a telescope, simply to give me an idea of the general situation of the heavens, for my short sight does not permit me to distinguish the celestial bodies without the aid of a glass. Connected with this matter I recollect an adventure the remembrance whereof has often given me occasion for a hearty laugh. I had bought a celestial planisphere to study the constellations. This planisphere I had attached to a frame, and on nights when the sky was clear, I used to go into the garden and place my frame on four stakes of the height of myself, the planisphere being turned downwards; and in order to light it without the wind's blowing out my candle, I put the said candle into a bucket which I located on the ground between the four stakes; then, consulting alternately the planisphere with my eyes and the stars with my telescope I practiced in distinguishing the constellations. I think I have mentioned that M. Noiret's garden was terraced, so that everything that was done therein was observable from the road. One evening, some peasants, passing by quite late, saw me in a rather grotesque costume busied at my operation. The light that struck on my planisphere, and the cause of which they could not perceive, the candle being hidden from their sight by the sides of the pail, those four stakes, that huge paper filled full of figures, the frame, and the motion of my telescope which they saw going this way and that, all conspired to present the appearance of a conjuration, an idea that struck them with horror. My array was not calculated

to dispel their fears: a flapped hat put over my night-cap and a short cloak of *Maman's*, which she had forced me to put on, presented to their eyes the very picture of a true sorcerer; and, as it was near midnight, they doubted not that this was the beginning of some diabolical assembly. Having little curiosity to pry any farther into the matter, they were fain to make off, out of their wits, rousing up their neighbors to give them an account of their vision; and the story spread so fast that next day everybody knew that a nightly witching was held at M. Noiret's. Lord knows what would have been the consequences of this rumor, had not one of the peasants, who had been a witness to my conjurations, that same day carried his complaint to two Jesuits, who were in the habit of visiting us, and who, without knowing the foundation of the report, took care meanwhile to undeceive him. They told us the story, while I let them into the secret and we had a hearty laugh over the affair. However, it was resolved, for fear of a recurrence of the same thing, that I should for the future make my observations without light, consulting my planisphere in the house. Those who have read, in the *Letters from the Mountain*, my Venetian magic will, I am sure, discover that I had long ago a special calling to become a sorcerer.

Such was the life I led at the Charmettes when not busied about rural concerns, for they ever had the preference, and in labors that were not beyond my strength I wrought like a regular peasant: but 't is true that my extreme weakness left me on that head little other merit than the good will. Besides, I wished to do two things at once, and thereby did neither well. I took it into my head to make me a memory per force, and so persisted in my endeavor to retain a great deal by heart. To this end, I always carried a book with me which I took inconceivable trouble to read and cover while at work. I cannot imagine how my persisting in these vain and continual efforts did not end by making me a fool. I must have learned and reviewed the Eclogues of Virgil at least twenty times over, though I cannot recollect a word of them now. Multitudes of books did I lose, many an odd volume did I make by my habit of carrying them everywhere round with me, to the dove-cote, the garden, orchard, vineyard. Busied about something else, I

would put my book at the foot of a tree or on the hedge; invariably would I forget to take it with me, and often at the end of a fortnight, I came across it rotted or gnawed to pieces by ants and snails. This ardor of learning became a perfect mania and gave me the appearance of a very block-head, busy, as I constantly was, muttering something or other between my teeth.

The writings of Port Royal and the Oratory, being those I read most frequently, had made me half a Jansenist, and spite of all my confidence, their harsh theology gave me dreadful alarms. The terror of hell, which hitherto had not bothered me much, little by little disturbed my security, and had not *Maman* tranquillized my mind, that terrible doctrine would at last have completely unsettled me. My confessor, and he was her's likewise, did all in his power to keep up my spirits. 'T was Father Hémet, a Jesuit, a good and wise old man, whose memory I shall ever hold in veneration. Though a Jesuit, he had all the simplicity of a child, and his morality, less lax than mild, was precisely what I needed to balance the melancholy impressions Jansenism had left on my mind. This worthy man and his companion, Father Coppier, often came to see us at the Charmettes, albeit the road was very rough and rather long for persons of their age. Their visits did me much good; and may God do so to their souls, for they were at that time too old for me to presume them to be yet alive. Sometimes also I went to see them at Chambéri; got by degrees acquainted at their convent, and had access to their library. The remembrance of this happy season has become so associated with my ideas of Jesuits as to give me an affection for the one by my fondness for the other; and albeit their teaching has ever appeared dangerous to me, I never could find it in me heartily to hate them.

I should like to know whether other men are ever guilty of such puerilities as I at times find myself falling into. In the midst of my studies and of a life as innocent as was ever led, and in spite, too, of all they had told me, the fear of hell still often troubled me. I asked myself, "What state **am I in?** If I were to die this moment would I be damned?" According to my Jansenists, the matter was beyond a doubt; but according to my conscience, it appeared other-

wise. Living in constant terror and afloat amid these cruel uncertainties, I had recourse to the most laughable expedients to extricate myself therefrom, expedients which, if resorted to by any other man, I should certainly have him put into Bedlam. One day, while sunk in thought over this sad subject, I was mechanically practicing pitching stones against the trunks of trees, and that with my usual dexterity, that is, hardly ever hitting one. Right in the midst of this delightful exercise, it came into my head to draw therefrom a species of prognostic whereby to calm my troubled breast. Says I to myself, "Now, I am going to throw this stone at that tree opposite there: Hit, sign of salvation; Miss, sign of damnation," whereupon, with a trembling hand and a horrible heart-beating, I pitched the stone, and that so fairly that it struck right in the very middle of the tree. After all, though, this was perhaps not so very difficult, as I took good care to see that my chosen tree was very large and very near at hand. From that moment I never doubted my salvation. I scarcely know, as I recall this affair, whether I ought to laugh or to shudder at myself. And you, ye great men, who will assuredly laugh over my folly, lay the flattering unction to your souls, but insult not my misery, for I swear I feel it all too keenly.

However, these troubles and alarms, inseparable, I dare say, from devotion, came only at intervals. In general my mind was calm enough, and the impression the idea of approaching death produced on me was not so much any feeling of sadness as a peaceful and even somewhat pleasurable languor. I have just found among my old papers I sort of admonition I made to myself, wherein I congratulated myself on dying at an age when one finds courage enough in him to look the king of terrors in the face, and without having experienced any great ills either of body or of mind during my life. How much truth was there in the thought! A presentiment made me dread to live, doomed, as that life was, to be one of suffering. It seems as though I foresaw the fate awaiting me in my old age. Never was I so truly wise as during that happy period. Without any particular remorse for the past and freed from all solicitude as to the future, the reigning sentiment of my

soul was the enjoyment of the present. Pietists in general retain some very keen little sense-enjoyment (*sensualité*) that gives a flavor to the innocent pleasures permitted them. Wordlings will, I know not why, make a crime out of this; or rather I know perfectly well, 't is because they envy others the enjoyment of those simple pleasures whereof they themselves have lost the taste. This taste I had, and it seemed charming to me to gratify it with a safe conscience. My heart, inexperienced as yet, gave itself over to these delights with a child's pleasure, or rather, if I may hazard the expression, with the rapture of an angel, for, in truth, such calm enjoyments do partake of the serenity of those of Paradise. Dinners on the grass at Montagnole, suppers 'neath the arbor, the gathering in of the fruits, the vintage, the hemp-peeling gatherings, all became so many holidays in which *Maman* took the same pleasure as myself. Our more solitary walks had a still greater charm, our hearts being more free to overflow. Among the rest, there is one walk in particular we took which forms an epoch in my memory. 'T was on a Saint Louis day, after whom *Maman* was named. We set out alone together early in the morning, after mass a Carmelite had come to celebrate at day-break in a chapel adjoining our house. I had proposed that we should go and explore the hills on the slope opposite our dwelling and which we had not yet visited. We had sent our provisions on before, for the excursion was to last the whole day. *Maman*, though somewhat round and corpulent, was not a bad walker. We went from hill to hill and wood to wood, now in the sunshine and anon in the shade, resting from time to time and forgetting ourselves whole hours together; speaking of ourselves, of our union, of our sweet life and offering up prayers for its duration which were never answered. Everything seemed to conspire together for this day's happiness. It had rained shortly before, so there was no dust, while the brooks were full and rapid, and a cool, gentle breeze played through the leaves. The air was pure, the horizon cloudless and in heaven as in our hearts serenity reigned. We took dinner at a peasant's, sharing it with his family, who blessed us from the bottom of their hearts. Those poor Savoyards are such worthy people! After dinner we betook us to the shade of a

large tree, where, whilst I was picking up bits of dry sticks to boil our coffee withal, *Maman* amused herself botanizing among the bushes, and, in the structure of the flowers of the bouquet I had gathered for her by the way, she called my attention to a thousand curious things which greatly amused me and which might well have given me a taste for botany; but the time had not yet come, my attention was called away by too many other studies. Besides, an idea that just then struck me, diverted my thoughts from plants and flowers. The state of mind in which I then was, every thing we had that day done or said, all the objects that had struck me brought to my remembrance the species of waking-dream I had at Annecy seven or eight years before, and of which I have given an account in its proper place. The analogy was so striking that I was moved to tears in thinking thereof. In a transport of tenderest joy I embraced that dear friend : “*Maman, Maman,*” said I passionately to her, “ long has this day been promised me, and I see naught beyond it. My happiness, thanks to you, is at its height : may it never more grow less ! may it continue so long as my heart would wish, and then it will only end with myself !”

Thus glided by my happy days, and all the happier in that, seeing nothing that was likely to disturb them, I regarded their termination as something that would happen only with the end of my mortal life. Not that the cause of my anxiety was removed; but I saw it take another course which I exercised all my influence in directing towards useful objects, so that it might carry with it its own remedy. *Maman* naturally loved the country, and her ardor was not likely to cool while with me. Little by little she took a liking for rural concerns; she liked to bring out and increase the value of her land, and on this head she possessed knowledge which she took great pleasure in turning to account. Not satisfied with the land attached to the house she had taken, she first hired a field, then a meadow, and directing her enterprising humor towards agricultural matters, instead of remaining idle in the house, she was on the fair way of becoming quite an extensive farmer. I did not much like seeing her going into it so largely, and I used all my influence in opposing it, quite certain that she would be

deceived in her expectations and that her liberal and prodigal disposition would in this as in everything else carry her outlay far beyond the profits.' However, I consoled myself with the idea that this product at least would always be something and help her to live Of all the projects she was likely to form this appeared to me the least ruinous, and without regarding it in the light she did, that is, as a scheme from which profit was to be derived, it presented itself to me as a constant employment that would keep her out of the way of projects and impostors. With this idea, I ardently desired to recover health and strength enough to superintend her affairs, to be the overseer of her laborers, or myself her chief laborer; and the exercise this obliged me to take, calling me often away from my books, and diverting me from the state I was in, naturally had a beneficial effect on my health.

(1737-1741.) The winter following, Barillot, returning from Italy, brought me a number of books, and among the rest Father Banchieri's *Bontempi* and *Cartella per Musica*. These gave me a taste for the history of Music and for theoretical researches into this beautiful art. Barillot remained for some time with us, and as I had come of age some months ago, it was agreed that I should go next spring to Geneva to claim my mother's inheritance or at least the part of it coming to me, till it could be ascertained what had become of my brother. This plan was carried out as it had been resolved upon. I went to Geneva; my father came hither on his part, too. For a long time previous he had been in the habit of returning without their molesting him, albeit the decree against him had never been reversed; but, esteeming his courage and respecting his probity, they feigned having forgotten his affair, and the magistrates, their thoughts busied about the great project that broke out a little while afterwards, did not wish to set the bourgeoisie against them before the time by thus recalling, on a bad occasion, their ancient partiality.

I apprehended that difficulties would be raised on account of my change of religion; but I was not troubled in that way. The laws of Geneva are in that respect less harsh than those of Berne, where whoever changes his religion loses not only his rank but his fortune. Mine, there-

fore, was not disputed me, but it turned out to be, I know not how, reduced to a very trifling matter. Though it was known almost to a certainty that my brother was dead, yet we had no legal proof. I lacked sufficient title to claim his share, so I left it without regret to aid to support my father, who enjoyed it as long as he lived. As soon as the required formalities were gone through with and I had got my money, I laid out some of it in books and flew to carry the remainder to the feet of *Maman*. My heart beat with joy during the journey and the moment I gave the money into her hands was to me a thousand times more delightful than when I myself got it. She received it with the simplicity natural to great souls who, doing such things as matters of course, see them without any special admiration. This money was almost all expended for my use, and that with equal simplicity. It would have been employed in exactly the same manner had it come from any other quarter.

And yet, I did not recover my health; nay, I was visibly falling away; I was as pale as a ghost and as thin as a skeleton; the beating of my arteries was terrible; my palpitations more frequent; I felt continually oppressed, and at last I became so weak that I could hardly move—I could not quicken my step without danger of suffocation nor stoop without bringing on vertigoes nor raise the lightest weight; I was reduced to the most tormenting inaction for a man of my stirring disposition. To be sure there was a great deal of vapors along with all this. The vapors is a disease common to people who are well off; and this was so with me: the tears I often shed without any cause for weeping, the terror I felt at the falling of a leaf or the fluttering of a bird, my unevenness of temper in the calm of a most pleasing life, all indicated that lassitude of happiness that drives sensibility to the very verge of extravagance. We are so little made to be happy here below that either body or mind must necessarily suffer when they do not both suffer together, and the health of the one is almost always injurious to that of the other. And so, at a time when I could have enjoyed life deliciously, my decaying frame prevented me from doing so, and that without the real seat of my disease being discoverable. And yet afterwards, notwithstanding the decline of years and ills all too serious and too real, my

body seems to have regained its strength so that I may the more poignantly feel my wretchedness; and now that I am writing this, though weak and almost three score years old, though overwhelmed with grief of every kind, I feel possessed of more life and vigor to suffer than I had for enjoyment, when in the flower of youth and amidst the truest happiness.

To cap the climax, having, among the rest of my reading, dipped a little into physiology, I set about studying anatomy, and, passing in review the multitude of parts that composed my frame and the play of these parts, I calculated on feeling all this disordered twenty times a day. Far from being astonished at finding myself dying, I was amazed that I could live at all, and I could not read the description of any possible malady without thinking I was afflicted with that same. I am sure that even had I not been sick, this fatal study would have made me so. Finding in every disease symptoms similar to mine, I fancied I had them all, and this brought on one more terrible still, a disease it is difficult indeed to escape when once a person begins reading medical books, but from which I had imagined myself safe, namely, the phantasy of being able to effect a cure. By dint of searching, reflecting, comparing, I became persuaded that the root of the evil was a polypus at the heart, and Salomon himself seemed struck with the idea. In all reason, this should have confirmed me in regarding myself as a gone case. Not at all. I put forth every power of my mind in endeavoring to discover how a polypus at the heart was to be eradicated, and I resolved to undertake this marvelous cure. In a journey Auet had made to Montpellier to see the garden of plants and its Demonstrator, M. Sauvages, he had been informed that M. Fizes had cured a similar polypus. *Maman*, recollecting this circumstance, mentioned it to me. It needed nothing more to inspire me with the desire to go and consult M. Fizes. The hope of recovery gave me strength and courage to undertake this journey. The money from Geneva furnished the means. *Maman*, far from dissuading me from my plan, encouraged me to go; so behold me off for Montpellier.

I had not to go so far for the physician I needed. Riding on horseback fatiguing me too much, I had hired a

chaise at Grenoble. At Moirans five or six chaises came up in file after mine. For once, it was truly the carriage-adventure. The greater part of these chaises formed the cortege of a new married lady named Madam du Colombier. With her was another woman called Madam de Larnage, older and not so handsome as Madam du Colombier, but not less amiable, and who was to go on from Romans, where the latter was to stop, to the market town of Saint Andiol, near the bridge of Saint Esprit. With my known timidity it will not be conjectured that I was very ready at forming an acquaintance with these brilliant ladies and their suite; however, traveling on the same road, lodging in the same inn, and being obliged, under pain of passing for a perfect owl, to eat at the same table, it could, indeed, scarcely be otherwise than that we should strike up an acquaintance. It was formed, then, and even sooner than I could have wished, for this general hubbub was not the thing for a sick man, particularly one of my disposition. Curiosity, however, renders these rogues of fair ones so insinuating that, to succeed in getting acquainted with a man, they begin by turning his head. This was precisely what happened to me. Madam du Colombier, too constantly surrounded by her young gallants, had not many opportunities to exercise her charms over me, and besides it was not worth the while as we were so soon to separate; but Madam Larnage, less beset, had provision to make for the remainder of the journey, so behold me under the wing of Madam de Larnage; and adieu poor Jean Jacques, or rather adieu to fever, vapors and polypus—all vanish when in her presence, excepting certain palpitations that remained and of which she had no mind to cure me. The bad state of my health was the first ground of our acquaintance. They perceived that I was sick, they knew that I was going to Montpellier; and my appearance and manners must certainly not have announced a debauchee, for it was evident from what followed that they did not suspect me of going thither to go through a *tour de casserole*. Though sickness be no great recommendation with the ladies, it yet rendered me interesting to the present ones. Every morning they sent to inquire after my health, accompanied with an invitation to take chocolate with them, and it was always, “O, how did you pass the

night?" Once, according to my praiseworthy custom of speaking without thinking, I replied that I did not know. This answer made them think I was a fool: they examined me farther, and I lost nothing thereby. I once overheard Madam du Colombier say to her friend, "He does not know the world, but still he is amiable." This good opinion greatly encouraged me, and had the effect of making me really so.

In the course of our acquaintance we had of course to speak about ourselves, to tell where we came from and who we were. This hugely embarrassed me, for I keenly felt that in good company and with women of gallantry the mere name of new convert would be the death of me. I know not by what whimsicality I took it into my head to pass for an Englishman. I gave myself out for a Jacobine, and for such they took me; I called myself Mr Dudding, and Mr Dudding they called me. A cursed Marquis de Torignan, who was one of the company, an invalid like myself, old and rather ill-tempered into the bargain, took it into his head to have a chat with Mr Dudding. He spoke to me of King James, of the Pretender, of the old Court of Saint Germain. I was on thorns; of all these matters I knew only the little I had read in Count Hamilton and in the Gazettes; however, I turned this little to such good account, that I got out of the dilemma. Fortunate it was that they did not think of questioning me as to the English language, for I did not know a single word of it!

The whole company found each other's society agreeable, and looked forward with regret to the time of separation. We advanced at snails' pace. We found ourselves one Sunday at Saint Marcellin. Madam de Larnage would go to mass, so I accompanied her. By so doing I came near knocking matters into a cocked hat, for, behaving as I always did, my modest, reserved countenance gave her the impression that I was one of your sanctimonious chaps, and she conceived the worst possible opinion of me, as she confessed two days afterwards. It required a great deal of gallantry on my part to efface this bad impression; or rather Madam de Larnage, being a woman of experience and not to be easily disheartened, determined to run the risk of making the first advances so as to see how I would behave

And plenty she did make, and of such a nature that, very far from presuming on my figure, I thought she was making a fool of me. In this notion there was no sort of stupidity of which I was not guilty—it was worse than the Marquis de Legs. Madam de Larnage held on so persistently, ogled me so determinedly and said such tender things that a man much less of a fool than myself would have had some difficulty in taking it all seriously. The more she did, the more she confirmed me in my notion, and, what increased my torment, was that I found I had really fallen in love with her. I used to say to myself and to her, too, with a sigh, “Ah! would that all this was but real; I should be the happiest of men!” I do believe my novice-like simplicity but added point to her whim; she was determined not to be rebuffed.

At Romans we had left Madam du Colombier and her suite. We continued our route in the most agreeable manner in the world. Madam de Larnage, the Marquis de Torignan and myself. The Marquis, though indisposed and somewhat of a scold, was quite a good fellow, though he did not over relish the present system of partiality. Madam de Larnage took so little care to conceal her inclination for me that he perceived it sooner than I did, and his malicious sarcasms might at least have given me that confidence the lady's kindness had not been able to inspire me with, had I not, by a whim into which nobody but myself could have fallen, imagined that they had come to an understanding to jibe me. This silly idea put the finishing touch to my stupidity and made me act the flattest possible part in a situation in which my heart, being really caught, might have dictated quite a brilliant one. I cannot conceive how Madam de Larnage did not grow disgusted at my folly and discard me with the utmost disdain. But she was a woman of penetration who knew what was what, and she plainly perceived that there was more bashfulness than indifference in my procedure.

At length, but not without vast difficulty, she succeeded in making herself understood. We had arrived at Valence for dinner, and here, according to our laudable custom, we passed the remainder of the day. We put up out of the city, at the Saint James; I shall always remember this inn,



Her lips spoke too plainly on mine to leave me any longer in error.
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as also the room Madam de Larnage occupied. After dinner, she proposed a walk: she was aware that the Marquis was no walker, so this was just the plan to bring about a *tete-a-tete*, which she had firmly resolved to make the most of, nor was there much time left to make the most of. We were strolling around the city, by the side of the moat. While thus engaged I took up the long thread of my complaints, to which she replied in so tender a tone, pressing oft the arm she held to her heart, that it required a stupidity equal to mine to prevent me from ascertaining whether she was serious in what she said. The most admirable thing about it was that I was myself excessively moved. I have said that she was amiable—love rendered her charming, restoring to her all the loveliness of her early youth, and she managed her advances with so much art that she would have seduced the most stoical of men. I was therefore very ill at ease, and often on the point of letting out; but the dread of offending or displeasing her and the still greater terror of being hooted, laughed at, ridiculed, made the talk of the table, and being complimented on my designs by the pitiless Marquis kept me back to such a degree as to be myself ashamed of my ridiculous bashfulness, and yet while reproaching myself on this account I could not muster courage to surmount it. I was in torment; I had already given over my Celadon-like discourse, of which I felt the complete ridiculousness while things were going on so handsomely; and not knowing how to look or what to say, I held my tongue, I had a petted look, and on the whole gave the best possible opportunity to draw on me the treatment I had so dreaded. Happily Madam de Larnage took a more humane course. She suddenly broke the silence by passing her arm around my neck, while, at the same time her lips spoke too plainly on mine to leave me any longer in my error. The crisis could not have come on more favorably. I became amiable. 'T was time. She had given me that confidence the lack of which has almost always prevented me from appearing like myself. I was so then. Never did my eyes, my senses, my heart, my mouth speak so plainly; never did I so fully repair my mistakes, and if this little conquest had cost Madam de Larnage some trouble, I have reason to believe she did not regret it.

Were I to live a hundred years, I never could recall the memory of this charming woman without pleasure. I say charming, albeit she was neither young nor handsome; but then, being neither old nor ugly, there was nothing in her appearance to prevent her wit and accomplishments from having their due force. Quite the contrary to other women, her face was the least fair of any part of her, and I imagine that rouge had spoiled it for her. She had her own reasons for being yielding—'t was the means of attaining to her proper estimation. It was possible to see her without loving her, but impossible to possess her without adoring her. And this, as it seems to me, proves that she was not always so prodigal of her favors as she was in my case. She had been seized by too sudden and too lively an inclination, an inclination in which her heart was more deeply engaged than her passions; and during the brief yet delicious interval I passed in her company, I had reason to believe, from the forced circumspection she imposed upon me, that, although sensual and voluptuous, she consulted my health more than her pleasures.

Our understanding did not escape the Marquis. None the less, however, on that account, did he come out on me with his volleys of raillery; on the contrary, he treated me more than ever as a poor, whining lover, a martyr to the rigors of his mistress. He never let fall a word, not a smile or a look escaped him that could make me suspect he had divined us; and I should have thought him duped, had not Madam de Larnage, who was keener-sighted than myself told me that it was not so, but that he was really a gallant man; and indeed it would be impossible to be more politely attentive or to behave in a more gentlemanly manner than he always manifested, even towards me, saving only his pleasantries, especially since my success. He perhaps attributed to me the honor thereof, and supposed me less of an ass than I had appeared. He was mistaken, how ever, as has been seen; but no matter, I profited by his mistake, and 't is true that the laugh being then on my side, I exposed myself with a good heart to his sallies, took them with a good grace and at times parried them, quite happily even, proud as I was of doing myself the honor,

when by Madam de Larnage, of the wit she had bestowed upon me. I was no longer the same man.

We were in a country and a season of good cheer, and we enjoyed everywhere capital fare, thanks to the cares of the Marquis. I could, however, have done without his extending his solicitude to our rooms, but he used to send his footman on before to engage them; and the rogue, whether of his own accord or by order of his master, always took good care to have the Marquis's room next to Madam de Larnage's, while I was stowed away at the farther end of the house. But this was no very great embarrassment and only rendered our rendezvous the more piquant. This delicious life continued for four or five days, during which I was intoxicated with sweetest pleasures. I enjoyed them pure and keen and unalloyed—they were the first and only such I ever thus enjoyed, and I may say that I owe to Madam de Larnage my not dying without having known what pleasure is.

If what I felt towards her was not exactly love, it was at least so tender a return for that she testified for me, it was a sensuality so burning in pleasure and an intimacy so delicious in converse, that it had all the charm of love without that delirium which is so apt to accompany it and which destroys all enjoyment. True love I experienced but once in my life, and that was not with her. Nor did I love her as I had loved and did then love Madam de Warens—but this was the very reason that the possession of her was a hundred times more delightful. With *Maman*, my pleasure was ever disturbed by a feeling of sadness, by a secret heart-oppression which I could not without difficult surmount: instead of thinking with delight of the possession of her, I reproached myself with debasing her. With Madam de Larnage, on the contrary, proud of being a man and being happy, I gave myself up to the pleasures of sense with joy and confidence; I shared the impression I produced on her; I was enough my own master to contemplate my triumph with voluptuous delight and thus draw therefrom means whereby to redouble it.

I do not remember where we left the Marquis, who resided in this region; but we found ourselves alone before arriving at Mont Silar, and thenceforth Madam de Lar-

nage had her waiting-woman ride in my chaise and I passed into her's. I can assure you we did not find traveling in this fashion tiresome, and I should have found it very hard to give any account of the country we were passing through. At Montélimar, she had business that detained her three days, during which time, however, she quitted me but one quarter of an hour, for an unavoidable visit, a visit that drew down on her a perfect flood of horous importunities and invitations which she took good care not to accept. She pleaded indisposition, which, however, did not prevent our walking out together every day through the loveliest country and under the most beautiful sky in the world. O, those three days, what reason have I to regret them ! Never more did such return.

The amours of a journey are not made to last. We had to separate; and I confess it was time, not that I was sated or likely to be so, my appetite only grew every day the keener; but, notwithstanding all the lady's discretion, I had little else than good will left. We took away the edge of our regret at parting by projects of reunion. It was decided that since the present regime did me good I should pursue it and that I should go and pass the winter at Saint Andiol, under the direction of Madam de Larnage. I was simply to remain at Montpellier for five or six weeks to give her time so to arrange things as to prevent scandal. She gave me ample instructions as to what would be necessary for me to know, what I should say and how I should conduct myself. Meanwhile, we were to write to each other. She spoke much and earnestly on the care of my health, advised me to consult skilful physicians, to be very attentive to all they might prescribe, and took it on herself, however severe their ordinance might be, to make me execute it when I should come to be along with her. I believe she spoke sincerely, for she loved me—and of this she gave me a thousand proofs more convincing than any favors She judged by my outfit that I was not overburdened with money, and, though she was not rich herself, she tried to force me to share her purse, which she had brought from Grenoble pretty well lined: I had considerable trouble in putting her off. At length I left her, my heart filled with

her image, and leaving her, if I am not mistaken, a true attachment for me.

I finished my journey by commencing it over again in my memory, not sorry, meanwhile, at being in a good chaise, there to muse at ease over the pleasures I had enjoyed and those yet in store for me. I thought of nothing save Saint Andiol and of the charming life there awaiting me; I saw but Madam de Larnage or what related to her—all the rest of the universe was nothing to me; *Maman* even was forgotten. I busied myself combining in my head the various details into which Madam de Larnage had entered to give me in advance an idea of her dwelling, her neighborhood, her connections, her mode of life. She had a daughter of whom she had often spoken to me like an idolatrous mother. This daughter was turned of fifteen, lively, charming, and of an amiable disposition. I had been promised a kind reception from her: I had not forgotten this promise, and was very curious to see how Mlle. de Larnage would treat her mamma's *bon ami*. Such were the subjects of my reveries from the bridge of Saint Esprit to Remoulin. I had been told to go and see the Pont du Gard; nor did I fail to do so. After a dinner of excellent figs I took a guide and set out to visit it. 'Twas the first piece of Roman architecture I had ever seen. I had expected to behold a monument worthy of the hands that reared it. For once, the reality passed my expectation, and this was the only time in my life it ever did so. None but Romans could produce this effect. The aspect of this simple and noble work struck me all the more forcibly from being in the midst of a desert where the silence and solitude that reign around render the object more striking and one's wonder more profound, for this pretended bridge is simply an aquaduct. You cannot help asking, what force was able to transport those enormous stones so far from any quarry and unite the arms of so many thousands of men in a place no one inhabits. I went through the three stories of this superb edifice whereon my respect would hardly allow me to tread with my feet. The echo of my steps 'neath those immense vaults made me think I heard the lusty voice of the builders thereof. I lost myself like an insect in this immensity. And yet in the comparison of my own littleness

I felt my heart dilate, and I said to myself with a sigh, "Why was not I born a Roman?" I remained here for several hours in ravishing contemplation. I returned dreamy and pensive, and this reverie was not favorable to Madam de Larnage. She had taken good care to forewarn me against the girls of Montpellier, but not against the Pont du Gard. It is impossible to provide for every contingency.

At Nimes, I went to see the Amphitheatre; it is a much more magnificent work than the Pont du Gard, but made much less impression on me, whether that my admiration had exhausted itself on the former object, or that the situation of the other in the midst of a city was less calculated to excite it. This vast and superb circus is surrounded by villainous little houses, while other houses littler and more villainous still cover the amphitheatre, so that the whole produces but an unequal and confused effect, in which regret and indignation stifle the pleasure and surprise one might otherwise feel. I have since seen the circus at Verona, vastly smaller and less handsome than that of Nimes, but attended to and preserved with all possible care and neatness, so that this very fact made it produce a deeper and more agreeable impression on me. The French take care of nothing and respect no monument. They are all fire to undertake anything, but they know how to finish or take care of nothing.

I was so changed and my appetite called into exercise had so regained its edge that I stopped for a day at Pont du Lunel to share the good cheer with the good company that assembles here, this being then deservedly the most esteemed inn in Europe. They who kept it knew how to turn its fortunate situation to advantage and took care to provide both abundance and variety. It was really something curious to find in a lonely and isolated house in the midst of the country, a table furnished with sea and fresh-water fish, excellent game and choice wines, and served up, too, with that care and attention only to be found among the rich and great, and all for your thirty-five sous. But the Pont de Lunel did not continue long on this footing and what by abusing its reputation it lost it altogether.

During the journey I had forgotten that I was sick; I

recollected the fact, however, on arriving at Montpellier. My vapors, indeed, had vanished, but all my other complaints remained; and, although habit had rendered me less sensible thereto, they were sufficient to have made any one who had been suddenly seized thereby suppose he had been attacked by some deadly disease. In fact, they were not so painful as alarming, they caused the mind to suffer more than the body, whose dissolution they seemed to threaten. The result was that, my attention being called off by certain powerful passions, I gave no heed to the state of my health; but, as my complaints were by no means imaginary, I felt them return just so soon as I became cool again. I thought therefore seriously of the advice of Madam de Larnage and of the object of my journey. I consulted the most illustrious practitioners, particularly M. Fizes, and, by a superabundance of precaution, I took board with a Doctor. This son of Æsculapius was an Irishman named Fitz Moris : he boarded quite a number of medical students; and what rendered his house very handy for an invalid was that Mr. Fitz Moris was satisfied with a moderate compensation for board and took nothing for attendance as a physician. He undertook to carry out the orders of M. Fizes and to watch over my health. As to regimen he certainly acquitted himself very well of his undertaking —no danger of your losing your digestion at *his* table, and, though I care very little about privations of this kind, the objects of comparison were so close, that I could not help now and then thinking to myself that M. de Torignan was a better purveyor than Mr. Fitz Moris. However, as we were not exactly staffed, either, and as the young fellows were all very gay, this way of living really did me good and prevented me from again falling into my former languors. I passed the morning in taking drugs, especially the lord knows what waters—the waters of Vals, I think—and in writing to Madam de Larnage, for our correspondence was going on full blast, and Rousseau kindly undertook to get the letters for his friend Dudding. At noon I took a walk out to the Canourgue with some of our young messmates who were all capital fellows, and after this we assembled together for dinner. Dinner over, an important affair took up the attention of most of us till evening : this was an excursion out of town to enjoy

our afternoon in two or three parties at mall. I did not play, having neither the necessary strength nor the necessary skill, but I used to bet, and, interested for the success of my wager, I followed the players and their balls over rough and stony roads and thus procured an agreeable and salutary exercise that was altogether to my taste. We took our refreshment at an inn out of the city. I need not observe that these parties were gay, but I will observe that they were moreover quite decorous, pretty though the girls of the inn were. Mr. Fitz Moris, himself a famous mall player, was our President, and I must say that, in spite of the bad reputation students generally enjoy, I found more moderation and morality among these young fellows than could be easily found among an equal number of grown men. They were more noisy than fond of wine, more merry than loose, and I fall in so readily with any course of life, provided it be but voluntary, that I would not have asked better than for my present existence to have lasted forever. There were several Irishmen among the students from whom I tried to learn a few words of English against my visit to Saint Audiol, for the time for my departure was drawing nigh. Every mail brought a letter from Madam de Larnage pressing me to come; so I prepared to obey. It was evident that my physicians, who had understood nothing of my ailing, regarded me as one of your would-be sick folks and treated me accordingly with their squine, their waters and their whey. Quite the reverse of the theologians, doctors and philosophers will admit as true only what they can explain, and make their knowledge the measure of the possible. These gentlemen knew nothing at all about what ailed me, consequently I was not sick—for how suppose there is anything doctors do not know? I saw they only sought to amuse me and make me swallow my money, and judging that their substitute at Saint Audiol would be able to do me that service quite as well as they, and more agreeably into the bargain, I resolved to give her the preference, and I left Montpellier with that sage intention.

I set out towards the end of November, after six weeks or two months sojourn in the above-named city, where I left a dozen louis, without either my health or my understanding being any the better for it. I may observe, how

ever, that I commenced a course of anatomy under Mr Fitz Moris, but I was obliged to give it up on account of the horrible stench of the bodies they dissected, and which I found it impossible to endure.

Ill at ease in my own mind respecting the resolution I had formed, I reflected over the matter while making towards the bridge of Saint Esprit, which was equally the way to Saint Andiol and to Chambéri. The remembrance of *Maman* and her letters, though less frequent than those of Madam de Larnage, awoke remorse in my heart. This I had contrived to stifle while coming, but on my return, it came back with such force that, balancing love against pleasure, I found myself in a frame of mind to listen to the voice of reason. To begin with, I might be less fortunate in playing the rôle of adventurer than I had been before—it was but necessary that in all Saint Audiol there should be one person that had been in England, or that knew the English or that was acquainted with their language, to unmask me. The family of Madam de Larnage might take a dislike to me and treat me far from affectionately. Her daughter, of whom, spite of myself, I thought more than need have been, made me uneasy: I trembled least I should fall in love with her, and this fear itself did half the business. Was I going, then, in return for the mother's kindness to seek to corrupt the daughter, to be guilty of the most detestable commerce, to bring dissension, dishonor, scandal, and hell into the house. The idea horrified me, and I firmly resolved to combat and vanquish this terrible inclination, should it manifest itself. But why expose myself to this combat? What a miserable state to be, in living with the mother with whom I should be sated, and burning for the daughter without daring to make known my affection. What necessity was there of seeking this state of things, and exposing myself to wretchedness, affronts, remorse for the sake of a pleasure whose greatest charm I had already exhausted? for certain it is that my fancy had lost its first vivacity. I had still the inclination, but no longer the passion for pleasure. With these thoughts were mingled reflections relative to my situation, to my duties and to that *Maman* so good, so generous, who, already loaded with debts, had to bear the additional weight of my

foolish expenses, who was exhausting herself for me and whom I was so basely deceiving. This reproach became so keen that it carried the day. On approaching the bridge of Saint Esprit, I formed the resolution not to stop at Saint Andiol but to go straight ahead. I executed it courageously, with some sighs, I confess, but also with that heart-felt satisfaction which I experienced for the first time in my life, of saying, "I deserve my own esteem, I know how to prefer duty to pleasure." Such was the first real obligation I owed to study—it had taught me to reflect, to compare. After such pure principles as I had lately adopted, after the rules of wisdom I had laid down for myself and which I had felt so proud to follow, the shame of possessing so little stability and contradicting so egregiously my own maxims, triumphed over the allurements of pleasure. Pride had perchance as large a share in my resolution as virtue; but if this sort of pride be not in very deed virtue, its effects are so like that it is pardonable to deceive one's-self.

One of the advantages of good actions is to elevate the soul and dispose it to do still better: for such is human weakness that we must place the abstinence from evils we are tempted to commit among the number of good deeds. No sooner had I formed this resolution than I became another man, or rather I became what I had been before this moment of intoxication had thrown me off my balance. Full of virtuous sentiments and resolutions, I continued my journey in the good intention of expiating my fault, thinking only of regulating my future conduct by the laws of virtue, of consecrating myself without reserve to the service of the best of mothers, vowing that I would be as faithful to her as my affection was strong, and determining to give ear to no love saving the love of duty. Alas! the sincerity of my return to virtue appeared to promise me a better fate; but my destiny was written, nay, had already begun; and when my heart, full of love for things good and noble, was looking forward to a life of innocence and happiness, I was even then approaching the fatal moment that was to draw after it the long chain of my misfortunes.

My eagerness to reach my destination had brought me on quicker than I had calculated. I had sent her word from

Valence of the day and hour of my arrival. Having gained a half day on my calculation, I stayed over this time at Chaperillan so as to arrive at the exact time I had mentioned. I wished to enjoy in all its charm the pleasure of seeing her again. I preferred to defer it a little so as to add thereto the delight of being waited for. This precaution had always succeeded. I had always seen my arrival signalized by a sort of little *fête*: I expected no less on this occasion; and these preparations, to whose value I was so keenly alive, were well worth the trouble of contriving.

I arrived, then, exactly at the hour. From afar off I looked to see if I could not see her on the way; my heart beat more and more violently as I drew near. I arrive quite out of breath, for I had left the chaise in the town: I see nobody in the court-yard, at the door, at the windows: I commence to be troubled, I dread some accident. I enter: all is still; some laborers were eating their luncheon in the kitchen; for the rest, no preparation. The servant seemed surprised to see me; she was ignorant of my expected arrival. I go up stairs and at length I behold that dear friend, so tenderly, so deeply, so purely beloved; I rush forward I throw myself at her feet. "Ha? here you are, child," said she, embracing me, "had you a pleasant journey? How do you do?" This reception rather amazed me. I asked her if she had not received my letter. "Yes," replied she. "I should have thought not," observed I, and there the *éclaircissement* ended. There was a young man with her. I recollect having seen him in the house before my departure; now, however, he seemed to be regularly settled down. He was so. In a word, my place was taken.

This young man belonged to the Vaud country; his father, named Vintzenried, was keeper, or as he styled himself, Captain of the castle of Chillon. The son of his highness the Captain was a journeyman periwig-maker and was strolling around in that capacity when he came and presented himself to Madam de Warens, who received him kindly, as she did all passers, and especially those who came from her own country. He was a big ass of a fellow, fair-complexioned, rather well-made, with a vacant face and a ditto mind, speaking like the beau Leander—mingling the

manners and tastes of his trade wth the long history of his good fortunes—naming but a moiety of the marchionesses he had slept with, and pretending never to have dressed the head of a pretty woman without adorning the husband's head after quite another fashion—vain, silly, ignorant, insolent; and, for the rest, the best son in the world. Such was the substitute put in my place during my absence, and the companion offered me on my return.

Oh ! if souls freed from this mortal coil do, from the bosom of eternal brightness, behold what takes place among mortals, forgive me, dear and venerable shade, if I show no more favor to your failings than to my own, but equally unveil both to the eyes of the world. I ought to, and I will be just to you as to myself; much less will you lose by the avowal than I. Oh, how does your sweet and amiable disposition, your inexhaustible goodness of heart your frankness and all your excellent virtues redeem your weaknesses, if, indeed mere false reasoning deserves that name ! You had errors but no vices; your conduct was reprehensible, but your heart was ever pure.

The new comer had shown himself zealous, diligent, exact in her various little commissions, which were always numerous enough; he had made himself overseer of her workmen. As noisy as I was quiet, he made himself seen and above all heard at once at the plough, in the hay-loft, wood-house, stable and farm-yard. There was but the garden he neglected, this being too peaceful a labor and admitting of too little noise. The delight of his heart was in loading and carting, sawing and splitting wood; he was always to be seen with an axe or pick-axe in his hand, running, hammering and hollowing with all his might. I know not how many men's work he performed, but he always made noise enough for ten or a dozen. All this hubbub imposed on poor *Maman*; she thought the young man a perfect treasure. Desiring to attach him to herself, she employed the means she thought fitted to that end, and did not forget that on which she was wont to count the most.

You must know something of my heart, its sentiments most constant and most true, those especially that had, *at* this time, brought me back to her. What a sudden and

complete revolution throughout my whole being! Put yourself in my place and then judge. In a moment I saw the future of happiness I had painted to myself vanish for ever. All the delightful ideas I had so affectionately indulged; and I, who from my childhood had known no existence apart from her's, saw myself alone for the first time. Frightful was this moment; gloomy for ever were these that followed it. I was still young, but that sweet feeling of enjoyment and of hope which forms the life of youth left me for ever. Thenceforth my sensible existence seemed half annihilated. I saw before me naught save the wretched remains of an insipid life, and if ever afterwards an idea of happiness for a moment entered my mind, this happiness was not what was suitable to me—I felt that even if I obtained it, I should not be truly happy.

I was so dull and my confidence was so unbounded that, notwithstanding the familiar tone of the new-comer, which I regarded as the effect of *Maman's* free and easy disposition that drew every one to her, I should never have taken it into my head to suspect the true cause had she not told me herself. And she hastened to make this avowal with a frankness well calculated to heighten my rage, had it been possible for my heart to take that direction—regarding the matter as far as concerned herself as simple in the extreme, reproaching me with my vigilance in household matters, alleging my frequent absences, as though she had been of a temperament to be very anxious to supply my deficiencies in that respect. “Ah *Maman*,” said I to her, my heart bursting with grief, “what do you dare tell me! what a reward for an attachment like mine! Have you so often preserved my life simply to deprive me of all that renders it dear? You'll kill me, and you'll regret me.” She answered, with a calmness of tone sufficient to drive me distracted, that I was a child, that people never died for such things as that; that I should lose nothing; that we would be none the less good friends, none the less intimate in every sense; that her tender attachment for me could neither diminish nor end but with herself. She gave me to understand, in a word, that all my rights would remain the same, and that sharing them with another did not at all deprive me of them

Never did the purity, truth, and strength of my feelings towards her appear more evident, never did I feel the sincerity and probity of my soul more forcibly than at this moment. I threw myself at her feet, embracing her knees with torrents of tears. "No, *Maman*," said I to her with loftest feeling, "I love you too much to debase you, the possession of you is too dear for me to share it: the regrets that accompanied it when I first obtained it have increased with my love; no, I cannot retain it at the same price. You shall ever have my adorations, be ever worthy thereof; it is still more necessary for me to honor than to possess you. It is to yourself, O *Maman*, that I yield you—'tis to the union of our hearts that I sacrifice all my pleasures. Let me perish a thousand times over rather than enjoy them to the degradation of her I love!"

I preserved this resolution with a constancy worthy, I may say, of the sentiment that gave it birth. From this time forth, I no longer saw that dear *Maman* but with the eyes of a true son; and it is worthy of note that, although this resolution never had her secret approbation, as I but too well perceived, she never employed the least art to make me renounce it, neither by insinuating proposals, caresses, or any of those dexterous encouragements women know how to give without committing themselves and which seldom fail of success. Reduced to seek a lot independant of her, and not being able even to imagine such, I ere long passed to the other extreme, and sought it wholly in her. And in her I sought it so persistantly that I managed almost to forget myself. The ardent desire of seeing her happy, at any price whatever, absorbed all my affections. In vain she separated her happiness from mine, I felt her's was mine, in spite of her.

Thus along with my misfortunes commenced to germinate those virtues the seeds of which lay deep in my heart, which study had cultivated and which to become prolific awaited but the fermentation of adversity. The first fruit of this so disinterested disposition was to banish from my heart all feeling of hatred or of envy towards him who had supplanted me. I wished on the contrary, and I wished sincerely, to take the young man under my care, to form him, labor at his education, make him feel his happy-

ness, render him worthy thereof, if possible, and, in a word, do for him all Anet had done for me when similarly circumstanced. But there was no similarity between the two cases. With more gentleness and more enlightened than Anet, I had not his coolness and firmness, nor had I that imposing strength of character which I would have needed to succeed. Still less did I find in the young man the qualities Anet had found in me—docility, attachment, gratitude, above all the feeling I had of my need of his care, and my ardent desire to render it useful. All this was wanting in the present instance. The person I wished to form saw in me only an importunate, chattering pedant. On the contrary, he looked with satisfaction on himself as a man of importance in the house, and measuring his imagined services by the noise he made, he regarded his axes and his pick-axes as infinitely more useful than all my old worm-eaten tomes. In a certain sense, he was not wrong, but he stopped not here, but put on airs to make you die of laughter. With the peasants he affected the country gentleman; ere long he did the same with me, and at length with *Maman* herself. His name of Vintzenried not appearing sufficiently noble to him, he left it for that of Monsieur de Courtilles, and it is under this last name that he was afterwards known at Chambéri, and in Maurienne, where he married.

At length, so far did this illustrious personage go, that he was everything in the house and I was nothing. As, when I had the misfortune to displease him, 'twas *Maman* and not me on whom his ire fell, the fear of exposing her to his brutalities rendered me docile to everything he desired; and whenever he split wood, a matter he performed with unequaled pride, I was compelled to be the idle spectator and quiet admirer of his prowess. And yet the lad was not absolutely of a bad disposition—he loved *Maman*, for it was impossible not to love her; he had not even any aversion for me, and when the intervals of his high-wrought passion permitted him to be spoken to, he would at times listen to us quite docilely, frankly owning that he was but a fool: after which he was none the less guilty of new follies. His intellect, besides, was so limited and his tastes so low, that it was hard to reason with him and all but impossible to take any pleasure with him. To the pos-

session of a woman full of charms he added the delightful stimulant of an old, red-haired, toothless *femme de chambre*, whose disgusting service *Maman* had the patience to endure, though she absolutely made her sick at the stomach. I perceived this new game, and it put me besides myself with indignation; but I perceived another thing that affected me still more deeply, and which threw me into profounder dis~~couragement~~ courage than all that had hitherto passed, namely, *Maman's* coldness towards me.

The privation I had imposed on myself, and which she had effected to approve is one of those things women never pardon, whatever face they may put on it, and this less from the privations which results to them than from the indifference they see to the possession of them. Take the most sensible, the most philosophic woman, one the least attached to the pleasures of sense, and the most unpardonable crime a man, even though she may care nothing at all about him can commit towards her is to have it in his power to enjoy her and not do so. This rule must surely be without exception, seeing that a sympathy so natural and so hearty was impaired in her by an abstinence the only motives for which were virtue, attachment and esteem. From this time forth I ceased to find in her that heart-intimacy which to me ever constituted the sweetest enjoyment of our union. She no longer opened her heart to me excepting when she had to complain of the new-comer; when they were on good terms, I enjoyed but little of her confidence. At length she little by little fell into a way of living of which I formed no part. My presence still afforded her pleasure, but was not a necessity to her, and I might have passed whole hours out of her presence without her at all missing me.

Inensibly I felt myself isolated and alone in that same house of which I had formerly been the soul and where I had, so to speak, enjoyed a double life. Little by little I grew accustomed to be being separate from all that was going on, separate even from the persons of the house; and, to spare myself continual heart-rendings I shut myself up with my books or else I went to sigh and weep at my ease in the woods. This life soon became utterly unbearable. I felt that the personal presence of a woman so dear to me,

whilst her heart was estranged, increased my grief and that by ceasing to see her I should feel myself less cruelly separated from her. I formed the project of quitting her house, I mentioned it to her; and, far from opposing, she favored it. She had a friend at Grenoble called Madam Deybens, whose husband was intimate with M. de Mably, Grand Provost of Lyons. M. de Deybens had proposed that I should undertake the education of M. de Mably's children. I accepted the offer and set out for Lyons without leaving, nay, almost without feeling, the slightest regret at a separation the very idea of which would before have been worse than death to us.

I had just about the necessary attainments to be a tutor, and I thought I had the requisite talent. During the twelve months I passed at M. de Mably's I had time to get disabused in that respect. The mildness of my disposition would have fitted me excellently well for this employment, had not storms of passion now and then disturbed the serenity. So long as all went well and I saw my care and pains, which I did not then spare, succeed, I was a very angel, though I was a devil when things went contrary. When my pupils did not give heed to what I was saying, I went beyond all bounds with my rage, and when they manifested anything of a wicked disposition, I could have killed them—a course not likely to render them either wise or good. My two pupils were of very different dispositions. The one, from eight to nine years of age and called Saint Marie, was a boy of a very handsome figure, with quite a quick apprehension, lively, giddy, playful and mischievous, though his pranks were ever good humored. The younger, named Condillac appeared almost a blockhead, fretful, headstrong as a mule and unable to learn anything. You may judge that between these two subjects I had no idle time of it.

With coolness and patience I might perchance have succeeded; but, lacking both, I made a complete failure and my pupils turned out bad. I had no lack of assiduity, but I wanted evenness and above all I wanted prudence. There were but three instruments I knew how to make use of with them, and they always useless and often pernicious with child-

ren, to wit, sentiment, reasoning or passion. Now I would melt to very tears with Saint Marie—I wished to excite similar feelings in him, as though a child was susceptible of any true heart-emotion—and anon I exhausted myself in reasoning with him, just as if he understood me; and as he at times put forth very subtle arguments, I seriously took him for a reasonable, because he was a reasoning lad. Little Condillac was still more embarrassing, for neither understanding, answering nor being concerned at anything and being of an obstinacy nothing could overcome, he never triumphed more completely over me than when he had wrought me into a towering passion: then 'twas he was the philosopher, I was the child. I saw and felt all my faults, studied the temper of my pupils, saw through them, and I do not think I was ever the dupe of their tricks. But what was the use of my knowing the evil, when I knew not how to apply the remedy? My penetrating everything did not prevent anything, I succeeded in naught and whatever I did was precisely what I ought not to have done.

I got on but little better for myself than I did with my pupils. I had been recommended by Madam Deybens to Madam de Mably. She had requested her to form my manners and give me the *ton* of polite society. Accordingly she took some little pains with me and desired that I should learn to do the honors of the house; but I managed so blunderingly, I was so bashful and awkward that she grew discouraged and let me take my way. This did not, however, as was my way, prevent me from falling in love with her. I did enough for her to perceive it, but I never dared make any declaration. She was in no humor to make advances, and ere long I became tired of my sighs and ogling, seeing that they came to naught.

At *Maman's* I had wholly lost my proclivity to petty thefts, because everything being mine, I had nothing to steal. Besides, the lofty principles I had formed for myself ought surely to have rendered me superior to all such baseness for the future, and certain it is that I have generally been so, though, indeed, it is less on account of having conquered temptation, than from having cut up the very root of it, and I should greatly fear stealing as in my youth, were I

subject to the same desires. Of this I had the proof at M. de Mably's. Surrounded by little things I might easily have pilfered, I never even thought of them; but I took it into my head to covet a certain very fine small white Arbois wine, a few glasses of which I had by times drunk at table and which quite took my taste. It was somewhat ill-colored; I thought I was a prime hand at clarifying wine and bragged of my skill in this line. Accordingly they entrusted me with this. In attempting to mend, however, I spoiled it, though only to the eye, it still remained agreeable to drink, and as opportunity presented I accommodated myself from time to time with a bottle or two to drink at my ease in my own little room. Unfortunately I never could drink without eating. How manage so as to get bread? It was impossible for me to reserve any. To have it bought by the footman was to discover me and almost to insult the master of the house. Buy it myself I dared not. Could a fine gentleman with a sword by his side go to a baker's and buy a piece of bread? At length I recollect ed the make shift of a great Princess who on being told that the peasantry had no bread, replied, "Why dont they eat cake then?" But, how come at this either? Going out alone with this intent I often traversed the whole city, and passed before thirty pasty-cooks without entering any. I required that there should be but one person in the shop and that that person's appearance should greatly attract me for me to dare cross the threshold. But then when once I had my dear little cake in my possession, and having shut myself up in my room, I brought out my bottle from the bottom of a cupboard, what delicious little compotations did I have by myself, reading, meanwhile, a few pages of a romance, for in lack of company I always had a fancy for reading while eating—it seems a supplement for the society I lack. I devour a page and a bite alternately: it is as though my dinner dined with me.

I never was either dissolute or intemperate, and was never once drunk in my life. And so my little thefts were not very imprudent; however, they were found out—the bottles betrayed me. They did not appear to take any notice of it, but I had no longer the direction of the cellar. In this whole matter M. de Mably behaved politely and over-

dently. He was really a very gallant man who, under manners as rigid as his employ, concealed a true gentleness of disposition and a rare goodness of heart. He was judicious, equitable and, what would not be expected of an officer of the Marshalship (*maréchaussée*), very humane even. Sensible of his indulgence, I grew more attached to him, and this made me prolong my stay in his house longer than I would otherwise have done. At length, however, disgusted, with a pursuit for which I was not calculated and with a confining situation, a situation that had nothing agreeable to me, after a year's trial, during which I spared no pains, I determined to give up my pupils, thoroughly convinced I should never succeed in bringing them up well. M. de Mably saw this quite as well as I did, yet I do not think he would ever have taken it on him to send me away, had I not saved him the trouble. Such an excess of condescension in a similar case is assuredly not what I approve of.

What rendered my situation still more insupportable was the comparison I was constantly drawing between it and the life I had formerly led—it was the remembrance of my dear Charmettes, of my garden, my trees, my fountain, my orchard, and, more than all, of her for whom I was born that gave life to all this. On calling to mind our pleasures, our innocent life, her, I was seized by heart-aches that deprived me of all courage to do anything. A hundred times over was I strongly tempted instantly to set off an foot to return to her—could I but have seen her once more I should have be content to die that very moment. At length I could no longer withstand these tender recollections that recalled me back to her, whatever might be the consequences. I said to myself that I had not been sufficiently patient, complaisant, kind ; and that I might yet live happily with her in a tender friendship, would I but put forth a heartier endeavor on my part. I form the finest projects in the world and I burn to execute them. I leave all, renounce all, depart, fly, and arriving in all the transports of my early youth, find myself at her feet. Ah ! I should here have died with joy, had I found in her reception, in her embrace, in her heart, a quarter of what I had formerly found and which I brought back with me.

Frightful illusion of human affairs ! She received me with that excellent heart which could only die with her, but I sought the Past which was no more, which never could be more. I had hardly been with her half an hour before I realized that my former happiness had fled for ever. I found myself in the same mortifying situation I had been forced to fly, and that without my being able to say that it was the fault of anybody in particular, for at the bottom Courtilles was not a bad fellow and seemed to see me again with more pleasure than chagrin. But how could I bear to be a secondary person with her to whom I had been everything and who could never cease being everything to me ? How could I live an alien in the house of which I was erst the child ? The sight, too, of objects that had been witness to my old happiness rendered the comparison still more bitter. I would have suffered less in another house. But to have so many delightful recollections constantly brought to my mind was but to increase my realization of my loss. Consumed by vain regrets, given over to gloomiest melancholy, I betook me to my old custom of remaining alone excepting at meal-hours. Shut up with my books, I sought useful diversions in them, and feeling the imminent peril I had formerly so feared, I racked my brains seeking in myself the means of support for *Manman* when she should come to be utterly destitute. I had put matters on such a footing as to go on without growing worse; but since my departure everything had been changed. Her economist proved a spendthrift. He would make a dash; kept a good horse and a fine turn out—liked to show himself off grandly to the eyes of the neighbors, and was perpetually going into schemes he knew nothing at all about. Her pension was eaten up in advance, the quarters were engaged, the rent was in arrears and debts going on at full blast. I foresaw that it would not be long till her pension was seized, and perhaps stopped altogether. In short, I beheld nothing but ruin and disasters, and their approach seemed so near that I felt beforehand all their horrors.

My dear study was my sole diversion. By dint of seeking remedies against the troubles of my mind, the thought

suggested itself to seek the same against the ills I foresaw; and coming back to my old ideas, behold me building new castles in the air whereby to relieve my poor *Maman* from the cruel extremities into which I saw her ready to fall. I did not not feel that I knew enough nor did I think myself possessed of sufficient talent to shine in the republic of letters and thus make a fortune. A new idea that presented itself inspired me with that confidence the mediocrity of my talents had not been able to induce. In ceasing to teach music I had not abandoned it; on the contrary I had studied the theory of this art sufficient at least to consider myself learned on the subject. In the course of my reflections on the difficulty it had cost me to decipher the notes and on that also I had experienced in singing at sight, I began to think the fault might as well be in the thing as in me, especially when I knew that music was not an art anybody learned very easily. On examining the constitution of the signs, I found many of them very poorly devised. I had long ago thought of noting the scale by figures so as to get over having lines to draw whenever I wanted to write the simplest air. I had been stopped by the difficulty presented by the octaves, as also by measure and quantity. This old idea returned to my mind, and I perceived, when thinking over the subject, that these difficulties were by no means insurmountable. I turned my thoughts successfully to the subject, and at length managed to note any music whatever by my figures, with the greatest exactitude and, I may say, with the greatest simplicity. From this moment I thought my *fa:tune* made, and, in my ardor to share it with her to whom I was indebted for all, I thought only of setting out for Paris, not doubting that on presenting my project to the *Academy* I would make a perfect revolution. I had brought some money with me from Lyous; I sold my books. A fortnight saw my resolution both formed and executed. Filled with the magnificent ideas that had inspired me with the project, and still the same in all times, I left Savoy with my system of music as erst I had left Turin with my *Hiero's Fountain*.

Such are the faults and the failings of my youth. I have given their history with a fidelity that pleases my

heart. If, in the sequel, I honor my riper years with certain virtues, I shall tell them, too, with the same frankness. And, indeed, such was my design; but here I must stop. Many a veil may time withdraw. If the memory of me reach posterity, the world may, perchance, one day learn what I had to say. Then will they know why I am **silent.**

ROUSSEAU'S CONFESSIONS.

PERIOD SECOND.

BOOK VII.

1741.

AFTER two years silence and patience, I again, notwithstanding the resolutions I had formed, resume my pen. Reader, suspend your judgment as to the reasons that compel me to this course : of these you can be no judge till after having read me.

My placid youth has been seen gliding by in a tranquil and rather agreeable sort of life, unmarked by anything remarkable either in the way of prosperity or adversity. This was in the main owing to my timorous and feeble, though ardent nature, my inclination to activity being o'ertopped by my proneness to grow discouraged. I would, at times, start up by sudden fits from my quiet ways, but always came back again thereto from lassitude, from inclination ; and so, my temperament, circumscribing me to the calm and indolent life wherein I reveled and whereto I felt born, far removed from great virtues and still farther from great vices, had never permitted me to advance to aught great either in the way of good or evil.

How different a picture shall I ere long have to draw ! Fate, which for thirty years favored my inclinations, has, for an equal period, run counter thereto; and from this continual antagonism between what I was and what I wished to be, will be seen to result enormous mistakes, unheard of misfortunes and every virtue, saving fortitude, that can do honor to adversity.

Part First of my Confessions was written wholly from memory, and must of course contain a good many errors. Obliged, as I am, to write the Second from memory also, I shall, in all likelihood, make a good many more. The pleasing reminiscences of my happy years, years passed 'mid equal tranquillity and innocence, have left on my memory a thousand charming impressions I love incessantly to call to mind. How different are those of the rest of my life will presently appear. To recall them is but to renew the bitterness thereof. Far from embittering my already too sad situation by such sorrowful reflections, I do my utmost to repel them; and I am at times so successful in this endeavor as to be unable to recall them when I wish to. This facility in forgetting my misfortunes is a kind nepenthe heaven has granted me against the accumulated woes fated to fall on my doomed head. Memory, bringing up none but agreeable images, is the happy counterpoise to my wild and morbid imagination, ever casting before it the shadows of a dark and direful future.

The various papers I had collected to aid my recollection and guide me in this my undertaking have all passed into other hands, nor can I ever again hope to obtain possession of them. I have but one faithful guide whereon to rely—the sequence of the sentiments that have marked the current of my life, and, thereby, faithfully chronicled the succession of events that either caused these emotions or flowed therefrom. I easily forget my misfortunes, but not so my faults, and still less can I forget any virtuous sentiment I have experienced. Too dear to my heart is their memory for them ever to be effaced. I may omit facts, transpose events and fall into errors touching dates; but I cannot possibly be mistaken as to what I have felt, nor yet as to what my feelings have led me to do. And, indeed, this is the main matter. The prime and proper object of my Confessions is unreservedly to lay bare my heart in every situation in which I have been placed. 'Tis the history of my soul I have promised: to write it faithfully I need no other memorials—'t will suffice, as I have hitherto done, to retire within myself.

Happily, however, there is a period of six or seven years relative to which I possess definite and reliable materials in

a transcribed collection of letters, the originals of which are in the hands of M. Du Peyrou. This collection, which breaks off in 1760, comprehends the entire period of my residence at the Hermitage and my famous embroilment with my would-be friends—a memorable epoch in my life, and the fountain-head of all my subsequent misfortunes. As to any more recent original letters that may remain in my possession, and which are exceeding few in number, instead of copying them into the before-mentioned collection, already too bulky for me to hope that it will escape the lynx-eyed Arguses that have me under surveillance, I will transfer them to this present work, whenever they may appear to me to furnish any light, be it for or be it against me: for I am under no apprehension that the reader will ever forget that I am inditing my Confessions, and think I am writing an apology for myself; but neither ought he to expect me to suppress the truth, when it happens to speak in my favor.

Howbeit, this Second Part contains naught, saving the quality of truthfulness, in common with the First, nor has it any other advantage over it but the importance of the facts. This excepted, it cannot but be in every respect inferior to the former. I wrote the First with pleasure and satisfaction, at my ease, at Wooton or in the Chateau de Trye, where every remembrance I had occasion to call up became a new enjoyment. I constantly came back to my task with fresh pleasure and was free to turn my descriptions till I got them to my satisfaction. At present, however, my weakened memory and toil-worn brain all but incapacitate me for any labor whatever. The work on which I am at present engaged I pursue only per force, and with a heart wrung with grief. It offers only misfortunes, treacheries, perfidies and saddening, heart-rending recollections. Would God I could bury what I have to tell deep in the dark night of time! But no ; forced to speak in spite of myself, I am furthermore reduced to skulk and dodge and attempt imposition and demeau myself to things the most repugnant to my nature. The roof above me has eyes ; the walls that hem me in have ears. Environed by spies and vigilant and malevolent surveillants, my attention disturbed and drawn off, I hastily commit to paper a few broken sentences, which I have scarce time to glance over, far less

to correct. I am aware that, notwithstanding the immense barriers that are incessantly piled around me, there is constant dread least the truth should get out through some opening or other. How shall I make it pierce through every obstacle? And yet this is what I am attempting, though with but small hope of success. Judge, then, if this be the stuff out of which to make handsome pictures or attractive coloring. And so I warn any one that is disposed to begin the perusal of this work that nothing can possibly secure him from tedium in the prosecution of his task, unless it be a sincere love of truth and justice, and the desire of becoming more fully acquainted with a man he already in part knows.

I brought down my narrative, in Part First, to my sorrowful departure for Paris, leaving my heart at Les Charmettes, building my last castle in the air, calculating on one day bringing back to *Maman*, to *Maman* again restored to herself, the treasures I was going to acquire, and counting on my system of music as on a certain fortune.

I made some stay at Lyons with a view to visiting my acquaintances, procuring letters of recommendation to Paris and selling my works on Geometry, which I had brought along with me. I met with a universal welcome. M. and Mme. de Mably seemed pleased to see me and invited me several times to dinner. At their house I made the acquaintance of the Abbé de Mably, as I had already that of the Abbé de Condillac, both of whom were on a visit to their brother. The Abbé de Mably gave me several letters to persons in Paris, among others one to M. de Fontenelle and another to the Count de Caylus. They both proved very agreeable acquaintances, especially the first, whose friendship for me ceased only with life and from whom I received, in our private intercourse, advice I ought to have better heeded.

I again met M. Bordes whom I had long known and who had often obliged me with the utmost cordiality and the most genuine pleasure. I found him, on this occasion, the same as ever. He it was who enabled me to dispose of my books, and he gave me himself or was the means of procuring me some excellent recommendations to Paris. I again saw his Honor the Intendant, for whose acquaintance

I was indebted to M. Bordes, and who introduced me to the Duke de Richelieu, then passing through Lyons. M. Pallu presented me. M. de Richelieu received me kindly, and invited me to come and see him at Paris. This I did several times, though I never derived the slightest advantage from this lofty acquaintance, whereof I shall, in the sequel, have frequent occasion to make mention.

I again saw David the musician, who had done me a service in my distress, on the occasion of one of my former visits. He had loaned or given me a cap and a pair of stockings which I never returned him, and which he never asked after, though we have frequently seen each other since then. However, I afterwards made him a present of about the same value. Nay, I could go farther than that, were what I have owed the question in hand; but the question is as to what I have done, which unfortunately is not exactly the same thing.

I saw, too, the noble and generous Perrichon, nor was it without experiencing the effects of his accustomed munificence, for he made me the same present he had formerly made the elegant Bernard, by paying for my place in the diligence. I revisited the surgeon Parisot, best and most benevolent of men, as also his beloved Godefroi, who had lived with him fourteen years, and whose worth lay mainly in her sweetness of disposition and kindness of heart, but whom it was impossible to meet without interest or quit without heart-felt pity, for she was then in the last stage of a consumption of which she shortly afterwards died. Nothing more vividly reveals a man's real bent than the nature of his attachments *. If you once saw the gentle Godefroi you immediately knew the worthy Parisot.

* Unless indeed he be deceived in his choice, or the character of her to whom he attaches himself becomes changed by an extraordinary concurrence of events, which is not absolutely impossible. Were this principle laid down without any qualification, Socrates must be judged of by his wife Zantippe and Dion by his friend Calippus, which would be the most false and unjust judgment ever made. Howbeit, let no wrongful application of what I am saying be made to my wife. She has, 'tis true, proved narrower and more easily deceived than I had thought, but her pure and excellent disposition, untainted by malice, renders her worthy of all my esteem and this she will have so long as I live.

[Notes not marked *Tr.* are by Rousseau himself] Translator.

I was under obligations to all these worthy people. Afterwards, indeed, I neglected them all,—not, assuredly, from ingratitude, but from that invincible indolence of mine that has oft made me seem ungrateful when I was the farthest possible from being so in reality. Never has the remembrance of their kindness been effaced from my mind, nor the impression it produced from my heart; but I could much more easily have *proved* my gratitude than have kept up a continual reiteration thereof. Punctuality in writing has always been beyond my ability: the moment I begin to relax, the shame and embarrassment I feel in making amends for my fault but causes me to aggravate it, and so I leave off writing altogether. I therefore remained silent, and appeared to forget them. Parisot and Perrichon never even noticed my negligence, and I always found them the same; but, twenty years after, it will be seen, in the case of M. Bordes, how far the self-love of your fine wit can make him carry his vengeance, when he conceives himself neglected.

Before leaving Lyons, I must not forget an amiable person whom I saw a second time with more pleasure than ever, and who left the most tender remembrance in my heart. I speak of Mlle. Serre to whom I alluded in Part First, and with whom I had renewed my acquaintance while at M. de Mably's. Having more leisure this time, I saw more of her, and my heart was caught, completely caught. I had some reason to believe that she herself looked on me with no unfavorable eye; but she accorded me a confidence that removed all temptation to my taking advantage of her partiality. She was fortuneless,—ditto I: so our circumstances were too much alike to authorize our union, and, indeed, with the views I then entertained, marriage was the last thing in my head. She let me know that a young merchant, named M. Genève, seemed to wish to obtain her hand. I saw him once or twice at her dwelling: he appeared to me to be an honest man, and so he was reputed. Persuaded she would be happy with him, I was desirous he should marry her, which he afterwards did; and that I might not disturb their innocent love, I hastened my departure, offering up prayers for the happiness of that charming woman, which alas! were but for a short time answered here.

below; for I afterwards learned that she died the second or third year after her marriage. Absorbed in tender regret during the whole journey, I felt (and I have often felt since on thinking over the matter) that if sacrifices for the sake of duty and virtue are painful to make, they yet do bring an exceeding great reward in the sweet recollections they leave in the heart.

My present sight of Paris was as much from its brilliant, as my former view had been from its unfavorable side. Not that my lodgings were anything extra, for in accordance with a recommendation given me by M. Bordes, I took up my quarters at the Saint Quentin hotel, rue des Cordiers, near the Sorbonne—a villainous street, villainous hotel and ditto room, but which nevertheless had lodged many meritorious men, as Gresset, Bordes, the Abbés de Mably, de Condillac and others, none of whom, unfortunately, I could then find; though I did find a M. de Bonnefond, a lame and litigious country-squire who affected the purist, and to whom I owed the acquaintance of M. Roguin, at present the oldest friend I have. Through him I made the acquaintance of Diderot, of whom I shall have much to say in the sequel.

I arrived at Paris in the autumn of 1741, with fifteen louis in my purse, my comedy of *Narcisse* in my pocket and my musical project in my head. This being all I had to rely on, you may well think I had not much time to lose before turning them to some account. Accordingly I embraced an early opportunity of turning my recommendations to account. A young man coming to Paris, with a passable figure and manifesting respectable talent is always sure of a hearty welcome. This I got, and though it did not lead to anything much, it still made life very pleasant. Of all the persons to whom I was recommended, but three proved of any service to me. These were M. Damesin, a gentleman of Savoy, at that time Master of the horse to, and, I believe, a favorite of the Princess de Carignan; M. de Boze, Secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions and Keeper of the medals of the King's Cabinet, and Father Castel, a Jesuit and author of the *Clavecin Oculaire*—(The Ocular Harpsichord.) All these recommendations, with the exception of that to M. Damesin, came from the Abbé de Mably.

M. Damesin provided for the most urgent of my necessities*

sities through two gentlemen to whom he introduced me: the one M. de Gasc, *President à mortier* of the parliament of Bordeaux, who was a fine violinist; the other M. l'Abbé Leon, then lodging in the Sorbonne, a most amiable young nobleman, who died in the prime of life, after having for a very brief season made a figure in the world, under the name of the Chevalier de Rohan. Both these gentlemen took the notion of studying composition, and I gave them several months' lessons, which somewhat replenished my purse, then rapidly growing beautifully light. The Abbé de Leon conceived a friendship for me, and wanted me to become his secretary; but he was far from being rich, and all the salary he could offer was eight hundred francs, which I refused with regret, it not sufficing to defray the expense of my lodging, food and clothing.

I met with a kind reception from M. de Boze. He had a liking for knowledge, and was himself a man of considerable culture, though a little of a pedant. Madame de Boze might have been his daughter: she was brilliant and affected. At times I dined with them. 'T would be impossible to be more awkward, more sheepish and silly than I was in her presence. Her easy manners quite intimidated me, at the same time making me look still more ridiculous. When she handed me a plate, I would reach forward my fork and modestly pick up a small piece of what she offered me, so that she had to hand the plate she had destined for me to the waiter, meanwhile turning her head round so that I might not observe the laugh on her face. Little suspected she that, in the head of that poor, bashful rustic, there was nevertheless some little wit. M. de Boze presented me to his friend M. de Réaumur, who used to dine with him every Friday, the day the Academy of Sciences held its meetings. He spoke to him of my project, and of the desire I felt to submit it to the Academy, M. de Réaumur undertook its presentation, which was agreed upon. On the appointed day, I was introduced and presented by M. de Réaumur; and on the same day, August 22nd 1742, I had the honor of reading before the Academy the *Mémoire* I had prepared for the occasion. Though that illustrious assembly was assuredly very imposing, I felt much less intimidated than before Madame de Boze, and I managed to

get through tolerably well with my reading and my replies. The *Mémoire* was quite successful and was the occasion of my receiving various compliments, to me as unexpected as they were flattering, for I could hardly imagine an Academy's allowing an outsider the possibility of anything like common sense. The persons appointed to examine my system were MM. de Marian, Hellot and de Fouchy, all three, to be sure, men of ability, but not one of whom understood music,—at least not enough to be qualified to judge of my project.

(1742.) During my conferences with these gentlemen, I became convinced, and the conviction was as firm as it was surprising to me, that, if savans have by times fewer prejudices than other men, they make up for it by holding on all the more tenaciously to those they do have. However feeble, however false most of their objections were, and though I replied peremptorily thereto (albeit timidly, I confess, and with not the best of language), still I could never once manage to make myself understood or to satisfy them. I was constantly dumb-founded by the facility with which, by the help of a few high-sounding phrases, they were able to refute, without at all comprehending me. They had discovered, from what source is more than I know, that a certain monk, called Father Souhaitti, had already conceived the idea of noting the gamut by ciphers. This, of course, was ground enough for the pretense that my system was nothing new. Well, let that go ; for, albeit I had never heard of such a person as Father Souhaitti, and albeit his mode of writing the seven notes of ‘plain chant,’ without making any provision for the octaves, was in no wise worthy of entering into competition with my simple and convenient invention for the easy noting, by means of ciphers, of all imaginable music—clefs, rests, octaves, measure, time and quantity,—matters whereof Souhaitti had not even dreamed, the assertion was nevertheless quite true that, as to the elementary expression of the seven notes, he was the first inventor. But, aside from the fact that they gave this priority of invention a quite undue importance, they did not stop here; and when they came to speak of the foundation of the system, they talked sheer nonsense. The greatest advantage of my scheme was its doing away with transposi-

tions and clefs, so that the same piece could be noted and transposed at will, on any pitch desired, by merely supposing a change of a single initial letter placed at the beginning of the air. These gentlemen had heard it said among the Parisian oyster-house critics that the method of executing by transposition was worthless, and on this ground they converted the most palpable advantage of my system into an invincible objection against it. They decided that my mode of notation was good for vocal, but bad for instrumental music; instead of deciding, as they ought to have done, that it was good for vocal, and still better for instrumental. Their report given in, the Academy granted me a certificate full of very fine compliments, through which it was discernible that the fact of the matter was they judged my system neither new nor useful. I did not think it incumbent on me to adorn with a document of that sort the work entitled "*A Dissertation on Modern Music*"—(*Dissertation sur la Musique moderne*), wherein I appealed to the public in favor of my scheme.

I had occasion to observe in this little matter how, even with a narrow mind, the simple but profound knowledge of a subject is preferable, in the formation of a correct judgment touching it, to all the lights resulting from a cultivation of the sciences, when to these has not been added a particular study of the special matter in hand. The only solid objection to which my system was exposed was one that Rameau made. Scarcely had I begun explaining it to him than he saw its weak side. "Your signs," said he to me, "are very good, in as much as they determine simply and clearly the length of the notes, exactly represent the intervals, and in every case exhibit the simple in the doubled note—all matters which the common notation does not touch; but they are objectionable in that they require a mental operation, whereas the mind cannot always keep up with the rapidity of execution. The position of our notes," continued he, "paints the matter to the eye without the necessity of this operation. If two notes, the one very high and the other very low, be joined by a series of intermediate ones, I see at the first glance the progress from the one to the other by conjoined degrees; but, in your method, in order to make sure of this series, I am neces-

sarily compelled to spell out your figures one by one,—the eye is in this case of no assistance.” The objection appeared to be unanswerable, and I instantly assented to it. Although it be simple and palpable, nothing but long practice of the art could have suggested it, and it is no wonder that none of the Academicians thought of it; but it is astonishing that these great philosophers, who know so much, should so seldom be aware that no one should attempt a judgment out of his province of inquiry.

My frequent visits to the commissioners appointed to examine my system, as well as to other academicians gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the most distinguished literary men of Paris, so that when I afterwards came to be all of a sudden enrolled in their number, I was already acquainted with them. For the present, absorbed in my musical scheme, I persisted in my desire to effect thereby a revolution in the art, and thus attain to a celebrity which, in the fine arts, is always a sure way to fortune in Paris. I shut myself up in my room and for three or four months labored with inexpressible ardor at recasting into a work destined for the public, the *Mémoire* I had read before the Academy. The trouble was to find a publisher that would undertake to bring out my manuscript, seeing that there would be some outlay in getting new characters cast. Publishers are not specially distinguished for their lavish generosity to young authors, and yet it did seem to me but just that my work should bring me in the bread I had eaten when engaged in its composition.

Bonnefond introduced me to Quillau Sen., who entered into an engagement with me for half the profits, without counting the ‘license,’ of which I paid the whole expense. The said Quillau so managed things that I lost the money paid for my ‘license,’ and never got a farthing from this edition, which, apparently, made no great hit, albeit the Abbé Desfontaines promised to make it go, and the other journalists had spoken quite favorably of it.

The chief obstacle in the way of a trial of my system was the fear people felt that, if it did not come into vogue, they would be losing the time they might spend learning it. To this I replied that practising by my notation ren-

dered the ideas so clear that, even with a view to learning music by the ordinary method, they would do well to commence by mine. To bring this to the test of experiment, I taught music gratis to a young American lady, named Mlle. Des Roullins, to whom M. Roguin had introduced me. In three months she was able, by means of my notation, to read any music whatever, and even to sing at sight, much better than I could myself, any piece that was not overloaded with difficulties. This success was striking, but it was unknown. Another person would have filled the papers with the fame of it ; but, whatever talent I may have for the discovery of useful things, I never had any for setting them off to advantage.

Thus was my Hiero's fountain, once more broken ;* but the second time I was thirty years old, and in the streets of Paris, where living is not exactly gratis. The course I determined upon will astonish only those who have not read the first part of these Memoirs with attention. I had been engaged in great but fruitless efforts, and felt the need of breathing-time. Instead of giving myself over to despair, I calmly resigned myself to my indolence and to the care of Providence ; and, not to hurry him in his work, I set myself coolly to laying out some few louis I still had left, regulating, though not retrenching, the expense of my loafing pleasures, going to the *café* but every other day, and to the theatre but twice a week. As to women, I had no reform to institute, never having in my life spent a farthing in that way, unless it be once, of which I shall soon have occasion to speak.

The free-and-easy security and satisfaction with which I gave myself up to this indolent and solitary sort of life—a life I had not funds enough to continue for three months—is one of the singularities of my life, one of the whimsicalities of my humor. The urgent necessity I was in of becoming known was precisely what took from me the courage to come out and show myself, while being obliged to pay visits made them so unbearable to me, that I even left off going to see the Academicians and other literati with whom I had already got mixed up. Marivaux, the Abbé Mably, and Fontenelle, were almost the only persons I continued to

* Vol. I. p. 128,

visit at all. To the first, I even showed my comedy of *Narcisse*. It rather pleased him, and he had the goodness to add a touch here and there. Diderot, younger than these, was about my own age. He understood the theory of music, and was quite fond of the art ; we used to converse together on the subject, and he also spoke to me of his literary projects. This soon gave rise to closer relations between us, relations that lasted for fifteen years, and which would, in all probability, have continued still had not I, unfortunately, and by no fault of mine, been thrown into the same pursuit with himself. 'T would be impossible for you to imagine how I employed the brief and precious interval that remained before I should be compelled to beg my bread : I spent it in learning passages from the poets—passages I had committed to memory a hundred times before, and a hundred times forgotten. Every morning, towards ten o'clock, I went and walked up and down the Luxembourg, with a Virgil or a Rousseau* in my pocket, and there, until dinner-time, I would labor away over a sacred ode or a bucolic, without at all growing discouraged at the fact that in learning the day's task I quite forgot what I had learned yesterday. I recollect that after the defeat of Nicias at Syracuse, the captive Athenians gained a livelihood by reciting the poems of Homer. The account to which I turned this piece of erudition, in the way of securing me against want, was to exercise my happy memory in retaining all the poets by heart.

I had another no less solid expedient in chess, to which I regularly devoted the afternoons of the days, I did not go to the theatre. This was at Maugis'. Here I made the acquaintance of M. de Légal and a Mr. Husson ; also of Philidor and all the famous chess-players of the day, and—I became not a whit the more skilful.† However, I had no doubt but that I should in the end become more powerful than the whole of them, and this would of itself, according to my ideas, be support enough for me. Whatever mania seized me, I always applied the same sort of reasoning to it. I said to myself : “ Whoever is first

* J. B. Rousseau, the poet. Tr.

† The reader will remember his abortive attempts to become a chess player in Vol. I.

anything—be it what it may—is always sure of being sought after. Let us then be first, it matters not in what, and I, too, shall be sought after ; opportunities will present themselves, and my genius will do the rest.” This piece of puerility was not a sophism suggested by my reason, but by my indolence. Dismayed at the great and rapid efforts I should be obliged to put forth in order to attain to anything, I endeavored to flatter my indolence, and veiled the shame I should have felt thereat by arguments worthy thereof.

Calmly thus I awaited the time when my funds should give out, and I should, I dare say, have been reduced to my last farthing without my feeling the slightest concern, had not Father Castel, whom I at times dropped in to see, while on my way to the *café*, roused me from my lethargy. Father Castel, though rather crack-brained, was a good sort of fellow, on the whole, and felt angry at seeing me using myself up to no purpose. “ Since neither musicians nor savans,” said he to me, “ sing in unison with you, change your tune, and see how you get on with the ladies. Perhaps you’ll succeed better in that direction. I have spoken of you to Madam de Beuzenval ; go and see her. She is a kind person, and will be glad to see a countryman of her husband and her son. You will find at her house her daughter, Madam de Broglie, a woman of culture. Madam Dupin is another I have spoken of you too : take her your book ; she is desirous of seeing you, and will give you a kind reception. Nothing is done in Paris without the women ; they are like arcs, of which the philosophers are the asymptotes—they constantly approach each other, but never touch.”

After having from day to day put off this terrible ordeal, I at length plucked up courage and called upon Madam de Beuzenval. She received me kindly. Madam de Broglie, entering her room, she said to her, “ My daughter this is M. Rousseau, of whom Father Castel was speaking.” Madam de Broglie complimented me on my work, and conducting me to her harpsichord, proved to me that she had been looking into it. Perceiving by the time-piece that it was close on one o’clock, I was preparing to take my leave, when Madam de Beuzenval said to me, “ You’re quite a distance from your quarters ; stay and dine here.” I did

not need much pressing. Quarter of an hour afterwards I gathered from a word dropt that the dinner to which I was invited was dinner in the servants' hall. Madam de Beuzenval was a worthy enough sort of woman, but narrow-minded, and a trifle too full of her illustrious Polish nobility. Precious little idea had she of the respect due to talent. Indeed, on this occasion, she judged me rather after my behavior than my dress, which, although quite plain, was neat in the extreme, and by no means announced a man made to dine with servants. That sort of thing had been too long out of my line for me very readily to take it up. Without at all allowing my vexation to appear, I observed to Madam de Beuzenval that a little matter that just then recurred to my mind would force me to return home ; whereupon I was about to take my leave. Madam de Broglie approached her mother and whispered a few words in her ear. They took effect ; for Madam de Beuzenval rose to detain me, and said, "I had hoped you would do us the honor of dining *with us.*" To have pettishly refused would, I thought, be simply silly ; so I remained. Besides, the goodness of Madam de Broglie had quite affected me and rendered her interesting in my eyes. I was quite glad to dine with her, and was in hope that on a further acquaintance she would see no reason to regret having procured me the honor. President de Lamoignon, an intimate friend of the family, dined along with us. He, too, like Madam de Broglie, was master of that species of small-talk peculiar to Paris, consisting mainly of quips and fine-pointed allusions, —not exactly, you may think, the circle in which poor Jean Jacques was fitted to shine. I had sense enough not to attempt to make a brilliant figure, *invita Minerva*, and so I held my tongue. Happy for me had I always been equally prudent : I should not be in the abyss into which I have now fallen !

I felt overwhelmed with shame and vexation at my dullness, and at not having been able to justify to the eyes of Madam de Broglie what she had done in my favor. After dinner I bethought me of my usual resource. I had in my pocket an epistle in verse addressed to Parisot, which I had composed during my stay at Lyons. The piece was full of fire, to which I added force by my mode of reciting it, and

I made them all three shed tears. Be it vanity or be it that I divined rightly, it seemed to me as though the looks of Madam de Broglie seemed to say to her mother, " Well, Mamma, was I wrong in telling you that this man was fitter to dine with you than with your waiting-women ?" Up to this moment I had felt a little piqued, but after seeing myself thus revenged, I became satisfied. Madam de Broglie, pushing her favorable opinion of me somewhat too far, conceived that I would certainly make a sensation in Paris and become quite a favorite with the ladies. To guide my inexperience she gave me the *Confessions of Count de —*. " This book," said she to me, " is a Mentor of which you will find the need in the world : you'll do well to consult it now and then." I kept the copy for over twenty years, through gratitude for the hand from which it came, though I have indulged in many a laugh at the estimate the lady seemed to have formed of my future success in the amatory line. From the moment I had read the work, I desired to obtain the friendship of the author. My instinct led me right : he is the only real friend I ever had among men of letters.

From this time forth I dared to count that the Baroness de Beuzenval and the Marchioness de Broglie, taking an interest in me, would not long leave me destitute. Nor was I deceived. And now for my introduction to Madam Dupin's—an event productive of more lasting consequences.

Madam Dupin was, as is well known, a daughter of Samuel Bernard and Madam Fontaine. There were three sisters of them—the three Graces, you might call them : Madam de La Touche, who eloped to England with the Duke of Kingston ; Madam d'Arty, the mistress, ay, and the friend, the sole and sincere friend of the Prince de Conti, a woman adorable as well for her sweetness, for the gooduess of her charming nature, as for her agreeable wit and the unchanging gayety of her disposition ; lastly, Madam Dupin, the loveliest of the three, and the only one who was never charged with any dereliction of conduct. She was given by her mother to M. Dupin, as a reward for his hospitality, along with the place of ' Fermier général ' and an immense fortune, in gratitude for the kind reception she had met with from him while in his province. She was,

when I first saw her, still one of the handsomest women in Paris. She received me at her toilet. Her arms were bare, her hair dishevelled, her *peignoir* out of place. This sort of reception was new to me ; my poor head could not stand it : I grow confused, my senses wander—in short, behold me violently smitten by Madam Dupin.

My confusion was not, apparently, prejudicial to me. She took no notice of it. She kindly received book and author, spoke to me of my project like a person who thoroughly understood it, sang, accompanied herself on the harpsichord, kept me to dinner and had me sit by her side. It needed not all this to turn my head ; and turn it, it did. She gave me permission to visit her ; I used—I abused the privilege : I went there almost every day, and dined with her two or three times a week. I was dying with the desire to make a declaration ; but never dared. Several circumstances heightened my natural timidity. Free access to a wealthy family was an open door to fortune, and in my then situation I was unwilling to risk its being shut against me. Madam Dupin, amiable though she was, was staid and cold, nor did her manners offer sufficient encouragement to embolden me. Her house, at that time as brilliant as any in Paris, drew together a society which needed but to have been a little less numerous to have made it the *élite* in every respect. She was fond of having brilliant and distinguished persons around her—the great men of letters and fine women. You saw nobody at her house but dukes, ambassadors and *cordons-bleus*. She could call the Princess de Rohan, the Countess de Forcalquier, Madam de Mirepoix, Madam de Brignolé, Lady Hervey her friends. At her reunions and dinners were to be seen M. de Fontenelle, the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, the Abbé Sallier, M. de Fourmont, M. de Bernis, M. de Buffon, M. de Voltaire. If her reserved demeanor did not attract many young people, her company, composed as it was of grave and distinguished persons, was only the more imposing, and poor Jean Jacques stood no great chance of shining amid so brilliant a galaxy. Not daring to speak, then, and yet unable any longer to remain silent, I ventured to write. For two days she kept my letter without saying a word to me upon the subject. On the third day she returned it to me, accompanied by a few words of advice,

spoken in an icy tone that froze the blood of me. I tried to speak, but the words died on my lips. My sudden passion went out with my extinguished hopes ; and, after a formal declaration, I continued to visit her as before, without another word on the subject, not even through the language of the eyes.

I thought my folly had been forgotten ; but I was mistaken. M. de Francueil, son of M. and son-in-law of Madam Dupin, was about her age, which was also about mine. He was a fellow of mind, with a good figure, and may have had pretensions : 't was said, at least, that he had, simply, perhaps, because she had given him a very good-natured but very ugly wife, who lived on the best of terms with both of them. M. de Francueil loved and cultivated accomplishments of one sort or another. Music, in which he was quite a proficient, became a bond of union between us. I saw him often and grew quite attached to him. Suddenly, however, he gave me to understand that Madam Dupin thought my visits too frequent, and begged me to discontinue them. Such a compliment might have been in place when she returned me my letter ; but, eight or ten days afterwards, and without any additional cause, it came, it seems to me, a little ill-timed. This rendered my situation all the more singular as I still met with as kind a reception as ever from M. and Mme. de Francueil. However, I went less frequently and would have discontinued my visits altogether, had not Madam Dupin, by another unlooked for freak, sent to desire that I would take the charge of her son for eight or ten days, as a new tutor was being engaged, and meanwhile he would be left without supervision. I passed these eight days in a torment which naught but the pleasure of obeying Madam Dupin rendered endurable ; for poor Chenonceaux was even then under the influence of that malign star that led him to dishonor his relatives and ultimately led to his death on the île de Bourbon. Whilst I was with him, I prevented his doing himself or others' any harm : that's all--nor by the way, was this a very easy matter, and I would not have taken charge of him another eight days, had Madam Dupin given me herself as a reward.

M. de Francueil conceived a friendship for me, and we

prosecuted our studies together. We began a course of chemistry under Rouelle. To be the nearer to him, I left my quarters in the Saint Quentin hotel, and took up my lodgings at the Tennis Court, rue Verdolet, which leads into the *rue Platrière*,* where M. Dupin lived. There, in consequence of a cold I caught and which I neglected, I brought on an inflammation of the lungs which came near carrying me off. In my younger days I frequently suffered from these inflammatory maladies,—from pleurisies, and especially from quinsies, to which I was specially subject: of these I take no notice; suffice it to say that they all of them gave me a close enough view of death to make me familiar with its image. During my convalescence, I had time to reflect on my situation, and to deplore my timidity, weakness and indolence, which, notwithstanding the fire that burned within me, left me to languish in mental inactivity and was constantly bringing me face to face with want. The evening previous to the day I fell ill, I had gone to hear one of Royer's Operas, then being performed: what the name of it was, I have forgotten. Spite of my prejudice in favor of the talents of others and my disposition to distrust my own, I could not help thinking that the music to which I was listening was devoid of invention, was feeble and cold. I even ventured now and then to say to myself, "It does seem to me, as though I could do better than that!" But the terrible idea I had of the composition of an opera and the importance I was accustomed to hear musicians attach to the undertaking, instantly dispelled all idea of the kind and made me blush at even having dared to think of such a thing. Besides, where was I to find a person to furnish the words and take the trouble to turn them to my liking? These musical and operatic ideas returned during my illness, and, in the delirium of my fever, I composed many a song, duet and chorus. I feel certain of having wrought out two or three *moreceaux di prima intenzione*, worthy, perchance, of the admiration of art-masters, could they have heard them executed. Oh, could but the dreams of the fever-wrought brain be preserved, what great and sublime things might not the audacious fantasy from its high-scaling flights bring home!

* Now called *rue Jean Jacques Rousseau*.—Tr.

These musical and operatic thoughts filled my mind, though more tranquilly, during my couvalescence. By dint of meditating on the subject, and even in spite of myself, I determined to come to clearness on the matter, and attempt to compose an opera, words, music and all myself. 'Twas not exactly my first attempt. While at Chambéri, I had composed an opera-tragedy, entitled *Iphis and Anaxaretes*, which I had had the good sense to throw into the fire. At Lyons, too, I had put one together which I called the *Discovery of the New World* (*la Decouverte du Nouveau-Monde*) which, after reading it to M. Bordes, the Abbé Mably, the Abbé Trublet and others, I had sent after the first, albeit that I had composed the music of the prologue and the first act, and although David, after examining the music, had told me that it contained passages worthy of Buononeini.

This time, before putting my hand to the work, I took time to consider my plan. I projected a heroic ballet, made up of three different subjects, in three detached acts, each set to a distinct style of music ; and taking the loves of a poet for the subject of each, I entitled the opera *Les Muses Galantes*. The first act was to be founded on the life of Tasso, and was in a strongly marked style of music ; the second, in the tender way, got its inspiration from Ovid ; and the third, entitled *Anacreon*, was to breathe the gayety of the dithyramb. I began by trying my hand on the first act, and I went into it with an ardor that, for the first time, gave me a taste of the rapture of creation. One evening, while about to enter the opera, feeling haunted, o'er mastered by my ideas, I put my money back into my pocket, hastened home, went to bed, taking care to close the curtains, so that the light might not reach me, and there, abandoning me to the rushing spirit of poesy and song, I in seven or eight hours rapidly composed the best part of the act. I can truly say that my love for the Princess de Ferrare (for I was Tasso for the time being), and my noble and proud feelings towards her unjust brother, made the night a hundred times more delicious to me than I would have found it in the arms of the Princess herself. There remained next morning in my head but a very small portion of what I had composed ; yet this little, all but effaced by weariness and

sleep, was marked by energy enough to show the quality of the original passages.

But I did not at this time go very far with the work, as other matters came along to turn me aside from it. Whilst I was devoting myself to the Dupin family, Madam de Beuzenval and Madam de Broglie, whom I continued to see now and then, had not forgotten me. The Count de Montaigu, Captain of the Guards, had just been appointed ambassador to Venice. He was an ambassador of Barjac's making, and to Barjac he assiduously paid his court. His brother, Chevalier Montaigu, *Gentilhomme de la manche* to the Dauphin, was an acquaintance of these two ladies, as also of the Abbé Alary, of the *Académie Française*, whom I used to see at times. Madame de Broglie, learning that the ambassador was seeking a secretary, proposed me. Accordingly, we entered into a correspondence. I asked a salary of fifty louis, a very modest amount indeed, in a situation wherein one has to make some sort of appearance. The ambassador did not want to give me more than a hundred pistoles, leaving me to pay my traveling expenses myself. The proposal was ridiculous; we could not come to terms. M. de Francueil, who used his utmost endeavors to prevent my going, carried the day. I stayed, and M. de Montaigu left, taking with him another person as secretary, a M. de Follau, who had been recommended to him by the Office for Foreign Affairs. Scarcely had they reached Venice when they quarreled. Follau, perceiving he had to do with a madman, left him in the lurch, so that M. de Montaigu, having nobody except a young Abbé of the name of Binis, who wrote under the secretary, and who was totally unfit to take his place, had recourse to me. The Chevalier, his brother, a man of mind, managed me so well, giving me to understand that there were advantages attached to the place of secretary, that he got me to accept the thousand francs. I received twenty louis for my traveling expenses, and set out.

(1743-1744). While in Lyons, I would fain have gone by the way of Mount Cenis, to pay a passing visit to my poor *Maman*, but I descended the Rhone, and took passage from Toulon, as well from motives of economy and on account of the war, as to obtain a passport from M. de Mire-

poix, who then held office in Provence, and to whom I was recommended. M. de Montaigu, not being able to do without me, wrote letter after letter, pressing me to come as quick as possible. An accident kept me back.

'Twas the time of the plague at Messina. The English fleet had anchored there, and visited the felucca I was on board of. This circumstance subjected us, on our arrival at Genoa, after a long and difficult voyage, to a quarantine of one-and-twenty days. The passengers had the choice of going through it on board or in the lazaretto, wherein they warned us we would find nothing but the four walls, as they had not had time to fit it up. They all chose the felucca. The insupportable heat, the confined space, the impossibility of stirring, together with the vermin, all induced me to prefer the lazaretto, at whatever risk. Accordingly, I was conducted to a huge two-story building, absolutely empty, without either window, bed, table, or chair, without even so much as a stool to sit on, or a bundle of straw on which to lie down. They brought me my cloak, my carpet-bag, and my two trunks ; closed two ponderous doors, with huge locks, on me, and I remained there, my own master, free to range at pleasure from room to room, and from story to story, meeting everywhere the same solitude and the same nudity.

And yet, spite of all this, I did not repent having chosen the lazaretto rather than the felucca. Like a new Robinson Crusoe, I set to arranging matters against my one-and-twenty days, as I would have done for a life-time. To begin with, I had the amusement of hunting for the lice I had caught in the felucca. When at last, by dint of changing my linen and clothes, I had got myself into a decent state of cleanliness, I proceeded to the fitting up of the room I had chosen. I made a capital matress of my vests and shirts ; my napkins I converted, by sewing them together, into sheets ; my robe de chambre into a counterpane, and rolling up my cloak, I transformed it into a pillow. I made me a seat out of one of my trunks laid down flat, while the other one, set on end, answered all the purposes of a table. I took out some paper and an ink-stand, and arranged, library-fashion, a dozen or so of books I had with me. In a word, I so distributed my resources that, with the exception of curtains and windows, I was almost



I had first the amusement of hunting for the vermin I had caught
in the felucca. *Page 24-II.*

as comfortable in the lazaretto, bare and empty though it was, as at my Tennis Court in the *rue Verdolet*. My meals were served with no small pomp. Two grenadiers, with bayonets fixed, escorted them in; the stair-case was my dining-room, the landing-place stood me instead of a table, and I made a seat out of the lowest step. As soon as my dinner was served up, they rang a little bell, to give me notice to go to table. Between meals, when I was neither reading, nor writing, nor busied with my up-fitting, I would go and take a walk in the Protestant burying-ground, which served me as a court-yard, or else I would mount up into a turret which overlooked the harbor, and whence I could descry the ships entering and departing. I passed fourteen days after this fashion, and would have gone through the whole term without the least weariness, had not M. de Joinville, the French envoy, to whom I dispatched a letter, vinegared, perfumed, and half-burned, abridged my time by eight days. These I went and passed at his house, where, I must confess, I was in better quarters than I had been in the lazaretto. He was extremely kind to me. Dupont, his secretary, a capital fellow, introduced me to several families, as well in Genoa as round the country, where we had a glorious time of it, and I formed an acquaintance and commenced a correspondence with him, which we kept up for a considerable time. I continued my journey agreeably through Lombardy. I saw Milan, Verona, Brescia, Padua, and at last reached Venice, impatiently expected by His Excellency the Ambassador.

On my arrival, I found piles of dispatches, as well from court as from other ambassadors, the ciphered part of which he had not been able to read, albeit he had all the ciphers necessary therefor. Never having had any experience in an office, nor seen a ministerial cipher in my life, I was at first apprehensive of meeting with some embarrassment, but I soon found that nothing could be simpler, and in less than eight days I had deciphered the whole, a task which assuredly was hardly worth the trouble, for, aside from the fact that the Venitian embassy is a very inactive affair, it was not to such a man as M. de Montaigu that Government would entrust a negotiation of even the most trifling importance. He had been in a

terrible embarrassment until my arrival, neither knowing how to dictate, nor how to write legibly. I was very useful to him ; this he felt, and so treated me well. To this he was also induced by another motive. Since the time of M. de Froulay, his predecessor, whose head had got deranged, the French Consul, named M. Blond, had remained *Chargé des Affaires* of the embassy, and, after the arrival of M. de Montaigu, had continued to discharge the duties, until he had put him on the track. M. de Montaigu, jealous of another man's taking his place, though himself completely incapable of filling it, conceived a spite against the Consul, and just as soon as I had arrived, he deprived him of his functions of secretary to the embassy, and gave them to me. They were inseparable from the title, so he told me to take it. As long as I remained with him, he never sent any person, except myself, to the senate and to his conference ; and it was, upon the whole, very natural that he should prefer as secretary to the embassy a person in his service to a consul or a clerk of the bureaus, nominated by the court. This rendered my situation quite pleasant, and prevented his 'Gentlemen,' who, as well as his pages and the greater part of his suit, were Italians, from disputing the precedence with me in his house. I made a good use of the authority attached to the title, by maintaining his right of protection, that is, the freedom of his *quartier* against the attempts several times made to infringe upon it, and which his Venitian officers made no effort to resist. But neither, on the other hand, did I ever suffer it to become a refuge for banditti, although this would have procured me advantages whereof His Excellency would have been nothing loath to take his share.

He even went so far as to claim a part of the dues of the secretaryship, called the *chancellerie*. It was in time of war ; consequently there were quite a number of passports issued. Each of these passports brought in a sequin to the secretary who made it out and countersigned it. My predecessors had all of them required this sequin from every person without distinction, as well from Frenchmen as from foreigners. I looked upon this usage as being unjust, and, though not a Frenchman myself I abolished it in favor of the French ; but I exacted my due from every body else so

rigorously, that the Marquis de Scotti, brother of the Queen of Spain's favorite, having sent for a passport without sending me the sequin, I dispatched a messenger demanding it—a piece of boldness the vindictive Italian never forgot. As soon as the reform I had instituted in the tax on passports became known, crowds of pretended Frenchmen presented themselves, making their requests in their abominable gibberish, some calling themselves Provencals, others Picardans, others again Burgundians. My ear being rather fine, they could not succeed in duping me, and I doubt that a single Italian ever cheated me out of my sequin, or that a Frenchman ever had to pay it. I was fool enough to tell M. de Montaigu, who knew nothing whatever of the matter, what I had done. He pricked up his ears at the word sequin, and without pronouncing any opinion touching the abolition of the tax on Frenchmen, he pretended that I ought to enter into account with him for the others, promising me equivalent advantages. More filled with indignation at the man's meanness, than concerned for my own interest, I haughtily rejected his proposal. He insisted, and I grew warm. "No, sir," said I to him quite sharply, "Your Excellency may keep what belongs to you, and I'll keep what belongs to me: I'll never suffer you to touch a cent of it." Perceiving that nothing was to be gained in this way, he had recourse to other means and blushed not to tell me that, as I derived profit from his *chancellerie*, it was but just that I should pay the expenses incident thereto. Having no mind to wrangle on this head, I from that time forth furnished from my own pocket, paper, ink, wax, tape, wax candles, even to a new seal, without his ever re-imbur sing me to the amount of a farthing. This, however, did not prevent my giving a small share of the produce of the passports to the Abbe de Binis, a good soul, and a person the farthest in the world from pretending to anything of the kind. If he was obliging to me, I was no less kind and civil to him, and we always got along well together.

On first trying my hand at my duties, I found them much less embarrassing than I had anticipated, considering my inexperience, taking into account too, that the Ambassador had no more than myself, and further, that his ignorance and obsti-

nacy were at any moment liable to counteract whatever my common sense and any information I chanced to possess inspired me with for his service and that of the king. The most rational thing he did was to connect himself with the Marquis de Mari, the Spanish Ambassador, an adroit, keen man, who might have led him by the nose, had he so wished ; but who, considering the union of interests between the two crowns, generally gave him pretty good advice, had not the other spoiled his counsels by intruding some of his own notions into their execution. The sole matter they had to do in concert was to engage the Venitians to maintain the neutrality. These did not fail to make protestations of their fidelity in its observance, while they were at the same time, publicly furnishing ammunition to the Austrian troops, and even sending recruits under pretence of desertion. M. de Montaigu, who I think wished to please the Republic, failed not also, in spite of all my representations, to make me assure the government, in all his dispatches, that the Venitians would never violate an article of the neutrality. The obstinacy and stupidity of the poor man were constantly forcing me to say and do extravagant things, whereof, indeed, I was compelled to be the agent, since so he would have it, but which at times rendered my duties insupportable, nay, all but impracticable. For instance, he would persist in having the greater part of his dispatches to the king and the ministry in cipher, though there was absolutely nothing in any of them that required this precaution. I represented to him that between Friday, when the court dispatches arrived, and Saturday, when ours were sent off, there was not time enough to write so much in cipher along with the heavy correspondence with which I was charged for the same courier. To remedy this, he found out an admirable expedient—namely, to have the answers to the dispatches made up from over Thursday, that is, *a day before they came!* This idea struck him as so felicitous that, spite of all I could say to him as to the impossibility, the absurdity of its execution, I was obliged to submit ; and during the whole time I remained with him, after having taken note of a word he dropped now and then in the course of the week, and of any trifling items of news I might chance to pick up in the course of my rambles—pro-

vided with this material alone, I never once failed to bring him on Thursday a rough draft of the dispatches that were to be sent off on Saturday, excepting only certain additions or corrections I hastily made on the arrival of Friday's dispatches, to which ours served as answers. Another very comical dodge of his—a custom that made his correspondence ridiculous beyond conception—was to send back each piece of news to its source, instead of having it go the regular round. To M. Amelot he transmitted the news of the court, to M. de Maurepas the Parisian intelligence, to M. d'Havrincourt that of Sweden, to M. de la Chetardie that of Petersburg, and sometimes to each of them the very items they had sent us, and which I dressed up in somewhat different terms. As he read nothing I brought him to sign except the court dispatches, signing the others without even looking at them, I was left at greater liberty to give what turn I thought proper to the latter, so that I could at least cross the news. It was, however, impossible to put a rational face on the important dispatches ; and indeed, I was only too happy when he did not take it into his head to cram in a few of his impromptu lines, thus compelling me to return in haste and transcribe the whole dispatch, decorated with the new drivel which had, of course, to receive the honor of the cipher, otherwise he would not have signed it. I was scores of times tempted, for the sake of his reputation, to cipher something different from what he told me, but, feeling that nothing could authorize such an infidelity, I let him rigmarole at his own risk, satisfied with speaking straightforwardly to him, and discharging at my own peril my duties towards him.

And discharge them I ever did with an uprightness, a zeal, and a courage that deserved a quite other reward than what I ultimately got from him. The time had come for me to become for once what heaven, which had endowed me with a happy disposition, what the education I had received from the best of women, and the culture I had given myself, had prepared me for. And I did so. Left to my own guidance, without friends, without advice, without experience, in a foreign country, in the service of a foreign nation, in the midst of a crowd of rascals, who, as well for their own interest and to escape the reprimand of

a good example, endeavored to prevail upon me to imitate them. Far from doing any thing of the kind, I served France faithfully, to which I owed nothing, and the Ambassador better still, as it was but right I should do to the utmost of my power. Irreproachable in a post open enough to censure, I merited, and I obtained, the esteem of the Republic, that of the Ambassadors with whom we were in correspondence, and the affection of all the French residing in Venice, not excepting even the Consul himself whom I with regret supplanted in the functions which I knew properly belonged to him, and which occasioned me more embarrassment than they afforded me pleasure. M. de Montaigu, confiding unreservedly in the Marquis de Mari, who, of course, could not enter into the detail of his various duties, neglected them to such a degree that, without me, the French that were at Venice, would not have perceived that there was such a person as an Ambassador of their own nation in the city. Constantly put off without being heard when they stood in need of his protection, they gave up all hope of obtaining their rights, and no longer appeared either in his company or at his table, to which, indeed, he never invited them. I often did myself what it was his duty to have done, rendering the French who had recourse to him or to me all the service in my power. In any other country I would have done more than this ; but not being able to fee any person in my place on account of my engagement, I was often obliged to have recourse to the Consul ; and the Consul, settled in the country with his family along with him, had prudential considerations to look after that not unfrequently prevented him from doing what he otherwise would have done. Sometimes, however, when he wavered, not daring to speak decisively, I ventured on hazardous measures, which often proved successful. I recollect one, the remembrance of which still calls up a smile. Lovers of the stage might not be very apt to suspect that it is to me they owe Coralline and her sister Camille ; yet such is the fact Veronese, their father, had, along with his children, entered into an engagement with the Italian Company ; and, after having received two thousand francs for his travelling expenses, instead of setting out, had coolly settled down performing at Venice, in

Saint Luke's theatre,* whither Coralline, though a mere child, drew immense crowds. The Duke de Gesvres, as first Gentleman of the Chamber, wrote to the Ambassador, claiming father and daughter. M. de Montaigu, handing me the letter, confined his instructions to observing, *Voyez cela*—See to that. I went to M. Le Blond and requested him to speak to the patrician to whom Saint Luke's theatre belonged, one Zustiniani I think, and get him to discharge Veronese, who was engaged in the King's service. Le Blond, who had no great taste for the commission, managed it badly, Zustiniani put him off, and Veronese was not discharged. I was piqued. It was during the carnival; so, having assumed the babute and mask, I ordered them to row me to the palace of Zustiniani. Those who saw my gondola enter with the livery of the Ambassador were struck with amazement; Venice had never seen the like of it. I walked in, causing myself to be announced as *una siora maschera*. Immediately on being introduced, I took off my mask and gave my name. The Senator turned pale and remained stupefied with surprise. "Sir," said I to him in Venitian, "I regret to trouble Your Excellency with this visit; but you have in your theatre of Saint Luke a man named Veronese who is engaged in the King's service, and whom you have been requested, but in vain, to give up: I come to claim him in his Majesty's name." My short harangue was effectual. Scarcely had I left than my man hastened off to render account of his adventure to the State Inquisitors, who gave him a severe reprimand. Veronese got his discharge that same day. I gave him notice that if he was not off within a week, I would have him arrested. He left.

On another occasion, by my own tact and almost without the concurrence of anybody else, I got a Captain of a merchantman out of trouble. The name of him was Captain Olivet of Marseilles; the vessel's name I have forgotten. His crew had got into a row with certain Sclaves in the service of the Republic: violence had been done, and the vessel had been put under such severe embargo that nobody, except the Captain, was allowed to go on

* I am in doubt whether it was not *Saint Samuel's*. Proper names infallibly escape my memory.

board or ashore without a special permit. He had recourse to the Ambassador, who sent him about his business. He then applied to the Consul, who told him that it was not a commercial affair, and that he would have nothing to do with it. Completely nonplussed, he came to me. I represented to M. de Montaigu that he ought to permit me to present a memorial touching the matter to the Senate. Whether he allowed me to do so, and I presented the memorial, I do not remember ; but I recollect very well that the steps I took proved futile, and, the embargo still continuing, I pursued another plan, which proved completely successful. I inserted an account of the affair in a dispatch to M. de Maurepas; and, by the way, I had trouble enough in getting M. de Montaigu to suffer this article to pass. I knew that our dispatches, though hardly worth the trouble of being opened, were so at Venice, whereof I had proof in the articles I found copied word for word into the gazette—a piece of treachery whereof I had uselessly attempted to get the Ambassador to complain. My object in speaking of this matter in the dispatch was to take advantage of their curiosity to frighten them into releasing the vessel ; for had we had to wait for the answer from court in order to effect our purpose, the Captain would have been ruined before its arrival. I went farther : I visited the vessel to question the crew. I took along with me the Abbé Patizel, Chancellor of the Consulate, who would rather have been excused, so afraid were the poor creatures of displeasing the Senate. Not being able to go on board on account of the embargo, I remained in my gondola, and there arranged my procès-verbal, interrogating with a loud voice each of the crew in succession, and directing my questions so as to elicit answers favorable to them. I tried to prevail on Patizel to put the questions and take the depositions himself, which, indeed, was more his business than mine. He would not consent, however, nay, would not say a single word, and would hardly sign the procès-verbal after me. This rather bold step proved entirely successful, and the vessel was released a long while before the Minister's answer came to hand. The Captain wanted to make me a present. Without seeming at all offended, I tapped him on the shoulder, saying,

“ Captain Olivet, do you think, my good fellow, that a man that will not take from the French an established perquisite, is exactly the person to sell the king’s protection ? ” He insisted, however, on giving me a dinner on board his vessel. This I accepted, inviting along with me the secretary of the Spanish embassy, named Carrio, a talented and very agreeable man, who was afterwards secretary to the embassy and Chargé d’Affaires at Paris, and with whom I formed an intimate connection, after the example of our Ambassadors.

Happy had I been if, when in the most disinterested manner I was doing all the good I could, I had been able to manage those little details with sufficient order and attention, so as not to be the dupe of people, and serve others at my own expense ! But in situations like to that I filled, where the most trivial mistakes are not without consequence, I exhausted all my attention in avoiding anything that might be detrimental to the government in whose service I was employed. Till the last, I managed everything relative to my essential duty with the utmost order and exactitude. Saving certain errors a forced precipitation caused me to commit in translating into cipher, and of which the clerks of M. Amelot once complained, neither the Ambassador nor anybody else had ever once to reproach me with negligence in any one of my functions—a circumstance I esteem note-worthy in a man as careless and dull-headed as myself. And yet I at times forgot, or was careless of the private matters I took in hand, though my love of justice always impelled me to take on myself the consequences of my own acts, before anybody thought of complaining. I will mention but a single circumstance of this nature : it took place close on my departure for Paris, and I afterwards felt the effects of it in Paris.

Our cook, whose name was Rousselot, had brought from France an old note for two hundred francs, which a hair-dresser, a friend of his, had taken from a noble Venitian, called Zanetto Nani, in payment for wigs received from him. Rousselot brought me the bill and requested me to try and get something for it by way of accommodation. I knew, and he knew also, that it is the constant custom of noble Venitians, on returning to their

own country, never to pay the debts they contract abroad. When you attempt to bring them to payment, they wear out the unhappy creditor with such protracted delays and such heavy expenses, that the poor fellow gives up in despair or disgust, and ends by letting the whole thing go, or else compounds for the most trifling sum. I begged M. Le Blond to speak to Zanetto. He acknowledged the note, but was not quite so accommodating as to its payment. By dint of dunning, however, he at last promised three sequins. When Le Blond carried him the note, the three sequins had not got themselves ready. Well, while waiting till they were, my quarrel with the Ambassador came on, and I left his service. I left the papers of the embassy in the most scrupulous order, but Rousselot's note was nowhere to be found. M. Le Blond assured me he had given it back to me. I knew him to be too honest a man to doubt his word, and yet it was impossible for me to remember what had become of the note. As Zanetto had acknowledged the debt, I requested M. Le Blond to try and get the three sequins out of him on a receipt, or to prevail upon him to give a duplicate of the note. But Zanetto, getting wind that the note was lost, would do neither the one nor the other. I offered Rousselot the three sequins out of my own pocket, in acquittance of the note. He refused it, and told me I might settle the matter with the creditor at Paris, whose address he gave me. The hair-dresser, on hearing what had passed, would have either his note or the whole sum. What would I not have given, in my indignation, to have recovered the cursed bit of paper! I paid the two hundred francs, and that, too, during my greatest distress. And so the loss of the note brought the creditor the payment of the whole amount, whereas had it, unfortunately for him, been found, he would have had hard work in recovering the ten crowns promised by his Excellency Zauetto Nani.

The talent I thought myself possessed of for my employment made the discharge of its functions a matter of satisfaction, and with the exception of the company of my friend Carrio and the virtuous Altuna, of whom I shall soon have occasion to speak, aside from the very innocent recreations of the *Place Saint Marc*, those of the theatre, and a few



visits that we almost always made together, my sole pleasures lay in my duties. Although these were not very severe, especially with the aid of the Abbé de Binis, yet as our correspondence was quite extensive, and we were then in the time of war, I had enough to keep me reasonably busy. I applied myself to business the greatest part of the morning, and on the days when the courier arrived sometimes even till midnight. The rest of my time I devoted to the study of the profession I had commenced and in which, from the success of my beginning, I counted on being, in course of time, more advantageously employed. In fact, there was but one voice with reference to me, commencing with the Ambassador himself, who spoke in high terms of my services, never making a word of complaint on that score, and all of whose subsequent rage proceeded from the simple fact that, having myself, on various occasions, complained to no purpose, I at last resolved to take my leave. The ambassadors and ministers of the king, with whom we were in correspondence, complimented him on the merits of his secretary in a manner that might well have been quite flattering to him, but which, in his damned head, produced a very different effect. This once happened on an occasion of importance, and for this he never forgave me. The story is worth while telling.

He was so incapable of enduring the least constraint that on Saturday, the day when the dispatches to most of the courts were sent off, he could not wait till the work was got through with to go out, but would keep eternally pestering me to hurry through with the dispatches to the king and the ministers, which done, he would hastily sign them and then run off God knows where, leaving most of the other letters without any signature whatever—a way of doing things that obliged me, when they contained nothing but news to turn them into bulletins; but when they concerned matters that had to do with the king's service, somebody had to sign them, so I did. This once happened relative to some important advices which we had just received from M. Vincent, Chargé d'Affaires of the king at Venice. 'T was during the march of Prince Lobkowitz to Naples, at the time when Count de Gages made that memorable retreat—the finest military manœuvre of the whole century, and of which Europe took much too

little notice. The dispatch informed us that a certain man, a description of whose person M. Vincent sent us, had set out from Vienna, and was to pass through Venice, whence he was furtively to betake him to Abruzzo, and there stir up the people against the approach of the Austrians. In the absence of His Excellency the Count de Montaigu, who concerned himself not in the least about anything, I forwarded this information to the Marquis de l'Hospital so opportunely that it is perhaps to that poor, scoffed at Jean Jacques that the house of Bourbon owes the preservation of the kingdom of Naples.

The Marquis de l'Hospital, on returning thanks to his colleague (which was but right), alluded to his secretary and the service he had just rendered to the common cause. The Count de Montaigu, who had to reproach himself with his negligence in the matter, took it into his head that he smelt something sarcastic in this compliment, and spoke of it ill-humoredly to me. I had had occasion to act in the same manner with the Count de Castellane, Ambassador at Constantinople, as with the Marquis de l'Hospital, though in a matter of less importance. As there was no other conveyance to Constantinople than by the couriers sent from time to time by the Senate to its 'Bayle,' notice of their departure was sent to the French Ambassador, so as to afford him an opportunity of writing to his colleague, if he so desired. This notice generally came a day or two in advance; but they made so little account of M. de Montaigu, that they put him off with sending him notice, merely for form's sake, an hour or so in advance of the departure of the courier—a circumstance that at times necessitated my writing the dispatch in his absence. M. de Castellane, in his reply, made honorable mention of me, as did also M. de Joinville, from Genoa;—all of which became so many new grievances.

I confess I did not let slip any opportunity of making myself known, but I must say that I never sought to do so at unsuitable times, or in improper ways; and it appeared to me but just that if I performed my duties with fidelity, I should aspire to the reward due to fidelity—the esteem of those capable of judging and rewarding it. I will not pretend to decide whether or no my exactness in the performance of my duties afforded the Ambassador a

legitimate cause of complaint ; but I do say that this was the sole cause he ever alleged up to the day of our separation. His house, the regulation whereof he had never put on any orderly footing, became the resort of a set of vile scoundrels : the French were ill-treated, while the Italians took the ascendancy, and, even among these, the good and honest servants, long attached to the embassy, were shamefully discharged, his First Gentleman in particular, who had held the same office under Count de Froulay, and who, if I remember right, was called Count Peati, or something like that. The Second Gentleman, chosen by M. de Montaigu was a scoundrel from Mantua, named Dominique Vitali ; to him the Ambassador entrusted the care of his house. By dint of cajolery and sordid parsimony, this individual managed to wheedle himself into his confidence, and became his favorite, to the great prejudice of the few honest people he still had about him, and of the secretary who was at their head. The searching eye of a man of integrity is always troublesome to rogues. This was of itself enough to make the present person feel an antipathy to me : but to this hatred there went another cause which greatly aggravated its bitterness. What this cause was I must mention. If I was in the wrong, condemn me.

The Ambassador had, as is want, a box at each of the five theatres. It was his custom every day after dinner to mention which he intended going to ; I chose after him, and the Gentlemen disposed of the other boxes. On going out, I used to take the key of the box I had chosen with me. One day, Vitali, not being there, I ordered the footman who waited on me, to bring me mine to a house I mentioned. Vitali, in place of sending me the key, said he had disposed of it. I was the more enraged at this, as the footman brought back the word and delivered the message before all the company present. In the evening Vitali attempted to make some apology ; I would not take it. “To morrow, Sir,” said I to him, “ You’ll come and offer it, at such an hour, in the same house where I received the affront and before the company that witnessed it ; or, come what may, next day, either you or I leave this house.” This decided tone intimidated him. He came to the appointed place at the appointed hour, and publicly apolo-

gized, with a servility well worthy the fellow. However, he took his measures at his leisure, and whilst eringing and ducking, he was all the while working away à l'italienne, and the result was that, unable to prevail on the Ambassador to give me my dismission, he reduced me to the necessity of taking it.

A wretch like him was certainly not the person to know my character, but he was keen enough to read through whatever in my disposition might go to further his ends : he knew that I was mild and forbearing to a fault in enduring involuntary wrongs, haughty and impatient towards premeditated offences, loving the decorous and dignified, and not less exacting touching the honor due to me, than tender of that of others. These were the means he employed, and that successfully, to harass and torment me. He turned the house upside down and thwarted all I had endeavored to do for the maintainance of order, subordination and decency. A house without a mistress stands in need of rather severe discipline to preserve the modesty inseparable from dignity. He soon converted ours into a den of debauch and licentiousness, the resort of knaves and blackguards. In the place of the person he had got discharged, he succeeded in introducing as Second Gentleman another pimp like himself, and keeper of a public house of ill-fame at the Croix-de-Malte. The indecency of these two well-mated rascals was only equaled by their insolence. With the single exception of the Ambassador's room, which was not itself kept in extra good order, there was not a corner in the house an honest man could put up with.

As his Excellency was not in the habit of taking supper, the Gentlemen and myself had, in the evening, a private table, at which the Abbé de Binis and the pages also ate. In the most villainous cook-shop they serve people with more cleanliness and decency, they furnish less filthy linen and give you better fare. We had but one little, miserable black tallow-candle, pewter plates and iron forks. Let what took place privately pass ; but they deprived me of my gondola : alone of all the secretaries to the embassies, I was forced to hire one or to go on foot, and I no longer had his Excellency's livery except when I went to the senate. Besides, nothing that passed in the house was un-

known in the city. The various officers of the Ambassador became loudly clamorous, Dominique, the sole cause of it all, louder than anybody else, well aware that I was the most keenly sensitive to the indecency with which we were treated. I alone in the house said nothing about it without ; but I bitterly complained to the Ambassador both of the rest of them and of Dominique, who, secretly excited by the devil in him, put me daily to some new affront. Forced to spend largely in order to keep on ~~untill~~ footing with my confreres and make an appearance suitable to my situation, I could not get a farthing of my salary ; and when I asked him for money, he began expatiating on his esteem and his confidence, just as though these articles would fill my purse or get me what I wanted.

The two scoundrels at length quite turned their master's head, not naturally a very strong one, and ruined him by eternally getting him to make purchases, at the most exorbitant prices, while they all the while persuaded him, with brazen-faced effrontery, that he was getting tremendous bargains. They got him to rent a palazza upon the Bronta at double its value, dividing the surplus with the proprietor. The apartments were inlaid with Mosaic and ornamented with columns and pilasters of very handsome marble, after the fashion of the country. M. de Montaigu had all this superbly masked by a fir wainscoting, for no other reason in the world than that at Paris apartments are often thus wainscoted. It was for a like reason that he, alone of all the Ambassadors at Venice, deprived his pages of their swords, and his footmen of their canes. Such was the man who, by an extension, it may be, of the same sort of motive, took a dislike to me, simply because I served him faithfully.

I patiently endured his disdain and brutality and ill-treatment, as long as, perceiving them accompanied by ill-humor, they did not seem to spring from hatred; but the moment I discerned the purposely-formed design of depriving me of the honor due my faithful service, that moment I resolved to resign my employment. The first mark of his ill-will I received was on the occasion of a dinner he was to give the Duke of Modena and his family, then at Venice, and at which he signified to me that I should not be present

Piqued, but without seeming to care anything about the matter, I told him that, having the honor daily to dine at his table, if the Duke of Modena required my absence when he came, the dignity of his Excellency, as well as my duty, would not suffer me to consent. "How," cried he, in a transport of rage, "does my secretary, who is not a gentleman himself, pretend to dine with a sovereign, when my Gentlemen do not?" "Yes, sir," answered I; "the post with which your Excellency has honored me, as long as I fill it, so far ennobles me, that my rank is superior to your so-called Gentlemen, and I am admitted where they cannot go. You cannot but know that, on the day you will make your entry, I shall be called, by etiquette and by immemorial usage, to follow you in ceremonial suit, and be admitted to the honor of dining along with you in St. Mark's Palace; and I do not see why a man, whose right it is, and who is going to eat in public with the Doge and the Senate of Venice, should not dine in private with the Duke of Modena." Though the argument was unanswerable, the Ambassador would not give in. However, we had no further occasion to renew the dispute, as the Duke of Modena never came to dine with him.

Thenceforward he did everything in his power to make things disagreeable to me, depriving me of my rights, robbing me of various little prerogatives attached to my post, and bestowing them on his dear Vitali; and I am sure that, had he dared to send him to the senate in my place, he would have done so. He commonly employed the Abbé de Binis to write his private letters in his own room; well, he made use of him to write M. de Maurepas an account of the affair of Captain Olivet, in which, far from making the slightest mention of me, who alone had been concerned in the matter, he even deprived me of the honor of the procès-verbal, whereof he sent him a duplicate, attributing it to Patizel, who had not once opened his mouth in the whole affair. He wished to mortify me and please his favorite, but by no means to get rid of me. He felt that it would not be exactly as easy to supply my place as it had been to get a successor for M. Follau, who had already made him known to the world. It was absolutely necessary that he should have a secretary that understood



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Italian, on account of the replies from the senate ; then, too, he must be a person that could write all his dispatches, attend to all his affairs, without his giving himself the least trouble about anything—one who to the merit of serving him faithfully would add the baseness of being the toad-eater of his low-lived “ Gentlemen.” He wanted, therefore, to retain and, at the same time, to mortify me, keeping me far from my country and his own, without money to return thereto ; and in this he might perhaps have succeeded, had he gone about it with moderation. But Vitali, who had other views, and who wished to force me to extremities, carried his point. As soon as I perceived I was wasting my pains, that the Ambassador, instead of being obliged to me for my services, looked on them as so many crimes, that I had no longer aught to hope from him save torture at home and injustice abroad, and that, in the general disesteem into which he had fallen, his ill-turns might prove prejudicial to me, without the good ones being of any service to me, I took my resolution, and asked for my dismissal, allowing him time to provide himself with a secretary. Without answering either Yes or No, he went on his way as usual. Seeing that things were going no better, and that he was taking no measures to supply my place, I wrote to his brother, and, giving him a detailed account of my motives, I begged him to obtain my dismission from his Excellency, adding, that whether I received it or not, it would be impossible for me to remain. I waited a long while, but got no reply. I began to be quite embarrassed; but at last the Ambassador received a letter from his brother. It must have been sharp indeed ; for, albeit subject to the most ferocious transports of rage, I never saw him in such a state. After torrents of the most outrageous insults, not knowing what more to say, he accused me of having sold his ciphers. I burst into a fit of laughter, and asked him, in a sneering tone, if he deluded himself into the idea that there was a solitary man in all Venice fool enough to give a crown for them. This set him foaming with rage. He made as if he would call his people to pitch me out of the window, as he said. Up to this point, I had been calm ; but on this threat, anger and indignation seized me, too. I sprang to the door, and after having turned a button that

closed it from within. "No, Count," said I, coming towards him, with a grave step; "your servants shall have nothing to do with this matter; please to let it be settled between ourselves." My action and air calmed him in an instant,—surprise and terror were marked on his countenance. When I saw that his fury had abated, I bade him adieu, in a few words; then, without waiting for his answer, I went to the door again, passed out and proceeded across the antechamber, through the midst of his servants, who, as usual, rose at my presence, and who, I am of the opinion, would rather have lent their assistance against him than against me. Without going back to my apartment, I instantly descended the stairs and left the palace, never more to enter it.

I hastened immediately to M. Le Blond and told him what had happened. He was but little surprised, for he knew the man. He kept me to dinner. This dinner, though without any preparation, was a most brilliant affair. All the French of consequence at Venice were at it: the Ambassador had not a solitary person. The Consul related my case to the company. The recital over, there was but one voice, and that by no means in favor of his Excellency. He had not settled my account nor paid me a farthing, so being reduced to the few louis I had in my pocket, I was extremely embarrassed about my return to France. Every purse was opened to me. I took twenty sequins from that of M. Le Blond and as many from that of M. St. Cyr, with whom, next to Le Blond, I was on the most intimate terms. The rest I thanked; and till my departure, went to lodge with the Chancellor of the Consulship, thus giving the public open proof that the nation was not an accomplice in the injustice of the Ambassador. He, furious at seeing me feted in my misfortune, while he, Ambassador though he was, was quite forsaken, completely lost his senses and behaved like a madman. He went so far as to present a memorial to the senate urging that I should be arrested. On being informed of this by the Abbé de Binis, I resolved to remain a fortnight longer, instead of setting off the next day, as I had intended. My conduct was known and approved of by everybody, and I was universally held in high esteem. The senate did not even deign to answer the Ambassador's extravagant memorial, but sent me word that I might re-

main in Venice as long as I thought proper, without making myself uneasy about the doings of a madman. I continued to see my friends ; went to take leave of the Spanish Ambassador, who received me with the utmost politeness, as also of Count Finochietti, Minister from Naples, whom I did not find at home ; however, I wrote him a letter and received from him the most obliging imaginable reply. At length I took my departure, leaving behind me, notwithstanding the embarrassed state of my funds, no other debts than the two loans of which I have just spoken and an account of fifty crowns with a shopkeeper of the name of Morandi, which Carrio promised to pay, and which I have never returned him, although we have frequently met since that time. With respect to the two loans, however, I returned them very exactly the moment I had it in my power.

But let us not leave Venice without saying something of the celebrated amusements of that city, or at least of the very small part I took in them during my residence there. It has been seen how little, in my early life, I ran after the pleasures of youth, or what are called so. Nor did my inclinations change while at Venice ; however, my close occupation, which would of itself have prevented any change, rendered the simple recreations I allowed myself all the more agreeable. The first and most pleasing of all was the society of certain men of merit—M. Le Blond, M. de St. Cyr, Carrio, Altuna, and a Forlan gentleman whose name I am very sorry to have forgotten, and whose amiable memory I never call to mind without emotion : he was of all the men I ever knew the one whose heart most nearly resembled my own. We were also intimate with two or three Englishmen of great talent and information, who were, like ourselves, passionately fond of music. All these gentlemen had their wives, their amies or their mistresses—the latter most all women of talent, at whose apartments we had balls and concerts. We played also, but to no great extent ; a lively turn, talents and the theatres rendered this amusement insipid. Play is the resort of none but men whose time hangs heavily on their hands. I had brought with me from Paris the prejudice common to people of that city against Italian music, but had at the same time re-

ceived from nature that sensibility and niceness of discrimination which prejudice cannot withstand. I soon acquired that passion for Italian music with which it inspires all such as are capable of appreciating its excellence. In listening to their *barcarolles*, it seemed to me as though I had never before known what singing was, and I soon became so fond of the Opera that, tired of chatting, eating or playing in the boxes, when I wished but to listen, I frequently withdrew from the company to another part of the theatre, where, quite alone, shut up in my box, I would abandon myself, notwithstanding the length of the representation, to the pleasure of enjoying it at my ease till the conclusion. One evening, at the St. Chrysostom theatre, I fell asleep and that more profoundly than had I been in my bed. The loud and brilliant airs did not arouse me, and I still slept on ; but what mortal tongue can speak the delicious sensations excited by the soft harmony of the angelic music, that charmed me from sleep. What an awaking, what ravishment, what extacy, when at once I opened ears and eyes ! My first idea was to believe myself in Paradise. The ravishing aria, which I still recollect and shall never forget, began thus :

Conservami la bella
Che si m'accende il cor.

After this I had a great desire to have this morceau, so I got it, and I kept it for a long while ; but it was not the same thing upon paper as in my head. The notes were indeed there, but it was not the same thing. Never can this divine composition be executed save in my mind as on the evening it awoke me.

A kind of music far superior to the Opera, in my opinion, and which has not its like in all Italy nor any where else perhaps, is that of the *Scuole*. The *Scuole* are houses of charity, established for the education of young girls without fortune, to whom the Republic afterwards gives a portion either in marriage or for the cloister. Among the talents they cultivate in these young girls music holds a chief place. At the churches of these four *Scuole*, every Sunday during vespers, anthems with full chorus and orchestra, composed and directed by the first masters in Italy, are sung in grated galleries by girls, and girls alone, not one of whom is over twenty. I can conceive of nothing

more voluptuous, nothing more touching than this music,—the lavish wealth of art, the exquisite taste of the vocal parts, the excellency of the voices, the perfection of the execution—everything about these delicious concerts concurs to produce an impression which though certainly not very orthodox, is one from which I am sure no heart is secure.

Carrio and myself never failed being present at the vespers of the *Mendicanti*; and we were not alone; the church was always full of amateurs, and even the Opera singers themselves attended so as to form their taste after these excellent models. The only trouble was the cursed iron grating which suffered nothing to escape but sounds, and concealed from my sight those angels of beauty, from whose divine lips alone such divine sounds could come. I talked of nothing else. One day I was speaking of them at M. Le Blond's : “if you are really so desirous,” said he; “of seeing these little girls, it will be an easy matter to gratify you. I am one of the administrators of the house and will invite you to come and dine with them.” I gave him no peace till he had fulfilled his promise. On entering the hall that contained these beauties I had so longed to see, I felt a love-fluttering I had never before experienced. M. Le Blond presented me successively to those celebrated singers, whose names and voices were all I knew anything of. “Come, Sophia,” . . . she was horrid. “Come, Cattina,” . . . she was blind of one eye. “Come, Bettina,” . . . she was completely pitted with small pox ! Scarcely one of them was without some striking deformity. Le Blond, the rascal, laughed at my cruel surprise. Two or three of them, however, were passable: these never sang but in the choruses ! I was on the verge of despair. During the collation, we got into a chat with them, and they soon became quite lively. Ugliness is by no means incompatible with inward grace, and I found they possessed it. Said I to myself, “They cannot sing as they do without soul—so soul they must have.” In short, I came to look on them with so different an eye that I left the house all but in love with every one of the homely pusses. I had scarcely courage again to attend their vespers. However, they well made it up. I still continued to find their singing delightful ; and so fully did their voices transform their

persons that, in spite of my eyes, I obstinately continued to think them beautiful. Music is so cheap an affair in Italy that it is not worth while for such as have a taste in that way to deny themselves the pleasure it affords. I hired a harpsichord, and, for half a crown, got four or five performers to come to my rooms, with whom I practiced once a week, executing any morceaux that had given me peculiar pleasure at the Opera. I also had some symphonies performed from my *Muses Galantes*. Whether these really pleased him or he merely wished to flatter me, I know not, but the ballet-master of St. John Chrysostom's desired to have two of them, which I had afterwards the pleasure of hearing executed by that admirable orchestra, and which were danced to by a certain little Bettina, a pretty and most amiable girl, kept by a Spaniard, M. Fagoaga, a friend of ours. We often went to spend the evening with her.

But talking about girls, it is not in a city like Venice that a man abstains. "Have you nothing to confess," I think I hear somebody asking, "on this head?" "Yes; I have, indeed, something to say, and I shall proceed to the confession with the same openness that has characterized all my former ones.

I always had an aversion for strumpets, and at Venice these were all that were within my reach, my situation interdicting my visiting among the families of the city. The daughters of M. Le Blond were very amiable, but difficult of access, and I had too much respect for their father and mother ever once to have the least desire for them.

I should have had a much stronger inclination for a young lady named Mlle. de Cataneo, daughter to the Agent of the King of Prussia, but Carrio was in love with her,—there was even some talk of a marriage between them. He was in easy circumstances, whilst I had nothing; he had a salary of a hundred louis a year, mine was not over a hundred livres; and, apart from my unwillingness to go in a friend's way, I was perfectly well aware that in cities in general, and especially at Venice, with a purse so slenderly stocked as was mine, gallantry was out of the question. I had not got over the pernicious practice of playing the fool with the necessities of nature; and, too busily employed

forcibly to feel the wants arising from the climate, I lived for upwards of a year in Venice as chastely as I had done in Paris, and at the end of eighteen months I left it without having ever approached women save twice. These two occasions being rather curious in their way, I shall enter into some little detail respecting them.

The first opportunity was procured me by that honest Gentleman Vitali, some little time after the formal apology I obliged him to make me. The conversation at table chanced to turn on the amusements of Venice. The Gentlemen reproached me with my indifference with regard to the most piquant of them all, vaunting the *gentillesse* of the Venitian courtisans, and averring that there was nothing in the world to approach them. Dominic said I must make the acquaintance of the most amiable of them all, and offered to take me to her apartments, assuring me, I should be pleased with her. I laughed at this obliging offer, and Count Peati, a venerable old gentleman, observed to me, with more candor than I should have expected from an Italian, that he thought me too prudent to suffer myself to be taken to the girls by my enemy. I had, in fact, no intention of going, no temptation to go; and yet, notwithstanding this, by one of those crack-brained freaks of mine, I am at a loss myself to comprehend, I was prevailed upon to go, contrary to my inclination, my heart, my reason, contrary even to my will, solely from weakness and through shame of exhibiting any mistrust, and, as the expression of the country goes, *per non parer troppo coglione*—(not to seem too green). The *padoana* we went to visit had rather a pretty figure, she was even handsome, but her beauty was not of a style that pleased me. Dominic left me with her. I called for sherbet, and asked her to sing. At the end of about half-an-hour I was going to take my leave, placing a ducat on the table; but she had the singular scruple to refuse taking it till she had earned it, and I the singular folly to remove her scruple. I returned to the palace so fully persuaded that I was pocked, that the first thing I did was to send for the king's surgeon, and to ask him for ptisans. Nothing can equal the uneasiness of mind I suffered for three weeks, without its being justified by any real inconvenience or apparent sign. I could not conceive

that it was possible to enter the embrace of a *padoana* with impunity. The surgeon had the greatest conceivable difficulty in removing my apprehensions ; nor could he do so by any other means than by persuading me that I was formed in such a manuer as not to be easily infected ; and although I exposed myself less than any man to the experiment, the fact of my health's having never suffered in the least, is, in my opinion, a proof that the surgeon was right. However, this never made me rash ; and if I have really received such an advantage from nature, I can safely assert that I have never abused it.

My other adventure, though likewise with one of the nymphs, was a very different affair, as well in its origin as in its effects. I have already said that Captain Olivet gave me a dinner on board his vessel, and that I took the secretary of the Spanish embassy with me. I expected a salute of cannon. The ship's company was drawn up to receive us, but not as much as a priming was burnt, at which I was mortified, on account of Carrio, who, I perceived, was rather piqued at the neglect ; and it was true that on board of merchantmen they tendered cannon-salutes to people of less consequence than we were : besides, I thought I deserved some mark of respect from the Captain. I could not conceal my thoughts, for this was at all times impossible to me ; and although the dinner was a very capital one, and Captain Olivet did the honors in the best style, I began it in ill-humor, eating but little, and speaking still less.

At the first toast, I thought that surely we should have a volley. Nothing of the kind. Carrio, who read what passed within me, laughed at hearing me grumbling away like a child. Before dinner was half-over, I saw a gondola approach the vessel. "On my word, sir," said the Captain to me, "take care of yourself, here's the enemy." I asked him what he meant, to which he answered in a bantering way. The gondola made the ship's side, and I observed a gay young damsel come on board. She was very coquettishly dressed, and very vigorous, for in three bounds she was in the cabin, and was seated by my side before I had time to perceive that a cover was laid for her. She was as charming as she was lively, a brunette, not over twenty. She spoke nothing but Italian ; her accent was of itself enough



She took possession of me as though I had belonged to her.

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to turn my head. While chatting and eating away, she cast her eyes on me, steadfastly looked at me for a moment, and then exclaiming, “Holy Virgin! ah! my Bremond, what an age it is since I saw thee!” throws herself into my arms, seals her lips to mine, and presses me so as almost to stifle me. Her large, black, Orient eyes darted flakes of flame into my heart; and though my surprise at first somewhat turned aside my attention, yet passion made such rapid head-way that, spite of the spectators, the fair seducer was herself forced to restrain me. I was intoxicated—furious. When she saw she had got me to the desired point, she became more moderate in her caresses, though not in her vivacity ; and when she thought proper to explain to us the cause, real or pretended, of all this ado, she said that I was the living image of M. de Bremond, Director of the Customs at Tuscany ; that she had turned this M. de Bremond’s head with love, and should do so again ; that she had left him because she was a fool ; that she would take me in his place ; that she would love me because it pleased her to do so ; that I must, for a similar reason, love her as long as it might be agreeable to her ; and that when she should think proper to send me about my business, I must be patient, as her dear Bremond had been. What was said was done. She took possession of me as though I had belonged to her ; gave her gloves, fan, cinda and coif into my charge ; ordered me to go here or there, to do this or that, and I obeyed. She bade me go and send away her gondola, as she intended making use of mine, and I went ; bade me rise and request Carrio to take my place beside her, as she had something to say to him, and I did so. They chatted together for quite a long while, in an under tone,—I let them. She called me back, and I returned. “Hark’ee, Zanetto,” said she, “I do not want to be loved after the French fashion—that’s not the thing : at the first moment of ennui get thee gone. But, I warn you, stay not by the way.” After dinner, we visited the glass manufactory at Mureno. She bought a great many little curiosities, leaving us unceremoniously to pay for them ; though she gave away presents all round that cost a great deal more than what we spent. By the indifference with which she lavished her money and let us lavish ours, it was evident that she made

very little account of it. When she insisted on payment, I do believe it was more from vanity than avarice. She enjoyed the price set on her favors.

In the evening we accompanied her home. In the midst of our chat, I perceived two pistols lying on her toilet-table. "Aha!" exclaimed I, taking one of them up, "here is indeed a new-fashioned work-basket : may I inquire what's the use of it? I know of other weapons of yours that fire better than these." After some little banter of this sort, she said with a naïve pride that rendered her still more charming, "When I am complaisant to persons I do not love, I make them pay for boring me—nothing is more just ; but while enduring their caresses, I am not going to suffer their insults, and I would not miss the first man that would attempt it."

On taking my leave, I made an appointment with her for the next day. I did not make her wait. I found her *in vestito di confidenza*, in an undress more than wanton, unknown in northern climes, and which I shall not amuse myself in describing, albeit I recollect it but too well. I shall only remark that her ruffles and collar were edged with silk net-work, ornamented with rose-colored pompons. This, to my eyes, heightened the lustre of a most lovely skin. I afterwards observed that it was the fashion at Venice, and it has so charming an effect, that I am surprised it was never adopted in France. I had not the slightest idea of the intoxicating delights that awaited me. I have spoken of Madam de Larrauge, spoken of her in the transports her remembrance still at times stirs within me ; but how old, cold, ugly was she by the side of my Zulietta ! Attempt not to imagine the charms and grace of that enchanting girl—fancy would toil after the reality in vain. The young virgins in a cloister are not so fresh ; the beauties of the Seraglio are less animated, the houris of Paradise less engaging. Never was such intoxicating delight presented to the heart and senses of mortal ! Ah ! could I but have for a single moment enjoyed it, in all its fullness and perfection ! I did enjoy it, but the charm thereof was not there,—I dulled the edge of enjoyment and crushed the flower, at pleasure, as it were. No ; nature made me not for enjoyment. She infused into my doomed

head the poison of that ineffable happiness, the longing desire for which she placed in my heart.

If there be a circumstance in my life that reveals to the full the nature of me, 'tis the one I am now about to relate. The force with which the object of this book is at this moment present to my mind, will make me despise the false delicacy that would prevent me from this avowal. Whoever you may be that would know a man, dare to read the two or three following pages : you will become fully acquainted with Jean Jacques Rousseau.

I entered the chamber of a courtesan as though it were the sanctuary of love and beauty ; methought I saw the divinity of love in her person. I never could have thought that without respect and esteem, it was possible to feel anything like what she made me experience. Scarcely had I, in our first familiarities, discovered the worth and extent of her charms and caresses, than, for fear of prematurely losing the fruit, I was going hastily to pluck it. Suddenly, in place of the ardors that devoured me, I felt a mortal chill creep through my veins, my limbs trembled under me, and I sat down almost fainting and wept like a child.

Who can divine the cause of my tears, and of what passed through my head that moment ? I said to myself : "This being now in my hands, is the chef-d'œuvre of nature and of love—her mind, her body, all is perfect ; she is as good and generous as she is amiable and beautiful ; princes, the great ones of the earth should be her slaves—scepters should be at her feet. And yet there she is, a poor prostitute, at the mercy of the public : the Captain of a merchantman disposes of her at will ; she comes and throws herself into my arms—me, whom she knows poor in this world's wealth, and whose worth, which she knows nothing of, is naught to her. There is some unfathomable mystery here. Either my heart is playing the fool with me, fascinating my senses and making me the dupe of a vile drab, or it must be that some secret deformity I know not of, destroys the effects of her charms, and renders her odious to those who would otherwise dispute with each other the possession of her." With singular mental heat I set to work, trying to discover what this could be. It never once entered my head that the danger of disease could

have anything to do with my feeling. The freshness of her flesh, the brilliancy of her complexion, the whiteness of her teeth, the sweetness of her breath, the air of neatness about her whole person, so completely excluded this idea that, in doubt as yet as to my condition since my being with the padsana, I rather apprehended that I was not stainless enough for her ; and I am very sure that my feeling did not deceive me.

These most well-timed reflections agitated me to such a degree as to make me shed tears. Zulietta, to whom this must have been, in the circumstances, quite a novel spectacle, was at first rather taken aback ; but, having taken a turn through the room and passed before her mirror, she soon saw, and my eyes confirmed it, that disgust had nothing to do with this upshot. She found no great difficulty in curing me and dispelling this little piece of bashfulness : but just as I was going to swoon on that bosom which seemed for the first time to suffer the lips and hands of a man, I perceived that she had a withered breast. I struck my forehead, examined, and thought I perceived that the conformation of this breast was not like the other. So there I was, revolving in my head whence this withered breast could come ; and persuaded that it must have an intimate relation with some marked natural vice. By dint of turning and returning this idea over in my head, it struck me as being as clear as day that in that creature, the most charming my fancy could picture, I but held in my arms a species of monster, the outcast of nature, men and love. I carried my stupidity so far as even to speak of the matter to her. At first she treated the thing jocosely, and, in her frolicsome humor, did and said things fit to have made me die of love. Still, however, there remained a certain degree of disquietude in my mind I could not conceal. This she perceived, and at length redenning, she adjusted her dress, rose up, and, without saying a word, went and sat down at the window. I attempted to sit beside her,—she withdrew to a sopha,—rose from it a moment after, and, walking up and down the room, fanning herself meanwhile, said to me in a cold, contemptuous tone. “*Zanetto, lascia le donne, e studia la matematica*—(leave women and go to studying mathematics !)

Before taking my leave, I requested her to appoint another meeting for the day following. This she put off till the third day, adding with a sarcastic smile, that I must needs want rest. This interval I passed very ill at my ease, my heart full of her grace and charms, realizing my extravagance, reproaching myself therewith, regretting the moments so badly employed, which it rested but with myself to have made the most ~~extatic~~ of my life, waiting with the most lively impatience the moment when I might make reparation for my loss, and still anxiously desirous, spite of all my reasoning, to reconcile the perfections of the adorable girl with the infamy of her condition in life. I ran, I flew to her house at the appointed hour. I know not if her ardent temperament would have been better satisfied with this visit ; her pride at any rate would have been, and I was counting in advance on the delicious enjoyment of showing her in every possible way, how well I knew how to make up for the wrong I had done her. She spared me this trouble. The gondolier whom, on arriving at her house, I had sent on before me, brought me word that she had left the day before for Florence. If I had not realized the whole depth of my passion in possessing, I did so, and that very bitterly, in losing her. Nor has my heart-felt regret ever left me. Amiable, charming though she was in my eyes, I might have found consolation for her loss ; but what I have never been able to console myself for, I confess, is that she should have carried away only a ~~c~~ntem-
tuos remembrance of me.

These are my two stories. My eighteen months' stay at Venice furnished me with nothing further in the same line, save a mere project at most. Carrio was a gallant. Sick of continually visiting girls, engaged to others, he took it into his head that he, too, would have one ; and as we were inseparable, he proposed that we should enter into an arrangement, common enough at Venice ; namely, to share one between us. To this I consented. The thing was to find a reliable one. Well, he was so industrious in his search that he came across a little girl of from eleven to twelve years old, whom her infamous mother was seeking to sell. We went to see her together. The sight of the child deeply moved my compassion : she was fair and gentle as a

lamb,—nobody would ever have taken her for an Italian. Living is very cheap at Venice, so we gave a little money to the mother, and provided for the support of the daughter. She had a good voice, so we furnished her with a music-teacher and a spinet, hoping that she might turn her talent to some account. All this cost each of us scarcely two sequins a month, and we managed to save a good deal more in other matters; though, as we were obliged to wait till she had ripened, it was like sowing a great while before we could possibly reap. However, satisfied with going and passing our evenings along with her, chatting and playing most innocently with the child, we perhaps enjoyed ourselves better than though we had possessed her—so true is it that what attracts us most in women, is not so much mere animal gratification as a certain pleasure we experience in being along with them. Insensibly my heart grew fond of the little Anzoletta, grew fond with a father's fondness, a fondness in which the senses had so small a share that, in proportion as it increased, it would have been all the more repugnant to me that passion should have any part therein; and I felt that I should experience the same horror at approaching the little girl on her becoming nubile, as I would at an abominable incest. I perceived the sentiments of the good Carrio take, unobserved by himself, the same turn. Thus we were both unintentionally preparing for ourselves pleasures not less sweet, but very different from those we at first anticipated; and I feel quite certain that, however beautiful the poor child might have become, far from becoming the corruptors of her innocence, we would have been her warmest protectors. My catastrophe, arriving as it did shortly afterwards, deprived me of the happiness of taking a part in this good work, and all of mine that was praiseworthy in the matter was the desire of my heart. And now to return to my journey.

My first project, after leaving M. de Montaigu, was to retire to Geneva, waiting, meanwhile, for better fortune to clear away all obstacles, and again unite me to my poor *Maman*. But the noise our quarrel had made, and his stupidity in writing of it to court, led me rather to journey Paris-ward, there to give an account of my conduct, and complain of the treatment I had met with from the madman.

I communiciated my resolution from Venice to M. de Theil, *Chargé d'Affaires* pro. tem., after M. Amelot's death. I set off as soon as my letter, pursuing my way through Bergamo, Como, and Domo d'Orsolo, and crossing Simplon. At Sion, M. de Chaignon, the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, showed me a thousand kindnesses, as did also M. de la Closure, at Geneva. At the latter place, I renewed my acquaintance with M. de Gauffecourt, from whom I had some money to receive. Nyon I had passed through without going to see my father: not that it did not cost me a good deal to do this, but I could not bring my mind to present myself before my mother-in-law, certain of being condemned without a hearing. Duvillard, the bookseller, an old friend of my father's, gave me quite a keen reprimand on account of this neglect. I told him why I had pursued this course; so, to repair my fault, without exposing me to a meeting with my mother-in-law, I took a chaise, and we went to Nyon, where we stopped at the tavern. Duvillard meanwhile went in search of my poor father, who came running to embrace me. We took supper together, and after having passed an evening dear to my heart, I returned the morning following to Geneva with Duvillard, for whom I have ever since retained a feeling of gratitude for the good he did me on this occasion.

My shortest road was not through Lyons, but I resolved to take this route, as I wished to satisfy myself as to a very base piece of rascality M. de Montaigu played me. I had had a small trunk sent from Paris, containing a gold-laced waistcoat, a few pair of ruffles, and six pair of white silk stockings—that was all. According to a proposition he himself made me, I had this trunk, or rather box, put along with his baggage. In the apothecary's bill, he offered me in payment of my salary, and which he wrote out with his own hand, he had put down the weight of this box, which by the way he denominated a *bale*, at eleven hundred weight, and had charged me an enormous amount for freight. By the kindness of M. Boy de la Tour, to whom I was recommended by M. Roguin, his uncle, it was proven from the registers of the custom-houses at Lyons and Marseilles that the said "bale" weighed but forty-five pounds, for which portage had been paid accordingly. I added this

authentic extract to M. de Montaigu's memorial, and, armed with these papers and others equally conclusive, I betook me to Paris, very impatient to make use of them. I had, during this long journey, various little adventures at Como, in Valois, and elsewhere. I saw several things, and among the rest the Boroma islands, which might well deserve a description. My days, however, are fleeting fast away ; I am beset by spies, and am forced to perform badly and in haste a work which for its proper execution would demand leisure and quiet, to both of which I am a stranger. If ever Providence looks down upon me and grants me calmer days, I shall devote them to re-modelling, if possible, this work, or at least to adding thereto a supplement, of which I feel it stands in very great need.* The fame of my case had gone before me, and on arriving, I found that the bureaux and the public in general were all scandalized by the follies of the Ambassador. But in spite of this, in spite of the public voice at Venice, in spite of the unanswerable proofs I exhibited, I was unable to obtain even a shadow of justice. Far from getting either satisfaction or reparation, I was even left at the mercy of the Ambassador for my salary, and this for the sole reason that, not being a Frenchman, I had no claim to the national protection, and because it was a private affair between him and myself. Everybody granted that I was insulted, injured, unfortunate, that the Ambassador was a villain and a madman, and that the affair would dishonor him for ever. But what of that ?—He was an Ambassador ; poor I was but a secretary. Good order, or what they called such, was in opposition to my claim for justice, and I obtained none. I conceived that by dint of complaining and publicly treating the fool as he deserved, I should at length be told to hold my tongue ; and this was precisely what I wished for, fully resolved as I was not to obey till I had obtained redress. But there was at that time no such thing as a minister of foreign affairs. They let me blab and bawl away, nay, they even encouraged me and joined in the chorus, but the affair remained just so ; till at last, tired of being for ever in the right, and never obtaining justice, I lost courage, and let the whole matter drop.

* I have given up this project.

The only person that received me badly, and from whom I should have least expected this injustice, was Madam de Beuzenval. Full of the prerogatives of rank and nobility, she could never get it into her head that there was any possibility of an Ambassador's wronging his Secretary.

The reception she gave me was in unison with this notion. At this I was so piqued, that, on leaving her house I sent her perhaps one of the severest and most pointed letters I ever wrote, and never returned again. Father Castel received me better ; though, maugre his jesuitical wheedling, I saw that he pretty faithfully followed one of the prime maxims of society, namely, always to sacrifice the weaker to the stronger. My keen realization of the justice of my cause, and my natural pride, would not allow me patiently to endure this partiality. I ceased visiting Father Castel, and thereby gave up frequenting the jesuits, among whom I knew nobody but himself. Besides, the intriguing and tyrannical spirit of his brethren, so different from the openheartedness of good Father Hemet, so alienated my affections that I have never since been acquainted with any of them, unless it be Father Berthier, whom I met twice or thrice at M. Dupin's : the two were working with might and main at the refutation of Montesquieu.

Let us finish, never more to return to the subject, what I have farther to say touching M. de Montaigu. I had told him in our dispute that what he wanted was not a secretary, but an attorney's clerk. He took the hint, and procured a regular lawyer as my successor,—a chap who, in less than a year, robbed him of twenty or thirty thousand livres. He discharged him, and had him put in prison, dismissed his Gentlemen with high scandal and uproar, got himself everywhere into quarrels, received affronts a funkey would not have borne, and at last by his eternal follies got himself recalled and was sent off to the more congenial employment of hoeing turnips. It would appear that, among the reprimands he received at court, his affair with me was not forgotten : at least he sent his steward, shortly after his return, to settle up my account, and give me what was due me. I was in want of it just then : my debts in Venice, debts of honor, if there ever were such, lay heavy on my mind. Accordingly, I availed myself of the oppor-

tunity that thus presented itself, to discharge them, as also to make it all right with Zanetto Nani's note. I took what was offered me, paid all my debts, and was left, as before, penniless, though relieved from a burden I had found all but insupportable. Since that time till this I have heard nothing of M. de Montaigu, excepting his death, which I learned from public report. Rest his soul, poor man ! He was as fit for the functions of Ambassador as I had been in my young days for those of City Recorder.* And yet it was in his own power to have supported himself honorably by my services, and at the same time to have advanced me rapidly in the career to which Count de Gouvion had destined me in my youth, and for which I had by my own efforts qualified myself at a later age.

The justice and yet uselessness of my plaint sowed within me seeds of indignation against our stupid political institutions, which ever sacrifice the real public good and genuine justice to I know not what apparent order, destructive, in truth, of all order, and which but adds the sanction of public authority to the oppression of the weak and the iniquity of the powerful. Two circumstances prevented this germ from then developing, as it afterwards did : The first was the fact that it was myself that was concerned ; and personal interest, which has never produced aught great or noble, had not the power to excite in my heart that divine fervor which it belongs but to the purest love of the Just and Beautiful to call forth ; the other was the charm of friendship which tempered and calmed my wrath by the ascendancy of a milder sentiment. I had made, at Venice, the acquaintance of a Biscayan, one of friend Carrio's friends, and a man worthy of the love of every noble soul. This amiable young man, born to every talent and virtue, had just been making the tour of Italy to the end of cultivating his taste for the fine arts ; and, imagining he had nothing more to acquire, he was about to return direct to his own country. I told him the arts were but a relaxation for a genius like his, born as he was for the study of the sciences ; and to get a taste thereof I advised him to go and spend six months in Paris. He took my advice, and went. Here he was awaiting me when I arrived, and,

* Vol. I.

having too much room where he lodged, he offered me half. This I accepted. I found him absorbed in the sublimest sciences. Nothing was above his reach ; he devoured and digested everything with prodigious rapidity. How cordially did he thank me for having procured him this intellectual aliment, thirsty for knowledge as his mind had been without his knowing it ! What treasures of light and virtue did I find in that powerful soul ! I felt he was the friend I needed, and we soon became most intimately attached to each other. Our tastes were not the same, so we were constantly disputing. Strong-headed, as both of us were, we could never agree. And yet, with all this, we became inseparable ; and though we were incessantly wrangling, we would neither of us have wished the other any different from what he was.

Ignacio Emmanuel de Altuna was one of those rare spirits Spain alone produces, and whereof she produces too few for her glory. He was free from those violent national passions common to his country,—the idea of vengeance could no more enter his head, than the desire his heart. He was too proud to be vindictive, and I have often heard him coolly aver that no mortal could offend him. He was gallant without being tender. He played himself with women as he might have done with pretty children. He took pleasure in intercourse with the mistresses of his friends, though I never knew him to have one of his own, nor the least desire therefor. The flames of virtue that devoured his heart never gave the fire of passion any opportunity to kindle.

After finishing his travels, he married, but died young, leaving several children ; and I am as sure as I am of my own existence that his wife was the first and only woman with whom he ever tasted the pleasures of love. Externally he was devout, as are Spaniards generally, but within was the piety of an angel. Myself excepted, he is the only man of these times I ever saw that know what tolerance is. He never inquired of any man how he thought touching matters of religion. Little cared he whether his friend was a Jew, Protestant, Turk, Bigot, Atheist, or what not, provided he was but an honest man. Firm, nay, obstinate in matters of no consequence, just as soon as the question

touched religion, or even morality, he would collect himself, remain silent or simply observe, "*I have to do but with myself.*" It is incredible that any human being could join to such elevation of soul a spirit of detail carried even to minutiousness. He laid out, and settled beforehand the employment of the day by hour, quarter and minute, and so scrupulously did he adhere to this distribution that, had the clock struck whilst he was in the middle of a phrase, he would have closed his book without finishing it. Part of the time he devoted to this study, another to that ; he had a season for reflection, for conversation, for business, for Locke, for his rosary, for visits, for music, for painting : and there was no possible pleasure, temptation nor complaisance that was allowed to interfere with this arrangement,—naught but a duty to perform could have broken in on it. When he handed me the schedule of the distribution of his time he had drawn out, in order that I might conform thereto, I began by laughing, but ended by weeping with admiration. He never put anybody out of the way, and he never suffered anybody to put him out,—pretty roughly would he use any one that persisted in pestering him with politeness. He could be mad without being sulky. I have often seen him angry, but never huffed. Nothing could be gayer than his humor, for he relished a joke himself, and knew well how to crack one. He was even brilliant in repartee, and had the talent of turning an epigram. When animated, he was noisy and frolicsome, his voice ringing out clear and far : but in the midst of his boisterousness, a smile would mantle his face, and he would let out some witty speech that set the table in a roar. He partook as little of the complexion of the Spaniards as he did of their phlegm. His skin was fair, his cheeks ruddy, and his hair of an almost blond chesnut. He was tall and well made, with a body fitted to lodge his soul.

This wise-hearted as well as wise-headed soul, with his deep knowledge of human nature, was my friend. This is all the answer I have to give to those who are not so. Nay, we grew so attached that we formed the project of passing our days together. In a few years I was to have gone to Ascotia to live with him on his estate. All the arrangements were determined upon by us the evening

before his departure. There was wanting for its fulfillment but that which does not depend on man in his best laid schemes. Subsequent events, my disasters, his marriage, and finally his death separated us for ever.

One would say that 'tis but the dark plots of the wicked that succeed,—the innocent projects of the honest man scarce ever attain to accomplishment.

Having experieuced the inconvenience of dependence, I firmly resolved never to expose myself to it again. Having seen the projects of ambition circumstances had excited within me invariably nipped in their shoot, and too discouraged again to enter upon the career I had so well began (and from which, nevertheless, I had just been cast forth) I resolved never again to connect myself with any person, but to remain in independence and turn my talents, the full range of which I at length realized, and which I had hitherto esteemed too modestly, to account. I resumed the composition of my Opera, which I had lain aside to go to Venice ; and, so as to devote myself the more entirely to my labor, after the departure of Altuna, I returned to lodge in my old St. Quentin hotel, which, being in an unfrequented part of the city and not far from the Luxembourg, allowed me to work more at my ease than was possible in the noisy Rue Saint Honore. Here it was that the only real consolation heaven has granted me in my misery, a consolation which alone renders it endurable, awaited me. As this was no transient acquaintance, I must enter into some detail touching the manner in which it was formed.

We had got a new hostess from Orleans. She, to assist her in the needle-work, hired a girl from her own part of the country of two or three-and-twenty years of age, who, as well as the hostess ate along with us. This girl, called Thérèse Le Vasseur, was of a good family : her father was an officer in the mint at Orleans, and her mother was a shopkeeper. They had a very large family. The mint of Orleans being stopped, the father was thrown out of employment ; and the mother, having suffered losses of one kind or another, became greatly reduced, gave up business, and came to Paris with her husband and her daughter, who supported the three by the labor of her hands.

The first time I saw the maiden make her appearance at table, I was struck with her modest behavior and still more so by her bright, sweet look : I never saw the like of it. The company was composed of several Irish and Gascon priests, with other persons of the cloth, besides M. de Bonnefond. Our hostess had herself sown her wild oats, so that there was but myself that spoke or behaved with decency. They made the little girl their butt, so I took up the cudgels in her defence. Forthwith, down on me fell their quips and gibes thick and fast. Even though I had naturally had no inclination for the poor girl, compassion and opposition would have excited it in me. I have always loved decency of manners and conversation, especially in the other sex, so I openly declared myself her champion. I perceived that she was sensible to my attentions, and her looks, animated by gratitude, became only the more engaging.

She was very timid, and so was I. This common disposition, it may be supposed, delayed our intimacy ; but not so—it went on apace. The landlady, perceiving how matters stood, became furious, and her brutalities forwarded my affairs with the maiden, who, having no one but myself in the house as a stay, saw me go out with pain and sighed for the return of her protector. The affinity of our hearts and the similarity of our dispositions soon produced their customary effects. She thought she saw in me an honest man ; nor was she mistaken. I thought I saw in her a sensible, simple girl, devoid of all coquetry ; and I was not mistaken, either. I told her, to begin with, that I would never either forsake or marry her. Love, esteem, artless sincerity, were the ministers of my triumph ; and it was because she was tender and virtuous that I was made happy without being presuming.

The apprehension she was under that I would be vexed at not finding in her what she thought I sought, retarded my happiness more than anything else. I saw her, disconcerted and confused, before yielding her consent, wishing to be understood, and yet not daring to explain herself. Far from suspecting the real cause of her embarrassment, I conceived a very false, and, to her morals, most insulting motive therefor ; and imagining that she meant to warn me

that my health might run some risk, I fell into a state of perplexity which did not, to be sure, turn aside my purpose, but which poisoned my happiness for several days. As we did not understand each other, our conversations on the subject became so many enigmas that were more than ludicrous. She was on the point of believing me stark mad, while I was completely dumbfounded and knew not what to think of her. At length, however, we came to an understanding : with tears she confessed to a single frailty, during her early girlhood, the fruit of her ignorance, and the address of a seducer. The moment I saw how matters stood, I gave a shout of joy : “ Virginity !” exclaimed I—“ a fine thing, indeed, to be sought for in Paris and at the age of twenty ! Ah, my Thérèse, I am too happy in possessing thee good and healthy, without looking for what I never expected to find.”

At first I had sought but an amusement. I saw, however, that I had gone farther and had given myself a companion. A short intimacy with this excellent girl, and some little reflection on my situation brought home the conviction to me, that while merely thinking of my pleasure, I had done a great deal towards my happiness. I felt the need of some profound sentiment that would fill the entire capacity of my soul, and supply the place of my extinguished ambition. In a word, I wanted a successor to *Maman* : since I was no longer to live with her, I required somebody to live with her eleven—one in whom I should find the same simplicity, the same docility of heart she had found in me. It was necessary, moreover, that the sweetness of private and domestic life should indemnify me for the splendid career I had just renounced. When quite alone, I felt an aching void in my heart—a void, however, which it needed but another heart to fill. Fate had deprived me of, had in part, at least, alienated from me the soul for whom nature had formed me. Thenceforth I was alone, for with me no medium was ever possible between All and Naught. I found in Thérèse the complement I felt I needed ; in her I lived as happily as was possible, considering the course of events.

At first I tried to cultivate her mind. ’Twas labor lost. Mentally she is precisely as nature formed her—culture and

care seemed to have no effect on her. I do not blush to acknowledge that she has never become a good reader, though she writes passably. When I went to lodge in the rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, there was a clock in front of the hotel de Pontchartrain, opposite our windows. Here I labored hard for a month, trying to teach her to tell the hour. Indeed she can scarcely do it yet. She could never get into her head the regular succession of the twelve months of the year, and she could never tell a single figure, spite of all my efforts to teach her. She knows neither how to count money, nor to reckon the price of any thing. The word that comes to her while talking is often the direct opposite of what she means to say. Some time since, I made out a dictionary of her phrases to amuse Madam de Luxembourg, and her *quid-pro-quos* have become far-famed in the circles I moved in. And yet this being, so dull-witted, so stupid, if you will, can give excellent advice in an emergency. Many a time in Switzerland, in England, in France, amid the difficulties in which I have been plunged, she has seen what I did not see myself, has given me the best possible counsel, has rescued me from dangers into which I had rushed headlong, and in the presence of ladies of the highest rank, of princes and great ones, her sentiments, her fine common sense, her answers, and her behavior, have drawn her universal esteem, and have brought me congratulations on her worth, the sincerity of which I deeply realized.

With persons we love, affection feeds the head as well as the heart, and one has small occasion to seek for ideas in other fields. I lived with my Thérèse as happily as though she had been the finest genius in the world. And yet there was one drawback. Her mother, vain of having been brought up under the Marchioness de Moupieau, affected the fine lady, would have her daughter's judgment formed in her school, and by her wiles destroyed the simplicity of our intercourse. My disgust at this intrusion made me surmount in a measure the foolish shame I had felt at the idea of appearing with Thérèse in public. This overcome, we took many a pleasant country stroll together, and partook of little rustic repasts that were to me delicious. I saw that she sincerely loved me, and this redoubled my tenderness. This sweet attachment was everything to me,—the future

gave me no concern, appeared but as the prolongation of the present, and I desired nothing save the assurance of its duration.

This union rendered all other dissipation superfluous and insipid to me. I never went out but to see Thérèse ; her home became almost mine. My retired life proved so favorable to my work, that in less than three months I had finished my Opera, music, words, and all. There simply remained a few accompaniments and fillings up to be attended to. This touchy piece of work greatly annoyed me, so I proposed to Philidor that he should take it in hand, offering him a share of the profits. He came twice and did something to the act of Ovid ; but he could not confine himself to an assiduous application by the allurement of a distant and, at best, uncertain reward. He came no more, and I finished the task myself.

My task done, the next thing was to turn it to account —a task a good deal harder than the first. Nothing can be brought about in Paris when one lives isolated and unknown. The idea struck me that perhaps I might make my way through M. de la Poplinière, to whom Gauffecourt, on his return from Geneva, had introduced me. M. de La Poplinière was the Macænas of Rameau, Madam de La Poplinière Rameau's very humble pupil. I guess he had things all his own way there. Judging that he would feel a pleasure in extending his protection to the work of one of his disciples, I wished to show him what I had done. He refused to see it, alleging that he could not read score, as it was too fatiguing to him. La Poplinière thereupon remarked that he might hear it, and offered to provide me with musicians to execute selections from it. I wished for nothing better. Rameau grumbled out a weak consent, incessantly repeating that the composition of a man not bred to the science and who had learned music without a master must be a fine affair indeed ! I hastened to copy into parts five or six select passages. Ten performers were provided me, and Albert, Bérard, and Mlle. Bourbonnais undertook the vocal part. Rameau began, from the very commencement of the overture, endeavoring by his extravagant eulogies, to have it understood that it was not my own. He did not let a single passage go by without manifesting signs of im-

patience ; but at a contralto passage, the air of which was full and ringing, and the accompaniment exceeding brilliant, he could contain himself no longer, but broke out on me with a brutality that shocked every one present, maintaining that a part of what he had just heard was by a consummate artist, and the rest by a blockhead that did not know a note of music. 'Tis true, my work, with its inequalities and violations of rule, was now sublime and anon commonplace in the extreme, as the effort of a man who rises to heights only by the stray soarings of genius, and whose flight is not sustained by science, must be. Rameau pretended to see in me a contemptible pilferer, devoid of both taste and talent. The rest of the company, and particularly the master of the house, were of a different opinion. M. de Richelieu, who, at that time, was a frequent visitor of M. de La Poplinière—(and, as is well known, of Madam, too)—heard tell of my work, and expressed a wish to hear the whole of it, with the intention, if it pleased him, of having it performed at court. Accordingly, it was executed with full chorus and orchestra, at the King's expense, at M. de Boneval's, *Intendant des Menus*, Francœur being conductor. The effect was astonishing : the Duke kept up a continued round of applause, and, at the end of a chorus, in the act of Tasso, he rose and came to me, and, pressing my hand, said, "M. Rousseau, that is indeed transporting harmony. I never heard anything finer. I'll get your work performed at Versailles." Madam de La Poplinière, who was present, said not a word ; Rameau, though invited, would not come. The day following, Madam de La Poplinière gave me a very ungracious reception at her toilet, affected to undervalue my piece, and told me that though a certain false glitter had at first dazzled M. de Richelieu, he had got quite over the impression, and that she would not advise me to rely in the least on my Opera. The Duke himself arrived shortly afterwards, and spoke to me in a quite different strain, complimenting me in the most flattering terms on my talents, and seeming as much disposed as ever to have my composition performed before the King. "There is," said he, "only the act of Tasso that will not pass at court,—you must write another." Upon this simple hint, I went and shut myself up in my apartment, and in

three weeks I had produced, in place of Tasso, another act, the subject of which was Hesiod inspired by the Muses. I found the secret of transmitting to this act a part of the history of my talents, and of the jealousy with which Rameau had been pleased to honor them. There was in this new act a less gigantic but better sustained elevation than in the act of Tasso ; the music, too, was noble, and much better elaborated, and had the two other acts equalled it, the whole piece would advantageously have sustained representation. But whilst I was laboring at getting it into the fit state, another project suspended its execution.

(1745—1747). During the winter following the battle of Fontenoy, there were many fêtes given at Versailles, and among others, several Operas were performed at the Petites-Ecuries theatre. Among the number was Voltaire's Drama, entitled *The Princess of Navarre*, the music by Rameau. It had just been remoulded and brought out anew under the name of the *Fêtes of Ramire*. This new subject required various changes in the divertissements, as well in the poetry as in the music, and some person capable of managing both was sought after. Voltaire was just then in Lorraine, as was also Rameau—occupied both of them on the Opera of the *Temple of Glory*,—and so was of course unable to give any attention to the matter. M. de Richelieu thought of me and sent to me, proposing that I should take it in hand ; and that I might the better be able to examine what there was to be done, he sent me the poem and the music separately. But, to begin with, I would not touch the words without the consent of the author. Accordingly I wrote him a very polite and I may say very respectful letter, as was but proper. Here is his answer, the original of which is to be found in file A, No. 1. *

“DECEMBER 15, 1745.

“ You unite, sir, in yourself, two talents that have always hitherto been separated,—two good reasons for me to esteem you and seek your love. I am sorry, on your account, that you should employ these two talents on a work not over worthy of them. Some few months ago his grace the Duke of Richelieu commanded me in absolute

* The collection of letters Rousseau alludes to page 5 of the present vol. Tr.

terms to put together, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, a miserable little sketch of certain insipid and disjointed scenes to be adapted to divertissements not made for them. I obeyed with the utmost exactitude, writing very fast and very ill. This wretched scrawl I sent to the Duke, counting that he would not make use of it, or at least that I should have a chance of correcting it. Happily it is in your hands ; you are absolute master of it : I have entirely lost sight of the thing. I doubt not you will have corrected the various faults that cannot but abound in so hasty a composition, and I feel sure you will have supplied whatever was wanting.

"I recollect that, amongst other absurdities, in the scenes that connect the divertissements, no account is given of the manner in which the Grenadau princess suddenly passes from a prison into a garden or palace. As it is not a magician but a Spanish Gentleman that is giving her the fête, it seems to me that nothing should be effected by enchantment. I beg, sir, that you will examine this part, whereof I have but a confused idea. See if it be necessary that the person should open and we get our princess safely conveyed thence to a beautiful gilt and varnished palace prepared for her. I know perfectly well that all this is wretched and that it is beneath a thinking being to make a serious affair of such trifles ; but, since we must displease as little as possible, it is befitting we infuse as much common sense as we can, even into a bad opera divertissement."

"I rely for the entire matter wholly on you and M. Ballot, and I count on shortly having an opportunity of returning you my thanks and of assuring you how much I am, etc."

Be not surprised at the extreme politeness of this letter, compared with the half cavalier-like epistles he has since written me. He imagined I was a great favorite at M. de Richelieu's, and his well-known courtly suppleness in many ways obliged him to treat a new-comer with consideration, until he had become better acquainted with the measure of his credit.

Authorized by M. de Voltaire and freed from all reference to Rameau, who only sought to injure me, I set to work, and in two months had finished my task. With respect to the poetry I had not much to do. My

only aim was that the difference of styles should not be perceived ; and I had the presumption to believe that I was successful. The musical part was longer and more laborious. Besides my having to compose several preparatory pieces the overture amongst the rest—the recitative, with which I was charged, proved to be extremely difficult, in that it was necessary to connect, often in a very few verses and by very rapid modulations, symphonies and choruses in very different keys ; for in order that Rameau might have no opportunity to charge me with having disfigured his airs, I was determined neither to change nor transpose a single one of them. I succeeded well in the recitative It was well accent ed, full of energy and of particularly excellent modulation. The idea of the two superior men with whom they had deigned to associate me gave wings to my genius ; and I can assert that, in this thankless and inglorious task, of which the public could not even be informed, I almost always kept close up to my models.

The piece, in the form into which I threw it, was rehearsed at the great theatre of the Opera. Of the three authors I was the only one present. Voltaire was absent, and Rameau did not come, or else he concealed himself. The words of the first monologue were very mournful and began thus :

O mort ! viens terminer les malheurs de ma vie.

To this suitable music had of course to be composed. It was on this, nevertheless, that Madam de La Poplinière founded her censure, accusing me with much bitterness with having composed a funeral march. M. de Richelieu judiciously commenced by inquiring whom the verses of the monologue were by. I presented him the manuscript he had sent me, which immediately showed they were by Voltaire. "In that case," said he, "Voltaire alone is to blame." During the rehearsal every thing that was by me was successively cried down by Madam de La Poplinière, and cried up by M. de Richelieu. On the whole, however, I had to do with too powerful an adversary, and it was signified to me that several parts of my work would need revision—a matter on which it would be necessary to consult M. Rameau. Galled at such a conclusion, instead of

the praise I had expected—praise I had well earned—I returned home with a dead weight on my heart. Exhausted with fatigue and consumed by chagrin, I fell sick, and six weeks did not see me in a fit state to be about.

Rameau, who was charged with the alterations indicated by Madam de La Poplinière, sent to me requesting the overture of my grand Opera to substitute in place of the one I had just composed. Happily I detected the game he was trying to come over me, and refused to give it to him. As it lacked but five or six days till the time of representation, he had not time to do anything in the way of a new one, so he had to let mine pass. It was in the Italian style, a style then very novel in France. It was relished, however, and I learned from M. de Valmalette, the King's steward, and son-in-law of my friend and relative M. Mussard, that the amateurs had greatly enjoyed my work, and that the public had not distinguished it from Rameau's. He, however, in concert with Madam de La Poplinière, took measures to prevent its being known that I had had any hand in the matter. On the books they distributed to the audience, and which always bear the author's names, Voltaire was the only one named: Rameau preferred having his name omitted altogether rather than have it appear in connection with mine.

As soon as I was in a state to go out, I wished to wait on M. de Richelieu. But it was too late—he had just left for Dunkirk, where he was to take the command of the troops destined for Scotland. On his return, I said to myself, to justify my indolence, that it was too late. Having never seen him since, I lost the honor my work deserved, with the emolument it should have brought me; so that my time, labor, vexation, sickness and what it cost me, all fell on me, without my ever receiving a cent in the way of recompense, or indemnification, as I might rather call it. It has always seemed to me, however, that M. Richelieu had naturally an inclination for me and thought advantageously of my talents; but my stars and Madam de La Poplinière thwarted the purposes of his good will.

I could not fathom the cause of this woman's aversion; I had always tried my utmost to please her and regularly paid my court. Gauffecourt threw light on the matter. "To begin with," said he, "there is her friendship for Ra-

meau, of whom she is the professed puffer, and who of course will suffer no rival ; besides this there is an original sin clinging to you that must damn you for ever in her estimation, and for which she will never forgive you—You are a Genevese." Whereupon he explained to me that the Abbé Hubert, who labored under the same misfortune, and who was a sincere friend of M. de La Poplinière, had exerted himself to his utmost to prevent his marrying the lady, whom he knew well ; and that after the marriage she had vowed him an implacable hatred—a hatred she extended to all Genevese. "Though La Poplinière," added he, "feels friendly towards you, and I know it, do not count on his support. He is in love with his wife : she hates you—she is vindictive and artful : you'll never do any thing in that quarter." So I took the hint.

This same Gauffecourt did me about this same time a service I stood in great need of. I had just lost my virtuous father, then about sixty years of age. I felt this blow less severely than I should have done at any other time, when my attention was less absorbed in the embarrassments of my situation. While he lived I had never felt like claiming the portion of my mother's fortune that fell to me, and of which he received the little income. After his death, however, I had no such scruple. But the lack of legal proof of the death of my brother presented a difficulty. This Gauffecourt undertook to remove, and remove it he did through the able services of De Lolme the advocate. As I stood in the utmost need of this little aid, and as the event was doubtful, I was awaiting a definite decision with the liveliest anxiety. One evening on returning home, I found a letter which I knew contained it. I took it up with a tremor of impatience of which I was inwardly ashamed. "What," said I to myself with disdain, "will Jean Jacques suffer himself to be thus overcome by interest and curiosity?" Forthwith I laid the letter unopened on my mantel-piece, undressed myself, went quietly to bed, slept better than usual, and got up quite late next morning, without a thought about my letter. As I was dressing myself it caught my eye : I broke the seal very leisurely, and found a bill of exchange within. I had at once a variety of pleasures, but I can swear that the keenest of all was the pleasure of

mastering myself. I could mention twenty such circumstances in my life, but I am too hurried to be able to tell all. I sent a small part of the money to my poor *Maman*, regretting with tears the time when I should have laid the whole at her feet. Her letters bore all of them evident marks of her distress. She sent me piles of receipts and secrets with which she pretended I might make both our fortunes. Already had the feeling of her wretchedness cramped her heart and mind. The little I sent her fell a prey to the knaves that beset her; while she got no good of it. And so I got wearied of dividing my little pittance with the wretches, especially after the vain attempt I had made to free her from their clutches—an attempt of which I shall have hereafter to give some account.

Time slipped by, and my money with it. There were two of us—four indeed, nay, to speak more correctly seven or eight; for, though Thérèse was disinterested to a degree of which there are few examples, her mother did not resemble her in this respect. No sooner did she see herself set on her legs again by my care, than she brought along her whole tribe to share the fruits. Sisters, sons, daughters, grand-daughters, the entire list of her connections in fact, excepting her eldest daughter, married to the director of coaches at Angers, crowded in. Everything I did for Thérèse was by her mother thwarted from its original purpose, and got into the maws of these rapacious wretches. As I had not to do with an avaricious person, and not being under the influence of a mad passion, I was not guilty of any follies. Satisfied with supporting Thérèse genteelly, though without luxury, and sheltered from any pressing necessity, I consented to let all her earnings go to her mother; nor did I confine myself to this. By a fatality, however, which seems demonically to pursue me, whilst *Maman* was preyed upon by a set of scoundrels, Thérèse was preyed upon by her connections, nor could I on either hand do any thing that would benefit her for whom it was destined. It was singular that the youngest child of Madam Le Vasseur, and the only one that did not receive a portion, was the only one that supported her father and mother. Poor girl, after having long been beaten by her brothers, sisters, nieces even, she was now

plundered by them all, without her being any more able to defend herself from their thefts than from their blows. There was but one of her relatives, a niece, named Goton Leduc, that was at all amiable or mild in disposition, though she, too, was spoiled by the lessons and example of the others. As I often saw them together, I gave them the names they were in the habit of applying to each other : I called the niece '*niece*', and the aunt '*aunt*'; while they both called me '*uncle*'. Hence the name of '*Aunt*', which I continued to apply to Thérèse, and which my friends used to repeat by way of joke.

You may well think that, thus situated, I had not a moment to lose before attempting to get myself out of my difficulties. Judging that M. de Richelieu had forgotten me, and my hopes of court being crushed, I made some attempts in Paris to have my *Opera* brought out, but met with difficulties that required time to surmount ; whilst my necessities were becoming daily more urgent. It occurred to me to present my little *comedie* of *Narcisse* to the *theatre des Italiens*. It was received, and so obtained me the freedom of the house, which gave me great pleasure ;—but that was all. I could never manage to get my piece performed ; and tired of paying my court to players, I let them go to the devil. At length, I had recourse to the last expedient that remained, and which by the way, was the only one I should have attempted. While frequenting the house of M. de La Poplinière, I had neglected the Dupin family. The two ladies, though relatives, were not on good terms, and never visited each other. There was not the least intercourse between the two families, and Thieriot was the only person that visited both. He was desired to try and get me back to M. Dupin's. M. de Francueil was then pursuing a course of study on natural history and chemistry, and collecting a cabinet. I think he aspired to becoming a member of the Academy of Sciences. To this end, he intended writing a book, and judged that I might be of use to him in the undertaking. Madam Dupin who, for her part, had a work in contemplation also, had much the same views with respect to me. They wished to have me between them as a sort of secretary, and this was the object of Thieriot's invitations. I required, to begin with,

that M. de Francueil should use his credit along with the influence of Jelyote to have my Opera brought out. To this he consented. The '*Muses Galantes*' was rehearsed several times at the *Magasin*, and afterwards at the *Grand théâtre*. There was a very large audience present at the great rehearsal, and several passages were highly applauded. But spite of all this, I felt, myself, during the execution (which, by the way, was very miserably conducted by Rebel), that the piece would not go, and that it could not even be brought out without great alterations. I therefore withdrew it without saying a word, or exposing myself to a refusal; but I plainly perceived by several indications that the work, even had it been perfect, could not have succeeded. M. de Francueil had, to be sure, promised me to get it repeated, but not that it should be received. He kept his word to the letter. I have always thought I perceived on this occasion, as also on many others, that neither he nor Madam Dupin cared about my attaining to an established reputation in the world, for fear perhaps that, on the publication of their books, it should be suspected they had grafted their talents upon mine. However, as Madam Dupin always esteemed my intellect to be of a very mediocre order, and never employed me but in writing under her dictation, or in researches of mere erudition, this reproach, as far as regards her, would have been very unjust.

(1747-1749.) This last failure completed my discouragement; I abandoned all idea of fame or advancement; and without further troubling myself about my talents, real or fancied, talents that prospered so little in my hands, I devoted my whole time and attention to earning a support for myself and my Thérèse after what fashion soever it might please those who might undertake to provide therefor. Accordingly, I attached myself entirely to Madam Dupin and M. de Francueil. This did not place me in very great opulence; for the eight or nine hundred livres I received the first two years scarce provided for my most urgent necessities, obliged as I was to lodge in their neighborhood, a part of the city in which rents are quite high, in furnished chambers, and having at the same time to pay for another lodging at the extremity of Paris, at the farthest end of rue

St. Jacques, whither, be the weather as it might, I went almost every evening to take supper. I soon got into the way of my new occupation, of which, indeed, I became rather fond. I took a fancy to chemistry, and, in company with M. de Francueil, went through several courses with M. Rouelle; and we began to scribble paper with our sense or nonsense, before we knew even the first elements of the science. In 1747, we went and passed the autumn in Touraine, at the castle of Chenonceaux, a royal mansion on the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diana of Poitiers, whose ciphers are still to be seen, and now owned by M. Dupin, *Fermier Général*. We amused ourselves very agreeably in this fine place, and lived splendidly: I became as fat as a monk. Music was a favorite relaxation. I composed several vocal trios, replete with quite powerful harmony, and to which I may perhaps again recur in my supplement, if I ever carry out the idea of having one. Comedies, too, we used to play. I wrote a three-act piece in fifteen days, entitled *The Rash Engagement* (*L'Engagement téméraire*), which will be found among my papers. Its sole merit consists in its being full of gayety. There were several other little things I composed, amongst the rest, a poem entitled *The Alley of Sylvia* (*L'Allée de Sylvie*)—the name applied to an alley in the park on the banks of the Cher. All this too without my discontinuing my chemical labors or interrupting my engagements with Madam Dupin.

Whilst I was growing fat at Chenonceaux, my poor Thérèse was growing fat after a quite other fashion in Paris; so that on my return, I found the structure, whose foundation I had laid, in a greater state of forwardness than I had looked for. This, considering the situation in which I was placed, would have plunged me into the deepest embarrassment, had not one of my messmates put me on the only way there was of getting out of the coil. This is one of those essential matters which I cannot narrate with too much simplicity, as, in commenting thereon, I must necessarily either inculpate or excuse myself, whereas here I ought to do neither.

During Altuna's stay in Paris, instead of going and eating at a restaurant, we used ordinarily to take our meals in the neighborhood, at a Madam La Selle's, almost opposite the cul-de-sac de l'Opéra. Said Madam

La Selle was the wife of a tailor, and gave poor enough board, though her table was much frequented on account of the good and reliable company to be found there ; for they received no inconnu, and you had to get an introduction from one of the habitues. Commander de Graville, an old debauchee, full of wit and politesse, but bawdy very, lodged at the house and attracted thereto a set of rollicking, brilliant young fellows in the way of mousquetaries and officers of the guards. Commander de Nonant, chevalier of all the Opera girls, brought us his daily budget of news from his motley crew. M. Duplessis, a retired lieutenant, a good and wise old man, and M. Ancelot,* an officer in the mousquetaries, kept the young fellows in a certain kind of order. The table was also frequented by merchants, financiers and contractors, as M. de Besse, M. de Forcade and others whose names I have forgotten—all of them good, polite fellows and men distinguished in their profession. In short, respectable people of every station were to be met with at Madam La Selle's ; the only exception was in the case of Abbés and men of the cloth, whom it was agreed upon never to admit. Our table, crowded though it was, was gay in the extreme, without being turbulent ; they had learned the fine art of blackguarding without coarseness. The old commander, with all his smutty stories, smutty as to substance, never lost his old-court politesse, and he never let fall a loose thing that was not redeemed by its droll setting, so that the women themselves had to let it pass. His style became

* It was to M. Ancelot I gave a little comedy I had put together, entitled *The Prisoners of War* (*Les Prisonniers de la guerre*). This I wrote after the disasters the French met with in Bavaria and Bohemia. I could never muster courage enough either to acknowledge this piece or to show it to any one, and that for the singular reason that neither the King of France nor the French people were perhaps ever more highly lauded nor praised with more hearty sincerity than in my piece. Professed republican and radical as I was, I dared not avow myself the panegyrist of a nation whose principles and politics were exactly the reverse of mine. More profoundly grieved at the misfortunes of France than the French themselves, I was still afraid people would construe into flattery and fawning the testimony of a sincere attachment. The period when this attachment was first formed and the cause thereof I have mentioned in Period First.*

the standard for the whole table : the young fellows related their adventures among the ladies with equal freedom and grace ; and these narratives were all the more complete, as the Seraglio was at the door, for the alley which led to Madam La Selle's was the same into which entered the shop of La Duchapt, the celebrated *marchande de modes*, who had at that time some very pretty girls, with whom our fellows used to go and chat before and after dinner. I should have amused myself like the rest, had I been able to muster up courage enough. It needed but to enter as they did,—I never dared. As to Madam La Selle, I continued to go and eat at her house quite often after the departure of Altuna. Here I learned a mass of amusing anecdotes, and caught, too, little by little, not, thank God, the morals but the maxims I found reigning supreme. Decent people gone to the devil, cuckolded husbands, seduced women, clandestine accouchements, were the staple of their talk, and he was always most honored who best filled the Foundling Hospital. I, too, caught the infection : my mode of thinking shaped itself after that in vogue amongst these very amiable, and at the bottom worthy enough people. Said I to myself, “since 'tis the custom of the country, one may as well do in Rome as Rome does.” This was just the expedient I was in search of ! Boldly and without the smallest scruple I determined on my course ; and the only person I had to bring round was Thérèse whom I had all the trouble in the world to induce to adopt this the sole means of saving her honor. Her mother, however, who, besides, dreaded any brats coming along to give her new trouble, came to my aid, so she gave in. We made choice of a prudent and trusty midwife, called Mlle. Gouin, who lived at Point Saint-Eustache, and when her time had come, Thérèse was conveyed by her mother to la Gouin's to go through her confinement. Thither I went to see her several times, and I brought her a cipher which I reduplicated on two cards, one of which was put into the child's linen. The baby was deposited by the midwife at the office of the Foundling Hospital, after the ordinary manner. The year following, the same inconvenience and the same expedient, excepting the cipher, which was neglected. Not a bit more reflection on my part ; not a bit more

approbation on that of the mother : with many a deep-drawn sigh, she obeyed Reader, you will hereafter see all the vicissitudes this fatal conduct step by step produced on my mode of thinking, as also on my destiny. For the present, let us confine ourselves to the epoch spoken of. Too often will its most bitter and unforeseen consequences force me to return thereto.

This period is also noticeable as the time of my first acquaintance with Madam d'Epinay, a name which will so often recur in these memoirs. She was formerly a Mlle. d'Esclavelles, and had just married M. d'Epinay, a son of M. de Lalive de Bellegarde, Férmier-général. Her husband was, like M. de Francueil, a musician. She, too, was fond of music, and the love of this art became a very close bond of union between us three. M. de Francueil introduced me to Madam d'Epinay, and we sometimes took supper together at her house. She was amiable, witty, talented—surely a desirable acquaintance to make ! She had, however, a friend, called Mlle. d'Ette, who passed for a wicked vixen, and who lived along with the chevalier de Valory—a personage whose temper was reputed none of the best. Her acquaintance with these two persons was, I think, prejudicial to Madam d'Epinay, to whom nature had given, along with a very exacting temper, most excellent qualities to regulate and redeem her waywardness. M. de Francueil inspired her with a share of the friendship he felt for me, and told me of his *liaisons* with her, of which, of course, I would not speak here, had they not afterwards become so public as not to be hid even from M. d'Epinay. M. de Francueil went so far as to confide to me secrets of a most singular nature touching this lady—matters of which she herself never spoke to me nor suspected me aware of, for I never have opened my lips either to her or any one else on the subject, and I never shall.* This confidence from all sides rendered my situation very embarrassing, especially with Madam de Francueil, who knew enough of me not to

* The *secrets* M. de Francueil confided to Rousseau touching Madam d'Epinay are no longer such to any one. The *Mémoires* published in this lady's name reveal that M. d'Epinay had communicated a *maladie honteuse* to his wife, and she transmitted it to her lover [M. de Francueil] who came near dying of it. Tr.

mistrust me, though intimate with her rival. I did my best to console the poor woman, whose husband certainly did not return the affection she felt for him. I listened to these three persons separately, and kept their secrets with the utmost fidelity, so that not one of the three ever drew from me the other's, and this without any attempt on my part to conceal from either of the women my attachment for her rival. Madam de Francueil, who often tried to make a tool of me, met with a flat refusal, and Madam d'Epinay, on attempting once to get me to take a letter to Francueil, not only met with the same, but it was accompanied by the downright declaration that if she wished to drive me forever from her house, she had but to make such a proposition again. I must, however, do Madam d'Epinay the justice to say that far from my course's seeming to displease her, she spoke of it to Francueil with praise, and received me not a whit the worse for all that. Thus it was that, amidst the stormy relations of three persons whom I had to manage, on whom in a measure I was dependant, and for whom I felt an attachment, I preserved to the last their friendship, esteem, confidence, simply by behaving with mildness and complaisance, accompanied by the utmost firmness and straightforwardness. Spite of my stupidity and awkwardness, Madam d'Epinay *would* have me join in the amusements of La Chevrette, a château near by Saint Denis, belonging to M. de Bellegarde. Here there was a theatre where they often had performances. They gave me a part which I studied for six months without let-up, and in which, when the representation-evening came, I had to be prompted from one end to the other. This trial stopped them from ever giving me any more parts to play.

My acquaintance with Madam d'Epinay brought me an introduction to her sister-in-law, Mlle. de Bellegarde, who shortly afterwards became Countess de Houdetot. The first time I saw her was on the eve of her marriage, when she conversed with me for a long time with that charming familiarity natural to her. I found her very amiable, though I was very far from foreseeing that this young person was one day to sway my life's destiny, and draw me, though innocently, into the abyss in which I am now plunged.

Though I have not spoken of Diderot since my return from Venice, nor yet, by the way, of my friend M. Roguin, I nevertheless neglected neither of them. With the first, especially, I became daily more intimate. While I had a Thérèse, he had a Nanette, which was another coincidence; but the difference was that my Thérèse, a woman of as fine a figure as his Nanette, was of a sweet temper and an amiable disposition, formed by nature to gain and fix the affections of an honest man ; whilst his, the prating shrew, had nothing about her to redeem her bad education. However, he married her. This was very well done of him, if he had promised to. For my part, having promised no such thing, I was in no hurry to imitate him.

I had also formed an intimacy with the Abbé de Condillac, who had, at that time, no more of a name in literature than I had, but who gave ample promise of what he was ere long to become. I was perhaps the first that perceived his powers, and appreciated their value. He seemed to like me, too ; and whilst I was shut up in my chamber in John Saint Denis street, near the Opera house, composing my act of Hesiod, he sometimes came to see me, and we would club together for a cosy little dinner. He was then engaged on his *Essay on the Origin of Human Knowledge*, which was his first work.* After finishing it, the trouble was to find a publisher to bring it out. The Paris publishers are arrogant and hard towards a new beginner ; and metaphysics, then very little in fashion, was not a very inviting subject. I spoke to Diderot of Condillac and of his work, and introduced them to each other. They had a strong affinity for each other, and so were of course soon on the best of terms. Diderot induced Durand, the publisher, to take the Abbé's manuscript, and this great metaphysician received, and by a favor almost, a hundred crowns for his first work, which he would not have got itself had it not been for me. As we lived in parts of the city far removed from each other, we all three of us met once a week in the Palais-Royal, and went and took dinner at the hotel du Panier-Fleuri. These weekly dinners must have been extremely pleasing to Diderot, for he, who almost invariably broke his appointments, never missed a single one of these

* Published in 1747, in two vols., 12mo. Tr.

At our little meetings, I formed the plan of a periodical sheet entitled *Le Persifleur* (The Jeerer), which Diderot and I were to edit alternately. I sketched the first sheet, and this brought me acquainted with D'Alembert, to whom Diderot had mentioned the plan. Unforeseen events frustrated our intentions, and the project was carried no farther.

These two authors had just undertaken the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*, which at first was simply intended to be a species of translation from Chambers, something like that of James' "Medical Dictionary," which Diderot had just finished. Diderot would have me take some share in this second undertaking, and proposed that I should do the musical part, which I agreed to, and which I executed very hastily and very badly in the three months he had given me, as to the various authors engaged on the work. I however was the only one ready at the prescribed time. I sent him my manuscript, which I had copied out neatly by a footman of M. de Francueil's, named Dupont, who wrote very well, and to whom I paid ten crowns out of my own pocket, and for which I was never reimbursed. Diderot had promised me a reward on the part of the publishers, of which he never afterwards spoke to me, nor did I to him.

This undertaking of the *Encyclopædia* was interrupted by his imprisonment. The *Pensées Philosophiques* (Philosophic Thoughts) occasioned him some little trouble, though it amounted to nothing particular. Not so was it with the *Letter Concerning the Blind* (*Lettre sur les Aveugles*), which contained nothing reprehensible, excepting certain personal allusions that shocked Madam Dupré de Saint Maur and M. de Réaumur, and on account whereof he was confined in the donjon of Vincennes. It would be impossible to describe the anguish I felt at the misfortune of my friend. My fatal imagination, which ever inclines to make bad worse, took fright. I pictured him as imprisoned for life; and became almost distracted at the thought. I wrote to Madam de Pompadour, conjuring her to obtain his release, or else obtain permission that I should be imprisoned along with him. I received no reply to my letter,—it was too irrational to be efficacious; and I do not flatter myself that it contributed to the alleviation shortly afterwards granted

to poor Diderot's captivity. But this I can say, that had it lasted much longer with the same rigor, I should have died of despair 'neath that hated donjon. However, if my letter produced but little effect, I took no great credit for it, for I mentioned it to but very few people, and never to Diderot himself.

ROUSSEAU'S CONFESSIONS,

BOOK VIII.

1749.

I OUGHT, at the end of the preceding book, to have made a pause. With the present one begins, in its primal origin, the long succession of my misfortunes.

Having lived with two of the most brilliant families in Paris, I had not failed, spite of my lack of push, to pick up certain acquaintances. At Madam Dupin's I had, among others, made the acquaintance of the young prince hereditary of Saxe-Gotha and Baron de Thun, his tutor. At Madam La Poplinière's I formed an intimacy with M. Sequy, a friend of Baron de Thun, and well known in the literary world by his beautiful edition of Rousseau. The Baron invited M. Sequy and myself to go and pass a day or two at Fontenoy-sous-Bois, where the Prince had a house. Thither we went. While passing Vincennes, I experienced a laceration of heart at the sight of the donjon, the effect of which the Baron perceived on my countenance. At supper, the Prince spoke of the confinement of Diderot. The Baron, to draw me out, accused the prisoner of being imprudent: however this may have been, I certainly was so in the impetuous manner in which I defended him. They pardoned this excess of zeal, inspired as it was, by a friend's misfortune, and the conversation turned on something else. There were two Germans attached to the Prince's service present, namely, M. Kupffell, a very able man, then his chaplain, and who afterwards, having supplanted the Baron, became his tutor; and a young man, named M. Grimm, who was in his service as reader, waiting meanwhile for something to turn up, and whose very slender outfit was palpable proof of how pressing was the need he was in of something's doing so. From this very evening, Kupffell and I began an acquaintance that soon ripened into friendship. With Sir Grimm things did not go on quite so rapidly; he made but little effort to put

himself forward,—how different from that presumptuous air prosperity afterwards induced! Next day at dinner, the conversation turned on music, on which he spoke well. I was transported with delight on learning that he could play accompaniments on the harpsichord. After dinner, music was brought, and we had it all day, accompanied by the prince's harpsichord. Thus commenced that friendship, at first so agreeable, but at last so fatal to me, whereof I shall hereafter have so much to say.

On my return to Paris, I learned the agreeable intelligence that Diderot was released from the donjon, and that they had given him the chateau and park of Vincennes, on parole, as his prison, with permission to see his friends. How hard was it for me not to be able to fly to him on the instant! but, detained for two or three days at Madam Dupin's by indispensable affairs, after ages of impatience I hastened to the arms of my friend. Ineffable moment! He was not alone; d'Alembert and the treasurer of the Sainte-Chapelle were with him. On entering, I saw but him; I made but one leap, one cry—I riveted my face to his, and pressed him closely in my arms, without speaking in any other way than by my tears and sobs, affection and joy all but stifling me. His first act, on leaving my arms, was to turn towards the ecclesiastic and say to him, "You see, sir, how my friends love me!" Quite absorbed as I was in my emotion, I did not at the time reflect upon this way of taking advantage thereof; but on revolving over the matter subsequently, I have always thought that, had I been in Diderot's place, this would not have been exactly the first idea that would have occurred to me.

I found him greatly affected by his imprisonment. The donjon had made a terrible impression on him; and although he was agreeably situated in the chateau, and was at liberty to walk where he pleased in a park unenclosed even by walls, yet he wanted the companionship of his friends to prevent him from giving way to melancholy. As I assuredly sympathized the most deeply with him in his sufferings, I thought I would also be the friend the sight of whom would give him most consolation; and so, every second day at the farthest, notwithstanding my very pressing engagements, I went out, sometimes alone, and

at other times with his wife, and passed the afternoon with him.

The summer of this year, 1749, was marked by its excessive heat. It is two leagues from Paris to Vincennes. In no condition to hire hackney-coaches, I used when alone to go on foot at two o'clock in the afternoon ; and to get the sooner, I walked quite fast. The trees by the roadside, invariably lopped according to the custom of the country, afforded scarcely any shade ; and often would I throw myself on the ground, worn out with fatigue, unable to go a step farther. To moderate my pace, I devised the plan of taking something to read along with me. One day I took the *Mercure de France*; well, while walking and reading along, I fell on this question, proposed by the Academy of Dijon for the premium the ensuing year, *Whether the advance of the Arts and Sciences had contributed to corrupt or purify morals?*

The moment I read this, I beheld another universe and became a new man. Though I have a lively recollection of the impression it made on me, the details have escaped my mind since I developed them in one of my four letters to M. de Malesherbes. This, by the way, is a peculiarity of my memory that deserves mention : it serves me just in proportion as I rely upon it—the moment I have committed the trust to paper, it forsakes me ; just as soon as I have once written a thing, I forget it altogether. This singularity holds even in music. Before learning the art, I knew a multitude of songs by heart ; but ever since I have been able to sing by note, I have been unable to recollect any ; and I doubt whether of those I have been the fondest of, I could at present go through with a single one.

The only thing I remember distinctly on this occasion is that, on arriving at Vincennes, I was in a state of agitation that approached delirium. Diderot perceived it : I told him the cause thereof, and read him the Fabricius prosopopœia which I had written with a pencil under an oak. He advised me to give flight to my ideas and become a competitor for the prize. I did so, and from that moment I was lost. The rest of my life, and all my subsequent misfortunes are the inevitable effect of this moment of error.

My sentiments rose with inconceivable rapidity to the level of my ideas. All my petty passions were stifled by the enthusiasm of truth, liberty and virtue : but the astonishing part of it was, that this effervescence continued in my soul for upwards of five years, and that to as lofty a pitch, perhaps, as it ever did in the heart of man.

I composed my Dissertation after a very singular fashion, and by the way, I pursued the plan in all my other works. I devoted the sleepless hours of night to it, meditating in bed with my eyes closed, turning and returning my periods in my head with incredible trouble ; then, when I had got them to my satisfaction, I characterised them in my memory, until an opportunity for committing them to paper presented itself. The time spent in rising and dressing myself, however, sent everything out of my head, so that when I came to sit down to my paper, scarce anything of what I had composed remained. To remedy this I hit on making Madam Le Vasseur my secretary. I had furnished her with lodgings nearer me, along with her husband and daughter ; and, to save me the expense of a servant, she came every morning to light my fire and do up any little chores. As soon as she came, I dictated to her from my bed what I had composed during the night, and this practice, which I kept up for a long time, preserved me many things I should otherwise have forgotten.

When the Dissertation was done, I showed it to Diderot, who liked it well, and pointed out certain corrections. And yet this composition, full of force and fire though it be, is totally deficient in logic and order : of all the productions that have come from my pen, it is the feeblest as to reasoning and the poorest in number and harmony. But with what talent soever one may be born, the art of writing is not to be acquired in a day.

I sent off the piece without speaking of it to any one, unless it may be, I think, that I mentioned it to Grimm, with whom, since his connection with Count Trièse, I began to be on the most intimate footing. He had a harpsichord which served as a connecting link between us, and around which I used to pass all my leisure moments along with him, singing Italian airs and barcarolles right on from morning to night, or rather from night to morning ; so that

when I was not to be found at Madam Dupin's, everybody concluded that I was at M. Grimm's, or with him at least, either walking, or at the theatre. I left off going to the *Comédie Italienne*, of which I had the freedom, to accompany him to the *Comédie Française*, of which he was passionately fond, and where, of course, I had to pay for admission. In short, so powerful an attraction bound me to this young man, and I became so inseparable from him, that the poor 'aunt' herself was rather neglected ; that is, I saw her less frequently, for never for a moment in my life has my attachment for her become at all weakened.

This impossibility of spending my little spare time according to my inclinations renewed more strongly than ever the desire I had long entertained of having but one home in common for Thérèse and myself : but the encumbrance of her numerous relatives, and especially the want of money wherewith to purchase furniture, had hitherto withheld me from doing so. An opportunity to make the effort, however, presented itself, and I profited thereby. M. de Francueil and Madam Dupin, realizing that eight or nine hundred francs a year must be inadequate to my wants, of their own accord advanced my salary to fifty louis ; and Madam Dupin, learning that I wished to furnish my lodgings, assisted me with some articles for that purpose. Of this furniture and what Thérèse had we made a stock in common ; and having rented a small apartment in the hotel de Languedoc, rue de Grenelle-Saint-Honoré, kept by very respectable people, we fixed up matters as best we could, and here we lived peacefully and agreeably for seven years, until my removal to the Hermitage.

Thérèse's father was a worthy old fellow, extremely mild and mortally afraid of his wife, to whom he had for this reason given the surname of ' Lieutenant Criminal,' a nickname which Grimm in his jocose way afterwards transferred to the daughter. Madam Le Vasseur had no lack of wit, that is, address : she even affected the politeness and fine airs of the fashionable world, and she practiced a mysterious system of trickery that was insufferable to me, giving bad advice to her daughter, endeavoring to make her dissemble with me, and cajoling my friends separately at each others expense and my own ; in other respects, a

good enough mother in her way seeing that she found her account in being so, and given to concealing her daughter's faults because she profited thereby. This woman, whom I loaded with attentions and little presents, and by whom I had it extremely at heart to render myself beloved, became, from the impossibility I found in doing so, the sole cause of any trouble I suffered in my little establishment. With this exception, I can truly declare that, during these six or seven years, I enjoyed the most perfect domestic happiness compatible with human frailty. The heart of my Thérèse was the heart of an angel ; our attachment increased with our intimacy, and we realized more and more every day how entirely we were made for each other. Did our pleasures admit of description, their simplicity would certainly excite a smile : our promenades beyond the city, where I would indulge in the extravagance of spending eight or ten sous at some ale-house or other ; our little suppers at my window sill seated opposite each other on two little chairs, placed on a trunk which filled the embrasure. Thus seated, the window served as our table, we breathed the fresh air, surveyed the neighborhood or watched the passers by, and though up in the fourth story we could command the whole sweep of the street below, and eat at the same time. Who shall describe, nay, who can feel the charm of those repasts, consisting, for solids, of a large quartern loaf, a few cherries and a piece of cheese ; and of half a pint of wine which we drank between us ! Friendship, confidence, intimacy, sweetness of disposition —how delicious your seasoning ! At times we would unconsciously linger there till midnight, without a thought of the hour, unless informed of it by the old mother. But a truce to details : they must necessarily seem either insipid or laughable. I have always said and always felt that true happiness is not to be described.

Much about the same time, I indulged in a pleasure of a rather grosser kind, the last, indeed, of that sort I have to reproach myself with. I have observed that the minister Kupffell was an amiable fellow : my connection with him was scarcely less intimate than with Grimm, and we became quite as familiar. At times they both took dinner along with me. These repasts, simple to a degree, were enlivened

by Kupffell's fine rolicsome wantonness and by the diverting germanisms of Grimm, who had not as yet become a purist. Indulgence was not the order of the day at our little orgies, but joy supplied its place, and we enjoyed each other's company so much that we could scarce separate. Kupffell had increased his establishment by a little girl, who, however, as he could not support her himself, was at the service of anybody else. One evening, on entering the café, we met him coming out to go and take supper with her. We rallied him, whereon he gallantly revenged himself by inviting us to supper along with him, and then rallied us in turn. The poor young creature appeared to me of quite a pleasant disposition, very mild and little fitted for her way of life, though an old hag, she had with her, seemed doing her utmost to train her to it. Wine and talk so enlivened us that we forgot ourselves. The kind Kupffell was unwilling to do the honors by halves, so the three of us passed successively into the adjoining chamber with the young creature who scarce knew whether to laugh or cry. Grimm always maintained that he did not touch her : it must, then, have been simply to amuse himself by keeping us waiting that he remained so long with her ; and if he abstained, there is little likelihood of its being from scruple, as, previous to his going to live with Count Frièse, he had lodged with girls of the town in that same *quartier Saint-Roch*.

I left the rue des Moineaux, where the young thing lodged, as heartily ashamed of myself as was Saint Preux on leaving the house where he had got drunk, and when I wrote his story, I well remembered my own. Thérèse perceived by some indication or other, and especially by my confused air, that I had somewhat to reproach myself with, so I relieved my mind by making a clean breast of it. And well it was that I did so, for the very next day, Grimm came in triumph, and gave her an exaggerated version of my crime, and since then he has never failed malignantly to call it to her mind : in doing which he acted all the more culpably in that, having freely and of my own accord given him my confidence, I had a right to expect from him that he would not give me occasion to repent having done so. Never had I a more convincing proof of Thérèse's goodness

of heart than on this occasion ; for she was more shocked at Grimm's conduct than at my infidelity, and all I received from her were certain tender and touching reproaches, wherein I perceived not the smallest trace of spite.

The simplicity of this excellent girl equaled her goodness of heart : that is saying everything. There is an example, however, which presents itself to my mind that is worth relating. I had told her that Kupffell was a minister and chaplain to the prince of Saxe-Gotha. A minister was to her so singular a personage, that, comically confounding the most divergent of ideas, she got it into her head to take Kupffell for the Pope. I thought her mad the first time she told me, on my entrance, that the Pope had called to see me. I made her explain herself, and then lost not a moment in going and telling the story to Grimm and Kupffell, who never lost the name of 'Pope' amongst ourselves. To the girl of rue des Moineaux we gave the name of the Popesse Joan. And then what laughs we had over it,—it almost stifled us ! The persons who, in a letter it has pleased them to attribute to me, have made me say that I never laughed but twice in my life, did not know me at the period referred to, nor yet in my youth ; otherwise such an idea would assuredly never have entered their heads.

(1750–1752). The year following, 1750, while thinking no more of my *Dissertation*, I learned that it had carried off the prize at Dijon. This news awakened all the ideas that had dictated it to me, animated them with new fire, and completed the fermentation in my heart of that first leaven of heroism and virtue which my father, my country and Plutarch had infused into my mind during childhood. Nothing now seemed great or beautiful in my eyes but to be free and virtuous, superior to fortune and opinion, and to be self-sufficient. Although false shame and the fear of ridicule prevented me from at first conducting myself according to these principles, and kept me from suddenly and unceremoniously setting myself in opposition to the philosophy of my age, I from that time forth formed the determined resolution of doing so, and I delayed executing it only till contradiction should irritate and render it triumphant.

Whilst I was philosophising on the duties of man, an

event occurred that made me think more immediately of my own duties. Thérèse became a third time pregnant. Too sincere with myself, too proud inwardly to give the lie to my principles by my practice, I set to examining the destination of my children and my relations to their mother, according to the laws of nature, justice and reason, and according to the dictates of our pure and holy religion, a religion as eternal as its author, but which men have polluted in pretending to purify it, and which they have, by their formularies, reduced to a religion of words, since the difficulty of prescribing impossibilities is but trifling to those by whom they are not practised.

If I deceived myself in the conclusion I came to, nothing is more astonishing than the security of soul with which I relied thereon. Had I been one of those naturally bad men, deaf to the soft voice of nature, within whom no true sentiment of justice or humanity ever takes root, this obduracy would have been comprehensible enough ; but are my warmheartedness, my keen sensibility, that readiness to form attachments, that force with which they overcome me, the heart-breaking I feel when they have to be given up, my inborn sympathy with my fellows, my ardent love of the Great, the True, the Beautiful, the Just, my horror of evil in all its shapes, the impossibility I feel of hating, injuring, or even wishing to injure any one, the keen sympathy, the soft, deep emotion I experience at the sight of whatever is virtuous, generous, or amiable—are all these compatible in the same mind, with the depravity that unscrupulously tramples on the tenderest of duties ? No ; I feel it, and I unhesitatingly affirm that such a thing is impossible. Never for a moment in his life could Jean Jacques be an unfeeling, heartless man, or an unnatural father. I may have deceived myself, but never have I allowed my heart to become hardened. Did I give my reasons, I should say too much. Since they seduced me, they might seduce others also ; and I do not wish to expose the young people that may read me to fall into the same mistake. I shall content myself with saying that my error was of such a nature that in abandoning my children to a public education, for want of means to bring them up myself, in destining them to become workmen and peasants, rather than adventurers and

fortune-hunters, I conceived I was acting like a good father and a good citizen, and regarded myself as a member of the republic of Plato. More than once, since then, have the regrets of my heart brought it home to me that I was wrong ; but far from my reason's intimating any such thing, I have often thanked heaven for having thereby preserved them from the fate of their father and from the lot that would inevitably have befallen them on my being forced to leave them. Had I left them to Madam d'Epinay or Madam de Luxembourg, who, either out of friendship, generosity, or some other motive, offered to take care of them in due time, would they have been any happier ? would they, any way, have been brought up to be honest men ? I know not ; but of this I am very sure, that they would have been taught to hate, nay, it may be, to betray their parents : better a thousand times is it they never knew them !

My third child was, accordingly, like the two first, carried to the Foundling-Hospital ; so, too, with the two that followed, for I had five in all. This arrangement seemed to me so good, so sensible, so legitimate, that, if I did not openly boast of it, it was simply out of regard to the mother. I mentioned it, however, to all who were aware of our connection : I told Diderot, I told Grimm ; I afterwards informed Madam d'Epinay, and afterwards again Madam de Luxembourg ; and this of my own accord, frankly, without being under the least necessity of doing so, and having it in my power readily to have concealed it from everybody ; for la Gouin was a decent, discreet body, on whom I could perfectly rely. The only one of my friends to whom I had any interest to open myself was the physician Thierry who had the care of my poor 'aunt' in one of her lyings-in, in which she was very ill. In a word, I acted without the least mystery, not only because I never could conceal anything from my friends, but, in fact, because I saw no harm in it. Everything considered, I made the best choice for my children, or what I thought such. I could have wished, and I still wish, I had been brought up as they were.

Whilst I was unbosoming myself, Madam Le Vasseur was doing the same, though with less disinterested views. I had introduced her daughter and her to Madam Dupin, who, from friendship for me, showed them a thousand marks

of kindness. The mother let her into the secret of the daughter. Madam Dupin, who is kind and generous, and to whom she never told how attentive I was, notwithstanding the smallness of my means, in providing everything necessary, out of her own purse furnished everything required with a liberality which, by order of her mother, the daughter always concealed from me during my residence in Paris, and of which she never told me until we were at the Hermitage, when she informed me thereof, after having unbosomed herself of various other matters. I did not know Madam Dupin was so well informed, for she never made as though she knew anything of the matter ; nor am I aware whether Madam de Chenonceaux, her daughter-in-law, was also informed ; but her daughter-in-law, Madam de Francueil certainly was, nor could she refrain from prating. She spoke of it to me the year following, after I had left her house. This stirred me up to write her a letter which will be found in my collection, wherein I lay bare such of my reasons as I could make public without compromising Madam Le Vasseur and her connections ; for the weightiest ones came from that quarter, and these I kept profoundly secret.

I am sure of the discretion of Madam Dupin and of the friendship of Madam de Chenonceaux : I had the same dependence on Madam de Francueil, who, besides, was dead long before my secret got noised abroad in the world. It could never have got out but by the very persons to whom I confided it ; nor by the way did it, till after my rupture with them. By this single fact are they judged : without wishing to exculpate myself from the blame I deserve, I much prefer bearing it to bearing that their malignity deserves. My sin is great, but it was an error ; I have neglected my duties, but the desire of harming any one never entered my heart, and it is impossible for a father's feelings to speak very loudly for children he never saw : but betraying the confidence of friendship, violating the most sacred of all engagements, publishing secrets sacredly entrusted, wantonly dishonoring the friend one has deceived, and who while giving you up still respects you—such acts as these are not mere faults, they are the blackest and basest of villainies.

I have promised a confession, not a justification of my-

self ; so I stop here. It is for me to be truthful ; for the reader to be just. More than this I shall never ask of him.

The marriage of M. de Chenouceaux rendered his mother's house still more agreeable to me, from the wit and worth of the bride, a very amiable young person, who seemed to distinguish me from among the scribes of M. Dupin. She was the only daughter of the Viscountess de Rôchechouert, a great friend of Count Trièse and consequently of Grimm, who was very attentive to her. It was I, however, that introduced him to her daughter : but their dispositions do not accord, so the connection was not followed up, and Grimm, who even then had an eye to the substantial, preferred the mother, a woman of the world, to the daughter, who wished steady and agreeable friends, without taking the least part in intrigues or seeking credit among the great. Madam Dupin, not finding in Madam de Chenonceaux all the docility she expected, rendered her house a very disagreeable home ; and Madam de Chenonceaux, proud of her merit, and perhaps of her birth, chose rather to give up the pleasures of society and remain almost alone in her apartment, rather than submit to a yoke she did not feel called on to bear. This species of exile increased my attachment for her, by that natural inclination that draws me towards the unhappy. I found that she was of a metaphysical and reflective turn, though inclined to be somewhat sophistical. Her conversation, which did not at all resemble that of a young woman coming from a convent, was extremely attractive to me. And yet she was not twenty years old ; her complexion was dazzlingly fair ; her figure would have been majestic had she held herself more upright ; her hair, of an ashy blond and rare beauty, reminded me of my poor *Maman's* in her best days, and caused my heart many a flutter. But the severe principles I had just laid down for myself, and which I was resolved to carry out at all costs, made me proof against herself and her charms. During a whole summer, I passed three or four hours a day along with her alone, gravely teaching her arithmetic and boring her to death with my figures, without uttering a single word in the way of gallantry, or so much as casting a tender look at her. Five or six years later I should not have been so wise, or so foolish(?) ; but it was decreed

that I was to love but once in my life, and that another than she was to have my heart's first and last sigh.

Since I had gone to live with Madam Dupin, I had always been satisfied with my lot, and had not manifested any desire to have it improved. The advance which, conjointly with M. de Francueil, she had made in my salary, was entirely of their own accord. This year, M. de Francueil, whose friendship for me increased day by day, had it in his thoughts to place me in a more easy position, and in a less precarious situation. He was receiver general of the finances. M. Dudoyer, his cashier, had grown old and rich, and wished to retire. M. de Francueil offered me the situation ; and to fit me to fulfill its functions, I went for several weeks to M. Dudoyer to receive the necessary instruction. But, whether I had but little talent for the employment, or Dudoyer, who seemed to me to have another successor in his eye, did not act in good faith in his instructions, I acquired the knowledge I wanted slowly and imperfectly ; and I could never get into my head the intricate order of the accounts, designedly, it may be, rendered more complicated. However, though I had not grasped the whole scope of the business, I had yet caught enough of the practical method to carry it on successfully. I even commenced my duties. I kept the cash-book and the cash ; paid and received monies, gave receipts, etc. ; and though I had as little taste as talent for the business, yet maturity having brought sense, I was determined to conquer my repugnance and devote myself entirely to my employment. Unfortunately, I had no sooner got well started than M. de Francueil went on a little journey, during which I was entrusted with the cash, which, by the way, did not just then amount to over twenty-five or thirty thousand francs. The anxiety of mind this trust occasioned keenly brought home to me how very unfitted I was for a cash-keeper, and I doubt not that the bad blood I generated during his absence contributed to the illness into which I fell on his return.

I have observed, in my First Part, that I was born in a dying state. A malformation of the bladder caused me, during my early years, to suffer an almost continual retention of urine ; and my aunt Susan, to whose care I was entrusted, had inconceivable difficulty in preserving my life. She

succeeded, however ; my robust constitution got the ascendant, and my health became so established during my youth that, excepting the languor-illness, of which I have given an account, and the frequent need of urinating which the least heat very troublesome brought on, I arrived at the age of thirty almost totally exempt from my original infirmity. The first time I felt it was on my arrival at Venice. The fatigue of the journey and the terrible heat I had suffered brought on an attack of ardeur d'urine and pains in the loins that lasted till the beginning of winter. After having seen the padoana, I thought I was a dead man, and yet I suffered not the least inconvenience. After exhausting my imagination more than my body on my Zulietta, I enjoyed better health than ever. It was not till after Diderot's imprisonment, that the over-heating contracted during my walks to Vincennes, amid the terrible heats of that summer, brought on a violent nephritic colic, since which I have never recovered my first good health.

At the time of which I am speaking, having most likely rather fatigued myself at my uncongenial labors over that cursed cash, I fell lower than ever, and I remained in my bed five or six weeks in the most wretched condition imaginable. Madam Dupin sent me the celebrated Morand, who, spite of his address and the delicacy of his touch, caused me insufferable torments, and never could probe me. He advised me to have recourse to Doran, whose more flexible bougies, indeed, at length effected an entrance ; but when reporting my condition to Madam Dupin, Morand declared to her that six months thence I would not be alive. This came to my ear, and induced serious reflection on my situation, and on the folly of sacrificing the repose and enjoyment of the few days I had to live to the slavery of an employment for which I felt nothing but disgust. Besides, how reconcile the severe principles I had just adopted with a situation so little in rapport therewith ? Would not I look well, the cashier of a Receiver general of finances, preaching disinterestedness and poverty ! These ideas so fermented in my fever-wrought brain, so stamped themselves thereon, that nothing could afterwards rase them ; and during my convalescence I coolly confirmed myself in the resolutions I had determined on during my delirium. I renounced for ever all projects of fortune or advancement. Full^r determined to pass the little while that

remainder for me to live in independence and poverty, I brought to bear all the powers of my soul to breaking the fetters of opinion, and courageously doing whatever appeared to me well, without giving myself the least concern about the judgment of men. The obstacles I had to combat, and the efforts I made to triumph over them, are inconceivable. I succeeded as far as was possible and far beyond what I had myself expected. Had I as completely shaken off the yoke of friendship as I did that of opinion, I should have accomplished my design, a design the greatest, or at least the most useful to virtue ever mortal conceived; but whilst I trampled under foot the senseless judgments of the vulgar tribe of self-called great and wise, I suffered myself to be influenced and overcome by so-called friends, who, jealous of seeing me walking alone in a new path, whilst seeming to take all possible measures for my happiness, in reality used all their endeavors to render me ridiculous, beginning by villifying, that they might in the end defame me. It was not so much my literary celebrity as my personal reform, of which I note here the commencement, that drew upon me their jealousy. They would perhaps have pardoned my having distinguished myself as a writer; but they could not forgive my setting them an example that might seem to reflect on them. I was born for friendship; my mild and easy disposition freely feels it. So long as I lived unknown to the public, I was beloved by all that knew me, and I had not a single enemy; but no sooner had I acquired a name than all my friends took flight. This was a very great misfortune; but a greater still was to be surrounded by persons who assumed the name of friends, and who used the rights attached to that sacred name only to lead me on to destruction. The sequel of these Memoirs will reveal this odious conspiracy; I here simply point out its origin—how the first coil was formed will shortly appear.

In the independence in which I wished to live, I had nevertheless to subsist. To effect this I hit on a very simple means, namely, copying music at so much a page. If any more solid occupation would have brought about the same end, I should have taken it up. This way of life, however, was to my taste, and was the only one in which I could, without personal subjection, earn my daily bread. I adopted it accordingly. Thinking I had no longer any

need of foresight and stifling my vanity, from being a financier's cashier, I made myself a music-copyist. I conceived I had gained a good deal by the change, and so little did I repent the step, that when I did leave it, it was only from necessity, and then, to return to it as soon as possible.

The success of my first Dissertation, facilitated the execution of this resolution. On its gaining the prize, Diderot undertook to get it printed. Whilst I was confined to bed, he wrote me a note, informing me of its publication and the effect it had produced. "*It takes,*" wrote he, "*beyond all imagination; there is no example of such a success.*" This public favor, totally unsolicited as it was, and towards an unknown author, gave me the first real assurance of my talents, of which, notwithstanding my instinct on the subject, I had always hitherto had doubts. I perceived all the advantage, to the course I was about to pursue, that might be drawn from this circumstance; and judged that a copyist of some celebrity in literature was not likely to want employment.

As soon as my mind was fully made up, and my resolution determined upon, I wrote a note to M. de Francueil, communicating my intentions to him, thanking him, as also Madam Dupin, for all their kindness to me, and requesting their patronage in my new line. Francueil could not understand a word of the note, and thinking me still in the delirium of fever, he hastened to me; but he found my resolution so firm, that he could not succeed in shaking it. He went away, and told Madam Dupin and everybody he met, that I was insane; I let him say his say, and went on my way. I began my reform in my dress: I left off gold facings and white stockings; I put on a round wig, laid aside my sword, and sold my watch, saying to myself with inexpressible pleasure, "Thank heaven, I shall no longer want to know the hour!" M. de Francueil had the kindness to wait a considerable time before disposing of my place. At length, seeing my determination fixed, he gave it to M. d'Alibard, formerly tutor to young Chenonceaux, and known as a botanist by his *Flora Parisiensis*.*

* I doubt not but this whole affair may now be told very differently by M. de Francueil and his confederates; but I appeal to what he said

How severe soever my sumptuary reform may have been, I did not at first extend it to my linen, of which I had a large and fine stock, the remainder of my outfit for Venice, and to which I was particularly attached. By dint of making it an object of cleanliness, it became one of luxury, and rather an expensive article into the bargain. Somebody did me the favor to free me from this bondage. On Christmas eve, while the ‘Governesses’ were at vespers and I at a sacred concert, some one broke open the door of a garret where all our linen was hanging after a recent washing. The whole was stolen, and among the rest forty-two of my shirts, of very fine linen, forming the chief part of my stock. From the description the neighbors gave of a man who was seen coming out of the hotel about that same time, carrying various bundles, Thérèse and myself suspected her brother, whom we knew to be a very worthless character. The mother with might and main repelled the charge; but so many circumstances confirmed it, that our opinion still remained the same for all that. I dared not make any very strict search for fear of finding more than I wanted to. The brother never showed his face again, and finally disappeared altogether. I deplored the lot of Thérèse and myself in being connected with such a family, and exhorted her more than ever to shake off so dangerous a yoke. This occurrence cured me of my passion for fine linen, and ever since then I have had nothing but a very common article, more in accordance with the rest of my dress.

Having thus completed my reformation, my only care was to render it stable and lasting. To this end I strove to uproot from my heart everything tinged with the opinions of the world, whatever might, by the fear of blame, turn me aside from what was good and reasonable in itself. By the help of the noise my work made, my resolution got spread abroad also, thus bringing me practice, so that I began my new profession quite successfully. Various causes, however, prevented my getting on so well as I should otherwise have done. And first, there was my ill

of it at the time, and long afterwards, to everybody, until the formation of the conspiracy—matters whereof many people of good sense and good faith must have preserved the remembrance.

health. The attack I had just had was followed by effects from which I never completely recovered; and I think the doctors to whose care I entrusted myself, did me as much harm as my malady itself. I was successively in the hands of Morand, Daran, Helvétius, Malouin, Thierry—men very able in their profession, and all of them my friends. They treated me each after his fashion, without doing me any good, but greatly weakening me. The more I submitted to their directions, the yellower, thinner and weaker I became. My imagination, terrified by them, measuring my state by the effect of their drugs, presented nothing on this side the tomb but a succession of sufferings from retentions, the stone, gravel, and what not. Every thing that gave relief to others, ptisans, baths and bleeding, increased my tortures. Noticing that Daran's probes, which alone produced any effect, and without which I deemed it impossible for me to live, gave but a momentary relief, I set to procuring, at a great expense, an immense stock of probes, so as never to be at a loss for them, even in case of Daran's death. During the eight or ten years when I made such frequent use of them, they must, with what I have left, have cost me as much as fifty louis. You may well think that so expensive and so painful a treatment did not allow my working uninterruptedly, and that a dying man is not apt to be very ardently industrious in earning his daily bread.

Literary occupations were another interruption not less prejudicial to my daily labor. Scarcely had my Dissertation appeared than the defenders of letters fell en masse upon me. Disgusted at seeing so many pretentious blockheads, who did not even understand the question, attempting their ex cathedræ decisions, I took up my pen and treated some of them after such a fashion as rather to turn the tables. A certain M. Gautier, of Nancy, who first fell under my pen, got pretty roughly handled in a letter to M. Grimm. The second was King Stanislaus himself, who did not disdain entering the lists with me. The honor he did me forced me to change my tone in replying to him: I assumed a graver, though no less nervous a style; and without manifesting any lack of respect to the author, I completely refuted the work. I knew that a Jesuit, named Father Menou, had had a hand in it: so

trusting to my tact to separate what was the monk's from what was the prince's, I came down unmercifully on all the jesuitical phrases, showing up as I went along an anachronism which I thought could come from nobody but the priest. This critique which, I know not why, attracted less attention than any of my other writings, has remained up to the present time a work unique in its kind. I seized the opportunity it offered to show the public how a private individual may defend the truth against even a sovereign. It would be difficult to hit on a more dignified and at the same time more respectful tone than that I assumed in replying to him. I had the good fortune to have to do with an adversary for whom I entertained a heart-felt esteem and to whom I could, without adulation, testify it. This I did successfully, though always with dignity. My friends, terrified for my safety, imagined they already saw me in the Bastille. This apprehension never for a moment entered my head; and I was right. The good prince, on seeing my answer, remarked, "*All right; I have had enough of it—I shall not return to the charge.*" Since then, I have received various marks of esteem and kindness from him, some of which I shall have occasion to speak of; and my reply was read and circulated throughout France and Europe, without anyone's finding anything to blame in it.

Shortly afterwards I had another adversary I had not expected in that same M. Bordes, of Lyons, who ten years previous had shown me much friendship and done me various services. I had not forgotten, but had through indolence neglected him, and I had not sent him my writings for want of a convenient opportunity of transmitting them to him. In the wrong therefore I was; he attacked me, —politely, however, and I replied in the same manner. He rejoined in a more decided tone. This gave rise to my last answer, after which he dropped the subject; but he became my most bitter enemy, took advantage of the time of my misfortunes to publish frightful libels against me, and made a journey to London on purpose to harm me.

These various controversies of course absorbed a great deal of my attention, causing much loss of time in my copying, without contributing much either to advance the truth or to fill my purse. Pissot, then my publisher, never

gave me much for my pamphlets, and often nothing at all. For my first Dissertation, for instance, I did not get a farthing; Diderot gave it to him. For the little he did give me I had to wait a long time, and was obliged to take it in the merest dribblets. Added to this, my copying went on but slowly. The fact is I had two pursuits on my hands, —just the way for neither of them to go on well.

These two pursuits, again, neutralized each other in another way: in the diverse modes of living, namely, to which they subjected me. The success of my first writings had made me fashionable; the way of life I had adopted excited curiosity; they would know that strange fellow that courted nobody and whose only thought was to live free and happy in his own way,—of course just the means to render that impossible. My room was never empty of people who, under one pretext or another, came to take up my time. The women employed a thousand artifices to get me to dine with them. The rougher I was with them, the more persistent became they. I could not refuse everybody, and while I made myself a thousand enemies by my refusals, I was incessantly being come over by my complaisance; and however I managed it, I had not an hour in the day to myself.

This experience brought home to me that it is not always as easy as one imagines to be poor and independent. I wished to live by my profession; the public did not. A thousand little ways were devised of indemnifying me for the time they took up. The next thing, I would have had to show myself like Punch and Judy, at so much a head. I know of no slavery more complete or more degrading than this. I saw no other remedy than to refuse all presents great or small, making no exception in the case of anybody whatever. This only drew new donors that were ambitious of earning the glory of overcoming my resistance and compelling me to be obliged to them in spite of myself. Many who would not have given me fifty cents, had I asked them for it, incessantly pestered me with their offers, and to revenge themselves for my refusal, taxed me with arrogance and ostentation.

It will readily be guessed that the course I had taken and the system I wished to pursue were not at all to the taste of Madam Le Vasseur. All the daughter's disinterested

ness could not prevent her from following her mother's directions; and the 'governesses,' as Gauffecourt called them, were not always as firm in their refusals as I was. Though they concealed many things from me, I saw enough to know that I did not see all. This tormented me, not so much from the dread of being accused of connivance, which I could easily settle, as from the bitter thought of never being master in my own house, of never being master of myself. I prayed, conjured, got angry, all to no purpose; the mother made me pass for an eternal scold and cross fellow; she held perpetual whisperings with my friends; everything in my own house was a mystery and a secret to me; and, not to expose myself to constant storms, I was glad to take no farther notice of what was going on. To have got out of the muddle would have required a firmness of which I was not capable. Complain I could, but act I could not; so they let me say what I pleased and went on their way.

This perpetual annoyance, joined to the daily importunities to which I was subjected, at last rendered my home and my residence in Paris extremely disagreeable to me. Whenever my indisposition permitted me to go out and I did not let myself be led off by my acquaintances, I walked out alone, musing on my great system and now and then committing something to paper by the help of a little blank book and a pencil I always carried in my pocket. Thus it was that the unforeseen drawbacks to the way of life I had chosen suddenly led me into literature as an escape, and hence it was that the bile and ill-humor that first induced me to think of writing found their way into my first efforts.

Another circumstance contributed also. Thrown spite of myself into society without having its tone or being in a situation to adopt and conform myself thereto, I thought to assume a way of my own that would dispense with my conforming to the conventionalisms of society. My foolish, awkward timidity, which I could never get over, having as its foundation the fear of offending against received forms and etiquetts, I determined, so as to embolden me, to tread them under foot. I became caustic and cynical from very shame, and affected to despise the politeness I could not myself practice. True, this austerity was in accordance with my new principles and thus became ennobled in my soul,

rising to the intrepidity of virtue; and it was, I dare affirm, on this august basis that it supported itself longer and better than was to be expected from any effort so contrary to my nature. And yet, notwithstanding the reputation of misanthropy that my exterior and certain happy expressions had given me in the world, it is certain that in private, I sustained the character but poorly; that my friends and acquaintances led the wild bear about like a lamb, and that, confining my sarcasms to severe but general truths, I never said an uncivil thing to anybody whatever.

The *Devin du Village* capped the climax of my popularity, and presently there was not a man in Paris whose company was more sought after than mine. The history of this piece, which marks an era in my life, should be developed in connection with the account of my connections during this period. Into this detail I must enter somewhat, for the better understanding of what is to follow.

generosity. But I knew the Abbé Raynal long before Grimm himself was acquainted with him, and had always entertained a great regard for him ever since a very delicate kindness he did me. The occasion was a very trifling one, but the act I shall never forget.

That Abbé Raynal is certainly a warm friend. Of this I had a proof, much about this same time, in the case of Grimm himself, with whom he was very intimate. Grimm, after having been for some time on friendly terms with Mlle. Fel, took it into his head to fall violently in love with her, and tried to supplant Cahusac. The lady, piquing herself on her constancy, gave the new-comer the mitten; whereupon he took the affair quite tragically, and got the idea of dying over it. Suddenly, he fell into the strangest malady probably ever heard of. He passed whole days and nights in a continual lethargy, his eyes meanwhile open and his pulse beating regularly, but without speaking, eating or moving, seeming at times to hear what was said, but never replying, not even by a sign; withal, without agitation, without pain, without fever, lying there as though he had been dead. The Abbé Raynal and myself took turns in watching over him; the Abbé, robuster and in better health than myself remained with him during the night, while I stayed during the day. We stayed there without leaving him, though never together, and the one never left till the other had arrived. Count Triése getting alarmed on his account, sent him Senac, who after carefully examining him, said there was nothing to apprehend, and left no prescription. My fears for my friend led me to observe the doctor's countenance narrowly, and I noticed him smile as he went away. However, the patient remained several days motionless, without taking soup or anything else, except a few preserved cherries which I put from time to time on his tongue and which he swallowed very readily. One fine morning he rose, dressed himself and returned to his usual way of life, without his ever speaking either to me or, as far as I know, to the Abbé Raynal, or any body else, of this singular lethargy, or of the care we had taken of him whilst it lasted.

This adventure did not fail to get noised abroad; and it would really have been a very marvelous anecdote had the

cruelty of an opera girl made a man die of despair. This romantic affair brought Grimm quite into vogue, and ere long he passed for a prodigy of love, friendship, and attachment of every kind. This reputation made him greatly sought after and feted in the fashionable world, and thereby separated him from me, whom, any way, he had never looked upon but as a make-shift. Nay, I saw him on the point of breaking quite away from me; for the ardent sentiments he paraded before people were those which, with less ado, I really felt towards him. I was very glad he was getting along so well, but could have wished that his success had not been obtained by neglecting his friend. I said to him one day, "Grimm, you are neglecting me: I forgive you for it; but when the first intoxication of your brilliant success is over and you realize the emptiness of it, I hope you'll return to me,—you will find me still the same: for the present, do not constrain yourself; I leave you free and await you." He replied that I was right, made his arrangements accordingly and bothered his head so little about me that I saw no more of him, except in company with our common friends.

Our chief meeting-place, before he was so intimate with Madam d'Epinay as he afterwards became, was at the house of Baron d'Holbach. Said Baron was the son of a parvenu, and had quite a large fortune, which he used nobly, receiving at his house men of worth and letters, among whom his culture made him well worthy of holding a place. Long connected with Diderot, he had endeavored by his means to make my acquaintance, even before my name became known to the world. A natural repugnance long prevented my acceding to his advances. One day, on his asking me the reason of my backwardness, I told him, "You are too rich." He persisted, however, and carried his point. My greatest misfortune has always been my inability to resist kindly pressing: I have never been very well satisfied after giving in to it.

Another acquaintance that ripened into friendship as soon as I could lay claim to the title, was that of M. Duclos. I had seen him for the first time at La Chevrette, several years previous, at the house of Madam d'Epinay with whom he was on very intimate terms. We simply dined together.

he leaving the same day; though we had few minutes' conversation after dinner. Madam d'Epinay had spoken to him of me and of my Opera of the '*Muses Galantes*,' Duclos, too gifted himself not to admire talent in others, took a liking to me and invited me to go and see him. But, spite of my old inclination, strengthened, too, by acquaintance, my timidity, my indolence withheld me so long as I had no other passport to him save his complaisance. Encouraged, however, by my first success and the praises it brought me, I went to see him, he came to see me, and so began those ties between us which will ever render him dear to me. To him I am indebted for the assurance of the testimony of my heart that uprightness and probity are not absolutely incompatible with the cultivation of letters.

My other less solid connections, of which I shall make no mention, resulted from my first success, and lasted till curiosity was sated. I was a man so soon seen, that people had nothing new to learn the next day. There was a woman, however, who sought my acquaintance at that time, and who held on more firmly than all the others. This was the Marchioness de Créqui, a niece of M. Le Bailli de Froulay, Ambassador to Malta, whose brother had preceded M. de Montaigu in the embassy to Venice, and whom I had gone to see on my return from that city. Madam de Créqui wrote to me; I went to see her, and she conceived a friendship for me. I dined with her at times and met at her table several literary men, among others, M. Saurin, the author of *Sparticus*, *Barneveldt*, etc., since become my implacable enemy,—why, I know not, unless it be that I bear the name of a man his father very vilely persecuted.

It must be apparent that, for a copyist, that ought to be about his business from morning to night, I had many interruptions that rendered my day far from lucrative, and prevented my paying attention enough to what I did do to do it well, so that half the time I had left was lost in scratching out mistakes or beginning my sheet over again. This opportunity rendered Paris daily more insupportable to me, and made me eagerly long after the country. I went several times and passed a few days at Marcoussis, with the vicar of which Madam Le Vasseur was acquainted, and with whom

we made an arrangement that was agreeable to him. On one occasion Grimm accompanied us.* The vicar had a good voice and sang well; and though he did not read music, he learnt his part with great facility and precision. We spent the time singing my Chenonceaux trios. To these I added two other new ones adapted to words Grimm and the vicar tinkered up. I cannot help regretting these trios, composed and sung in moments of purest joy, and which I left at Wooton along with all my music. Mlle. Davenport may very likely by this time have made curling-papers out of them; but they were worth keeping, and are for the most part of a very good counterpoint. It was after one of these little journies, when I had the pleasure of seeing the 'aunt' very gay and contented, and during which I too had a very fine time, that I wrote the vicar an epistle in verse, which will be found among my papers. It was done rapidly, however, and is but indifferent.

I had another stopping-place much to my liking near Paris with my countryman M. Mussard, my friend and relative, who had built him a charming retreat at Passy, where I spent many a delightful hour. M. Mussard was a jeweller, a man of excellent good sense, who after having acquired a handsome fortune in his business and married his only daughter to M. de Valmalette, son of an exchange broker and *maître d'hôtel* to the king, formed the wise resolution of retiring in his old days from business and affairs, and enjoying an interval of repose between the turmoil of life and the end of his mortal career. The good Mussard, a genuine practical philosopher, lived free from care, in a very agreeable house he had built, surrounded by a beautiful garden he had planted with his own hands. Whilst digging the terraces of his garden, he had lit on some fossil shells, which increased to so great an amount, that his heated imagination saw naught but shells in nature, and he came honestly to believe that the whole universe was composed of shells or remains of shells,

* As I have neglected here to relate a trifling but memorable adventure I had with the said M. Grimm, one morning when we were to have gone and dined at the fountain of Saint Vaudville, I shall let it pass; but in subsequently thinking over the matter, I concluded that he was then brooding over in his mind the conspiracy he afterwards carried out with such prodigious success.

and the earth nothing but a composite of the same article. Constantly absorbed in this idea and his singular discoveries he got so heated over them that they would at last have turned themselves into a system, that is a mania, in his head, if, very happily for his reason, though very unhappily for his friends, to whom he was dear, and who found his house the pleasantest possible asylum, death had not removed him from them by the strangest and most cruel malady—namely, a tumor in the stomach, which, constantly increasing, prevented him from eating, without their being able for a long time to discover the cause thereof, and which ended after several years of suffering by absolutely causing him to die of hunger. I cannot recall without many a bitter pang the latter end of that poor, worthy man; with how much pleasure he received Lenieps and myself, of all his friends the only ones whom, up till the very last, the sight of his sufferings did not drive away. Poor man, he was reduced to devouring with his eyes the repasts he caused to be served to us, being hardly able to swallow a few drops of weak tea, and which, when swallowed, came up next minute. Before these sad times, however, how many agreeable days have I passed at his house along with the chosen friends he had gathered around him. At the head of these I place the Abbé Prevost, a very amiable, unaffected man, whose heart gave life to his writings, themselves well deserving of immortality, and who neither in his disposition nor in company had any of that somberness he gave to his works; Procope, the physician, a little Æsop, and a great favorite with the ladies; Boulanger, the celebrated posthumous author of *Oriental Despotism*, and who, I think, was developing Musard's system on the duration of the world: in the way of women, there was Madam Denis, the niece of Voltaire, then simply a worthy creature without any pretensions to wit; Madam Vanloo, not handsome, to be sure, but charming, and who sang like an angel; Madam de Valmalette herself, who sang also, and who, though very thin, would have been very amiable had she had not so much pretension in that way. Such, or nearly so, was M. Mussard's circle of friends—people whose company I should have enjoyed very much, had I not liked private intercourse with himself, spite of his conchyliomania, better; and I can truly declare

that for over six months I worked with him in his cabinet with as much pleasure as he felt himself.

He had long insisted on the virtues of the waters of Passy and how salutary they would be to me in my condition, and had recommended me to come to his house and drink them. As a temporary escape from the tumult of the city, I at last went and passed eight or ten days at Passy, which did me more good because I was in the country than because I drank the waters. Mussard played on the violoncello and was passionately fond of Italian music. This formed the subject of a long conversation one evening before going to bed; we spoke in particular about the *opere buffe* which we had both of us seen in Italy, and with which we were highly delighted: My sleep having left me that night, I went off into a reverie as to how it might be brought about to give the French public an idea of this sort of drama, for *les Amours de Regonde* bear no resemblance thereto. Next morning whilst taking my walk and drinking the waters, I hastily put together a few verses to which I adapted such airs as occurred to me at the moment. I scribbled the whole in a kind of vaulted saloon at the end of the garden, and at tea I could not refrain from showing the airs to Mussard and Mlle. Duvernois, his *gouvernante*, who was really a very good, amiable girl. The three morceaux I had sketched out were the first monologue, *J'ai perdu mon serviteur* (I've lost my servant); the air of the Devin, *L'amour croit s'il s'inquiète* (Love grows, if restless); and the last duet, *A jamais, Colin, je t'engage* (For aye, I charge thee, Colin). So far was I from thinking the thing worth while going on with that, had it not been for the applause and encouragement of them both, I should have gone and thrown the sketch into the fire, as I had often done by things quite as good at least; but they so animated me that in six days my drama was written with the exception of a few verses, and all my music sketched out, so that all I had to do on my return to Paris was to compose a little of the recitative and all the filling up, and I finished it so rapidly that in three weeks my scenes were got into complete order and ready for representation. The only thing now wanting was the advertisement which was not composed till long afterwards.

(1752). Warmed up by the composition of this work, I

had a very strong desire to hear it, and I would have given every thing in the world to have seen it represented after my fantasy, with closed doors, as it is said Lulli once had *Armide* played, just for himself. As it was not possible for me to have this pleasure but with the public, to get my piece played, I had of course to get it received at the Opera. Unfortunately it was in an absolutely new style, to which the ears of the public were not accustomed; and besides, the ill success of the '*Muses Galantes*' gave me fears for the Devin, if I presented it in my own name. Duclos relieved me from this difficulty and undertook to have this work rehearsed without the author's name being mentioned. So as not to discover myself, I was not present at this rehearsal, and the *Petits violins*, who conduct it, did not themselves know who was the author until a general acclamation had borne testimony to the excellency of the work. All who heard it were enchanted with it, and to such a pitch did enthusiasm reach, that the very next day, nothing else was spoken about in all the circles. M. de Cury, *Intendant des Menus*, who had been present at the representation, requested the work for performance at court. Duclos, knowing my intentions, and judging that I would have less command of my piece at court than I would in Paris, refused it. Cury claimed it authoritatively. Duclos persisted in the refusal; and the dispute between them became so warm that, one day at the Opera they were preparing to go out over it, had they not been separated. Application was made to me: I referred it to Duclos, so that they had to return to him. The Duke d'Aumont interfering in the matter, Duclos at last thought it best to yield to authority, and the piece was given to be played at Fontainebleau.

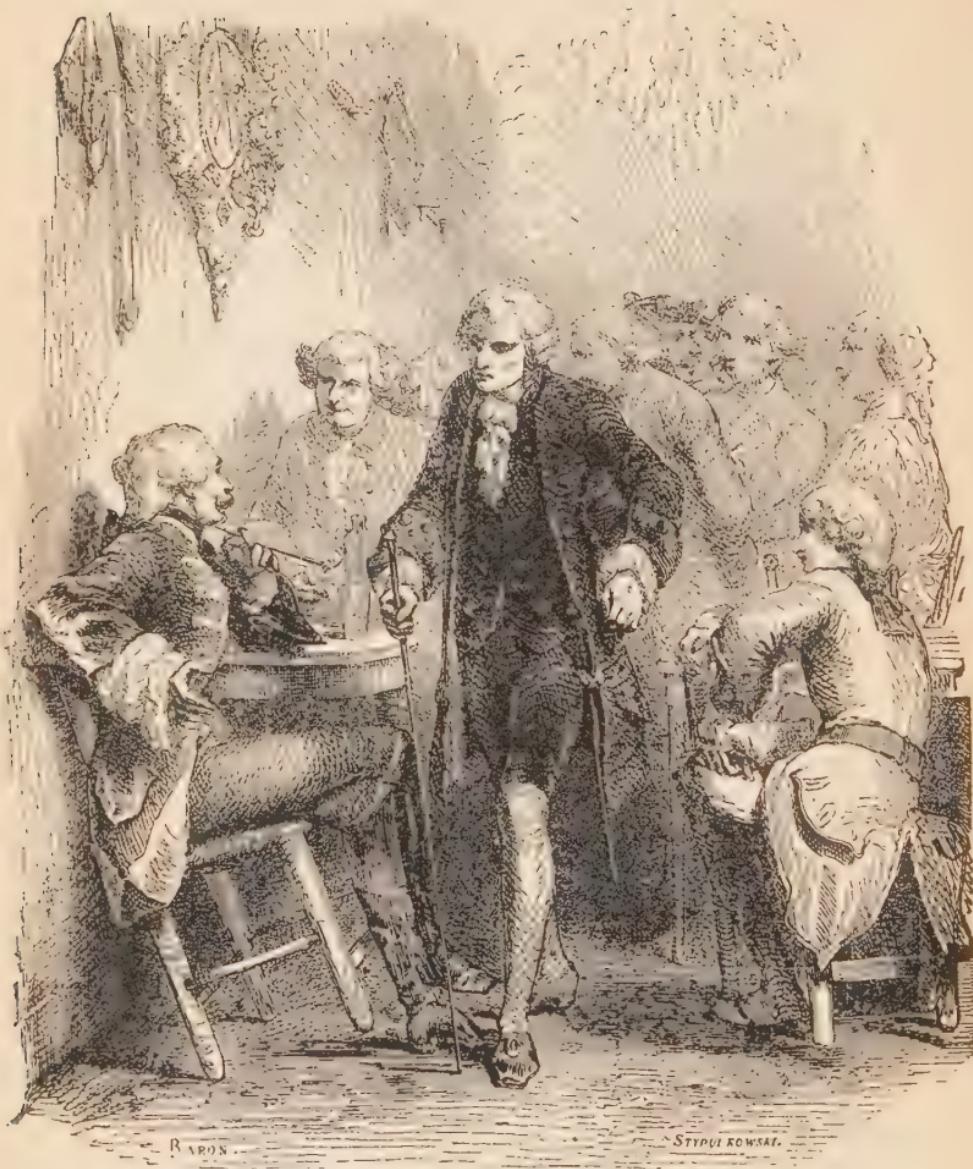
The part I liked best, and in which I had departed farthest from the common track, was the recitative. Mine was accentuated after an entirely new fashion, and went along with the delivery of the words. This horrible innovation they dared not allow—it would quite shock their mutton-ears. Accordingly, I consented that Francueil and Jelyotte

* This was the name applied to Rebecq and Franoeur who had made themselves known from their youth by always going together and playing on the violin in the various houses.

should get up another recitative, but I would not have anything to do with it myself.

When all was ready and the day fixed for the performance, they proposed that I should go to Fontainebleau, that I might at least see the last rehearsal. I went, accordingly, along with Mlle. Fel, Grimm, and, I think, the Abbé Raynal, in one of the court-carriages. The rehearsal was passable; I was better satisfied with it than I had expected. There was a large orchestra, made up of that of the Opera and the king's band. Jelyotte played *Collin*; Mlle. Fel, *Collette*; Cuvilier, the *Devin*; the choruses were those of the Opera. I said but little: Jelyotte had directed everything and I did not wish to overrule what he had done, and, spite of my Roman air, I was as bashful as a schoolboy among the crowd.

Next morning, the day of representation, I went to breakfast at the café du Grand-Commun where there were a great many people assembled. The talk turned on yesterday's rehearsal, and the difficulty that had been experienced in getting admission. An officer present remarked that he got in with the greatest ease, and then went off into a long account of what had passed, described the author, told what he did, what he said; but the most marvelous part of his quite long narrative, given with as much assurance as simplicity, was that there was not a word of truth in it from beginning to end. It was very evident to me that the person speaking so knowingly of the rehearsal, had not been present, since right before his eyes, unrecognized, stood the author whom he said he had seen. The most singular part of the scene was the effect it produced on me. The man was rather advanced in years; there was nothing of the coxcomb in his appearance; his physiognomy indicated a very worthy man, whilst his cross of Saint Louis announced that he was an officer of long standing. He interested me, in spite of his impudence, and in spite of myself. Whilst he poured forth his volleys of lies, I blushed, cast down my eyes and was on thorns; eagerly did I endeavor to think him in earnest, to think that he really believed what he said. At length, trembling lest somebody should recognize me, and he be confounded, I hastened to finish my chocolate without saying a word, and, holding down my head as I passed him, I got out as soon as



RAYON

STYDZI KOWSAY.

Next morning, the day of representation, I went to breakfast at the Café du Grand Commun. *Page 112—II.*

possible, leaving the company to talk over his narration. On reaching the street, I perceived that I was all in a perspiration, and I am sure that, had any one recognized and named me before my leaving, all the shame and embarrassment of a guilty person would have appeared on my countenance, at the simple thought of what the poor man would have had to have suffered, had his lie been discovered.

And now I come to one of those critical moments of my life, touching which it is difficult to narrate simply and straightforwardly, as it is all but impossible for a narration itself not to bear the impress of censure or apology. I shall attempt, however, to tell how and from what motives I acted, adding nothing either in the way of praise or blame.

On the day referred to I was in my usual careless trim, with my long beard and not over well combed wig. Taking this neglect of decency for a piece of courage, I entered just so the room where soon the king, queen, royal family and all the court were to appear. M. de Cury conducted me to his box : it was a spacious proscenium *loge*, opposite a smaller and more elevated box, in which the king sat along with Madam de Pampadour. Surrounded by ladies, and the only man in the front part of the box, it was evident they had put me there precisely that I might be seen. On the lights being turned on, finding myself int his trim in the midst of people of excessive elegant attire, I began to feel rather ill at ease : I asked myself if I was in my place, if I was suitably dressed. ‘Yes,’ replied I, after a few minutes uneasiness, and the ‘yes’ came with a vehemence that proceeded perhaps more from the impossibility of my backing out, than from the weight of my reasons. Said I to myself, ‘I am in my place, since I am here by invitation to see my own piece played ; since for that very purpose I made it, and since, after all, nobody has a greater right than I have to enjoy the fruit of my own labor and talent. I am dressed as usual, neither better nor worse ; If I begin to duck to the opinion of the world in one instance, how soon shall I become a slave thereto in every thing ? Consistency requires that, whatever I may be, I shall not blush at being attired in a manner becoming the station I have chosen. My exterior is simple and care-

less, but neither dirty nor slovenly ; the beard cannot be considered such, since it is nature's own work, and is, according to the time or fashion, itself an ornament. I shall be thought ridiculous, impertinent—well, what of that ? I ought to know how to bear ridicule and censure, provided they are undeserved.' After this little soliloquy, I had so wrought myself up that I could have faced anything, had it been necessary. But, whether it was the effect of the presence of the master, or the spontaneous impulse of their hearts, I saw nothing but what was kind and courteous in the curiosity of which I was the object. So affected was I at this, that I commenced to feel uneasy for myself and the fate of my piece, dreading lest I should efface predilections so favorable, and disappoint the good hearts, only disposed to appreciate and praise. I was armed against raillery; but their kindly air, all unexpected as it was, quite vanquished me, and I trembled like a child when the performance began.

I had soon ground for reassurance. The piece was very badly played as to the actors, but as to the music, it was well sung and well executed. No sooner had it opened with the first scene, which is really of a touching naïveté, than I heard arise from the boxes around a murmur of surprise and delight, totally unprecedented in pieces of this kind. The growing excitement ere long increased to such a pitch as to become sensible throughout the whole assembly. The effect, to speak *a la Montesquieu*, was heightened by the effect itself. In the scene between the two good little folks, this effect was at its height. Clapping is not allowed in the king's presence, so that everything was heard, and piece and author both gained thereby. I heard around me a whispering of women that seemed to my eyes beautiful as angels, and who said to each other in a low tone, "That's charming, that's ravishing—there is not a note but what goes to the heart." The pleasure of giving emotion to so many amiable persons moved me to tears ; at the first duet, especially, I could not refrain from weeping on observing that I was not the only one thus stirred. I came back to myself, however, for a moment, on recalling the concert at M. Treitorens'!* This reminiscence had the effect of the slave

* Vol I.

that held the crown over the head of the triumphant victor; it was brief, however, and I soon abandoned myself fully and uninterruptedly to the enjoyment of my glory. I am sure, though, that the intoxication the fair dames raised in my heart had much more to do with this feeling than authorial vanity; and certain it is that had there been but men present, I should not have been devoured as I was, by the desire of wiping away with my lips the delicious tears I had caused to flow. I have known pieces excite livelier transports of admiration, but so complete, delightful and affecting an intoxication pervading an audience, and especially a court-audience, during the entire representation, and that, too, a first representation, I certainly never saw. Those present must recollect it, for the effect was unique.

The same evening, the Duke d'Aumont sent, desiring me to be at the chateau at eleven, the next day, and he would present me to the king. M. de Curry, who brought me the message, added that he thought there was a pension in the wind, and the king wished to announce it to me himself.

Will it be believed that the night following so brilliant a day was of anguish and perplexity to me? My first thought, after musing over the representation we had witnessed, had reference to the frequent need of retiring to which I was subject. This had caused me a great deal of suffering the very night of the representation, and might possibly torment me on the morrow, when in the gallery of the palace or the king's apartments, among all the great ones, waiting the king's passing-by. This infirmity was the principal cause that withheld me from going into company, and prevented my frequenting the society of the ladies. The mere idea of the state this necessity might induce was of itself enough to bring it on, and that so violently as to make me faint away: withal, there was but one escape, and that by a revelation, to which I would have preferred death. None but persons who have been brought to this pass can conceive of the horror of running the risk.

I then imagined myself before the king, presented to his majesty, and conceived his deigning to speak to me. 'Twas here that presence of mind and guarded speech would be necessary in replying. Would my cursed timidity, which dis-

concerts me before the most insignificant stranger, take flight while in the presence of the King of France, or would it allow me to make choice on the instant of fitting discourse? I wished, without laying aside the severe manner I had adopted, to show that I was sensible of the honor done me by so great a monarch. I desired to enwrap some great and useful truth in the splendid and well-merited praise I should bestow. To prepare a happy reply would involve my knowing before-hand exactly what he would say; and, this done, I was very sure that when I came into his presence, I should forget every word of my set speech. What would then become of me, if, in the eyes of the whole court I should, in my trouble, blurt out some of my wonted malapropisms? The danger of this possibility, alarmed, terrified me, nay, made me so tremble, that I determined that, come what might, I would not expose myself thereto.

To be sure, I lost the pension offered me in a manner; but I escaped, at the same time, the yoke to which it would have subjected me. Well might I then have bade adieu to truth, liberty, courage! How should I ever after have dared to speak of independence or disinterestedness. In receiving the pension I must either have become a flatterer or said nothing at all. And besides who was to assure me that it would be paid me? How many steps would I have had to take, how many people to solicit! I should have had more trouble and more anxious cares in keeping it than in doing without it. And so I thought I was pursuing the course the most accordant with my principles in renouncing it—that in fact I was but sacrificing the appearance to gain the reality. I acquainted Grimm with my resolution, who offered no objection thereto. To others I alleged the state of my health, and left that very morning.

My departure made a good deal of noise, and was generally blamed. My reasons could not, of course, be appreciated by everybody; to accuse me of a silly pride was a much easier course, and the verdict was greatly more satisfactory to the jealousy of such as felt *they* would not have acted so. Next day, Jelyotte wrote me a note giving me an account of the success of my piece and the pleasure it had afforded the king. "The day long," he wrote, "the king keeps singing with the falsest voice in his kingdom:

“ J'ai perdu mon serviteur;
J'ai perdu tout mon bonheur

I've lost my servant;
All my happiness is gone.”

He added that in a fortnight a second representation of the Devin was to be given that would publicly confirm the complete success of the first.

Two days afterwards, about nine o'clock in the evening, as I was going into Madam d'Epinay's, where I was to take supper, a hackney coach passed the door. Somebody within beckoned me to get in; I did so, and on entering found that it was Diderot. He spoke to me about the pension with a warmth that I should not have looked for from a philosopher, on such a subject. He did not blame me for having been unwilling to be presented to the king; but he made a terrible crime out of my indifference to the pension. He said that though I might be disinterested on my own account, it was not permitted me to be so in the case of Madam Le Vasseur and her daughter; that it was my duty to seize every possible opportunity that honestly presented itself of providing for their subsistence; and as, after all, it could not be said that I had *refused* the pension, he maintained that, since they had seemed disposed to grant it me, I ought by all means to solicit and obtain it. Though I was touched by his zeal, I could not swallow his maxims, and we had quite a sharp tussle over it—the first I had with him. All our subsequent disputes were of the same kind, he prescribing to me what he pretended I ought to do, and I defending myself because I thought I ought not.

It was late when we parted. I tried to get him to go along with me and take supper at Madam d'Epinay's, but he would not do it; and notwithstanding all the efforts which the desire of bringing together those I love induced me at various times to put forth to get him to see her, even to bringing her to his door which he kept shut against us, he constantly refused, and never spoke of her but with the utmost contempt. It was not till after my fall out with her and with him, that they became acquainted and that he began to speak honorably of her.

From this time forth, Diderot and Grimm seem to have gone to work to alienate the ‘governesses’ from me, giv-

ing them to understand, that if they were not in easy circumstances, the fault lay in my ill will, and that they would never get on along with me. They tried to get them to leave me, promising them a salt license, a tobacco shop, and I know not what other good things, through the influence of Madame d'Epinay. They even attempted to gain over Duclos, as also d'Holbach, to their ends; but the former constantly refused. I got some little inkling of what was going on at the time, but it was not till long afterwards that I became aware of it in all its bearings; and I had often occasion to deplore the blind and indiscreet zeal of my friends who, seeking to reduce me, burdened as I was by my infirmity, to the most melancholy solitude, were laboring at their idea of making me happy by means of all others the best fitted in reality to render me miserable.

(1753.) The following carnival, 1753, the Devin was played at Paris, and I had time, meanwhile, to put together the overture and the divertissement for it. This divertissement, as it stands engraved, should be in action during the whole progress of the plot, as also consequent in subject, which, in my thought, would furnish a series of very agreeable tableaux. But when I proposed the idea to the Opera people, nobody would so much as listen to me, and so, songs and dances had to be tacked together after the usual fashion: the result was that the divertissement, though full of charming ideas, which take nothing from the beauty of the scenes, met with but a very middling success. I suppressed Jelyotte's recitative, and substituted my own such as I at first composed it and as it is engraved; and this recitative, a little *frenchified*, I confess, that is, drauled out by the actors, far from shocking anybody, was equally admired with the airs, and seemed in the judgment of the public to possess at least as much musical merit. I dedicated my piece to M. Duclos, who had given it his protection, and I declared that it should be my only dedication. I did, however, make a second with his consent; but the exception was such an one, that he must have esteemed the breach of my promise as honoring him more than would the observance.

I could tell many an anecdote about this piece, but

matters of greater importance will not allow me here to enter into any detail. It may be that I shall at some future day resume the subject in the supplement. There is one, however, that I cannot bring myself to omit, as it has an intimate bearing on what is to follow. I was one day looking over Baron d'Holbach's collection of music; after having examined pieces of many different kinds, he said to me, showing me a lot for the harpsichord, "There are a number of pieces that were composed for me; they are full of taste and of excellent execution; nobody knows of them, nor will any eye ever see them except my own. You ought to pick out a few and put them into your advertisement." Having a great many more subjects for airs and symphonies in my head than I could make use of, I cared very little for his. However he pressed me so much that, out of complaisance, I chose a pastoral which I abridged and converted into a trio for the entry of Colette's companions. Some months afterwards, and whilst the performance of the Devin still continued, on going into Grimm's, I found quite a large company around his harpsichord; he hastily rose on my arrival. Glancing mechanically at the music stand, I saw that some collection of Baron d'Holbach's, open at precisely the piece he had pressed me to take, assuring me at the same time that it should never go out of his hands. Some time afterwards I again saw the same collection open on M. d'Epinay's harpsichord, one day when he had a little concert at his house. Neither Grimm nor anybody else ever made any allusion to this air, and my only reason for mentioning it here is because some time after, it was rumored that I was not the author of the *Devin du Village*. As I never was much of a croquenote, I am persuaded that, were it not for my Musical Dictionary, they would at last have had it that I did not understand music.

Some time before the representation of the *Devin du Village*, a company of Italian buffos came to Paris. The directors of the Opera, not foreseeing the effect they were to produce, gave them an engagement. Though they were detestable, and the orchestra, then ignorant in the extreme, completely mutilated the pieces, yet, for all that, they struck French Opera a blow from which it never recovered. The

comparison of these two musics, heard the same day, in the same theatre, opened the ears of the French public; there was no enduring the slow, dragging length of their music after hearing the marked and lively Italian accent; and just as soon as the buffos had finished, everybody went away, so that the managers had to reverse the order, putting the performance of the buffos last. *Egle*, *Pygmalion*, and *Le Sylphe* were successively produced; nothing could approach them; the *Devin du Village* alone stood the comparison, and was still relished after *La Serva Padrona*. Whilst composing my interlude, my head was full of these pieces,—and they suggested the idea of it in fact; but I was far from suspecting that they would one day be collated with my composition. Had I been a plagiarist, how many thefts would then have been made manifest, and how solicitous would my critics have been, that the whole scope thereof should be felt! But no;—in vain they attempted to discover in my music the faintest reminiscence of anything else; and the various songs of my Opera, compared with the pretended originals were found as new as the style of music I had created. Had they put Mondonville or Rameau to the same ordeal, I warrant they would not have escaped unscathed.

The buffos made Italian music a band of warm partisans. All Paris was divided into two parties, each more violent for its side than though a matter of politics or religion had been at stake. The one, the more powerful, the more numerous, composed of the great, the rich and the women, upheld the French music; the other, the livelier, prouder, more enthusiastic, was made up of true connoisseurs, of men of talent and genius. This little group assembled under the queen's box. The other party filled up all the rest of the parterre, etc.; but its chief focus was under the king's box. Hence originated the then celebrated party-names of *coin du roi* and *coin de la reine*,—‘king's corner’ and ‘queen's corner.’ As the dispute warmed, it gave rise to pamphlets. The ‘king's corner’ made an attempt in the bantering vein,—they got ridiculed high and low in the *Petit Prophète*; they undertook to reason it out.—the *Letter on French Music* completely demolished them. These two little productions, the one by Grimm

and the other by myself, are the only ones that have out-lived the quarrel ; the others are all of them long since at rest.

But the *Petit Prophète* which, spite of all I could say, the public long persisted in attributing to me, was taken as a joke, and never gave its author the least trouble; whereas the *Letter on Music* was viewed seriously, and raised the whole nation against me—they thought *themselves* aimed at in this attack on their music. A description of the incredible effect produced by this pamphlet would be worthy the pen of Tacitus. The great quarrel between the Church and State was then in full blast. The parliament had just been exiled ; the excitement was at its height—everything threatened an impending revolution. The pamphlet appeared ;—on the instant, all other quarrels were forgotten,—the only thought was touching the perilous state of French music, and the only insurrection raised was the one against myself. This was so general that it has never since been quite quelled. At court, the only question was whether I should be sentenced to banishment or the Bastille, and the *lettre de cachet* was on the point of being transmitted, had not M. de Voyer set forth the ridiculousness of such a step. Were I to say that this pamphlet was probably the means of preventing a revolution in the state, my readers might think me doting. It is a fact, however, the verity whereof universal Paris can attest, seeing that it is but fifteen years since the occurrence of this singular affair.

If no attempts were made on my liberty, they were not sparing of insults at least,—nay, my life itself was in danger. The Opera-orchestra humanely resolved to murder me as I was going out of the theatre. This came to my ears : the only effect it had was to make me more assiduous in my attendance at the Opera, and it was not till long afterwards that I learned that M. Ancelot, an officer in the Mousquetaires, and a warm friend of mine, thwarted the plot, by having me, unknown to myself, escorted home at the close of the performance. The direction of the Opera had just fallen into the hands of the city authorities. The first exploit of the mayor was to deprive me of my right of admission, and that in the most brutal manner possible, namely, by publicly re-

fusing me admission while passing in ; so that I was obliged to go and buy a ticket to the amphitheatre, not to be put to the affront of having to go away without getting in. This piece of injustice was all the more flagrant, as the only price I had put on my piece, when ceding it to the managers, was the perpetual freedom of the house ; for, albeit this was a right due every author, and I had a double claim thereto, I had expressly stipulated for it in presence of M. Duclos. 'Tis true they had sent me, through the treasurer of the Opera, a remuneration of fifty louis I had not asked for ; but aside from the fact that these fifty louis were not near the amount that ought, according to the rules, have come to me, this payment had nothing whatever to do with my right of entrance, formally stipulated, and which was entirely independent of it. There was in the course they pursued such a complication of iniquity and brutality that the public, then in the height of its animosity towards me, was universally shocked thereat, and many persons that had insulted me the evening before, exclaimed next day in the Opera theatre that it was shameful thus to deprive an author of his right of entry, particularly one who had so well deserved it, and who had a double claim thereto. So true is the Italian proverb, that *ogn'un ama la giustizia in casa d'altrui.* (Every one loves justice in the affairs of another.)

Brought to this pass, the only thing I could do was to demand back my work, seeing that they had broken the agreement. For this purpose, I wrote to M. d'Argenson, who had the Opera-department in his hands, and I added an unanswerable memorial to my letter. Both, however, were futile, nor did I even get a reply to my letter. The silence of that unjust man hurt me exceedingly, and did not tend to increase the very small respect I had for his character and abilities. Thus it was that they kept my piece, and deprived me of my stipulated reward. Done by the weak on the strong, such a thing would be a crime ; done by the strong on the weak, it is simply 'appropriating another's property.'

As regards the pecuniary product of the work, though it never brought me a quarter of what it would have brought anybody else, yet it was sufficient to support me for several years and make amends for the ill-success of copying, which still went on rather slowly. I received a hundred louis from

the king, fifty from Madam de Pompadour for the representation at Belle-Vue, where she played the part of Colin herself, fifty from the Opera people, and five hundred francs from Pissot for the right of publication ; so that this interlude, which cost me but five or six weeks' application, brought me, spite of my misfortune and my blundering, almost as much money as my *Emile*, on which I spent twenty years' meditation and three years' labor. But I paid dear for the pecuniary ease in which it placed me, by the endless vexations it brought upon me : it became the germ of those secret jealousies that did not come to light till long afterwards. Its success achieved, I no longer observed in Grimm or Diderot, or any other, hardly, of the literati with whom I was acquainted, that cordiality, and frankness, and pleasure at seeing me I was wont to notice. The moment I made my appearance at the Baron's, the conversation ceased to be general ; the company would group together into little knots, and whisper into each other's ears, whilst I remained alone, not knowing whom to address. I put up with this mortifying neglect for a long time, and seeing that the sweet and amiable Madam d'Holbach still received me kindly, I bore with the gross vulgarity of her husband as long as it was endurable ; but one day he burst out on me, without a reason or a shadow of one, with such brutality (and that in the presence of both Diderot and Margency, the former of whom said not a word, and the latter of whom has often told me since how much he admired the mildness and moderation of my replies), that, driven at length from his house by his shameful treatment, I took my leave, determined never to enter his door again. This did not, however, prevent me from still speaking honorably of him and his ; whereas he could never express himself about me but in the most outrageous and spiteful terms, never calling me other than '*that little pedant*'—(*ce petit cuistre*), and all this, too, without his being able to allege the slightest harm of any kind I ever did him or anybody he was interested in. 'Twas thus he ended by verifying my predictions and my fears ! For myself, I dare say my pretended friends would have pardoned me for writing books, and excellent ones, too, seeing that this honor they also shared ; but they could not forgive me for composing an Opera, and were unable to pass by the brilliant success it achieved, because

there was not one of them fitted to run the same career, nor one that could aspire to the same honor. Duclos alone, superior to this jealousy, seemed to become even more attached to me, and introduced me to Mlle. Quinault, where I met with as much attention, kindness and cordiality as I had received of the opposite at M. d'Holbach's.

Whilst they were playing the *Devin du Village* at the Opera there was also question of its author at the *Comédie Francaise*, though a little less happily. Not having been able, these seven or eight years, to get my *Narcisse* performed at the *Italiens*, I had grown disgusted with the miserable playing of the actors in French, and I should have been very glad to have had my piece played at the *Théâtre Francais* rather than by them. I mentioned this desire to La Noue, the Comedian, with whom I had got acquainted, and who, as is well known, was a worthy man and an author. *Narcisse* pleased him and he undertook to get it performed anonymously : meanwhile, he procured me the freedom of the theatre, which gave me great pleasure, for I always preferred the *Théâtre Francais* to the two others. The piece was favorably received, and was performed without the author's name being mentioned ;* though I had reason to believe that it was not unknown to the actors and a good many others, besides. Mlles. Gauzin and Grandval played the lover's parts ; and although, in my thought, the piece was not at all understood, still you could not say that it was absolutely ill-played. As it was, I was touched at the indulgence of the public that had the patience quietly to listen to it from beginning to end and even suffered a second representation, without manifesting the least sign of impatience. For my part, I was so wearied with the first, that I could not hold out till the end ; so, leaving the theatre, I went into the *café de Procope*, where I found Bossy and several other of my acquaintances, who had, most likely been as mortally bored as myself. Here I boldly confessed my *peccavi*, humbly, or haughtily avowing myself the author of the piece, and speaking of it in accordance with the general judgment. This public avowal, by an author, of a piece that had just been damned was hugely admired, and cost me very little

* December 18, 1752

indeed Nay, my self-love was even flattered thereby, from the courage with which I made it ; and I am of opinion that, on this occasion, there was more pride in speaking than there wculd have been foolish shame in being silent. However, as it was certain that the piece, though it had fallen dead on its representation, would bear reading, I printed it ; and in the preface, which is one of my good things, I began divulging my principles somewhat more fully than I had hitherto done.

I had soon an opportunity, indeed, of developing them completely, in a work of greater importance ; for it was, I think, in that year 1753, that the programme of the Academy of Dijon on the 'Origin of Inequality among Men' appeared. Struck by this great question I was surprised that the Academy had dared to propose it ; but since it had had the courage, I might very well venture to treat it,—so I tried.

For the purpose of meditating this great subject at my ease, I made a journey of seven or eight days to Saint Germain, with Thérèse, our hostess, a good woman, and one of her friends. I look on this little jaunt as one of the most agreeable in my life. The weather was very fine ; these good women took on themselves all the cares and expenses. Thérèse amused herself along with them ; whilst I, unburdened by care of any kind, joined them in unrestrained glee at meal-hours. All the rest of the day, deep buried in the forest, I sought and found the image of the primeval times, and proudly I traced their history. I sent the pitiful lies of men a-whistling down the wind ; dared to strip human nature naked, following the course of time and the series of events that have disfigured it, comparing man's man with the man of nature and revealing to him in his pretended perfection the very root of all his miseries. My soul, enwrapt by these sublime contemplations, rose to the height of Divinity ; and beholding thence my fellow creatures following the blind path of their prejudices, and thus led into errors, misfortunes and crimes, I cried out to them, in a feeble voice they could not hear : "Mad men, eternally whimpering at nature, learn ye that all your woes spring from yourselves !"

From these meditations resulted the *Discours sur l'Inégalité* (Dissertation on the Origin of Inequality among Men),

a work that pleased Diderot better than all my other writings, and in the composition of which his advice was of the greatest service to me, * but which found but very few readers in Europe that understood it, while none of the few that did understand it dared speak of it. It had been composed with the view to its running for the prize, so I sent it ; though I was very sure, to begin with, that it would not get it, and knew perfectly well that it is not for pieces of that sort that academic prizes are founded.

This excursion and the manner in which I was employed greatly improved me both in health and spirits. Tormented by my retention of urine, I had for several years given myself quite over to the hands of the doctors, who, without alleviating my sufferings, exhausted my strength and destroyed my constitution. On my return from Saint Germain, I found that I had gained in strength and that my general health was greatly improved. I followed up this hint, and determined to cure myself or die unaided by physicians or physic. Accordingly, I bade them an eternal farewell and lived on from day to day, keeping close when I could not do better, and going out whenever I had strength enough. The course of things in Paris among a set of pretentious people was so little to my taste,—the cabals of the literary tribe, their shameful quarrels, the exceeding little good faith I found in their books, their pompous air in society, were so odious, so antipathetical to me—I found so little kindness, so little openness of heart, so little frankness in the intercourse of my friends even, that, sick of this tumultuous life, I began longingly to sigh for the country ; and not seeing as my occupation would allow me to go and reside there, I went, any way,

* At the time I wrote this, I had not the slightest suspicion of the grand conspiracy of Diderot and Grimm ; without which I should very readily have discovered how much the former abused my confidence to give to my writings that harsh tone and dark aspect that no longer characterized them after he had ceased to direct them. The passage about the philosopher who, while arguing, stops his ears against the complaint of an unfortunate fellow man, is by him, and he furnished me with others that were still stronger, but which I could not bring myself to make use of. But, attributing this dark humor to the bile engendered in the donjon of Vincennes, and of which there is quite a strong dose in his Clairval, it never entered my head to suspect anything like purposed malignity.

to spend the few spare hours I had. For several months, I went out after dinner and walked alone in the Bois de Boulogne, meditating on subjects for future works, and not returning till night.

(1754–1756). Gauffecourt, with whom I was then exceedingly intimate, being obliged by his affairs to go to Geneva, proposed that I, too, should take a trip thither. I consented. As I was not well enough to do without the attentions of the ‘governess,’ it was decided that she should go along with us, her mother meanwhile keeping house for us ; so, all our arrangements being made, we set out, the three of us, on the first of June 1754.

I should note this journey as the period of the first experience that, up till forty-two—my age then—put any damper on my naturally unboundedly confiding disposition, a disposition to which I had unreservedly given way, nor hitherto been disappointed in doing so. We went in a private carriage, traveling very slowly, the same horses drawing us all the way ; so that I often got out and walked. Hardly had we gone the half of our journey than Thérèse began to manifest the utmost possible repugnance to staying alone in the carriage with Gauffecourt. When, in spite of her entreaties, I would persist in getting out, she would get out and walk also. For a long while I chid her for this caprice, and finally opposed it altogether, so that she was at last forced to tell me the reason. I thought I was in a dream, I seemed to myself as though falling from the clouds, on learning that my friend M. de Gauffecourt, a man of sixty years and upwards, gouty, impotent, and completely used up by pleasure and indulgence, had, ever since our departure, been laboring to corrupt a person no longer either handsome nor young, and belonging to his friend ; and that, too, by the basest, most shameful means, even to offering her his purse and attempting to inflame her imagination by the reading of an abominable book and the sight of the infamous pictures in which it abounded. The next time he tried this, Thérèse, bursting with indignation, pitched his filthy book out of the carriage-window ; and I learned that, on the first evening of our journey, a violent headache having obliged me to retire to bed before supper, he had employed the whole time they were alone together in attempts and manœuvres more worthy a

satyr or a ram than a man of decency and honor, to whom I had entrusted my companion and myself. What a surprise for me—what a laceration of heart, never felt before ! I that had hitherto conceived friendship inseparable from every noble and lovely sentiment—which, indeed, constitute all its charm—now for the first time in my life found myself forced to ally it with contempt and to withdraw my confidence and esteem from a man I loved, and by whom I thought myself beloved ! The wretch concealed his turpitude from me. Not to expose Thérèse, I saw myself obliged to hide my contempt for him, and house in my heart the sentiments he must not know. Sweet and saintly illusion of friendship, Gauffecourt first raised thy veil from my eyes : how many cruel hands have prevented its ever falling over them again !

At Lyons I left Gauffecourt to take the road to Savoy, being unable to bring myself again to pass so near *Maman* without going to see her. I did see her... But good God, in what a state—what a fall was there ! What was there left of her first virtue ? Could this be the same Madam de Warens, erst so brilliant, to whom the curé of Pontverre had recommended me ? Oh, how stricken was my heart ! I saw no other help for her but to leave the country. Earnestly I entreated her, as I had done before in various letters, to come and live quietly with me ; and I and Thérèse would devote our days to making her happy. But in vain. Clinging to her pension, of which, though regularly paid, she had for a long time received nothing, my efforts were lost upon her. I again gave her a small part of my purse, far less than I ought to have given her, far less than I would have given her, had I not been perfectly sure that she would not get the least good of it. During my stay at Geneva, she made a journey to Chablais, and came to see me at Grange-Canal. She had not money to finish her journey : I had not enough about me, and so sent it to her by Thérèse an hour afterwards. Poor *Maman* ! Well may I relate this new instance of thy tender affection. A small diamond ring was the last jewel she had left ;—she took it off her finger and put on Thérèse's, who instantly put it back on her's, kissing that noble hand and bathing it with her tears. Ah ! then was the time to have discharged my debt. I should have left all and fol-

lowed her, sticking to her till the last, and sharing her fate, come what might ! But no ;—I did nothing ! Absorbed in another attachment, I felt the tie that bound me to her growing weaker and weaker. Despairing of being of use to her, I became discouraged, and my purposes did lose the name of action. I sighed and mourned over her, and—went my way. Of all the remorse I ever felt in my life, this was the most poignant and most lasting. Well did I deserve the terrible chastisements that have since been rained down on me : may they have expiated my ingratitude ! But, my guilt was in my conduct, not in my character—too bitterly has my heart been wrung thereby for that heart to be the heart of an ungrateful man.

Previous to my departure from Paris, I had made a rough sketch of the dedication of my *Discours sur l'Inégalité*.* I finished it at Chambéri, and dated it from the same place, judging it best, in order to avoid all cavil, to date it neither from France nor Geneva. Arrived in this city, I abandoned myself to the republican enthusiasm that had brought me here. This enthusiasm was augmented by the reception I met with. Courted and caressed by all classes, I gave myself quite up to my patriotic zeal ; and, mortified at being excluded from my citizenship by the profession of another faith than that of my fathers, I resolved openly to return thereto. I looked on the Scriptures as being the same for all Christians, the only difference in religious opinions being the result of explanations given by men to things beyond the sphere of their comprehension. I judged it the exclusive right of the sovereign of a country to fix both the mode of worship and this unintelligible dogma, and that consequently it was the duty of a citizen to adopt the creed, and conform to the mode of worship prescribed by law. My intercourse with the Encyclopædists, far from shaking my faith, had strengthened it, by my natural aversion for disputes and party-spirit. The study of man and the universe had everywhere revealed to me the existence of final causes, and the wisdom that directs them. The reading of the Scriptures, and especially the New Testament, to which I had, for several years past, devoted studious attention, had

* The dedication is to the People of Geneva. Tr.

given me a supreme contempt for the low and silly interpretations given to the words of Jesus Christ by persons the least worthy of understanding him. In a word, philosophy, while it drew me closer to the essentials of religion, had freed me from the trumpery of petty formularies wherewith men have overlaid it. Judging that, to a reasonable man, there could be no such thing as two ways of being a Christian, I was also of opinion that everything that concerns forms and disciplines should be subject to the regulation of the legislation of each country. From this principle, so sensible, so social, so pacific, and which has brought upon me such cruel persecutions, it followed that, if I wished to be a citizen of Geneva, I must become a Protestant, and return to the mode of worship established in my country. This course I resolved to pursue ; I even put myself under the instruction of the pastor of the parish in which I lived, and which was without the city. All I desired was not to be obliged to appear at the consistory. Yet the edict of the church was expressly to that effect ; however, they agreed to depart from the rule in my favor, and a commission of some five or six members was nominated to receive my confession of faith privately. Unfortunately, Parson Perdriau, a mild, amiable man, whom I was quite attached to, took it into his head to say to me that the members would be happy to hear me speak in the little assembly. This idea so terrified me that, after spending three weeks, day and night, in committing to memory a little speech I had prepared, I became so confused when I came to deliver it, that I could not utter a single word ; and I behaved during the whole of the conference like the stupidest of schoolboys. The deputies spoke for me, I blockhead-like, answering *Yes* and *No*. I was then admitted to the communion and reinstated in my rights of citizenship. I was enrolled as such in the list of guards, open to none but citizens and burghers, and attended a council-general *extraordinary*, to receive the oath from the Sydic Mussard. I was so touched at the kindness shown me on this occasion by the council and consistory, and so affected by the kind and courteous proceedings of all the magistrates, ministers and citizens, that, pressed by the worthy Deluc, who was incessant in his persuasions, and still more powerfully induced by my own inclination, my only thought in returning to Paris

was to break up house-keeping, put my little affairs in order, find a situation for Madam Le Vasseur and her husband, or provide for their subsistence, and then return with Thérèse to Geneva, there to settle down for the rest of my days.

This resolve taken, I made a truce to all serious matters and amused myself with my friends until the time of my departure. Of all these amusements the one that pleased me best was a sail around the lake in company with Deluc Sen., his daughter-in-law, two sons, and my Thérèse. We spent seven days of the finest weather imaginable in this excursion. I preserved a most vivid remembrance of the spots around it that struck me, and described them several years afterwards in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*.

The chief attachments I formed at Geneva, besides the Delucs, of whom I have spoken, were Vernes, the young minister, whom I had known at Paris, and of whom I augured better than was afterwards realized ; M. Perdriau, then a country pastor, at present professor of Belles-lettres, whose mild and agreeable intercourse I shall ever regret having lost, though he has thought fit to follow the general current and drop my acquaintance ; M. Jalabert, then professor of Natural Philosophy, and afterwards a counsellor and syndic, to whom I read my *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, though not the dedication, and who appeared transported therewith ; Professor Lullin, with whom I maintained a correspondence until his death, and who had even commissioned me to purchase books for the library ; Professor Vernet, who, like the rest of them, turned his back on me after I had given him proofs of attachment and confidence that might well have touched him, if a theologian was to be touched by anything ; Chapins, a clerk and successor to Gauffecourt, whom he wished to supplant, and who was ere long supplanted himself ; Marcket de Mezières, an old friend of my father's, and my friend, too, as he showed himself, but who after deserving well of his country, turned dramatic author, and, aspiring to election to the Two Hundred, changed his principles, and made a fool of himself before his death. But the man of whom I expected most was Moulton, a young man whose talents

and enthusiasm promised him a lofty future. I always loved him, though his conduct towards me has often been equivocal, and notwithstanding that he is connected with my most bitter enemies ; after all, though, I cannot help regarding him as destined one day to become the defender of my memory, and the avenger of his friend.

Amid these various diversions, I did not, however, lose either my taste for walking out alone or the habit of doing so, and I took many quite extended strolls along the banks of the lake. During these, my head, now grown accustomed to activity, was not idle. I developed the plan I had already formed of my *Political Institutions*, whereof I shall soon have occasion to speak ; I meditated a *History of Le Valais*, also a plan of a prose tragedy, the subject of which, (nothing less than *Lucretia*,) did not make me despair of demolishing the laughers, if I should allow the unfortunate creature to appear after she had become unendurable on the boards of any French theatre. I tried my hand at the same time on *Tacitus*, and translated the first book of his *History*, which will be found among my papers.

After four months' stay at Geneva, I returned to Paris in the month of October, avoiding passing through Lyons, so as not to have to travel in company with Gauffecourt. Having made arrangements not to return to Geneva till next spring, I resumed my habits and occupations during the winter, my chief engagements being looking over the proofs of my *Discours sur L'Inégalité*, which I was getting printed in Holland by the publisher Rey, with whom I had recently got acquainted at Geneva. As this work was dedicated to the Republic, and as there was a possibility that the dedication might not please the Council, I wanted to wait and see what effect it would produce at Geneva before returning thither. This effect was not favorable to me, and this dedication, which the purest patriotism had dictated, did but make me enemies in the Council, and excite jealousy in the *bourgeoisie*. M. Chouet, then first Syndic, wrote me a polite but very cold letter, which will be found among my collections, file A, No. 3. From private persons, and among others from Deluc and Jalabert, I received a few compliments ; and that was all. I did not see as a single Genevieve felt grateful to me for the heart-

zeal perceptible throughout this work. This indifference scandalized everybody that observed it. I recollect when dining one day at Clichy, at Madam Dupin's, along with Crommelin, President of the Republic, and with M. de Mairan, the latter declared before the whole table, that the Council owed me a present and public honors for the work, and would dishonor itself, did it not tender them me. Crommelin, a black little fellow, basely malignant, did not dare reply in my presence, but he screwed his face into a frightful grimace, that forced a smile from Madam Dupin. The sole advantage this work procured me, aside from the pleasure of having satisfied my heart, was the title of ‘citizen,’ at first given me by my friends, afterwards by the public, following their example, and which I subsequently lost only for having too well deserved it.

This ill success would not have prevented me from carrying out my plan of retiring to Geneva, had not motives more powerful o'er my heart seconded it. M. d'Epinay, wishing to add a wing that was wanting to the château de La Chevrette, was at that time spending an immense deal of money in completing it. Having gone one day along with Madam d'Epinay to see the work going on, we continued our walk a quarter of a league farther to the park reservoir which bordered the forest of Montmorency. Here there was a pretty kitchen-garden with a small lodge much out of repair, which they called the *Hermitage*. This lonely, but very agreeable place had struck me the first time I saw it previous to my journey to Geneva. In my transport an exclamation something like this escaped my lips, ‘Ah ! Madam, what a delightful habitation—here is an asylum made on purpose for me.’ Madam d'Epinay seemed to pay no particular notice to this speech ; but on this second journey, I was quite surprised to find, in place of the old dilapidated building, a very nicely arranged little house, almost new and just the thing for a small family of three. Madam d'Epinay, had had this work done without saying anything about it, and at a very small cost by employing some of the materials and a few of the workmen from the château. On the second journey she said to me seeing my surprise, “Bear of mine, there's your asylum : you chose it yourself,—'tis an offering of friendship : I hope

it will do away with your painful idea of leaving me." I do not know as I was ever more deeply, more deliciously affected : I bathed with tears the kind hand of my friend ; and if I was not overcome from that moment forth, my purpose was at least very much shaken. Madam d'Epinay who would take no denial, became so pressing, employed so many means and so many persons to come around me, going even so far as to gain over Madam Le Vasseur and her daughter, that she at length triumphed over my resolutions. Renouncing the idea of taking up my residence in my native country, I resolved and promised to dwell in the Hermitage, and, while waiting the drying of the building, she busied herself in getting the furniture, so that everything was ready next spring.

One thing that went far towards determining me to this course was the fact that Voltaire had taken up his residence near Geneva. I clearly foresaw that this man would make a revolution—that I should return to my own country only to find that same tone, the same modes and manners that drove me from Paris ; that I should be forced to keep up an eternal battle, and should have, in my conduct to choose between being an insufferable pedant or a base and bad citizen.

The letter Voltaire wrote me on the appearance of my last work induced me to insinuate my fears in my answer : the effect it produced confirmed them. Thenceforth I held Geneva as lost ; and I was not mistaken. I should, it may be, have gone and stemmed the current, had I felt I had a turn for that sort of thing. But what could I have done alone, with my timidity and stumbling speech against an arrogant, opulent man, supported by the credit of the rich ; brilliant and ready, and the idol of all the women and young men ? I was afraid of uselessly exposing my courage to danger and gave ear to nothing but my peaceful temper and my love of quiet, which, if it led me astray, does so still on the same head. Had I returned to Geneva, I might have spared myself great misfortunes ; but I doubt whether with all my ardent and patriotic zeal, I should have been able to effect anything great and useful for my country.

Tronchin, who had about the same time settled at



I bathed with tears the kind hand of my friend *Page 134-II.*

Geneva, came some time afterwards to Paris where he played the quack and whence he carried off an immense fortune. On his arrival he came to see me along with the Chevalier Jaucourt. Madam d'Epinay had a strong desire to consult him in private, but the press was not easy to pierce. She had recourse to me, so I got Tronchin to go and see her. They thus began, under my auspices, a connection they afterwards cultivated at my expense. Such has always been my fate : no sooner could I bring together two friends I had separately, than they would unite against me. Though, in view of the plot the Tronchins were then forming to enthrall their country, they must all have hated me with a mortal hatred, yet the doctor long continued to show me kindness. He even wrote to me after his return to Geneva, proposing to me the place of honorary librarian. But the die was cast, so this offer in no wise shook my determination.

About this same time I again began to visit at M. d'Holbach's. The occasion of my doing so was the death of his wife which, as also the death of Madam Francueil, had happened while I was at Geneva. Diderot, when communicating to me the melancholy event, spoke of the husband's profound affection. His grief moved my heart. I myself deeply mourned the loss of that amiable woman, and wrote M. d'Holbach a letter of condolence. This sad occurrence made me forget all the wrongs he had done me ; and when I returned from Geneva, and he had himself got back from a tour he had been making in France in company with Grimm and other friends to forget his sorrows, I went to see him and continued my visits till my departure for the Hermitage. When it became known in this coterie that Madam d'Epinay, with whom he was not as yet on visiting terms, was preparing me a habitation, they poured down their sarcasms on me like hail, sarcasms which they founded on the supposition of my requiring the incense and amusements of the city. They averred I would not be able to bear the solitude for a fortnight itself. Feeling within me what this solitude was, I let them say their say, and quietly pursued my own course. Meanwhile, M. d'Holbach was of service to me by finding a place for the old man Le Vasseur, who was over eighty years of age and of

whom his wife, who felt him a burden, was constantly begging me to rid her. He was put into a charity hospital, where age and grief at being separated from his family, sent him to the grave almost as soon as he was put in. His wife and his other children felt his loss very little : but Thérèse, who loved him tenderly, has been inconsolable ever since, and has never been able to forgive herself for having suffered him to be sent away in his old age to end his days among strangers.

Much about the same time I had a visit I little expected, though it was from a very old acquaintance. I refer to my friend Venture, who came in on me one fine morning, when he was the last person in my thoughts. There was another man with him. How changed did he seem to me ! In place of his former graceful ways he now looked like a mere sot, and I could not find it in me to open my heart to him. Either my eyes were not the same or debauchery had stupified his wits, or else all his first brilliancy arose from his youthful spirits, which he had now lost. I felt almost indifferent on seeing him and we separated coldly enough. But when he was gone, the remembrance of our old acquaintance brought back in such vivid colors the memory of my young years, devoted so wisely and so well to that angelic woman, now all but as much changed as he ; the little anecdotes of that happy period, the romantic day at Toune, passed with so much innocence and delight between those two charming girls, whose only favor was a kiss of the hand, and which, for all that, had left me regrets so deep, so affecting, so lasting—all the ravishing delirium of a young heart which I had then felt rushing over me in full force (I had thought the time for this gone by for ever!)—these tender recollections, made me shed tears over my vanished youth and its transports fled, never more to return.

Before leaving Paris, during the winter previous to my removal, I enjoyed a pleasure that was quite to my heart, and I enjoyed it in all its purity. Palissot, a member of the Academy of Nancy, and known as the author of certain dramas, had just had a piece of his performed at Luneville before the king of Poland. He thought, apparently, to make his court by representing in this drama of his a

man* that had dared enter the lists pen in hand with the king himself. Stanislas, who was generous and did not like satire, was indignant at the author's daring to be personal in his presence. The Count de Tressan wrote, by the king's order, to d'Alembert and myself, informing us that it was his Majesty's intention that Palissot should be expelled his Academy. My answer was an earnest solicitation in favor of Palissot, begging M. de Tressan to intercede with the king in his behalf. His pardon was granted, and M. de Tressan in his communication informing me thereof in the king's name, added that this circumstance should be inserted in the archives of the Academy. I replied that this would rather be to perpetuate a punishment than to grant a pardon. At length, by dint of entreaties I obtained the promise that there should be no mention made of it in the archives and that no public trace of the affair should remain. This correspondence was accompanied, as well on the part of the king as on that of M. de Tressan, by proofs of esteem and respect that were very flattering to me ; and I felt on this occasion that the esteem of men themselves so estimable produces a sentiment infinitely more pleasing and noble than any thing vanity can give. I transcribed into my collection the letters of M. de Tressan, with my answers to them, and the originals will be found in file A, Nos. 9, 10 and 11.

I am perfectly sensible that, if these Memoirs ever come to see the light, I am myself here perpetuating the remembrance of a circumstance of which I labored to efface all trace. True ; and I transmit the remembrance of many others. The grand aim of my undertaking, present ever to my eyes, and the duty imposed on me of executing it in all its scopes will not allow me to be turned aside by considerations of less moment that would lead me from my purpose. In the strange and unparalleled situation in which I am placed, I owe too much to truth to have that debt o'ertopped by obligations to any mortal man. To know me well I must be known in all my relations, good or bad. My Confessions are necessarily connected with revelations touching many other people. Regarding circumstances that have a bearing on my life, I make avowals touching myself and them with equal frankness not believing that I am bound to spare other

people any more than I do myself, though it is my earnest wish to do so. It is my aim to be ever just and true, to say of others all the good I can, and of their ill deeds to speak only of such as concern me, and then no farther than I am forced to. Who, considering the state I have been reduced to, has a right to require any more at my hands? My Confessions are not intended to appear in my lifetime nor in the lifetime of persons interested. Were I master of my destiny and had I control over the present record, it should not see the light till long after both I and they should be in the land of shadows. But the efforts to obliterate all trace of the facts as they were, which the dread of the truth obliges my powerful aggressors to make, render it necessary for me to do everything the strictest right and severest justice allow to preserve the memorials thereof. Were my memory to perish with me, rather than compromise any body, I would suffer an unjust and transient opprobrium without a murmer; but since my name is destined to live, it must be my endeavor to transmit with it the remembrance of the unfortunate man that bore it such as he really was, and not such as unjust enemies are ceaselessly endeavoring to paint him.

BOOK IX.

1756.

THE impatience I felt to get into the Hermitage would not let me wait till the return of spring ; so just as soon as the place was ready, I hastened to go out and take up my residence therein, to the great amusement of the Holbach coterie, loud in their predictions that I would not be able to endure three months of solitude, and that they would soon see me returning from my unsuccessful attempt, to live in Paris like the rest of them. For my own part, seeing myself on the eve of returning to my own element, out of which I had been for the last fifteen years, I paid no attention to their pleasantries. I had never—from the time when, spite of myself, I had entered the great world—ceased regretting my dear Charmettes, and the delightful life I had led there. I felt that nature had made me for the retirement of the country ; indeed, it was impossible for me to live happily elsewhere. At Venice, absorbed in public affairs, amid the pride of projects of advancement and the dignity of a kind of representation ; at Paris, in the vortex of society, amid luxurious suppers, splendid spectacles and the incense of fame, my boskey bournes, my streams and lonely walks would come back, and, by their memory, sadden me, plunge me into reverie, and draw from me many a longing sigh. All the labor I had brought myself to submit to, all the projects of ambition that by fits had spurred me on, had but one aim—to bring about the realization of this delightful country-retirement which I now flattered myself was near at hand. Though I had not acquired the genteel independence which I had thought was the sole road thereto, it seemed to me that, considering the peculiar situation in which I was placed, I might do without it, and reach the same end by a quite different road. I had not a penny in the way of

income, but I had a name and I had talent ; besides, I was temperate in all things, and had got rid of the most costly class of wants—those of fashion. Then, though naturally indolent, I could work, too, when I choose to ; and my indolence was not so much that of an idler as of an independent man, fond of taking his own hour for his work. My calling of a music-copyist was neither brilliant nor lucrative, but it was certain. The world gave me credit for the courage I had shown in choosing it. I might depend on having work enough, and, if diligent, it might furnish me a sufficient support. The two thousand francs that I had left from the produce of the *Dernier du Village* and my other writings formed a little store that would keep me from being straightened ; and several works I had upon the stocks promised me sufficient supplies to enable me to work at my ease without having to screw money out of the booksellers, while even the leisure of my walks might be turned to account. My little family, composed of three persons, all usefully occupied, did not require much to support it. In a word, my means, proportioned to my wants and desires, reasonably led me to look forward to a long and happy life in the lot my inclination had induced me to adopt.

I might have looked at the matter from the lucrative side, and, instead of lowering my pen to copying, might have devoted it to writings which, considering the height to which I had risen, and at which I felt capable of sustaining myself, would have enabled me to live in abundance, ay, in opulence, had I but been willing to join authorial manœuvres to the care of publishing good books. But I felt that making bread out of brains would inevitably blight my genius and stifle my talent ; for my power lay less in my pen than in my heart, and sprang solely from, and could only be nourished by a certain high, proud fashion I had of thinking. Nothing vigorous, nothing great can ever come from a pen wholly venal. Necessity—and avarice, too, might have had something to do with it—would have made me write with a view rather to quantity than quality. If the desire of success would not have led me into intrigue, it would have induced me to seek not so much to say true and useful things as things that would please the multitude ;

and instead of becoming a distinguished author, the possibility whereof lay before me, I shoud have turned out a mere scribbler. No, no ; I have always felt that authorship is and can be honorable and illustrious only in proportion as it is *not* made a trade of.

Too hard is it to think nobly, when living is the sole aim of thinking. To be able to say great truths—to dare say great truths, you must be independent of success, I let my books go, well assured of having written for the good of mankind, and careless of all else. If the work was rejected, so much the worse for those that would not profit by it. For my own part, I had no need of their approbation to live by. My craft afforded me a sufficient support, if my books did not sell ; and this was precisely the reason they *did* sell.

It was on the ninth of August 1756, that I left the city, never more to reside therein ; for I cannot call certain brief stays I made in Paris, London or other cities, always on the wing, and always against my inclination, *living* in them. Madam d'Epinay came and took the three of us in her carriage; her farmer carted away my few moveables, and I took possession of my Hermitage that same day.* I found my little retreat furnished neatly, tastefully even, though with perfect simplicity. The hand that had lent its aid to this furnishing made every arrangement priceless in my eyes, and delicious I felt it to be the host of my friend, in a house I had chosen, and which she had built for me.

Though the weather was cold and there was still snow on the ground, vegetation had nevertheless begun : violets and primroses were peeping out, the trees were commencing to bud, and the nightingale's first song signalized the very night of my arrival, the melody coming streaming up to my window from a wood hard by the house. After a light sleep I awoke, and, forgetful of my removal, was thinking myself still in the rue Grenelle, when the warbling of the birds sent a thrill of delight through my frame, and in my transport I exclaimed, 'Here, then, at last, I have got my wish !' The first thing I did was to abandon myself to the full feeling and enjoyment of the rural objects that surrounded me. In

* Madam d'Epinay in her *Memoires* (vol. 1, p. 285) gives some interesting details respecting this moving. Tr.

place of beginning by setting household matters in order, I began by arranging my walks, and there was not a path or copse, not a bosque or by-way that I could not have gone all through and over the very next day. The more I examined this charming retreat, the more I felt it was just the thing for me. This spot, lonely rather than wild, transported me in thought to the world's end. It had many of those striking beauties one so rarely finds near cities ; and never would any one, if suddenly transported thither, have imagined himself within a dozen miles of Paris.

After giving way for several days to my rural mania, I began to arrange my papers and lay out my occupations. I set apart, as I had always done, my mornings to copying, and my afternoons to walking. On my walks I always went provided with my little blank-book and my lead pencil ; for never having been able to write or think at my ease save *sub die*, I was not tempted to depart from this method, and I calculated that the forest of Montmorency, which was at my door almost, would henceforth be my study. I had several works begun : these I looked over. In projects I was fertile enough, but, amid the bustle of the city, execution had hitherto gone on rather slowly. With less interruption, I proposed becoming somewhat more diligent. This intention I think I carried out pretty well ; and for a man often sick, often at La Chevrette, at Epinay, at Eaubonne, at the château de Montmorency, often beset by idlers with large curiosity, and always occupied the half of the day at my copying, if the writings I produced during the six years I passed at Montmorency, be computed and cast up, I am pretty sure it will be found that, if I lost my time during this period, I did not lose it in idleness.

Of the divers works I had on the stocks, the one I had most meditated over, which I wrought at with most delight, to which I would fain have devoted my whole life, and which, in my thought, was to put the seal to my reputation, was my *Political Institutions (Institutions Politiques)*. It was fourteen or fifteen years since I had first conceived the idea of the work ; it was suggested while I was at Venice by my observation of certain defects in the so be-praised Venitian government. Since that my views had gained increased breadth from my historico-ethic studies. I had observed that



This spot, lonely rather than wild, transported me in thought to the
world's end. *Page 142—II.*

everything in a state springs from and stands related to its polity, and that, any way you take it, it will never become anything but what the nature of its government makes it. Thus the great question as to the best possible government appeared to reduce itself to something like this : "What kind of government is best fitted to develop the most virtuous, the most enlightened, the wisest, in a word, the *best* people, taking that word in its most liberal acceptation?" I seemed also to perceive that this question was closely related to this other, if indeed they were not one and the same : "What form of government always holds most closely to law?" Thence, "What is law?" and a series of questions of like import and importance. I saw very clearly that these researches were the high-way to great truths, truths bearing on the happiness of the human race, and especially on the happiness of my country, in which, during my recent residence, I had not found them entertaining sufficiently just or clear views of law and liberty to suit me ; and I had thought that this indirect manner would be the best way to give them such—the best way of getting round their self-pride, and the likeliest way of inducing them to forgive me for having been able to look a little more deeply into the matter than they had.

Though I had already been engaged for five or six years on this work, I had as yet made but very little progress in it. Books of that sort require meditation, leisure and quiet. Besides, I was working at this project absolutely *sub rosa*; I had not even mentioned it to Diderot. I was afraid it would seem too daring for the age and country I wrote in, and was fearful that the anticipations of my friends* would be a restraint on its execution. I did not as yet know whether it would be finished in time, and in such a manner as would fit it for publication before my death. I wished to be free to give my work all it asked of me, well know-

* It was more especially the sage severity of Duclos that inspired me with this fear; for, as to Diderot, I know not how it was that all our conferences together constantly tended to render me more savage and satirical than was my wont. Indeed it was this very fact that induced me not to consult him upon the undertaking referred to, as I wished that it should be characterized simply by force of reasoning, and contain no vestige of bile or partiality. The tone I had assumed in this work may be judged of by the *Social Contract*, which is an extract therefrom.

ing that not being of a satiric humor, and having no desire to be personal, I should always in all equity be irreprehensible. Undoubtedly I wished to use fully the freedom of thought that I had as my birth-right ; but so to employ it as never to be disrespectful towards the government under which I was living, and never to disobey its laws ; but while ever watchful not to infringe on the rights of others, I was loath to give up my own rights.

I confess, too, that living, as I was, a foreigner in France, my situation seemed to me very favorable for daring to be true, well aware that continuing, as I wished to do, not to print anything in the State without first obtaining permission, I was responsible to nobody for my principles or their publication elsewhere. I should have been much less free at Geneva even, where, wherever my books might have been printed, the magistrate had a right to criticise their contents. This consideration had greatly contributed to make me yield to the solicitations of Madam d'Epinay, and renounce the project of going and settling down at Geneva. I felt, as I have observed in the *Emile*,* that unless in the case of an intriguer, if a man wishes to devote a book to the real good of his country, he must compose it in some other.

What made me regard my situation as still more fortunate was the persuasion I felt that the government of France, without, perhaps, regarding me in the most favorable possible light, would yet esteem it honorably behooving it, if not to protect me, at least to let me alone. It was, as it seemed to me, a very simple, yet quite dexterous stroke of policy to claim credit for tolerating what they could not prevent ; seeing that, had they driven me from France, (which was all they had the right to do,) my works would none the less have continued to be written, and with less reserve, too, it might be ; whereas, by leaving me undisturbed, they kept the author as a pledge for his works ; and further, erased from the mind of the rest of Europe a very deep-rooted prejudice, by gaining credit for having an enlightened respect for personal rights.

If anybody undertakes to say, from the subsequent upshot of things, that I was deceived in my confidence, he,

* Book V. Tr

too, might be mistaken. In the storm that overwhelmed me, my books served as a pretext for the attack, but it was against my person that the spite was entertained. They gave themselves small concern about the matter, 'twas Jean Jacques they wished to ruin ; and the greatest sin they found in my writings was the honor they might do me. But let us not encroach on the future. Whether this mystery—and it *is* a mystery still to me—will be cleared up to my readers' eyes, I know not ; I only know that if my declared principles were the moving cause of the persecutions that befel me, 'tis strange they were so long put off, for the one of all my writings wherein these principles are avowed with the most boldness, not to say audacity,* seemed to have produced its due effect before my retirement to the Hermitage even ; and yet nobody dreamt—I shall not say of making it the subject of a quarrel with me—nobody even dreamt of preventing the publication of the work in France, where it sold just as publicly as in Holland. Afterwards, the *Nouvelle Héloïse* appeared in the same open and unimpeded manner, nay, I shall add, with the same welcome and applause ; and, what seems all but incredible, that same dying Héloïse's profession of faith is in every point identical with the Savoyard Vicar's. There is not a strong idea in the *Social Contract* that had not before appeared in the *Dissertation on Inequality* ; not a bold idea in the *Emile* not previously published in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. Now, as this outspokenness did not excite the least murmur against the first two works, surely 'twas not it that raised the storm against the last two.

Another project of kindred nature, though the idea was a more recent one, also claimed a good deal of my attention : this was the excerpting and editing of the works of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, an undertaking whereof, drawn on by the thread of the narrative, I have not been able to speak till now. The idea had been suggested to me, since my return from Geneva, by the Abbé de Mably ; not immediately, but through the intervention of Madam Dupin, who had some interest in getting me to go into it. She was one of the three or four pretty women of Paris, whose spoiled child the Abbé Saint-Pierre had been ; and if she was not decidedly

* “The Discours sur l’Inégalité.” Tr.

his favorite, she had at least divided his heart with Madam d'Aiguillon. She preserved a respect and affection for the memory of the good man that did honor to them both ; so that her self-love would be quite flattered by seeing her friend's still-born works brought to life and light by her secretary. The works themselves were by no means lacking in most excellent stuff, but so badly worked up that it was next to impossible to read them ; and it is astonishing that the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who was in the habit of regarding his readers as so many overgrown boys, should, by the very little care he took to get them to give him a hearing, nevertheless have addressed them as though they had been men. It was to the end of putting the Abbé into a more acceptable dress that the task was proposed to me, proposed as being useful in itself, and just the thing for a man like me, that was a laborious manipulator, but very lazy as an author,—who, finding the trouble of thinking too fatiguing, was fonder, in things that were to his taste, of developing and illustrating another's ideas than of creating himself. Besides, in not limiting me to the mere task of a translator, I was not forbidden to think for myself, and I had the opportunity of giving such a form to the work as to pass off many an important truth under the robe of the Abbé Saint-Pierre much better than I could have done directly in my own name. The task, by the way, was no light one : it involved nothing less than reading over, meditating and giving the essence of twenty-three diffuse and confused tomes, full of prolixities and repetitions, and stuffed with views petty or false, from amongst which were to be extracted certain great and splendid ideas, the discovery of which were to inspire me with sufficient courage to go through with the toilsome drudgery. I would many a time have thrown it up, could I decently have got out of it ; but by receiving the Abbé's manuscripts (given me by his nephew Count de Saint-Pierre at the solicitation of Saint-Lambert) I had, in a way, engaged to make use of them. There were but two things to be done. Either to return them or try and do something with them, and it was in this last intention that I had brought the manuscripts to the Hermitage. This was the first task to which I counted on devoting my leisure.

There was a third work I had in my mind, for the idea

of which I was indebted to observations made on myself ; and I felt all the more courage to undertake it in that I had reason to hope I could make the book truly useful to mankind, ay, one of the most useful possible, did the execution but worthily realize the plan I had drawn out. It must be a mattter of common remark that most men are, in the course of their lives, often unlike themselves, and seem as though transformed into quite other beings. It was not to establish so well known a fact as this that I designed writing a book ; I had a newer and at the same time a more important end in view, namely, to attempt the discovery of the cause of these variations, and by confining my observations to such as depend on ourselves, to point out how we might so direct them as to render us better, and more sure of ourselves. For it is undoubtedly a more difficult task for the honest man to resist desires already formed, and which it is his duty to subdue, than to prevent, change or modify the same desires at their source, were he but capable of going back thereto. A man under temptation resists at one time because he is strong, and succumbs again because he is weak : now, had he been the last time as he was the first, he would *not* have succumbed.

By sounding within myself and searching in others for the cause of these divers moods, I found that they depended in a great measure on an anterior impression produced by external objects, so that we, constantly modified by our senses and our organs, unconsciously carried into our ideas and sentiments, and even into our actions, the effect of these modifications. The numerous and striking observations I had collected put the matter beyond all dispute, while from their physical basis, they seemed to me fitted to develop an external regimen, which, varied according to circumstances, might bring the soul into the state most favorable to virtue, and maintain it so. How many errors would we save ourselves from, how many vices would we keep from springing up, could we but force the animal economy, which so often disturbs the moral order, to favor it ! Climates, seasons, sounds, colors, light, darkness, the elements, food, noise, silence, motion, rest, all act on our physical frame and thereby on our mind ; all, too, offer us a thousand almost certain means of directing the first germings of the sentiments by

which we allow ourselves to be governed. Such was the fundamental idea whereof I had already made a sketch on paper, and from which I anticipated all the more certain an effect on well-disposed persons, who, sincerely loving virtue, are distrustful of their own frailty, in that it seemed to me easy to work the system up into a book as agreeable to read as to compose. I did not, however, do much at the work, the title of which was to have been *Sensational Morality*, or *the Materialism of the Sage* (*la Morale sensitive, ou la Matérialisme du Sage*). Interruptions, the cause whereof will soon be learnt, prevented my continuing it, and in the sequel the reader will also learn the fate of my sketch, a fate more closely related to my own lot than might at first appear.

Besides all this, I had for some time been revolving over in my head a system of education—a subject Madam de Chenonceaux had asked me to think over, as her husband's upbringing made her tremble for the education of her son. The authority of friendship caused this task, though in itself less to my taste, to occupy more of my thoughts than all the others. Thus, of all the projects whereof I have just spoken, this is the only one I went completely through with. The aim I had in view, while engaged on it should, as it seems to me, have procured the author a better fate. But let us not here anticipate the sad subject: I shall be forced to speak but too frequently thereof in the sequel.

These divers projects all offered me subjects for meditation while on my walks; for, as I believe I have before observed, I am unable to think unless I am walking; just as soon as I stop, my thoughts leave me, and my brain moves only while my feet do. I had, however, taken care to provide myself with a task for in-door work, when confined within the house of a rainy day. This was my "*Musical Dictionary*," the materials for which, scattered, mutilated, and unshapen, made it all but necessary for me to do the whole of it over again. I brought with me several books I needed, and had spent two months in the Bibliothèque du Roi, excerpting from many others they let me have, certain of which they even allowed me to bring with me to the Hermitage. Such was the material I had to work up when kept within doors or when I got tired of copying. This arrangement was

so much to my taste, that I kept it up both at the Hermitage and at Montmorency, also afterwards at Motiers where I finished the work while engaged on others at the same time. I have always found that a change of employment is a real relaxation.

For a good while, I kept up quite exactly the distribution I had prescribed myself, and found it very agreeable ; but when the fine weather brought Madam d'Epinay to Epinay or to La Chevrette, I discovered that attentions, which, indeed, cost me nothing, but which I had not brought into the calculation, considerably deranged my scheme. I have observed that Madam d'Epinay had many very amiable qualities ; she loved her friends well and served them most zealously, and, as she spared neither time nor pains to render them happy, it was but right that they should be attentive to her in return. Hitherto I had discharged this duty without considering it one ; but I at length found out that I had put a yoke on my own neck that only friendship prevented me from finding heavy. This, too, I had aggravated by my repugnance for large companies. Madam d'Epinay took advantage of this to make me a proposition that seemed to suit me exactly, but which in reality suited her a good deal better ; this was that she should send me word whenever she was alone or about so. This I agreed to without foreseeing what was going to come of it. The consequence was that my visits to her were no longer made at my hour but at her's, and that I was never certain of being my own master for a single day. This constraint greatly diminished the pleasure I used to have in going to see her. It turned out that the liberty she had so promised me was given me only on condition of my never enjoying it ; and the once or twice I did try to, there were so many messages and notes and alarms about my health, that I plainly saw that only my being confined to bed could excuse me from running at her first word. This yoke *had* to be borne, so I bore it; and that, too, much more willingly than was to be expected of so great a lover of independence, the sincere attachment I felt for her preventing me in a great measure from feeling the bonds and hampering connected therewith. She thus filled up, better or worse, the void the absence of her usual company made in her amusements. To be sure, the supplement

was but a very slender one for her, though better than absolute solitude, which she could not bear at all. She had this finely made up, however, when she got to dabbling in literature and, nil he, will he, would persist in composing romances, letters, comedies, tales, and other rubbish of the like ilk. But what amused her was not so much the writing as the reading of her productions, and if she chanced to string together two or three pages in succession, she had, any way, to be sure of two or three benevolent auditors at the end of so prodigious a labor. I had rarely the honor of being one of the elect, unless as a second party. Alone, I was counted pretty much as a cipher in everything ; and this not only in Madam d'Epinay's circle, but also in M. d'Holbach's, and wherever M. Grimm gave the *ton*. This nullity suited me first-rate everywhere, but when the conversation happened to be in private, when I knew not what countenance to put on, as I dared not speak of literature, it not being for me to pronounce opinions thereon, nor yet of gallantry, being too timid, and fearing worse than I did death the ridiculousness of an old gallant ; and besides, indeed, I never had an idea of the kind when in the company of Madam d'Epinay, nor would such a thing have once entered my head, had I lived a whole life-time with her : not that I had any repugnance for her person ; on the contrary, I perhaps loved her too much as a friend to do so as a lover. I felt a pleasure in seeing and talking with her. Her conversation, though agreeable enough in company, was rather dry in private ; mine, which was not a whit more flowery, afforded her no great succor. Ashamed at too long a silence, I would bend all my efforts to enliven the conversation ; and though this often fatigued, it never bored me. I was very happy in showing her any little attention, in giving her a very fraternal little kiss now and then—*fraternal*, I say, and she, too, seemed to regard it very much in the same light : that was all. She was very thin and very pale, and had a bosom like my hand. This defect would of itself have been enough to cool any extra ardor : never could either my heart or senses see a woman in a person without breasts ; and besides, other causes, useless to mention, always made me forget her sex when along with her.

Having thus made up my mind to put up with this

seemingly inevitable subjection, I voluntarily submitted thereto, and I found it, at least during the first year, much less onorous than I had anticipated. Madam d'Epinay, who ordinarily passed almost the whole summer in the country, only passed a part of this, either that her affairs kept her longer in Paris, or because the absence of Grimm rendered life at La Chevrette less agreeable to her. I took advantage of the intervals of her absence, or when she had a great deal of company, to enjoy my solitude along with my good Thérèse and her mother ; and enjoy it I did in such a way as fully to realize its value. Though I had for several years back been in the habit of often going to the country, I had scarcely enjoyed it at all ; these excursions, always made in company with pretentious people, and spoiled in consequence of constraint, had but sharpened my taste for rural pleasures, the image whereof I saw closer at hand only the keener to feel their privation. I was so sick of parlors, jets d'eau, groves, parterres, and the more sickening showers up thereof ; so bored with pamphlets, harpsichords, trios, plots, abortive witicism, stale affectations, small story-tellers and large suppers, that when, from the corner of my eye, I but caught a glimpse of a poor simple hawthorn bush, of a hedge or barn or meadow ; when in passing through a hamlet I snuffed the odor of a good chervil omelette ; when from afar the rustic refrain of the *bisquière's* song was borne to my ears, I sent all their rouge and fur-belowes and amber to the devil ; and, regretting the housewife's dinner and the home-made wine, I could heartily have slapped the cheek of Monsieur le chef and Monsieur le maître who made me dine at my supper hour, and sup at my bed time ; but especially I should have liked to have given it to Messieurs the lackeys, who with their eyes devoured every morsel I put into my mouth, and under pain of dying of thirst, sold me their master's adulterated wine ten times dearer than I would have paid for a great deal better at the ale-house.

So here I was at last, settled down at home, in an agreeable and solitary retreat, free to pass my life in the independent, calm, equable way whereto I felt born. Before going on to tell what effect this condition of things, so new to me, had on my heart, it is proper I should

go over the secret affections at work while thus situated, so that the reader may be better able to follow in their causes the progress of these new modifications.

I have always regarded the day that united me to Thérèse as that which fixed my moral existence. I needed an attachment, since, alas ! the tie that was, and would have been everything to me, had to be so cruelly broken. The thirst after happiness is never extinguished in the breast of man. *Maman* was growing old, was fallen and degraded : it was plain to me that she could never more be happy here below. There remained, then, for me but to seek happiness within myself, having lost all hope of ever sharing her's. I floated for some time from idea to idea, and from project to project. My journey to Venice would have thrown me into public life, had the man with whom I had, spite of my inclination, connected myself, been possessed of common sense. I am easily discouraged, especially in undertakings of length and difficulty. The ill success of the project referred to disgusted me with every other ; and regarding distant prospects, according to my old maxim, as but dupe-lures, I determined henceforth to let the morrow take care of itself, seeing nothing in life to tempt me to exert myself.

It was precisely at this period that we became acquainted. The mild disposition of this amiable girl seemed so suited to my own, that I clung to her with an attachment that has proved proof against time and misfortune, and which has constantly increased by the very means that might have been expected to diminish it. The strength of this attachment will hereafter appear when I come to speak of how she has wounded and rent my heart, when plunged in my deepest misery, without my ever having once, until this moment, uttered a single word of complaint to anybody.

When it shall be known that after having done everything, braved everything not to be separated from her, that after twenty years passed with her in despite of fate and men, I have ended in my old days by marrying her, without expectation or solicitation on her part, without engagement or promise on mine, it will be thought that a mad love, having from the first day, turned my head, but

led me by degrees to this the last act of extravagance ; and this opinion will receive additional confirmation when the powerful private reasons why I should *not* have done so, shall be known. What, then, will the reader think when I tell him, in all the verity he must now give me credit for, that from the first moment I knew her up to this present day, I never felt the faintest spark of love for her ; that I never desired to possess her any more than I had Madam de Warens, and that the sense-wants she gratified for me were purely sexual, and had no relation to her individuality ? He will think that, differently constituted from other men, I was incapable of feeling love, since this was a feeling that never entered into the sentiments that bound me to the woman most dear to my heart. Patience, O my reader ! the fatal moment draws nigh when you will be but too thoroughly undeceived.

I fall into repetitions, as must be evident. I, too, know it, but so it must be. The first of my wants, the greatest, the most powerful, most inextinguishable was a heart-want; the longing for intimate fellowship—the most intimate possible : and it was for this reason mainly, that I required the fellowship of a woman rather than a man—an *amie* rather than an *ami*. This singular craving was such that the closest corporeal union was yet not enough : I would have had two souls in the same body ; without this I always felt a void I now thought I was soon to have this void filled. This young person, amiable by a thousand excellent qualities, of graceful form then, too, without the shadow of art or coquetry, would have, in herself, bounded my whole existence, if as I had hoped, her's could have been bound up in mine. I had nothing to fear as far as men went—I am sure of having been the only man she ever loved, and her calm passions but little tempted her to seek elsewhere, even after I had ceased to be, in this respect, a husband to her. I had no family-connections, she had; and these connections, differing entirely in taste and disposition from myself, were not such that I could make them *my* family. This was the first cause of my unhappiness. What would I not have given could I but have called her mother mine, too ! I did all I could to have it so, but never succeeded. Vainly I attempted to unite all our interests—

'twas impossible. She *would* make herself one different from mine, contrary thereto, nay, contrary to her daughter's, whose interest was now bound up with mine. She and her other children and her grand-children became so many leeches, and the least harm they did Thérèse was robbing her. The poor girl, accustomed to cow, even to her nieces, suffered herself to be pilfered and domineered over without a word of remonstrance ; and I saw with grief that after exhausting my purse and my advice on her, I was doing nothing that could be of any real advantage to her. I tried to detach her from her mother ; but she would never give in. I respected her resistance, and thought all the more of her therefor ; but her refusal was none the less to the prejudice of us both. Quite given over to her mother and kin, she was more theirs than mine, more theirs than her own. Their avarice was less ruinous to her than their advice was pernicious ; in fine, if, thanks to her love for me, if, thanks to her good angel, she was not wholly overcome by them, she was at least sufficiently so to prevent in a great measure the effect of the good principles I endeavored to instill into her—sufficiently so that, spite of all my efforts to the contrary, we have always continued *two*.

Thus was it that, notwithstanding our sincere and reciprocal attachment, an attachment which had all my heart's tenderness, my heart's void was never quite filled. Children, the required complement came : 'twas still worse. I trembled at the thought of entrusting them to this misreared family only to be worse brought up still. The risk of education at the Foundling Hospitals was much less. This reason for the course I pursued, more powerful than all those I stated in my letter to Madam de Francueil, was nevertheless the only one I dared not tell her. I preferred to exculpate myself less from so grave a charge, so I might spare the family of her I loved. But it may be judged from the conduct of her wretched brother, whether I ought to have exposed my children to receive an education like his.

Unable thus to enjoy in all its fullness that close fellowship my heart so craved, I sought for substitutes which though they did not fill up the void, yet rendered it less sensible. For want of some soul that would be mine, and

mine wholly, I took to friends whose stimulus would overcome my indolence. Hence it was that I cultivated and strengthened my connection with Diderot, with the Abbé de Condillac, that I formed new and closer ties with Grimm ; till at length by the unfortunate '*Dissertation*' whereof I have given an account, I found myself again thrown into the world of literature, whence I had thought myself forever escaped.

My outset led me by a new road into a quite other intellectual world, the simple yet high economy whereof I cannot contemplate without enthusiasm. Ere long, what by brooding over the subject, I came to see naught but error and folly in the teachings of our philosophers, oppression and misery in our social system. In the illusion of my high-wrought pride, I thought myself born to dissipate all this system of shams ; and, judging that, to obtain a hearing, I must bring my practice up to the mark of my preaching, I adopted a course that was never paralleled, and which the world would not allow me to pursue, a course for setting the example of which my pretended friends never forgave me, a course which at first rendered me ridiculous, but which would at length have rendered me worthy of all respect, had it been possible for me to persevere therein.

Hitherto my conduct had been blameless ; thenceforth, I became virtuous, or at least intoxicated with virtue. This intoxication had begun in my head, but it passed into my heart. On the wreck of my uprooted vanity the noblest pride sprang up. There was no affectation in my conduct : I became, in reality, such as I seemed ; and during the four years or more that this effervescence continued in all its force, there was naught good or fair whereof I was not capable between Heaven and me. Thence sprang my sudden eloquence, thence flowed into my first books that truly celestial fire that consumed me, and of which, during forty years, not a spark had escaped, because it was not yet kindled.

I was indeed transformed : my friends and familiars no longer knew me. I was no more that timid and bashful, rather than modest man, who neither knew how to speak or act, whom a smart thing disconcerted, and a woman's

look covered with blushes. Bold, proud, firm planted on my feet, my every word and act carried with it an assurance all the surer in that it was an assurance of the soul, not of the behavior. The contempt my profound meditations has inspired me with for the manners, maxims and prejudices of my age, rendered me insensible to the railleries of those as yet enthralled therein, and I crushed their petty witticisms with a sentence as I would crush an insect between my fingers. What a change! All Paris repeated the sharp and stinging sarcasms of the man who, two years before and ten years afterwards, could not find what he had to say, stumbled and stuttered at the word to use. A state more completely the antipode of my natural disposition, it would be utterly impossible to discover. Let one of the brief seasons of my life be recalled when I became another man, and ceased to be myself, and some faint idea of my present condition may be got; but in place of lasting six days or six weeks, it lasted near six years, and would, it may be, still have lasted, had not special circumstances broke it off, and brought me back to nature, above which I aspired to rise.

This change commenced just as soon as I left Paris, and the sight of the vices of that great city ceased feeding the indignation it had inspired. On ceasing to see men, I ceased to despise them, and once removed from evil doers, I ceased hating them. My heart, but little made for hating, any way, now only deplored the miseries of mankind,—and their miseries hid their wickedness. This calmer but far less sublime spirit soon damped the ardent enthusiasm that had so long exalted me; and without its being perceived, without perceiving it myself hardly, I again became timorous and complaisant—in a word, the same Jean Jacques I had been before.

Had the effect of this revolution been simply to restore me to myself, and then stopped there, all had been well; but unfortunately it went farther and rapidly carried me to the other extreme. Thenceforth my agitated soul has but passed by the line of repose; its ever-renewed oscillations have never permitted it to remain there. Let us enter into the details of this second revolution, the terrible and fatal crisis of a destiny unexampled among men

There being but three of us in our retirement, leisure and solitude should naturally have strengthened our intimacy. And between Therese and myself it did so. For long, golden hours, the delights whereof I had never so fully felt, we would sit together in the shade. She herself appeared to enjoy life better than she ever had before. She unreservedly opened her heart to me and told me things about her mother and the family, which she had hitherto had firmness enough to keep back. They had both received from Madam Dupin multitudes of presents intended for me, but which the old shrew, not to anger me, had appropriated to her own and her children's use, without suffering Thérèse to have the least share, sternly forbidding her to say a word on the matter to me, an order which the poor girl had obeyed with incredible strictness.

But a thing that surprised me much more was to learn that, besides the private conversations Diderot and Grimm had frequently had with both, with the view of getting them to leave me, a purpose that had been thwarted only by Thérèse's determined opposition, they had both, since then, had frequent secret colloquies with her mother, without her having been able to get into what they were about. All she knew was that little presents had been mixed up therewith, and that there were mysterious comings and goings, the motive for which she could not penetrate. When we left Paris, Madam Le Vasseur had long been in the habit of going and seeing M. Grimm two or three times a month, passing several hours in secret conversation with him, during which the footman was always sent out.

I judged that the motive that lay at the bottom of all this was no other than the project to which they had already tried to get the daughter to accede, promising to procure them, through Madam d'Epinay, a salt-license, a tobacco shop or what not—tempting them, in a word, by the allurement of gain. They had been told that it was out of my power to do anything for them, and that, hampered by them, I could not do anything for myself. Seeing nothing in all this but good intention, I was not to say displeased with them on account thereof. The mystery was the only thing that offended me, especially on the part of the old woman, who, besides, was growing daily more sucking and

wheedling with me, though this did not prevent her from eternally reproaching her daughter in private with loving me too much, accusing her of telling me everything, assuring her that she was no better than an ass, and that she would suffer for her folly.

This woman possessed in a supreme degree the knack of getting ten grists from one sack, of concealing from one what she received from another, and from me what she received from all. I might have forgiven her avarice, but I could not pardon her dissimulation. What could she possibly have to conceal from me, from me whose happiness she so well knew to be mainly bound up in her daughter's and her own? What I had done for her daughter I had done for myself; but what I had done for her deserved some acknowledgment on her part—she ought at least to have been thankful to her daughter, and have loved me for the sake of her who loved me. I had raised her from the most abject want, she was indebted to me for her support and owed me all the acquaintances she turned to so good an account. Thérèse had long supported her by the labor of her own hands and now maintained her at my expense. To this daughter, for whom she had done nothing, she was indebted for everything; and her children, to whom she had given marriage portions, on whose account she had ruined herself, instead of helping to sustain her, devoured her substance, devoured mine. Thus situated it seemed to me that she ought surely to look on me as her sole friend and surest protector, and in place of making my own affairs a secret to me, and conspiring against me in my own house, should have faithfully acquainted me with every thing that might interest me, if anything came to her knowledge before it did to mine. In what light, therefore, could I look on her duplex and mysterious conduct? What especially, could I think of the sentiments she labored so hard to instill into her daughter? What monstrous ingratitude must have been her's, in thus seeking to infuse the vile poison into her own daughter!

These various reflections at last alienated my affections from this woman, and alienated them to such a degree that I could no longer look on her but with disdain. Nevertheless, I never ceased to treat with respect the mother of my

bosom's friend, treating her in everything with all but the reverence of a son ; but I must confess I could never bring myself to remain long with her, and it is not in me to bear much in the way of constraint.

Here again was one of the brief seasons of my life when the cup of happiness was brought close to my lips only to be dashed away therefrom, dashed away by no fault of mine. Had the mother been an agreeable tempered body, we might, the three of us, have lived happily till the end of our days,—the last survivor alone had been to be pitied. How it did turn out the reader will soon see, from the course of things, and he shall judge whether it was in my power to change it.

Madam Le Vasseur, perceiving that I had gained ground in her daughter's affections, while she had lost, bent all her energies to recovering this ground ; but in place of striving to restore herself to my good opinion by the mediation of her daughter, she attempted to alienate her from me altogether. One of the means she employed was to call in the aid of her family. I had begged Thérèse not to invite any of her relatives to the Hermitage, and she promised she would not. In my absence, however the mother sent for them without consulting her ; and then made her promise she would not say anything about it to me. The first step taken, all the rest was easy : for when once we have made a secret of some one thing to the person we love, we soon scruple little to do it in every thing. I could not take a trip to La Chevrette, but instantly the Hermitage filled with people that managed to amuse themselves pretty well. A mother has always great power over a well-disposed daughter ; and yet, with all her wiles, the old woman could never persuade Thérèse to enter into her views nor get her to join the league against me. For her part she made up her mind for ever ; and seeing, on one hand, her daughter and myself, with whom a bare subsistence was possible, and nothing more ; and on the other, Diderot, Grimm, d'Holbach, Madam d'Epinay, who promised largely and gave her some little trifles she esteemed, there was no possibility of her being in the wrong, seeing she acted in concert with a baron and the wife of a *Fermier général*. Had I been more clear-sighted, I should have perceived

that I was nourishing a serpent in my bosom : but my blind confidence, as yet quite undamped, was such that I could not even imagine it possible to wish to harm one we should love. While I saw a thousand plots springing up against me on every hand, there was nothing I could positively complain of but of the tyranny of those who called themselves my friends, and who, as it seemed to me, wished to force me to be happy in their way rather than in my own.

Though Thérèse refused to join in the plot along with her mother, yet she afterwards kept her secret. Her motive was praiseworthy ; I shall not say whether she did well or ill. Two women that have secrets between them are fond of gossiping together : this brought them closer together ; and Thérèse by thus dividing herself, at times left me to feel that I was alone, for I can hardly apply the name of fellowship to the relations that obtained between us three. It was then I bitterly realized how wrong I had been, during our early acquaintance, in not taking advantage of the docility with which her love inspired her, to cultivate her mind. This would have drawn us more closely together in our retirement, and by agreeably occupying the time of both would have obviated the wearisomeness of the tete-a-tête. Not that our talk ran out or that she seemed to grow tired of our walks ; but the fact is, we had not ideas enough in common to admit of very much intercourse : we could not be for ever talking over our plans, confined as they now were, to enjoying life. The objects that presented themselves inspired me with reflections beyond the reach of her comprehension. An attachment of twelve year's standing had no longer any need of words ; we knew each other too well to have anything new to learn. There remained but jests, gossiping and scandal as a last resource. It is above all in solitude that one feels the advantage of living with a person that knows how to think. I had no need of this to amuse myself with her, but she would have needed it to enjoy herself with me. The worst of it was that we were forced withal to have our talks when we got a chance to : her mother had become very meddlesome and so I was forced to watch my opportunity. I was under constraint in my own house ;—what this means may readily be guessed. The air of love was prejudicial to

good friendship. We had intimate intercourse without living in intimacy.

The moment I thought I perceived that Thérèse now and then sought pretexts for evading the walks I proposed, I ceased asking her to accompany me, without being displeased at her for not finding them as pleasant as I did. Pleasure is not a thing under the command of the will. I was sure of her heart—that was enough for me. As long as her pleasures were my pleasures, I enjoyed them along with her ; when this ceased to be the case, I preferred her contentment to my own satisfaction.

Thus it was that, half thwarted in my hopes, leading a life after my own heart, in a home of my own choice, with a person dear to me, it nevertheless turned out that I found myself almost isolated. What I had not, prevented my enjoying what I had. In the matter of happiness and enjoyment, I needed everything or nothing. Why this detail was necessary will soon become apparent. Meanwhile I resume the thread of my narrative.

I imagined I had a treasure in the manuscripts committed to me by Count Saint-Pierre. On examining them, I found they were little more than the collection of his uncle's printed works, annotated and corrected by his own hand, with certain other little pieces that had never appeared. The perusal of his writing on morals confirmed me in the opinion I had formed from certain letters of his that Madam de Créqui had shown me, that he had more genius than I had at first thought ; but a close examination of his political writings revealed to me nothing but superficial views and useful but impracticable projects—impracticable in consequence of an idea the author never succeeded in ridding himself of, namely, that men act from reason rather than from impulse. The lofty opinion he entertained of modern attainments had led him to adopt the false principle of perfected reason : this was the basis of all the institutions he proposed and the spring of all his political sophisms. This extraordinary man, an honor to his age and race, and perhaps the only being since the creation of mankind whose sole passion was that of reason, did but go from error to error in all his systems, for persisting in regarding the rest of mankind as like himself, instead of taking men as they are, and ever will be. He dreamt he was laboring for

his cotemporaries, while all the time he was laboring only for imaginary beings.

All this considered, I was rather embarrassed as to the form I should give my work. To have let the author's visionary views pass, would have been to do nothing useful ; to have rigorously refuted them would have been unpolite, since the fact of his manuscripts, being entrusted to my care (a trust I had accepted and even requested), imposed on me the obligation of treating the author kindly and respectfully. Finally, I pursued the course that appeared to me the most becoming, the most judicious, and the most useful, namely, to present the author's ideas and mine separately, and for this purpose, to enter into his views, illustrating and expanding them, and sparing nothing that might contribute to get them a full and hearty appreciation.

My work was thus composed of two absolutely distinct parts : the one aiming, as I have just said, at exhibiting the different projects of the author ; in the other, which was not to appear until the first should have produced its effect, I was to have given my opinion of these projects—a course which, I confess, might have exposed them to the fate of the sonnet of the *Misanthrope*. At the head of the whole work was to have been the life of the author, for which I had collected together some very good materials, which I flattered myself I would not spoil in working up. I had seen a little of the Abbé de Saint Pierre in his old age, and the veneration in which I held his memory was a warrant to me that the Count would have no occasion to be dissatisfied with the manner in which I should treat his relative.

I first tried my hand on the *Perpetual Peace*, the most extensive and most elaborate work in the collection ; and before abandoning myself to my reflections, I had the courage to read absolutely everything the Abbé had written on this fine subject, without once allowing myself to be stopped by his prolixity or repetitions. This abstract the public has seen, so I have nothing to say about it. As for my critique thereupon, it was never printed, and I know not if it ever will be ; however, it was written at the same time the abstract was made. From this I passed to the *Polysynodia*, or Plurality of Councils, a work written during the regency to favor the regent's administration, and which was the cause of

the Abbé de Saint-Pierre's being expelled the Académie Française, for certain hits at the preceding administration that displeased the Duchess of Maine and Cardinal Polignac. I went through with this work as I had with the former, including both the abstract and my judgment thereon ; but I stopped here and determined to go no farther with the undertaking. I ought never to have begun it.

The reflection that led me to throw up the task so naturally presents itself that it is astonishing I did not think of it sooner. Most of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre's writings either were, or contained critical observations on one department or another of the French government, and there were even several of them so downright that it was happy for him that he got off scot-free. The reason perhaps was that the ministry had always regarded the Abbé de Saint-Pierre as a sort of preacher than as a regular politician, and so they let him talk away, it being evident that nobody paid any attention to what he said. But it would have been a different thing, had I succeeded in *compelling* attention to him. He was a Frenchman, I was not ; and by repeating his censures, though in his own words, I exposed myself to being asked rather bluntly, though justly enough, what I was meddling with. Happily, before proceeding any farther, I saw the hold I was giving them on me, and so, speedily got out of it. I realized that, living alone amid men, and men, too, all more powerful than myself, I never could, any way whatever, shelter myself against any harm they might wish to do me. There was but one thing I could do : this was to observe such a line of conduct that if they *did* wish to harm me, they could only do so unjustly. This principle led me to abandon my Abbe de Saint-Pierre project, and has since then made me give up many another I had much more at heart. That class of people who are always seeking to make a crime of adversity would be much surprised did they know all the pains I have taken that I might never deserve to have it said to me in my misfortune : *Thou hast well deserved it.*

This task thrown up, I was for a while uncertain as to what I should take up next, and this interval of idleness, by leaving me to turn my thoughts in on myself, was the ruin of me. I had no project for the future, fitted agreeably to occupy my mind ; nay, it was impossible for me even to form

any, seeing that the situation I was in was precisely the one that realized my every desire. I had not another wish, and yet my heart was all an aching void. This state was all the more pitiful in that I saw nothing preferable to it. I had fixed my tenderest affections on a woman after my heart, a woman that had made me a return of hers. I lived with her freely and unrestrainedly. And yet a secret heart-grief never for a moment left me, whether she was present or absent. I felt while possessing her as though I possessed her not ; and the mere idea that I was not everything to her had the effect of making her next to nothing to me.

I had friends of both sexes, to whom I was attached by the purest friendship, and the most perfect esteem ; I counting on the most genuine return thereof on their part, and it had never once entered my head to doubt of their sincerity : and yet their obstinacy, their very affectation in opposing my every taste and liking and way, made this friendship more tormenting than it was agreeable : so far did they go, that I had but to seem to desire a thing — though that thing might interest nobody in the world but myself, and depend in no manner of way on them,—for them instantly to combine together to force me to give it up. This persistency in completely controlling me in my wishes, all the more unjust in that, far from attempting to control theirs, I never even made myself acquainted therewith, became at length so cruelly oppressive to me, that I never received a letter from one of them without feeling a certain terror as I opened it, a feeling but too well justified by the contents. It did seem to me that to be treated like a child by people younger than myself, and who themselves stood every one of them in great need of the advice they so prodigally lavished on me, was a little too much. "Give me your love," said I to them, "even as I love you ; and, for the rest, do not meddle in my affairs any more than I meddle in yours : this is all I ask." If of these two things they granted me one, it was not the latter, any way.

I had a retired residence in a charming solitude, was master of my own house and could live as I saw fit, without being controlled by anybody. The fact of my residence here, however, imposed duties on me which, though pleas-

ing to perform, were yet binding and inevitable. My liberty was all precarious : a greater slave than the mere subjcction to orders would have made me, I had to make a slave of my *will*. I had not a single day whereof I could say when I arose, “To-day I shall do as I please.” Nay, more, aside from my dependence on the orders of Madam d’Epinay, I was exposed to the still more disagreeable importunities of the public and of chance-comers. My distance from Paris did not prevent gangs of idlers, who did not know what to do with their time, from daily coming and unscrupulously squandering mine. When least expecting it, they would unmercifully assail me, and I rarely formed a favorite project for spending the day without its being knocked up by some caller or other.

In short, finding no real enjoyment even in the midst of the pleasures I had most longed for, I returned by a sudden mental leap to the serene days of my youth, and oft exclaimed with a sigh, “Ah ! this is not Les Charmettes yet !”

The reminiscences of the various periods of my life led me to reflect on my situation and circumstances : I saw myself already declining into the vale of years, a prey to painful disorders, the end of my mortal career drawing nigh, as I thought, without my having tasted in all its plenitude scarce a single one of the pleasures for which my heart was starving, without having attained to an utterance of the burning sentiments I felt pent up within me, and without having tasted, or at least without having realized that intoxicating delight (*volupté*) the possibility whereof I felt within my soul, and which, for want of an object on which to lavish itself, was ever pent up, and found vent only in sighs.

How came it that, with my naturally out-reaching soul, to which living was loving, I had not as yet found a friend wholly my own, a friend worthy the name,—I that felt myself so made to be a true friend ? How came it that, with such combustible sensés, with a heart so love-possessed, I had not once felt love’s flame for some definite object ? Devoured by the desire of loving, without having ever been able rightly to satisfy it, I saw myself on the eve of old age, posting on to death without having ever lived.

These sad, though melting musings made me fall back on myself with a regret that was not without its sweet satisfactions. It seemed to me as though Fate owed me something I had not yet got. To what end was I born with exquisite faculties, if they were to be left for ever unemployed? The consciousness of my inward worth, whilst it led me to realize the injustice done me, made up in a sort therefor and caused me to shed tears I loved to let flow.

Thus I mused in June, the loveliest season of the year, 'neath shady groves, to the nightingale's song and the babblings of the brooks. All around conspired to replunge me into that all too seductive *mollesse*, whereto I was born, but from which my austerity, to which a long-lasting enthusiasm had raised me, should for ever have delivered me. As fate would have it, memory sallied back to the dinner at the château de Toune * and my meeting with those two charming girls : 'twas in this same season, amid scenes much resembling those in which I was now placed. This recollection, endeared by the innocence that accompanied it, brought others the like to my mind. Soon there came trooping around me the various beings that had called up emotion in my young heart : Mlle. Galley, Mlle. de Graffenried, Mlle. de Breil, Madam Bazile, Madam de Larnage, my pretty pupils, ay, even the piquant Zulietta, whom my heart could ne'er forget. I beheld myself surrounded by a seraglio of houris, made up of my old acquaintances, beings for whom the liveliest inclination was no new sentiment. My blood burns and bounds, my head becomes turned, maugre its being sprinkled with grey, and lo, the grave citizen of Geneva, the austere Jean Jacques, bordering on five-and-forty, all of a sudden moon-struck and love-lorn! The intoxication that now possessed me, though so sudden and extravagant, was nevertheless so powerful and so lasting that, to cure me, nothing less than the unforeseen and terrible crisis it brought on was necessary.

This intoxication, how far soever it went, did not yet go so far as to make me forget my age and situation, to flatter me that I might still inspire love, or lead me to attempt communicating to some other heart the devouring,

* Vol. 1. Book IV. Tr.

though sterile fire that had from youth in vain consumed my heart. I did not hope, nay, I did not desire it, I knew the time for love was past ; I was too keenly alive to the ridiculousness of a superannuated gallant ever to become one, and I was not the man to grow a confident coxcomb in the decline of life, after being so much the opposite in the flower and flush of youth. Besides, as a lover of peace, I should have had too great a dread of domestic storms, and I loved Thérèse too truly to expose her to the mortification of seeing me entertain profounder sentiments for others than those she inspired.

Thus situated, what think you I did ? Even now the reader must have divined what, if he has in the least followed my unfoldings. The impossibility of possessing real beings drove me into the land of ideals ; and seeing naught in existence worthy my high-wrought fantasy, I found food for it in an ideal world—a world my creative imagination soon peopled with beings after my heart. This resource never came more fittingly, and never was it more fecund. In my continual ecstasy, I grew drunk on steep-down draughts of the most delicious sentiments that ever entered the heart of man. Totally forgetting the human species, I made me societies of perfect creatures, as celestial from their virtue as their beauty ; and of firm, tender and faithful friends the like whereof was never seen on earth. So ravishing did it become thus to soar in the empyrean, amid the charming objects that surrounded me, that I passed whole hours and days therein without perceiving it ; and, losing the recollection of everything else, I could scarce snatch time to take a hasty bite, so did I burn to escape to my woods. When I saw some luckless mortal or other come to detain me on earth whilst preparing to take flight to my enchanted world, I could neither moderate nor conceal my vexation ; and no longer master of myself, I received him so roughly that I might have been called brutal. This but augmented my reputation for misanthropy, whereas could they but have read me truly, this and all my other denotements would have shown them that I was a very different man, and have given me a very different reputation.

At the height of my loftiest flight, I was suddenly pulled down like a paper kite, and brought back by nature and a

rather severe attack of my malady to my own place. I recurred to the only remedy that had given me any relief, namely, my bougies, and this brought a sudden let up to my angelic loves ; for, aside from the fact that one is not very apt to be in love when suffering pain, my imagination which springs to life in the country and the woods, languishes and dies in a chamber, or under the joists of a ceiling. I have often regretted the non-existence of Dryads : I should surely have become so fascinated with them that I would have forsaken the haunts of men forever.

Other domestic broils came at the same time to augment my chagrin. Madam Le Vasseur, while lavishing the finest compliments in the world on me, did all she could to alienate her daughter from me. I received several letters from my old neighborhood, informing me that the kind old lady had contracted various debts in the name of Thérèse, who was aware thereof, but had said nothing about it to me. The having to pay the debts hurt me much less than her having kept it a secret from me. Ah ! how could she, from whom I concealed naught, have any secrets with me ? Is, then, dissimulation compatible with love ? The Holbach coterie, seeing that I never took any trips to Paris, began in earnest to fear that I really *did* like the country, and that I would be madman enough to remain. Thus commenced the schemes whereby they indirectly attempted to get me back to the city. Diderot, unwilling so soon to show himself in his true colors, began by depriving me of Deleyre, whom I had made him acquainted with, and who received and transmitted to me whatever impression Diderot chose to give him, without his (Deleyre's) suspecting what he was driving at.

Everything seemed conspiring to draw me from my fascinating but mad reverie. I had not recovered from my attack when I received a copy of the poem of the 'Destruction of Lisbon,'* which I suppose was sent me by the author. This made it necessary for me to write to him and speak of the poem. This I did in a letter that was printed long afterwards without my consent, as will appear hereafter.

Struck at seeing this poor man, overwhelmed, so to speak, with prosperity and glory, eternally declaiming most

* Voltaire. Tr.

bitterly against the miseries of life, and constantly looking at everything with a jaundiced eye, I got into my head the insane idea of inducing him to enter within himself, and proving to him that everything was good. Voltaire, while constantly appearing to believe in God, never really believed in anything but the devil; for his pretended God is nothing but a malevolent being who, according to him, delights in naught but evil-doing. The glaring absurdity of this doctrine is specially revolting in a man loaded with every sort of blessing, who, while reveling in happiness, endeavored to strike his fellows with despair by the frightful image of universal calamity, calamity from which he is himself wholly exempt. I, that had a better right than he to calculate and weigh the evils of human life, made an impartial examination thereof, and proved to him that there was not one of them all from which Providence was not cleared, not a single one that had not its origin in the abuse man has made of his faculties, rather than in nature. I treated him, in this letter, with the utmost regard, consideration and delicacy, with all possible respect I can truly say. However, knowing the extreme irritability of his self-love, I did not send this letter to himself, but to Dr. Tronchin, his friend and physician, with full power either to give or suppress it, according as he might think proper. Tronchin gave the letter. Voltaire sent me a few words in reply stating that, being both sick himself, and having charge of a sick person, he would put off his answer until some future day, and said not a word upon the subject. Tronchin, on sending me this letter, enclosed me one, wherein he expressed no great esteem for the person from whom he had received the epistle.

I have never published these two letters, nor even shown them to anybody, having no great taste for making a parade of that sort of little triumph; but the originals will be found in my collections (File A, Nos. 20 and 21.) Subsequently Voltaire published the reply he promised, but never sent me. This is none other than the novel of *Candid*, of which I cannot speak, as I have never read it.

These various interruptions might well have radically cured me of my fantastic amours, and they were, it may be, a means heaven offered me for preventing their fatal effects;

but my evil genius prevailed, and I had scarce begun to get abroad again before my heart, my head, and my feet all took the same direction. I say the same, that is in certain respects ; for my ideas, somewhat less exalted, remained on earth this time, but with so exquisite a choice of whatever of every sort was lovely and loveable, that this élite was scarce a whit less fanciful than the imaginary world I had abandoned.

I figured love and friendship, the twin idols of my heart, under the most ravishing images. I took delight in adorning them with every charm of that sex I had ever adored. I imagined two female, rather than male friends, because if the example is rarer, it is also more lovely. I endowed them with kindred, though different dispositions ; with figures which, though not perfect, were to my taste, animated by kindness and sensibility. I made the one a blonde and the other a brunette, one lively and the other languishing, the one wise and the other weak, but of so touching a weakness that it seemed to heighten even virtue. To one of them I gave a lover, of whom the other was the tender friend, and even something more ; but I admitted neither rivalry, quarreling nor jealousy, as every thing in the way of antagonistic sentiment is painful for me to imagine, and as I was unwilling to blur the smiling picture by aught degrading to nature. Smitten by my two charming models, I drew the lover and friend as far as possible after myself, but I made him amiable and young, giving him, in addition, the virtues and the vices I felt were mine.

For the purpose of locating my characters in a fitting scene, I called to mind successively the most beautiful spots I had seen on my travels. But no grove could I find fair enough, no landscape did memory bring up that would satisfy. The valleys of Thessaly might have done me had I ever seen them ; but my imagination, fatigued with invention, craved some real spot to serve as a resting point and produce an illusion in my mind as to the reality of the dwellers I was to place thereon. I thought for a long while of the Boromean isles, the delicious aspect of which had transported me ; but I thought there was too much art and ornament about them for my personages. I could not do without a lake, however ; so I at last made choice of the one around which

my heart has never ceased to wander. I fixed on that part of the banks of this lake where, in my imaginary schemes of happiness—and they have all been *imaginary*—I had all my life desired to settle down. The birth-place of my poor *Maman* had still an attraction beyond all others for me. The contrast of situation, the richness and variety of site, the magnificence and majesty of the whole, ravishing the senses, affecting the heart and elevating the soul, came in to determine me, and I fixed my young pupils at Vevay. This is all I imagined at the first start; the rest was not added till afterwards.

For a long time, I confined myself to this plan, vague as it was, as it sufficed to fill my imagination with agreeable objects, and my heart with sentiments it loves to feed on. These fictions, returning again and again, acquired at length additional body and fixed themselves in my brain with determined force. 'Twas then the fancy took me to express on paper some of the scenes that presented themselves, and, by recalling all I had felt in my youth, thus, in a sort, to give play to the desire of loving, which I had not been able to satisfy and by which I was devoured.

I first committed to paper a few scattered letters without sequence or connection; and when I came to tack them together, I was often a good deal embarrassed. It is scarcely credible, but strictly true, that almost the whole of the two first parts were written in this way, without my having any determined plan, not even foreseeing, indeed, that I should one day be tempted to make a regular work of it. And so it must be evident that these two parts, made up afterwards of materials not blocked out for the place they occupy, are full of verbiage; this is not to be found in the others.

At the height of my reveries, I had a visit from Madam d'Houdetot—the first she made me in her life, but which unfortunately was not the last, as will hereafter appear. The Countess d'Houdetot was a daughter of the late M. de Bellegarde, *Fermier-général*, and sister to M. d'Epinay and Messieurs de Lalive and de La Briche, both of whom have since been Masters of the Ceremonies. I have alluded to my having made her acquaintance previous to her marriage. Since then I had not seen her except at the fêtes of La Chevrette, with Madam d'Epinay, her

sister-in-law. Having often passed several days with her both at La Chevrette and at Epinay, I not only always found her amiable, but I thought she seemed to feel kindly towards me. She was fond of walking with me, we were both good walkers, and our talk was inexhaustible. However, I never went to see her while in Paris, though she had on various occasions requested, and even solicited me to do so. Her connection with M. de Saint-Lanibert, with whom I was beginning to be intimate, rendered her still more interesting to me; and it was to bring me news of this friend, then, I think, at Mahon, that she came to see me at the Hermitage.

This visit had something of the appearance of the outset of a romance. She lost her way. The coachman, instead of turning off, attempted to pass straight on from the mill of Clairvaux to the Hermitage: her carriage stuck in a quagmire in the middle of the valley, so she determined to get out and walk the rest of the way. Her delicate foot-gear was soon worn through; she sank into the mire; her people had the utmost difficulty in extricating her, and at length she arrived at the Hermitage, booted, and making the air resound with her shouts of laughter, in which I heartily joined on seeing her come up. She had to change her whole dress; Thérèse provided her with what was necessary, and I prevailed upon her to forego her dignity and partake of a rustic collation, which she hugely enjoyed. It was late, so she remained but a short while; but the meeting was so mirthful that she was very much pleased, and seemed disposed to return. She did not, however, put this project into execution; but, alas! this delay was no safe-guard for me.

I passed the autumn at an emp'oyement I would not be very likely to be suspected of—guarding M. d'Epinay's fruit. The Hermitage was the reservoir of the waters of the Chevrette park. Here there was a garden, walled round and planted with espaliers and other trees, that yielded M. d'Epiuay more fruit than his kitchen-garden at La Chevrette, though three-fourths of it was stolen. Not to be an absolutely useless tenant, I took upon me the direction of the garden and the inspection of the gardener. All went well till fruit time: but in proportion as it ripened,



She arrived at the Hermitage booted, and making the air resound
with her shouts of laughter. *Page 172-II.*

I saw it disappear, without my being able to tell what became of it. The gardener assured me that it was the dormice that eat it all. I made war on the dormice, destroying a great many of them ; yet still not a whit less the fruit disappeared. I watched so narrowly that I at last discovered *he* was the grand chief ‘dormouse.’ He stayed at Montmorency, whence he was in the habit of coming along with his wife and children, and carrying off the fruit they had collected during the day, and which he sent to be sold in the market at Paris as publicly as though he had owned a garden himself. This wretch, whom I loaded with kindness, whose children Thérèse clothed and whose father, a beggar, I all but supported, rifled us with as much ease as impudence, none of the three of us being vigilant enough to prevent him, and in one night he succeeded in emptying my cellar, where I found nothing next morning. As long as he confined his depredations to myself, I put up with everything ; but being desirous of giving an account of the fruit, I was obliged to denounce the thief. Madame d’Epinay asked me to pay him, send him about his business and procure another man, which I did. As this scoundrel kept ranging around the Hermitage at night, armed with a thick iron-tipped stick that looked very much like a club and accompanied by a set of worthless rascals like himself, to reassure the ‘Governesses,’ who were dreadfully frightened of the man, I had his successor sleep every night at the Hermitage ; and this not being sufficient to tranquilize them, I sent and asked Madam d’Epinay for a gun which I kept in the gardener’s room, charging him not to use it except in case of necessity, if they should attempt to force the door or scale the garden wall, and to fire only a blank charge, simply to frighten the thieves. This was assuredly the least precaution a half-sick man, having to pass the winter in the midst of a wood, alone with two timid women, could do for the common safety. Lastly, I made the acquisition of a little dog to serve as a sentinel. Deleyre having come to see me about this time, I told him my story, and we had a good laugh together over my military array. On returning to Paris, to amuse Diderot he told him the story in his turn, and thus it was that the Holbach coterie came to learn that I was in good earnest.

going to pass the winter at the Hermitage. This constancy, whereof they had not imagined me capable, quite put them out ; and until they could conjure up some other shift to render my stay unpleasant, * they, through Diderot, let loose this same Deleyre on me, who, though he had at first thought my precautions but natural, now pretended to discover that they were inconsistent with my principles and styled them ‘more than ridiculous,’ in the letters wherein he deluged me with pleasantries, bitter and satirical enough to have offended me, had I been the least disposed to take offence. But being at the time saturated with tender and melting sentiments, and susceptible of no others, I perceived in his biting sarcasms nothing but a good joke and believed him simply funning when anybody else would have thought him extravagant in the lengths he went to.

By dint of watchfulness and care I guarded the garden so well that, although the fruit-crop was exceeding scanty that year, the produce was triple that of preceding years. 'Tis true, though, I spared no pains to preserve it, even to escorting the lots dispatched to La Chevrette and to d'Epinay, and carrying baskets full myself. I remember the ‘Aunt’ and myself carried one between us that was so heavy that we were ready to drop down with the weight of it, and we had to stop and rest every dozen steps. We arrived at last, but in a terrible sweat.

(1757.) As soon as the bad weather began to confine me to the house, I tried to take up my regular round of house-employments. I could not do it. Wherever I looked I could see nothing but the two charming *amies*, their friend, their surroundings, the country they inhabited, and the objects my imagination created or embellished for them. I was no longer myself for a moment ; my delirium never left me. After many useless efforts to banish these fictions from my mind, they at length demonically took possession of me, and

* I wonder at my stupidity, now that I come to read this over in not seeing, when I wrote this, that the spite of the Holbachians at seeing me go and remain in the country chiefly regarded mother Le Vasseur, whom they had no longer at hand to guide them in their system of imposture by fixed data of time and place. This idea, which occurs to me so late, perfectly explains the bizarrie of their conduct, which under any other supposition, is inexplicable

my future endeavors were confined to attempting to give them some sort of order and sequence, so as to make them up into a kind of romance.

My grand embarrassment was the shame I felt at so flatly and openly giving the lie to all my professions. After the severe principles I had just been laying down with so much fuss, after the austere maxims I had so loudly preached, after so many biting invectives against your namby-pamby romances, redolent with love and effeminacy, could there be anything more terribly absurd than for me all of a sudden to go and with my own hand write my name in the list of authors of those very books I had so severely censured ? I felt the completeness of the incongruity in all its force, I reproached myself therewith, was ashamed and vexed thereat ; but all this could not bring me back to reason. Completely overcome, I had to submit at all hazard and resolve to brave the scoffs and sneers of the world. Only, I afterwards deliberated whether or no I should show my work ; for I had as yet no idea of ever publishing it.

This course determined on, I gave loose rein to my reveries ; and by dint of turning and returning them in my head, I at last evolved the species of plan, the execution whereof the public has seen. This was certainly the most useful account to which I could have turned my mania ; the love of the good, that has ever possessed my heart, directed it towards useful objects, and the moral was calculated to produce a beneficial effect. My voluptuous pictures would have lost all their grace, had they been devoid of the soft coloring of innocence. A weak girl is an object of pity, whom love may render interesting, and who is often none the less amiable : but who can look without indignation on the spectacle presented by fashionable morals ? and what is more revolting than the pride of a faithless wife, who, openly trampling under foot all her duties, pretends that her husband ought to be eternally grateful to her for the grace she grants him in not letting herself be caught in the act. There is no such thing as perfect beings in nature, and the lessons they teach are not near enough us. But let a young woman, born with a heart as tender as virtuous, suffer herself to be overcome by love while a girl, and then, as a woman, recover strength suf-

ficient to subdue it and again become virtuous : whosoever shall tell you that such a picture in its entirety is scandalous and useless is a liar and a hypocrite : hear him not.

Besides this morality-and-conjugal-chastity-object, which lies at the basis of all social order, I had the ends of concord and public peace at heart—an object, greater, it may be, and more important in itself, greater and more important, any way, for the then state of things. This, however, I kept more of a secret. The storm the *Encyclopædia* raised, far from going down, was then at its very height. The two parties, let loose on each other with the utmost fury, looked more like maddened wolves, bent on tearing each other to pieces, than Christians and philosophers, aiming at mutual enlightenment, at convincing, and bringing each other back to the ways of truth. Each, perhaps, but wanted certain turbulent leaders possessing more or less credit, for it to have degenerated into a civil war; and God only knows what would have come of an intestine religious war in which the most bitter intolerance was the animating-spirit of each party. A born enemy of all party-feeling, I had freely spoken many a severe truth to both sides. These, however, they had not heeded ; so I bethought me of another expedient, which in my simplicity seemed admirable to me : this was to abate their reciprocal hatred by destroying their mutual prejudices, and showing each side phases of worth and virtue in the other well deserving of public esteem and the respect of all men. This project, not remarkably characterized by common sense, supposing as it did sincerity in mankind, and thus proving me guilty of the same mistake I was charging the Abbé de Saint-Pierre with, met with the success that might have been expected of it : it did not reconcile the parties, and it *did* bring them together, but only to crush me. Before experience had taught me my folly, I went into this project with a zeal worthy, I venture to say, of the motive that inspired it, and I drew the two characters of Wolmar and Julie in an ecstasy that raised the hope of making them both loveable, nay, more, of having the acceptance of the one heighten that of the other.

Satisfied with having roughly sketched my plan, I returned to the elaboration of the scenes I had worked out ; and from the arrangement I gave them resul'ted the first two

parts of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, which I put into shape that winter with inexpressible pleasure, employing the finest gilt-edged paper on it, with azure-silver powder to dry the writing, and blue ribbon to tack my sheets withal ; in a word, I thought nothing chivalric, nothing delicate enough for the two charming girls, of whom, like another Pygmalion, I became madly enamored. I used to sit every evening by my fire-side, and read and re-read these two parts to the ‘ governesses.’ The daughter, without saying a word, would sob with soft, sad joy along with me ; the mother, finding no compliments in it at all, understood nothing of the matter, and so said nothing ; only every now and then, in moments of silence, she would keep repeating, ‘ *Monsieur, cela est bien beau—That's very fine, sir!*’

Madam d’Epinay, uneasy at my being alone in winter in a lonely house in the midst of woods, often sent to inquire after my health. Never had I such genuine proofs of her friendship for me, and never did mine respond more fully thereto. It would be wrong were I not to specify that, among these testimonials, she sent me her portrait, at the same time requesting instructions as to how she should procure one of me that was painted by La Tour, and which had been shown at the Exhibition. Nor ought I to omit another of her attentions which, though it may appear laughable in itself, yet, from the impression it produced on me, brings out a phase of my character. One day when it was freezing very hard, on opening a package containing various little matters I had desired her to purchase for me, I found among the rest a small under-petticoat of English flannel, which she observed she had worn, and out of which she wanted me to make me a waistcoat. The turn of her note was charming, full of the most ingenuous kindness. This more than amicable care appeared to me so tender—as though she had stripped herself to clothe me—that in my emotion, with tears of joy, I kissed note and petticoat twenty times over Thérèse thought I was cracked. It is singular that of all the marks of friendship Madam d’Epinay lavished on me, none ever so touched me as this. Even since our rupture, I have never been able to think of it but with the deepest emotion. I long preserved her little note, and I should have had it

yet, had it not shared the fate of my other letters of the same period.*

Though I had but little respite from my retentions in winter, and was reduced during a part of the present one to the use of *sondes*, it was nevertheless, all in all, the calmest and pleasantest season I had passed since my residence in France. For four or five months, whilst the bad weather sheltered me from intruders, I enjoyed more keenly than I ever had before, and more than I ever have since, that calm, simple, independent life, the enjoyment of which but heightened its value in my eyes ; though without any other companions than the two 'Governesses'—really, and the two cousins—ideally. It was then especially that I congratulated myself more and more every day upon the course I had had the good sense to pursue, unmindful of the clamors of my friends, vexed at seeing me escaped from their tyranny ; and when I learned the attempt of a madman—when Deleyre, and Madam d'Epinay spoke in their letters of the turmoil and agitation that reigned in Paris, how thankful was I to heaven for having removed me to a distance from all such scenes of horror and crime : they would but have stimulated the bilious humor the spectacle of public disorder had called up ; whereas, seeing now naught but calm and smiling scenes around my retirement, my heart gave way to none but pleasing sentiments. I note here with satisfaction the progress of the last peaceful moments left me. The spring following this winter, all so calm, saw the germination of the misfortunes that remain for me to describe, and in the constant sequence of which no like intervals will appear, during which I had a breathing-time given me.

* Here is the note as given in Madam d'Epinay's *Mémoires* (Vol. II., p. 347) :

"I send you, hermit of mine, certain little matters in the provision line for Madam Le Vasseur; and as I transmit them by a new hand this time, here is the list of what he is entrusted with: a small barrel of salt, a curtain for Madam Le Vasseur's room and a new silk flannel petticoat of mine (at least I have not worn it), just the thing to make her one, or it would do very well to make you a good warm waistcoat. Bye-bye, thou king of bears. Let's hear from you." Tr.

* The attempt Damien made to assassinate Louis XV., January 4, 1757. Tr.

And yet I think I recollect that, during this interval of peace, and though plunged in solitude, I was not left altogether undisturbed by the Holbachians. Diderot raised some squabble or other, and I am very much mistaken if it was not during this same winter that the *Fils naturel* (The Natural Son,) of which I shall soon have to speak, appeared. Independent of the causes, presently to be developed that left me very few reliable memorials relative to this epoch, even those I have been able to preserve are exceeding confused as regards dates. Diderot never dated his letters. Madam d'Epinay and Madam d'Houdetot, scarcely ever put anything beyond the day of the week, and Deleyre for the most part did the same. When I undertook to arrange these letters in order, I was forced pretty much to guess at the dates, so that they are both uncertain and unreliable. Thus, not being able to fix with certainty on the beginning of these squabbles, I prefer bringing together everything I can recollect concerning it in a single article. This by-and-by.

The return of spring had redoubled my tender delirium; and in my erotic transports I had composed several letters for the last part of the *Héloïse*, that bore the impress of the rapture in which they were composed. I may cite, among others, the Elisium letter, and the one giving an account of an excursion on the lake, which, if my memory deceive me not, are at the end of the fourth part. The man that can read these two letters without feeling his heart melt and dissolve in the same soft love-pity that inspired them may as well shut the book: nature never intended him to know anything about matters of sentiment.

Precisely at this same time I had a second unexpected visit from Madam d'Houdetot. In the absence of her husband who was a captain in the *gendarmerie*, and of her lover, also on service, she had come to Eaubonne, in the middle of the Valley of Montmorency, where she had taken a very handsome house. It was from here she came and made a second excursion to the Hermitage. This time, she came on horseback, dressed in man's attire. Though I have no great fancy for that sort of masquerade, I was struck with the romantic air of the present one—and love-struck too. As this was the first and only lov-

of all my life, a love the consequences whereof will ever render it dire and memorable to me, it may perhaps be allowable for me to enter into some detail thereanent.

The Countess d'Houdetot was approaching thirty, and was not handsome : her face was pitted with small-pox, her complexion was rather coarse, her eyes were roundish and she was short-sighted ; but, for all that, she looked young, while her sweet yet lively countenance rendered her extremely engaging ; she had a gipsy figure and a forest of long black hair that fell in natural ringlets below her waist, while there was a blending of awkwardness and grace in her every movement. She had a natural and most agreeable wit, wherein gayety, headiness and naïveté happily married. She abounded in charming sallies that were perfectly unsought after, and which at times fell from her in spite of herself. She had several agreeable accomplishments, played the harpsichord, danced well and wrote quite pretty verses. As to her disposition, it was angelic ; sweetness formed the basis of her character—a character which, barring prudence and fortitude, united in itself every virtue. She was, in particular, of such reliability in her engagements, of such fidelity in intercourse that even her enemies were under no necessity of concealing anything from her. By enemies, I mean the men—or rather the women—that hated *her* ; for, for her part, she had not a heart that could hate, and I think this fact greatly contributed to inspire me with a passion for her. In the intimacy of the closest friendship I never heard her speak ill of any one absent, not even of her sister-in-law. She could neither conceal what she thought of a person, nor yet disguise a single sentiment ; and I am persuaded she spoke of her lover to her husband even as she did to her friends, her acquaintances and everybody else. Finally, what proves beyond all cavil, the purity and sincerity of her beautiful nature is the fact that, subject as she was to the most enormous mental absences and the most laughable tongue—slips, though she let fall many an extremely imprudent thing for herself, she was never guilty of any thing in the least prejudicial to anybody else whatever.

While very young, they had married her, against her inclinations, to Count d'Houdetot, a man of rank and a good soldier, but a player and wrangler, far from amiable, and

whom she never loved. She found in M. de Saint-Lambert all the good qualities of her husband with other characteristics that were more agreeable—culture, virtue, talent. If we allow somewhat for the morals of the age, theirs is certainly an attachment that its continuance purifies, its effects honor, and the only cement of which is mutual esteem.

It was somewhat from inclination, as far as I can tell, but chiefly to please Saint-Lambert that she came to see me. He had requested her to do so, and he was right in believing that the friendship that was beginning to arise between us would render the acquaintance agreeable to all of us. She knew that I was aware of their *liaisons*; and, free to speak unrestrainedly to me of him, it was but natural that she should enjoy my company. She came,—I saw her. I was love-drunk, without having any definite object; this intoxication fascinated my eyes, and *she* became the object of my passion. I saw my Julia in Madam d'Houdetot, and ere long I could see no one else, though it was D'Houdetot possessed of all the perfections wherewith I had adorned my heart's idol. To crown the whole, she spoke to me of Saint-Lambert with all the fondness of a passionate lover. Ah! contagion of love! while listening to her, while near her, I was seized with a delicious thrill I had never experienced with any body else. She spoke, and the deeps of my nature were moved; I thought I was nothing more than interested in her sentiments, while I was being seized with the like, and I drank deep draughts from the poisoned chalice, the sweetness whereof was as yet all I perceived. In fine, imperceptibly to us both, she inspired me with all she expressed for her lover. Alas! 'twas very late, 'twas very bitter to burn with passion for a woman whose heart was full of love for another!

Notwithstanding the extraordinary emotions I had felt while by her, I did not at first perceive what had happened me: it was not till after her departure that, trying to turn my thoughts on Julia, I was astounded at being unable to think of any body but Madam d'Houdetot. The scales then fell from my eyes: I felt my misery, trembled at it, but saw not the consequences thereof.

For a long time I hesitated as to how I should behave towards her, as though genuine love left one reason enough

to follow out trains of deliberation ! I had not made up my mind when she came in on me unawares. For the nonce, I had a perfect realization of my situation. Shame, the companion of evil, made me dumb and I trembled before her. I dared neither open my mouth nor raise my eyes ; I was plunged into inexpressible confusion, and it was impossible for her not to perceive it. I resolved to make an avowal of my troubled state of mind, leaving her to divine the cause : 'twas to speak plainly enough.

Had I been young and attractive, and had Madam d Houdetot afterwards yielded to weakness, I should here blame her conduct ; but as this was not so I can but admire and extol it. The course she pursued was as generous as it was prudent. She could not have broken off suddenly with me without giving her reasons therefor to Saint-Lambert, who had himself moved her to seek my acquaintance : 'twould but have been to expose two friends to a rupture, and the whole affair to publicity ; this she wished to avoid. Towards myself she felt esteem and kindness. She pitied my folly ; and though she did not encourage my passion, she mourned it, and endeavored to cure me thereof. She was glad to preserve to her lover and herself a friend of whom she thought a good deal, and she spoke of nothing with more pleasure than the sweet, close fellowship we might form between the three of us, when I should again come back to my right mind. She did not, however, always confine herself to these amical exhortations ; and when need was, she did not spare me the severer reproaches I had so richly deserved.

I spared myself still less ; the moment I was alone, I came back to myself. After my declaration, too, I was calmer : a love known to the person inspiring it becomes more endurable. The intensity with which I reproached myself for my passion might well have cured me of it, had a cure been possible. What powerful motives did I not call to my aid so as to stifle it ! My morality, sentiments, principles ; the shame, treachery, crime of abusing a trust confided to me by friendship ; then the ridiculousness of burning at my age with the most extravagant passion for an object whose preoccupied heart was unable either to give me any return or any hope,—with a passion, moreover, which, far from

having aught to gain by constancy, but became daily less endurable.

Who would imagine that this last consideration—a consideration that ought to have added weight to all the others—was precisely the one that played the devil with all the others? “Why should I scruple,” argued I, “to indulge in a folly that can harm no one? Am I, then, a young cavalier, hugely to be feared by Madam d’Houdetot? Will not my presumptuous remorse give people occasion to say that she is in mighty danger of being seduced by my gallantry, looks and dress? Poor Jean Jacques, love on at thy ease, heedless of conscience, nor fear thy sighs will ever harm Saint-Lambert.”

It has been seen that I never was forward, not even in youth. The above way of thinking was german to my turn of mind, it flattered my passion: this was of itself enough to induce me to give myself wholly up thereto, ay, and to laugh even at my impudent scruples, raised, as I thought, rather by vanity than reason. A lesson of weightiest import to virtuous souls; for vice never attacks such openly, but finds the means of surprising them by constantly masking itself under some sophism or other, ay, and often by taking the very garb of virtue.

Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure; and see, reader, I intreat you, how my passion followed the bent of my disposition to drag me at last into the abyss. At first, it assumed an humble air so as to assure me; and, to give me pluck, it pushed this humility to very mistrust. Madam d’Houdetot, without ceasing to call me back to duty and reason, without for a moment flattering my folly, treated me, withal, with the utmost mildness, and assumed the tone of the tenderest friendship towards me. This amity would, I do protest, have sufficed me, had I believed it sincere; but finding it too strong to be genuine, did I not go and get into my head that my passion, so ill-suited to my age and appearance, had rendered me contemptible in the eyes of Madam d’Houdetot; that the young mad-cap did but wish to divert herself with me and my superannuated amorosity—that she had revealed the whole to Saint-Lambert, and that he, indignant at my infidelity, had entered into her views, and they had both come to an understanding

to turn my head and then make a fool of me ! This absurd idea, which had at twenty-six made me guilty of all sorts of extravagant stupidities with Madam de Larnage, whom I did not know, might have been pardonable at forty-five with Madam d'Houdetot, had I been ignorant of the fact that she and her lover were both of them too upright and sincere to indulge in any such barbarous amusement.

Madam d'Houdetot continued to visit me, and I did not delay returning the visits. She was, like myself, fond of walking, and we took long strolls together in the enchanting country we were then in. Satisfied with loving and daring to speak my love, I would have been in the most delightful situation possible, had not my extravagance destroyed all its charm. At first, she could not fathom the cause of the silly pettishness with which I received her kind attentions ; but my heart, incapable of concealing anything going on within it, did not leave her long ignorant of my suspicions. She tried to laugh me out of it ; this expedient did not succeed, — transports of rage would have been the only effect it would have had on me, so she changed her tone. Her compassionate gentleness was invincible ; she overwhelmed me with reproaches that cut me to the very heart, and manifested a disquietude touching my unjust fears that I took advantage of. I demanded proof that she was not making a mock of me. She saw that there was no other way of convincing me. I became pressing ; the step was delicate. It is astonishing, it is unexampled perhaps, for a woman to suffer herself to be brought to hesitate, and then have got herself off so well. She refused me naught the tenderest friendship might grant ; she granted me naught that could be construed into infidelity ; and I had the humiliation of seeing that the conflagration her slightest favor raised in my blood communicated not the smallest spark to her chaste senses.

I have somewhere said* that we must give the passions nothing, if we intend refusing them aught. To appreciate how false this principle was in the case of Madam d'Houdetot, and how right she was in trusting herself, would necessitate my entering into the details of our long and frequent interviews, and developing them in their living lineaments, during the four months we passed together, in an intimacy

* *Nouvelle Héloïse*, Part Three, Letter XVIII. Tr,



One evening, after having supped together, we went to walk in the
garden. *Page 185—II.*

almost unparalleled between two friends of opposite sex, confining themselves to the bounds beyond which we never strayed. Ah ! if I had delayed so long feeling the power of genuine love, how fully did my heart and senses now pay up the arrears ! and what must be the transport experienced in the presence of a loved one that returns that affection, if even an unrequited love has the power to inspire such lofty rapture !

But I am wrong in saying an unshared love ; mine was in some sort shared : it was equal on each side, though not reciprocal. We were both love-drunk—she for her lover, I for her : our sighs and delicious tears mingled together. Tender confidants of each other's secret, our sentiments were so akin, that it was impossible they should not meet somewhere. And yet, amid this dangerous intoxication, never did she for a moment forget herself ; and for myself I protest, I swear that if, hurried away at times by passion, I attempted to render her faithless, I never really desired it. The vehemence of my passion was itself a restraint on it. The duty of self-denial elevates my soul. To my eyes the brightness of every virtue adorned my idol : to have soiled the image thereof would have been to destroy it. The crime I might have been guilty of,—I was guilty of it a hundred times over in my heart : but dis-honor my Sophia—ah ! could I ever ? No, no, I have told herself a hundred times over, 'twas impossible. Had I had free power to satisfy my desires, had she of her own free will committed herself to my discretion, barring some few short moments of delirium, I should have refused to be happy at this price. I loved her too well to wish to possess her.

It is about three miles from the Hermitage to Eau-bonne. In my frequent excursions thither, I sometimes chanced to sleep there. One evening, after having supped together, we went to walk in the garden. 'Twas a beautiful moonlight evening. At the bottom of the garden was, a considerable copse, through which we passed on our way to a pretty grove, adorned with a cascade which she had had executed after an idea I had given her.

Immortal souvenir of innocence and delight ! 'Twas in this grove that, seated by her side on a bench of green

sward, under an acacia all loaded with flowers, I found language for the expression of my emotions truly worthy of them. 'Twas the first and only time of my life ; but I was sublime, if so you may call all that is amiable and seducing wherewith the tenderest and most ardent love can inspire the heart of man. What intoxicating tears did I shed o'er her knees, and how I made her, too, melt ! At length, in an involuntary transport, she exclaimed : " No, never was man so amiable as you, never was lover's love so strong as your's ! But your friend Saint-Lambert hears us, and my heart cannot love twice." I sighed and spoke not, but embraced her—what an embrace !

That was all.

She had lived for six months alone, that is, far from her lover and her husband ; for three months I had seen her almost every day, with love as a constant tie between us. We had supped together, we were alone in a grove by moonlight, and, after two hours of the most touching and tender talk, she left this grove and the arms of her friend at midnight, as intact, as pure in body and soul as she had entered. Reader, weigh all these circumstances ; I shall add nothing more.

And do not go and imagine that in this instance, my passions left me undisturbed, as they had with Thérèse and *Maman*. I have already said, 'twas love this time, and love in all its energy and in all its fury. I shall not describe the agitations, tremblings, palpitations, convulsions, nor heart-sinkings I continually experienced : of these a conception may be formed by the effect her mere image produced on me. I have said that it was some distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne. I used to take my way by the Hills of Andilly, which are charming. While walking I would muse on her I was going to see—the kind reception she would give me, the kiss that awaited me on my arrival. That simple kiss, that fatal kiss, even before receiving it, would so inflame my blood that my head would grow dizzy, a blinding light would dazzle my eyes, my trembling knees were insufficient to uphold me, I would have to stop and sit down, my whole frame in an inconceivable disorder, and I on the point of fainting. Conscious of my danger, I would try, on setting

out, to divert my mind and think of something else. I would not have proceeded twenty steps before the same recollection, and all the concomitants inevitably following in its train, would return to assail me. There was no possibility of getting over it ; and, do as I might, I do not think there was a single time I managed to make this excursion with impunity. I would arrive at Eaubonne, weak, exhausted, and scarcely able to support myself. The moment I saw her, everything was made up for ; I felt while by her but the importunity of an inexhaustible and ever useless vigor. Upon the road to and in sight of Eaubonne there was a pleasant terrace, called ‘ Mount Olympus’, which we sometimes made a meeting-place. I was generally the first to get there, so I had to wait for her ; but how dear did this waiting cost me ! To divert my mind, I tried my hand at writing billets with my lead-pencil, which I could have traced with the purest drops of my blood : I could never finish one that was fit to be read. If she did find any of them in the niche we had agreed upon, it is impossible she could have gathered anything from the contents, but the deplorable state of the writer. This condition, and especially its duration, during three months of constant irritation and privation, threw me into a state of exhaustion that I was several years in recovering from, and resulted in bringing on a decline that I shall carry, or rather that will carry me, to the grave. Such was the sole love-enjoyment of the man of the most combustible temperament, but at the same time the most timid nature ever born. These were the last happy days allotted me on earth : here begins the endless web of my life’s miseries ; but few interruptions will be met with thereto.

It has been seen, in the whole course of my life, that my heart, transparent as crystal, was never skilled to conceal for a moment any sentiment at all powerful, that had arisen therein. Judge if it was possible for me long to conceal my love for Madam d’Houdetot. Our intimacy was patent to every eye ; we made neither a secret nor a mystery of it. Indeed, it was not of a nature to require it ; and as Madam d’Houdetot entertained the tenderest friendship for me, which she did not reproach herself with, and I for her an esteem whose depth nobody

knew better than myself—she, open, absent-minded, heedless;—I, down-right, maladroit, proud, impatient, choleric, we gave much more occasion for hold to be taken of our conduct, in our deceitful security, than we should have done, had we indeed been culpable. We both went to La Chevrette, where we often met, sometimes by appointment. While there, we lived after our usual fashion, taking daily walks together, discoursing of our loves, our duties, our friend, our innocent projects: this, too, in the park, in front of Madam d'Epinay's apartments, under her windows, whence incessantly watching us and thinking herself brav'd, her eyes fed her heart with indignation and rage.

Women have universally the art of concealing their fury, especially if it be keen and heart-felt: Madam d'Epinay, violent, but calculating, had it in an eminent degree. She feigned not to see, not to suspect anything; and, at the same time that she was redoubling her attentions and solicitude towards me, ay, and her very cajolery almost, she affected to load her sister-in-law with incivilities and marks of a disdain which, seemingly, she desired to communicate to me. As may readily be guessed, she did not succeed; but I was on the rack. Torn by opposite passions, at the same time that I was touched by her kindness, I could scarce contain my anger when I saw her treat Madam d'Houdetot rudely. The angelic sweetness of this lady made her endure everything without a murmur, nay, without even taking offence. Indeed, she was so absent-minded, and so little sensible, any way, to that sort of thing, that half the time she did not even perceive it.

So absorbed was I by my passion that, seeing naught but Sophia,* I did not even notice that I had become the laughing-stock of the whole house and all that came to it. Baron d'Holbach, who had never, that I know, been at La Chevrette, made a sudden visit thither. Had I at the time been as mistrustful as I afterwards became, I should have strongly suspected Madam d'Epinay's having arranged this trip to furnish him the amusing luxury of seeing 'the Citizen' head over ears in love. But I was then so blindly stupid as not even to see what was glaringly palpable to every eye. All my simplicity did not, how-

* A name of Madam d'Houdetot.

ever, prevent my noticing that the Baron was more glee-some and jovial than usual. In place of looking on me with his usual sullenness, he let fly a hundred, to me most incomprehensible merry banterings, at me. I stared with surprise, and knew not what to say; while Madam d'Epina had to hold her sides with laughing. I could not conceive what possessed them. As nothing had as yet passed the bounds of pleasantry, the best thing I could have done, had I but had wit enough, would have been to have gone into it also, and kept up the joke. The fact is, however, that I discerned, athwart the Baron's rallying gayety, a malignant joy sparkling in his eyes, that might have occasioned me uneasiness, had I observed it as particularly at the time as I recollect it afterwards.

One day on going to see Madam d'Houdetot at Eaubonne, on her return from one of her excursions to Paris, I found her sad, and noticed that she had been weeping. I was obliged to restrain myself as Madam de Blainville, a sister of her husband's, was present; but the moment I found an opportunity, I expressed my uneasiness to her. "Ah!" said she with a sigh, "I greatly fear your folly will cost me my peace of mind for the rest of my days. Saint-Lambert has learned the state of things, and has communicated the fact to me. He does me justice; but he is vexed, and, what is still worse, he hides a part of his vexation from me. Happily I have concealed nothing from him touching our connection—brought about, as you know, under his auspices. My letters, like my heart, have been full of you: the only thing I have concealed is your insen-sate love, of which I hoped to cure you, and which, with out saying anything to me about it, I see he imputes to me as a crime. Somebody has done us an ill turn—they have wronged me: but what matters it? Either let us break off with each other entirely, or be you what you ought to be. I do not want ever again to have anything to conceal from my lover."

This was the first moment I was sensible of the shame of being humiliated, by the realization of my fault, before a young woman whose just reproaches I was undergoing, instead of being, as I ought to have been, a Mentor to her. The indignation I felt at myself might, perchance, have suf-

ficed to overcome my weakness, had not the tender compassion with which the victim inspired me again softened my heart. Alas! was this the time to harden it when it was inundated with my tears? This melting mood was soon changed into rage against the vile informers who had seen but the evil of a criminal though involuntary sentiment, without believing or even imagining the sincere uprightness that redeemed it. We did not long remain in doubt as to the hand that directed the blow.

We were both aware that Madam d'Epinay kept up a correspondence with Saint-Lambert. It was not the first storm she had raised against Madam d'Houdetot, from whom she made a thousand efforts to detach her lover, and whom the success of some of her efforts caused to tremble for the result. Besides, Grimm, who, it seems to me, had accompanied M. de Castries to the army, was in Westphalia as well as Saint-Lambert; they saw each other at times. Grimm had made some attempts on Madam d'Houdetot that had not succeeded. Keenly piqued at this, he ceased visiting her altogether. Judge with what sang froid, modest as he is known to be, he must have heard of her preference for an older man than himself, and one, too, of whom he, Grimm, since his frequenting the company of the great, had been in the habit of speaking as a mere protegee of his.

My suspicions of Madam d'Epinay were changed into certainty the moment I learned what had passed at my house. When I was at La Chevrette, Thérèse often came thither, either to bring me my letters, or to render me the attentions my ill-health demanded. Madam d'Epinay had asked her if Madam d'Houdetot and I did not write to each other. Upon her answering in the affirmative, Madam d'Epinay pressed her to give her Madam d'Houdetot's letters, assuring her that she would re-seal them in such a way that it should never be known. Thérèse, without manifesting how much the proposition shocked her, and without even putting me on my guard, contented herself with hiding the letters she brought me more carefully— a very fortunate precaution; for Madam d'Epinay had her watched when she arrived, and, waiting for her several times in the passage, carried her audacity so far as to examine her apron. She went farther: having one day invited herself to come along with M. de

Margency and dine at the Hermitage, for the first time since my residence there, she seized the opportunity while I was taking a walk along with Margency, to enter my study with the mother and daughter, and pressed them to show her Madam d'Houdetot's letters. Had the mother known where they were, she would have got them; but happily the daughter alone knew, and denied that I had preserved any of them —a lie full, assuredly, of honesty, fidelity and generosity, whilst the truth would have been a mere perfidy. Madam d'Epinay, seeing that she could not seduce her, tried to irritate her by jealousy, reproaching her with her facility and blindness. "How is it possible?" said she to her, "for you to help perceiving that they have criminal intercourse? If, spite of what is so palpable to every eye, you need other proof, lend your aid to obtain it. You say he tears up Madam d'Houdetot's letters as soon as he has read them: very well, do you carefully gather up the pieces and give them to me; I shall manage to put them together." Such were the lessons my friend gave the partner of my bosom.

Thérèse had the prudence to conceal these attempts from me for a considerable time; but, seeing my perplexities, she thought herself obliged to tell me all, so that, knowing with whom I had to do, I might take my measures, and prepare for the plot they were laying for me. My indignation, my fury are indescribable. Instead of dissimulating with Madam d'Epinay, after her example, and making use of counterplots, I gave loose reins to my natural impetuosity, and, with my usual headiness, came right out. Some idea of my imprudence may be gained by the following letters, which give a pretty fair exhibition of how both parties proceeded on this occasion.

Note from Madam d'Epinay, File A, No. 44.

"How is it, my dear friend, that I do not see you? I feel uneasy about you. You have so often promised me to do nothing but come and go between here and the Hermitage! As to this, I have left you at liberty . . . but no, you have let eight days pass without coming. Had I not been told you were in good health, I should have thought you sick. I fully expected you the day before yesterday, and then yesterday; but was disappointed. For God's sake, what's the matter with

you? You have no engagements on hand, nor can you have any griefs on your mind either, for I flatter myself you would have forthwith come and confided it to me. You must be ill. I pray you relieve me from this anxiety. Adieu, my dear friend: let this adieu bring me a 'good day' from you."

Answer.

"MONDAY MORNING.

I can as yet say nothing to you. I wait further information, and have it I shall, sooner or later. Meanwhile, rest satisfied that accused innocence will find a defender ardent enough to give the slanderers, whoever they may be, something to repent of."

Second Note from the Same, File A, No. 45.

"Know you that your letter terrifies me. What does it mean? I have re-read it twenty times and more, and am still as far as ever from fathoming its meaning. All I can gather is that you are uneasy and tormented, and that you are waiting till you get over it to speak to me on the subject. My dear friend, is this what we agreed on? What, then, has become of your friendship and confidence? and how have I lost them? Is it with me, or on my account that you are angry? However it may be, come to me this evening, I entreat you. Don't you mind that it isn't eight days since you promised me that you would not let anything lie on your mind, but would come and tell me of it immediately. My dear friend, I live in that confidence . . . Hold, I have just read your letter again: I understand its contents no better; but it makes me tremble. It seems to me you are cruelly agitated. I could wish to calm you; but as I know not the cause of your uneasiness, I cannot tell what to say to you, unless to tell you that I am as wretched as yourself, and shall remain so until I see you. If you are not here this evening at six o'clock, I shall set out for the Hermitage tomorrow morning, let the weather and my health be what they may; for I can no longer endure this disquietude. Good-bye, my dear good friend. I take the liberty of telling you, at a venture, without knowing whether you need the advice or no, to try and put a stop to the progress un-

easiness makes in solitude
I have often felt it."

Answer.

"WEDNESDAY EVENING.

" I can neither go to see you, nor receive your visit whilst my present uneasiness continues. The confidence of which you speak no longer exists, and it will not be easy for you to recover it. I can see nothing at present in your eagerness and anxiety but the desire of drawing from the confession of others some advantage favorable to your views ; and my heart, so ready to open at the touch of true sympathy, closes at anything like trickery or finesse. I recognize your general craft in the difficulty you find in understanding my note. Do you think me fool enough to believe you really did not understand it ? No ; but I have it in me to conquer your subtleties by my openness. I shall explain myself more clearly, so that you may understand me still less.

" Two lovers, closely united and worthy of each others' love, are dear to me : (I suppose you won't know whom I mean, unless I mention their names.) It is presumed by me that attempts have been made to estrange them, and that it is I that have been made use of to inspire one of them with jealousy. The choice is not a remarkably bright one, but it appeared convenient for the ends of malice, and of this malice I suspect *you* guilty. I trust the matter becomes a little clearer.

Thus the woman I hold in highest esteem would, with my cognizance have been loaded with the infamy of dividing her heart and her person between two lovers, and I with being one of these wretches. Were I sure that, for a single moment of your life, you had ever been able to think thus of her or me, I should hate you till my last hour. But, 'tis with having said, not with having believed it that I charge you. I cannot comprehend, in such a case, which of the three you meant to harm ; but if you have any anxiety after peace of mind, tremble lest you may have succeeded. I have neither concealed from you nor from her all the ill I think of certain connections ; but I wish them to end as honestly as they began, and that an illegitimate love should be changed into an eternal friendship. Should I, who never harmed any

one, be the innocent instrument of harming my friends ? No ; I should never forgive you, I should become your implacable enemy. Your secrets are all I should respect, for while I live I shall live with my honor.

I do not apprehend my present perplexity can long continue. I shall soon know whether or not I am deceived. When I do so, I may perchance have great wrongs to repair—and there never was anything I shall do more cheerfully. But know you how I shall make amends for my errors during the brief period I shall remain near you ? By doing what nobody but myself will do : by frankly telling you what the world thinks of you, and the breaches you have to repair in your reputation. Maugre all the pretended friends by whom you are surrounded, when you see me go, you may bid adieu to truth ; you will no longer find any body that will tell it you."

Third Note from the Same, File A, No. 46.

I did not understand your letter of this morning : I said so, because it *was* so. This evening's I *do* understand ; don't be afraid I shall ever answer it, I am too anxious to forget it ; and though you excite my pity, I am not proof against the bitterness with which it has filled my mind. I, descend to trickery and cunning with you ! I, accused of the blackest of infamies ! Adieu ; I regret you having the . . . Adieu ; I know not what I say . . . Adieu : I shall be very auxious to forgive you. You shall come when you please,—you will be better received than your suspicions deserve. Only do not trouble yourself about my reputation : little matters it to me what the world thinks of me. My conduct is upright, and that's enough. Over and above, I am absolutely ignorant of what has happened to the two persons : they are as dear to me as they are to you."

This last letter extricated me from a terrible embarrassment, and plunged me into another of almost equal magnitude. Though all these letters had come and gone in the space of a single day with an extreme rapidity, this interval had sufficed to give me breathing-time after my transport of fury, and time, too, to reflect on the enormity of my imprudence. There was nothing Madam d'Houdetot had recommended so earnestly to me as to remain quiet and let her get

herself out of the difficulty alone, especially avoiding all publicity and rupture ; and now I had, by the most open and atrocious insults, gone and filled to the full with rage the heart of a woman already too disposed thereto. Naturally I had nothing to expect from her but an answer so haughty, disdainful and contemptuous that, without the basest meanness, I could do nothing but instantly quit her house. Happily, more adroit than I was furious, by the turn of her reply, she avoided reducing me to this extremity. But it was inevitable for me either to leave or instantly to go and see her,—there was no alternative. I resolved on the latter course, hugely embarrassed as to what face I should put on in the explanation I foresaw. For how clear myself without compromising either Madam d'Houdetot or Thérèse ? and woe be to her I should expose ! There was nothing the vengeance of an implacable and crafty woman could devise that I did not with fear and trembling anticipate for the person who should become the object of it. It was to prevent this misfortune that I had spoken of nothing but suspicions in my letter, so as not to be under the necessity of producing my proofs. True, this rendered my transports of rage less excusable, no mere suspicion authorizing me to treat a woman, and especially a friend, in the way I had done Madam d'Epinay. But here commences the great and noble task I worthily fulfilled of expiating my secret faults and foibles by charging myself with errors of greater magnitude, errors whereof I was incapable and which I never committed.

I had not to go through the ordeal I had expected, and I might have spared my fears. At my approach Madam d'Epinay threw her arms around my neck and burst into tears. This unexpected reception, by an old friend, affected me extremely ; I too, wept much. I said a few words that did not mean much ; she replied in others that meant still less, and so the whole matter ended. Supper had been served up, so we sat down to table, where, in expectation of the explanation I thought deferred till after supper, I made a very poor figure ; for so overcome am I by the most trifling disquietude of mind that I cannot hide it from even the dullest eye. My embarrassed air might well have given her courage ; however, she did not risk the attempt, so no more of an explanation came after than before supper. The next

day was the same, and our reticent interviews were simply filled up with matters neither here nor there, or with polite attentions on my part, whereby, while testifying that it was impossible for me as yet to say anything farther touching the foundation of my suspicions, I gave her to understand most truthfully that, if they proved groundless, my whole life would be employed in repairing the injustice I had done her. She did not manifest the slightest curiosity to know precisely what these suspicions were, nor whence I got them, and all our peace-making consisted in the embrace at our first meeting. Seeing that she alone was the wronged party—in form at least—it seemed to me that it was not for me to press an explanation she herself seemed to feel no anxiety after ; so I returned as I had come. Continuing withal our intercourse on the same footing as before, the quarrel soon faded almost quite out of my mind, and I was such a fool as to believe she too had forgotten it, because she seemed to have no further remembrance thereof.

This, as will soon appear, was not the only trouble my weakness caused me. There was another set of grievances, not a whit less poignant that were *not* brought on by myself but which arose solely from the determination of my friends to force me from my solitude * by dint of tormenting me. Diderot and the Holbachians were the main leaders. Ever since my removal to the Hermitage, Diderot had never ceased tormenting me, either directly or through Deleyre ; and I soon perceived from the pleasantries of the latter on my grove-ramblings how keenly they had enjoyed travestying the hermit into the 'Gallant Shepherd.' But this was not the point of contention in my quarrels with Diderot : these had a graver cause. After the publication of the *Fils Naturel* (The Natural Son), he had sent me a copy ; I read it with the interest and attention one gives to the works of a friend. Perusing the species of theory of poetry he has joined thereto, I was surprised, nay grieved to find, among various unkindly, though endurable things against lovers of solitude, this hard and cutting sentence,

* That is to get the old woman off, seeing they needed her assistance in the arrangement of the plot. 'Tis astonishing that during the whole of this long storm, my stupid confidence prevented me from seeing that it was not me but her they wanted to get back to Paris.

unqualified by any softening circumstances, *None but the wicked dwell alone*—(‘ Il n'y a que le méchant qui soit seul.’) This saying, it seems to me, is equivocal, and may mean two things—one very true and the other very false. It is impossible for a man who is, and wishes to be alone to be able and willing to do anybody harm—impossible consequently for him to be a wicked man. In itself, therefore, the saying required interpretation ; much more it required it on the part of an author who, when printing that sentence, had a friend who had retired into solitude. It appeared to me shocking and uncivil, either to have forgotten that solitary friend or, if he did remember him, not to have made from the general maxim the just and honorable exception he owed, not only to that friend, but to so many venerable sages, who in all times, have sought calm and peace in retirement, and of whom, for the first time since the creation of the world, a writer ventured, with a single stroke of the pen, indiscriminately to make so many villains.

Diderot I loved tenderly and esteemed sincerely, and I counted with entire confidence on a return of the same sentiments from him. But, tired to death with his indefatigable persistency in putting himself in eternal antagonism with my tastes, likings and way of living—matters with which nobody had any business but myself ; shocked at seeing a man that was younger than myself, obstinately bent on leading me like a child, whether I would or no ; disgusted with his facility in promising, and his negligence in performing ; weary of so many appointments he had made himself and then broken, and of his whim for making ever so many new ones only to be broken as certain as made ; chafing at having to wait for him three or four times a month, on days he had himself set, and having to dine alone at night, after having gone as far as Saint-Denis to meet him and waited the whole day for him, my heart was already full of the multiplied wrongs he had done me. This last one,* however, appeared to me graver than all, and lacerated my heart. I wrote him complaining of it but with a mildness and soft tenderness that wet the paper

* Diderot's having said that 'none but the wicked dwell apart.'
Tr.

with my tears ; and my letter was touching enough to have moved him, too. It would be impossible to divine what his answer was ; here it is word for word (File A. No. 33) :

" I am glad my work has pleased, has affected you. You are not of my opinion touching hermits. Say as much good of them as you please, you are the only one in the world of whom I shall ever believe these fine things : and even on that score there might be much to say, were it possible to speak to you thereanent without offending you. A woman of four score years, etc. A passage from a letter of Madam d'Epinay's son has come to my ears that must have deeply pained you, or I know ill your inmost heart."

The two last expressions of this letter require explanation.

When we began living at the Hermitage, Madam Le Vasseur seemed dissatisfied with it, and thought the place too lonesome. Her complaints having reached my ears, I offered to send her back to Paris, if she thought she would find living there pleasanter, agreeing to pay her board, and have the same care taken of her as if she remained with me. This offer she rejected, protesting that she was quite delighted with the Hermitage, and that the country air did her good : and that this was so, was evident, for she seemed to become rejuvenated so to speak, and enjoyed much better health than in Paris. Her daughter told me that, at the bottom, she would have been very sorry had we left the Hermitage, which was really a charming retreat, being very fond of the little chores of the garden and the care of the fruit, of which she had the management ; but that she had said what she had been put up to say, with a view of getting me to return to Paris.

This attempt having failed, they tried to gain the end complaisance had not produced through my conscience, and so made a crime of my keeping the old woman out there, at a distance from the succor she might need at her age, without recollecting that she and many other old people, whose life the excellent air of the country prolongs, could obtain this succor from Montmorency, right at my door: as though, there were no old people but in Paris, and as though it was impossible for them to live anywhere else !

Madam Le Vasseur, who eat immensely and with extreme voracity, was subject to fits of bile and violent diarrhoeas, which would last for several days, and cure her. In Paris, she never did anything, but let nature take its own way. She pursued the same course at the Hermitage, well aware that she could not do better. No matter: because there were no physicians or apothecaries in the country, keeping her there must be with the express desire of putting an end to her—and this though she was in perfect health! Diderot ought to have determined at what age it is not permissible, under penalty of homicide, to allow old folks to live out of Paris.

This was one of the two atrocious accusations, on account of which he did not except me from his dictum that ‘none but the wicked dwell apart;’ and this is what his pathetic exclamation signified, including the *et cetera* he had benignly added: *a woman of four score years!* etc.

I thought the best answer that could be given to this reproach would come from Madam Le Vasseur herself. I begged her to write her feelings freely and naturally to Madam d’Epinay. To set her more at her ease I would not see her letter, and I showed her the one I shall here transcribe, and which I wrote to Madam d’Epinay, touching an answer I had wished to send to another letter of Diderot’s that was still more severe, and which she had prevented me from sending.

“THURSDAY.

Ma bonne amie, Madam Le Vasseur is going to write to you; I have begged her to tell you sincerely what she thinks, and that she may feel still more at her ease, I have told her that I will not see what she writes, and I pray you not to communicate to me anything it contains.

I shall not send my letter,* since you oppose my doing so; but, as I feel myself very grievously offended, to acknowledge myself in the wrong would be a meanness and a falsehood of which it is impossible for me to be guilty. The gospel indeed commands him who is struck on the one cheek to offer the other also, but not to ask pardon. Do you remember the man in the comedy who while thrashing

* The letter to Diderot. Tr.

away at a luckless wight, exclaims, ‘There’s the part of a philosopher for you !’

Do not flatter yourself that he will be prevented from coming by the present bad weather. His rage will give him the time and strength friendship refuses him, and it will be the first time in his life he ever kept an appointment. He will outdo himself to come, and from his mouth, pour out on me the insults he loads me with in his letters ! I shall endure them nothing less than patiently. He will return to Paris to be ill again ; and I, according to custom, shall be a very hateful man. What is to be done ? Suffer I must.

But do you not admire the wisdom of the man that insisted on coming and taking me in a carriage to dine at Saint-Denis, and bring me back in a carriage also, and whose finances, eight days afterwards (file A. No. 34) were in such a state as to oblige him to come to the Hermitage on foot ? It is not absolutely impossible (to talk after his manner), that this should be the tone of good faith ; but in that case, eight days must have seen strange changes in his fortunes.

I sympathize with you in the affliction the illness of your mother gives you ; but you see your grief does not approach mine. We suffer less at seeing people we love sick, than at seeing them cruel and unjust.

Adieu, *ma bonne amie* ; this is the last time I shall speak to you of this unhappy affair. You talk to me of going to Paris with a coolness that would delight me at any other time.”

I wrote to Diderot, telling him what I had done relative to Madam Le Vasseur, at the suggestion of Madam d’Epinay herself ; and Madam Le Vasseur having chosen, as may well be supposed, to stay at the Hermitage, where she enjoyed excellent health, where she had always company and where she lived very agreeably, Diderot, puzzled to know what to impute to me as a crime next, construed my precaution into one, and did not fail to discover another in Madam Le Vasseur’s continuing to reside at the Hermitage, albeit this was by her own choice, and her returning to Paris had depended, and did still depend, upon herself ; I should have supported her there just as carefully as I did at my own house.

This is the explanation of the first reproach in Diderot's letter, No. 33. That of the second is in letter No. 34. “‘*Literatus*’ (a nickname given by Grimm to Madam d’Epinay’s son) ‘*Literatus*’ must have informed you that there were twenty poor people on the ramparts dying of cold and hunger, waiting the farthing you were wont to give them. This is a specimen of our little chat... and if you heard the rest, it might afford you similar amusement.”

Here was my reply to this terrible argument, whereof Diderot seemed so proud.

I think I answered ‘*Literatus*’—the son of a *Fermier-général*, namely—that I did not pity the poor wretches he had seen on the ramparts waiting for my farthing; as, to all appearance, he had amply made it up to them. That I appointed him my substitute; that the poor of Paris would have no cause to complain of this change; that I would not easily find so good an one for those of Montmorency, who had much more need of such. There is a good and respectable old man here who, after having passed his life in toil, is unable to work any more, and is dying of hunger in his old days. My conscience is more satisfied with the two sous I give him every Monday, than with the hundreds of farthings I should have distributed amongst the set of knaves on the ramparts. You philosophers are funny fellows to look on the dwellers in cities as the only persons duty bids you befriend. ‘Tis in the country one learns to love and serve humanity; he but learns to despise it in cities.”

Such were the ridiculous trifles on account of which a man of sense had the imbecility to impute to me my leaving Paris as a crime, and pretended to prove to me, by my own example, that it was impossible to live out of the capital and not be a bad man. I cannot now, for the life of me, understand how I had the stupidity to answer him and get mad over it, in place of simply laughing in his face. And yet, the decisions of Madam d’Epinay and the clamors of the Holbach coterie had so fascinated all minds in his favor, that as a general thing I passed for having acted wrong in this affair, and Madam d’Houletot herself, an enthusiastic partisan of Diderot’s, wanted me to go and see him at Paris, and

make all the advances towards a reconciliation, which, however sincere and hearty it was on my part, was nevertheless very short-lived. The victorious argument by which she prevailed over my heart was that Diderot was unhappy. In addition to the storm excited against the *Encyclopædia*, he had then another very violent one to make head against. This was raised by his piece,* which, spite of the little account of it he had prefixed thereto, they accused him of having stolen bodily from Goldoni. Diderot, still more sensible to criticism than Voltaire, was at that time overwhelmed thereby. Madam de Graffigny had even been malicious enough to spread the report that I had a rupture with him on that occasion. It seemed to me that it would be just and generous publicly to prove the contrary, and I went and passed two days, not only with him, but at his lodgings. This was my second journey to Paris since my removal to the Hermitage. The first was occasioned by my having to hasten to poor Gauffecourt, who had an attack of apoplexy from which he has never quite recovered, and during which I never left his bed-side till he got on his feet again.

Diderot received me well. How many wrongs does the embrace of a friend blot out ! What resentment can remain in the heart after that ? We had but little explanation : there is no need thereof in a case of reciprocal abuse. There was but one thing to do, namely, to forget it. There had been no underground proceedings, so far as I learned at least; 'twas not as with Madam d'Epinay. He showed me the plan of his *Père de famille*—(Father of the Family). "This," said I to him, "is the best defence of the *Fils naturel*. Keep your counsel, elaborate your piece carefully, and then hurl it at your enemies as your sole reply." He did so, and carried the day. It was almost six months since I had sent him the first *** parts of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* to have his opinion on it. He had not read them yet, so we went over a couple of books together. He thought all this rather *feuillet*,—that was his term; that is, loaded with words and redundancies. I had keenly felt this myself already : but it was mere fever-ravings; I never could correct it. The last parts are not so. The fourth especially, and the sixth, are master-pieces of diction.

* The 'Fils Naturel.' Tr.

The second day of my arrival, he would have me go and take supper at M. d'Holbach's. We were far from agreeing on this point, for I even wanted to break off the bargain for the manuscript on chemistry, as I chafed at being under any obligation to that man.* Diderot carried the day, however. He swore M. d'Holbach loved me with all his heart, adding that one must pardon him his ways, as he acted so to every one, and nobody suffered more from it than his friends. He represented that to refuse the product of the manuscript after having accepted it two years before, would be an affront the donor had not deserved: and that this refusal might be misconstrued into a secret reproach for his having delayed so long concluding the bargain. "I see d'Holbach every day," added he, "and I know him better than you do. If it was not all for the best, do you suppose your friend capable of advising you to do a mean thing?" In short, with my usual weakness, I let myself be overcome, and we went and took supper with the Baron, who received me as usual. His wife, however, met me coldly, nay, almost uncivilly. I no longer recognized that amiable Caroline,† who, when a girl, had expressed so many kind wishes for my welfare. Indeed I thought I had long before perceived that since Grimm had frequented the house of Aine, they no longer gave me their former friendly reception. *

Whilst I was at Paris, Saint-Lambert returned from the army. Not hearing of it, I did not see him till after my return to the country, first at La Chevrette and afterwards at the Hermitage, whither he came along with Madam d'Houdetot and asked me for some dinner. Judge if I received them with pleasure! But I felt still greater delight at witnessing their good understanding. Calm in the consciousness of not having disturbed their happiness, I was happy myself; and I can with all truth affirm that during

* Rousseau having made no previous mention of this manuscript and the 'bargain' connected therewith, what he says on the matter is quite unintelligible. I have not been able to find aught to throw light on the subject. Tr.

† In the previous book, R. makes mention of the death of Madam d'Holbach. The person here referred to was his second wife Caroline Suzanne d'Aine, a sister of his former wife, whom he had married with the permission of the see of Rome. Tr.

the whole of my mad passion, and more especially at the moment referred to, even had it been in my power to deprive him of Madam d'Houdetot, I would not have done so, would not have been tempted to do so. I found her so attractive in her love for Saint-Lambert, that I could scarce conceive it possible for her to be so much so, even had it been me she loved ; and, so far from wishing to disturb their union, what I most truly desired of her, even in the height of my delirium, was that she should let herself be loved. Indeed, how violent soever may have been the passion with which I burned for her, I found it as delightful to be the confidant as the object of her love, and I never for a moment regarded her lover as a rival, but ever as a friend. It may be said this was not love : be it so ; but it was something more !

As for Saint-Lambert, he behaved like a judicious and upright man. As I was the only guilty one, I alone suffered punishment,—even this, however, with the utmost indulgence. He treated me in a severe though friendly manner : I saw I had lost somewhat in his esteem, but nothing in his friendship. For this I consoled myself, well aware that it would be much easier for me to recover the one than the other, and conscious that he was too sensible to confound a transient and involuntary weakness, with a vice of the character. If I was at fault at all in what had passed, I was very little so. Was it I that had sought his mistress ? Was it not he that sent her to me ? Did not she come after me ? Could I avoid receiving her ? What could I do ? They alone had done the evil ; on me it fell. In my place, he would have gone as far as I did—perhaps farther ; for, however faithful and estimable Madam d'Houdetot might be, she was still but a woman—he was absent—opportunities were frequent—temptations strong, and it would have been very hard for her always to have defended herself with the same success against a more enterprising man than myself. It was certainly much for both her and me to have, situated as we were, laid down bounds beyond which we never suffered ourselves to pass.

Though my heart returned me an honorable enough verdict, yet so many appearances were against me, that that invincible shame that has ever mastered me, gave me all the appearance of a guilty one in his presence, and this he often

abused to humble me. A single circumstance will reveal our reciprocal position. After dinner one day I was reading him the letter I had written Voltaire the year before, of which he (Saint-Lambert) had heard speak. He fell asleep whilst I was reading ; and I, erst so proud and now so silly, dared not break off, but kept reading whilst he kept snoring. Such were the contumelies I suffered, such the vengeance he inflicted ; but his generosity never allowed him to do so but between the three of us.

After his departure, I found Madam d'Houdetot greatly changed in her manner towards me. This surprised me as much as though it was not to have been expected. It touched me more than it ought to have done, and this did me much harm. It seemed as though everything from which I expected a cure, did but drive the arrow deeper into my heart. Nay, after all, I rather broke than extracted it.

I was bent on making a complete conquest of myself, and converting my mad passion into a pure and lasting friendship. To this end I had formed some of the finest imaginable projects, for the execution whereof the concurrence of Madam d'Houdetot was necessary. When I went to speak to her, I found her absent-minded and embarrassed ; I felt she had ceased to enjoy my company, and I clearly saw that something had passed she was unwilling to tell me, and which I never found out. This change, for which it was impossible for me to find any explanation, cut me to the heart. She asked back her letters ; I returned them all with a fidelity which she did me the injustice to doubt for a moment. This doubt was a new and unexpected wound to my heart—that heart she should have known so well. She did me justice, but not immediately ; I gathered that an examination of the package I had given her, made her conscious of her error : I saw, further, that she reproached herself therewith, which was some little reward. She could not take back her letters without returning me mine. She told me she had burnt them ; I ventured to doubt in my turn, and I confess I still doubt it. No ; such letters are never thrown into the fire. *Julie's** have been thought burning : God ! what would these have

* In the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. Tr.

been called? No, no, never could she that had the power to inspire a like passion, have the courage to burn the proofs thereof. But neither have I any fear that she made a bad use of them: I do not think her capable of doing such a thing, and besides mad though the letters were, there was method in their madness. The very strong, though foolish apprehension I entertained of being made a fool of, had led me to begin this correspondence in such a way as to secure them from all publicity. I carried the familiarity of ‘theeing’ and ‘thouing’ her I had contracted during my wild intoxication into my letters; but what a ‘theeing’ and ‘thouing’! She surely could not be offended at it. And yet she several times complained of it; though in vain: her complaints but awoke my fears; and besides I could not bring myself to lose ground. If these letters are still in existence, and should they ever be made public, it will then be known how I loved.*

The grief the coldness of Madam d'Houdetot caused me, and the consciousness of not having deserved it, induced me to adopt the singular course of complaining to Saint-Lambert himself. While waiting the result of the letter I wrote him touching the matter, I did what I ought to have done before—I went into pastimes of one sort or another. They had fêtes at La Chevrette, for which I furnished music. The pleasure of doing myself honor in Madam d'Houdetot's estimation by a talent she loved, fired my imagination; besides which there was another thing that animated it—the desire, namely, to show that the author of the *Devin du Village* really did understand music; for I had perceived that some one had, for a consider-

* “Madam Broutain, who lived in the neighborhood of Eaubonne, desirous of coming at the truth touching the fate of these letters, one day questioned Madam d'Houdetot on the matter. Mme. d'H. replied that she had indeed burned them, with the exception of a single one, which she had not been able to bring herself to destroy, as it was a master-piece of eloquence and passion, and that she had given it into the hands of M. de Saint-Lambert. Mme B. seized the first opportunity to ask St-L. about the fate of this letter. His reply was that it had got astray during a removal, and he knew not what had become of it.” Such is the account of the matter given us by M. Musset, in his pamphlet entitled “*Anecdotes pour faire suite aux Mémoires de Mme. d'Epinay.*” (Paris. 1818) Tr.

able time, been laboring to render this doubtful, at least as far as composition goes. My appearance at Paris, the severe ordeals through which I had at various times passed, as well at M. Dupin's as at M. La Poplinière's ; the quantity of music I had composed during the past fourteen years amid the most celebrated artists and under their eyes ;—not to mention any thing else, the Opera of the '*Muses Galantes*,' the '*Devin du Village*' itself, an anthem I had composed for Mlle. Fel, and which she sang at the sacred concert ; the many many conferences I had had with the foremost masters on this finest of the fine arts—all combined might surely well have either prevented or dissipated such a doubt. And yet it existed, even at La Chevrette, and I perceived that M. d'Epinay himself was not free from it. Without appearing to take any notice of this, I volunteered to compose him an anthem for the dedication of the chapel at La Chevrette, and I begged him to furnish me with words of his own choosing. This task he gave into the hands of De Linant, his son's tutor. De Linant put together words suitable to the occasion ; and eight days after they were given me, the anthem was finished. Spite was my muse this time, and certainly never did stronger music come from my hands. The words began thus : *Ecce sedes hic Tomanus.** The pomp of the opening corresponds with the words, and the whole anthem is of a beauty that struck every one that heard it. I had cast it for a full orchestra. D'Epinay procured the best performers. Madam Bruna, an Italian singer, sang the motet, and was well sustained. The anthem met with so marked a success that it was afterwards given at the sacred concert, where, spite of under-ground cabals and the abominable execution, it was applauded to the echo twice over. For the celebration of M. d'Epinay's birth-day, I gave them the idea of a kind of piece half drama, half pantomime, which Madam d'Epinay put together, and for which I composed the music also. Grimm, on his arrival, heard speak of my musical success. An hour afterwards, not a word more was said on the subject : but, any way, there

* I afterwards learned that these words are by Santeuil, and that M. de Linant had very coolly appropriated them.

was no more doubt afterwards, as far as I know, about my knowledge of composition.

Hardly had Grimm come to La Chevrette, where I did not enjoy myself too well, any way, before he managed to make my stay absolutely insupportable. This he effected by airs, the like of which I never saw in my life, and of which I could not even have conceived. On the evening before his arrival, I was turned out of the *chambre de faveur* which was next to Madam d'Epinay's, and which I occupied. This was prepared for M. Grimm, and I sent into another one far off. "Aha!" said I laughingly to Madam d'Epinay, "this is the way new comers supplant old comers!" She seemed embarrassed. I got light on the subject that very evening, on learning that between her room and the one I had left there was a secret door, which she had thought needless to show me. Her commerce with Grimm was a matter of secret to nobody, either in the house or out of it, nay, not even to her husband. And yet far from confessing it to me, the confidant of secrets of hers of much greater importance, and which she was very sure would be faithfully kept, she constantly denied it in the strongest manner. I easily saw through this reserve—saw that it came from Grimm, who though entrusted with all my secrets, did not wish me to know a single one of his.

Whatever predilection in his favor my former sentiments, not yet extinguished, and the real merit of the man induced, yet it was not proof against the care he took to destroy it. He received me after the fashion of Count Tuffière—scarcely deigning to return my salute, never once speaking to me, and ere long going so far as to correct me for addressing him by not answering me at all. He everywhere passed first, invariably taking the first place, and paying me not the slightest attention. This might have been endurable in itself, had it not been accompanied by the most offensive affectation. However, let the reader judge for himself by an example taken from a thousand. One evening, Madam d'Epinay, feeling slightly indisposed, ordered a little supper to be taken up to her room, and went up to enjoy it by her fire-side. She asked me to go up with her, which I did. Grimm afterwards came up. The little table was

already set,—there were but two covers. Supper is served, Madam d'Epinay sitting down at one side of the fire, whereupon M. Grimm sets an arm-chair by the other side, plants himself down on it, draws the little table between them, unfolds his napkin, and prepares to eat, without saying a word to me. Madam d'Epinay blushes, and as a hint for him to make reparation for his rudeness, offers me her place. He said nothing—did not even look at me. Not being able to get near the fire, I walked about the room till a cover was brought me. He suffered me, indisposed as I was, to sup at a corner of the table, far away from the fire, without showing me the least civility—I that was his elder, an older acquaintance in the family than himself, I who had introduced him there, and to whom, as the favorite of the lady, if for no other consideration, he should have done the honors of the house. This is a very fair sample of his general behavior to me. He did not treat me as his inferior exactly—he regarded me as nobody. It was rather hard for me to recognize in him the whilom Dominic, who, while in the employ of the Prince of Saxe-Gotha, thought himself honored if I but cast my eyes on him. And it was still harder to reconcile his profound silence and insulting disdain with the tender friendship he professed to entertain for me, whenever any real friend of mine was by. He certainly gave no proofs of anything of that sort, except pitying my lot, of which I did not complain, compassionating my sad fortune, with which I was satisfied, and bewailing my obstinate refusal of the benefits he said he wished to bestow on me. Thus was it he artfully contrived to make the world admire his tender generosity, and blame my ungrateful misanthropy, while he accustomed people to imagine that between a protector such as he and a wretch like myself no connection could possibly subsist but that of benefactions on the one side and obligations on the other—anything like a friendship between equals was not to be thought of in this instance, not even as among the possibilities. For my part, I have sought in vain to discover wherein I was under obligation to this new patron. I had lent him money, he had never lent me any ; I had attended him during his illness,—he scarcely came to see me in mine ; I had given him all my friends,—he never gave me one of his ; I had done every thing in my power to extol him,—^{1.1.} . . . if he ever did any-

thing of that sort for me, it was less publicly and after a quite different fashion. Never did he either render or offer me the least service of any kind whatever. How then was he my Mecænas? How was I his protegee? It passed my power of comprehension,—it passes it yet.

True, he was more or less arrogant with everybody; but with no one so brutally as with me. I remember once, Saint-Lambert came near throwing his plate at his head on his, in a manner, giving him the lie before the whole table by vulgarly saying: *That is not true.* To his naturally imperious ways he added the self-sufficiency of an upstart and became ridiculous by his very impertinence. His intercourse with the quality had so seduced him that he assumed airs which only the most senseless of this tribe put on. He never called his lackey but by Hey! as though amid the train of his retainers my lord did not know which was on duty at the time. When he sent him to buy anything, he would pitch the money on the floor instead of giving it into his hands. In short, quite forgetting he was a man, he treated him with such disgusting contempt and cruel disdain in everything, that the poor fellow—quite a good lad, whom Madam d'Epinay recommended to him—left his service from no other cause than the impossibility of putting up with such abuse. 'T was the 'La Fleur' of this new 'Glorieux.'

As foppish as he was vain, with his great dull eyes and his shuffling figure, he had pretensions women-ward; and since his farce with Mlle. Fel, he passed with a good many as a man of the largest sentiment. This had made him fashionable, and given him a taste for woman's spruceness. He turned out quite a buck; his toilet became a great affair; everybody knew that he used lily white, while I, that would not credit it, began to think that it must indeed be so, not only from the lustre of his complexion and from having found pots of white powder on his toilet-table, but from the fact that, having gone into his room one morning, I found him brushing away at his nails with a little brush made on purpose, an operation he continued with a most complacent smirk in my presence. I judged that a man that could pass two hours every morning in brushing his nails, would not scruple to spend a few minutes in filling up the cracks in his skin with white powder. The good man Gauffecourt, who

was no *sac à diable* had pleasantly enough christened him Tyran-le-Blanc (Tyrant the White.)

These were but ridiculous trifles to be sure, yet not in the run of my nature, and they gave force to the suspicions I had already entertained touching his character. It was hard for me to believe that a man whose head thus played him the fool could be just right at heart. There was nothing he piqued himself upon so much as sensibility of soul and depth of sentiment. How could these accord with characteristics only meet for little minds? How was it that the constant flights a fine soul is ever making out of itself could allow him to be eternally busied about so many little cares regarding his little person? God! the man that feels his heart inflamed with this celestial fire seeks to exhale it and reveal his inmost soul! He would wear his heart in his face,—no other paint would ever enter his head.

I recollect the epitome of his code of morals ; Madam d'Epinay had adopted it and she told me. This summary consists in a single article, namely, that the sole duty of man is to follow in everything the inclinations of his heart. This ‘moral law,’ when I at first heard it, gave rise to some terrible reflections in my mind, though I took it at the time for a mere *jeu d'esprit*. It was not long, however, before I perceived that this principle was really the rule of his conduct, as I had but too many convincing proofs, to my own expense. This is the ‘interior doctrine’ whereof Diderot so often spoke to me, but which he never explained.

I remembered the frequent warnings I had got, years before, that this man was false, that he was but acting sentiment, and particularly that he did not love me. I recalled several little anecdotes M. de Francueil and Madam de Chenonceaux had told me on this head. By the way, neither of them liked him, though they must have known him, as Madam de Chenonceaux was a daughter of Madam de Rochechouart, an intimate friend of the late Count Frièse, and as M. de Francueil, then very intimate with Viscount Polignac, had frequented the Palais Royal, a great deal precisely when Grimm began to get introduced there. All Paris knew of his despair after the death of Count Frièse. The object was to sustain the reputation he

had gained after the rigors of Mlle. Fel, and the balder dash of which I might have seen through more readily than any one, had I been less blind at the time. He had to be dragged to the hotel de Castries, where he played his part to perfection, abandoned to the most mortal affliction. There, every morning, he went into the garden to weep at his ease, covering his eyes with his tear-bathed handkerchief, as long as he was in sight of the hotel ; but at the turning of a certain alley, people he little thought of saw him instantly clap his handkerchief into his pocket and pull out a book. This observation, which was repeatedly made, soon became public throughout the whole of Paris, and was almost as soon forgotten. I had forgotten it myself ; a fact in which I was concerned served to call it to mind. I was at the point of death in my bed, in rue Grenelle : he was in the country. One morning he came rushing in out of breath, saying he had just arrived in town that very moment ;—a moment afterwards I learned he had arrived the evening before, and had been seen that night at the theatre.

A thousand facts of this sort came to my mind ; howbeit an observation I was surprised to have made so late struck me more than all else. All my friends without exception had I given Grimm—all had become his. So hard was it for me to be separated from him that it would have been difficult for me to have continued visiting at a house where he was not received. There was but Madam de Créqui that refused to admit him, and her too, from that time forth, I almost wholly ceased going to see. Grimm, for his part, made him other friends, as well through avenues open to him as though the introductions of Count Frièse. Of all these friends never one became mine ; never a word did he say to induce me to make their acquaintance even, and of the various persons I at times met at his house not a single one showed me the smallest kindness or good will, not even Count Frièse, with whom he lived, and with whom it would of course have been very agreeable for me to have become acquainted ; nor yet his relative Count Schomberg, with whom Grimm was still more intimate.

Further : my own friends, whom I made his, and who were all tenderly attached to me before this acquaintance, sensibly changed in their conduct towards me after it

was made. He never gave me any of his ; I gave him all mine, and he ended by taking them all from me. If these be the fruits of friendship what then must be the fruits of hate ?

At first, Diderot himself repeatedly warned me that Grimm, in whom I placed so much confidence, was no friend to me. Afterwards, when in the course of things he had ceased to be so himself, he changed his language.

The manner in which I had disposed of my children was a matter that concerned nobody but myself. And yet I told several of my friends of it, simply for the sake of telling them, and not to appear better in their eyes than I was. These friends were three in number—Diderot, Grimm, and Madam d'Epinay. Duclos, worthier than any of my confidence, was the only one I did not intrust it to. He learned it, however : by whom—? I know not. It is hardly possible that Madam d'Epinay was guilty of this infidelity, as she must have been well aware that if I could bring myself to imitate her, I had means in my power of the most terrible revenge. There remain Grimm and Diderot, then so closely united in everything and especially so against me, that it is more than probable they were partners in the crime. I could bet that Duclos, to whom I did not tell my secret, and who was consequently free to make what use he pleased of it, is the only person that has kept it.

Grimm and Diderot, in their project for depriving me of the ‘governesses,’ had tried very hard to get him to enter into their views ;—he always repulsed them with disdain. It was not till afterwards that I learned from him all that had passed between them on this subject ; but even at the time I got enough from Thérèse to see that there was some secret design in all this, and that they wanted to dispose of me, if not against my will, at least without my knowledge, or else that they intended using these two persons as tools towards some hidden end. This conduct was certainly not upright. Duclos’ opposition clearly proves it so. Let him think it friendship that will.

This pretended friendship was as fatal to me at home as it was abroad. Their long and frequent conferences with Madam Le Vasseur, for several years back, had made a sensible change in this woman’s behavior towards me, and the change was certainly not in my favor. What in the world

could they have to talk about in those strange interviews. Why that profound mystery? Was that old wife's gab so agreeable as to induce them to take her into their favor, and so important that they had to keep it a tremendous secret? During the three or four years these colloquies continued, they had appeared to me simply ridiculous: when I then thought over them, however, they astonished me. This astonishment would have increased to disquietude, had I then known what this woman was preparing for me.

Notwithstanding the pretended zeal for my welfare whereof Grimm had made such a boast in public—a boast that ill-agreed with the airs he assumed when we were alone together: I could hear of nothing he had said or done to my advantage; and the commiseration he feigned to feel for me tended less to serve, than to degrade me. Nay, he even did all he could to prevent my getting along in the pursuit I had chosen, by decrying me as a bad copyist: (in this I confess he spoke the truth; but it was not for him to say it). That he was not in fun, he very plainly proved by employing another copyist, and influencing everybody he could to do the same. His aim seemingly was to reduce me to dependence on him and his credit for my subsistence, and to this end to stop all source of supplies until I should be brought to the desired pass.

All this taken into consideration, my reason at length silenced my old prepossession, which still pleaded in his favor. I judged his character as at best doubtful; and as for his friendship, I decided it as most positively false. Having resolved to see him no more, I informed Madam d'Epinay of my determination, supporting it by various unanswerable facts that I have now forgotten.

She earnestly combatted my resolution, without very well knowing what to say to the reasons on which it was founded. She had not as yet concerted with him; but the day following, instead of giving me a verbal explanation, she put into my hands a very adroit letter they had drawn up together, wherein, without at all entering into the facts of the matter, she justified him, on account of his concentrative, meditative disposition, and, attributing to me as a crime my having suspected him of perfidy towards his friend, she exhorted me to come to an accommodation with him. This

letter staggered me ; and in a conversation we afterwards had together, and in which I found her better prepared than she had been the first time, I suffered myself to be quite prevailed upon. I came to believe that I might have judged unjustly, and that in this case I had to repair a serious injury done a friend. In short, as I had already done several times over with Diderot, as also with Baron d'Holbach, half from inclination and half from weakness, I made the very advances I ought to have exacted : I went to Grimm's like another George Dandin and apologized for offences he had done me, acting in this matter in a false persuasion of mine that has made me in the course of my life go through a thousand meannesses when I had to do with my pretended friends—namely, that there is no hatred that may not be disarmed by mildness and kind behavior ; whereas, on the contrary, the hatred of the wicked becomes but more envenomed by the impossibility of finding any foundation for it ; and the consciousness of their own injustice but adds new bitterness to their spite. I have, without going beyond myself, a very striking proof of this principle in Grimm and in Tronchin, become my two most implacable enemies. Such was their inclination, such their pleasure, their whim, for certainly they never could allege a single wrong of any kind I ever did either of them ; * and yet their rage increases day by, day like that of a tiger by the very facility they find in satiating it.

I was expecting that Grimm, thrown off his guard by my condescension and advances, would receive me with open arms and the most tender amity. He received me like a Roman Emperor, with an ineffableness of bigness and pride I never saw approached in living human being. I was not at all prepared for such a reception. Embarrassed by having to play a part so little suited to my nature, I in a few words and with a timid air fulfilled the object of my visit ; and mark you how, before receiving me back to favor, he pro-

* I did not apply the nick name of *Juggler* to the latter [Tronchin] till long after his declared enmity and long after the bloody persecutions he raised against me in Geneva and elsewhere. Nay, I even suppressed the epithet whenever I perceived I was entirely his victim. Mean vengeance is unworthy my heart, and hatred never takes the least root therein.

nounced, with a deal of majesty, a long harangue he had prepared for the occasion, wherein he ran through the long schedule of his virtues, and especially his shining qualities in the matter of friendship. He laid great stress on a thing that struck me a good deal at first—namely, that he was always seen to keep the same friends. Whilst he was discanting away, I muttered that it would be very hard of me to break in on this rule and become the sole exception thereto. He returned to this so often and with such affectation, that he called up the thought in my mind, that if in this he had followed but the dictates of his heart, he would not have been so struck by this principle ; he seemed to turn it to a useful account by procuring means for the accomplishment of his views. Hitherto this had been precisely the case with me—I had always preserved all my friends ; from my earliest childhood I had not lost one, unless by death, and yet I had never thought of it : it had never grown out to a detached mental fact or become a maxim I prescribed for myself. Since, then, this was an advantage common at the time to both of us, *why* did he choose to brag about it, if he had not been thinking beforehand of depriving me thereof ? He afterwards endeavored to humble me by proofs of the preference our common friends gave him over me. Of this I was as well aware as himself ; the question was *how* he had obtained it,—whether it was by merit or by craft, by raising himself, or by abasing me ? At last, after he had, to his heart's content, put all possible distance between us, so as to magnify the value of the favor he was about to confer, he bestowed on me the kiss of peace, in a slight embrace, something like the *accolade* the king gives newly-dubbed knights. I was dumbfounded : I knew not what to say—not a word could I utter. The whole scene looked like a preceptor reprimanding his pupil, meanwhile graciously sparing the rod. I never think of it without feeling how deceitful are judgments founded on appearances—those judgments to which the vulgar attach so much weight—and how often audacity and pride characterize the guilty, shame and embarrassment the innocent.

We were reconciled ; 'twas always a relief to my heart, which any thing like a quarrel fills with mortal anguish. As may easily be supposed, such a reconciliation made no change

in his conduct ; it but deprived me of the right to complain : so I determined to endure all and say nothing.

So many woes, falling thick and fast, so overwhelmed me as scarcely to leave me strength enough to resume command of myself. No answer from Saint-Lambert, neglected by Madam d'Houdetot, and without courage to open myself to any one, I began to fear that in making friendship my heart's idol I had spent my life in sacrificing to a phantom. Brought to the test, there remained of all my connections but two men that had to the full preserved my esteem and in whom my heart could confide—Duclos, whom, since my retirement to the Hermitage, I had lost sight of, and Saint-Lambert. I thought the only means of repairing the wrongs I had done the latter was to open my heart unreservedly to him ; and I resolved to make a full confession to him, keeping back only what might compromise his mistress. I have no doubt this determination was a new snare of my passion to bring me closer to her ; but it is no less the case that I would have thrown myself unreservedly into the hands of her lover, submitting entirely to his control, and carrying sincerity as far as it was possible for it to go. I was just on the point of writing him a second letter, which I felt very certain he would answer, when I learned the sad cause of his silence relative to the first. He had been unable to bear up under the fatigues of the campaign. Madam d'Epinay informed me he had just had a stroke of palsy ; and Madam d'Houdetot, whom her affliction had at length prostrated also, and who consequently was unable to write to me immediately, sent me word three days afterwards from Paris, where she then was, that he was going to be conveyed to Aix-la-Chapelle for the benefit of the baths. I do not say that this sad news was as afflictive to me as to her, but I doubt whether the anguish of heart it gave me was less painful than were her grief and tears. The pain of knowing that he was in this state, augmented by the fear least disquietude should have contributed to occasion it, afflicted me more than all that had happened as yet, and I bitterly felt that, in my own estimation, I was wanting in the fortitude necessary to enable me to bear up under so many trials. Happily my generous friend did not long leave me thus overwhelmed ; he did not forget me, notwithstanding his attack, and I soon

learnt from himself that I had quite misjudged both his sentiments and his situation.

But 'tis time I should come to the grand turning-point of my destiny, to the catastrophe that divides my life into two such different parts, and which from so slight a cause has produced such terrible effects.

One day, when such a summons was the last thing in my head, Madam d'Epinay sent for me to come and see her. On entering, I perceived in her eyes and on her whole countenance an appearance of uneasiness that struck me all the more forcibly as it was not usual with her, nobody knowing better than she did how to govern her countenance and movements. "My friend," said she to me, "I am going to set out for Geneva; my lungs are in a bad state, and my health is failing to such a degree that I must leave everything else aside, and go and consult Tronchin." This resolution so suddenly made, and at the beginning of the inclement season of the year, astonished me all the more as I had left her thirty-six hours before, when there was not a word said on the subject. I asked her whom she was going to take with her. She said she would take her son and M. de Linant; and then she added carelessly, "And you, my Bear, wont you come, too?" As I did not dream she was in earnest, knowing, as she did, that in the season of the year we were now entering upon, I was scarce able to leave my room, I joked on the utility of one sick person's escorting another. She herself did not seem to have made the proposition seriously, so here the matter dropped. The remainder of our conversation ran upon the necessary preparations for her journey, about which she was busying herself, having determined to set out in a fortnight.

I did not need any very great penetration to perceive that there was some secret motive for this journey I was not told about. This secret—and by the way it was such to nobody in the house but myself.—came out next day. Teissier the steward got it from the *femme de chambre*; he told it to Thérèse and Thérèse told me. Though I do not owe this secret to Madam d'Epinay, since I got it from another source, yet it is too closely connected with those from whom I did get it for me to make free with it, so I shall remain silent on this head. But her secrets which

never have been and never will be revealed by me either by word or pen, were known to too many for any of Madam d'Epinay's confidants to be in the dark.*

Let into the true motive of this journey, I would have recognized the secret instigation of an enemy's hand in the attempt to get me to accompany Madam d'Epinay; but she had insisted so little, that I persisted in not regarding this attempt as serious, and I merely laughed at the fine figure I should have cut, had I gone on the expedition. And besides, she gained by my refusal, for she managed to get her husband himself to accompany her.

A few days afterwards I received from Diderot the note I am about to transcribe. This note, simply doubled up, so that any body might have read it, was addressed to me at Madam d'Epinay's, in care of M. de Linant, the son's tutor and the confidant of the mother.

Note from Diderot, File A. No. 52

"I am born to love and born to vex you. I learn that Madam d'Epinay is going to Geneva, and do *not* hear that you are to accompany her. My friend, in or out with Madam d'Epinay, you must go with her: if in, you will go; if out, you must go all the more. Are you burdened with the weight of the obligations you owe her? Here is an opportunity for you to acquit yourself in part and relieve your mind. Will you ever have another opportunity in your life of making proof of your gratitude? She is going into a country as new to her as it would be to an inhabitant of the moon. She is ill—will stand in need of amusement and diversion. Winter, too, mind, friend! The state of your health may be a more powerful objection than I imagine. But are you any worse now than you were a month ago, or than you will be at the beginning of spring? Will it be any easier for you to make the journey three months hence than it is now? For my own part, I declare that if I could not bear the shaking of the carriage, I would take my staff and follow her on foot. And then, have you no fear that your conduct will be misrepresented? You will be suspected either of ingratitude or some other

*The secret, and now too well known motive of Madam d'Epinay's journey was her *grossesse*, the fruit of her *liaison* with Grimm. Tr

secret motive I am perfectly well aware that, do as *you* will, you will still have the witness of your conscience in your favor ; but will this testimony alone suffice, and is it allowable to be recklessly negligent of what other people think ? However, what I write now, my friend, I write simply to acquit myself of a debt I think I owe both you and myself. If my letter displeases you, throw it into the fire, and let no more be said of it than though it had never been written. Greeting and love to *you*."

The tremor of rage, blasting and blinding, that came over me while reading this note, and which scarce permitted me to finish it, did not prevent me from observing the art with which Diderot affected a milder, kinder, more polite tone than was his habit ; for in his letters to me, he never went beyond 'my dear,' whereas now he deigned to call me 'friend.' I easily saw through the second-hand, round-about way by which this note came to me—the address, form and route bunglingly betrayed the round it had come : for we commonly wrote to each other either by the post or the Montmorency messenger, and this was the first and only time he ever made use of this conveyance.

As soon as my first transport of indignation was sufficiently spent to allow me to write, I dashed down the following answer, and immediately went with it from the Hermitage, where I then was, to La Chevrette in order to read it to Madam d'Epinay, to whom, in my blind rage, I persisted in reading both it and the note from Diderot.

"It is impossible, my dear friend, for you to ~~know~~ either the weight of the obligations I owe Madam d'Epinay, or how far they bind me, or whether she really needs me on her journey, or whether she desires me to accompany her, or whether it is possible for me to do so, or yet the reasons I may have for non-compliance. I have no objection to discuss these various points with you ; but, meanwhile, you will grant me that to prescribe to me so absolutely what I ought to do, without first putting yourself in a position to judge touching the matter, is, my dear philosopher, to act very much like a fool. The worst part of the thing is that I see the advice is not original.

I am not much in the humor of allowing myself to be led by the nose by any third or fourth party under your

name ; and besides, I discern in this second-hand advice certain under-hand dealings that ill agree with your candor and from which you will do well, both on your account and mine, to abstain in the future.

You are afraid my conduct will be misinterpreted ; but I defy a heart like yours to think ill of mine. Others might, may be, speak better of me did I resemble them more closely. God forbid that I should gain their approbation ! Let the wicked watch over my conduct and misinterpret it to their hearts' content ; Rousseau is not the man to fear them, nor Diderot the man to listen to them.

If your letter does not please me, you wish me to throw it into the fire and no more said of it. Do you suppose what comes from you is to be forgotten so ? Friend of mine, you hold my tears as cheap in the pain you give me as you do my life and health in the cares and solicitude you exhort me to take on myself. Could you but break yourself off from this, your friendship would become dearer to my heart, and I be less to be pitied."

On entering Madam d'Epinay's room, I found Grimm with her. This delighted me. In a bold, clear voice I read them my two letters with an intrepidity I could not have thought myself capable of ; and concluded with a few observations quite up to the same level. This unexpected audacity on the part of a man ordinarily so backward and timorous quite took them aback and struck them dumb with amazement. I saw that arrogant man lower his eyes, unable to stand before my flashing, fiery look : but, that same moment, deep in his heart he swore my ruin, and I am certain they concerted measures to that end before they separated.

'Twas about this same time that I at last received Saint-Lambert's answer (File A, no. 57), dated still from Wolfenbutel, a few days after the accident that had happened to him. My letter had long been delayed on the way, hence the lateness of his reply. His answer gave me the consolation I then stood so much in need of : the assurances of friendship and esteem wherewith it was replete, inspired me with courage to deserve them. Thenceforward I did my duty ; but had Saint-Lambert proved a less sensible, less generous, less upright man, I should inevitably have been ruined for ever.

The bad weather was beginning to set in and people began to quit the country. Madam d'Houdetot sent me word of the day when she was coming to bid adieu to the valley, and appointed a meeting at Eaubonne. This happened by chance to be the same day on which Madam d'Epinay left La Chevrette to go to Paris for the purpose of completing the preparations for the journey. Fortunately she set out in the morning, so that I had still time, after leaving her, to go and dine with her sister-in-law. I had Saint-Lambert's letter in my pocket, and I read it over several times while walking along. This letter served me as an ægis against my weakness. I made, and I kept the resolution of seeing nothing in Madam d'Houdetot but my *amie* and the mistress of my friend ; and I passed four or five hours of delicious intercourse along with her, infinitely preferable, even as to enjoyment, to the feverish paroxysms that used to come over me when by her. As she was all too well aware that my heart was not changed, she was touched by the efforts I had made to conquer myself : for this she esteemed me all the more, and I had the pleasure of seeing that her friendship for me was not yet extinct. She told me of the approaching return of Saint-Lambert who, though pretty well recovered from his attack, was unfit to bear the fatigues of the war, and was quitting the service to come and live quietly with her. We formed the charming project of a close intimacy between us three ; and we had reason to hope that the realization of this project would be all the more lasting as it was to be based on every sentiment that can unite honest and susceptible hearts, and as we had amongst the three of us culture and talent enough to do without any assistance from foreign sources. Alas ! little did I dream, while indulging in the hope of so sweet a life, of the dire lot that awaited me !

Then we talked of the relations between Madam d'Epinay and myself. I showed her Diderot's letter, as also my reply, relating everything that had passed touching the matter, and declaring to her my resolution of quitting the Hermitage. This she vehemently opposed, and by reasons all-powerful over my heart. She told me how much she could have wished I had gone to Geneva, foreseeing how she would inevitably be compromised by my refusal, a foreboding Diderot's

letter seemed even now to justify. However, as she knew my reasons as well as I did, she did not insist on this point ; but she conjured me to avoid all open rupture, let it cost me what it would, and to palliate my refusals by reasons plausible enough to remove all unjust suspicion of her having had any part therein. I told her she was imposing no easy task on me ; but that, resolved to expiate my sins, though at the expense of my reputation, I would certainly give the preference to hers in everything honor would permit me to endure. Whether or no I kept my promise will soon be seen.

Far from my unhappy passion's having bated a jot of its force, I swear I never loved my Sophia so deeply, so tenderly as that day. But such was the impression Saint-Lambert's letter produced on me, so profound was my sense of duty and my horror of perfidy, that during this whole interview, my passions left me entirely at peace, and I was not even tempted to kiss her hand. At parting she embraced me before her servants. This kiss, so different from those I used to steal from her under the foliage, was an assurance to me that I had again got command over myself ; and I am almost sure that had my heart-wounds had time and calm to close, it would not have taken three months to have effected a radical cure.

Here end my personal connections with Madam d'Houdetot . . . ; connections whereof every one has had an opportunity of judging by appearances, according to the promptings of his own heart, but in which the passion with which that lovely woman inspired me, a passion the profoundest ever mortal felt, will ever be worthy of honor in our eyes and in the sight of heaven, from the rare and painful sacrifices made by both of us to Duty, Honor, Love, Friendship. Far too loftily did we think of each other easily to degrade ourselves. We must have been unworthy of all esteem to have brought ourselves to destroy an esteem so priceless, and it was the very energy of those feelings that might have rendered us culpable that prevented our becoming so

Thus was it that, after so long a friendship for one of these women and so deep a love for the other, I bade them both adieu the same day : the one I never afterwards saw in my life ; the other I saw twice or thrice, on occasions hereafter to be mentioned.

After their departure, I felt greatly embarrassed as to how I would go through with the many pressing and antagonistic duties my imprudence had given rise to. Had I been in my natural condition, after the proposal of the journey to Geneva and my refusal, I would have had but to have remained quiet, and all would have been right. But I had, like a fool, gone and made an affair out of it that could *not* remain in the state it was in ; and I must either come to an explanation or leave the Hermitage, which I had just promised Madam d'Houdetot I would not do, at least for the present. Besides, she had required of me that I should give my pretended friends to understand the reasons of my refusal to go, so that they might not impute it to her. Now, I could not state the true reason without outraging Madam d'Epinay, who certainly well deserved my gratitude, considering all she had done for me. All things considered, I found myself reduced to the hard but indispensable alternative of wronging either Madam d'Epinay, Madam d'Houdetot, or myself ; and I determined on the last course. I determined on it boldly, unreservedly, unhesitatingly, and with a generosity that might surely have well washed out the sins that had reduced me to this extremity. This sacrifice, which my enemies have known how to take advantage of, and which they did not expect, perhaps, became the ruin of my reputation, and, by their care and assistance, deprived me of the esteem of the public ; but it has restored me my own, and been a consolation to me amid my misfortunes. As will hereafter appear, this was not the last time I made such sacrifices, nor yet the last time advantage was taken of these very sacrifices to work my ruin.

Grimm was the only person that appeared to have taken no part in this affair, and it was to him I determined to address myself. I wrote him a long letter, in which I set forth the absurdity of considering this journey to Geneva as a duty imposed on me, the uselessness of it, any way, the trouble I would have been to Madam d'Epinay, and the inconvenience it would have caused myself. Nor could I, in this letter, resist the temptation of letting him see I knew how things stood, and that it seemed to me very singular that they should pretend *I* ought to undertake the journey whilst he stirred not a step, and his name was never men-

tioned in the matter. This letter, wherein, from my want of being able to state my reasons clearly, I was often obliged to beat around the bush, would have rendered me very culpable in the eyes of the public ; but it was a model of reservedness and discretion for such as, like Grimm, were acquainted with the things I did *not* mention, and which abundantly justified my conduct. I did not even hesitate raising another prejudice against myself, by attributing Diderot's advice to my other friends, so as to insinuate that Madam d'Houdetot had thought the same, as was but true, keeping back, however, that, from the reasons I gave her, she had changed her mind. I could not better remove the suspicion of her having connived at my proceedings, than by appearing to be dissatisfied with her conduct on this head.

This letter concluded with a mark of confidence that would have touched any other man : for, after desiring Grimm to weigh my reasons and then give me his advice, I told him that I would follow it, be it what it might. And this I would have done, even had he decided on my departure ; for M. d'Epinay having undertaken to escort his wife, my going would then have assumed a very different appearance ; whereas it was I that, in the first place, was asked to take upon me this employment, and nothing was said of him until after my refusal.

Grimm's answer was long in coming : it was a curious affair. I shall transcribe it here. (File A, No. 59.)

" Madam d'Epinay's departure is postponed, as her son is ill : she will wait his recovery. I'll think over your letter. Keep quiet in your Hermitage. I shall send you my opinion in time. As she will certainly not set out for several days, there is no hurry. Meanwhile, you might, if you think fit, make her your offer to accompany her, although really I don't think it makes any difference. For, as she is just as well aware of your state as you are yourself, I have not the least doubt but that she will return such an answer to your offer as she ought to ; and all the advantage that can, as I see, result from this course, will be that you can tell anybody that may importune you, that if you did not accompany the party, it was not for want of offering to do so. By the way, I do not see why you per-

sist in making ‘the philosopher’* the speaking-trumpet for everybody else, nor because he is of opinion that you should go, why you imagine all your friends pretend the same thing. If you write to Madam d’Epinay, her answer will serve as a reply to these friends, since you have it so much at heart to give them one. Adieu; regards to Madam Le Vasseur and ‘le Criminel.’”† .

Struck with amazement on reading this letter, I anxiously endeavored to discover what it meant, but in vain. How! in place of answering me with simplicity, he must needs take time to think over it, as though he had not taken time enough already! He even intimates the suspense he wishes to keep me in, as though it were a profound problem to solve, or as though it was of importance for the success of his views that I should be deprived of all means of getting at his real thought till the time he might think proper to let me thereinto. What mean these precautions, delays, mysteries? Is this the way we meet confidence reposed in us; this the way uprightness and good faith act? I sought in vain for a favorable interpretation of his conduct,—I could find none. Whatever his design might be, were it inimical to me, his position facilitated the execution thereof, without its being possible for me, situated as I was, to oppose the least obstacle thereto. The favorite of the family of a great prince, extensively acquainted, giving the *ton* to our common circles of acquaintance, whereof he was the oracle, it would be very easy for him, with his wonted address, to arrange all his machinery at his ease; while I, alone in my Hermitage, far removed from the scene of action, without the benefit of advice or communication with anybody, could do naught but lie by and wait. All I did was to write Madam d’Epinay as polite as possible a letter regarding her son’s illuess, though I took good care not to be inveigled into offering to accompany her.

After ages of waiting in the cruel uncertainty into
* Diderot. Tr.

† Père Le Vasseur, whom his wife was in the habit of handling rather roughly, used to call her *lieutenant criminel*. Grimm applied the same name, by way of joke, to the daughter [Thérèse]; and as an abridgement, it afterwards pleased him to leave off the first word,

which that barbarous man had plunged me, I learned at the end of eight or ten days, that Madam d'Epinay had gone, and I received a second letter from him. There was but seven or eight lines of it, I did not finish reading it..... 'Twas a rupture, but in such terms as only the most infernal hatred could dictate ; it became even laughable from its bursting spite and offensiveness. He forbade me his presence, as though he was forbidding me his States. His letter would only have needed to have been read with more sang-froid to have made one die of laughter. Without taking a copy of it, without reading the whole of it even, I instantly sent it back to him enclosed in the following :

"Never till now would I give ear to my just mistrust of you ; I now, too late, know you.

"This, then, is the letter you required so much time to meditate over : I send it back to you ; it is not for me. You may show mine to the whole earth, and hate me openly : do so, and it will be one piece of duplicity the less for you."

My saying that he might show my previous letter had reference to a passage in his, whereby his profound address throughout this whole affair will be judged of.

I have observed that, in the eyes of persons not acquainted with the secret aspects of the matter, my letter might make me appear deeply guilty. This he was delighted to discover ; but how was he to take advantage thereof without compromising himself ? By showing the letter he ran the risk of being reproached for abusing his friends confidence.

To get round this difficulty, he resolved to break with me after the most tragical fashion possible, meanwhile claiming that he was doing me a high favor in not showing my letter. He felt very sure that, in my indignation, I would spurn his feigned discretion, and give him leave to make my letter as public as he chose ; this was precisely what he wanted, and everything turned out as he had arranged. He sent my letter all over Paris, accompanied by his own commentaries thereon. His plan did not, however, prove quite as successful as he had calculated. People persisted in having it that the permission to show my letter, which he had managed to

extort from me, did not exempt him from blame for having so lightly taken me at my word to injure me. They kept asking what personal harm I had done him to authorize so violent a hatred. Besides, it was thought that even if my behavior had been such as to oblige him to break with me, still friendship, even though extinct, had claims he ought to have respected. But unfortunately Paris is frivolous ; the thought of the moment is soon forgotten ; the unfortunate absent one is neglected ; the prosperous man imposes by his presence ; the game of intrigue and duplicity goes on apace, is continually renewed, and ere long its effects obliterate for ever the remembrance of the right.

Thus was it that, after having so long deceived me, this man at last threw aside his mask, convinced that, considering the pass he had brought things to, he no longer stood in need of it. Relieved from the fear of being unjust towards the wretch, I left him to his reflections, and thought no more of him. Eight days after the receipt of his letter, Madam d'Epinay's answer to my previous one came to hand, dated from Geneva (File B, No. 10). I saw, from the tone she assumed therein, for the first time in her life, that, counting on the success of their measures, they were both acting in concert, and that, regarding me as inevitably ruined, their intent was hereafter unrestrainedly to give themselves up to the pleasure of completing my destruction.

My situation was truly among the most deplorable. I saw all my friends falling off, without its being possible for me to understand how or why it was that Diderot, who boasted of his sticking to me—that he alone stuck to me—did not come. Winter was beginning to set in, and with it came attacks of my habitual disorder. My constitution, though vigorous, had been unequal to sustaining the combat of so many antagonistic passions. I was in a state of exhaustion that left me neither strength nor courage enough to resist anything. Even had my engagements, and had Diderot and Madam d'Houdetot, ceasing their remonstrances to the contrary, allowed me at that time to leave the Hermitage, I would neither have known where to go, nor how to drag myself along. I remained immobile and stupified, unable either to act or think. The mere idea of a step to be taken, a letter to write, a word say, made me tremble. I could not,

however, but reply to Madam d'Epinay's letter, unless, indeed, I was willing to have it understood that I thought myself deserving of the treatment with which she and her friend overwhelmed me. I determined on notifying her as to my sentiments and resolutions, not doubting for a moment that, from humanity, generosity, common politeness, from the kind feelings which, spite of her unkind ones, I had thought her possessed of, she would immediately subscribe thereto. Here is my letter :

“L'HERMITAGE, Nov. 23, 1757.

“Were there such a thing as dying of grief, I should not be alive. But my mind is made up at last. Our friendship is extinct, Madam; but what no longer exists still has its rights, which I know how to respect. I have not forgotten your kindnesses towards me, and you may count on all the gratitude on my part that it is possible to entertain towards one I must no more love. All other explanation would be useless; for my part I have the witness of my conscience, and I give you over to yours.

“I was about to quit the Hermitage, and I ought to have done so. But my friends pretend I must stay till spring; and since they so desire it I will remain till spring, if you consent.”

This letter written and dispatched, my only thought was to lie quietly by in the Hermitage, caring for my health, endeavoring to recover my strength, and taking measures to remove in the spring without any disturbance, and without making the rupture public. But these were not the intentions of M. Grimm and Madam d'Epinay, as will presently appear.

A few days afterwards, I had at last the pleasure of Diderot's long promised visit. He could not have come more opportunely; he was my oldest friend—almost the only one I had left: judge how glad I felt to see him as things stood. My heart was full, and I unburdened myself to him. I set him right as to various facts they had either kept back from him, disguised or feigned. I told him all that was allowable for me to tell him touching what had passed. Nor did I affect to conceal from him what he too well knew, that a love, as unhappy as insensate had been

the cause of my ruin ; but I never let him know that Madam d'Houdetot had been acquainted therewith, or at least that I had declared it to her. I spoke to him of the base manœuvres Madam d'Epinay had employed for the purpose of intercepting the very innocent letters her sister-in-law wrote me. I wished he should hear the particulars from the mouth of the very persons she had attempted to seduce. Thérèse accordingly told precisely how it was: but what was my amazement when it came the mother's turn to tell what she knew, to hear her declare and maintain that she knew nothing at all of the matter ! These were her words, and she would never give in. It was not four days since she had confirmed all the particulars Thérèse had just stated, and now she contradicts me in my face before my friend ! This trait decided me, and I keenly felt my imprudence in having so long kept such a woman under my roof. I used no invectives towards her ; I scarcely deigned uttering a few words of contempt. I felt what I owed the daughter, whose steadfast uprightness was in such perfect contrast to the base villainy of the mother. But from that instant my resolution was formed, and I only waited the moment to put it into execution.

This came sooner than I had expected. On the 16th of December, I received from Madam d'Epinay an answer to my previous letter. Here it is :

“ GENEVA, December 1st, 1757.*

“ After having, for several years, given you every possible mark of friendship and kindness, all I can now do is to pity you, for you certainly are to be pitied. I only wish your conscience may be as calm as mine is. This must be necessary for anything like peace of mind in your after-life.

“ Since you were going to quit the Hermitage, and since you '*ought*' to do so, I am astonished your friends hindered you. For my part, I never consult my friends as to my duty, and as to yours I have nothing farther to say to you.”

So unexpected but so unqualified a dismissal left me no time to hesitate. Go I must instantly, let the weather or

* File B, No. 11.

my health be what they might, though I should have to sleep in the woods, on the snow with which the earth was then covered, and whatever Madam d'Houdetot might do or say ; for while I was willing to do everything consistent with honor to please her, I was not willing to render myself infamous.

The embarrassment I was in was the most terrible I ever experienced in my life ; but my mind was made up ; I swore that, come what might, I would not sleep in the Hermitage that night week. I began to prepare for sending away my effects, resolved to leave them in the open field rather than not give up the key on the eighth day, for I was especially anxious that everything should be done before time for a letter to go and come from Geneva. I felt a courage I never experienced before ; all my strength returned. Honor and indignation infused into my frame a vigor on which Madam d'Epinay had not calculated. Fortune aided my audacity. M. Mathas, *Procureur fiscal* to His Grace the Prince of Condé, hearing tell of my embarrassment, sent and offered me a small house which he had in his garden of Mont-Louis at Montmorency. Eagerly and gratefully I accepted. The bargain was soon concluded ; I hastily sent and bought some articles of furniture to add to what we had so as to furnish a sleeping-place for Thérèse and myself. My effects I had carted off with a deal of trouble and at great expense. Notwithstanding the ice and snow, my moving was completed in two days, and on the 15th of December, I gave up the keys of the Hermitage, after having paid the gardener his wages. I was not able to pay my rent.

As to Madam Le Vasseur, I told her we must part : her daughter tried to shake my determination ; but I was inflexible. I sent her off to Paris in the messenger's wagon, with all the furniture she and her daughter had between them. I gave her some money, and agreed to pay her lodging, either with her children or elsewhere, to provide for her subsistence as long as I possibly could, and never to let her want bread as long as I had it myself.

Finally, the day after my arrival at Mont-Louis, I wrote Madam d'Epinay the following letter :

"MONTMORENCY, December 17, 1757

"Nothing is so plain, nothing so imperative, Madam, as to leave your house when you no longer approve of my remaining therein. Upon your refusing your consent to my passing the remainder of the winter at the Hermitage, I accordingly left it on the 15th December. It was my fate to enter it in spite of myself, and it has been my fate to leave it in the same manner. I thank you for the stay you prevailed upon me to make there, and I would thank you more, had it cost me less.

"You are right in thinking me unhappy : nobody in the world knows better than you do how much so I must be. If it be a misfortune to be deceived in the choice of one's friends, it is another no less bitter one to recover from an error so delicious."*

Such is a faithful account of my residence at the Hermitage, and the reasons that obliged me to leave it. I could not break off the recital, as it was necessary to go through therewith with the utmost exactness, this period having had an influence on me that will operate till the last moment of my life.

* This letter as given in the *Mémoires* of Mme. d'Epinay ends with the following postscript. "Your gardener is paid up to the 1st of January." This postscript is not to be found in any edition of the Confessions, and is not even in the first MS. This omission can but have been an oversight on Rousseau's part, as without it, it is impossible to understand Mme. d'Epinay's reply at the commencement of the following book. Tr.

BOOK X.

1758

THE extraordinary strength wherewith my passing high-wrought fervor had inspired me, enabling me to quit the Hermitage, forsook me the moment I was out of it. Scarcely had I settled down in my new home before severe and frequent attacks of my retentions came on, accompanied by the new incommodity of a rupture that had tormented me for a long time without my knowing what it was. I was soon reduced to the most terrible state. My old friend, Dr. Thierry, came to see me and told me what was the matter. The sight of all the apparatus of the infirmities of age I had collected around me—*sondes*, bougies, bandages and what not—made me bitterly realize that one cannot with impunity have a young heart in an old body. The fine weather returned, but brought not back with it my strength, and I passed the whole of the year 1758 in a state of languor that led me to believe I was approaching the end of my mortal career. I looked forward with a sort of eager impatience to the termination of life's tragedy. Recovered from the pursuit of the phantom Friendship, cut loose from all that had made life dear, I saw nothing in existence to make it desirable; saw naught but accumulated ills and woes, poisoning all enjoyment; and I sighed for the time that would set me free, and I escape my enemies. But let us resume the thread of events.

My retirement to Montmorency seems to have disconcerted Madam d'Epinay: most likely she did not expect it. My sad state, the severity of the season, the general abandonment into which I was plunged, all went to make Grimm and her believe that, by pushing me to the last extremity, they would bring me to implore mercy and degrade myself to the lowest depths, in order to be allowed to remain in an asylum honor ordered me to quit. I left it so suddenly that they had not time to prevent the step,

and they were reduced to the alternative of playing 'quits or double'—either to finish my destruction or to attempt to get me to return. Grimm chose the former; though Madam d'Epinay would, I think, have preferred the latter. This I judge from her reply to my last letter, wherein she came down a good deal from the tone of the preceeding ones, and in which she seemed to open the door to an arrangement. The long delay of this reply, (she made me wait a whole month for it,) sufficiently indicates the embarrassment she felt in giving it a satisfactory turn, and the preparatory deliberation she gave it. She could not make any farther advances without compromising herself: but, after her previous letters, and after my hasty departure from her house, it is impossible not to be struck with the care she takes in this letter, not to let a single offensive expression escape her. I here give the whole of it, so that the reader may have an opportunity of forming his own opinion :

"GENEVA, January 17th, 1758.*

Sir,—I did not receive your letter of the 17th December till yesterday. It was sent me in a box filled with various matters, and which has been all this time upon the road. I shall simply answer the postscript; as to the letter, I do not well understand it, and were we in the situation to come to an explanation, I should be very willing to let everything that has passed go to the account of a misunderstanding. And now for the postscript. You may remember, sir, that we agreed the gardener's wages should pass through your hands, the better to make him feel his dependence on you, and to avoid the ridiculous and indecent scenes that happened in the time of his predecessor. As a proof of this, his first quarters' wages were given you, and we agreed, a few days before my departure, that I should re-imburse you what you had advanced. I know you raised some objection at first: but 'twas I had asked you to make these advances; it was but right I should repay you, and this we agreed on. Cahouet informs me that you refused to receive the money. There must certainly be some mistake in the matter, I have given or-

* File B, No. 23.

ders that it be refunded you, and I don't see why you should persist in paying my gardener, notwithstanding our agreement, and that, too, beyond the term of your stay at the Hermitage. I trust, then, sir, that recalling the various circumstances I have had the honor to state, you will not refuse the re-imbursement of the advances you had the goodness to make for me."

Unable, after what had passed, to repose any confidence in Madam d'Epinay, I was unwilling to renew my connection with her; so I did not answer this letter, and there our correspondence ended. Perceiving my mind was made up, she made up hers; and, entering forthwith into all the views of Grimm and the Holbach coterie, she united her efforts with theirs to complete my destruction. Whilst they were busy in Paris, she was busy in Geneva. Grimm, who afterwards went there to join her, finished what she had begun. Tronchin, whom they found no difficulty in gaiuing over, powerfully seconded their efforts, and became the most furious of my persecutors, without his having, any more than Grimm had, the slightest cause of complaint against me. The three together sowed in silence the germs that, four years afterwards, burst into life.

They met with more difficulty in Paris, where I was better known, and the inhabitants of which, with hearts less open to hatred, are not so ready to receive impressions of that sort. To direct their blows the more surely and skillfully, they began by giving out that 'twas *I* had left *them*.* And so, feigning to be still my friends, they dexterously spread their malignant accusations, as so many complaints at their friend's injustice. The result was that, thrown off their guard, people gave the accusations a readier hearing, and were more inclined to blame me. The secret charges of perfidy and ingratitude were made with greater precaution, and so produced all the greater effect. I knew they imputed the most atrocious crimes to me, without ever being able to learn in what they made them consist. All I could gather from public rumor was, that they reduced themselves to the four following capital offences: First, my retiring to the country; secondly, my love for

* See Deleyre's letter, File B, No. 30.

Madam d'Houdetot ; thirdly, my refusal to accompany Madam d'Epinay ; fourthly, my leaving the Hermitage. If there were any additional grievances, they managed things so well that it has been completely impossible for me ever to learn the subject thereof.

This, then, is the period at which I think I may fix the establishment of a system, since adopted by those who have me under their control, established with a rapidity of success that might seem miraculous to any one ignorant of the facility and favor met with by whatever flatters the malignity of men. I shall endeavor briefly to develop so much as I have been able to penetrate amid the deep, dark labyrinths of this system.

With a name already celebrated, and known throughout all Europe, I had still preserved the simplicity of my early tastes. My mortal aversion to everything like party-cliques or cabals had kept me free and independent, unbound by aught save the attachments of my heart. A stranger and alone, without family or fortune, and looking only to my principles and duties, I boldly pursued the path of uprightness, flattering or favoring no one at the expense of truth and justice. Having dwelt, moreover, for two years past, in solitude, uncognizant of the news, careless of the affairs of the world, neither knowing nor caring to know any thing that was going on, my absorption and indifference separated me as completely from the capital, though living within four leagues of Paris, as though I had been beyond the seas on the isle Tinian.

Grimm, Diderot, d'Holbach, on the contrary, stood in the centre of the vortex, themselves men of the world, commanding the springs and sources of social influence. Influential, witty, literary, with the clergy and women under their influence, they could act in concert and obtain a hearing everywhere. No one, I think, can help perceiving the advantage this position must have given three men, uniting their efforts, over a fourth in the situation in which I was placed. True, Diderot and d'Holbach were not (at least I cannot believe they were) the persons to machinate very dark plots : the first was not base enough,* nor the last smart enough :

* I confess that, since this book was written, all I can discern athwart the mysteries that surround me, makes me fear that I did not know Diderot.

but the faction was for this reason all the more closely united. Grimm alone formed his plan in his head, and only showed the others as much of it as they needed to see in helping him execute it. The ascendancy he had gained over them rendered this easy, and the effect of the whole was commensurate with the superiority of his talent.

It was with this superior talent that, feeling the advantage he might take of our respective positions, he formed the project of overthrowing my reputation “from turret to foundation stone;” and, without at all compromising himself, building me a quite other, by commencing to raise around me an edifice of darkness it has been utterly impossible for me to break through, and so bring to light his manœuvres and unmask him.

His undertaking was a difficult one, seeing that he had to palliate his iniquity in the eyes of his accomplices. He had honest, upright people to deceive, and to that end he was under the necessity of alienating everybody from me and depriving me of every friend, great or small. What say I ? Nay, he had so to contrive that not a solitary word of the truth should reach me. Had a single honest man come and said to me : “ You affect the virtuous, and yet thus and thus they treat you, and on such and such circumstances they base their judgment: what have you to say ? ” the truth had triumphed, and Grimm been undone. This he knew ; but he had searched his own heart, and judged men after what they were worth. I am very sorry, for the honor of human nature, that he calculated so correctly.

Whilst pursuing these dark and crooked paths, his steps, to be sure, were necessarily slow. For twelve years has he been working away at his plot, and the hardest part of it remains yet to be done, namely, to deceive the public at large. There are eyes that have followed him closer than he thinks. This he fears, and dares not lay his conspiracy open.* However, he has found the easy means of enlisting Power on his side, and this Power has the disposal of me. Thus supported, he advances more boldly. The minions of

* Since this was written, he has taken this step with the fullest and most inconceivable success. I think it is Tronchin that has given him the courage to do this, and furnished him with the means necessary to carry it out.

Power, piquing themselves but little on uprightness as a general thing, and still less on frankness, he need no longer stand in much fear of the indiscretion of any honest man ; for his safety is in my being enveloped in impenetrable obscurity and in concealing his conspiracy from me, well aware that, however craftily he has constructed his plot, it could not sustain a single glance of mine. His great art is in seeming to favor whilst he defames me, and so to manage it that his very perfidy may look like generosity.

I felt the first effects of this system in the secret accusations of the Holbach coterie, without its ever being in my power to know, or even guess what these same accusations really were. Deleyre informed me in his letters that heinous crimes were imputed to me ; Diderot told me the same thing, only more mysteriously ; and when I came to an explanation with both, the whole proved to be but variations of some of the afore-mentioned heads. I perceived a gradually increasing coolness in Madam d'Houdetot's letters. This I could not attribute to Saint-Lambert, seeing he continued to write to me with the same amity, and even came to see me after his return. Nor could I impute the fault to myself, as we had separated on the best of terms, and nothing had passed since on my part except my removal from the Hermitage, the necessity of which she had felt herself. Not knowing, then, whence this coolness came—for she denied there was any, although my heart was not to be cheated so—I was uneasy in every way. I knew she courted her sister-in-law and Grimm a great deal, on account of their connection with Saint-Lambert ; and I feared their machinations. This agitation opened my wounds afresh and rendered my correspondence so violent as quite to disgust her with it. I caught glimpses of a thousand most harassing matters, without seeing anything distinctly. I was in the most insupportable of all states for a man whose imagination easily takes fire. Had I been absolutely isolated, and known nothing whatever of the matter, I should have become calmer ; but my heart still clung to attachments whereby my enemies had hold of me in a thousand ways ; and the feeble rays that penetrated my retreat but revealed the blackness of the mysteries they concealed from me.

I should, I doubt not, have sunk under the torment,

too overwhelming, too insupportable for my frank and open disposition, which, from the impossibility I find in concealing my feelings, makes me fear everything from those who do, had not, fortunately, objects sufficiently interesting to my heart presented themselves, and so drawn me off from the thoughts in which I was, spite of myself, so absorbed. Diderot, on his last visit he paid me at the Hermitage, had spoken to me of d'Alembert's article *Geneva* in the 'Encyclopædia.' He had informed me that this article, concerted along with certain Genevese of high rank, aimed at the establishment of a theatre at Geneva; that measures had been taken accordingly, and that the plan would shortly be carried into execution. As Diderot seemed to think this all very well, and had no doubt of its success, I did not say anything to him, as I had too many other points of dispute with him to get wrangling about this; but maddened at these preparatives to seduce my country, I awaited with impatience the arrival of the volume of the 'Encyclopædia' containing the article, so as to see if there was no means of replying thereto, and so parrying in a measure the unfortunate blow. I received the volume shortly after my establishment at Mont-Louis, and found that the article was put together with much art and address, and worthy the pen it came from. This did not, however, abate my desire to reply thereto; and notwithstanding the dejection I was then laboring under, spite of my griefs and pains, the rigor of the season and the incommodeity of my new dwelling (not having had time to arrange things), I set to work with a zeal that surmounted every obstacle.

I went every day, during the month of February, severe though the winter was, and passed two hours in the morning, and the same in the afternoon, in an open turret at the bottom of the garden in which my dwelling stood. This turret terminated a terraced alley, and overlooked the valley and pond of Mountmorency, presenting as closing-point of the prospect the plain but respectable château de Saint-Gratien, the retreat of the virtuous Catinat. It was in this place, then exposed to freezing cold that, unsheltered from the wind and snow, and with no fire but the fire in my heart, I in three weeks put together my Letter on the

Stage, to d'Alembert. This was the first of my writings (for the *Nouvelle Héloïse* was not half done yet) in the composition of which I felt a positive pleasure. Hitherto, virtuous indignation had stood me instead of Apollo; this time, tenderness and grief of soul became my inspiring muse. While but a witness to injustice, it merely irritated me, but when I became its object, it saddened me, and this sadness, unmixed with aught of bitterness, was but the low, soft wailing of a heart all too loving, too tender, which, deceived in those it thought like itself, was forced to collapse and retire inward. Full of what had just befallen me, still stirred to the depths of my soul by so many violent emotions, I mingled the feeling of my woes with the ideas meditation on my subject had given rise to: my work partook of this double coloring. Without perceiving it myself, I painted my own situation: I described Grimm, Madam d'Epinay, Madam d'Houdetot, Saint-Lambert, myself. What delicious tears did I shed over my task! Alas! too evident is it that love, that fatal love I so strove to cure me of, still lingered in my heart. Added to all this was a certain melancholy over my own lot, conceiving, as I did, that I was dying, and thinking I was bidding the public a last farewell. Far from fearing death, I looked forward to its approach with joy; but I felt sad at leaving my fellow-men without their knowing my real worth, without their feeling how deserving I was of their love, had they but known me better. This is the secret cause of the singular tone that reigns throughout this work, so prodigiously unlike my previous one.*

I was busy correcting and copying this letter so as to prepare it for press, when, after a long silence, I received a note from Madam d'Houdetot that plunged me into new affliction, the keenest I had been yet called to go through. She informed me in this letter † that my passion for her was known throughout all Paris; that I had spoken of it to persons who had made it public; that these rumors, reaching her lover's ears had come near costing her her life; that he had at last done her justice and peace was restored; but that she owed it as well to him as to her own reputation to

* The "Discours sur l'Inégalité." Tr.

† File B, No. 34.

break off all intercourse with me, assuring me, however, that they would both of them still continue to interest themselves in me, that they would defend me in public, and that she herself would send from time to time to inquire after my health.

"And thou too, Diderot!" cried I. "Base friend!" . . . I could not yet, however, bring myself to condemn him. My weakness was known to other persons, who might have spoken of it. I wished to doubt . . . but ere long this was out of my power. Saint-Lambert shortly afterwards performed an act worthy his generosity. Knowing my nature, he judged what a state I must be in, betrayed by one portion of my friends and forsaken by the other. He came to see me. This first time, he had not much time to spare. He came again. Unfortunately, not expecting him, I was not at home. Thérèse, who was in, had a conversation of upwards of two hours with him, in which they informed each other of facts of great importance to both of us. My surprise on learning from him that nobody doubted but that I had held the same relations to Madam d'Epinay as Grimm now did, was only equalled by Saint-Lambert's astonishment on being informed that the report was totally false. Saint-Lambert, to the great dissatisfaction of the lady, was in the same predicament as myself, and the light thrown on the matter by this conversation completely extinguished all the regret I felt for having broken with her for ever. Relative to Madam d'Houdetot, he mentioned several circumstances to Thérèse that were known neither to her nor to Madam d'Houdetot, matters that I alone knew, and which I had told nobody but Diderot and that under the seal of friendship; and now he goes away and confides these very matters to Saint-Lambert himself. This last step decided me, and, resolved on breaking with Diderot for ever, all I deliberated on was how I should do it; for I had perceived that secret ruptures turned to my prejudice, leaving, as they did, my most bitter enemies the mask of friendship.

The established rules of etiquette on this point would seem to have been dictated by the very spirit of treachery and falsehood. To appear still the friend of a man, when you are no longer so, is to reserve yourself the means of injuring him by imposing on unsuspecting people. I recollect

that when the illustrious Montesquieu broke with Father Tournemine, he made haste to declare it openly, saying to everybody : " Listen neither to Father Tournemine nor myself when speaking of each other ; for we are no longer friends." This behavior was greatly applauded, and everybody lauded his frankness and generosity. I resolved to pursue the same course with Diderot ; but how was I, from my retreat, to publish our rupture authentically, and at the same time without scandal ? I bethought me of inserting in my work, in the form of a note, a passage from the book of Ecclesiasticus, that declared the rupture and even the occasion thereof with plainness enough to any one that was in the secret, but signified nothing to the rest of the world, endeavoring, at the same time, never to speak in my work of the friend I renounced but with the honor we should always render friendship, even though dead. All this, however, may be seen in the work itself.

There is nothing but hap or mishap in this world ; and it seems as though every act of courage were a crime in adversity. The same trait people had admired in Montesquieu drew down only blame and reproach on my head. As soon as my work was printed, and I could get copies of it, I sent one to Saint-Lambert, who, the evening before, had written me a note in his own and Madam d'Houdetot's name that was full of the tenderest amity.* Here is the letter he wrote me on returning the copy I had sent him.

"EAUBONNE, Oct. 10th, 1758.†

"Indeed, sir, I cannot accept the present you have just sent me. On coming to the part of your preface where, in connection with Diderot, you cite a passage from Ecclesiastes [He is mistaken, it is from *Ecclesiasticus*,] the book dropt from my hand.

"After the conversations we had this summer, you appeared to me to be persuaded that Diderot was innocent of the pretended indiscretions you had imputed to him. He may, for aught I know, have wronged you ; but I do know that, be these wrongs what they may, they give you no right to insult him publicly. You are aware of the persecu-

* File B, No. 37.

† File B, No. 38.

tions he is laboring under, and you go and add the voice of an old friend to the cry of envy. I cannot keep back, sir, how much this atrocity revolts me. I hold no communication with Diderot, but I honor him, and I deeply feel the pain you must give a man, whom, at least in my hearing, you never reproached with anything but a trifling weakness. Sir, you and I differ too much in our principles ever to agree. Forget my existence : that ought not to be difficult. I have never done any one either good or evil enough to be long remembered. For my part, sir, I promise you to forget your person, and remember only your talents."

I felt as wounded as indignant at this letter, and in the depth of my misery, recovering my pride again, I answered him in the following note.

"MONTMORENCY, Oct. 11th, 1758

"Sir—While reading your letter, I did you the honor to be surprised at it, and was fool enough to be moved by it, but I find it unworthy of an answer.

"I shall not continue Madam d'Houdetot's copying. If she does not choose to keep what she has, she can return it to me, and I will refund her her money. If she keeps it, she will still have to send for the remainder of her paper and her money. I beg she will return me at the same time the prospectus she has in her possession. Adieu, sir."

The display of courage under misfortune galls the wicked, but pleases generous hearts. My note would appear to have led Saut-Lambert to retire inward, and made him regret what he had done ; but, too proud in his turn to make open advances, he seized, nay, perhaps prepared even, the means of neutralizing what he had done. A fortnight afterwards, I received the following letter from M. d'Epinay.

"Thursday, 26th.*

"I received the book you were kind enough to send me, sir, and read it with the greatest pleasure, a sentiment I have always experienced in perusing the productions of your pen. Receive all my thanks for the present. I would have come and presented them personally, if my affairs would have permitted me to stay any time in

* File B, No. 10.

your neighborhood ; but I have been very little at La Chevrette this year. M. and Madam Dupin are coming to dine with us on Sunday next. I expect M. de Saint-Lambert, M. de Francueil, and Madam d'Houdetot to be of the party : you would afford me genuine pleasure, sir, would you join the company. All who are to be present are desirous of seeing you, and will, as well as myself, be delighted to pass part of the day with you. I have the honor to be with the most perfect consideration, etc."

This letter gave me a fit of horrible heart-beating. After having for a year past been the talk of all Paris, to go and expose myself to public gaze in company with Madam d'Houdetot ! The idea made me tremble, and I knew not where I was to find courage enough to go through the ordeal. However, since both she and Saint-Lambert desired it, since d'Epinay spoke in the name of all the guests, and did not mention one I would not be very happy to see, I did not think I would, after all, compromise myself by accepting a dinner to which I was, in a manner, invited by the whole company. Accordingly, I promised to go. Sunday came and the weather turned out bad ; M. d'Epinay sent me his carriage, and I went.

My arrival produced a sensation. I never met with a kinder reception. It seemed as though the whole company felt how much I stood in need of encouragement. There are none but French hearts susceptible of these fine strokes of delicacy. However, I found more people than I had expected ; among others, Count d'Houdetot, whom I did not know at all, and his sister, Madam de Blainville, whom I would very willingly have done without. She had come several times, the year before, to Eaubonne ; and her sister-in-law had often left her to grow weary dancing attendance while we were away on our solitary promenades. She had harbored a feeling of resentment against me, and this she gratified to her heart's content during dinner ; for it must be realized that the presence of Count d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert must hardly have set the laugh on my side, and it will be readily surmised that a man who felt embarrassed in the most facile intercourse, was not extra brilliant in the present one. I never suffered so much, never was

more awkward, nor received more unexpected mortifications. On rising from table, I hastened to get out of the shrew's way ; and I had the pleasure of seeing Saint-Lambert and Madam d'Houdetot approach me. We talked together a part of the afternoon, and though our conversation ran on unimportant matters, to be sure, still our intercourse was as familiar as before our estrangement. These friendly advances were not lost on my heart, and could Saint-Lambert have read what was passing within me, it would, I doubt not, have gratified him. I can truly affirm that, though on arriving, the sight of Madam d'Houdetot brought on such violent palpitations as almost to make me faint, on returning I scarcely thought of her; my mind was wholly occupied with Saint-Lambert.

Notwithstanding Madam de Blainville's malignant sarcasms, this dinner was of great advantage to me, and I congratulated myself on not have refused. It discovered to me that not only had the intrigues of Grimm and the Holbachians not alienated my old acquaintances from me,* but—what pleased me still better—that the feelings of Madam d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert were less changed than I had thought, and I at length discerned that there was more jealousy than disesteem in his keeping her at a distance from me. This calmed and consoled me. Assured of not being an object of contempt in the eyes of persons I esteemed, I labored more courageously and with greater success at schooling my heart. If I did not succeed in wholly uprooting the guilty and unhappy passion that had taken possession of it, I so ruled and regulated the remains thereof, that I was never afterwards led astray thereby. Madam d'Houdetot's copying, which she prevailed upon me to resume ; my works, which I continued to send her as they came out, still brought me a note or message from her now and then, which, though amounting to nothing, were yet kindly and obliging. Nay, she did more, as will hereafter appear ; and the reciprocal conduct of the three of us, after our intercourse had ceased, might serve as an example of how high-minded people separate, when it is no longer agreeable to them to associate with each other.

* So thought I, in the simplicity of my heart, while writing my Confessions.

Another advantage this dinner did me was that it was spoken of in Paris, and served as an unanswerable refutation to the rumor circulated by my enemies, that I had quarreled with all present, and especially with M. d'Epinay. On leaving the Hermitage I had written him a very polite letter of thanks, which he answered no less politely ; and our mutual attentions never ceased. I was also on friendly terms with his brother, M. de Lalive, who even came to see me at Montmorency, and sent me his engravings. With the exception of the two sisters-in-law of Madam d'Houdetot, I was never otherwise than on good terms with the whole family.

My letter to d'Alembert met with an immense success. All my works had done so ; but the reception of the present one was more favorable to me. It taught the public to mistrust the insinuations of the Holbach coterie. When I went to the Hermitage, they had predicted with their ordinary sufficiency that I would not stay three months. On seeing me hold out twenty, and, when forced to leave the Hermitage, still fix my residence in the country, they would have it that I did it from pure obstinacy, averring that I was tired to death of my retirement, but that, eaten up with vanity, I preferred falling a victim to my stubbornness rather than throw aside my pride and return to Paris. The letter to d'Alembert breathed a piece of mind that was evident to everybody as not feigned. Had I been bursting with bile, as they pretended, my humor would have affected my style. It was so with the works I wrote while in Paris, but the first one I composed in the country, everything of the kind had vanished. To persons of insight, this was profoundly significant. They saw I had got into my own element.

And yet, this same work, full of mildness though it was, made me, through my wonted blundering and ill luck, another enemy among men of letters. I had got acquainted with Marmontel at M. de La Poplinière's, and this acquaintance we had kept up at the Baron's. Marmontel was then editing the *Mercure de France*. As I had the pride not to send my works to the periodical publications, and yet wishing to send him the present one, and that without his deeming that I did so on account of his position, or

because I was anxious he should notice it, I wrote on his copy that it was not for the editor of the *Mercure*, but for M. Marmontel. I thought I was paying him a very handsome compliment; he construed it into a mortal offense, and became an irreconcilable enemy. He wrote against this same letter, politely, 'tis true, but with a bitterness that is perceptible enough, and since then he has never let slip an opportunity of injuring me in society, and indirectly ill-treating me in his works: so hard is it to manage the very touchy self-love of your literary folks, and so careful should we be, in the compliments we pay them, to leave nothing that can be construed into the shadow of equivocation.

(1759) Restored to tranquillity on all sides, I took advantage of the leisure and independence in which I found myself to resume my labors more connectedly. I finished the *Nouvelle Héloïse* this winter, and sent it to Rey, who had it printed the year following. This work was, however, again broken in upon by a little matter that was disagreeable enough in its way. I learnt that preparations were being made by the operatic management to bring out the *Devin du Village* again. Enraged at seeing these fellows arrogantly disposing of my property, I took up the memorial I had sent to M. d'Argenson, and which had remained unanswered, and, having revised it a little, I transmitted it to Count Saint-Florentin, who had succeeded M. d'Argenson in the Opera department, by the hand of M. Sellou, French Resident at Geneva, along with a letter, which he was kind enough to take charge of. M. de Saint-Florentin promised an answer, but never sent any. Duclos, to whom I communicated what I had done, spoke of the matter to the 'Petits Violins,' who offered to return me, not my Opera, but my right of entry, which I could no longer take advantage of. Seeing that there was no justice to be hoped for from any quarter, I let the affair drop; and the Opera-directors have gone on, paying no attention to my expostulations, drawing their profit from the *Devin du Village*, and disposing of it as though it were their own property, whereas it most incontestably belongs to nobody but me.*

* It now belongs to them, by virtue of an arrangement they have quite recently entered into with me to that effect.

Since I had shaken off the yoke of my oppressors, I led a quite calm and peaceful life. If I was deprived of the charm of over-deep attachments, I was at the same time delivered from the weight of their chains. Disgusted with my friend-protectors, who wished to have me under their absolute control, whether I would or no, and bend me in spite of myself to their pretended services, I resolved henceforth to confine myself to ties of simple good will, which, without laying any constraint on perfect liberty, constitute one of the main pleasures of life. Equality of terms must form the basis of intimacies of this kind. Of these I had sufficient to enable me to enjoy the pleasures of fellowship without suffering from the dependence it is apt to bring ; and no sooner had I made trial of this sort of life, than I felt it was the thing for me at my age—the thing that would enable me to finish my days in peace, far removed from the storms, the quarrels and the cavilings, wherein I had so recently been half submerged.

During my residence at the Hermitage, and since my settlement at Montmorency, I had formed several acquaintances in my neighborhood that I found agreeable, and which were no ways hampering. Chief among these was young Loyseau de Mauléon, who was then commencing practice at the bar, and felt doubtful as to what his standing would be. I did not share this doubt ; but marked out for him the illustrious career he is now running. I predicted that, if he laid down rigid rules as to the choice of cases, and never became the defender of aught but justice and virtue, his genius, elevated by this sublime sentiment, would rise to the height of the most renowned orators. He followed my advice, and has reaped the fruit thereof. His defense of M. de Portes is worthy of Demosthenes. He was in the habit of coming every year and spending his vacation at Saint-Brice, a quarter of a league from the Hermitage, on the fief of Mauléon, belonging to his mother, and where erst the great Bossuet had dwelt. There is a fief for you, whereof a succession of like masters would render nobility a difficult matter to sustain.

There was also, in this same village of Saint-Brice, Guerin the publisher, a man of mind and culture, amiable, too, and of the highest standing in his profession. He intro-

duced me to Jean Néaulme, the Amsterdam publisher, a correspondent and friend of his, who afterwards printed the *Emile*.

I had another acquaintance, still nearer than Saint-Brice, in M. Maltor, curé of Grosley. He was cut out more for a statesman and politician than a village curé, and he ought at least to have had a diocese to govern: if the talents of the incumbent had aught to do with the disposing of places, he certainly would have had. He had been secretary to Count du Luc, and was intimately acquainted with Jean Baptiste Rousseau. As full of esteem for the memory of that illustrious exile, as of horror for that of the scoundrel Saurin, who had wrought his ruin, he had a great many curious anecdotes touching both, which Séguy had not got in his life (still in manuscript) of R., and he assured me that Count du Luc, far from having anything to complain of in his conduct, had entertained the warmest friendship for him even to the close of his life. M. Maltor, to whom M. de Vintimille had given this rather pleasant retreat on the death of his patron, had formerly been employed in a multitude of affairs whereof, though advanced in years, he still preserved a most vivid recollection, and reasoned most excellently thereon. His conversation was as instructive as amusing, and in no manner tinged or tied by his village-curéship. He united the manners of the gentleman with the culture of the scholar. He was, of all my permanent neighbors, the man whose company was most agreeable to me, and whom I most regretted leaving.

At Montmorency, there were the Oratorians, and, among others, Father Berthier, professor of Natural Philosophy, to whom, notwithstanding some little tincture of pedantry, I became attached on account of a certain cordial air of good nature I found in him. And yet I had some difficulty in reconciling this great simplicity with a proclivity and knack he had of thrusting himself into all sorts of companies —among the great and the women, among philosophers and devotees. He knew how to be all things to all men. I grew very fond of his company, and spoke of him to all my acquaintances. What I said of him would seem to have come to his ears. He one day thanked me, with a griu, for having thought him a ‘good-natured fellow.’ There was an in-

describable sardonic smile on his countenance, while saying this that, to my eye quite altered his physiognomy, and which has often occurred to my mind since. I can compare it to nothing but the expression on Panurge's countenance while buying the sheep of Dindenaut. Our intimacy had commenced shortly after my removal to the Hermitage, whither he very frequently came to see me. Soon after I went to Montmorency, I left that place, and went back to reside in Paris. Here he often saw Madam Le Vasseur. One day, when such a thing was the last in my thoughts, he wrote me in behalf of this woman, informing me that M. Grimm offered to support her, and asking my permission for her to accept the offer. This I understood to consist in a pension of three hundred livres, and the proposition was that Madam Le Vasseur was to come and live at Deuil, between La Chevrette and Montmorency. I shall not say what impression this piece of news produced on me ; one thing, any way ; it would have been less surprising to me had Grimm had ten thousand livres a year, or any comprehensible connection with the woman, or, again, had not such a crime been made out of my taking her to the country, whither, nevertheless, it now pleased him to bring her back, as though she had got rejuvenated in the interim. I saw that the good old lady asked my permission, which she might very easily have done without, had I refused it, only that she might not expose herself to losing what I gave her. Though this charity appeared to me very extraordinary, it did not strike me as much at the time as it did afterwards. But even had I known all I have since penetrated, I would none the less have given my consent, as I did and was obliged to do, unless I had outbid Grimm. Thenceforth, Father Berthier cured me a little of my inclination to impute 'good-nature' to him—an imputation he had found so funny, and with which I had so rashly charged him.

This same Father Berthier was intimate with two men who, I know not why, sought my acquaintance : there was certainly neither similarity nor sympathy between our tastes. They were children of Melchisedec, their parentage and country both unknown, as were also in all probability their real names. They were Jansenists, and passed for priests in disguise, perhaps on account of their ridiculous fashion of wearing rapiers to which they were attached. The prodigies

gious mystery they threw around all their proceedings gave them the appearance of party-leaders, and I have never had the least doubt of their being connected with the *Gazette ecclésiastique*. The one was a tall, smooth-tongued, jesuitical chap, calling himself M. Ferraud ; the other a short, squat, sneering, punctilious fellow, yclept M. Minard. They dubbed each other ‘cousin.’ When in Paris, they lodged along with d’Alembert, at his nurse’s, a Madam Rousseau, and they had taken a small apartment at Montmorency to pass the summer. They did their own work, employing neither servant nor runner. They took turns, week about, buying provisions, cooking, sweeping etc. They managed pretty well on the whole, and we sometimes eat together. What made them care about me, I know not : for my part, my only interest in them was from the fact of their playing chess ; and to make up a poor little party, I endured being bored three or four hours at a time. As they had a proclivity to poking around and intermeddling with everything, Thérèse dubbed them the ‘Gossips,’ and by that name they long continued to be known at Montmorency.

Such, including my host, M. Mathas, were my chief country acquaintances. I had still friends enough in Paris outside of the literary class to live agreeably whenever I chose to ; in it, Duclos was the only one I could reckon, for Deleyre was still too young ; and though after having seen into the manœuvres of the philosophical tribe, he withdrew from it altogether, (at least I thought so), I could not yet forget the facility with which he had allowed himself to be made the mouth-piece of the whole gang.

To begin with, there was my old and worthy friend Roguin. He was a friend of the good old times ; I did not owe him to my books, but to myself, and so I have always preserved him. Then there was the good Lenieps, my compatriot, and his daughter Madam Lambert, then alive. There was also a young Genevese, named Coindet, a good lad, as I thought, careful, obliging and zealous ; but ignorant, conceited, gluttonous and forward : he came to see me shortly after my removal to the Hermitage, and without any other introducer than himself, got himself in with us in spite of me. He had some taste for drawing, and was acquainted with the artists. He was of service to me relative

to the engravings for the *Nouvelle Héloïse*; he undertook the direction of the drawings and the plates, and acquitted himself well of the commission.

I had access to the house of M. Dupin, which, if less brilliant than during Madam Dupin's best days, was still, from the worth of the heads of the family and the choice company that assembled there, one of the best houses in Paris. As I had not preferred anybody to them, and had withdrawn from them only to live independent, they always received me in a friendly manner, and I was always certain of meeting with a hearty welcome from Madam Dupin. I could even reckon her among my country neighbors after her establishment at Clichy, whither I sometimes went and passed a day or two, and where I should have gone more frequently had Madam Dupin and Madam de Chenonceaux been on better terms. But the difficulty of dividing myself in the same house between two women who did not sympathize with each other rendered my visits to Clichy unpleasant. Attached to Madam de Chenonceaux by a more equal and familiar friendship, I had the pleasure of seeing her more at my ease at Deuil, which was almost at my door, and where she had taken a small house, as also at my own house, where she came quite often to see me.

There was Madam Créqui, too. She had become a regular devotee, and gave up seeing the d'Alemberts, Marmonrels and the rest of the literats, with the exception, I think, of the Abbé Trublet, a sort of half hypocrite of whom I guess she was sick enough herself. For myself, as she had sought my acquaintance, I lost neither her good wishes nor her correspondence. She sent me a christmas-present of young fat Mans poulets, and had arranged to come and see me the year following, when a visit of Madam de Luxemberg prevented her. I owe her a place apart here; she will always hold a distinguished one in my memory.

There was another man who, after Roguin, should hold the first place on my list. This was my old friend and brother politician Carrio, formerly Titulary Secretary to the Spanish Embassy at Venice, afterwards appointed by his court *Chargé des Affaires* in Sweden and finally named real Secretary to the embassy at Paris. He came in on me one day at Montmorency and gave me quite a pleasant

surprise. He was decorated with some order of Spain, what I have forgotten, and wore a beautiful cross set in jewels. He had been obliged, in his proofs of nobility, to add a letter to his name of Carrio, and came out as the Chevalier de Carrion. I found him still the same, his excellent heart unchanged, and his disposition becoming daily more amiable. I should have resumed my old intimacy with him, had not Coindet, coming between us as usual, taken advantage of my distance from town to insinuate himself in my name into his confidence, and supplanted me by dint of zeal in serving me.

The remembrance of Carrion brings to mind another of my country neighbors whom I would be all the more inexcusable in not mentioning as I have to make confession of a very pardonable offence I was guilty of towards him. This was honest M. Le Blond, who had been of service to me in Venice, and who, having come with his family on a visit to France, had rented a country-house at La Briche, not far from Mountmorency.* As soon as I heard he was my neighbor, I started off to pay him a visit, in the joy of my heart regarding my going rather as a festival than a duty. On my way, I was met by people who were coming to see me, and with whom I had to return. Two days after, I set out again; he had gone to dine in Paris with his whole family. A third time I tried, he was at home: I heard women's voices, and saw a coach at the door that alarmed me. I wished, at least for the first time, to see him at my ease, and talk over our old intimacy. In short, I so postponed my visit from day to day that the shame I felt at being so long in discharging such a duty prevented me from doing it at all. I had waited so long that I could not venture to go. This neglect, at which M. Le Blond could not but have been justly offended, gave the appearance of ingratitude to my indolence; and yet I felt so little guilty at heart, that had it been in my power to do M. Le Blond any real service, even unbeknown to himself, I am certain I would not have been found idle. That is the way, though: indolence, negligence and the putting

* When I wrote this, full of my old blind confidence, I was very far from suspecting the true motive for and the effect of this journey to Paris.

off of little duties to be performed, have been more prejudicial to me than great vices would have been. My worst sins have been sins of omission : I have rarely done what I ought not to have done, and unfortunately I have still more rarely done what I ought.

Talking about my Venetian acquaintances, by the way, I ought not to forget one I kept up a good while after I had dropped intercourse with the rest. I refer to M. de Joinville, who had continued, after his return from Genoa, to show me much kindness. He was very fond of seeing me and talking over the affairs of Italy and the follies of M. de Montaigu, touching whom he had picked up quite a number of anecdotes in the bureaux for foreign affairs, with which he had a great deal to do. I had also the pleasure of meeting at his house my old comrade Dupont, who had bought a post in his Province, the affairs of which brought him to Paris now and then. M. de Joinville became little by little so eager to have me come and see him that he grew positively troublesome ; and though we lived quite a distance apart, we would have a regular spat if I let a whole week go by without going and dining with him. When he went to Joinville, he would always have me accompany him ; but having gone once and passed a wearisome week, I could never be induced to return again. M. de Joinville was certainly an honest, clever fellow, to be liked in certain ways ; but his mind was below mediocrity ; he was handsome, a trifle of a coxcomb, and intolerably borous. He had a singular, and perhaps unique collection, with which he occupied himself a good deal, and which he was addicted to inflicting on his guests, who did not always find it so amusing as he did. This was a very complete collection of all the Court and Paris vaudevilles for fifty years back, containing a multitude of anecdotes that you might seek for in vain anywhere else. There are materials for the history of France for you, that would hardly be thought of in any other country !

One day, while we were still on the very best of terms, he received me so coldly, so differently from his usual manner, that after giving him an opportunity to come to an explanation, and even begging him to do so, I left his house with the determination—and I have kept it—never

to set foot in it again; for people do not often see me again after they have once received me ill, and there was no Diderot, in this instance, to plead for M. de Joinville. I tried and tried, but in vain, to discover what I had done to offend him: I could not for the life of me think. I felt sure of never having spoken either of him or his but in the most honorable manner; for I was sincerely attached to him, and, aside from the fact of my having nothing but good things to say of him, I have made it an inviolable principle never to speak otherwise than honorably of the houses I frequented.

At last, by dint of ruminating, here is the conjecture I came to. The last time we had seen each other, we took supper together at the house of some girls of his acquaintance, along with two or three clerks in the office of Foreign Affairs, very capital fellows, who did not look or act the least like libertines; and, for my own part, I can truly declare, that the evening passed in rather melancholy meditation on the wretched fate of these poor creatures. I did not pay any share of the reckoning, seeing that M. de Joinville had invited us to supper; nor did I give the girls anything, because I did not, as with the *Padoana*, give them an opportunity of establishing a claim to the payment I might have offered them. We all came away together in high spirits, and on the very best of terms. I did not go back to see the girls, but three or four days afterwards I went to dine with M. de Joinville, whom I had not seen meanwhile, and then it was he gave me the reception whereof I have spoken. Unable to imagine any other cause for it than some misunderstanding relative to the said supper, and seeing he was not minded to offer any explanation of the matter, I determined to give up seeing him altogether. I continued to send him my works, however; he frequently sent me his compliments, and meeting him one evening in the green-room of 'La Comédie,' he reproached me in a friendly way for not calling to see him: this did not get me to go back, though. Thus this affair was more of a huff than a regular rupture. However, having neither seen nor heard of him since then, it would have been too late to come back to him after an interruption of several years. This is why M. de Joinville is not mentioned

here in my list, albeit I was for a good while quite intimate with him.

Nor will I swell the catalogue with the names of many other persons with whom I was less intimate, or who, as they were out of sight, also dropt out of mind in a manner, whom, nevertheless, I still continued to see at times in the country, either at my own house or at some of the neighbors; as, for instance, the Abbé de Condillac, the Abbé de Mably, M.M. de Mairan, de Lalive, de Boisgelou, Watelet, Ancelet and others too numerous to mention. I shall also pass lightly over M. de Margency, Gentleman in Ordinary to the king, a whilom member of the Holbach coterie, which he had thrown up like myself, and an old friend of Madam d'Epinay, from whom he had separated as I had. So too, with his friend Desmahis, the celebrated—ephemerally celebrated—author of the comedy of '*L'Impertinent*' Margency, by the way, was a country neighbor of mine, his estate of 'Margency' being near Montmorency. We were old acquaintances; but our proximity and a certain conformity of experience brought us still closer. Desmahis died shortly afterwards. He was a man of worth and mind; but was a bit the original of his comedy, somewhat of a coxcomb with the women, and he was not much regretted.

I cannot, however, pass over a new correspondence I entered into at this period, as it has had too great an influence over my subsequent life for me to neglect marking its commencement. I refer to M. de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, first President of the Court of Aids and Censor of books at the time, an office he filled with equal intelligence and mildness to the great satisfaction of all men of letters. I had not been once to see him at Paris; and yet I had always received the most kindly accommodation relative to his censorship; and I was aware that he had more than once rather roughly handled certain persons that wrote against me. I received new marks of his kindness in the bringing out of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. The proofs of so large a work being very expensive to have brought from Amsterdam by post, he permitted them to be addressed to him under his 'frank,' and transmitted them to me free of charge, under the countersign of his father the Chancellor.

When the work was out, he would not permit the sale of it in the kingdom, till, contrary to my wishes, an edition had gone off, the entire profits of which he wished me to receive. As this would just have been to take so much out of Rey's pocket, to whom I had sold my manuscript, I not only refused to accept the present without his consent—which he very generously granted—but I was desirous of dividing the hundred pistoles, the amount of the profits, with him, and of which he would have nothing. For these hundred pistoles I had the mortification—whereof M. de Malesherbes had not forewarned me—of seeing my work horribly mutilated, and having the sale of the correct edition delayed until the bad one was entirely disposed of.

I have always regarded M. de Malesherbes as a man of the most stirring honesty. Nor has aught that has befallen me ever for a moment made me doubt his probity; but, as weak as he is obliging, he sometimes harms those he wishes to serve by his very zeal for their safety. Not only did he expunge a hundred pages of the Paris edition, but he took a liberty with the copy of the corrected edition he sent Madam de Pompadour that certainly bordered very close on infidelity. It is somewhere said in the work, that the wife of a coal-heaver is more worthy of respect than the mistress of a prince. This phrase came up in the heat of composition, without any application, I swear. On reading the work over, however, I saw that people would *make* the application. And yet, from the very imprudent principle I had adopted of never suppressing anything from regard to the interpretations that might be made thereof, provided my conscience bore me witness that I had not intended them when writing the passage, I determined to let the phrase stand, contenting myself with substituting the word ‘prince’ in place of ‘king’, which I had at first written. This softening did not appear sufficient to M. de Malesherbes, so he had a new sheet struck off on purpose in which he left out the whole phrase, and then inserted it as skillfully as possible into Madam de Pompadour’s copy. She got wind of this piece of legerdemain: certain kind souls volunteered to let her into it. For my own part, I never knew of the matter till long after I had begun to feel its effects.

Is not this, too, the primal cause of the covert but implacable hatred of another lady who was in a similar situation without my knowing it, nay, without my even being aware of such a person when penning the passage?* When the book came to be published, however, I had made her acquaintance, and I felt very uneasy as to the issue. I mentioned the matter to the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who laughed at me, affirming that so far from the lady's being offended at the expression, she had not even noticed it. I believed him, a little lightly, may be, and made myself easy when there was great occasion for me to feel quite otherwise.

At the beginning of winter, I received a new mark of M. de Malesherbes' kindness. Though keenly alive thereto, I did not, however, judge it proper to take advantage of it. There was a place vacant on the *Journal des Savants*. Margency wrote me, as though from his proper motion, proposing it to me, though it was easy for me to see from the turn of his letter † that he had received instructions, and been authorized to make me this offer, and indeed he confessed as much to me afterwards ‡. The duties of the post were but trifling. All there was to do was to make two extracts a month from books sent for the purpose, without being obliged to go to Paris at all, not even to pay the magistrate a visit of thanks. This would have introduced me to the society of the first of the literati, as MM. de Mairan, Clairaut, de Guignes and the Abbé Barthélemy, the first two of whom I already knew, and the other two were good persons to be acquainted with. In fine, in consideration of this trifling task, which I could so handily have done, there was a salary of eight hundred francs attached to the post. I deliberated several hours before making up my mind, though I can truly declare that the only reason of my doing so at all, was the fear of offending Margency and displeasing M. de Malesherbes. But, the insupportable constraint of not having it in my power to work at my own time and being limited to set periods, much more still the certainty of performing the

* The Countess de Boufflers, mistress of Prince de Conti. Tr.

† File C., No. 33.

‡ File C., No. 34

duties I was to take upon me badly, carried the day ; so I determined to refuse a place for which I was unfit. I knew that all the talent I had came from a certain warmth of soul wherewith the subject I had to treat of inspired me, and that naught but the love of the Great, the Beautiful, the True had the power to clasp wings to my genius. What did I care about the subjects of the most part of the books I would have had to extract from ; what about the books themselves ? My indifference for the thing would have cramped my pen and stultified my mind. They conceived I could make a trade of writing, and give them so much to order like the literats in general ; not knowing that I could never write but from passion—an article for which I guess there was no great demand on the *Journal des Savants* ! Accordingly, I wrote Margeney a letter of thanks, couched in the politest possible terms, wherein I so well showed up my reasons, that it was impossible for either him or M. de Malesherbes to think that there was the least tincture of pride or humor in my refusal. And indeed, they both approved of it, without feeling a whit the less kindly towards me ; and the secret was so well kept that the public never got the least wind of the affair.

This proposition did not come at a favorable moment for me to accede to it ; for I had made up my mind, for some time back, to throw up literature altogether, and more especially the trade of authorship. All that had recently befallen me completely disgusted me with literary persons ; and at the same time I had learnt that it was impossible to pursue the same career with them without being connected in some sort with them. Nay, for that part of it, I was just about as much disgusted with society in general, and particularly the mixed life I had lately been leading, belonging half to myself and half to circles in which I felt out of my element. I realized more powerfully than ever, and by a constant experience, that all unequal association is always disadvantageous to the weaker party. Mingling with opulent persons, and in a station different from what I had chosen, though I did not of course keep up an establishment like them, still I was obliged in many ways to imitate them ; and a set of trifling expenses, nothing to them, were to me as ruinous as they were inevitable. Let

another man go to a friend's country-house, he is waited on by his own servant, as well at table as in his chamber ; he sends him for everything he wants ; having nothing to do directly with the servants of the house, not even seeing them, if he gives them any presents at all, he gives it in what shape and at what time soever he pleases ; but as for me, alone and unattended by servants, I was at the mercy of those of the house, whose good graces I had to gain so as not to suffer much ; and, treated as their master's equal, I had to treat them so too ; nay, I was obliged to do even more for them than another would, seeing that I stood in greater need of their services. This was all very well, at least it was durable enough, where there were but few domestics ; but in the houses where I visited there were a great many—a set of keen knaves, all wide awake to their own interest, and managing so to fix things that I had need of all of them in succession. The women of Paris, distinguished as they are for their large sense, have no correct notions on this head, and through their very zeal to spare my purse, they contrived to ruin me. If I chanced to take supper in town, at some little distance from my home, instead of permitting me to send for a hack, the mistress of the house would order the horses to be put in, and have me sent home in her carriage : hugely delighted was she at the idea of saving me the twenty-four sous hack-fare ; as to the crown I gave her coachman and lackey, I guess that did not enter her head. Did a lady write me from Paris to the Hermitage or to Montmorency, deeply regretting the four cents postage I would have to pay, she would send it by one of her servants, who arrived on foot all in a sweat, and to whom I gave his dinner and a crown, which he had certainly well earned. Did she propose that I should go and pass a week or fortnight at her country-seat, she would say to herself : ‘It will always be a saving for the poor fellow ; while he stays, his board will cost him nothing.’ She did not take into her calculation that, on the other hand, I would be idle all the time ; that the expenses of my family, my rent, washing and clothes were still going on ; that I paid my barber double, and that on the whole it cost me more to live with her than it would at home. Though I confined my little largesses to

the houses I frequented, they were ruinous after all. I am sure I gave away full five-and-twenty crowns at Eauboune (Madam d'Houdetot's), where I never slept more than four or five times in all, and more than a hundred pistoles as well at Epinay as at La Chevrette, during the five or six years that I was most frequent in my visits. These outlays are inevitable for a man of my humor, who can neither do anything for himself, nor cudgel his brains to any practical issue, nor yet support the sight of a lackey that grumbles and serves you in a huff. At Madam Dupin's even, where I was one of the family, and where I did the servants a thousand services, I never got them to do anything for me but for a consideration. In course of time I was compelled to renounce these little liberalities altogether, as my situation would not allow of my continuing them; and then it was I felt still more keenly than ever the inconvenience of associating with people of a different station from one's self.

Then, had this sort of life been to my liking, I might have found some consolation for these heavy outlays in the consciousness that I was ministering to my enjoyment; but to ruin myself while being all the while bored to death, was a little too much; and I had made such full trial of the burden of this kind of life, that, profiting by the interval of liberty I now had at my command, I determined to perpetuate it, and resolved to renounce wholly and for ever all large companies, as also the composition of books and all literary concerns, and confine myself for the remainder of my days within the narrow and peaceful sphere whereto I felt born.

The profits of the *Letter to d'Alembert* and the *Nouvelle Héloïse* had somewhat replenished my purse, sadly run down at the Hermitage. I saw myself with near a thousand crowns. The *Emile*, which I had gone right into after finishing up the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, was in a state of forwardness, and its produce I might safely calculate would double this amount. I designed putting out this capital in such a way that it would bring me in a small yearly income, that would, along with my copying, be sufficient to support me without writing any more. I had still two works on the stocks. The first was my *Institutions Politiques*. I examin-

ed the state of this work, and found it would require several years' labor to finish it. I was in such a hurry to get to the carrying out of my resolution that I had not courage enough to continue it and wait till I got through. So, throwing up the book itself, I determined to extract all that could be extracted, and burn the rest. Accordingly, pushing this work zealously on, without interrupting the *Emile*, I in two years' time put the last hand to the *Contrat-Social*.

Remained the 'Musical Dictionary.' This was a mere mechanical affair, that could be taken up at any time, and in doing which I had only a pecuniary end in view. I determined, accordingly, that I would either throw it aside or finish it up at my ease, according as my means might require it or no. As for the *Moral Sensitive*, at which I had done nothing but draw out the sketch, I resolved to give it up altogether.

Having as a last resort, if I found I could get along entirely without copying, the project of removing to a distance from Paris, where the crowd of visitors that intruded themselves on me rendered house-keeping expensive and deprived me of the time I might otherwise have spent in providing for my subsistence ; to get rid of the ennui wherinto an author is said to fall when he has laid aside the pen, I reserved to myself an occupation wherewith to fill up the void of solitude, without tempting me to print anything more while living. I know not from what whim Rey had long been urging me to write the memoirs of my life. Though these were not, up to that time, particularly interesting as to facts, I felt that they might be made so by the frankness which I knew it was in me to put into them, and I resolved to make a unique work, unique from the unexampled veracity with which I should unfold my story, and thus for once give the world the history of a man in the actual lineaments of his nature and life. I had always laughed at the queer naïveté of Montaigne, who, while pretending to avow his faults, takes good care all along to confess to nothing but certain amiable weaknesses ; whereas I felt—I who have always thought and still think myself, take me all in all, the best of men—that there is no man, be he pure in soul as mortal may be, in whose inmost self some odious vice finds not a lurking-place. I knew that I was painted to the

world in colors so unlike the real ones, in features so warped and wrung from the fact, that, spite of all the ill I might say of myself—and I was determined to out with it all—I would still be a gainer by exhibiting myself in my actuality. Besides, as this purpose could not be developed without at the same time revealing the true nature of many other persons, and consequently the work could not appear till after the death of me and all concerned, I was further emboldened to make my confession—a confession at which I should never need to blush. Accordingly, I resolved to consecrate my leisure to the faithful execution of this undertaking, and set to collecting together such letters and papers as might guide or awaken my memory, deeply regretting the many I had torn up, burned, or lost.

This design of retiring into complete seclusion, one of the most sensible I ever formed, grew out to completeness and determination, and I had even advanced well on the way thereto, when fate raised a new whirlwind around my hapless head.

Montmorency, the ancient and illustrious patrimony of the family of that name, had passed out of the hands of its rightful owners by confiscation. It was transferred by the sisters of Duke Henry to the house of Condé, which changed the name of Montmorency into that of Enghien; and this duchy contains no other castle than an old tower where the archieves are kept and where the homage of the vassals is received. It does, however, contain a private house, built by Croisat, surnamed '*the Poor*', which, as it possesses all the magnificence of the most superb château, deserves and bears the name of castle. The imposing aspect of this beautiful edifice, the terrace whereon it is built, the view from it, unequalled perhaps in any country, its vast hall painted by a master-hand, its garden planted by the celebrated Le Nostre—all concur to form a whole in whose striking majesty there is yet a simplicity that fills and feeds the imagination. M. le Maréchal, duc de Luxembourg, who then occupied the house, was in the habit of coming twice every year into this part of the country, where erst his ancestors held sway, and passing five or six weeks, as a simple resident, but with a magnificence that quite came up to the antique splendor of his house. The first visit he made subsequent to my establish-

ment at Montmorency, he sent a valet de chambre with the compliments of himself and Madam la Maréchale, inviting me to sup with them as often as it might be agreeable to me. Each after visit, they never failed reiterating the compliments and the invitation. This called to mind Madam de Beuzenval's sending me to dine in the servants' hall. Times were changed ; but I had remained the same. I had no great fancy for being sent to dine with the flunkies, and was just about as little anxious to appear at the tables of the great. I should have much preferred them to let me alone, without seeking either to humble or exalt me. I replied politely and respectfully to the advances of M. and Mme. de Luxembourg, but I did *not* accept their offer ; and to such a degree did my inconveniences and my timid disposition, joined to my embarrassment in speaking, make me tremble at the mere idea of presenting myself in an assembly of court persons that I did not even go to the château to pay a visit of thanks, albeit I was perfectly well aware that this was what they were after, and that all this anxiety was rather a matter of curiosity than genuine kindness.

Still, however, the advances went on apace, went on increasing. The Countess de Boufflers, who was very intimate with the Marchioness, having come on a visit to Montmorency, sent to inquire regarding my health, and proposed to come and see me. I replied suitably, but budged not an inch. At their Easter visit the summer following, 1759, the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who belonged to the court of Prince Conti, and was intimate with Madam de Luxembourg, came to see me several times : we formed an acquaintance ; he pressed me to go to the château : I stirred not a step. At length, one afternoon, when such a thing was the last in my head, who should I see coming along but M. le Maréchal de Luxembourg, followed by five or six persons. This time, there was no getting round it, and I could not, under penalty of appearing an arrogant clown, avoid returning the visit, and going and paying my respects to Madam la Maréchale, from whom he was the bearer of the kindest communications. Thus, under fatal auspices, commenced a connection I could no longer avert, but which a presentiment, all too well founded, had made me all along dread.

I was exceeding afraid of Madam de Luxembourg. I knew she was lovely. I had seen her several times at the theatre and at Madam Dupin's, ten or a dozen years ago; when she was Duchess de Boufflers, and in the bloom of her beauty. But she had the name of being *méchante*; and, in a woman of so high a rank as herself, this made me tremble. Scarcely had I seen her before I was subjugated. I found her charming, charming with a charm that is time-proof, and which has all the more powerful effect on my heart. I counted on her conversation being satirical and epigrammatic. Not at all; 'twas a great deal better. Madam de Luxembourg's conversation is not of the sparkling-witty sort; it is not remarkable for sallies, nor even, properly speaking, for subtlety: 'tis moulded of an exquisite delicacy that is never striking but always pleasing. Her flattery is all the more intoxicating from its perfect simplicity; you would say it fell from her lips quite unconsciously, as though her heart was o'erflowing simply because too full. I seemed to myself to discover, from my very first visit that, spite of my awkwardness and ungainly speech, I was not displeasing to her. The court ladies all know how to persuade one into this idea, whether it be so or not; but they do not all know, as does Madam de Luxembourg, how to render this persuasion so sweet that you never dream of doubting its sincerity. My confidence in her would, from the very first day, have been as full and hearty as it soon afterwards became, had not the Duchess de Montmorency, her daughter-in-law, a young giddy-pate, rather malicious and a bit of a meddler, as I think, taken it into her head to set upon me, and, what with her mamma's lofty eulogiums, and passes of teasing coquetry on her part, thrown me into doubt as to whether I was not really being made a fool of.

It might, perchance, have been difficult to have rid me of this suspicion, had not the Marshal's extreme kindness assured me that *their* conduct was sincere. More surprising it would be impossible for anything to be, considering my timid disposition, than the promptitude wherewith I took him at his word regarding the footing of equality to which he wished to reduce himself with me, unless it be the equal readiness with which he took me at my word regarding the absolute independence in which I insisted on living. Persu-

aded both of them that I was right in being content with my lot and in resolving not to change it, neither he nor Madam de Luxembourg ever seemed the least anxious for a moment to concern themselves with my purse or fortune. Though it was impossible for me to doubt the tender interest they both felt in me, yet never did they propose any place to me or offer me their credit, unless it be on one single occasion, when Madam de Luxembourg seemed desirous of having me enter the *Académie française*. I alleged my religion: she replied that this would be no obstacle, or at least that she would see that it was removed. I answered that, however great an honor it might be for me to become a member of so illustrious a body, still as I had refused the offer of M. de Tressan, nay, of the king of Poland himself in a manner, to enter the Academy at Nancy, I could not with propriety ever after become a member of any other. Madam de Luxembourg did not insist any farther, so the matter was dropped. This simplicity of intercourse with persons of such high rank, in whom dwelt the power of doing anything or everything in my favor, M. de Luxembourg being—and well deserving to be—the King's intimate private friend, is in singular contrast with the everlasting fuss and fret, as importunate as it was officious, of the protecting friends whom I had recently abandoned, and who sought less to serve than to debase me.

When the Marshal came to see me at Mont-Louis, I had felt uneasy at receiving him and his suit in my single room, not because I was obliged to make them sit down amid my dirty plates and broken pots, but because the rotten floor was fast falling in and I was afraid that the weight of so many persons would make it give way altogether and the whole company make an unpremeditated visit to the regions below. Less concerned for my own safety than on thorns at the danger to which my good lord's affability exposed him, I hastened to get him out of the way by conducting him, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, to my tower, which was quite open to the air and had no chimney. On our reaching this place, I told him my reason for having brought him thither. This he told the Marchioness, and they both pressed me to accept lodgings at the casle until my floor could be got into repair, or, if I preferred it, I might

remove to an isolated edifice which was in the middle of the park, and which they called the 'Little Château.' This enchanting abode deserves particular notice.

The park or garden of Montmorency is not situated in a plain like that of La Chevrette. The ground is undulating, interspersed with hill and dale, a characteristic which the keen-eyed artist has taken advantage of to give variety to the woods and waters, their ornaments and views, and to multiply, so to say, by the power of art and genius a domain in itself rather restricted. The park is crowned by the terrace and château; at the lower end it forms a gorge which opens and widens towards the valley, the angle of which expands into a fine sheet of water. Between the orangery, which occupies this expanse, and the sheet of water surrounded by hills beautifully decorated with groves and trees, stands the 'Little Château' referred to. This edifice and the grounds about it formerly belonged to the celebrated Le Brun, who had taken delight in building and decorating it with that exquisite taste in ornament and architecture that this great painter had formed to himself. This château has since been rebuilt, but still after the design of the first master. It is small and simple, but elegant. Being in a hollow, between the orangery and the large sheet of water, and so, subject to dampness, they had it opened in the middle by a peristyle between two rows of columns, whereby the air has free play throughout the whole edifice, and so keeps it dry notwithstanding its situation. When you look at the building from the opposite elevation in the line of perspective, you would think it was entirely surrounded by water, and imagine an enchanted isle had risen before your gaze, or that you beheld the *Isola bella*, in lake Majora, loveliest of the Borromceans.

It was in this lonely edifice that they gave me my choice of one of the four suits of apartments it contains, besides the ground-floor, consisting of a ball-room, billiard-room and a kitchen. I chose the smallest and simplest, lying right over the kitchen, which, also, I had with it. It was charmingly neat, the furniture white and blue. It was in this profound and delicious solitude, amid woods and waters, bathed in the songs of birds of every note and the perfume of orange flowers, that I composed in one long ecstasy, the fifth book of the *Emile*, for the brilliant coloring of which I was certainly

indebted to the profound impression made on me by the scenery amid which I wrote.

With what eagerness did I hasten out every morning to breathe the embalmed air on the peristyle ! What excellent coffee (*café au lait*) did I drink here tête-à-tête with my Thérèse ! My cat and dog kept us company. This family would have sufficed me for my whole life, and left not a moment for ennui. I had a heaven on earth, living in all the innocence and enjoying all the pleasures of Paradise!

On their visit the following July, M. and Mme. de Luxembourg showed me so many attentions and showered so many kindnesses on my head, that, living as I was in their house, and loaded with goodness by them, I could not do less in return than visit them assiduously. Accordingly, I was with them almost all the time : in the morning I went and paid my respects to Madam la Maréchale, staying to dinner ; in the afternoon, I went and walked with the Marshal, though I did not stay to supper on account of the numerous guests and because they supped too late for me. Thus far, all was right, and had I but remained as before, all would have been right. But, I have never been able to keep to the middle course in my attachments, and stop short at simply performing the devoirs of society. I have always been everything or nothing. In this case, too, I soon pushed matters to extremes ; and seeing myself feted and spoiled by persons of such high rank, I passed the bounds, and conceived a friendship for them not permitted save from one's equals. My manners were marked by all the familiarity of equality, whereas they in their behavior never relaxed the politeness to which they had accustomed me. And yet I never felt quite at my ease with Madam de Luxembourg. Though I never became quite reassured as to her disposition, I feared it less than her wit. That was the rub. I was aware that she was difficult to please in conversation, and she had a right to be so. I knew that women, and especially great ladies, *will* be amused ; that you had better offend than bore them ; and I judged from her comments on the talk of the persons who had just left, what she must think of my blockishness. To supply the necessity of talking, I devised a substitute, namely, reading. She had heard speak of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and knew it was in press. As she had expressed a

strong desire to see the work, I offered to read it to her. This offer she accepted. I went to her every morning at ten o'clock—M. de Luxembourg came in—the door was closed, and I read by her bed-side. So well did I portion out my readings that there would have been enough to last me during the whole of their visit, even had they not been broken in upon.* The success of this expedient surpassed my expectation. Madam de Luxembourg was smitten with the book and its author ; she spoke of nobody but me—thought of nothing else—said kind things to me the day long, and embraced me ten times a day. She insisted on my always sitting by her at table ; and if any great lord or other made to take this place, she would tell him it was mine, and have him sit somewhere else. You may judge what an impression these charming manners made on me, whom the least mark of affection completely melts. I became really attached to her, reciprocating to the full the attachment she expressed for me. My only fear, in perceiving this fondness, and feeling as I did, too, in how limited a degree I possessed the qualities calculated to sustain it, was lest it should turn into disgust ; unfortunately for me this fear was but too well founded.

There must surely have been some innate antagonism between the make of our minds, since, independent of the multitude of stupidities that every moment escaped me in conversation, as also in my letters even, and that, too, when on the very best of terms with her, there were certain things that displeased her, without my being able to imagine why. I shall cite a single instance, and I might give a score. She learned I was writing a copy of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* for Madam d'Houdetot at so much a page. She wished to have one on the same terms. I promised her I would do so ; and writing her down accordingly one of my customers, I wrote her a very courteous and polite letter on the subject,—at least such was my intention.† Her answer completely dumbfounded me. Here it is :

* The loss of a great battle, which greatly afflicted the king, obliged M. de Luxembourg to return precipitately to court.

† This letter will be found in Rousseau's *Correspondence* under the date of the 29th Oct., 1759. Tr.

“VERSAILLES, Thursday.*

“I am ravished—delighted ; your letter has ‘shut me up in measureless content,’ and I hasten to acquaint you therewith and return you thanks therefor.

“Here are the very words of your letter : ‘*Although you are certainly a very good customer to have, I have some scruple about taking your money ; by rights I ought to pay for the pleasure of working for you.*’ I shall say nothing more on that head ! How is it you never tell me of the state of your health : nothing interests me more. I love you with all my heart ; and I assure you I am in a sad enough mood to have to write you this, for I should be delighted to tell it you myself. M. de Luxembourg sends kindest love and greeting.”

On receiving this letter, I hastened to answer it, protesting against any unkindly interpretation of my words, and reserving it meanwhile for a fuller and more careful examination. Well, after poring over it for several days with a disquietude that may readily be conceived, I could make nothing farther out of it, so I at last wrote her the following as my final thought on the subject :

“MONTMORENCY, December 8, 1759.

“Since my last, I have examined the passage in question hundreds and hundreds of times over. I have considered it in its proper and natural meaning ; I have considered it under every sense that can be given it, and I confess to you, Madam la Maréchale, that I really do not know whether it be I that owe you excuse or you that owe me.”

It is now ten years since these letters were written ; I have often pondered the matter since then, and such is my stupidity that, to this day even, I cannot for the life of me conceive what she could have found in the passage calculated, I shall not say to offend, but even to displease her.

Talking about the manuscript copy of the *Héloïse* that Madam de Luxembourg wished to have, I ought here to mention a plan I had conceived for adding some special value thereto, unpossessed by all others. I had written the adventures of Lord Edward separately, and I had long deliberated

* File C, No. 43.

whether I would insert them, either in whole or in part, in the body of the work, wherever they might seem to me to be wanting. Finally, however, I determined to leave them out altogether as they were not in harmony with the spirit of the rest, and would have spoiled the touching simplicity of the whole picture. On coming to know Madam de Luxembourg, I had a still more powerful reason for doing so. There was a Roman Marchioness of most hateful character that figured in these adventures: now there were certain traits of this personage which, though not applicable to the Marchioness, might still *be* applied to her by persons who only knew her by reputation. Accordingly, I highly felicitated myself on the course I had pursued, and I strengthened myself in my resolve. But, in my ardent desire to enrich her copy with something that was in no other, what should I light on but these self-same ill-starred adventures; and didn't I go and get the idea into my head of inserting these in her copy!—a mad project, the extravagance whereof is only explicable as being the work of that blind fatality which was hurrying me on to my destruction.

Quos vult perdere Jupiter, dementat.

I had the stupidity to copy this out with the utmost pains and great labor and to send it to her as the finest thing in the world; informing her at the same time—as was true—that I had burnt the original, that this extract was for her alone, and would never be seen by any one, unless she showed it herself: a course, by the way, which, instead of proving to her my prudence and discretion, as I had imagined it would, simply gave her an intimation that I had myself been thinking over the possible application that might be made of the story. Such was my imbecility that I had not the least doubt but that she would be delighted with the course I had pursued. She did *not* pay me the compliments I had expected, and, to my great surprise never once mentioned the document I had sent her. For my own part, still charmed with my conduct in the affair, it was not till long afterwards that I began, from certain other indications, to surmise what effect it must have produced.

In order to enhance the value of her manuscript I conceived another idea that was more rational, but which, though its effect was more distant, has proved just about as preju-

dicial to me: so does every thing work together with fate for the o'erwhelming of a man doomed to misfortune. I thought of ornamenting the manuscript with the engravings of the *Héloïse*, as the plates happened to be of the same size as the manuscript. I asked these designs of Coindet: they belonged to me by every sort of right, and the more so as I had given him the profits of the plates, which had had a very large sale. Coindet is as cute as I am dull. My frequent inquiries after the plates awoke his curiosity to find out what I was going to do with them, and he at last succeeded. Whereupon, under pretence of adding some new ornaments to the designs, he kept them from me, and at last presented them himself.

Ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

This paved the way to an introduction to the Hotel de Luxembourg upon a certain footing. After my establishment at the 'Little Château,' he came very often to see me, and always early in the morning, especially when M. and Madam de Luxembourg were at Montmorency. The result was that, to pass the day with him, I did not go to the château. They reproached me with these absences, so I told them the reason, whereupon they pressed me to bring M. Coindet along with me. This was precisely what the rogue wanted. Thus, thanks to the excessive kindness they felt towards me, a clerk of M. Thélusson's, who felt honored if his master now and then invited him to dinner when he had nobody else, found himself all of a sudden admitted to dine with a Marshal of France, in the company of princes and duchesses, and the very elite of the court. I shall never forget one day when he (Coindet) was obliged to return to Paris early, the Marshal said, after dinner, to the company: 'let us go and take a walk on the Saint Denis road; we will keep M. Coindet company.' This was too much for the poor man; his head could not stand it. For my own part, my heart was so full that I could not utter a single word. I followed behind, weeping like a child, and longing from the bottom of my heart to kiss the steps of that most kindest of Marshals. But the narration of the history of this manuscript has made me anticipate a little. Let us resume the order of events, so far at least as my memory will permit.

As soon as my little Mont-Louis house was ready, I had it

neatly and plainly furnished, and went back to live in it, for I was determined not to swerve from a rule I had laid down on leaving the Hermitage, namely, never to be indebted to anybody but myself for my dwelling-place. But neither could I bring myself to give up my apartments in the 'Little Château.' I kept the key of it; and as I had grown exceeding fond of taking breakfast in the peristyle, I often went there to sleep, and would pass two or three days as in a country-house. I was at this time perhaps the best and most agreeably lodged private person in Europe. My host, M. Mathas, was a most excellent man, and had given the entire direction of the repairs at Mont-Louis into my hands; he insisted on my doing what I liked with his workmen, without his interfering in the least. Accordingly, I found means of making out of the single chamber that composed the first story a complete suit of rooms, consisting of a chamber, anti-chamber and a water-closet. On the ground-floor was the kitchen and Thérèse's room. The tower, in which they had put up a glazed partition and a good chimney, served for my study. After my return, I amused myself decorating the terrace. It was shaded by two rows of linden trees; I added two others so as to make a summer-house of it, furnishing it with a table and stone benches. This I surrounded by lilacs, mock-orange and woodbines; I planted a beautiful border of flowers parallel with the two rows of trees; and this terrace, which rose to a greater elevation than that on which the château was built, from which at least quite as a fine view was to be had, and where I had tamed multitudes of birds, stood me instead of a drawing-room. Here I received M. and Mme. de Luxembourg, M. le Duc de Villeroy, M. le Prince de Tingry, M. le Marquis d'Armentiers, Madam la Duchesse de Montmorency, Madam la Duchesse de Boufflers, Madam la Comtesse de Valentinois, Madam la Comtesse de Boufflers, and others of like rank, who did not disdain to come from the château over a quite fatiguing ascent and make a pilgrimage to Mont-Louis. For all these visits I was indebted to the favor of M. and Mme. de Luxembourg; this I felt, and my heart returned them full measures of gratitude and homage. It was in one of these transports of soft, sad feeling that I once said to M. Luxembourg, embracing him: "Ah! Mousieur le Maréchal, I hated the great before I

knew you, and I hate them still more since you have taught me how easy it would be for them to make themselves universally adored."

This aside, I challenge any one that knew me during this period to say whether he ever saw me for a moment dazzled by this splendor, or whether my head was ever affected by this incense. Seemed I to grow a whit less plain in my dress, less simple in my manners, less good-fellow with the common people, less familiar with my neighbors, less ready to render service to everybody when it was in my power, and that without being put out by the numberless and oft times unreasonable importunities wherewith I was incessantly assailed? If my heart led me to the château de Montmorency from my sincere attachment for its inmates, it brought me back withal to my own neighborhood there to taste the sweet delights of that calm and simple life, out of which there is no happiness for me. Thérèse had formed a friendship with the daughter of a mason named Pilleu, a neighbor of ours. I did the same with the father; and after having dined at the château, not without considerable constraint on my part, so as to please the Marchioness, how eagerly would I return in the evening to sup with the worthy Pilleu and his family, either at his house or my own.

Besides my two habitations, I had ere long a third in the Hotel de Luxembourg. M. and Mme. de Luxembourg pressed me so strongly to go and see them there that I consented, notwithstanding my aversion for Paris, whether I had been but twice since my retirement to the Hermitage, on occasions before-mentioned. As it was, however, I never went except on days agreed upon, and then solely to take supper, returning next morning. I was wont to enter and come out by the garden facing the Boulevard, so that I could say with literal truth, that I had not set foot in the streets of Paris.

In the midst of this transient prosperity, the storm was brewing that was to o'ercloud my heaven. Shortly after my return to Mont Louis, I made, greatly against my will as usual, a new acquaintance that, too, marks an era in my history. Whether for good or for ill the future will tell. The person referred to was Madam la Marquise de Verdelin, a neighbor of mine, whose husband had recently bought

a country-house at Soisy, near Montmorency. Mlle. d'Ars, daughter of Count d'Ars, a man of rank, though in reduced circumstances, had married M. de Verdelin, an old, ugly, deaf, crabbed, brutal, jealous fellow, with gashes in his face and blind of one eye ; though, after all, not a bad chap when taken in the right way, and in possession of an income of from fifteen to twenty thousand francs a year : (the last item, I suppose was the main inducement to the marriage.) This charming object, whose chief occupation during the day was swearing, roaring, scolding, storming and keeping his wife eternally drowned in tears, generally ended by doing whatever she wanted, and this to set her in a rage, seeing that she had the nack of persuading him that it was he that wanted things so and so, and she that did not. M. de Margency, of whom I have often before spoken, was a friend of Madam's and became so of Monsieur. He had, several years ago, let them his château of Margency, near Eaubonne and Andilly, and they were living there precisely at the time of my passion for Madam d'Houdetot. Madam d'Houdetot and Madam de Verdelin made the acquaintance of each other through Madam d'Aubeterre, their common friend ; and as the garden of Margency was on Madam d'Houdetot's way to 'Mount Olympus,' her favourite walk, Madam de Verdelin gave her a key so that she might go right through. Under favor of this key, I often passed through with her. However, as I did not fancy unexpected meetings ; when Madam de Verdelin chanced to cross our path, I left them together, without saying anything to her, and went on ahead. This not over gallant course could not have given her a very favorable impression of me. And yet, when she removed to Soisy, she did not fail to seek my acquaintance. She came to see me several times at Mont-Louis without finding me ; and seeing I did not return her visits, she be-thought her of sending me pots of flowers for my terrace as a means of forcing me to do so. I had to go and thank her ; this was enough,—there we were fast acquainted.

This connection, like all I am led into contrary to my inclination, began stormily. Indeed there never reigned a true calm during all our converse, Madam de Verdelin's turn of mind was so antagonistic to mine. She showered

sarcasms and epigrams from her lips with so much simplicity, so much as a matter of course, that attention has to be all the time on the stretch to catch when she is fooling you, quite too fatiguing a task for me. A piece of fol-de-rol that occurs to my mind may give the reader a specimen of what I mean. Her brother had just obtained the command of a frigate appointed to cruise against the English. I was speaking of the mode of arming this frigate without taking from its lightness and speed. "Yes," said she in a cool tone, "they only take what cannon they need to fight with." I scarce ever heard her speak well of any of her absent friends, without letting slip something or other to their prejudice. What she did not view from a bad side, she did from the ridiculous side, and her friend Margency himself was no exception to the rule. But the most insufferable thing in being acquainted with her was her eternal little messages, little presents, little billets, which I had to cudgel my brains to answer, with the constantly recurring embarrassment of either returning thanks or refusing. However, what by seeing her over and over again, I really did at last become attached to her. She had her own griefs as well as myself. Mutual confidence rendered our tête-à-têtes interesting. Naught so unites hearts as the sweet satisfaction of weeping together. We sought each other as a mutual consolation,—and the longing for sympathy has often made me pass over many a fault. I had been so severe in my frankness with her, that after having at times shown so very little esteem for her character, there must really have been a good deal to be able to believe she could heartily forgive me. Here is a specimen of the letters I used now and then to write her, and it is note-worthy that in none of her answers did she ever seem the least piqued therat :

"MONTMORENCY, Nov. 5, 1760.

" You tell me, Madam, you have not explained yourself well, in order to make me feel I have explained myself ill. You speak of your pretended stupidity to bring home to me mine. You boast of being but a 'worthy creature,' as if there were any danger of your being taken at your word, and you apologize to me as a reminder that I ought to apologize to you. Yes, Madam, I know it ; 'tis I that am the

fool, the ‘worthy creature’—and worse still, if worse there be: ‘tis I that use bungling phrases, shocking the ears of a fine French lady who pays as much attention to her words, and who speaks as well as yourself. But consider that I use words in their ordinary acceptation, without either knowing or caring about the polite meanings given them in the virtuous societies of Paris. If my *expressions* are at times ambiguous, I endeavor to make my *conduct* interpret them, etc.” The rest of the letter is much in the same strain, (see the answer to it, File D, No. 41, and judge of the incredible moderation of a woman’s heart, that could bring herself to feel no more resentment at such a letter than her answer exhibits—and she never manifested any more.)

Coindet, the enterprising fellow, bold to very effrontery, and always on the scent after my friends, soon introduced himself to Madam de Verdelin in my name, and unknown to me, ere long became more familiar there than myself. A queer chap was that same Coindet. He presented himself in the houses of all my acquaintances in my name, gained a footing therein, and most unceremoniously dined, and so on, with them. Transported with zeal in my service, he could never mention my name without tears: when he came to see me, though, he kept the profoundest silence touching all these connections, and the various matters he knew must interest me. In place of telling me what he had learned, or said, or seen that concerned me, he would hear what I had to say, nay, question me. He never knew aught of matters in Paris beyond what I told him; in fine, though everybody spoke to me of him, he never spoke to me of anybody: he was secret and mysterious with none but his friend. But, let us leave Coindet and Madam de Verdelin for the present; we’ll return to them by-and-by.

Some time after my return to Mont-Louis, La Tour, the painter, came to see me, and brought with him my portrait in pastel, which he had sent to the exhibition, several years before. He had wished to present me with this portrait, but I had not accepted it. Madam d’Epinay, however, who had given me hers, and wished to get this one of me, had prevailed on me to ask it of him. He had taken time to retouch it. Meanwhile, came my rupture with Madam d’Epinay; I gave her back her portrait, and mine being no

longer wanted, I hung it up in my room in the 'Little Château.' Here M. de Luxembourg saw, and liked it. I offered it to him; he accepted it, and I sent it to him. Both he and the Marchioness knew that I would like very much to have theirs; so they had miniatures taken by a very skillful hand, and had them set in a box of rock crystal, mounted with gold, and made me the present in a very handsome manner. I was quite enchanted with it. Madam de Luxembourg would never consent to let her portrait be set in the upper part of the box. She had at various times reproached me with loving M. de Luxembourg better than her; and I had not denied the charge, seeing such was really the case. So she took this very polite but very clear way of showing me, by the fashion of setting her portrait, that she had not forgotten this preference.

Just about this same time, I was guilty of a blunder that did not contribute to preserve me her good graces. Though I did not know M. de Silhouette at all, and felt but little drawn to love him, yet I had a great opinion of his administrative power. When he began to come down on the financiers, I saw that he was not commencing at the best time; however, he had my warmest wishes for his success; and when I learned he was turned out of office, I with my usual proclivity to get into scrapes, wrote him the following letter. I assuredly do not undertake to justify it:

“MONTMORENCY Dec. 2, 1759.

“Deign, sir, to receive the homage of a man far removed from the bustle of affairs, who is unknown to you, but who esteems you for your talents, respects your administration and who did you the honor to believe you would not be long in office. Unable to save the State but at the expense of the capital which has been the ruin of it, you have braved the clamors of the crew of speculators. When I saw you crushing these wretches, I envied you your place; now that I see you leave it, unswerved from your principles, I admire you. Rest satisfied with yourself, sir; the step you have taken does you an honor you will long enjoy, and enjoy without a competitor. The maledictions of knaves are the glory of the honest man.”

(1760.) Madam de Luxembourg, who learned I had

written such a letter, spoke to me of it when she came into the country at Easter. I showed it to her ; she expressed a desire to have a copy, so I gave her one ; but I did *not* know, when I gave it her, that she was herself one of those same ‘speculators’ that were interested in under-farms, and who had procured Silhouette’s dismissal. It really seemed, from my multiplied blunders, as though I had been desirous of purposely exciting the hatred of an amiable and powerful woman, to whom, in truth I became daily more and more attached and whose displeasure I was the farthest in the world from wishing to draw down on me, albeit, by my blunders, I did everything calculated to do so. I suppose it superfluous to mention that she was the heroine of the Tronchin opiate story, whereof I have spoken in Part First ; the other lady was Madam de Mirepoix. Neither of them ever after mentioned the matter, nor, indeed, did they *seem* to have preserved the faintest remembrance thereof : but to presume that Madam de Luxembourg could really have forgotten it seems to me rather difficult, even were subsequent events wholly unknown. For my own part, I fell into a deceitful security touching the effect of my stupidities, seeing that my conscience bore me witness that none of them had been committed with any intention of offending her : as though a woman ever could pardon such as I had been guilty of, even with the most perfect certitude that will had nothing whatever to do in the matter.

And yet, although she seemed to see, to feel nothing, and though I as yet found neither diminution in the warmth of her friendship nor change in her manners, the continuation, ay, and increase, too, of an all too well founded foreboding, made me incessantly tremble lest ennui should succeed this excess of interest. Could I expect of so great a lady a constancy proof against my want of address to sustain it ? I was even unable to conceal from her this secret foreboding that disquieted me, and which had but the effect to render me more gruff and disagreeable than ever. Of this an idea may be caught from the following letter, which, by the way, contains a very singular prediction.

N. B. This letter, the date of which is wanting in my rough draught, was written in the month of October 1760, at the latest.

"How cruel is your kindness! Why disturb the peace of a lonely man who has renounced the pleasures of life so as to escape the ennuis thereof? I have passed my life in the vain search after solid attachments. These have baulked me while confining my search to my peers: is it amid your rank I should now seek? Neither ambition nor interest can tempt me; I have but little vanity, lots of courage and can withstand any thing saving kindness. Why do you both attack me in this my weak spot, and which I must overcome; seeing that, in the distance that separates us, the outgushings of loving souls can have no power to raise my heart to the sphere you inhabit. Will gratitude suffice a heart that owns but one mode of manifestation, and feels only capable of friendship? Of friendship, Madam la Maréchale! Ay, there's the rub! It is all very well for you, all very well for M. le Maréchal to talk of friendship, but I am mad to take you at your word. You play yourself while my heart grows attached, and the end of the play prepares new griefs for me. How do I hate all your titles, and how I pity you for having to bear them! Why live you not at Clarcus? Thither would I go and seek my life's happiness: but the Château de Montmorency, but the Hotel de Luxembourg! Is it in such-like places Jean Jacques should be seen? Is it there the friend of Equality should place the affections of a tender heart which, thus paying back the esteem manifested towards it, imagines it returns as much as it receives? You are kind—tenderly kind; I know and have seen it,—I am sorry I was not sooner convinced of it; but in the rank you hold, in your way of living, naught can produce an enduring impression, and so many new objects are so continually rising to efface each other that none is lasting. You will forget me, Madam, after having made it impossible for me to forget you. You will have done much to render me unhappy—much to be inexcusable."

I brought in M. de Luxembourg so as to render the compliment less harsh; for, this apart, my reliance on him was so entire, that the shadow of a fear as to the duration of his friendship, had never entered my head. I never for a moment feared respecting him aught that intimidated me

on the part of Madam la Maréchale. I never felt the smallest mistrust as to his character : it was weak, I knew, but still reliable. I as little feared any coldness on his part as I expected a heroic attachment from him. The simplicity, the familiarity of our manners with each other, manifested how absolute was our mutual confidence and reliance. And we were right : I shall honor and hold dear while life lasts the memory of this worthy lord ; and how great soever may have been the efforts to detach him from me, I am as certain he died my friend as though he had breathed his last sigh in my arms.

The reading of the *Héloïse* being got through with during the second visit to Montmorency in the year 1760, I had recourse to the *Emile* to keep me in Madam de Luxembourg's good graces : but it was not as successful as the other, whether the matter was less to her taste, or that she got tired of so much reading. However, as she reproached me with allowing myself to be the dupe of booksellers, she wished me to let her see after having it printed, so as to make the most of it. To this I consented, on condition of its not being printed in France ; and on this head we had a long dispute, I affirming that it would be impossible to obtain, and imprudent even to solicit a tacit permission, and not being minded to permit the impression in the kingdom on any other terms ; she sustaining that there would not be the slightest difficulty in the case of the Censor, in the system government had adopted. She managed to bring M. de Malesherbes into her view, who wrote me a long letter on the subject in his own hand, proving the 'Savoyard Vicar's Profession of Faith' was just the piece to receive the universal approbation of mankind, and of the court, too, under the circumstances. I was surprised to see this magistrate, usually so timorous, become so free and easy in this matter. As the printing of a book that met with his approval was from that very fact legal, I of course had no further objection to make to bringing out the work. And yet by an extraordinary scruple, I still persisted that the work should be printed in Holland, and by the publisher Néaulme, too, whom, not satisfied with indicating, I informed of my wishes ; for the rest, consenting that the edition should be brought out for the

benefit of a French publisher, and that, when ready, it should be sold in Paris, or wherever they liked, seeing I had no concern in the matter. This is exactly what was agreed upon between Madam de Luxembourg and myself; after which I gave my manuscript into her hands.

This visit, she had brought with her her granddaughter, Mlle. de Boufflers, now the Duchesse de Lauzun. Her name was Amelia, and a charming girl she was. She had a mildness and timidity truly virgin. Nothing could be more lovely and more interesting than her face, nothing more tender and more chaste than the sentiments she inspired. Besides, she was a mere child, not being eleven years old. The Marchioness, thinking her too timid, was endeavoring to hearten her up. Several times she permitted me to give her a kiss, which I did with my wonted awkwardness. In place of the pretty speeches anybody else would have made in my place, there I stood mute and abashed, and I know not which of us was the most ashamed, the little lass or myself. One day I met her alone on the staircase of the 'Little Château': she had just been up to see Thérèse, with whom her governess was then staying. Not knowing what to say, I proposed a kiss, which, in the innocence of her heart, she did not refuse, having received one that very morning, by order of, and in the presence of her grandma. Next day, while reading *Emile* by Madam de Luxembourg's bed-side, what did I do but fall on a passage wherein I justly censure what I had done myself the evening before! She thought the reflection extremely correct, and made some very sensible remarks on the subject, that made me blush. How did I curse my incredible stupidity that has so often made me seem guilty, when simply silly and embarrassed!—a stupidity which certain persons have even gone so far as to construe into a mere make-believe in a man known to be not absolutely witless. I can honestly aver that in this so reprehensible a kiss, as also in the others, the heart and senses of Mlle. Amelia were not purer than my own; nay, more, had it been in my power at the moment to avoid meeting her I should have done so: not that it did not give me great plaisir to see her, but from the embarrassment of finding something agreeable to say to her while

passing. Whence comes it that a mere child can intimidate a man, whom not all the power of kings has been able to affright? What course can I take? What am I to do, utterly destitute as I am of all off-handness of thought? If I strive to say something to persons I meet, I am as certain as fate to let fall some horrible tongue-slip; if I say nothing, I am a misanthrope, a wild beast, a bear. Total imbecility I could have got along with a great deal better; but the talents I have lacked in the world have been the ruin of me and the ruin, too, of the talents I do possess.

Towards the end of this visit, Madam de Luxembourg did a good work, in which I had some share. Diderot having very imprudently offended the Princess de Robeck, daughter of M. de Luxembourg, Palissot, whom she had under her protection, revenged her by the comedy of '*The Philosophers*,' in which I was ridiculed, and Diderot very badly abused. The author treated me more gently, less, I guess, on account of the obligation he was under to me, than from fear of offending the father of his protectress, by whom he knew I was beloved. Duchesne the publisher, with whom I was not as yet acquainted, sent me the piece when it came out. This I suspect he did by order of Palissot, who thought, may be, I would find pleasure in seeing a man with whom I had fallen out roughly handled. He was very much mistaken. Though I had broken with Diderot, whom after all I thought less ill-natured than weak and indiscret, I still preserved an attachment, nay, an esteem even for him, and still retained a respect for our old friendship—a friendship I knew to have been long as sincere on his part as on my own. Very different was it with Grimm, a man of innate duplicity, who never loved me and has not it in him *to love*, and who, without the slightest cause given, and solely to satisfy his black jealousy, damnably gloated in calumniating me under the mask of friendship. *He* is naught to me; the other will always be my old friend. At the sight of the odious piece, the old sympathies awoke: I could not bear the reading of it, and without finishing it I sent it back to Duchesne with the following letter:

"MONTMORENCY, May 21, 1760.

"Sir,—In casting my eye over the piece you sent me, I trembled at seeing myself lauded. I cannot accept your horrible present. I feel sure that you did not intend hurting me when you sent it, but you must either not be aware of the fact, or you must have forgotten it, that I have the honor to be the friend of a respectable man, shamefully blackened and calumniated in this libel."

Duchesne showed the letter. Diderot, on whom it might well have produced a quite other effect, was vexed at it. His self-love could not forgive me the superiority of a generous action, and I learnt that his wife went round inveighing against me with a bitterness I cared very little about, knowing she was widely celebrated as a noisy babbler.

Diderot, in his turn, found an avenger in the Abbé Morellet, who came out against Palissot in a little thing called 'The Vision,' modeled after the 'Petite Prophète.' In this production he most imprudently offended Madam de Robeck, whose friends got him clapped in the Bastile; for, for her part, I am persuaded she had nothing to do with it, as she was naturally very little vindictive, and was, besides, at the time, in a dying state.

D'Alembert, who was a very intimate friend of Morellet's, wrote me, asking me to beg Madam de Luxembourg to solicit his liberation, promising her in return encomiums in the 'Encyclopœdia.*' Here is my reply :

"I did not wait the receipt of your letter, sir, to express to Madam la Maréchale de Luxembourg the pain the imprisonment of the Abbé Morellet gives me. She knows how keenly I feel on the matter, and shall be made acquainted with the interest you also take in it; and, indeed, it will be sufficient to interest her in the matter to know that he is a man of worth. Over and above this, albeit both she and the Marshal honor me with a friendship that is the consolation of my life, and though your friend's name be to them a recommendation of the Abbé Morellet, still I know not how far they may, on this occasion, see fit to employ the influence

* This letter, like several others, disappeared from the Hotel de Luxembourg whilst my papers were deposited there.



attached to their rank and to the consideration due their persons. I am not even convinced that the vengeance in question has to do with the Princess de Robeck as much as you seem to imagine ; and, even were this the case, we must not expect that the delight of vengeance is to belong exclusively to philosophers, or suppose that when philosophers choose to become women, women are going to become philosophers.

"I will communicate to you whatever Madam de Luxembourg may say to me after reading your letter. Meanwhile I think I know her well enough to assure you in advance that, should it be her pleasure to contribute to the liberation of the Abbé Morellet, she will not accept the tribute of gratitude you promise her in the 'Encyclopaedia,' however she might feel honored thereby ; seeing that she does not do good for the sake of the praise it may bring, but in obedience to the dictates of her kind heart."

I spared no effort to excite the zeal and commiseration of Madam de Luxembourg in favor of the poor captive, and I succeeded. She went to Versailles expressly to see M. le Comte de Saint-Florentin touching the matter ; and this journey abridged the visit to Montmorency, which the Marshal was obliged to quit at the same time to betake him to Rouen, whither the king sent him as Governor of Normandy, on account of certain movements of the Parliament, which Government wished to keep within bounds. The day after her departure, Madam de Luxembourg wrote me the following letter :

"VERSAILLES, Thursday.*

"M. de Luxembourg left yesterday at six in the morning. I know not as yet whether I shall go or not. I am waiting for word from him, as he does not know himself how long he will remain. I have seen M. de Saint-Florentin ; he is as kindly disposed as can be towards the Abbé Morellet, though he finds obstacles in the way. These, however, he hopes to remove the next time he has business to do with the King, which will be next week. I have also desired as a favor that he be not exiled, as was proposed : he was to be sent to Nancy. Such, sir, is the success of my intercession ; but

* File D, No. 23.

I promise you I'll give M. de Saint-Florentin no peace till the affair be brought to the termination you desire. And now let me say how grieved I am to have to be obliged to leave you so soon; though I flatter myself you entertain no doubt thereof. *Je vous aime de tout mon cœur, et pour toute ma vie.*"

A few days afterwards, I received this note from d'Alembert, and most heart-felt was the joy it gave me :

"AUGUST 1st.*

"Thanks to your care and kindness, my dear philosopher, the Abbé has parted company with the Bastille—in fact, has got clear altogether. He is setting out for the country, and returns you, as do I, a thousand thanks and compliments. *Vale et me ama.*"

The Abbé, too, wrote me a letter of thanks a few days afterwards (File D, No. 29) that did not appear to me to be really heart-felt and wherein he seemed endeavoring, in a way, to extenuate the service I had done him; and, sometime after, I found that d'Alembert and he had supplanted me in Madam de Luxembourg's good graces, and that I had lost as much as they had gained. However, I am very far from suspecting the Abbé Morellet of having contributed to my disgrace; I esteem him too highly for that. As for M. d'Alembert, I shall say nothing of him here, but shall come back to him hereafter.

At this same time I got into another scrape that called forth the last letter I wrote Voltaire—a letter concerning which he croaked and clamored as an abominable insult, but which he never showed anybody. I shall here supply what he would not do.

The Abbé Trublet, with whom I was slightly acquainted, but whom I had very seldom seen, wrote me on the 13th of June 1760 (File D, No. 11), informing me that M. Formey, his friend and correspondent, had printed in his journal my letter to M. de Voltaire on the disaster at Lisbon. The Abbé Trublet wanted to know how it could have come to get public, and, in his subtle, jesuitical way, asked me my advice as to the republication of the letter, meanwhile keeping his own counsel to himself. As I have a sovereign hatred of the whole breed of dodgers, I returned him suit-

* File D, No. 26.

able thanks ; but there was a reserve in my reply he felt, though this did not prevent him from wheedling and worming away till he got all he wanted out of me.

I knew perfectly well, whatever Trublet might say, that Formey had *not* seen the letter in print, and that the first publication of it came from himself. I knew him for an impudent pilferer, who unceremoniously made him a revenue out of the works of others, though he had never up to this time, had the passing effrontery to take away the author's name from a book already published, clap his own to it, and coolly sell it for his own benefit.* But, how had he got hold of the manuscript ?—that was the point, a point in no wise difficult of explanation, and yet which I had the simplicity to be embarrassed with. Though Voltaire was honored to the highest degree in this letter, still, as notwithstanding the uncivil course he had pursued, he would have had ground for complaint, had I printed it without his consent, I resolved on writing to him on the matter. Here is this second letter, to which he returned no reply, and at which he pretended to be furiously enraged so as to put the better face on his brutality.

“ MONTMORENCY, June 17th, 1760.

“ I never thought, sir, I should again find myself in correspondence with you. But learning that the letter I wrote you in 1756 has been printed in Berlin, I owe you an account of my conduct in the matter, and this duty I will perform with truth and simplicity.

“ The letter in question, being really addressed to you, was not intended for publication. I communicated its contents, on certain conditions, to three persons, whom the rights of friendship would not permit me to refuse anything of the kind, and whom the same rights still less permitted to abuse my confidence by violating their promise. These three persons are : Madam de Chenonceaux, daughter-in-law of Madam Dupin ; the Countess d'Houletot, and a German, named M. Grimm. Madam de Chenonceaux was anxious the letter should be printed, and asked my consent. I told her that depended on you. Your permission was asked ; you refused it, so there the matter dropped.

* 'Twas thus he afterwards appropriated the *Emile*.

"And yet M. l'Abbé Trublet, with whom I have no sort of connection, has just written me, from a motive of polite attention, that having received the sheets of a journal edited by M. Formey, he had seen that same letter in it, accompanied by a note wherein the editor says under the date of the 23d October, 1759, that he had found it, some weeks previous, in the book-stores in Berlin, and that, as it was one of these flying sheets that soon disappear beyond recovery, he had thought proper to give it a place in his journal."

"This, sir, is all I know of the matter. Certain it is that up to that time there had been no talk of the letter in Paris. Equally certain is it that the copy, whether manuscript or printed, that came into the hands of M. Formey, could only have come from you, which is not likely, or from one of the three persons before-mentioned. But, it is well known that the two ladies are incapable of any such perfidy. More than this I cannot come at in my retirement. You have correspondents by means of whom it would be easy for you, if you think it worth while, to get back to the root of the matter and come at the true facts of the case.

"In the same letter, M. l'Abbé Trublet informs me that he is keeping the sheet in reserve, and will not publish it without my consent, which assuredly I shall not give. But, this may not be the only copy in Paris. It is my desire, sir, that this letter be not printed there, and I shall do my best to prevent it; but if this be impossible, I shall not hesitate to have it printed myself, provided I get timely notice and can have the preference. This seems to me just and natural.

"As to your reply to the letter, it has been communicated to no one, and you may rest assured it will not be printed without your consent,* which assuredly I shall not be indiscret enough to ask of you, well aware that what one man writes to another, he writes not for the public. But if you will frame an answer for publication, and address it to me, I

* That is, during his and my life-time; and surely the most rigorous demands, especially with a man who tramples all such requirements under foot, can go no farther.

faithfully promise you I will add it to my letter, and not write a single word in reply.

"I love you not, sir ; you have done me wrongs I might well feel most keenly, me your disciple and enthusiastic admirer. You have undone Geneva, in return for the asylum it has afforded you ; you have alienated my fellow-citizens from me, in return for the applause I have lavished on you among them : 'tis you that render my stay in my native country insupportable ; 'tis you that will be the cause of my dying in a foreign land, deprived of all the consolations of the dying, and, for funeral rites, cast to the dogs ; whilst all the honors mortal can receive will be lavished on you in my country. Nay—since so you will have it—I hate you ; but I hate you as a man more worthy of loving you, would have allowed me. Of all the sentiments my heart once entertained for you, there remains but the admiration it is impossible to refuse your fine genius, and the love of your writings. 'Tis not my fault if all I can honor in you be your talents. I shall never fail tendering the respect due them, nor depart from the dictates this respect prompts. Adieu, sir."*

In the midst of these various petty literary squabbles, which strengthened me more and more in my resolution,† I received the greatest honors my writings have ever brought me, and to which I was most keenly alive, in the two visits Prince de Conti deigned to pay me, the one at the 'Petit Château,' and the other at Mont-Louis. He even chose, on both occasions, times when Madam de Luxembourg was not at Montmorency, so as the more plainly to manifest that he came solely on my account. I have never doubted that I was indebted for the first condescensions of the Prince to Madam de Luxembourg and Madam de Boufflers; but I feel equally sure that I owe to naught but the dictates of his own

* Observe that since this letter was written, now seven years ago, I have neither spoken of it nor showed it to a living soul. It was the same with the two letters Mr. Hume forced me to write him last summer, till he raised the hubbub every one knows of. The evil I have to say of my enemies, I say to themselves and in private ; as to the good, when there is any, I proclaim it publicly and with all my heart.

† The resolution to withdraw altogether from literary life and literary men. Tr.

heart and to myself the kindnesses wherewith he has never since ceased honoring me.*

My apartments at Mont-Louis being very small, and the situation of the tower charming, I conducted the Prince hither, who, to crown the honor he had done me, would have me play a game of chess with him. I knew he could beat the Chevalier de Lorenzy, who played a stronger game than I did. However, notwithstanding the signs and grimaces of the Chevalier and the spectators, which I pretended not to notice, I won the two games we played. When we were through, I said to him in a respectful, though grave tone, "My Lord, I honor your Serene Highness too much not to beat you for ever at chess." This great prince, of so large a mind, so generous a culture, and so worthy of being treated to better than adulation, felt, indeed, at least so I think, that I was the only one present that treated him like a man, and I have every reason to believe he was much obliged to me for it.

And even had it been otherwise, I should not reproach myself for having been unwilling to deceive him in aught, and I certainly have not to charge myself with having in my heart made him an ill return for his goodness, but I have to charge myself with having at times made this return with a bad grace, whereas he himself infused an infinite charm into his manner of tendering me kindness. A few days after, he sent me a hamper of game, which I received properly. This was followed by another, a short time afterwards; and one of his game-keepers wrote me by his orders that the game was shot by his Highness's own hand. This, too, I received. But I wrote to Madam de Boufflers that I would have no more. This letter was generally blamed, and it deserved to be. Refusing to accept presents of game from a prince of the blood, who, besides, makes the envoi in so polite a manner, is less the delicacy of a proud man who wishes to preserve his independence than the rusticity of a clown that does not know who he is. I have never since read over this letter without blushing and reproaching myself for having written

* Note the persistency of this blind and stupid confidence, amid all the ill-treatment I have received, treatment that might well have served to disabuse me. I have only got my eyes opened since my return to Paris in 1770.

it. But I have not begun my *Confessions* with a view to concealing my blunders and follies, and this matter is too revolting to my own mind to suffer me to pass over it in silence.

If I did not get into the scrape of becoming his rival, I came very near it; for Madam de Boufflers was still his mistress, without my knowing it. She came to see me quite frequently along with the Chevalier de Lorenzy. She was still young and beautiful; moreover, she affected the romantic, while I had always a good dash of that article—quite a bond of union, you see. I came very near being caught; and this I think she perceived; the Chevalier perceived it, too; at least he spoke to me on the subject, and in quite an encouraging strain. But, for the nonce, I was prudent,—and it was time at fifty. Full of the lesson I had just been giving grey-beards in my letter to d'Alembert, I was ashamed to profit so badly by my own preaching; besides, learning meanwhile what I had before been ignorant of, I must have been mad indeed to attempt rivalry on so high a scale. Finally, ill-cured yet, perhaps, of my passion for Madam d'Houdetot, I felt that nought could replace it in my heart, and I bade farewell to love for the rest of my life. At the moment I write I have just withstood the very dangerous allurements of a young woman, with most haunting eyes, who had views of her own; but if she feigned to forget my dozen *lustra*, I remembered them very well. After having got safely through this ordeal, I no longer fear a fall, and I can answer for myself for the rest of my days.

Madam de Boufflers, having perceived the emotion she had called up in me, might also observe that I had triumphed over it. I am neither fool enough nor vain enough to think I could at my age have inspired her with anything like love; but from certain expressions she let fall in the hearing of Thérèse, I have thought I had inspired her with curiosity: if this be so, and she have not forgiven me this frustrated curiosity, it must surely be confessed that I was born to be the victim to my weaknesses, since love vanquishing was so fatal to me, and love vanquished still more so.

Here finishes the collection of letters that has guided me through these two books. Henceforth my steps must follow the foot-prints left on memory. But so vivid is my remem-

brance of the events of this direful epoch, and so profound the impression they left on my mind, that, though lost in the boundless ocean of my misfortunes, I cannot forget the details of my first shipwreck, though its after-effects come back but dimly and dream-like. Thus I shall advance in the next book with still assurance enough. If I proceed any farther, though, it must be in the dark.

BOOK XI.

1761.

THOUGH the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, which had for a long time been in press, had not yet appeared (end of 1760), it was beginning to make quite a sensation. Madam de Luxembourg spoke of it at court, Madam d'Houdetot, in Paris. The latter had even obtained my permission for Saint-Lambert to have it read in manuscript to the King of Poland, who had been enchanted with it. Duclos, to whom I also had it read, made mention of it in the Academy. All Paris was alive with impatience to see the much-talked-of novel ; the booksellers of Rue Saint-Jacques and the Palais-Royal were beset with people, inquiring when it was to be out. It came at last, and, contrary to custom, the success it met with was commensurate with the eagerness with which it had been looked for. Madam la Dauphine, one of the first of its readers, spoke of it to Madam de Luxembourg as a ‘ravishing work.’ Opinions were divided among the literats : but elsewhere there was but one voice ; and the women especially grew so intoxicated with the book and its author, that there were but few, even in high life, of whom I could not have made the conquest, had I been disposed to. Of this I possess proofs which I have no intention of making public, but which authorize my assertion, without the need of positive experience. It is singular that this book should have succeeded better in France than anywhere else in Europe, though the French, both men and women, are not over tenderly treated therein. Quite contrary to my expectation, it was least successful in Switzerland, and most so in Paris. Are, then, friendship, love, virtue, more prevalent in Paris than elsewhere ? Doubtless, no ; but what is to be found there more than elsewhere is that exquisite sensibility that transports the heart at the image of these virtues, and makes one cherish in others the pure, tender, and virtuous sentiments he no longer possesses himself. Corruption universally reigns triumphant : virtue and morality no longer exist in Europe ; but if there

be any where any love thereof extant, it is in Paris it must be sought for.*

One must needs be a keen analysist of the human heart to discriminate its genuine and original sentiments, swathed and surrounded as they are by thousandfold factitious passions and prejudices. A nice tact, too—a faculty only to be acquired in the liberal education of the School of the World—is requisite in order to appreciate the *finesse de cœur*—the heart-subtleties, if I may so speak, with which the work abounds. I fearlessly put Part Fourth by the side of the ‘Princess of Cleves,’ and I venture to declare that, had these two productions found their only readers in the Provinces, they never would have been appreciated. And so, there need be no great astonishment that the work met with its heartiest reception at court. It is full of vivid, though veiled touches, calculated to please there, from the fact that they are more exercised in discovering things of that sort. A distinction, though, must here me made. The book is not at all the thing for the class of smart folks whose only keenness is cunning, who have an eye for nothing but evil, and can see naught when there is only good to be seen. If, for instance the *Héloïse* had been published in a certain country I know of, I am sure no one would have read it through, and the work would have fallen dead from the press.

I have filed most of the letters written me touching this work, and the collection is in the hands of Madam de Nadaillac. Should this collection ever be published, it will bring to light many very singular things, and exhibit an opposition of opinion that will show what it is to have to do with the public. The thing least seen, and which will ever make the work unique, is the simplicity of the plot, the whole centring in three personages ; and yet the interest is kept up through six volumes, without a solitary episode, romantic adventure or villainy either in the persons or actions. Diderot has paid Richardson a high compliment on the prodigious variety of his tableaux and the multitude of his characters. Richardson has indeed the merit of having distinctly individualized all his portraits ; but as to their number, he has that trait in common with the most wishy-washy roman-

* I wrote this in 1769.

eists, who attempt to make up for the sterility of their ideas by dint of multiplying persons and adventures. It is easy to arouse the attention by incessantly bringing on new faces and unheard of occurrences, which flit by like figures in a magic lantern ; but to sustain the attention on the same individuals and the same objects, unaided by marvelous adventures, is certainly a more difficult task ; and if, other things being equal, the simplicity of the subject adds to the beauty of the work, the novels of Richardson, superior in so many respects, cannot, on that head, enter into comparison with mine. It is dead, I know ; and I know why ; but it will come to life again.

My only fear was lest, from its very simplicity, my narrative should be thought wearisome, and lest the plot should not possess interest enough to carry the reader through. From this apprehension I was relieved by a circumstance which was of itself more flattering to my pride than all the compliments the work could have brought me.

It appeared at the commencement of the Carnival. A hawker carried it to the princess de Talmont * one day when there was to be a ball at the Opera. After supper she dressed to go, and, while waiting the hour, set to reading the new novel. At midnight she ordered the horses to be put to, and continued reading. They came and told her the carriage was ready,—she made no reply. The servants, seeing she was forgetting herself, came and told her it was two o'clock. ‘There's no hurry,’ said she, reading on. Some time after, her watch having stopped, she rang to know the hour. She was told it was four o'clock. ‘In that case,’ said she, ‘it is too late to go to the ball ; take out the horses.’ So she undressed, and passed the remainder of the night reading.

Ever since I was told this anecdote, I always desired to see Madam de Talmont, not only to know from her own lips if it be exactly true, but also because I have always thought that it is impossible to take so deep an interest in the *Héloïse* without having that sixth and metaphysical sense, wherewith so few souls are endowed, and without which no man can know me.

* It was not her, but another lady, whose name I do not know ; the fact, however, I am certain of.

What rendered the women so favorable to me was the persuasion they felt that I had written my own life, and was myself the hero of the story. This belief was so firmly rooted that Madam de Polignac wrote to Madam de Verdelin, begging she would prevail upon me to show her ‘Julia’s’ portrait. Every body felt sure it was impossible for any one to give utterance in such burning words to sentiments he had never felt—impossible thus to paint the transports of love unless the portrait were drawn from the life. In this they were right—I *did* write the romance in the most burning and high-wrapt ecstasies ; but they were *not* right in assuming that *real* objects were indispensable to its creation, nor knew they how my heart grows enflamed for beings purely ideal. Saving certain reminiscences of youth and Madam d’Houdetot, the loves I felt and described could have taken objective form nowhere but among sylphs and fays. I neither wished to confirm nor destroy so delightful an error ; and the reader may see in the prefatory dialogue, which I had printed separately, how I managed to leave the public in suspense touching the matter. Your rigorists assert I ought to have come out roundly with the truth. For my own part, I see no reason for this, and am of opinion that there would have been more stupidity than candor in any such uncalled for declaration.

Much about this same time appeared the ‘Perpetual Peace,’ the manuscript of which I had the year before ceded to a certain M. de Bastide, the Editor of a journal called ‘The World,’ (*le Monde*), into which he would, willing or unwilling, have me let him cram all my productions. He was an acquaintance of M. Duclos’, and came to me in his name, begging me to help him fill the ‘Monde.’ He had heard speak of the *Héloïse*, and wished me to bring it out in his sheet : so, too, with the *Emile* ; and I dare say he would have wanted me to do the same with the ‘Social-Contract,’ had he suspected its existence. At length, tired to death with his importunities, I resolved on letting him have, for the sum of twelve louis, my abstract of the ‘Perpetual Peace.’ Our agreement was that he should print it in his paper ; but, no sooner had he got the manuscript into his hands, than he went away and printed it separately, with certain retrenchments required by the Censor. What a

pretty job it would have been, had I attached my Critique to the work ! Fortunately, however, I had not spoken of this to M. de Bastide, nor had it entered into the bargain. This Critique is still in manuscript among my papers. If ever it be made public, the world will see how amused I must have been at the pleasantries and self-sufficient tone of Voltaire on the subject—I that saw so well the very microscopic ability of the poor man in political matters, about which however, he would persist in canting.

In the midst of my success with the public, and at the height of my favor with the ladies, I felt I was losing ground at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, not with the Marshal, whose kindness and friendship towards me seemed to increase day by day ; but with the Marchioness. The reading resource being now-exhausted, my access to her, I found, became less free ; and during her visits to Montmorency, although I was very faithful in my attendance, I scarce ever saw her except at table. Nor, indeed, was my place there as marked as before, when she had made me sit by her. As she no longer offered me this seat, I liked another, where I could be more at my ease, quite as well, especially as she now spoke but little to me, and I myself had not a great deal to say to her. More particularly was this the case in the evening, for mechanically I found myself getting into the habit of drawing closer and closer to the Marshal.

Speaking of the evening, I remember I said I was not in the habit of taking supper at the château. This was the case at the commencement of the acquaintance ; but as M. de Luxembourg was not wont to dine at the regular hour, nor even to sit down to table, it happened that I had been several months a frequenter of the house, and had grown quite intimate with the whole family without having once eaten with the Marshal. This fact he had the goodness to mention ; so I determined to sup with them at times, when they had not much company. This I liked well, as dinner was made very little of, scarcely sitting down in fact ; whereas supper was taken leisurely, everybody remaining seated with pleasure after a long walk. Very capital these suppers were, too, M. de Luxembourg being a good liver : and very agreeable, Madam de Luxembourg,

doing the honors most charmingly. Without this explanation, it would be difficult to understand the end of a letter from M. de Luxembourg, (File C, No. 36,) in which he says he finds great pleasure in the recollection of our walks, ‘especially,’ adds he, ‘when we found no carriage-tracks on entering the court-yard in the evening.’ The rake being drawn over the gravel every morning, so as to obliterate the wheel-marks, I used to judge from the number of ruts how many people had come during the afternoon.

This year, 1761, filled up the measure of thick-falling bereavements this good seigneur had been called to undergo ever since I had the honor of knowing him; as though it had been ordained that the woes fate was preparing for me were to begin with the man to whom I was most attached, and who was most worthy of this attachment. The first year, he lost his sister, the Duchess of Villeroy; the second he lost his daughter, the Princess de Robeck; the third he lost in the Duke of Montmorency his only son, and in Count de Luxemberg his grandson—the sole and last representatives of his line and name. He supported these various losses with apparent fortitude, but his heart never afterwards ceased bleeding inwardly, and his health rapidly declined. The sudden and tragical death of his son must have afflicted him all the more poignantly as it happened just as the king had granted him for his son, and given him in promise for his grandson, the reversion of the commission he himself held, of Captain of the Body Guards. He had the grief to see the latter, a most promising lad, pine away and die before his eyes, from the blind confidence of the mother in the physician, who suffered the poor child to die of starvation, giving him nothing but medicines for food. Alas! had my advice been taken, the grandfather and grandson would have been both alive yet. What did I not say, what did I not write to the Marshal! what remonstrances did I not make to Madam de Montmorency, upon the more than severe regimen which, after the direction of the physician, she made her son observe. Madam de Luxembourg, who thought as I did, did not like to usurp the mother’s authority; while M. de Luxembourg, with his easy and feeble nature, was loath to cross her. Madam de Montmorency had a faith in Borden.

to which her son fell a victim. How delighted was the poor little fellow when he could obtain permission to come to Mont-Louis with Madam de Boufflers, and ask Thérèse for some food for his famishing stomach ! How often did I secretly deplore the miseries of greatness in seeing this her only heir to an immense fortune, a great name, and so many dignified titles devour with the greediness of a beggar, a pitiful piece of bread ! At length, notwithstanding all I could say or do, the physician triumphed, and the child died of starvation !

The same confidence in quacks that killed the grandson hastened also the dissolution of the grandfather ; and to this the charlatan added. the pusillanimity of attempting to dissimulate the infirmities of age. M. de Luxembourg had at intervals been afflicted with a pain in the great toe ; while at Montmorency he was seized with an attack of it that deprived him of sleep, and induced a slight fever. I ventured to pronounce the word ‘gout,’ whereat Madam de Luxembourg roundly reprimanded me. The surgeon, valet de chambre to the Marshal, maintained it was not gout, and dressed the suffering part with *beaume tranquille*. Unfortunately the pain subsided ; and when it returned, the same remedy that had proved efficacious was resorted to. The Marshal’s constitution was radically impaired : his disorders multiplied, and therewith his remedies in the same ratio. Madam de Luxembourg, who at length had to recognize that the root of the matter really was the gout, objected to the dangerous manner of treating it. Things were afterwards concealed from her, and M. de Luxembourg in a few years lost his life in consequence of her obstinate determination to effect a cure. But let us not anticipate such far-off misfortune : how many others have I to relate before I come to this.

It is singular with what fatality everything I could say or do seemed to displease Madam de Luxembourg, even when I had it most at heart to preserve her good will. The repeated afflictions that befel M. de Luxembourg but drew me the closer to him, and consequently to Madam de Luxembourg : for they always seemed to me to be so sincerely united that the sentiments I felt towards the one, necessarily extended to the other. The Marshal was grow-

ing old. His assiduity at court, the cares this brought on, his continually hunting, and especially the fatigue he incurred during the quarter he was in attendance on the king, would have required the vigor of a young man, and I very clearly saw it would be quite impossible for him long to continue this course. Besides, as, after his death, his dignities were to be dispersed and his name die out, little call was there for him to continue a laborious life, the leading aim of which had been to gain his children the favor of the prince. One day when we three were together, and he was complaining of the fatigues of court, as a man who had been discouraged by his losses, I took the liberty to speak of retirement, and gave him the advice Cyneas gave Pyrrhus. He sighed, and returned no positive answer. But the moment Madam de Luxembourg got me alone, she reprimanded me severely for my advice, which seemed to have alarmed her. She made a remark the truth of which I so forcibly felt, that I determined never again to touch on the subject: this was that the long habit of living at court had made it a sort of second nature, that it had become a matter of amusement for M. de Luxembourg, and that the retirement I proposed to him would be less a relaxation from care than an exile, in which inactivity, weariness and melancholy would soon put an end to his existence. Although she must have perceived I was convinced, and ought to have relied on the promise I made her—a promise I faithfully kept—she still seemed to doubt of it; and I recollect that the conversations I afterwards had with the Marshal were less frequent, and almost always interrupted.

Whilst my stars and stupidity were thus conspiring to injure me in her opinion, certain persons whom she frequently saw and most loved, were far from being disposed to aid me in gaining the ground I had lost. The Abbé de Boufflers, especially, a young man as brilliant as it was possible for a young man to be, never seemed well disposed towards me; and not only was he the sole person of Madam de Luxembourg's acquaintance that never showed me the least attention, but I thought I perceived I lost somewhat with her every time he visited the château. True, it was unnecessary for him to do any thing directly

to this end,—his mere presence was of itself sufficient to produce the effect: into such awful relief did his graceful and elegant manners bring the dullness of my stupid *spropositi*. During the first two years, he seldom came to Montmorency, and by the indulgence of Madam de Luxembourg I had held my ground pretty well; but no sooner did he begin to visit regularly than I was irretrievably lost. I tried to take refuge under his wing, and gain his friendship; but the same awkwardness that made it necessary I should please him, prevented me from succeeding in the attempt I made to do so, and as my evil genius would have it, what I did with that intention entirely ruined me with Madam de Luxembourg without being of the least service to me with the Abbé. With his intellect he might have succeeded in anything, but the impossibility of applying himself, and his tendency to dissipation, prevented his ever acquiring more than a half-knowledge of any subject. His talents are various, however, and this is sufficient for the circles in which he wishes to distinguish himself. He writes light poetry and fashionable letters, strums on the cithern, and pretends to draw with crayons. He took it into his head to attempt the portrait of Madam de Luxembourg: the sketch he produced was horrid. She would have it that it did not resemble her in the least, and this was true. The traitorous Abbé consulted me; and I, like a fool and a liar, said there was a likeness. I wished to come round the Abbé, but made a devil of a mess of it with the lady, who took note of what I had said; and the Abbé, having got what he wanted out of me, turned round and laughed at me. The ill-success of this my late beginning taught me the necessity of never making another attempt to flatter *invita Minerva*.

My talent lay in energetically and courageously telling men useful but severe truths: to this mission I ought to have confined myself.* Not only was I never born to flatter,—I never could even praise. The maladresse with

* “Blessed be the early days when I sat at the feet of Rousseau, prophet sad and stately as any of Jewry. Every onward movement of the age, every downward step into the depths of my own soul, recalls thy oracles, O Jean Jacques!” Margaret Fuller, in *Memoirs*, Vol. I. p. 251. Tr.

which I have sometimes lauded, has done me more harm than all the severity of my censure. Of this I have to adduce one terrible instance, the consequences of which have not only sealed my fate for the rest of my life, but will perhaps decide my reputation throughout all posterity.

During the residence of M. de Luxembourg at Montmorency, M. de Choiseul sometimes came and took supper at the château. He arrived there one day after I had left it. My name was mentioned, and M. de Luxembourg related to him what had happened at Venice, between M. de Montaigu and myself. M. de Choiseul said it was a pity I had abandoned this line and that if I chose to enter it again he would not ask better than to give me employment. M. de Luxembourg told me what had passed. Of this I was the more sensible as I was not accustomed to be spoiled by ministers ; and had I been in a better state of health, it is not certain but that I would have been guilty of a new folly. Ambition had never any power over me except during the short intervals when under the control of no other passion ; but one of these intervals would have to determine me. This good intention of M. de Choiseul gained him my attachment, and increased the esteem which certain strokes in his administration had given me for his talents ; and the ‘family compact’ in particular had appeared to me to evince a statesman of the first order. He gained ground, moreover, in my estimation from the very small respect I entertained for his predecessors, not even excepting Madam de Pompadour, whom I considered as a species of Prime Minister ; and when it was reported that one of these two would expel the other, I thought I was offering up prayers for the honor of France when I wished that M. de Choiseul should triumph. I had always felt an antipathy to Madam de Pompadour, even before her preferment : I had seen her at Madam de la Poplinière’s, when she still bore the name of Madam d’Etoiles. I was afterwards dissatisfied with her silence during Diderot’s imprisonment, and with her proceedings relative to myself as well touching the ‘Fêtes de Ramire’ and the ‘Muses Galantes,’ as the ‘Devin du Village,’ which had not, in any way, brought me advantages proportioned to its success ; and on all occasions I had found her but little disposed to

serve me. This, however, did not prevent the Chevalier de Lorenzy from proposing to me to write something in praise of that lady, insinuating that I might gain by it. The proposition excited my indignation the more as I perceived it did not come from himself, knowing that, passive as he was, he thought and acted according to order. So little ability have I to keep back anything, that it was impossible for me to conceal my contempt for his proposition, nor hide from any body the very moderate opinion I had of *La Favorite*. This I was sure she knew, and thus my own interest was added to my inclination, in my wishes for the triumph of M. de Choiseul. Prepossessed with esteem for his talents—all I knew of him; full, too, of gratitude for his kind intentions, and wholly unacquainted in my retirement, with his tastes and manner of living, I, to begin with, considered him the avenger of the public and myself; and being at that time engaged on the final revision of my ‘Social Contract,’ I stated in a single passage, what I thought of preceding ministries, and of the present one which was beginning to eclipse them all.* In doing so I acted contrary to my most constant maxim; and, besides, I did not recollect that when a person undertakes strongly to praise and censure in the same article, without mentioning names, he ought so to point the praise that not the most ticklish pride shall be able to find in it aught equivocal. I felt so imprudent a security touching this matter, that I never once thought it was possible for any one to make a false application. Whether I was right or no will soon appear.

One of my haps was always to be connected with some female author or another. This I thought I might escape among the great at least. But no; it still pursued me. Madam de Luxembourg was not, however—at least that I knew of—attacked with the scribbling-mania; but Madam de Boufflers was: she wrote a prose tragedy, which was read, ventilated and highly spoken of in the society of Prince de Conti. However, not satisfied with the encomiums she had received, she persisted in having *my* opinion of it. This she obtained, but with that moderation the work deserved. Along with it she also got a piece of information I thought

* “Social Contract,” Book III, chapter VI. Tr.

it my duty to give her—namely, that her piece, entitled ‘The Generous Slave’ (*l'Esclave Généreux*,) greatly resembled an English tragedy but little known in France, though translated, called ‘Oronoko.’ Madam de Boufflers thanked me for the information, assuring me, however, that there was not the smallest resemblance between her piece and the other. I never spoke of this plagiarism to any one whatever except herself, and then only to discharge a duty she had imposed on me. This has not prevented me from frequently recollecting the fate of Gil Blas, on fulfilling a similar duty towards the sermonizing Archbishop.

Putting aside the Abbé de Boufflers, who did not like me, and Madam de Boufflers, in whose eyes I was guilty of what neither women nor authors ever pardon, the various other friends of the Marchioness appeared but little disposed to become mine. Among this number was President Hénault, who was not exempt from the weaknesses incident to the autorial tribe, among which he was enrolled ; also Madam du Deffand and Mlle. de Lespinasse, both extremely intimate with Voltaire, and close friends of d'Alembert, with whom the latter even ended by going and living : in all honor and uprightness, understand you : for it cannot be understood I mean otherwise. I had begun by feeling a strong interest in Madam du Deffand, whom the loss of her eyes made an object of commiseration to me : but her manner of living, so contrary to my own that her hour of going to bed was almost mine for rising ; her unbounded passion for microscopic manifestations of wit, the immense importance for good or evil she attached to every sort of printed trash,* the despotism and extravagance of her oracles, her excessive admiration or dislike of everything, so much so as to render it impossible for her to speak without convulsions, her inconceivable prejudices, invincible obstinacy, and the enthusiasm of folly to which her headiness carried her in her passionate judgments—all combined soon resulted in putting a damper on the attention I had felt disposed to pay her. I neglected her ; this she perceived, which was of itself enough to set her in a rage. However, although I was sufficiently aware how much a woman of her nature was to be feared, I preferred

* ‘*Torche-culs*’—bumfodder as he has it, the terrible J. J.—Tr.

exposing myself to the scourge of her hatred rather than to that of her friendship.

My having so few friends among Madam de Luxembourg's acquaintances would not have mattered so much, had I not had enemies in her family. One, and but one I had, though he, in my present situation, is as powerful as a hundred. It certainly was not M. de Villeroy, her brother; for he not only came to see me, but had several times invited me to Villeroy; and as I had answered the invitation with all possible politeness and respect, he had taken my vague reply for a consent, and had arranged with M. and Mme. de Luxembourg, a jaunt of a fortnight, I to make one of the party. As the cares my health then required did not permit my going from home without risk, I prayed M. de Luxembourg to have the goodness to get me excused. This was granted with the best possible grace, as his answer shows,* and M. de Villeroy still continued to show me his usual marks of kindness. His nephew and heir, the young Marquis de Villeroy, did not share his uncle's good-will for me, nor I confess had I for him the respect I had for the other. His hair-brained ways rendered him insupportable to me, and my coldness excited his aversion. He played me a devilish prank one evening at table, leading me into an awful scrape, in which I got the worst of it, fool that I am, totally destitute of presence of mind, while anger, instead of rendering my wits more keen, does but deprive me of what little of that article I do possess. I had a dog that had been given me when he was quite young, soon after my removal to the Hermitage, and which I had called 'Duke.' This dog, not handsome, but rare of his kind, of which I had made a companion and friend—a title he certainly had a much better claim to than most of the persons that usurped it, became quite a pet at the château from his good nature and fondness, and the attachment we had for each other; but from a foolish piece of weakness I had changed his name to 'Turk,' as if there were not lots of dogs called 'Marquis' without any Marquis' feeling the least offended thereat. The Marquis de Villeroy, learning this change of name, attacked me in such a way that I was obliged openly to relate what I had

* File D, No. 3.

done before the whole table. Whatever insult the affair might reflect on the name ‘Duke,’ it was not in having given it, but in having taken it away from him. The worst of it was, there were quite a number of dukes present : M. de Luxembourg was one, so also was his son. Meanwhile, the Marquis de Villeroy, destined to attain to the same title—which, indeed, he now enjoys—chuckled most maliciously over the scrape he had got me into. I was told next day that his aunt had severely reprimanded him, and you may guess whether or no, supposing she really did so, this must have put me upon any better terms with him.

As counterpoise to this influence, I had no person either at the Hotel de Luxembourg or the Temple, except the Chevalier de Lorenzy, that professed himself my friend ; but *he* was more a friend of d’Alembert, under whose shadow he passed with the women for a great geometrician. He was moreover the cicisbeo, or rather the complaisant cavalier of the Countess de Boufflers, also a great friend of d’Alembert’s ; and the Chevalier de Lorenzy, lived and moved and had his being only in her. Thus, far from having any counterbalance without to my ineptitude to keep me in the good graces of Madam de Luxembourg, everybody that approached her seemed to conspire to injure me in her opinion. Yet, besides the ‘Emile,’ which she had requested permission to look after, she gave me at the same time another mark of interest and good-will, which made me imagine that though tired of me, she preserved and would ever preserve for me the friendship she had so many times promised me for life.

As soon as I had thought I could depend on the continuance of this frame of mind, I had begun to ease my mind by confessing to her all my faults, having laid it down as an inviolable rule to appear to my friends as I really was, neither better nor worse. I had told her of my connection with Tuérèse, and all that had come of it—not even keeping back how I had disposed of my children. She had received my confessions favorably,—too much so, even sparing me the censures I so much merited ; and what made the deepest impression on me was her goodness to Thérèse, making her little presents, sending for her, and begging her to come and see her, receiving her most affec-

tionately, and very often even embracing her in public. The poor girl was transported with joy and gratitude, and I certainly shared her feelings ; the tokens of friendship M. and Mme. de Luxembourg showered on me through her affecting me much more profoundly than if they had been paid me directly.

Things remained in this state for a considerable time ; but at length Madam de Luxembourg carried her goodness so far as to wish to take one of my children from the Foundling-Hospital. She knew I had had a cipher put into the swaddling-clothes of the eldest ; she asked me for the counterpart of it, and I gave it to her. In this search, she employed M. La Roche, her valet de chambre, and *homme de confidence* who made all sorts of inquiries, but all fruitless, though certainly had the registers of the Foundling-Hospital been in order, or the inquisition properly made, the original cipher ought to have been found, as but fifteen years had elapsed meanwhile. However this may be, I was less sorry for this ill-success than I should have been, had I from time to time continued to see the child from his birth up. If by the aid of the indicia given, another child had been presented to me as my own, the doubt of its really being so, and the fear of having another substituted in its place, would have chilled my affection, and I should not have enjoyed in all its plenitude the genuine yearning of nature. This needs to be kept up by habit, at least during infancy. The long absence of a child one has not yet learned to know, weakens, and at last annihilates paternal and maternal feelings ; and parents will never love a child sent to nurse like one that has been brought up under their own eyes. This consideration may extenuate the sin in its effects, but it only aggravates the heinousness of the origin thereof.

It may not, perchance, be useless to observe that this same La Roche became, through Thérèse, acquainted with Madam Le Vasseur, whom Grimm still supported at Deuil, near La Chevrette, and not far from Montmorency. After my departure, it was through M. La Roche I continued to send this woman the money I have not ceased transmitting her at stated times, and I am of opinion he often carried her presents from the Marchioness ; so she could not be much to be pitied, though she kept eternally complaining. With respect

to Grimm, as I am not fond of speaking of persons I ought to hate, I never mentioned his name to Madam de Luxembourg except when I could not help it ; but she frequently made him the subject of conversation, without telling me what she thought of the man, or letting me discover whether or not she was acquainted with him. Reserve with people I love, and who are open with me, being contrary to my nature, especially in matters relating to themselves, I have since that time frequently thought of Madam de Luxembourg's reticence, but never except when other events rendered the reflection natural.

Having waited a long time without hearing aught of the *Emile* after giving it to Madam de Luxembourg, I at last heard that the agreement was made at Paris with Duchesne the publisher, and by him with Néaulme of Amsterdam. Madam sent me the original and the duplicate of the agreement with Duchesne that I might sign them. I discovered the writing to be in the same hand as that of the letters of M. de Malesherbes, he not being in the habit of writing himself. This assurance that the agreement was being made by the consent and under the eye of the magistrate, made me sign without hesitation. Duchesne gave me six thousand livres for the manuscript, half in cash down, and, I think, a hundred or two copies of the work. After having signed the two parts, I sent them both to Madam de Luxembourg, according to her desire : she gave one to Duchesne, and instead of returning the other, kept it herself, so that I never saw it afterwards.

Though my acquaintance with M. and Mme. de Luxembourg had somewhat diverted me from my plan of retirement, yet it did not make me entirely renounce it. Even at the height of my favor with the Marchioness, I always felt that nothing but my sincere attachment to the Marshal and herself could render the people with whom they were connected durable ; and my whole difficulty was in conciliating this attachment with a manner of life more agreeable to my inclination, and less contrary to my health, which constraint and late suppers continually deranged, notwithstanding all the care taken to prevent it : for in this, as in every thing else, attention was carried to the utmost. For instance, every evening, after supper, the Marshal, whose habit it was to re-

tire early, never failed, notwithstanding all I could say to the contrary, to make me withdraw at the same time. It was not till some little time before my catastrophe that, for what reason I know not, he ceased paying me this attention.

Even before I perceived the coolness of the Marchioness, I was desirous, so as not to expose myself thereto, to carry out my old plan ; but not having the means to do so, I was obliged to wait for the conclusion of the agreement for the '*Emile*,' and in the meantime I finished the 'Social-Contract,' and sent it to Rey, fixing the price of the manuscript at a thousand francs, which he gave me. There is a little matter connected with this manuscript that I ought not perhaps to omit. I gave it, carefully sealed up, to Du Voisin, a minister in the Pays du Vaud, and chaplain of the Hotel de Hollande, who sometimes came to see me, and who took upon himself to send the packet to Rey, with whom he was connected. The manuscript, written in fine-hand, was a little bit of an affair, and did not fill his pocket. In passing the barrière, however, it fell, by what means I know not, into the hands of the Commissioners of Customs, who opened and examined it, and afterwards returned it to him on his reclaiming it in the name of the ambassador. This gave him an opportunity of reading it himself, which he very naïvely wrote me he had done, speaking highly of the work, without suffering a word of criticism or censure to escape him, undoubtedly reserving to himself to become the avenger of Christianity as soon as the work should appear. He re-sealed the packet and sent it to Rey. Such is the substance of his narrative, in the letter he wrote me, giving an account of the affair, and is all I know of the matter.

Besides these two books and my 'Musical Dictionary,' at which I still did a little as opportunity presented, I had several other works of minor importance all ready to make their appearance, and which I proposed to publish either separately or in the edition of my Collected Works, should I ever undertake it. The chief of these, most of which are still in manuscript in the hands of Du Peyrou was an 'Essay on the Origin of Languages' (*Essai sur l'origine des langues*), which I had read to M. de Malesherbes and the Chevalier de Lorenzy, who spoke well of it. I counted that these various productions together would produce me a net capital

of from eight to ten thousand livres which I intended putting out as a life-annuity settled as well on Thérèse as on myself; after which, our design was, as I have already mentioned, to go and live together, in the interior of some of the Provinces, without farther troubling the public about me, or myself with any other project than that of peacefully ending my days, meanwhile continuing to do all the good I could in my neighborhood and to employ my leisure in writing the Memoirs I was meditating.

Such was my intention, and the execution of it was facilitated by an act of generosity on Rey's part, that I cannot pass over in silence. This publisher, of whom so many hard things were told me in Paris is, notwithstanding, the only one with whom I have always had reason to be satisfied.* True, we frequently disagreed as to the execution of my works; he was heedless and I choleric. But in matters of interest, and proceedings relative thereto, although I never made any formal agreement with him, I always found him upright and exact to a degree. I may mention, too, that he is the only person of the trade that ever frankly confessed to me that he made largely by my works; and often, when offering me a part of his fortune, he would tell me I was the author of it all. Not finding the means of exercising his gratitude directly on myself, he wished at least to give me proofs of it in the person of my '*Gouvernante*,' upon whom he settled an annuity of three hundred livres, declaring in the deed that it was in acknowledgment of the advantages I had procured him. This he did between himself and me without ostentation, pretension or fuss, and had not I made it public myself, not a single person would ever have known anything of the matter. I was so touched at this act that henceforth I became deeply attached to Rey, and conceived a real friendship for him. Sometime afterwards he desired me to become god-father to one of his children. I consented; and a part of my regret in the situation to which my enemies have reduced me, is my being deprived of the means of rendering my attachment to my god-daughter useful to her and her parents. Why am I, who am so sensible to the modest

* When writing this, I was very far from imagining, conceiving or believing the frauds I afterwards discovered in the printing of my writings, and which he was forced to connive at.

generosity of this bookseller, so indifferent to the noisy eagerness of many persons of uppertendom, who pompously fill the universe with accounts of the services they say they wished to render me, but of which I never saw the first sign? Is it their fault or mine? Are they but vain; is my insensibility purely ingratitude? Intelligent reader, weigh and determine; for my part, I say no more.

This pension was quite a help to Thérèse, and a considerable relief to me; although, indeed, I was far from receiving any direct advantage from it, any more than from the other presents that were made her. She has always done what she liked with all she got. When I kept her money I gave her a faithful account of it, without ever using a cent of it for our common expenses, not even when she was richer than myself. '*What's mine is our's,*' said I to her, '*and what is thine is thine;*' This principle I used often to repeat to her and I never departed from it. They who have had the baseness to accuse me of receiving through her hands what I refused to take directly, undoubtedly judged me by themselves, and knew naught of my nature. I would willingly eat with her the bread she earned, but not what was given her. For proof of this I appeal to herself, both now and when, in the course of nature, she shall have survived me. Unfortunately, she understands but little of economy in any way, and is besides careless and extravagant, not from vanity nor gluttony, but solely from negligence. No creature is perfect here below, and since her excellent qualities *must* be accompanied by some drawbacks, I prefer she should have faults of this kind rather than organic vices, though certainly these defects are more prejudicial to us both than more serious sins would be. The efforts I made, as formerly I did for *Maman*, to accumulate something in advance which might one day be something for her to fall back upon, are not to be conceived; but my cares were ever ineffectual. Neither of these women ever called herself to account; and spite of all my efforts, everything I acquired was dissipated as fast as it came. Notwithstanding the great simplicity of Thérèse's dress, Rey's pension has never sufficed to buy her clothes, and I have every year been under the necessity of adding something to it for that purpose. We are neither

of us born to be rich—a fate I certainly do not reckon among our misfortunes.

The ‘Social-Contract’ was advancing rapidly towards completion. Not so was it with the *Emile*, for the publication of which I was waiting in order to betake me to the retirement I was meditating. Duchesne, from time to time, sent me specimens of impressions to choose from; when I had made my choice, instead of going on, he would send me others. When at length we were fully determined on the form and type, and several sheets were already struck off, on some trifling alteration I made in a proof, he began the whole again, and at the end of six months we were in a state of less forwardness than on the first day. During all these experiments, I clearly perceived the work was printing in France as well as in Holland, and that two editions of it were preparing at the same time. What was I to do? I was no longer master of my manuscript. Not only had I had nothing to do with the French edition, I was always against it; but since this was preparing in spite of all opposition, and was to serve as a model for the other, it was necessary I should cast my eyes over it, and examine the proofs, that my work might not be mutilated. Besides, so entirely with the knowledge and consent of the magistrate, was the work being printed that it was he who, in some measure, directed the undertaking; he likewise wrote to me frequently, and once came to see me concerning it, on an occasion I shall presently speak of.

Whilst Duchesne crept along at snail’s pace, Néaulme, whom he held back, scarce moved at all. The sheets were not regularly sent him as they were printed. He thought he discovered bad faith in Duchesne’s dodgery, or rather Guy’s, he acting for him; and perceiving the terms of the agreement to be departed from, he wrote me letter after letter full of complaints and grievances, which I could do less to remedy than those I had myself to put up with. His friend Guerin, who at that time came frequently to see me, never ceased speaking to me about the work, but always with the greatest reserve. He knew, and he did not know, that it was being printed in France, and that the magistrate had a hand in it. In expressing his concern for the embarrassment the book was going to give me, he

seemed to accuse me of imprudence, without ever saying wherein it consisted ; he kept up an eternal dodging and shuffling, and seemed to speak for no other purpose than to get me to speak. I thought myself so secure that I laughed at the mystery and circumspection he put into the matter as a habit he had contracted with ministers and magistrates whose bureaux he was in the habit of frequenting a good deal. Certain of having conformed to every rule regarding the work, and firmly persuaded that I not only had the consent and protection of the magistrate, but that the book merited and had obtained the favor of the ministry, I was congratulating myself upon my courage in well-doing, and laughing at my pusillanimous friends who seemed uneasy on my account. Duclos was among the number, and I confess, my confidence in his understanding and uprightness might have alarmed me, had I been less sure of the utility of the work, and the probity of its patrons. He came from M. Baille's to see me whilst the '*Emile*' was in press, and spoke to me concerning it. I read him the 'Savoyard Vicar's Profession of Faith.' He listened attentively, and, as it seemed to me with pleasure. When I had finished, he said : 'What, Citizen, and this is part of a work now printing in Paris?' 'Yes', answered I, 'and it ought to be printed at the Louvre by order of the king.' 'I grant you', replied he, 'but do me the favor, I pray you, not to mention to anybody that you have read me this fragment.' This striking manner of expressing himself surprised, without alarming me. I knew Duclos was intimate with M. de Malesherbes, and I could not conceive how it was possible he should think so differently from him upon the same subject.

I had lived at Montmorency for the last four years without ever having enjoyed a day's good health. Although it is favored with excellent air, the water is bad, and this may be one of the causes which contributed to increase my complaint. Towards the end of the autumn of 1761, I fell quite ill, and passed the whole winter in almost uninterrupted suffering. My bodily malady, aggravated by a thousand mental disquietudes, rendered my afflictions terrible. For some time past, my mind had been disturbed by melancholy forebodings without my knowing

to what these pointed. I received anonymous letters of an extraordinary nature, and others that were signed, much of the same import. I received one from a Counsellor of the parliament of Paris, who, dissatisfied with the present state of things, and auguring unfavorably for the future, consulted me upon the choice of an asylum at Geneva or in Switzerland, to retire to with his family. Another was brought me from M. de, *Président à mortier* of the parliament of, who proposed to me to draw up for this parliament, then at variance with the court, memorials and remonstrances, and offering to furnish me with all the documents and materials necessary. When I suffer, I am subject to ill humor. This was the case when I received these letters, and my answers to them, in which I flatly refused everything that was asked of me, bore strong marks of the effect it had had upon my mind. I do not, however, reproach myself with this refusal, as the letters may have been just so many snares laid by my enemies,* and what was required of me was contrary to the principles from which I was less willing than ever to swerve. But having it in my power to refuse with politeness, I did it with brutality ; and *there lies my mistake*.

The two letters of which I have just spoken will be found amongst my papers. The Counsellor's epistle did not absolutely surprise me, because I agreed with him and many others in the opinion that the declining constitution of the France monarchy threatened approaching dissolution. The disasters of an unsuccessful war,† all of which was the fault of the Government ; the incredible confusion in the finances ; the perpetual drainings of the treasury by the administration, then divided between two or three ministers, amongst whom reigned nothing but discord, and who to counteract each others' operations, let the kingdom go to ruin ; the general discontent of the common people and all classes, the obstinacy of a woman who, constantly sacrificing her judgment, if she indeed possessed any, to her inclinations, kept from public employments persons capable of discharging the duties of them, to give them to such

* I knew, for instance, that President was in close alliance with the Encyclopædists and Holbachians.

† The seven years war. Tr.

as pleased her best—all concurred to justify the foreboding of the Counsellor, the public, and myself. This made me several times consider whether or not I myself should not seek an asylum out of the kingdom, before it came to be rent by the dissensions that threatened it ; but, relieved from my fears by my insignificance and the peacefulness of my disposition, I thought that in the solitude to which I was about to retire, no storm could possibly reach me. I was only sorry that, in this state of things M. de Luxembourg should fall in with a course of policy tending so inevitably to bring down on him the odium of those under his authority. I could have wished he had at all events, prepared himself a retreat, in case the huge fabric should fall to pieces—a consummation that seemed very much to be apprehended ; and it still appears to me beyond a doubt that if the reins of government had not fallen into a single hand, the French monarchy would now have been at the last gasp.*

Whilst my situation was growing worse and worse, the printing of the *Emile* went on slower and slower, and was at length suspended altogether, without my being able to learn why. Guy did not deign to answer my letter of inquiry, and I could obtain no information from any person of what was going forward, M. de Malesherbes being then in the country. No misfortune, be it what it may, ever makes me uneasy or casts me down, provided I know in what it consists ; but it is my nature to be afraid of darkness : I hate and fear its black aspect ; mystery always puts me on thorns : it is too contrary to my natural disposition, characterized by an openness bordering on imprudence. The sight of the most hideous monster would, I guess, alarm me but little ; but if I saw a figure in a white sheet at night, it would scare me. My imagination, wrought upon by this long silence, was now busy creating phantoms. The more I had at heart the publication of this my last and best work, the more I tormented myself endeavoring to discover what could impede it ; and as I always carry everything to extremes, I imagined that I perceived in the suspension, the suppression of the work. Yet, being unable to discover either the cause or manner of it, I remained

* The ‘last gasp’ was not so very far off. Tr.

in the most tormenting suspense. I wrote letter after letter to Guy, to M. de Malesherbes and Madam de Luxembourg, and not receiving answers, at least when I expected them, my head became so affected that I was not far from delirium. Unfortunately, I heard that Father Griffit, a Jesuit, had spoken of the *Emile* and repeated certain passages from it. Instantly my imagination sped like a lightening-flash and unveiled to me the mystery of iniquity : I saw the whole of it step after step just as clearly as though it had been revealed to me. I conceived that the Jesuits, furious at the contempt with which I had spoken of colleges, had got hold of my work ; that it was they who were delaying the publication ; that, informed by their friend Guerin of my situation, and foreseeing my approaching dissolution—whereof I had myself no manner of doubt—they wished to put off the appearance of the work until after that event, with the intention of curtailing, and mutilating it, and attributing to me sentiments favorable to their views. The number of facts and circumstances that occurred to my mind in confirmation of this silly supposition, giving it an appearance of probability—nay, supporting it with the most absolute evidence and demonstration, is astonishing. I knew Guerin to be entirely in the interest of the Jesuits. I set down all the friendly advances he had made me to their account ; I was persuaded he had, by their entreaties, pressed me to engage Néaulme, who had given them the first sheets of my work ; that they had afterwards found means to stop the printing of it by Duchesne, and perhaps to get possession of the manuscript so as to make such alterations in it as they should think proper, that after my death they might publish it travestied after their fashion. I had always perceived, notwithstanding the wheedling of Father Berthier, that the Jesuits did not like me—not only as an Encyclopædist, but because all my principles were more in opposition to their maxims and influence than the incredulity of my colleagues, since atheistic fanaticism and devout fanaticism, approaching each other by their common enmity to toleration, may even become united ; a proof of which is seen in China, and in the cabal against myself : whereas religion, both reasonable and moral, taking away all human power over the conscience,



The Tomb of J. J. Rousseau at Ermenonville.

deprives those who assume that power of every resource. I knew the Chancellor was also a great friend to the Jesuits, and I had my fears lest the son, intimidated by the father, should find himself under the necessity of abandoning the work he had protected. I even imagined I perceived this to be the case in the quirks and pettifoggery they were beginning to get up against me relative to the two first volumes, in which alterations were required for reasons the force whereof I could not feel; whilst the two other volumes were known to be filled with such strong things that had the censor objected to them in the manner he did to the passages he thought objectionable in the others, it would have been necessary to recast the whole work over again. I also understood, and M. de Malesherbes himself told me of it, that the Abbé de Grave, whom he had charged with the inspection of this edition, was another partisan of the Jesuits. I saw nothing but Jesuits, Jesuits, Jesuits, without considering that, upon the point of being suppressed, and wholly taken up in making their defence, they had something that interested them much more than caviling touching a work that did not concern them. I am wrong, however, in saying that this did not occur to me; for I did think of it, and M. de Malesherbes took care to make the observation to me the moment he heard of my extravagant suspicions. But by another of those absurdities of mine, bent on judging from my solitude and retirement of the secret of great affairs, with which I was totally unacquainted, I never could bring myself to believe the Jesuits were in danger, and I considered the rumor of their suppression as an artful dodge of their own, got up to deceive their adversaries. Their past successes, which had been uninterrupted, gave me so terrible an idea of their power, that I was already grieved at the tottering authority of the parliament. I knew M. de Choiseul had prosecuted his studies under the Jesuits, that Madam de Pompadour was not upon bad terms with them, and that their league with favorites and ministers had constantly turned out advantageous to both parties against their common enemies. The court seemed to remain neutral; and, persuaded as I was that should the society at some future day receive a severe check, it would not come from Parliament, I saw in the

inaction of government the ground of their confidence and the omen of their triumph. In fine, perceiving in the various rumors of the day nothing but an additional piece of artifice of theirs, and thinking they had, in their security, time enough to watch over everything, I had not the least doubt of their shortly crushing Jansenism, Parliament, and the Encyclopædists, with everybody that would not submit to their yoke ; and that if they ever suffered my work to appear, it would not be until they had so transformed it as to favor their pretensions, and thus make use of my name to deceive my readers.

I felt that I was dying ; and I wonder how in the world it was that the morbid engenderings of my brain did not finish me quite, so horrified was I at the idea of my memory's being dishonored in this my best and worthiest work. Never was I so much afraid of death, and had I died under the circumstances, I believe I should have died in despair. Even now, although I perceive the blackest and foulest plot ever formed against the memory of man stalking unstopped—not to be stopped—to its execution, I shall die much more tranquilly, certain of leaving in my writings a testimony of me that will sooner or later triumph over the calumnies of men.

(1762.) M. de Malesherbes, the confidential witness of my terrible agitation, used such endeavors to restore me to tranquillity as proved his exceeding goodness of heart. Madam de Luxembourg aided him in this good work, and went several times to Duchesne to know how the edition was getting along. At length the printing was begun again, and went on more rapidly, without my ever knowing for what reason it had been suspended. M. de Malesherbes took the trouble to come to Montmorency to calm my mind. In this he succeeded ; and the perfect confidence I had in his uprightness having overcome the forebodings of my poor head, gave efficacy to the endeavors he made to restore it. After what he had seen of my anguish and delirium, it was natural he should think me much to be pitied ; and he really commiserated my situation. The eternally repeated cantings of the philosophical cabal by which he was surrounded, occurred to his mind. When I went to live at the Hermitage, as I have said, they pre-

dicted I would not stay there long. When they saw me hold out, they would have it that I did it through obstinacy—pride—want of courage to retract, and insisted that my life was a perfect burden to me out there, and that I led the most wretched life imaginable. M. de Malesherbes believed this was really the case, and wrote me upon the subject. This error in a man for whom I had so much esteem gave me pain, and I wrote him four letters successively, in which I stated the real motives of my conduct, and let him fully into my tastes, inclinations and character, and the most private sentiments of my heart. These four letters, written almost without taking pen from paper, and which I neither copied, corrected, nor even read over, are perhaps the only things I ever in all my life wrote with facility—written, too—and this is the astonishing part of it—in the midst of the fearful suffering and dejection in which I was then plunged. I sighed, as I felt life ebbing away, at the thought of leaving in the minds of honest men an opinion of me so far from the truth; and in the hasty sketch given in these four letters I endeavored in some measure, to supply the place of the Memoirs I had proposed to write. These letters, with which M. de Malesherbes was highly pleased, and which he showed to various persons in Paris are a sort of summary of what I here develop in detail, and on this account merit preservation. The copy of them he had made at my request, and which he sent me several years afterwards will be found amongst my papers.

The only further thing that afflicted me in the anticipation of my approaching death was my not having any man of letters for a friend, to whom I could confide my papers, that after my death he might make a proper choice of such as were worthy of publication. After my journey to Geneva, I had formed a close friendship for Moulton. I liked this young man, and could have wished him to come and close my eyes. I expressed this desire to him, and am of opinion he would have readily complied therewith, had not his affairs prevented him from so doing. Deprived of this consolation, I still wished to give him a mark of my confidence by sending him the Savoyard Vicar's Profession of Faith before it was published. He was pleased with the

work, but did not in his answer seem to share the security I then felt as to its effect. He wished me to give him some fragment I had not given anybody else. I sent him the 'Funeral Oration on the Late Duke of Orleans,' which I had written for the Abbé Darty, but which he had not pronounced, as, contrary to his expectation, another person was appointed to perform that ceremony.

The printing of the 'Emile,' being again taken up, went on and was completed quietly enough. I could not help noticing this curious circumstance in the matter, that after the expurgations so sternly insisted upon in the first two volumes, the last two were allowed to pass without anything's being said, and their contents did not delay the publication for a moment. I had, however, some uneasiness from another quarter, which I must not pass over in silence. After having been afraid of the Jesuits, I began to fear the Jansenists and philosophers. An enemy to all you call party, faction, cabal, I never heard the least good of persons that had anything to do with them. The 'Gossips' had for some time back quitted their old abode, and taken up their residence by the side of me, so that from their chamber, everything said in mine and upon my terrace was distinctly heard ; and it would have been very easy to scale the low wall separating the garden from my turret. This I had made my study, so my table was covered with proof-sheets of the 'Emile' and the 'Social Contract;' and, stitching together these sheets as they were sent me, I had all my volumes a long time before they were published. My negligence and the confidence I had in M. Mathas, in whose garden I was shut up, frequently made me forget to lock the door at night, and in the morning I several times found it wide open. This, however, would not have given me the least uneasiness, had not I observed that my papers had been deranged. After having several times noticed the same thing, I became more careful to lock the door. The lock was a bad one, the key turning only half round. As I became more attentive, I found my papers in a still greater confusion than they were when I left everything open. At length one of my volumes disappeared, nor could I find out what had become of it till the third day, when I found it replaced upon my table. I never suspected

either M. Mathas or his nephew M. Dumoulin, knowing that they both loved me, while my confidence in them was unbounded. My faith in the 'Gossips,' however, was beginning to diminish. Although Jansenists, I knew them to have some connection with d'Alembert, and moreover they all three lodged in the same house. This gave me some uneasiness, and put me more upon my guard. I removed my papers from the turret to my chamber, and dropped acquaintance with these people, having learned, besides, that they had paraded about the first volume of the '*Emile*' which I had been imprudent enough to lend them. Although they continued to be neighbors of mine till my departure, I never had anything to do with them after this.

The 'Social Contract' appeared a month or two before the '*Emile*.' Rey, whom I had desired never to introduce any of my books surreptitiously into France, applied to the magistrate for leave to transmit this work by Rouen, whither he sent his cases by sea. He received no answer, and his cases, after remaining at Rouen several months, were returned to him, but not until an attempt had been made to confiscate them—a design which would in all likelihood have been carried out, had he not raised a tremendous clamor. Several persons whose curiosity the work had excited, sent to Amsterdam for copies, which were circulated without exciting much notice. Mauléon, who had heard of this, and had, I believe, even seen something of the matter, spoke to me on the subject with an air of mystery that surprised me, and would even have made me uneasy, had not I, certain of having conformed to every regulation, by virtue of my fundamental principle kept my mind calm. Nay, I had no doubt but M. de Choiseul, already well disposed towards me, and sensible of the eulogium of his administration which my esteem for him had induced me to make in the work, would support me against the malevolence of Madam de Pompadour.

I certainly had as much reason then as ever to count on the goodness of M. de Luxembourg, and even on his assistance in case of need; for never had he at any time shown me more frequent or more touching marks of his friendship. At the Easter visit, my sad state not permitting me to go to the château, he never suffered a day to pass without coming

to see me ; and, perceiving at length that I got no relief, he prevailed upon me to see Friar Côme, whom he immediately sent for, brought him to me himself, and had the courage (rare, certes, and meritorious in a great lord), to remain with me during the operation, which was trying and tedious in the extreme. All there was to be done was to 'sound' me ; but this the medical men could never manage, not even Morand himself, who had attempted to several times, but always unsuccessfully. Friar Côme, who had a hand of unequalled address and legerity, at length succeeded in introducing a very small 'algalie,' after putting me to the most excruciating torments for over two hours, during which I used my utmost endeavor to keep back my cries so as not to rend the tender heart of the Marshal. On the first examination, Friar Côme thought he found a large stone, and told me so ; the second, he did not find it. After beginning over again a second and a third time, with a care and exactitude that made me think the time very long, he declared there was no stone, but that the prostrate gland was scirrhous and of unnatural size, and ended by adding that I had a great deal to suffer and would live a long time. Should the second prediction be as fully accomplished as the first, my sufferings are far from being at an end.

Thus was it I learned, after having been so many years treated for disorders which I never had, that my disease was incurable without being mortal, and would last as long as myself. My imagination, calmed and soothed by this information, no longer presented to me in perspective a cruel death 'mid the agonies of the stone. Delivered thus from imaginary evils, more terrible to me than real ones, I bore the latter with more patience. It is certain I have since suffered less from my disorder than I had done before, and I never can recollect that I owe this alleviation to M. de Luxembourg, without melting into soft, sad pity over his memory.

Restored, as I may say, to life, and more than ever occupied with the plan according to which I was determined to pass the rest of my days, all the obstacle to the immediate execution of my design was the publication of the '*Emile*.' I thought of Touraine, where I had already been, and which

pleased me much, as well on account of the mildness of the climate, as from the character of the inhabitants.

La terra molle, e lieta, e diletta :
Simile a se gli abitator produce.*

I had already spoken of my project to M. de Luxembourg, who endeavored to dissuade me from it. I mentioned it to him a second time as a settled thing. He then proposed to me the château de Merlou, some fifteen leagues from Paris, as an asylum that might suit me, and where they would both be delighted to have me take up my residence. The proposition touched me, nor was it any ways displeasing. But the first thing was to see the place, and we agreed upon a day when the Marshal was to send his valet de chambre with a carriage to take me to it. On the day appointed, I was quite indisposed ; so the journey had to be postponed, and various circumstances prevented my ever going. Having since then learned that the estate of Merlou did not belong to the Marshal, but to Madam, I was the less sorry I had not gone.

The '*Emile*' was at length given to the public, without my hearing any further of retrenchments or difficulties of any sort. Previous to the publication, the Marshal asked me for all the letters M. de Malesherbes had written me on the subject of the work. My perfect confidence in both, and my profound security, prevented me from reflecting upon this extraordinary and even alarming request. I returned all the letters, excepting one or two which, from inattention were left between the leaves of a book. A little time before this, M. de Malesherbes told me he should withdraw the letters I had written to Duchesne during my alarm relative to the Jesuits ; and it must be confessed, these letters did no great honor to my reason. But in my answer, I assured him I was unwilling to pass in aught for being any better than I was, and that he might leave the letters where they were. What he did I know not.

The publication of this work was not attended by the applause which had followed the appearance of all my other writings. Never did work meet with such splendid private

* Tasso. “ An inviting, agreeable country, of facile culture, with inhabitants in every respect resembling itself ” Tr.

eulogy to have so small a meed of public approbation. What was said and written to me upon the subject by persons most capable of judging, confirmed me in my opinion that it was the best as well as the most important of all my productions. But all this was uttered with the most bizarre precautions, as though it had been an object to make a secret of the favorable opinion entertained of it. Madam de Boufflers who in a letter she sent me declared that the author of the work merited monumental statues, and the homage of mankind, roundly requested me at the end of her note to send it back to her. D'Alembert, who wrote me that the work put the seal to my superiority, and would undoubtedly place me at the head of men of letters, did not sign his letter, although he had signed all I ever received from him before. Duclos, a sure friend, and an upright, though circumspect man, albeit he entertained a high opinion of the work, avoided mentioning it in his letters to me. La Condamine fell upon the Profession of Faith, and wandered from the subject. Clairaut in his letter confined himself to the same thing; though he was not afraid of expressing to me the emotion the reading of it had stirred within him, and in the most direct terms told me that it had warmed his old imagination: of all the persons to whom I had sent my book, he was the only one that freely and unreservedly gave utterance to all the good he thought of it.

Mathas, to whom I had also given a copy before publication, lent it to M. de Blaire, Counsellor in the Parliament of Strasbourg. M. de Blair had a country-seat at St. Gratien, whither Mathas, who was an old acquaintance of his, sometimes went to see him. He made him read the *Emile* before it was published. On returning it to him, M. de Blaire expressed himself in the following terms—and his speech was repeated to me the same day: ‘M. Mathas, this is a very fine work, but it will shortly give rise to more ado than might for the author’s sake be desired.’ When he told me this, I laughed at the prediction, and saw nothing in it but the importance of a man of the robe, surrounding everything with his wonted mystery. Not a whit more impression did the various alarming speeches that came to my ears make on my mind; and, far from foreseeing the catastrophe so near at hand, certain of the utility and beauty of my work; certain

that I was *en règle* in every respect ; relying implicitly, as I thought I might, on all Madam de Luxembourg's credit, and certain even of the favor of the ministry, I congratulated myself on the resolution I had taken to retire in the midst of my triumphs, and, at my return, crush the envious crew.

One sole thing alarmed me in the publication of the work, and that less on account of my safety than for the acquittance of my heart. At the Hermitage and at Montmorency I had been a close and indignant observer of the vexations which a zealous care for the pleasures of princes entails on the poor peasantry, forced to suffer the havoc made by the game in their fields without daring to take any other measures to prevent this devastation than that of making a noise amongst their beans and peas, and forced to pass whole nights with drums, kettles and bells, trying to keep off the wild boars. As I had been a witness to the barbarous severity with which Count Charolois treated these poor people, I had—in a passage near the close of the '*Emile*'—come down on this cruelty. This was another infraction of my established principles, and grievously had I to answer it. I was informed that the keepers on Prince Conti's estate were just about as severe ; and I trembled lest that Prince, for whom I felt the profoundest respect and gratitude, should take to himself what outraged humanity had wrung from me regarding his uncle and feel himself offended. Howbeit, as my conscience fully acquitted me upon this score, I made myself easy ; and I was right. At least I have never heard that this great prince took the slightest notice of the passage, which, besides, was written long before I had the honor of his acquaintance.

A few days either before or after the publication of my work, for I do not exactly recollect the time, there appeared another work upon the same subject, taken verbatim from my first volume, excepting a few stale stupidities of the author's own. The book bore the name of a Genevese, one Balexsert, and the title-page made the announcement that it had gained the premium offered by the Academy of Harlem. I easily saw through the dodge—saw that both Academy and premium were creations to order, the better to conceal the plagiarism from the eyes of the public ; but I farther perceived that there was some prior intrigue in the matter I could not unravel ; either by the lending of my manuscript, without which the

theft could not have been committed, or for the purpose of forging the story of the pretended premium, to which it was necessary to give some foundation. It was not until several years afterwards that, from a word that escaped d'Ivernois, I penetrated the mystery, and discerned that brother Balexert was a mere simulacrum, and caught sight of who the real cord-pullers were that stood behind this patent puppet.

The low murmurings which precede a storm were beginning to be heard, and men of penetration clearly saw there was something gathering, relative to me and my work, that would shortly break over my head. For my own part, such was my security—such my stupidity that, far from foreseeing the coming crash, I did not suspect the cause of it even after I had felt its effect. It was artfully given out that, while the Jesuits were treated with severity, no indulgence could be shown to books nor the authors of them in which religion was attacked. I was reproached with having put my name to the '*Emile*,' as though I had not put it to all my other works, and nothing said. Government seemed to fear it should be obliged to take certain steps it regretted to take, but which circumstances and my imprudence rendered necessary. Rumors to this effect reached my ears, but gave me no great uneasiness; it never even came into my head that there could be the least thing in the whole affair concerning me personally—I that felt so perfectly irreproachable, so well supported, so *en regie* in every way, and having no apprehension Madam de Luxembourg would leave me in difficulty for an error, which, if it existed at all, proceeded entirely from herself. But knowing the manner of proceeding in like cases, and aware that the usage was to hold the publisher responsible, while the author was let off scot-free, I was not without some uneasiness on poor Duchesne's account, should M. de Malesherbes abandon him.

My tranquillity still continued. Rumors increased, and soon totally changed their tone. The public, and especially the Parliament, seemed irritated by my composure. In a few days the excitement became terrible, and the menaces, changing their object, pointed directly to me. The Parliamentarians were heard openly to declare that burning books seemed to have no effect,—the authors should be sent after them. Not a word was said of the publishers.

The first time these expressions, more worthy an inquisitor of Goa than a senator, were reported to me, I had no doubt of their coming from the Holbachians with the intention of alarming me, and driving me from France. I laughed at this puerile dodge, and said to myself that had they known the real state of things, they would have devised some other mode of frightening me; but the rumor at length became such that I perceived it was no joke, but solemn, serious earnest. M. and Mme. de Luxembourg had this year come to Montmorency in the month of June, which, for their second visit, was earlier than common. In my retirement I heard but little of my new books, notwithstanding the sensation they were making in Paris, and neither the Marshal nor his lady said a single word to me on the subject. One morning, however, when M. de Luxembourg and I were alone together, he asked me if I had spoken ill of M. de Choiseul in the 'Social Contract.' 'I,' said I, retreating with surprise, 'no, I swear to you I have not; but on the contrary I have paid him the most splendid praise ever minister received, and that with a pen not given to laudation.' Whereupon I showed him the passage. 'And in the *Emile*?' rejoined he. 'Not a word,' said I: 'there is not a single word in it that relates to him.' 'Ah!' said he, with more vivacity than was common to him, 'you should have taken the same care in the other book, or have expressed yourself more clearly!' 'I thought,' replied I, 'I had done so?' my esteem for him would certainly induce me to do so.' He was going to speak again; I perceived him ready to open his mouth; he stopped short, and held his tongue. Oh! thou wretched court policy, which, even in the best of hearts, o'erules friendship itself!

This conversation, short though it was, gave me light on my situation, at least in certain respects, and gave me to understand that it was in very deed against myself that the anger of the administration was directed. This unheard of fatality, seeming to turn to my prejudice all the good I did and wrote, afflicted my heart. However, feeling shielded in this affair by Madam de Luxembourg and M. de Malesherbes, I could not perceive how it was possible for my persecutors to set them aside and come direct to me. However, I was from that moment convinced that equity

and justice were no longer in question and that they would not trouble themselves much about examining whether or not I was really culpable. Meanwhile the storm became more and more menacing. Néaulme, himself, expressed to me, in the excess of his babbling, how much he repented having had anything to do in the business, and his certainty of the fate impending over book and author. One thing, however, always reassured me : I saw Madam de Luxembourg so cool, calm, cheerful even, that I concluded she must be certain of the sufficiency of her credit not to feel the least apprehension on my account, not to give me a single word of either consolation or apology, and see the turn affairs were taking with as much unconcern as though she had nothing to do with it and took no interest in me whatever. What surprised me most was her absolute silence. I thought she ought at least to have said something on the subject. Madam de Boufflers seemed less calm. She appeared agitated and restless, assuring me his Highness, Prince de Conti, was using his utmost endeavor to ward off the blow about to be directed against my person, and which she constantly attributed to the nature of present circumstances—a crisis in which it was of importance that Parliament should leave the Jesuits no opening to accuse it of indifference regarding religion. She did not, however, seem to depend much on the success either of her own or the prince's efforts. Her conversations, more alarming than consolatory, bore this one burden—that I should leave the kingdom and go to England, where she offered me an introduction to many of her friends, amongst others one to the celebrated Hume, with whom she had long been upon a footing of intimate friendship. Seeing me still unshaken, she had recourse to other arguments better calculated to disturb my tranquillity. She intimated that, in case I was arrested and interrogated I would subject myself to the necessity of naming Madam de Luxembourg, whereas her friendship for me well deserved that I should not expose myself to compromise her. I replied that should what she seemed to apprehend come to pass, she need not be alarmed ; that I would *not* compromise her. She said such a resolution was more easily taken than adhered to ; and in this she was right, especially with respect to me, determin-

ed as I always have been never to perjure myself nor lie before judges, whatever danger there might be in speaking the truth.

Perceiving that this observation had made some impression on my mind, without however inducing me to resolve upon flight, she spoke of the Bastille for a few weeks, as a means of placing me beyond the reach of the jurisdiction of the Parliament, which has nothing to do with prisoners of State. I had no objection to this singular favor, provided it were not solicited in my name. As she never spoke of it a second time, I afterwards thought her proposition was made to sound me, and that the cabal did not think proper to have recourse to an expedient that would have put an end to everything.

A few days afterwards, the Marshal received from the curé of Deuil, a friend of Grimm and Madam d'Epinay, a letter informing him, as from good authority, that the Parliament was to proceed against me with the utmost severity, and that on such a day, which he mentioned, an order was to be given to arrest me. This I judged was got up by the Holbachians; I knew that the Parliament was very attentive to forms: now it was to infringe them all to commence on this occasion by arresting me, before it was juridically known that I had avowed myself as really the author of the book: I observed to Madam de Boufflers that there were none but persons accused of crimes tending to endanger the public peace that, (lest they should escape punishment) were ordered to be arrested on simple suspicion. But when government wants to punish a crime like mine, which merits honor and reward, the proceedings are directed against the book, and the author is as much as possible left out of the question. Hereupon she drew some subtle distinction—what I have forgotten—to the effect that ordering me to be arrested instead of summoning me to be heard was a matter of favor. The next day I received a letter from Guy, informing me that, having been at the Attorney-General's, that same day he had seen the rough draft of a 'requisition' against the '*Emile*' and its author lying on his desk. Guy, it is to be remembered, was the partner of Duchesne, who had printed the work. The said chap, quite unapprehensive on his own account, charitably gave *me* this piece of information. Judge

how credible all this seemed to me! It was so probable a story—so natural that a bookseller, admitted to an audience with the Attorney-General, should coolly read scattered rough drafts and manuscripts on the desk of that magistrate! Madam de Boufflers and others confirmed what he said. From the absurdities which were incessantly rung in my ears, I was almost tempted to believe the whole crew had lost their senses.

Clearly perceiving there was some mystery under all this nobody seemed willing to let me into, I patiently waited the event, relying on my integrity and innocence in the matter and thinking myself happy, let the persecution which awaited me be what it would, to be called to the honor of suffering for the truth. Far from being afraid and concealing myself, I went every day to the château, and in the afternoon took my usual walk. On the eighth of June, the evening before the warrant was issued, I walked out in company with two professors of the Oratory, Father Alamanni and Father Maudard. We carried a little collation to Champeaux, which we eat with a keen appetite. We had forgotten to bring glasses, so we supplied their place by stalks of rye, through which we sucked up the wine through the bottle, piquing ourselves upon picking out large tubes so to vie with each other in seeing who would pump up most. More gay I never was in all my life.

I have related how that I lost my sleep during my youth. Since that time I had contracted a habit of reading every night in my bed, until I found my eyes beginning to grow heavy. I would then extinguish my wax taper and try and doze for a few moments, generally very brief. The book I commonly read at night was the Bible, which I went through five or six times in this way. This evening finding myself less disposed to sleep than ordinary, I continued my reading beyond the usual hour, and read the whole book which finishes at the Levite of Ephraim—the book of Judges, if I mistake not; for I have never seen it since.

The story affected me exceedingly, and my imagination was still running on it in a sort of dream I fell into when suddenly I was roused up by a noise and light. Thérèse, carrying a candle, was lighting in M. La Roche who, seeing me hastily start up in my bed, said 'Do not be alarmed; I

come from the Marchioness who sends you a note, enclosing a letter from Prince de Conti.' So it was. Enclosed in Madam de Luxembourg's letter I found another, which an express from the prince had just brought her, stating that notwithstanding all her efforts, the Powers had determined to proceed against me with the utmost rigor. 'The excitement,' wrote he, 'is tremendous ; nothing can ward off the blow : the court requires it, and Parliament will have it ; at seven o'clock in the morning a warrant for his arrest will be issued, and officers will immediately be sent to seize him. I have obtained a promise that he shall not be pursued if he makes his escape ; but if he persists in exposing himself to be apprehended, apprehended he will be.' La Roche conjured me in Madam de Luxembourg's name to rise and go and speak to her. It was two o'clock, and she had just retired to bed. 'She expects you' added he, 'and will not go to sleep without seeing you.' I dressed myself in haste and ran to her.

She appeared to me to be agitated. 'Twas the first time. Her distress affected me. In this moment of surprise, and in the middle of the night, I myself was not free from emotion ; but on seeing her I forgot my own situation, and thought of nothing but the melancholy part she would have to act, should I suffer myself to be arrested ; for though I felt within me courage enough to adhere to truth prejudicial or even destructive to me though it might be, I did not feel I had sufficient presence of mind, address, firmness, perhaps, to avoid exposing her, should I be closely pressed. This determined me to sacrifice my reputation to her tranquillity, and to do for her in the pass, what nothing could have prevailed upon me to do for myself. The moment I had come to this resolution, I told her my purpose, unwilling to diminish the costly price of the sacrifice by obliging her to buy it. I am sure she could not mistake my motive ; and yet not a word said she going to prove she was sensible thereto. I was so shocked at this indifference that, for a moment, I thought of retracting ; but the Marshal came in, and Madam de Boufflers arrived from Paris a few moments afterwards. They did what Madam de Luxembourg ought to have done. I suffered myself to be flattered ; I was ashamed to retract ; and

the only thing that remained to be determined upon was the place of my retreat and the time of my departure. M. de Luxembourg, proposed that I should remain incognito a few days at the château so that we might deliberate at leisure, and take such measures as should seem proper. To this I would not consent, no more than to go secretly to the 'Temple.' I was determined to set off the same day rather than remain concealed in any place whatever.

Knowing I had secret and powerful enemies in the kingdom, I came to the conclusion that, notwithstanding my attachment to France, I ought to quit it, the better to insure my future tranquillity. My first idea was to retire to Geneva; but a moment's reflection was sufficient to dissuade me from committing that piece of folly. I knew that the French ministry, still more powerful at Geneva than at Paris, would not leave me any more at peace in one city than in the other, were they bent on tormenting me. I was also aware that the 'Dissertation on Inequality' had excited a hatred against me in the Council that was all the more dangerous as they dared not show it. I had further learned that when the *Nouvelle Héloïse* appeared, this same Council had immediately forbidden the sale of the work, upon the solicitation of Doctor Tronchin; but perceiving that the example was nowhere imitated, not even at Paris, the members were ashamed of what they had done and withdrew the prohibition. I doubted not that, finding this a more favorable opportunity, they would take good care to profit thereby. Spite of all their fine pretences, I knew that in the heart of every Genevese lurked a secret jealousy against me, which but awaited a favorable moment, to show itself palpably and practically. My love of my country, though, pleaded hard in its favor, and could I have flattered myself I should there have lived in peace, I should not have hesitated; but neither honor nor reason permitting me to take refuge like a fugitive, I resolved to approach it only, and to wait in Switzerland until something relative to me should be determined upon in Geneva. As will presently be seen this state of uncertainty did not long continue.

Madame de Boufflers highly disapproved this resolution, and renewed her efforts to induce me to go to England. But she could not shake me. I never loved England nor the

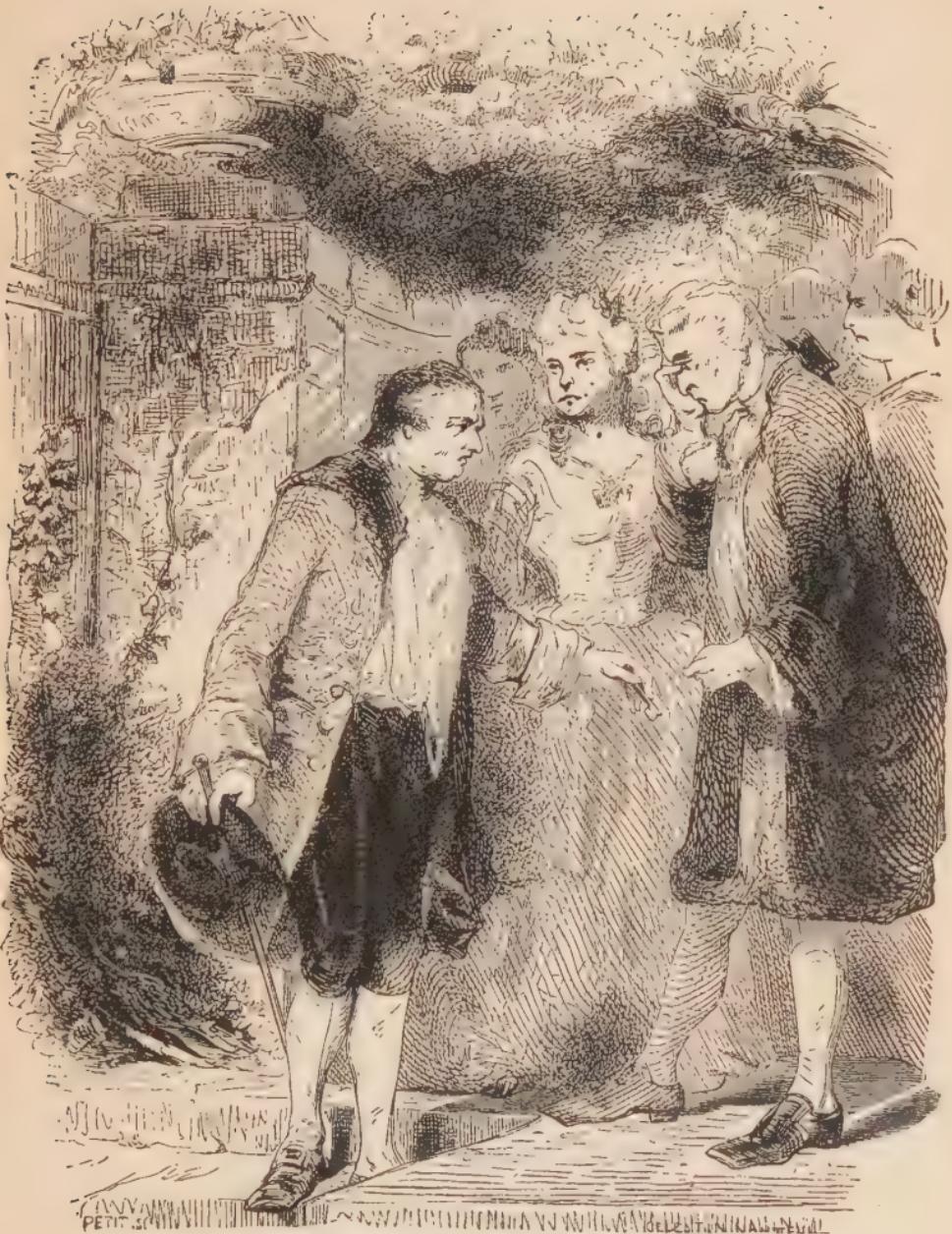
English, and all Madam de Boufflers' eloquence, in place of conquering my repugnancy, seemed to increase it, without my knowing why.

Determined to set off the same day, I was from the morning inaccessible to everybody, and La Roche, whom I had sent to fetch my papers, would not tell Thérèse herself whether I was gone or not. Since I had determined to write my memoirs I had accumulated a great number of letters and other papers, so that he was obliged to go and come several times. A part of these papers, already arranged were laid aside, and I employed the morning in sorting the remainder, so that I might take with me such only as might be of use to me and destroy what remained. M. de Luxembourg was kind enough to assist me in this matter. However it turned out to be so long a job that we could not finish it during the morning, and I had not time to burn a single paper. The Marshal offered to take upon himself to sort what I should leave behind me, and burn whatever was of no use, without entrusting it to any person whatever, and to send me what he had picked out. I accepted this offer, very glad to be delivered from the trouble, so that I might pass the few remaining hours with persons so dear to me, from whom I was to be separated for ever. He took the key of the chamber in which I left these papers, and at my earnest solicitation, sent for my poor 'aunt,' who was fretting herself to death over what was become of me and what was to become of herself, and in monitory expectation of the arrival of the officers of justice, without knowing how to act or what to answer them. La Roche accompanied her to the château without giving her any intelligence of me : she thought me already far off : on perceiving me, she made the place resound with her cries, and threw herself into my arms. Oh, friendship ; heart-affinity, fellowship, intimacy ! Swift o'er me, during this sweet, yet better moment, came rushing the remembrance of the many happy days of happiness, tenderness, and peace we had passed together, only augmented the grief of a first separation, after a union of seventeen years, during which we had scarcely lost sight of each other for a single day. The Marshal, who saw this embrace, could not withhold his tears. He withdrew. Thérèse was bent on never more leaving me. I made her feel the inconvenience she

would put us to if she accompanied me at that moment, and the necessity of her remaining to take care of my effects and collect my money. When an order is made to arrest a man, it is customary to seize his papers, and put a seal upon his effects, or to make an inventory of them, and appoint a custodian to whose care they are entrusted. It was behooving she should remain to observe what passed, and make the best of things, however they might turn out. I promised her she should shortly join me : the Marshal confirmed my promise ; but I would not tell her where I was going, so that, in case she was questioned by the persons who were to come to take me into custody, she might with truth be able to plead ignorance on that head. While embracing her the moment before we parted, a most extraordinary emotion thrilled me, and I said to her in a mood alas ! but too prophetic : '*Mon enfant*, you must arm yourself with courage. You have shared my prosperity ; it now remains for you—since so you'll have it—to share my adversity. Expect nothing in future but insult and calumny in following me. The destiny this sad day begins for me will pursue me until my latest hour.'

The main thing now was to see after my departure. The officers were to have arrived at ten o'clock in the morning. It was four in the afternoon when I set out, and they had not come then. It was determined I should take post. As I had no carriage, the Marshal made me a present of a cabriolet, and lent me horses and a postillion, the first stage, where, in consequence of the measure he had taken, I had no difficulty in procuring others.

As I had not dined at table, nor made my appearance at the château, the ladies came to bid me adieu in the entresol, where I had passed the day. Madam de Luxembourg embraced me several times with a sad enough air ; but I no longer felt that warmth in these embraces that had characterized those she had lavished on me two or three years before. Madam de Boufflers also embraced me, and said many very handsome things to me. An embrace that surprised me more than all the rest had done was one from Madam de Mirepoix : for she also was at the château. Madam la Maréchale de Mirepoix is a person of extremely cold, decent and reserved manners, and did not seem to



We both felt that we were bidding each other a last and eternal farewell. *Page 335—II.*

me altogether exempt from that hauteur natural to the house of Lorraine. She had never shown me any great attention. Whether, flattered by an honor I had not expected, I endeavored to enhance the value of it, or that there really was in the ~~embrace~~ a little of that commiseration natural to generous hearts, I seemed to discern a certain energy in her look and behavior, that profoundly affected me. I have since then frequently suspected, in thinking over the matter that, not unacquainted with the fate whereto I was condemned, she could not refuse a momentary feeling of grief over the thought of my sad lot.

The Marshal did not open his mouth, he was as pale as death. He insisted on accompanying me to the chaise, which was waiting for me at the watering-place. We wended our way through the whole length of the garden without uttering a single word. I had the key of the park which I made use of to open the gate; after which, instead of putting it back into my pocket, I held it out to the Marshal without saying a word. He took it with amazing vivacity, a fact I have not been able to help frequently thinking of since then. Never in my whole life did I experience a more bitter moment than this parting. Our embrace was long and silent: we both felt that we were bidding each other a last and eternal farewell.

Between Barre and Montmorency, I met a carriage, containing four men in black, who saluted me with a smile. From what Thérèse has since told me of the looks of the officers of justice, the hour of their arrival and their manner of behavior, I had no doubt that they were the persons I met, especially as the order for my arrest, instead of being made out at seven o'clock, as I had been told it would, had not been issued till noon. I had to go through Paris. A person in an open cabriolet is not much concealed. I saw several persons in the streets who saluted me with an air of familiarity, but I did not know any of them. The same evening I changed my route to Villeroy. At Lyons the custom was for couriers to be conducted to the Commandant's. This might have been embarrassing to a man unwilling either to lie or change his name. I went with a letter from Madam de Luxembourg as an introduction, and begged M. de Villeroy to have me spared

this disagreeable ceremony. M. de Villeroy gave me a letter, of which I made no use, seeing I did not go through Lyons. This letter still remains sealed amongst my papers. The duke pressed me to sleep at Villeroy ; but I preferred returning to the high-way, which I did, traveling two more stages that same afternoon.

My carriage was an uncomfortable affair, and I was too much indisposed to go far in a day. My appearance, besides, was not sufficiently imposing for me to be well served, and in France, as is well known, post-horses feel the whip exactly in proportion to the opinion the postillion has of his temporary master. By paying the guides generously, I thought I should make up for my shabby appearance ; this was still worse. They took me for a scrubby fellow, that was carrying round orders and traveling post for the first time in his life. Henceforth I had nothing but worn out old hacks, and I became the sport of the postillions. I ended as I should have begun, by being patient, holding my tongue, and suffering myself to be driven as they might see fit.

I had sufficient food for reflection to prevent me from being weary upon the road, in the recollection of what had just happened ; but this was neither my turn of mind nor the inclination of my heart. It is astonishing with what facility I forget past misfortunes, however recent they may be. In exact proportion as the anticipation of evil, so long as it is still in the future, terrifies me, does the remembrance thereof grow feeble, and sooner or later, fades quite out of memory, after it is once over. My morbid imagination, incessantly tormented by the apprehension of evils still at a distance, throws a veil over memory and prevents me from recollecting those that are past. Caution is needless after the evil has happened, and it is time lost to give it a thought. I in a measure dull the edge of grief, in advance : the more I suffer in the anticipation of it, the greater is the facility with which I forget it ; whilst on the contrary, incessantly dwelling on the recollection of my past happiness, I so linger and revel in the thoughts thereof that I have, so to speak, the power of enjoying it over again when I want to. It is to this happy disposition that I feel I am indebted for an exemption from that rancorous spite that ferments in a vindictive mind, by the continual remem-

brance of injuries received, and torments the person himself with all the evil he wishes to do his enemy. Naturally choleric, I have felt all the force of anger, rising to very fury during the first moments of excitement; but a desire of vengeance never took root within me. I think too little about the offence to give myself much trouble about the offender. I only think of the injury I have received from him, on account of what harm he may do me in future ; but were I certain he would never do me another, the first would instantly be forgotten. We are always having pardon of offences preached to us : a very beautiful virtue, undoubtedly; but of no use to me. I know not whether or not my heart would have power to overcome its hatred, for it never yet felt that passion ; and I give myself too little concern about my enemies to have the merit of pardoning them. How terribly they torment themselves in order to torment me, I shall not say; I am at their mercy ; they have all power, and they use it. There is but one thing above their power —one thing on which I set them at defiance : namely, amid all their tormenting of themselves about me, to force me to give myself the least trouble about them.

The day after my departure I had so perfectly forgotten what had passed—Parliament, Madam de Luxembourg, M. de Choiseul, Grimm, D'Alembert, with their plottings and plannings that, had it not been for the precautions I had to observe during the journey, I should not even have thought of them. A remembrance that filled the place of all these was what I had read the evening before my departure. I recollect also the Idylles of Gessner, which his translator, Hubert, had sent me shortly before. These two ideas became so vividly present to my thoughts, and so connected themselves together in my mind, that I determined to endeavor to unite them by treating the subject of the '*Levite of Ephraim*' after the manner of Gessner. His simple idyllic style might appear but little fitted to so horrible a subject, and it is not to be presumed that the situation I was then in could have afforded many smiling, happy scenes, wherewith to light up the darkness of the theme. I tried my hand on it, however, solely to amuse myself while riding in the chaise, and without the least hope of success. No sooner had I begun, though, then I was amazed at the

amenity of my ideas, and the facility I found in expression. In three days I composed the three first cantos of my little poem : the remainder I finished at Motiers ; and I am sure I never wrote anything in my life throughout which reigns a more affecting mildness of manners, a greater freshness of coloring, more sweet simple pictures, greater exactness of proportion, or a more antique simplicity in the whole management, and all notwithstanding the horror of the subject—in its fundamental conception abominable ; so that, to say nothing else, I had still the merit of having overcome a difficulty. If the '*Levite of Ephraim*' be not the best of my works, it will ever be the most dear to me. I have never read, nor shall I ever read it again without feeling interiorly the high approbation of a heart that knows not gall, which, far from becoming embittered by the multitudinous misfortunes that had befallen it, owns deep shut up within itself, a precious balm against all its woes, an amends for all its ills. Assemble together your gang of great philosophers, so superior in their books to the adversity they never feel ; place them in a situation similar to mine, and, in the first moments of the indignation of outraged honor, give them a like work to compose : you'll see how they will acquit themselves.

When I set off from Montmorency to go to Switzerland, it was my intention to stop at Yverdun with my old friend Roguin, who had retired thither several years before, and had invited me to go and see him. I learned Lyons was not the direct road to Yverdun, so I did not need to pass through it. But I was obliged to go through Besançon, a fortified town, and consequently subject to the same inconvenience.* I took it into my head to turn to the left and go through Salins, under pretence of going to see M. de Mairan, a nephew of M. Dupin's, who had an employment at the salt works, and had formerly given me many pressing invitations to pay him a visit. The expedient succeeded ; M. de Marian was not about : so very happy at not being obliged to stop, I continued my journey without being spoken to by anybody.

* Namely, of having to go before the Commandant, and thus expose himself to discovery. Tr.

On reaching the territory of Berne, I ordered the postillion to stop, and getting out of the carriage, prostrated myself, kissed the ground, and exclaimed in my transport : ‘Heaven, thou Protector of Virtue, I thank thee, I touch a free soil !’ Thus blind and unsuspecting in my hopes, have I ever been passionately attached to that which was to make me unhappy. My postillion was quite dumfounded and thought me mad. I got into the carriage, and a few hours afterwards I had the pure and perfect satisfaction of feeling myself pressed within the arms of the venerable Roguin. Ah ! let me breathe awhile with the worthy host ! It is necessary I should gain strength and courage before I proceed further ; for I shall soon find occasion for both.

It is not to no purpose that I have been thus minute in the recital of all the circumstances I have been able to recollect. Obscure though they may seem, yet when once the scope and scheme of the conspiracy is caught, they may throw vast light upon its development ; and may, perchance, without giving the first idea of the problem I am about to propose, still afford some aid in solving it.

Suppose that, for the execution of the conspiracy of which I was the object, my absence was absolutely necessary ; to effect it everything must have passed very much as it did ; but if, without suffering myself to be alarmed by Madam de Luxembourg’s nocturnal embassy, I had continued to hold out, and, instead of remaining at the château, had quietly returned to my bed and slept till morning, should I, just the same, have had an order of arrest made out against me ? This is a great question upon which the solution of many others hangs, towards the elucidation of which a recollection of the hour of the threatened arrest-warrant and that of the real one may not be without its use. A rough but telling enough example of the importance of the least detail in the exposition of facts, the secret causes whereof are being sought after by induction.

BOOK XII.

1762.

HERE begins the work of darkness wherein I have for eight years been enshrouded, and that, too, without my being able, do what I will, to pierce the terrific obscurity thereof. In the abyss of woes wherein I am plunged, I feel the blows that are directed at me, I see the immediate instrument employed, but the hand that aims them, and the means in operation I see not, I cannot see. Opprobrium and misfortunes fall upon my head as of themselves, and without becoming openly manifest. When from my heart, wrung and rent, a groan escapes, I seem like a man that complains without reason, and the authors of my ruin have found out the unheard-of art of making the public an accomplice in their plots, without its suspecting it, and without its perceiving the effects thereof. And so, while narrating what has befallen me and the treatment I have met with, I am unable to point to the moving-hand and assign the causes of the effects I relate. These prime causes are severally set forth in the three preceding books, and the interests that centered in me and all the secret motives are therein pointed out. But how these diverse causes became combined together to operate the strange events of my life, I cannot tell—cannot conjecture even. If amongst my readers there be any generous enough to wish to penetrate these mysteries to the bottom, and discover the truth, let them carefully read over again the three preceding books ; then, at each fact they shall find stated in the following books,* let them obtain such information as is within their reach, and go back from intrigue to intrigue, and from agent to agent, until they come to the prime movers of the whole, I know with the most absolute certainty where their

* It was Rousseau's purpose to write a Third Period, following his Second. The Confessions, as they now stand, simply bring R. down to his departure for England. Fifteen years of his life are thus left blank. A few of the leading facts of this period are stated in the Translator's Introduction. Tr.

researches will terminate ; but in the meantime I lose myself in the dark and dreary labyrinth through which their steps must be directed.

During my stay at Yverdun, I became acquainted with the whole family of M. Roguin, and, amongst others, with his niece, Madam Boy de la Tour and her daughters, whose father, as I think I have already observed, I had formerly known at Lyons. She had come to Yverdun on a visit to her uncle and his sisters. Her eldest daughter, a young woman of about fifteen, delighted me by her great good sense and by her excellent disposition. I became attached to the mother and the daughter with the most tender friendship. The latter was destined by M. Roguin for his nephew the Colonel, a man already verging towards the decline of life, and who also testified the warmest affection for me. But although the uncle's heart was set upon this marriage, and the nephew much desired it, while I too was extremely anxious to promote the satisfaction of both, the great disproportion of their ages, and the young lady's extreme repugnance to the match induced me to join with the mother in breaking it off. Accordingly, this was done. The Colonel afterwards married his relative, Mlle. Dillan, a woman of as beautiful and amiable a disposition as my heart could wish, and who has made him the happiest of husbands and fathers. However, M. Roguin has never been able to forget my opposition to his wishes. My consolation is in the certainty of having discharged, as well towards him as towards his family, friendship's most sacred and saintly duty, which does not consist in always making yourself agreeable, but in always advising for the best.

I did not remain long in doubt as to the reception that would have awaited me at Geneva, had I felt any disposition to return thither. They burned my book, and an arrest-warrant was issued against me on the 18th of June, that is nine days after the Paris move. This second decree was such an accumulation of absurdities and so bare-facedly violated the ecclesiastical edict, that I refused to believe the first accounts I heard of it, and, on receiving confirmation that it was really so, I trembled lest so manifest an infraction of all law—the law of common sense to begin with, should raise a revolution in Geneva. I was soon relieved from any antici-

pation on this score ; everything remained quiet. If there was any stir amongst the populace, it was against me, and I was publicly treated by the crew of gossips and pettifoggers like a scholar threatened with a flogging for having missed his catechism.

These two decrees were the signal for the cry of malediction that arose against me throughout all Europe with unexampled fury. The gazettes, journals and pamphlets, all sounded the most terrible tocisin. The French especially, that mild, generous, and polished people, who so pique themselves on their observance of the decorous, and their kind protection of the unfortunate, all of a sudden forgetting their favorite virtues, signalized themselves by the number and violence of the outrages with which they to their heart's content overwhelmed me. I was an impious person—an atheist—a mad-man—a wild beast—a wolf. The continuator of the *Journal de Trévoux* came down on my pretended 'lycanthropy' with a virulence that very clearly manifested his own. Nay, you would positively have said that an author in Paris would have feared its being an indictable offence did he publish aught, be it what it might, without cramming some insult or other against me into it. I vainly sought the cause of this unanimous animosity, and was almost tempted to believe the world had gone mad. "What !" said I to myself, " the editor of the ' Perpetual Peace' spread discord ; the author of the *Savoyard Vicar* impious ; the man from whose heart and head came the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and the *Emile* a wolf and a madman ! Gracious God ! what would they have made me out had I published the treatise, *De l' Esprit*, or some such work ?" And yet in the storm raised against the author of that book, the public, far from joining its voice to the clamors of his persecutors, avenged him of them by its high praise. Compare his book and mine together—the different reception they met with, the respective treatment of the two authors in the different states of Europe ; and assign causes for this difference that will satisfy a man of sense ; that's all I ask, and I shall never say a word more.

So agreeable did I find living at Yverdun, that I resolved to yield to the solicitations of M. Roguin and his family, and take up my residence among them M. de Moiry de Gingins, Reeve of the town, also encouraged me by his

kindness to remain within his jurisdiction. The Colonel so warmly pressed me to accept for my habitation a little pavilion he had attached to the house, between the court-yard and garden, that I complied with his request, and he immediately furnished it with everything necessary for my little establishment. Banneret Roguin, one of the persons who showed me the most assiduous attention, did not leave me for an instant during the whole day. I was always very sensible to so much kindness, though it became positively pestering to me at times. The day on which I was to take possession of my new habitation was already fixed, and I had written to Thérèse to come and join me, when suddenly a storm arose against me in Berne, which was attributed to the devotees, and the prime cause whereof I have never been able to learn. The senate, excited against me, without my knowing by whom, did not seem disposed to suffer me to remain undisturbed in my retreat. At the first hint the Reeve got of this rising storm, he wrote in my favor to several of the members of the government, reproaching them with their blind intolerance, and telling them it was shameful to refuse an oppressed man of merit the asylum so many bandits found in their states. Prudent persons have since thought that the warmth of his reproaches had rather embittered than softened their minds. However this may be, neither his influence nor his eloquence were of avail to ward off the blow. Having received intimation of the orders he was to dispatch to me, he apprised me in advance ; and that I might not wait its arrival, I resolved to set off the next day. The difficulty was to know where to go to, seeing Geneva and France were shut against me, and foreseeing that in this affair each State would be anxious to imitate its neighbor.

Madam Boy de la Tour proposed that I should go and reside in an unoccupied, but completely furnished house, which belonged to her son, in the village of Motiers, in Val-de-Travers, county of Neufchâtel. There was only a mountain to cross to reach it. The offer came all the more opportunely, as in the states of the King of Prussia I might naturally hope to be sheltered from all persecution, at least religion would not be very likely to serve as a pretext therefor. But a secret drawback which it was unbefitting for me at that moment to divulge, had in it that which was very sufficient to

make me hesitate. That in-born love of justice that has ever dwelt enshrined in my inmost heart, added to my secret inclination to France, had inspired me with an aversion to the King of Prussia, who seemed to me both in his principles and practice to trample on all natural law and tread under foot every duty of humanity. Amongst the framed engravings wherewith I had decorated my turret at Montmorency, was a portrait of this prince, under which was a distich that finished thus :

Il pense en philosophe, et se conduit en roi.

(He thinks like a sage, and acts like a king.)

This verse, which, coming from any other pen, would have been thought a very fine eulogy, from mine bore a sense in no ways ambiguous, and which, besides, the line preceding it all too clearly explained.* This distich had been seen by everybody that came to see me, no very small number, I assure you. The Chevalier de Lorenzy had even copied it to give it to d'Alembert ; and I had no doubt but d'Alembert had taken care to make my court with it to the prince. I had also aggravated this first offence by a passage in the *Emile* where, under the name of Adrastus, King of the Dannians, it was very evident whom I had in view ; and the remark had not escaped the critics, as Madam de Boufflers had mentioned the matter several times to me. Thus I felt very certain of being inscribed with red ink on the registers of the King of Prussia ; and, besides, supposing he had cherished the principles I had ventured to attribute to him, my writings and their author could not but thereby have displeased him : for it is well known that tyrants and evil-doers have ever entertained the most mortal hatred against me, even without knowing me, and solely from reading my works.

I ventured, however, to throw myself upon his mercy, and anticipated running very little risk. I knew that base passions scarce ever enslave any but weak men, and take but small hold of great souls, such as I had always judged his. I esteemed he would make it part of his policy as a ruler to

* The line was,

La gloire, l'intérêt, voilà son Dieu, sa loi.
(Glory, his God ; self-interest, his law.)

It did not precede the line cited in the text . This latter line was at the foot of the portrait, the other one was written on the back. Tr.

show himself magnanimous on such an occasion ; nay, I thought it was in him to be so, any way. I thought a low and facile vengeance would never for a moment outweigh his love of glory ; and, judging from my own nature, I thought it not impossible that he might take advantage of the opportunity to overwhelm with the weight of his generosity a man who had dared to think ill of him. Accordingly, I went and settled down at Motiers, with a confidence I felt he would duly appreciate, and said to myself : ‘ When Jean Jacques rises to the height of Coriolanus, will Frederic allow himself to be eclipsed by the General of the Volsci ?’

Colonel Roguin insisted on crossing the mountain with me, and going and installing me at Motiers. A sister-in-law of Madame Boy de la Tour’s, named Madame Girardier, to whom the house in which I was going to live was very convenient, felt no very great pleasure at my arrival ; however, she put me in possession of my quarters with a good grace, and I boarded with her until Thérèse came, and my little establishment was arranged.

Realizing, on leaving Montmorency that I should thenceforth be a fugitive upon the earth, I hesitated about permitting her to come and share the wandering life to which I felt I was fated. I felt that the catastrophe that had befallen me must change our relation to each other, and that what had hitherto been a favor and a kindness on my part, would henceforth become so on hers. If her attachment remained proof against misfortune, her heart must still be wrung thereby, while her grief would add new poignancy to my woes. Should my disgrace weaken her affections, she would be holding up her constancy as a sacrifice ; and instead of feeling the pleasure I had in dividing with her my last morsel of bread, she would feel naught but how meritorious it was in her to follow me withersoever fate drove me.

Nay, I must out with it :

I have neither dissimulated my poor *Maman’s* vices nor my own. Nor must I show Thérèse any more favor ; and whatever pleasure I may have in doing honor to one so dear to me, no more will I disguise her failings, if indeed you can so call an involuntary change of affection. I had long perceived that her love had in a measure grown cold and that she was no longer what she had been to me in our younger

days. Of this I was all the more keenly alive as my feelings towards her had not changed a whit. I felt the same disappointment, the same falling off with Thérèse as I had with *Maman*. But why go seeking after supermundane perfections : it would be precisely the same with any woman whatever. The manner in which I had disposed of my children, however sensible it had appeared to me, had not always left my mind at ease. While writing my *Treatise on Education*, I felt I had neglected duties from which no considerations could free me. Remorse at length became so powerful that it almost forced from me a public confession of my fault at the beginning of the '*Emile*', and the allusion is so evident that it is astonishing any one could, after such a passage, have the heart to reproach me therewith.* My situation was, however, still the same, or rather something worse, from the animosity of my enemies, who hailed every opportunity to fasten faults or failings on me. I feared a second fall ; and, unwilling to run the risk, I preferred to condemn myself to abstinence to exposing Thérèse to get in the same predicament again. I had besides remarked that connection with women was prejudicial to my health : this double reason had led me to form resolutions to which I had not, at times, adhered over well, but wherein I had for three or four years back persisted with greater constancy. Now, it was within this period that I had observed Thérèse's coolness : she had the same attachment to me from duty, but none now from love. This necessarily made our intercourse less agreeable, and I imagined that if certain of the continuation of my attention and solicitude wherever she might be, she might prefer to stay in Paris rather than wander around with me. Still she had manifested such signs of grief at our parting, had required of me such positive promises that she should join me, and had since my departure, expressed to Prince de Conti and M. de Luxembourg so strong a desire

* Here is the passage ('*Emile*' Book I.): "When a father begets and brings up children, he but does a third of his task . . . The man that cannot fulfill the duties of a father, has no right to be a father. There is neither toil nor poverty nor any earthly consideration that can absolve a man from supporting and bring up his children himself. Reader, you may believe me, I predict that whoever has bowels of compassion and neglects the performance of duties so sacred, shall long shed bitter tears over his error, and never find consolation." Tr.

to do so that, in place of having the courage to speak to her of a separation, I had scarce enough to think of it myself; and after having felt in my heart how impossible it was for me to do without her, my only thought now was to have her come on as soon as possible. Accordingly I wrote her to come ; she came. It was scarcely two months since we had parted ; but it was our first separation after a union of so many years. We had both of us felt it most bitterly. What emotion at our first embrace ! O how delightful are the tears of tenderness and joy ! How my heart bathes therein ! Why have they made me shed so few such ?

On my arrival at Motiers I had written to my Lord Keith, a Scottish Marshal, and Governor of Neufchâtel, informing him of my retreat into the States of his Prussian Majesty, and requesting his protection. He answered me with his well known generosity ; answered as I had expected of him. He invited me to come and see him. I went with M. Martinet, '*Chatelain*' (lord of the manor) of Val-de-Travers, who was in great favor with his Excellency. The venerable appearance of this illustrious and virtuous Scotchman, profoundly affected me, and from that instant began between us the strong attachment, which on my part still remains the same, and would have done so on his, had not the traitors who have deprived me of all the consolations of life, taken advantage of our subsequent separation to deceive his old age and debase me in his eyes.

George Keith, Hereditary Marshal of Scotland, and brother of the famous General Keith who led a life of glory and died on the bed of honour, had quitted his country at a very early age, and was proscribed on account of his attachment to the house of Stuart, with which, however, he soon became disgusted from the unjust and tyrannical spirit which he observed possessed it, and which was always its dominant characteristic. He lived a long time in Spain, the climate of which pleased him exceedingly, and at length, as his brother had done, entered the service of the King of Prussia, who was a keen judge of men and duly appreciated and rewarded merit. And well was he repaid in the very great services rendered him by Marshal Keith, and, what was infinitely more precious, the sincere friendship of my Lord Marshal. The great soul of this noble man, all haughty and

republican as it was, would bend to no yoke save that of friendship ; but to this it was so obedient, that, different though their principles were, no sooner had he become attached to Frederic, than he became his all in all. The King entrusted him with affairs of importance, sent him to Paris, to Spain, and at length, seeing he had grown old with service and needed rest, let him retire with the government of Neufchâtel, and the delightful employment of passing the remainder of his life in rendering this little community happy.

The Neufchâtelese, hugely attached to gab and glitter, unskilled to distinguish genuine merit, and estimating one's wit by the length of his phrases, seeing a sedate and simple man, took his simplicity for haughtiness, his frankness for rusticity, his laconicism for stupidity, and rejected his kind intentions, because, desirous of doing them solid service instead of indulging in empty babbling, he knew not how to flatter people he did not esteem. In the farcical affair of parson Petit-pierre, who was displaced by his colleagues for having been unwilling they should be eternally damned, my Lord having opposed the usurpations of the ministers, saw the whole country, whose part he took, roused against him ; and when I arrived, the stupid stir had not entirely subsided. He passed, at least, for a man who allowed himself to be prejudiced, and of all the imputations laid to his charge, this was perhaps the least unjust. My first feeling on seeing this venerable old man, was tender commiseration on account of his extreme leanness of body, years having already left him little else but skin and bone ; but when I raised my eyes to his animated, open, and noble countenance, I felt a respect, mingled with confidence, that absorbed every other feeling. To the brief compliment I made him on first entering his presence, he replied by speaking of something else, as though I had been with him for a week. He did not even bid us sit down. The dull-witted 'Chatelain' remained standing. For my part, I at first sight saw in the keen, piercing eye of his lordship something so conciliating that, feeling myself entirely at my ease, I unceremoniously went and took a seat by his side on the sofa. From the familiarity of his manner I immediately perceived that the liberty I took gave him pleasure, and that he said to himself, 'This is not a Neufchâtelese !'

How wonderful the effect of affinity of character ! At an

age when the heart loses its natural warmth, this good old man's kindled anew and burst into a flame of friendship for me that surprised every body. He came to see me at Motiers under the pretence of quail-shooting, and staid two days without touching a gun. Such a friendship—for *that* is the word—grew up between us that we knew not how to live separate: the Château de Colombier, where he used to pass the summer, was some six leagues distant from Motiers. Thither I went every fortnight at farthest making a stay of twenty-four hours, and then returning, pilgrim-wise, my heart full of affection for my host. The emotion I had formerly experienced in my journeys from the Hermitage to Eaubonne, was certainly very different, but it was not more pleasing than that with which I approached Colombier. What tears of tenderness have I many a time shed, when on the road thither, while thinking of the paternal goodness, amiable virtues, and charming philosophy of this venerable old man! I called him ‘father,’ and he called me ‘child’ (*enfant.*) These affectionate names express in some measure, the attachment that united us, but they give no idea of the want we felt of each others company, nor our continual desire to be together. He would have me come and lodge at the Château de Colombier, and for a long time pressed me to take up my residence in the apartment in which I was in the habit of staying during my visits. I at length told him I was more free and at my ease in my own house, and that I had rather continued until the end of my life to come and see him. He approved of my candor, and never afterwards spoke to me upon the subject. Oh, my good lord! Oh, my worthy father! How is my heart stirred within me when thinking of you! Ah! barbarous wretches! how deeply did they wound me when they deprived me of your friendship! But no, great man, you are and ever will be the same to me, who *am* ever the same. They deceived but could not change you.

My Lord Marshal is not without his faults; he is a sage but, still he is a man. With the greatest penetration, the nicest discrimination, and the most profound knowledge of human nature, he sometimes suffers himself to be deceived, and he never recovers from his error. His temper is very singular, and foreign to his general turn of mind. He

seems to forget the people he sees every day, and thinks of them in a moment when they least expect it ; his attentions seem ill-timed ; his presents are dictated by caprice and not by propriety, He gives or sends on the impulse of the moment whatever comes into his head, be the value thereof ever so great, or ever so small, it matters not. A young Genevese, desirous of entering into the Prussian service, made a personal application to him ; his lordship, instead of giving him a letter, gave him a little bag of peas, which he desired him to carry to the king. On receiving this singular recommendation his majesty instantly gave the bearer a commission. These high geniuses have their own private language which the vulgar will never understand. These little *bizarceries*, not unlike the caprice of a beautiful woman, but rendered my Lord Marshal still more interesting to me. I felt very sure—and of this I had afterwards abundant proofs—that they had not the least influence on his sentiments, nor did it affect the duties prescribed by friendship on serious occasions Yet in his mode of obliging there is the same singularity as in his manners. Of this I will give a single instance touching a very trivial matter. The journey from Motiers to Colombiers being too long for me to perform in one day, I commonly divided it by setting off after dinner and sleeping at Brot, situated at about midway between the two points. The landlord of the house where I stopped, named Sandoz, having a favor of importance to him to solicit at Berlin, begged I would request his Excellency to ask it on his behalf. "Most willingly," said I ; so I took him along with me. Leaving him in the anti-chamber I mentioned the matter to his lordship, who returned me no answer. After passing the whole morning with him, I saw poor Sandoz, as I was crossing the hall to go to dinner, tired to death with waiting. Thinking the Governor had forgotten what I had said to him, I again referred to the matter before we sat down to table ; but still received no answer. I thought this manner of making me feel my importunateness rather severe, and pitying the poor man for having to wait, held my tongue. On my return the next day I was much surprised at the thanks he returned me for the kind reception and the capital dinner he had at his Excellency's who, more-

over, had received his paper. Three weeks afterwards his lordship sent him the rescript he had solicited, dispatched by the minister, and signed by the king ; and this without having said a word either to myself or Sandoz concerning the business, about which I thought he had been unwilling to give himself the least concern.

Most loath I am to leave off speaking of George Keith : with him are connected my last happy recollections. My subsequent life has been but one long series of afflictions and heart-pangs. So sad is the remembrance thereof and so confusedly does it come back that it is impossible for me to observe the least order in my recital : I shall in future be under the necessity of stating my facts at hap-hazard and as they come up.

I was soon relieved from any disquietude as to whether I would be allowed to remain in my present asylum or not, by his Majesty's answer to my Lord Marshal, in whom, as may be supposed, I had found an able advocate. The King not only approved of what he had done, but desired him (for I must out with it) to give me twelve louis. The good old man, rather embarrassed by the commission, and not knowing how to execute it properly, endeavored to soften the insult by transforming the money into provisions, and writing to me that he had received orders to furnish me with wood and coal to begin my little establishment : he moreover added, of his own motion, I guess, that his Majesty would gladly have me a little house after my fancy built, if I would fix upon the ground. This latter offer deeply affected me, and made me forget the beggarliness of the other. Without accepting either, I considered Frederic as my benefactor and protector, and became so sincerely attached to him that, from that moment, I interested myself as much in his glory as I had hitherto thought his successes unjust. On his declaring peace soon after, I expressed my joy by a very tasty illumination : this was a string of garlands with which I decorated the house I inhabited, and on which, it is true, I had the vindictive pride to spend almost as much money as he had wished to give me. The peace ratified, I thought, as he was at the highest pinnacle of military and political fame, he would think of acquiring that of another nature, by reanimating his states, encouraging commerce and agriculture,

creating a new soil, covering it with a new people, maintaining peace among his neighbors, and becoming the arbitrator, after having been the terror of Europe. He could well afford to sheath his sword without danger, certain of not being obliged to draw it again. Perceiving he did not disarm, I was afraid he would profit but little by the advantages he had gained, and be only half great. I ventured to write to him on the subject, and, assuming the familiar tone calculated to please men of his stamp, addressed him in the sacred voice of truth, which so few kings are worthy to hear. The liberty I took was a secret between him and myself. I did not communicate it even to my Lord Marshal, to whom I sent my letter to the King, sealed up. His lordship forwarded my dispatch, without asking what it contained. The King returned me no answer, and on a visit my Lord Marshal shortly after made to Berlin, he simply told him I had given him a devilish scolding. By this I understood my letter had been ill-received, and that the frankness of my zeal had been mistaken for the rusticity of a pedant. At bottom this might possibly have been so : perhaps I did not say what I ought, perhaps I did not say it in the right manner. All I can answer for is the sentiment that induced me to take up my pen.

Shortly after my establishment at Motiers-Travers, having every possible assurance I should be suffered to remain there in peace, I assumed the Armenian dress. This was not the first time I had thought of doing so. I had formerly had the same intention, particularly at Montmorency, where the frequent use of probes often obliging me to keep my chamber, made me more clearly perceive the advantages of a long robe. The convenience of an Armenian tailor, who frequently came to see a relation he had at Montmorency, almost tempted me to determine on adopting this new dress, troubling myself but little about what the world would say of it. However, before I concluded upon the matter, I wished to take the opinion of Madam de Luxembourg, who strongly advised me to follow my inclination. Accordingly I procured me a little Armenia wardrobe ; but the storm raised against me made me postpone making use of it until calmer times, and it was not until some months afterwards that, forced by new attacks of my disorder, I thought I could

properly, and without the least risk, put on my new dress at Motiers, especially after having consulted the pastor of the place, who told me I might wear it even to church without scandal. I then adopted the waistcoat, caffetan, fur bonnet, and girdle ; and after having attended divine service in this dress, I saw no impropriety in going in it to visit my Lord Marshal. His Excellency, on seeing me clothed in this manner, said nothing in the way of compliment but *Salamaliki*; after which nothing more was said upon the subject, and I wore no other dress.

Having quite abandoned literature, my sole thought now was to lead as quiet and pleasant a life as I could. When alone, I have never felt weariness of mind, not even in complete inaction; my imagination, filling up every void, was sufficient to keep up my attention. There is but the idle gab and gossip of the parlor, the company seated opposite each other with nothing to do but keep up an eternal tongue-wagging, I never could stand. When walking or rambling about, it is all very well,—the feet and eyes at least have something to do ; but to sit with folded arms, dawdling away on the state of the weather, or the flight of the flies, or, what is still worse, exchanging compliments, is to me the most horrible of torments. That I might not live like a savage, I took it into my head to learn to make laces. Like the women, I carried my cushion with me when I went to pay a visit, or sat down to work at my door, and chatted with the passers-by. This enabled me the better to support the insanity of chit-chat, as also to pass the time at my neighbors without weariness. Several of these were very amiable, and not devoid of mind. Among others was Isabella d'Ivernois, daughter of the Attorney-General of Neufchâtel, whom I found so estimable as to induce me to form a most intimate friendship with her, from which she derived some advantage, from the useful advice I gave her and the services she received from me on occasions of importance, so that now, a worthy and virtuous mother of a family, she is perhaps indebted to me for her reason, her husband, her life and happiness. On my part, I owe her much sweet consolation, particularly during a sad winter, through the whole of which, when my sufferings were at the worst, she used to come and pass the long evenings with Thérèse and me, and she knew well how to make them

appear very short to us by her agreeable conversation, and our mutual openness of heart. She called me ‘papa,’ and I called her ‘daughter,’ and these names, which we still give each other, will, I hope, continue to be as dear to her as they are to me. That my laces might be good for something, I gave them to my young female friends at their marriage, upon condition of their suckling their children. Isabella’s eldest sister had one upon these terms, and well deserved it by her observance of them ; Isabella herself also received another, which, as far as intention went, she as fully merited; but the happiness of being able to carry out her design was not granted her. When I sent them their laces I wrote each of them a letter, the first of which has gone the round of publicity many times over. The same fame did not attend the second : friendship does not proceed with such celebrity.

Amongst the intimacies I formed in my neighborhood, (and into the detail of which I shall not enter) I ought to note my connection with Colonel Pury, who had a house upon the mountain, where he used to come and pass the summer. I was not anxious to form his acquaintance, as I knew he was very much out of favor at court, and on bad terms with my Lord Marshal, whom he did not visit. However, as he came to see me and was very kind and civil, I felt it incumbent on me to go and see him in my turn ; this was repeated, and we sometimes dined with each other. At his house I became acquainted with M. Du Perou with whom I afterwards formed too intimate a friendship to allow me to pass over his name in silence.

M. Du Perou was an American, son of a commandant of Surinam, whose successor, M. le Chambrier, of Neufchâtel, married his widow. Left a widow a second time, she came with her son to live in the country of her second husband. Du Perou, an only son, very rich, and tenderly beloved by his mother, had been carefully brought up, and his education had profited him. He had acquired quite a deal of superficial knowledge, some taste for the arts, and specially piqued himself on his having cultivated his reason. His Dutch appearance, cold and philosophic, his tawny complexion, and staid and silent disposition, quite favored this opinion. Although young, he was already deaf and gouty. This rendered all his motions deliberate and very grave, and although

he was fond of disputing, he in general spoke but little, as his hearing was bad. I was struck with his exterior, and said to myself, ‘Here is a thinker, a man of wisdom, such a one as any body would be happy to have for a friend.’ To put the finishing touch to my favorable opinion, he frequently addressed me, without paying me the least compliment. He spoke but little to me of myself or my books, and still less of himself ; he was not destitute of ideas, and what he said was always true enough. This balance and equality attracted me. He had neither the elevation of mind nor the discrimination of my Lord Marshal, but he had all his simplicity ; this was still representing him in something. I did not become infatuated with him, but grew attached to him from esteem, and little by little this esteem led to friendship. I quite forgot with him the objection I made to Baron d’Holbach—that he was too rich ; and herein I think I was wrong. I have learned to doubt the possibility of a rich man’s sincerely loving my principles or their author.

For a long time I saw but little of Du Perou, as I did not go to Neufchâtel, and he came but once a year to Colonel Pury’s mountain. Why did I not go to Neufchâtel ? It arose from a piece of puerility I must not pass over in silence.

Although protected by the King of Prussia, and my Lord Marshal, if I escaped persecution in my asylum, I did not escape the murmurs of the public, municipal magistrates and the ministers. After the course France had taken, it would not have been fashionable not to insult me : a people would have been afraid to seem to disapprove of what my persecutors had done by not imitating them. The ‘*Classe*’ of Neufchâtel, that is, the body of ministers of that city, gave the impulse, by endeavoring to move the Council of State against me. This attempt not having succeeded, the ministers addressed themselves to the municipal magistrate, who immediately prohibited my book, treating me on all occasions with but little civility, giving it to be understood and saying even, that had I attempted to take up my residence in the city, I should not have been suffered to do it. They filled their ‘*Mercure*’ with a parcel of rubbish and the most stupid hypocrisy, which, although it made every man of sense laugh, did not fail rousing the people and stirring

them up against me. This, however, did not prevent them from setting forth that I ought to be very grateful for their permitting me to live at Motiers, where they had no authority whatever ; they would willingly have measured me the air by the pint—provided I had paid well for it. They would have it that I was obliged to them for the protection the King granted me in spite of the efforts they incessantly made to deprive me of it. Finally, this dodge not succeeding, after having done me all the injury they could, and defamed me to the utmost of their powers, they made a merit of their impotence, and boasted of their goodness in suffering me to stay in their country. I ought to have laughed in their face for sole reply : I was foolish enough to be vexed at them, and had the weakness to determine not to go to Neufchâtel, a determination I kept up for almost two years, as if it was not doing such wretches too much honor to pay attention to their proceedings, which, good or bad, could not be imputed to them, because they never act but from outside influence. Besides, minds without sense or culture, whose sole objects of esteem are influence, power, and money, are far from imagining even, that some little respect is due to talents, and that it is infamous to outrage and insult them.

A certain Mayor of a village, who for sundry misdemeanors had been deprived of his office, said to the Lieutenant of Val-de-Travers, the husband of my Isabella : *I am told this Rousseau has such wit ; bring him to me till I see if it's true.* Surely the disapprobation of that sort of a chicken ought to have no great effect on its object.

After the treatment I had received at Paris, Geneva, Berne, and even at Neufchâtel, I expected no favor from the pastor of this place. I had, however, been recommended to him by Madam Boy de La Tour, and he had given me a good reception ; but in that country where every new comer is indiscriminately flattered, civilities signify but little. However, after my solemn union with the Reformed Church, and living in a Protestant country, I could not, without failing in my engagements, as well as in the duty of a citizen, neglect the public profession of the religion I had embraced. I therefore attended divine service. On the other hand, I feared, if I went to the holy table, receiving the affront of a refusal ; and it was in no wise probable, that, after the

tumult excited at Geneva by the council, and at Neufchâtel by the ‘Classe’ he would freely administer the sacrament to me in his church. The season of communion, then, being at hand, I wrote to M. de Montmollin (the name of the minister), performing a free-will act, and declaring that my whole heart was still with the Protestant Church. At the same time, in order to avoid all disputing upon articles of faith, I told him I would have no sectarian interpretations of points of doctrine. After taking these steps, I made myself easy, not doubting but M. de Montmollin would refuse to admit me without the preliminary discussion, whereof I would have none, and so the whole business would be wound up without any fault of mine. I was mistaken: when I least expected any thing of the kind, M. de Montmollin came to declare to me, not only that he would admit me to the communion on my own terms, but that he and the elders would esteem themselves highly honored in having me as one of their flock. I never in my whole life felt greater surprise, or received more consolation from anything. To live ever isolated and alone on the earth appeared to me a melancholy lot, especially in adversity. In the midst of so many proscriptions and persecutions, I found a serene consolation in being able to say to myself, I am at least amongst my brethren; and I went to the communion with heart-felt emotion, my eyes suffused with tears of tenderness, which were perhaps the most pleasing preparation to him to whose table I was drawing near.

Some time afterwards his Lordship sent me a letter from Madam de Boufflers, transmitted, at least so I surmise, through d'Alembert, who was acquainted with my Lord Marshal. In this letter, the first that lady had written to me since my departure from Montmorency, she rebuked me severely for having written to M. de Montmollin, and especially for having partaken of the communion. I the less understood what she was driving at, as, since my journey to Geneva, I had constantly and openly declared myself a Protestant, and had gone publicly to the Hotel de Hollande, without anybody's thinking anything of it. It appeared to me diverting enough, that Madam de Boufflers should wish to direct my conscience in matters of religion. However, as I had no doubt of the purity of her intentions, (though what these were I knew not) I was not offended by this singular sally,

and I answered her without anger, stating my reasons for the course I had pursued.

Calumnies in print were, however, still industriously circulated, and their benign authors reproached the different powers with treating me too mildly. There was something ominous and terrific in this universal and united baying and barking, the motors meanwhile acting concealedly. For my part I let them go ahead without bothering myself about the matter. I was told that the Sorbonne had issued a censure ; but would not believe it. What could the Sorbonne have to do in the matter ? Did they wish assurance that I was not a Catholic ? Everybody already knew I was not. Were they desirous of proving I was not a good Calvinist ? What mattered it then ? It was taking a very singular care on themselves and becoming the substitutes of our ministers. Before I saw this production, I thought it had been published in the name of the Sorbonne, by way of making a fool of that body ; I thought so still more when I had read it. When at length, however, there was no doubting its authenticity, all I could do was charitably to believe that Sorbonne would have been better located in Bedlam.

(1763.) There was another publication that affected me much more deeply, as it came from a man for whom I had always felt esteem, and whose constancy I admired, though I pitied his blindness. I referred to the mandate (*mandement*) the Archbishop of Paris issued against me. I thought it behoved me to reply. This I felt I could do without derogating from my dignity : the case was something similar to that of the King of Poland. I have always detested your brutal, Voltairish, disputes. I never can combat but with dignity, and before I deign to defend myself, I must be certain that the aggressor will not dishonor my retort. I had no doubt but this mandate was fabricated by the Jesuits, and although they were at that time in distress, it betrayed their old maxim ever to crush the wretched. Accordingly I esteemed myself at liberty to follow my old principle : to honor the titulary author, meanwhile coming down on the work itself with the thunders of Jove ; and this I think I did up pretty well.

I found living at Motiers very agreeable ; and, to

determine me to end my days there nothing was wanting but a certainty of the means of subsistence. Living, though, is rather dear thereabouts, and all my old projects had been dissipated to the winds by the breaking up of my household, the establishment of a new one the sale or squandering of my furniture, and the expenses incurred since my departure from Montmorency. The little capital I had left was wearing fast down. Two or three years would suffice to consume the remainder without my having any means of renewing it, except by again engaging in literary pursuits —a pernicious profession which I had already abandoned.

Persuaded that things would shortly change touching me, and that the public, recovered from its frenzy, would make the Powers blush at their conduct, all my endeavors were directed to prolonging my resources, until this happy consummation should be brought about, thus leaving me at greater liberty to choose from amongst the roads opened to me the way that might suit me best. To this effect, I resumed my “Musical Dictionary,” which ten years labor had so far advanced as to leave nothing wanting to it but the last corrections. My books, which I had lately received, enabled me to finish this work ; my papers, sent me at the same time, furnished me with the means of beginning my *Memoirs*, to which I was determined for the future to give my whole attention. I began by transcribing the letters into a collection, so as to guide my memory by a series of facts and dates. I had already finished sorting and selecting those I intended keeping for this purpose, and the series went through ten years uninterruptedly. However, in preparing them for copying, I detected a break that surprised me. This was for almost six months, from October 1756, to March following. I distinctly recollect having put into my selection a number of letters from Diderot, De Leyre, Madam d’Epinay, Madam de Chenonceaux, etc., which filled up the work : these it was that were missing. What had become of them ? Had any person touched my papers during the few months they had remained in the Hotel de Luxembourg ? This was not conceivable, and I had seen M. de Luxembourg take the key of the chamber in which I had deposited them himself. As various letters from different ladies, and all those from Diderot, were without

date, and I had been under the necessity of dating them from memory, and pretty much by guess, so as to arrange them in order, I at first thought I might have made a mistake in the dating, so I again looked over all of them that were dateless or which I had dated, to see if I could not find those that would fill up the void. This experiment did not succeed. I saw that the void was indeed real; that the letters had indeed been carried off. By whom and why? It passed my powers to tell. These letters, written prior to my famous quarrels, and during the time of my first enthusiasm over the Héloïse, could interest nobody. At the most, they but contained certain bickerings of Diderot's and jeerings of De Leyre's, together with assurances of friendship from Madam de Chenonceaux, and even Madam d'Epinay, with whom I was then upon the best of terms. To whom were these letters of consequence? To what use were they to be put? It was not until seven years afterwards that I suspected the frightful object of the theft.

This deficit being no longer doubtful, I looked over my rough drafts to see whether or not it was the only one. I found several, which, considering the poorness of my memory, made me suppose there might be others in the multitude of my papers. Those I remarked were the rough draft of the *Morale Sensitive*, and the extract from the *Adventures of Lord Edward*. The last, I confess, made me suspect Madam de Luxembourg. It was La Roche, her valet de chambre, that had sent me the papers, and I could think of nobody in the world but he that cared anything about this fragment; but what did the other concern her any more than the rest of the letters missing—documents of which it was impossible, even with evil intentions, to make any use that could harm me, unless they were falsified? As for the Marshal, with whose real friendship for me and invariable integrity, I was perfectly acquainted, I never could suspect him for a moment. I cannot even fasten the suspicion on the Marchioness. The most reasonable supposition, after long tormenting my mind in endeavoring to discover the author of the theft, was to impute it to d'Alembert, who having picked up an acquaintance with Madam de Luxembourg, might have found means to rummage through these papers, and carry off such manuscripts and letters as he might have

thought proper, either for the purpose of endeavoring to get me into a scrape, or to appropriate those he should find useful to his own private purposes. I imagined that, deceived by the title of *Sensational Morality*, he might have supposed it to be the plan of a regular treatise on materialism ; and if it had, imagine what a use he might have made of it ! Certain that he would soon be undeceived by reading the sketch, and having made up my mind to leave literature for ever, I bothered myself very little about these larcenies, which were not the first by the same hand* that I had suffered without complaining. Before long, I thought no more of this piece of infidelity than if nothing had happened, and began to collect the materials I had left for the purpose of working at my projected *Confessions*.

I had long thought the company of ministers, or at least the citizens and burgesses of Geneva, would remonstrate against the infraction of the edict in the decree made against me. Every thing remained quiet, at least to all outward appearance ; for a general discontent prevailed which but awaited an opportunity openly to manifest itself. My friends, or persons calling themselves such, wrote me letter after letter, exhorting me to come and put myself at their head, assuring me of public reparation from the Council. The fear of the disturbance and troubles my presence might cause prevented me from acquiescing in their desires ; and, faithful to the oath I had formerly made, never to take the least part in any civil dissension in my country, I chose rather to let the offence remain, and banish myself for ever from the country than to return to it by means violent and dangerous. True, I expected the burgesses would make legal and peaceful remonstrances against an infraction that concerned them deeply. But, no. They who had them under their sway sought less the real redress of grievances, than an opportunity to render themselves necessary. They

* I had found, in his *Elements of Music*, taken from what I had written on the subject in the *Encyclopædia*, and which got into his hands several years before the publication of his Elements. I know not what part he may have had in a book entitled a *Dictionary of the Fine Arts*—but I found whole articles stolen verbatim from my works, and that long before the very things themselves were published by me in the *Encyclopædia*.

caballed but were silent, and let the crew of gossips and hypocrites, or so-called such, howl away, the Council meanwhile edging them on to render me more odious in the eyes of the populace, and palm off their set-to for zeal in the cause of religion.

After having during a whole year vainly expected that some one would remonstrate against so illegal a proceeding, I made up my mind ; and, seeing myself abandoned by my fellow-citizens, I determined to renounce my ungrateful country, in which I never had lived, from which I had neither received inheritance nor services, and by which, in return for the honor I had endeavored to do it, I saw myself so unworthily treated by unanimous consent; since they, who should have spoken, had remained silent. Accordingly I wrote the First Syndic for that year—M. Favre, if I remember right—a letter, wherein I solemnly abdicated my right of citizenship, carefully observing in it, however, that decency and moderation, from which I have never departed in the acts of haughtiness which the cruelty of my enemies have frequently forced from me amid my misfortunes.

This step opened the eyes of the citizens : feeling they had neglected their own interests in abandoning my defence, they took my part when it was too late. They had grievances of their own which they joined to mine, and made these the subject of several well-reasoned representations, which they strengthened and extended in proportion as the hard and discouraging refusals of the Council, which felt itself supported by the French ministry, made them more clearly perceive the project formed to impose on them a yoke. These altercations produced several pamphlets, which did not amount to anything, until suddenly appeared the *Lettres érites de la Campagne*, a work written in favor of the Council, with infinite art, and by which the remonstrating party, reduced to silence, was crushed for the time being. This production, a lasting monument of the rare talents of its author, came from Attorney General Tronchin, a man of mind and culture, well-versed in the laws and government of the Republic. *Siluit terra.*

(1764) The remonstrators, recovered from their first overthrow, undertook a reply, and in time got off tolerably well. But they all looked to me as the only person capa-

ble of entering the lists with a like adversary with the hope of success. I confess I was of their opinion ; and, excited by former fellow-citizens, who put it to me as my duty to aid them with my pen, as I had been the cause of their embarrassment, I undertook to refute the *Lettres écrites de la Campagne*, and parodied the title of them in that of *Lettres écrites de la Montagne*, which I gave to mine. I wrote this answer so secretly, that, at a meeting I had at Thonon with the chiefs of the malcontents, to talk of their affairs, on their showing me a sketch of their answer, I said not a word of mine, which was even then quite ready, fearing obstacles might arise relative to the publication of it, should the magistrate or my enemies hear of what I had done. Spite of all I could do, though, the work was known in France before the publication ; but government chose rather to let it appear, than to suffer me to guess at the means by which my secret had been discovered. Concerning this, I will state what I know, which does not amount to much : what I have conjectured shall remain with myself.

I received at Motiers almost as many visits as at the Hermitage or at Montmorency ; but these, for the most part, were of a very different kind. They who had formerly come to see me were people, who, having affinities of taste, talents, and principles with me, alleged them as the causes of their visits, and introduced subjects on which I could converse. At Motiers, the case was different, especially with the visitors who came from France. These for the main consisted of officers or other persons who had no taste for literature, most of whom had not even read my works, although, according to their own accounts, they had traveled thirty, forty, sixty, or a hundred leagues to see me, and admire the ‘illustrious man,’ the ‘celebrated,’ the ‘very celebrated,’ the ‘great man,’ etc. For, from the time of my settling at Motiers, I received the most impudent flattery —an article from which the esteem of those with whom I associated, had formerly sheltered me. As but few of my new visitors deigned to tell me who or what they were, and as they had neither read nor seen my works, nor had their researches and mine been directed to the same objects, I knew not what to speak to them upon : I waited for what they had to say, seeing it was for them to know and tell me

the purpose of their visit. As you may readily imagine, this did not render our conversation very interesting to me, whatever it might have been to them, according to the information they might wish to acquire ; for as I was without suspicion, I unreservedly answered every question they thought proper to ask me, and they commonly left as well informed as myself of all the particulars of my situation.

I was, for example, visited in this manner by M. de Feins, Equerry to the Queen, and captain of cavalry in the Queen's regiment, who had the patience to pass several days at Môtiers, and even follow me on foot to La Ferrière, leading his horse by the bridle, without having with me any common ground, except that we both knew Mlle. Fel, and that we both played at cup-and-ball. Previous to this, I had received another visit of a much more extraordinary kind. Two men arrive on foot, each leading a mule loaded with his little baggage, put up at the inn, taking care of their mules themselves and ask where I lived. By the trim of these muleteers the folks took them for smugglers, and the news that smugglers had come to see me instantly spread like wild-fire. Their simple manner of addressing me soon showed me they were persons of quite another description ; still, though not smugglers, they might be adventurers, and this doubt kept me for some time on my guard. They soon removed my apprehensions. One was M. de Moutauban, who had the title of Count de La Tourdu-Pin, a gentleman from Dauphiné ; the other M. Dastier, from Carpentras, an old officer, who had put his cross of St. Louis in his pocket, as he could not display it. These gentlemen, both of them very amiable, were men of sense ; their conversation was agreeable and interesting, and their manner of traveling, so much to my own taste, and so little to the liking of French gentlemen, in some measure gained them my attachment, which intercourse with them served to improve. Our acquaintance did not end with the visit ; it is still kept up, and they have since been several times to see me ; not on foot—that was very well for the first time ; but the more I have seen of these gentlemen, the less affinity have I found between their taste and mine, the less have I found our principles agreeing, that my writings were familiar to them, or that there was any real sympathy between

them and myself. What, then, did they want with me ? Why came they to see me in such a trim ? Why remain several days ? Why repeat their visit ? Why were they so desirous of having me for their host ? I did not at the time propose to myself these questions. I have sometimes thought of them since.

Won by their advances, my heart abandoned itself without any further reasoning, especially to M. Dastier, with whose open countenance I was more particularly pleased. I even corresponded with him, and when I determined to print the *Letters from the Mountain*, I thought of addressing myself to him, to deceive those who were lying in wait for my packet on its way to Holland. He had spoken to me a good deal, and perhaps purposely, about the liberty of the press at Avignon ; he offered me his services, should I have any thing to print there : I took advantage of the offer, and sent him successively by the post my first sheets. After having kept these for some time, he sent them back to me, writing me that no bookseller dared undertake them ; and I was obliged to have recourse to Rey, taking care to send my *cahiers* one after the other, and not to part with the others until I had advice of the reception of the first. Before the work was published, I found it had been seen in the bureaux of the ministers, and D'Eseherny of Neufchâtel, spoke to me of a book by the '*Man of the Mountain*' (*l'Homme de la Montagne*), which Holbach had told him was by me. I assured him, as was but true, that I never had written any such book. When the letters appeared he became furious, and accused me of falsehood, although I had told him nothing but the truth. Thus it was I got at it that my manuscript had been read. As I could not doubt of the fidelity of Rey, I was forced to conjecture in another direction, and the supposition I was most fain to rest with was that my packets had been opened at the post-office.

Another acquaintance I made much about the same time, but which was begun by letter, was that with M. Laliaud of Nimes, who wrote to me from Paris, begging I would send him my portrait in profile which, as he said, he wanted for my bust in marble, which Le Moine was making for him, to be placed in his library. If this was a hoax, got up to bamboozle me, it succeeded most fully. I imagin-

ed that a man who wished to have a marble bust of me in his library, had his head full of my works, consequently of my principles, and that he loved me because he felt a soul-sympathy with me. It was extremely natural this idea should seduce me. I subsequently saw M. Laliaud. I found him very ready to render me all sorts of trifling services, and concern himself in my little affairs. But, I have my doubts if any of my books was within the very limited range of literature whereto he had confined himself. I do not know that he has a library, or that such a thing would be of any use to him ; and as for the bust, it simply amounted to a wretched plaster-cast, by Le Moine, from which he had a hideous portrait engraved that bears my name, and circulates around, just as though it was the least like me !

The only Frenchman who seemed to come to see me through love of my sentiments and my works, was a young officer of the regiment of Limousin, named Séquier de St. Brisson, who made a figure and perhaps still does in Paris, and in society by his pleasing talents and his pretensions to wit. He had come once to Montmorency, the winter which preceeded my catastrophe. I was pleased with his depth of feeling. He afterwards wrote to me at Motiers ; and whether he wanted to play off his pranks on me, or that his head was really turned with the *Emile*, he informed me he was about to quit the service to live independently, and had begun to learn the trade of a carpenter. He had an elder brother, a captain in the same regiment, who was the pet of the mother. The mother, who was an outrageous devotee, under the sway of I know not what ‘ Abbé Tartuffe, did not treat the youngest son over well, accusing him of irreligion, and what was still worse, of the unpardonable crime of being connected with me. These were the grievances on account of which he was determined to break with his mother, and adopt the manner of life of which I have just spoken ; all to play the ‘ *petit Emile*.’

Alarmed at this upshot, I immediately wrote to him, endeavoring to make him change his resolution, and my exhortations were as strong as I could make them. They had their effect. He returned to his duty to his mother, and took back the resignation he had given the Colonel,

who had been prudent enough to make no use of it, so that the young man might have time to reflect upon what he had done. St. Brisson, cured of these follies, was guilty of another less alarming, but, to me, not less disagreeable : he turned author. He published two or three pamphlets in succession, which announced a man not devoid of talents, but touching which I have not to reproach myself with having encouraged him by my praises to pursue this career.

Some time afterwards he came to see me, and we made together a pilgrimage to the ile de St. Pierre. During this journey I found him different from what I had seen him at Montmorency. There was a certain affectation in his manner, that did not at first much disgust me, but which has come to my mind a good many times since. He came to see me once more at the Hotel de St. Simon, as I was passing through Paris on my way to England. I learned what he had not told me, that he moved in high society, and often visited Madam de Luxembourg. Whilst at Trie, I never heard from him, nor did he so much as send me a message through his relative, Mlle. Séguier, a neighbor of mine, and who never seemed very favorably disposed towards me. In a word, the infatuation of M. de Brisson ended all of a sudden, like the connection of M. de Feins : but the latter owed me nothing, whereas the former did ; unless it was that the follies I prevented him from committing were a mere piece of foolery, which might very possibly have been the case.

I had also visits, more or less, from Geneva. The Deines, father and son, successively chose me for their attendant in sickness. The father was taken ill on the road, the son was already sick when he left Geneva ; they both came to my house to recruit. Ministers, relations, hypocrites, and persons of every description came from Geneva and Switzerland, not like those from France, to fool and admire me, but to rebuke and catechise me. The only person amongst them that gave me pleasure was Moultou, who came and passed three or four days with me, and whom I would fain have retained much longer. The most persevering of all, the most obstinate, and who conquered me by sheer importunity, was a M. d'Ivernois, a mer-

chant of Geneva, a French refugee, and a relation of the Attorney-General of Neufchâtel. This M. d'Ivernois came from Geneva to Motiers twice a year on purpose to see me, remained with me several days together from morning to night, accompanied me in my walks, brought me a thousand little presents, insinuated himself in spite of me into my confidence and intermeddled in all my affairs, without there being between him and myself the least similarity of ideas, inclination, sentiment, or knowledge. I doubt if he ever in his life read a book of any kind through, or that he even knows what mine treat of. When I began to herborise, he followed me in my botanical rambles, without taste for that amusement, or having anything to say to me, or I to him. He had the patience to pass three days along with me in a public house at Goumoins, whence, by dint of wearying him, and making him feel how much he bored me, I was in hopes of driving him off. I could not, however, shake his incredible perseverance, nor by any means discover the motive of it.

Amongst these connections, made and continued by force, I must not omit the only acquaintance that was agreeable to me, and in whom my heart was really interested : this was a young Hungarian, who came to live at Neufchâtel, and thence to Motiers, a few months after I had taken up my residence there. The people of the country called him Baron de Sauttern, by which name he had been recommended from Zurich. He was tall and well made, had an agreeable countenance, and mild and social qualities. He told everybody, and gave me also to understand, that he came to Neufchâtel for no other purpose than that of forming his youth to virtue, through intercourse with me. His physiognomy, manner, and behavior, seemed to bear out what he said ; and I should have thought I failed in one of the greatest of duties, had I turned my back upon a young man in whom I perceived nothing but what was amiable, and who sought my acquaintance from so worthy a motive. My heart knows not how to bestow itself by halves. He soon acquired all my friendship and all my confidence, and we were presently inseparable. He accompanied me in all my walks, and became fond of them. I took him to my Lord Marshal, who received him with the utmost kindness. As

he was yet unable to express himself in French, he spoke and wrote to me in Latin, I answered in French, and this mingling of the two languages did not make our conversations either less flowing or less lively in all respects. He spoke of his family, his affairs, his adventures, and of the court of Vienna, with the domestic details of which he seemed well acquainted. In fine, during two years which we passed in the greatest intimacy, I found in him a mildness of character proof against every thing, manners not only polite but elegant, great neatness of person, an extreme decency in his conversation, in a word, all the marks of a man born and educated a gentleman, and which rendered him, in my eyes, too estimable not to make him dear to me.

At the height of my intimacy with him, d'Ivernois wrote me from Geneva, putting me upon my guard against the young Hungarian who had taken up his residence in my neighborhood ; telling me he had been assured he was a spy, whom the French ministry had appointed to watch my proceedings. This information was of a nature to alarm me the more, as every body advised me to be on my guard, that I was watched, and that the object was to entice me into French territory for the purpose of betraying me.

To shut up these foolish advisers once for all, I proposed a trip to Pontarlier to Sauttern, without giving him the least intimation of the information I had received. To this he consented. On our reaching Pontarlier, I put the letter from d'Ivernois into his hands, and after giving him an ardent embrace, I said : "Sauttern has no need of a proof of my confidence in him, but it is necessary I should prove to the public that I know in whom to place it." This embrace was very delicious ; it was one of those pleasures my persecutors can neither feel themselves, nor take away from the oppressed.

I will never believe Sauttern was a spy, nor that he betrayed me ; but I was deceived in him. When I opened to him my heart without reserve, he constantly kept his own shut and abused me by lies. He invented I know not what kind of story, to prove to me that his presence was necessary in his own country. I exhorted him to return to it as soon as possible. He set off, and when I thought he was in

Hungary, I learned he was at Strasbourg. This was not the first time he had been there. He had caused some disorder in a family in that city ; and the husband knowing I received him in my house, wrote to me. I used every effort to bring the young woman back to the paths of virtue, and Sauttern to his duty. When I thought they were perfectly detached from each other, they renewed their acquaintance, and the husband had the complaisance to receive the young man at his house ; from that moment I had nothing more to say. I found the pretended Baron had imposed upon me by piles of lies. His name was not Sauttern, but Sauttersheim. With respect to the title of Baron, given him in Switzerland, I could not reproach him with this, as he had never taken it ; but I have not a doubt of his being a gentleman ; and my Lord Marshal, who was a keen judge of men, and had been in Hungary, always considered and treated him as such.

No sooner had he left, than the servant lass at the tavern where he stayed at Motiers declared herself with child by him. She was so ugly a slut, and Sauttern, who was held in high esteem and consideration throughout the country from his purity of manners and winning ways, piqued himself so much on cleanliness, that every one was shocked at this piece of shameful impudence. The most amiable women of the country, who lavished all their witchery on him in vain, were furious ; while I too was beside myself with indignation. I used every effort to get the tongue of this impudent woman stopped, offering to pay all expenses and become security for Sauttersheim. I wrote him, in the fullest persuasion not only that he had had nothing to do with this grossesse, but that it was feigned, and the whole thing but a game our enemies were trying to come over him. I desired him to return, and confound the strumpet and those who had instigated her. The pusillanimity of his answer surprised me. He wrote to the minister of the parish to which the slut belonged, and tried to hush up the matter. Seeing this, I concerned myself no more about it ; but I was hugely surprised that a man that could stoop so low should have been master enough of himself to hide from me his true character even in the closest intimacy.

From Strasbourg, Sauttersheim went to Paris to seek his fortune—a search in which he was anything but success-

ful : he sank into the depths of poverty. He wrote to me confessing his *peccavi*. The recollection of our old friendship awoke my sympathy, so I sent him some money. The year following, while on my way through Paris, I saw him in much the same situation, only he had got to be a great friend of M. de Laliaud : how he came to form his acquaintance, and whether it was recent or of long standing, I could never ascertain. Two years afterwards, Sauttersheim returned to Strasbourg, whence he wrote me, and where he died. Such is the story in brief of our connections, and what I know of his adventures. While deplored the fate of the unhappy young man, I shall always believe he was of good birth, and that all his sins were simply the effect of the circumstances amid which he was cast.

Such were the acquisitions I made at Motiers in the way of connections and acquaintances. And what troops of them would I have had to have made to compensate for the terrible losses I was, at this same period, to undergo !

My first bereavement was in the death of M. de Luxembourg, who, after having for a long while been tormented by the doctors, fell at length their victim. They would not acknowledge he had the gout, but persisted in treating him for this, his real disease, as for a disorder they could cure.

If what La Roche, Madam la Maréchale's confidential man, wrote me on the subject may be relied upon, his fate furnishes a most bitter and memorable example of how pitiable are the miseries of state, and all the vain pomp and glory of the world.

The loss of this most excellent nobleman afflicted me all the more keenly, as he was the only real friend I had in France; and such was the mildness of his disposition as to make me quite forget his rank, and I felt drawn to him as though he had been an equal. Our intercourse was not broken off by my departure, for he continued to write me as usual. I thought I perceived, though, that my absence or misfortune had a little cooled his affection for me. It is very hard for a courtier to preserve the same attachment for a person whom he knows to be in disgrace with the Powers. I suspected, too, that the great ascendancy Madam de Luxembourg had over his mind had been unfavorable to me, and that she had taken advantage of our separation to injure

me in his esteem. For her own part, spite of certain affected demonstrations—becoming ever fewer and farther between—she took daily less care to conceal her change of friendship. She wrote to me to Switzerland four or five times, and then broke off altogether ; and it certainly must have required all my predilection and blind confidence to prevent me from perceiving that she felt more than a ‘ coolness’ towards me.

Guy, Duchesne’s partner in the publishing business, who had been quite a frequenter of the Hotel de Luxembourg since my departure, wrote me that I was in the Marshal’s will. This was perfectly natural and believable, so I had no doubt but it was so. This led me to deliberate how I should act with reference to the legacy. All things considered, I resolved to accept it, whatever it might be, and do honor to the memory of a most honest man, who had felt a true friendship for me, in a rank that feeling very seldom penetrates. This, however, was not required of me. I heard no more of the legacy, true or false ; and in truth I should have felt loath to violate one of my fundamental rules of conduct by profiting in any way by the death of any one that was dear to me. During the last illness of our friend Mussard, Lenieps proposed to me to take advantage of the grateful sense he expressed of our cares, to hint at his remembering us in his will. ‘ Ah ! my dear Lenieps,’ said I, ‘ let us not pollute by ideas of self-interest the sad but sacred duties we are discharging towards our dying friend. I hope my name will never be in anybody’s will, and at least that it never will be in my friends.’ It was about this same time that my Lord Marshal spoke to me of his, and what he intended to do in it for me, as also when I made him the reply I have spoken of in Part First.

My second loss, still more affecting and far more irreparable, was that of the best of women and mothers, who already weighed down with years and o’erburdened with infirmities and misery, quitted this vale of tears and passed to the abode of the blessed, where we enjoy the eternal reward of the delightful remembrance of the good we have done here below. ‘ Go, kind, gentle soul, go and dwell for ever amid the Fénelons, the Bernex, the Catinats, and those who, in humbler stations, have, like them, opened their

hearts to true charity ; go and enjoy the fruit of your good deeds, and prepare for your son the place he hopes one day to occupy by your side ! Happy amid your misfortunes that heaven, in putting an end thereto, has spared you the heart-rending spectacle of his woes ! Fearful of saddening her heart by the story of my disasters, I had not written to her since my arrival in Switzerland. I wrote, however, to M. de Conzié, inquiring after her, and it was from him I learned that she had ceased solacing the suffering, and ceased to suffer herself. Soon shall I, too, be at rest; but did I think I should not meet her in the next world, my weak imagination would conceive somewhat had been taken from the perfect happiness I promise myself there.

My third loss—and it was my last, as after that I had no friends left to lose—was in the departure of my Lord Marshal. He did not die, but, weary of serving a set of ungrateful wretches, he left Neufchâtel, and I have never seen him since. He is still alive, and will, I hope, survive me ; he lives, and thanks to him, all my attachments on earth are not destroyed. There is still one man left that is worthy of my friendship ; for its real value consists more in what one feels than in what one inspires : but I have lost the pleasure I enjoyed in his, and can only rank him in the number of those I love, but with whom I am no longer connected. He went to England to receive the King's pardon, and buy back his confiscated property. We did not separate without purposing a reunion—an idea that seemed to give him as much pléasure as it did myself. His intention was to settle on his estate of Keith-Hall, near Aberdeen, where I was to go and live along with him; but the project was too agreeable for me to hope that it would ever be carried out. He did not remain in Scotland. The tender solicitation of the King of Prussia induced him to return to Berlin, and the reason of my not going there and joining him will presently appear.

Before his departure, foreseeing the storm they were beginning to raise around me, he of his own accord sent me letters of naturalization, apparently a sure means of preventing my being driven out of the country. The Community of Couvet, in Val-de-Travers, imitated the Governor's example, and gave me letters of '*communion*' (*communier*),

gratis, as were the first. Having thus become in every respect a citizen of the country, I was sheltered from all legal expulsion, even on the part of the prince : but it has never been by legitimate means that my enemies have persecuted the man who of all men has most strictly observed the laws.

I know not as it is my duty to count the death of the Abbé de Mably among the list of my losses at this time. Having lived in his brother's house, I had been in a way connected with him, but never very intimately ; and I have some reason to believe that his feelings towards me had changed since I have acquired a greater celebrity than himself. It was on the publication of the 'Letters from the Mountain', however, that I had the first proof of his ill will. A letter was handed round in Geneva addressed to Madam Saladin, which was attributed to him, and wherein he spoke of this work as the seditious clamors of a furious demagogue. The esteem I felt for the Abbé de Mably and the high opinion in which I held his culture would not for a moment permit me to believe that this extravagant letter was by him. I pursued the course in the matter that my frankness inspired me with. I sent him a copy of the letter, advertising him that it was attributed to his pen. He made me no reply. This silence astonished me : but judge of my surprise, when Madam de Chenonceaux informed me that the letter was really by the Abbé, and that mine had hugely embarrassed him. For even supposing for a moment that what he stated was true, how could he justify so open an attack, wantonly made, without obligation or necessity, for the sole purpose of overwhelming, amid his greatest misfortunes, a man to whom he had shown himself a well-wisher, and who had done nothing that could excite his enmity ? Shortly afterwards appeared the 'Dialogues of Phocion,' which I regard as nothing but a most open and bare-faced compilation from my writings. I felt, in reading this book, that the author had made up his mind as to *me*, and that I must henceforth number him among my bitterest enemies. I suspect he has never forgiven me the 'Social Contract'—a work quite above his ability, nor yet the 'Perpetual Peace ;' and I am of opinion that he had seemed desirous for me to make an abstract from the Abbé de

Saint-Pierre only on the supposition that I would not acquit myself so well of the task.

The farther I advance in my story, the less order and sequence I find I can put into it. The agitation of the subsequent years of my life has not allowed the multitude of events time to arrange themselves in my head. They are too numerous, too mixed up and to disagreeable to be narrated without confusion. The only powerful impression they have left on my mind is the horrible mystery that shrouds their cause, and the deplorable pass to which they have reduced me. My course can henceforth proceed only at a venture, and according as ideas may occur to me. I recollect that about the time to which I refer, full of the idea of my ‘Confessions,’ I very imprudently spoke of them to every body, never imagining it could be the wish or interest, much less within the power of any one whatever to throw an obstacle in the way of this undertaking ; and even had I suspected such a thing, this would not have rendered me a whit more discreet, from the total impossibility which from temperament, I find in concealing aught I think or feel. This undertaking was, as far as I can judge, the true cause of the storm they raised around me, so as to drive me from Switzerland, and deliver me into hands that would prevent me from executing it.

I had another project in contemplation, that was not looked on with a much more favorable eye by those who feared the first : namely the getting out of an edition of my complete works. Such an edition appeared to me called for, so as to attest which, out of the books that bore my name, were really by me, and furnish the public the means of distinguishing them from the writings falsely attributed to me by my friends (!) so as to bring me into dishonor and contempt. Besides, this edition would be a simple and honorable means of insuring me a livelihood. And indeed, this was the sole means I had left as I had given up the profession of authorship, as my memoirs could not appear during my life time, and as I was not gaining a cent in any other way : so, having always to be at expense for our support, I saw that my resources would come to an end when the produce of my works should give out. This reason had induced me to sell my ‘Musical Dictionary,’

still in a crude state. It had brought me a hundred louis in cash and an income of a hundred crowns a year; but how long was a hundred louis to last when I spent more than sixty a year; and a hundred crowns per annum were like nothing for a man that was beset by a host of suckers and beggars that came down on me like a swarm of mosquitoes

A company of jobbers from Neufchâtel came to undertake this general edition and a printer or publisher from Lyons, called Reguillat, thrust himself, by what means I know not, among them to direct the work. The agreement was made on reasonable terms, affording me sufficient to carry out my plan. I had with my printed works and other pieces still in manuscript, enough to make six quarto volumes; I agreed, besides, to watch over the getting out of the edition: in consideration for this they were to give me a life annuity of six hundred livres of France, and a present of a thousand crowns down.

(1765). The treaty was concluded, though not yet signed, when the 'Letters from the Mountain' appeared. The tremendous explosion that arose against this infernal work and its abominable author scared the company, and the enterprise vanished into smoke. I would compare the effect of this last work to that of the 'Letter on French Music,' had not that letter while it drew down on me the bitterest hatred and exposed me to imminent peril, left me at least consideration and esteem. But, after this last work, it was a matter of astonishment at Geneva and Versailles that such a monster as myself should be allowed to live. The 'Lower Council' (*petit conseil*), stirred up by the French Resident and directed by the Attorney-General, issued a decree touching my work, wherein it was declared, with the most atrocious qualifications, unworthy of being burned by the hands of the hangman, adding, with a craft approaching the burlesque, that it would be impossible for any one to reply to it or even make the least mention thereof, without dishonoring himself. I should like to give this curious piece here; but unfortunately I have not it, and I do not remember a single word of its contents. I ardently desire that some one of my readers, animated by the zeal for truth and equity, will go over the whole of the 'Letters from the Mountain'; he will, I venture to

say, appreciate the stoical moderation that reigns throughout the work, after the keen and cruel outrages wherewith my enemies had, to their hearts' content, been overwhelming me. Unable, however, to reply to the abuse because there was none, nor to the reasons because they were unanswerable, they shirked into the dodge of seeming too wrathy to reply; and it is true enough that if they took invincible argument for abuse, they must have held themselves dreadfully abused indeed !

The remonstrating party, far from making any complaint against this odious declaration, followed the route it tracked out for them ; and, in place of glorying in the ‘Letters from the Mountain,’ which they veiled to make a buckler out of them, they were base enough neither to render honor nor justice to the work, though written on purpose to defend them and at their own solicitation, nor yet to quote nor mention it, though they very coolly drew all their arguments therefrom, and though the exactitude with which they followed the advice with which the work concludes was the sole cause of their safety and triumph. They had imposed this duty on me : I had fulfilled it, and had served their cause and country to the end. I begged of them to abandon me and think of nothing but themselves in their quarrels. They took me at my word, and I concerned myself no more about their affairs, further than constantly to exhort them to peace, not doubting, should they continue to be obstinate, of their being crushed by France. This, however, did not happen ; why, I know, but this is not the place to tell it.

The effect produced at Neufchâtel by the ‘Letters from the Mountain’ was at first very slight. I sent a copy to M. de Montmollin, who received it favorably, and read it through without making any objection to it. Just then, he was ill like myself ; as soon as he recovered, he came in a friendly manner to see me, but made no allusion to the matter. The storm was rising however ; the book was burned I know not where. From Geneva, from Berne, from Versailles, perhaps, the excitement quickly spread to Neufchâtel, and especially to Val-de-Travers, where, before even the ministers had taken any apparent steps, an attempt was secretly made to stir up the people. It ought, I made bold

to declare, to have been beloved by the people of that country, as I have always been wherever I lived : I gave alms in abundance, not leaving about me an indigent person without assistance, never refusing to do anybody any service that was in my power, and was consistent with justice, making myself perhaps too familiar with everybody, and avoiding, as far as I possibly could, all distinction that might excite jealousy. All this, however, did not prevent the populace, secretly stirred up against me, by I know not whom, from becoming by degrees excited against me to very fury, nor from publicly insulting me, not only in the country and upon the road, but in the street. Those whom I had done most for became the most violent and spiteful ; and even people who still continued to receive my benefactions, not daring to take any hand themselves, excited others, and seemed to wish thus to take revenge for the humiliation of being obliged to me. Montmollin seemed to pay no attention to what was going on, and as yet took no hand. But as the communion season approached, he came to advise me not to present myself at the holy table, assuring me, however, that he wished me no harm, and that he would leave me undisturbed. I thought this compliment whimsical enough ; it brought to my recollection Madam de Boufflers' letter, and I could not for the life of me conceive whom in the world my communing or non-communing could affect so mightily. Esteeming that this condescension would be a piece of cowardice on my part, and being unwilling, besides, to give the people a new pretence for raising the cry of impiety, I refused the request of the minister point blank ; and he went away very much dissatisfied, giving me to understand that I should repent it.

He could not of his own authority forbid me the communion ; it needed that of the Presbytery that had admitted me ; and as long as they had made no objection I might present myself without fear of being refused. Montmollin procured a warrant from the 'Classe' to summon me before the Presbytery, there to give an account of the articles of my faith, and to excommunicate me should I refuse to comply. This excommunication, too, could only be pronounced with the consent of a majority of the votes of the Presbytery. But the peasants who, under the appellation of 'Elders,'

compose this assembly, presided over, and, as you may well suppose, governed by their minister, would not be very likely to differ in opinion from him, especially on theological matters, which they understood still less than he did. Accordingly, I was cited, and I resolved to appear.

What a happy circumstance, what a triumph for me, had I been able to speak, and had I, so to speak, had my pen in my mouth ! With what superiority, with what facility should I have overthrown that poor minister in the midst of his six peasants ! The thirst after power having made the Protestant clergy forget all the principles of the reformation, all I had to do to bring the matter home to them, and reduce them to silence, was to comment upon the first of my ‘Letters from the Mountain,’ upon which they had the folly to animadvert. My text was at hand, I had but to enlarge on it, and my adversary was confounded. I should not have been weak enough to have remained on the defensive ; it would have been easy for me to have become an assailant without his ever perceiving it, or being able to shelter himself from my attack. The contemptible set of priests that composed the ‘Classe,’ as dull-witted as ignorant, had of themselves placed me in the most favorable position I could have desired to crush them at pleasure. But what mattered this ? Should not I be compelled to speak, and speak off hand, finding ideas, turns of expression, and words on the spur of the moment, to preserve my presence of mind, keeping perfectly cool and collected, and never allowing myself to be put out for a moment ? What hope was there for me, feeling, as I did, my utter want of ability to express myself impromptu ? I had been reduced to the most mortifying silence at Geneva, before an assembly that was favorable to me, and previously resolved to approve of everything I should say. Here it was quite the contrary ; I should have to do with a caviler who, substituting cunning for knowledge, would spread a hundred snares for me before I could perceive one of them, and was resolutely bent on tripping me up, let the consequence be what it might. The more I examined the situation in which I would be placed, the more perilous did it seem to me ; at the same time, feeling the impossibility of getting out of it successfully, I thought of another expedient. I meditated

a discourse which I intended pronouncing before the Presbytery, taking exception to its proceedings, and ridding myself of the necessity of replying. The thing was very easy. I wrote the discourse, and set to learning it by heart with inconceivable ardor. Thérèse laughed at hearing me muttering away at the same phrase over and over again, endeavoring to cram them into my head. I hoped at length that I had my speech firm and fast. I knew that the Châtelain would, as an officer attached to the service of the prince, be present at the Presbytery, and that spite of the manœuvres and the bottles of Montmollin, most of the elders were well disposed towards me. In my favor, moreover, I had reason, truth and justice, with the protection of the King, the authority of the Council of State, and the good wishes of every real patriot, to whom the establishment of this inquisition was menacing. In fine, every thing went to encourage me.

On the eve of the day appointed, I had my discourse by rote, and went through it without missing a word. I kept going over it all night in my head: in the morning I had forgotten it! I hesitated at every word, thought myself before the illustrious assembly, became confused, stammered, and lost my presence of mind. In fine, when the time to make my appearance was almost at hand, I wrote to the Presbytery, hastily stating my reasons, and, as an excuse, pleading my disorder, which really, in the state to which apprehension had reduced me, would scarcely have permitted me to stay out the whole sitting.

The minister, embarrassed by my letter, adjourned the matter to another meeting. In the interim, he put forth his utmost efforts both directly and through his creatures to seduce those of the elders who, following the details of their consciences, rather than the instructions they received from him, did not vote according to his wishes or those of the 'Classe.' Whatever power his cellar-arguments may have had over this sort of people, he could not gain over any of them, more than two or three who were already under his sway, and who were called his 'Lost Souls' (*Ames damnées*). The officer of the prince, and Colonel Pury, who acted with great zeal in this affair, kept the rest to their duty; and when Montmollin was minded to proceed to excommunication, his Presbytery by a majority of votes, flatly refused to author-



ize him. Thus reduced to the last resort—stirring up the people against me, he with his colleagues and others openly set about it, and so successful were they that notwithstanding the strong and frequent mandates of the King, and the orders of the Council of State, I was at length obliged to quit the country, so as not to expose the officer of the King, to be himself assassinated while protecting me.

The recollection I have of the whole of this affair is so confused that it is impossible for me to put any sort of order or sequence into the ideas thereof that recur to my mind, so that I shall be under the necessity of stating matters isolately and confusedly, as I recall them. I remember a kind of negotiation had been entered into with the ‘Classe,’ in which Montmollin was the mediator. He feigned it was feared my writings would disturb the peace of the country ; and if so, it would of course be imputed to my liberty of writing. He had given me to understand that if I would consent to lay aside my pen, the past would be forgotten. This engagement I had already entered into with myself, and I did not hesitate doing it with the ‘Classe,’ though conditionally, and solely in matters of religion. He contrived to get two copies of the agreement under pretence of some change necessary to be made in it. The condition having been rejected by the ‘Classe,’ I demanded back the writing : he returned me one copy but kept the duplicate, pretending it was lost. After this, the people, openly set on by the ministers, laughed at the King’s mandates and the orders of the Council of State, and shook off all restraint. I was made the subject of pulpit-eloquence, called Antichrist, and pursued in the country like a mad dog. My Armenian dress discovered me to the populace : of this I felt the terrible inconvenience, but to quit it in such circumstances would, it seemed to me, be an act of cowardice. I could not prevail upon myself to do it, and I quietly took my walks in the country with my casletan and fur bonnet amid the hootings of the dregs of the people, and sometimes through a shower of stones. Several times, as I passed before houses, I heard the inmates call out : ‘Bring me my gun that I may shoot him.’ As this did not make me hasten my pace in the least, my calmness increased their fury, but they never went farther than threats, at least with respect to fire-arms.

During all this excitement, there were two very great pleasures I had, and to which I was very sensible. The first was my having it in my power to perform an act of gratitude by means of the Lord Marshal. The respectable part of the inhabitants of Neufchâtel, full of indignation at the treatment I received, and the quirks and conspiracies whereof I was the victim, held the ministers in execration, clearly perceiving they were under out-side influence, and the vile sycophants of people, who, making them act, kept themselves concealed ; they were moreover afraid my case would have dangerous consequences, and be made a precedent for the establishment of a regular inquisition. The magistrates and especially M. Meuron, who had succeeded M. d'Ivernois in the office of Attorney-General, made every effort to defend me. Colonel Pury, although merely a private individual, did more, and succeeded better. It was the Colonel who found means to make Montmollin bite the dust in the Presbytery, by keeping the ‘Elders’ to their duty. He had influence, and employed it to stop the sedition ; but he had nothing more than the authority of the laws, and the aid of justice and reason, to oppose to the persuasions of money and wine. The combat was unequal, and in this point Montmollin was triumphant. However, thankful for his zeal and solicitude, I wished I had it in my power to make him a return of good offices, and in some measure repay him for the obligations I was under to him. I knew he was very desirous of being appointed Counsellor of State ; but having displeased the court by his conduct in the matter of the minister Petitpierre, he was in disgrace with the prince and governor. However, I risked writing to my Lord Marshal in his favor : I went so far as even to mention the post he desired, and my application was so well received, that, contrary to the expectations of his most ardent well-wishers, the honor was almost instantly conferred upon him by the King. Thus was it that fate, which has ever set me at the same time too high or too low, continued to toss me from one extreme to the other ; and whilst the populace covered me with mud, I had the making of one of their Counsellors of State.

The other pleasing circumstance was a visit I received from Madam de Verdelin and her daughter, with whom she had been to the baths of Bourbone, whence they came to

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Motiers and staid with me two or three days. By her attention and cares, she at length conquered my long repugnance ; and my heart, won by her eudearing manner, made her a return of all the friendship of which she had so long given me proofs. This journey made me extremely sensible of her kindness ; my situation rendered the consolations of friendship highly necessary to enable me to bear up under my sufferings. I was afraid she would be too much affected by the insults I received from the populace, and could have wished to conceal them from her, that her feelings might not be hurt ; but this was impossible ; and although her presence was some check upon the insolent populace in our walks, she saw enough of their brutality to judge of what passed when I was alone. It was, by the way, during her stay with me that I began to be attacked at night in my own house. One morning her chamber maid found my window blocked up with stones, which had been thrown at it during the night. A very massive bench, placed in the street, by the side of the house, and strongly fastened down, was taken up and set on end against the door in such a manner that, had it not been perceived from the window, it would have knocked down the first person that opened the door to go out. Madam de Verdelin was acquainted with everything that passed ; for besides what she herself was witness to, her confidential servant made himself extensively acquainted throughout the village, spoke to everybody, and was seen in conversation with Montmollin. She did not, however, seem to pay the least attention to what happened to me, made no mention of Montmollin or any other person, and made very little answer to what I said to her of him at various times, seeming persuaded, only, that a residence in England would be more agreeable to me than anywhere else, she frequently spoke to me of Mr. Hume who was then in Paris, of his friendship for me, and the desire he had of being of service to me in his own country. It is time I should say something of Mr. Hume.

He had acquired a great reputation in France amongst the Encyclopædists by his Essays on Commerce and Politics, and latterly by his History of the House of Stuart, the only one of his writings of which I had read a part (in the

translation by the Abbé Prévot). For want of being acquainted with his other works, I was persuaded, from what I heard of him, that Mr. Hume joined a very republican mind to the English paradoxes in favor of luxury. In this thought, I considered this whole apology for Charles I. as a prodigy of impartiality, and I had as high an idea of his virtue as of his genius. The desire of becoming acquainted with this great man, and of obtaining his friendship, had greatly strengthened the inclination I felt to go to England, induced by the solicitations of Madam de Boufflers, Hume's intimate friend. After my arrival in Switzerland, I received from him, through this lady, an extremely flattering letter, in which to the highest encomiums on my genius, he subjoined a pressing invitation for me to go to England, and the offer of all his interest and that of his friends to make my residence there agreeable. On the spot was my Lord Marshal, the countryman and friend of Mr. Hume, who confirmed my good opinion of him, and from whom, I learned a literary anecdote that had quite struck him, as it also did me. Wallace, who had written against Hume touching the population of the ancients, was absent whilst his work was going through the press. Hume undertook to read the proofs and supervise the getting out of the work. This way of doing things was like me. I had made out and sold for six pence a piece copies of a song written against myself. Thus I was strongly prepossessed in Hume's favor when Madam de Verdelin came and mentioned the lively friendship he felt for me and his anxiety to do me the honors of England, for so she phrased it. She pressed me a good deal to take advantage of this zeal, and write to Mr. Hume. As I had naturally no liking for England, and did not intend going there but as a last shift, I refused to write or make any promise, but I left her at liberty to do whatever she might think necessary to keep Mr. Hume favorably disposed towards me. When she left Motiers, she left me in the persuasion, by everything she had said to me of that 'illustrious man,' that he was my friend, and she herself still more his.

After her departure Montmollin carried on his plots with more vigor, and the populace threw off all restraint. However, I still continued quietly to take my walks amid

the hootings of the vulgar ; and a taste for Botany which I had begun to contract while with Dr. d'Ivernois giving my rambles a new interest, I went herborizing through the country unaffected by the clamors of the rabble, whose fury but grew hotter at seeing me so calm and cool. What affected me most was to see the families of my friends, * or persons who called themselves such, openly joining the league of my persecutors ; such as the d'Ivernois, without even excepting the father and brother of my Isabelle, Boy de la Tour, a relation of the friend in whose house I lodged, and Madam Girardier, her sister-in-law. This Pierre Boy was such a stupid lout and acted so brutally that not to get angry at him, I allowed myself to ridicule him ; and I wrote a pamphlet of a few pages after the manuer of the 'Petit Prophète,' entitled 'The Vision of Peter of the Mountain yclept the Seer'—(*la Vision de Pierre de la Montagne dit le Voyant*), in which I found means to be diverting enough over the miracles which then served as a main pretext for my persecution. Du Peyron had this scrap printed at Geneva, but its success in the country was but moderate ; the Neufchâtelese, with all their wit, having but little appreciation of attic salt, or even pleasantry, when it is a little subtle.

I was somewhat more careful with another production of the same period, the manuscript of which will be found among my papers, and the subject whereof I must mention in this connection.

In the height of the decree-and-persecution-mania the Genevese had specially distinguished themselves by setting up a hue and cry with all their might ; and my friend Vernes, among others, with generosity truly theologic, chose

* This fatality had begun with my sojourn at Yverdun ; for Banneret Roguin having died a year or two after my departure from that place, old 'Papa Roguin' had the honesty to inform me, with grief, that they had found among his relative's papers proofs that he had a hand in the plots for my expulsion from Yverdun and the State of Berne. 'Tis very clearly proved, that the plot was no 'bigots' affair', as they had tried to make it out, seeing that Banneret Roguin, so far from being a devotee, pushed materialism and skepticism to very intolerance and fanaticism. Besides, no body at Yverdun had been so taken with me, or so lavished caresses, praise and flattery on me, as that same Banneret Roguin. He faithfully followed the cherished plan of my persecutors.

precisely that moment to publish certain letters against me, wherein he pretended to prove I was not a Christian. These letters, written in a tone of self-sufficiency that did not improve them much, were as wretched as could well be imagined, albeit Bonnet the Naturalist was positively said to have had a hand in them ; for this same Bonnet, though a Materialist, has a dodge of becoming most intolerably orthodox the moment I am in question. There certainly was nothing in this work to tempt me to answer it ; but an opportunity was afforded me to say a few words on it in my 'Letters from the Mountain.' I inserted therein a brief note expressive enough of disdain to render Vernes furious. He filled Geneva with his cries of rage, and d'Ivernois wrote me that he was quite beside himself. Sometime afterwards, appeared an anonymous sheet which seemed to be writ, not in ink, but in water from Phlegethon. In this letter I was accused of having exposed my children in the street, of training a soldier's trull around with me, of being used up with debauchery, pocked with the bad disorder, and other fine things of a like nature. It was not hard for me to see who was at the bottom of the matter. My first idea on reading this libel was to estimate at its real value everything the world calls fame and reputation : seeing a man who was never in a bad-house in his life, and whose greatest failing was his being as timid and shy as a virgin treated as a frequenter of places of that description, and finding myself charged with being pocked with the bad disorder, I who not only never had the least taint of anything of the sort, but was, in the opinion of medical men, so conformed as to make it all but impossible for me to contract it. Everything considered, I thought I could not better refute this libel than by having it printed in the city where I had lived the longest ; and with this intention I sent it to Duchesne to have it printed just as it was, with an advertisement wherein I named M. Vernes as the author, accompanied by a few short notes by way of elucidation. Not satisfied with merely printing it, I sent copies to various persons, and amongst others one to Prince Louis of Wirtemberg, who had made me polite advances, and with whom I was then in correspondence. The Prince, Du Peyrou, and others seemed to have their doubts about the author of the libel, and blamed me

for having named Vernes upon so slight a foundation. Their remarks raised some scruples within me, and I wrote to Duchesne to suppress the sheet. Guy wrote me that he had done so. Whether he really did, I know not : he lied to me on so many occasions, that it would be no great wonder if he deceived me in this instance, too ; and from the time I refer to, so enveloped have I been amid profoundest darkness, over during and even increasing, that it has been impossible for me to see aught with any degree of clearness.

M. Vernes bore the imputation with a moderation more than astonishing in a man who was supposed not to have deserved it, and after the fury he had shown on former occasions. He wrote me two or three letters, clothed in very guarded terms, with a view, as it appeared to me, to endeavor by my answers to discover how far I was certain of his being the author of the sheet, and whether or no I had any proofs against him. I wrote him two short answers, severe in sense, but politely phrased, and at which he took no offence. To his third letter, perceiving he wished to get into a sort of correspondence with me, I returned no answer, and he got the rest out of me through d'Ivernois. Madam Cramer wrote Du Peyrou, telling him she was certain the libel was not by Vernes. All this, however, did not make me change my opinion ; but, as there was a possibility of my being deceived—in which case I owed Vernes an explicit reparation—I sent him word by d'Ivernois that I would make him such a one as he thought proper, provided he would name me the real author, or at least prove that he himself was not so. I went farther : feeling that, after all, were he not culpable, I had no right to call on him for proofs of any kind, I stated in a memorial of some considerable length, the reasons that had led me to my conclusion, and I determined to submit them to the judgment of an arbitrator, to whom Vernes could take no exception. You would not divine the arbitrator I chose : the Council of Geneva. I declared at the end of the memorial that if, after having examined it, and made such inquiries as should seem necessary (a matter easily within their power), the Council pronounced M. Vernes not to be the author of the libel, I should from that moment be fully persuaded that he was not, and would immediately go and throw myself at his feet and ask his pardon until I had

obtained ... I can say with the utmost truth that never did my ardent zeal for equity, the uprightness and generosity of my heart and my confidence in the love of justice in-born in every mind, manifest itself more fully or more palpably than in this wise and touching memorial, wherein I unhesitatingly took my most implacable enemies for arbitrators between a calumniator and myself. I read Du Peyrou what I had written : he advised me to suppress it, and I did so. He counseled me to wait for the proofs Vernes promised ; I did so, and I am waiting still. He thought it best I should keep silent meanwhile ; I held my tongue, and shall do so the rest of my life, censured as I am for having brought a grave imputation against Vernes, an imputation false and unsupported by proof ; albeit I am still persuaded, nay, as convinced as I am of my own existence, that he was the author of the libel.* My memorial is in Du Peyrou's hands. Should it ever be published, my reasons will be found therein, and the heart of Jean Jacques, which my cotemporaries *would* not know, will, I trust, come to its own.

I have now to proceed to the catastrophe that befel me at Motiers, and my departure from Val-de-Travers, after a residence of two years and a half ; and after having with the most unshaken constancy, put up for eight months with the most shameful treatment. It is impossible for me distinctly to recollect the details of this disagreeable period ; but the particulars will be found in the account Du Peyrou published on the matter, of which I shall hereafter have occasion to speak.

After the departure of Madam de Verdelin, the storm kept brewing apace, and, notwithstanding the reiterated mandates of the King, the frequent orders of the Council of State and the influence of the Chatelin and magistrates of the place, the people, in good earnest considering me as Antichrist, and perceiving all their clamors to be of no effect, seemed at length determined to proceed to violence ; stones were already thrown after me in the roads, though I was still at too great a distance to receive any harm from them. At last, during the night of the Motiers Fair—early in September—I was attacked in my dwelling in such a manner as to endanger the lives of everybody in the house.

* Rousseau was mistaken : Vernes had nothing to do with the libel : Voltaire was the author of it. Tr.

At midnight, I heard a great noise in the gallery which ran along the back part of the house. A shower of stones thrown against the window of the door that opened on the gallery, fell into it with so much violence, that my dog, that usually slept there, and had begun to bark, ceased from fright, and ran into a corner gnawing and scratching the plank, endeavoring to make his escape. I immediately rose, and was preparing to go from my chamber into the kitchen, when a stone thrown by a vigorous arm crossed the latter, after breaking through the window, forced open the door of my chamber, and fell at my feet, so that, had I been a moment sooner, I should have got the stone on the pit of my stomach. I judged the noise had been made to bring me to the door, and the stone thrown to meet me as I went out. I ran into the kitchen, where I found Thérèse, who also had risen, and was tremblingly making her way to me as fast as she could. We placed ourselves against a wall, out of the direction of the window to avoid the stones, and deliberated upon what was best to be done ; for to have gone out to call assistance would have been the sure way of getting ourselves knocked on the head. Fortunately the maid-servant of an old man who lodged under me was waked by the noise, and got up and ran to call the Chatelain whose house was next to mine. He jumped from his bed, clapt on his dressing-gown and instantly came to me with the guard, which was going the rounds that night and was just at hand. The Chatelain was so alarmed at the sight of the effects of what had happened that he turned pale, and on seeing the stones with which the gallery was filled exclaimed, ‘Good God ! here is a quarry !’ On examining below stairs, the door of the little yard was found to be forced and there was appearance of an attempt having been made to get into the house by the gallery. On inquiring the reason why the guard had neither prevented nor perceived the disturbance, it came out that the Motiers guards had insisted upon doing duty that night, although it was the turn of those of another village. The next day the Chatelain sent a report of the proceedings to the Council of State, and two days afterwards they issued orders to inquire into the matter, promising a reward and secrecy to those who would impeach the

guilty, and, meantime, ordering guards to be placed at the king's expense about my house and that of the Chatelain, which joined it. The day after the disturbance, Colonel Pury, Attorney-General Meuron, the Chatelain Martinet, the Receiver Guyenet, the Treasurer d'Ivernois, and his father—in a word, every person of consequence in the country, came to see me, and united their solicitations to persuade me to yield to the storm, and leave, at least for a time, a place in which I could no longer live in safety nor with honor. I perceived that even the Chatelain was frightened at the fury of the people, and, apprehending it might extend to himself, would be glad to see me depart as soon as possible, that he might no longer have the trouble of protecting me and be able to quit the parish himself, which he did after my departure. Accordingly I yielded to his solicitations, and this with but little pain: for the hatred of the people so lascerated my heart that I was no longer able to support it.

I had a choice of places to retire to. After Madam de Verdelin returned to Paris, she had, in several letters, mentioned a Mr. Walpole, whom she called 'My Lord,' who having a strong desire to serve me, proposed to me an asylum on one of his estates, touching the situation of which she gave me the most agreeable description; entering relative to lodging and subsistence into details that showed how minutely the said Lord Walpole and she had arranged matters. My Lord Marshal had always advised me to go to England or Scotland, and offered me an asylum on his estates. But he offered me another at Potsdam, near his person, that tempted me more than all the rest. He had just communicated to me a proposition the king had made touching me—a sort of invitation to go and live there; and the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha depended so much on my coming that she wrote me, desiring I would go and see her on my way to the court of Prussia, and stay some time before proceeding any farther; but I was so attached to Switzerland, that I could not bring myself to quit it as long as there was any possibility of my staying within its bounds, and I seized this opportunity to execute a project I had formed several months before, but which I have deferred speaking of, that I might not interrupt the thread of my narrative.



The Isle Saint-Pierre, called at Neuchatel the Isle de la Motte.
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This project consisted in going and taking up my residence in the île Saint-Pierre, in the domain of the Hospital of Berne, in the middle of the lake of Bienne. In a pedestrian pilgrimage I had made the year before along with Du Peyrou, we had visited this isle, with which I was so much delighted that I had ever since been thinking of how I could bring it about to make it my residence. The main obstacle arose from the fact that the isle was vested in the people of Berne, who three years before had driven me from amongst them; and besides the mortification of returning to live with people who had given me so unfavorable a reception, I had reason to fear they would no more leave me in peace on the island, than they had done at Yverdun. I had consulted my Lord Marshal on the matter, who, thinking as I did, that the Bernese would be glad to see me banished to the island, and keep me there as a hostage for the works I might be tempted to write, had sounded them as to the matter through M. Sturler, his old neighbor at Colombier. M. Sturler addressed himself to the Chiefs of the State, and in accordance with their answer, assured the Marshal that the Bernese, sorry for their past behavior, wished no better than to see me settled in the île Saint-Pierre, and leave me there at peace. As an additional precaution, before I determined to reside there, I desired Colonel Chaillet to make new inquiries. He confirmed what I had already heard, and the Receiver of the island having obtained permission from his superiors to provide me with lodgings, I thought I might without danger go to his house, with the tacit consent of the sovereign and the proprietors; for I could not expect that their Highnesses of Berne would openly acknowledge the injustice they had done me, and thus act contrary to the inviolable maxim of all sovereigns.

The île Saint-Pierre, called at Neufchâtel the île La Motte, in the middle of the lake of Bienne, is about half a league in circumference; but within this little space are found all the chief productions necessary to one's subsistence. The island has fields, meadows, orchards, woods and vineyards, and the whole, favored by the variegated and mountainous character of the land, forms a distribution all the more agreeable as the parts, not disclosing themselves all at once, heighten each others' attractions, and make the islet seem

larger than it really is. A very elevated terrace* forms the western part of it, and commands a view of Gleresse and Neuveville. This terrace is planted with trees, which form a long alley, intersected in the middle by a large *salon*, wherein during the vintage, the people from the neighboring shores assemble to dance and make merry. There is but one house on the whole island, but that is very spacious and convenient, inhabited by the Receiver, and situated in a hollow that shelters it from the winds.

Five or six hundred paces to the south of the isle Saint-Pierre is another islet, considerably smaller than the first, wild and uncultivated, which appears to have been broken off from the larger isles by storms. Its gravelly soil produces nothing but willows and water-cresses, though there is a high hillock on it covered with greensward that makes it very pleasant. The form of the lake is an almost regular oval. The banks, though less rich than those of Geneva and Neufchâtel, form a beautiful decoration, especially towards the western part, which is well peopled, and fringed with vineyards at the foot of a chain of mountains, something like those of Côte-Rôtie ; though it does not yield such excellent wine. In a line from south to north, to the extremity of the lake, lie the 'Bailiwick' of Saint John, Neuveville, Bienné, and Nidau, the whole dotted over with most agreeable little villages.

Such was the asylum I had prepared for myself, and to which I determined to retire after quitting Val-de-Travers.† This choice suited my pacific disposition and my lonely and lazy humor so well that I count it as one of the most delicious day-dreams I ever indulged. It seemed to me, as though I would, on this island, be more completely separated from mankind, safer from their outrages, and sooner forgotten by the world—in a word, more abandoned to the delight-

* It faces the Jura. Tr.

† It may not, perhaps, be useless to observe that I left in the latter place (Val-de-Travers) a private enemy in M. du Terraix, Mayor of *Les Verières*, a chap held in very small esteem in the country, but who has brother, that is said to be a worthy man, in the bureaux of Mde. St. Florintin. The Mayor had gone to see him shortly before my adventure. Little matters of this sort, though nothing in themselves, may yet in the end eventuate in the disclosure of many an underground plot.

ful pleasures of the inaction of a contemplative life. I could have wished to have been confined in it in such a manner as to have had no intercourse with mortals, and I certainly took every measure I could imagine to relieve me from the necessity of troubling my head about them.

The question was, how was I to support myself? for, from the dearness of provisions and the expense of transport, living is expensive on the island; the inhabitants are besides at the mercy of the Receiver. This difficulty was removed by an arrangement Du Peyrou made with me to bring out the edition of my complete works, which the company had undertaken and abandoned. I gave him all the materials necessary, and arranged and distributed them properly. Along with this, I agreed to give him the Mémoirs of my life, and made him the general depositary of all my papers, with the express condition of making no use of them till after my death, having it at heart quietly to end my days without doing anything to again bring me back to the recollection of the public. Thus settled, the life-annuity he agreed to pay me was sufficient to support me. My Lord Marshal, having recovered all his property, had offered me a pension of twelve hundred livres a year, half of which I accepted. He wished to send me the principal, but this I refused, on account of the difficulty of putting it out. He then sent the amount to Du Peyrou, in whose hands it remained, and who pays me the annuity according to the terms agreed upon with his lordship. Adding, therefore, to the amount of my agreement with Du Peyrou, the annuity of the Marshal, two-thirds of which were reversible to Thérèse after my death, and the annuity of three hundred francs from Duchesne, I was assured of a comfortable living for myself and for Thérèse after me, to whom I left seven hundred francs a year from the annuities paid me by Rey and my Lord Marshal, so that I had no longer to fear that she or I would ever lack bread. It was ordained, however, that honor should oblige me to reject all these resources fortune and my labors had placed within my reach, and that I should die as poor as I lived. It will be seen whether or not, without reducing myself to the last degree of infamy, I could have abided by engagements which they always took care to render ignominious, so as, by depriving

me of every other resource, to force me to consent to my own dishonor. How was it possible anybody could doubt of the course I would pursue in such an alternative. They have ever judged my heart by their own.

Easy as to my livelihood, I did not trouble myself about anything else. Though I left the field open to my enemies, there remained in the noble enthusiasm that inspired my writings, and in the constant uniformity of my principles, an evidence of the uprightness of my heart that confirmed the witness my conduct bore of my true nature. I had no need of any other defence against my calumniators. They might describe another man under my name, but it was impossible for them to deceive any one that did not want to be imposed upon. I could have given them my whole life to animadvert upon, with a certainty, notwithstanding all my faults and weaknesses, and my want of aptitude to support the lightest yoke, of their finding in every passage of my life a just and good man, without bitterness, hatred, or jealousy, ready to acknowledge my errors, and still more ready to forget the injuries I received from others ; seeking all my happiness in love, friendship, and affection, and in everything carrying my sincerity even to imprudence and the most incredible disinterestedness.

And so I in some measure took leave of my times and my cotemporaries and bade adieu to the world, with the intention of confining myself for the rest of my days to my lonely isle. Such was my intent; and there it was I counted on carrying out my great project of an indolent (*oiseluse*) life, to the realization of which I had hitherto bent all the little energy wherewith heaven had endowed me. This isle was to be for me the island of Papimania—that happy country where they sleep—

On y fait plus, on n'y fait nulle chose.
(Nay, they do more, they do naught.)

This ‘more’ (*plus*) was everything to me, for I never cared much about sleep ; loafing is enough for me ; and, provided I have nothing to do, I had rather dream waking than asleep. Being beyond the age of romantic projects, and having been more stunned than flattered by the trumpet of fame, my only hope was now to live unrestrainedly and in

constant leisure. This is the life or the blessed in the upper spheres, and I made it my supreme happiness for the remainder of my existence here below.

They who reproach me with so many contradictions will not fail here to add another to the list. I have observed that the indolence of great companies made them insupportable to me, and yet here I am talking of seeking solitude for the purpose of abandoning myself to inaction. This, however, is my disposition ; if there be any contradiction in it, it proceeds from nature, and not from me ; but there is so little, that it is precisely thereby that I am always myself. The indolence of company is burdensome because it is forced. That of solitude is charming because it is free—fancy free. In company I suffer terribly from inaction, because I *must* be inactive. I must sit stock-still glued to my chair, or stand like a post, without stirring hand or foot, not free to run, jump, sing, shout, or gesticulate when I want to—not allowed even to muse—visited at once with all the fatigue of inaction and all the torment of constraint—obliged to pay attention to every stupidity said and every compliment paid, and compelled to keep eternally, cudgeling my brains so as not to fail, when my turn comes, contributing my jest or my lie. And this is called idleness ! Why, it is a task for a galley slave !*

The loafing I love is not the sort indulged in by a lazy lounger who sits with his arms crossed in total inaction, thinking as little as he acts. Mine is at once that of a child in incessant but aimless movement, and that of an old codger that likes to wander off in his story—

“In endless mazes lost.”

I delight in busying myself in the merest trifles—beginning a hundred things and never finishing one—coming or going as the whim takes me—planning something new every moment—following a fly through its fickle and fantastic flight—tipping up a big stone to see what’s under it—rushing with enthusiastic eagerness into a ten years’ task, and throwing it up in ten minutes—musing the live long day—obeying every caprice of the moment, with a behavior light and lawless as snow flakes.

* Good ! Tr.

Botany, such as I have always considered it, and which I was beginning to be passionately fond of in my own way, was just the thing I wanted—a leisure-study to fill up all my spare time nor leave any room for the morbid musings of my imagination or the ennui of complete idleness. Carelessly wandering in the woods or along the country-side, mechanically picking up a flower or branch, taking a bite wherever chance offered, observing the same thing thousands and thousands of times over, and ever with the same interest because I ever forgot them—had not I employment here for all eternity, without a moment's tedium? However elegant, admirable and variegated the structure of plants may be, it does not strike an ignorant eye sufficiently to fix the attention. The constant analogy running through the prodigious variety of conformation affords pleasure only to those who have already some knowledge of the vegetable system. Others at the sight of these treasures of nature feel but a dull and monotonous admiration. They see nothing in detail, because they know not what to look for, nor do they perceive the whole, having no idea of the chain of connection and combination that overwhelms the mind of the observer with wonder. I had arrived at that point of knowledge—and my lack of memory never allowed me to go any beyond it—that I knew little enough to make the whole new to me, and yet everything that was necessary to make me sensible of the beauties of all the parts. The different soils into which the island—little though it was—was divided offered a sufficient variety of plants for my whole life-time's study and amusement. I determined not to leave a blade of grass unanalysed, and I already began getting together an immense collection of observations for the purpose of putting together a *Flora Petrin sularis.**

I sent for Thérèse, who brought along my books and effects. We took board with the Receiver of the island. His wife had three sisters at Nidau, who came to see her, turn about, and who were company for Thérèse. I here made the experiment of the agreeable life which I could have wished to continue to the end of my days, and the pleasure I found in it only served to make me feel to a

Flower-system of the île Saint Pierre. Tr.

greater degree the bitterness of that by which it was shortly to be succeeded.

I have ever been passionately fond of water, and the sight of it throws me into a delightful reverie, although frequently without a determined object. Immediately after I rose from my bed, I never failed, if the weather was fine, running to the terrace and breathing the pure fresh morning air, and skimming my eye along the horizon of the lake, bounded by banks and mountains that enchanted my eyes. I know of no homage more worthy the Divinity than the silent admiration excited by the contemplation of his works—an admiration that finds no outward manifestation. I can easily comprehend the reason why the inhabitants of great cities, who see nothing but walls, streets and crimes, have but little faith ; but not whence it happens that people in the country, and especially such as live in solitude, can possibly be without it. How comes it to pass these do not a hundred times a day raise their minds in ecstacy to the author of the wonders that meet their gaze ? For my own part, it is especially at rising, when wearied by want of sleep, that long habit inclines me to this elevation, which imposes not the fatigue of thinking. But to this effect, my eyes must be struck with the ravishing beauties of nature. In my room I pray less frequently, and not so fervently ; but at the view of a fine landscape I feel myself moved—by what I am unable to tell. I have somewhere read of a wise bishop, who, in a visit to his diocese, found an old woman whose sole prayer consisted in the ejaculation ‘ O ! ’ ‘ Good Mother,’ said he to her, ‘ pray always so ; your prayer is better than ours.’ This ‘ better ’ prayer is mine, too.

After breakfast, I hastened sulkily enough to hurry through a few pitiful letters, ardently longing for the happy moment when I would have no more to write. I busied myself for a few minutes about my books and papers, unpacking or arranging, rather than reading them ; and this arranging, which became a Penelope’s task for me, gave me the pleasure of musing for a while. I then grew weary and threw aside my books to spend the three or four hours that remained to me of the morning in the study of Botany, and especially the Linnæan system, of which I be-

came so passionately fond that, after having felt how useless my attachment to it was, I could not entirely shake it off. This great observer is in my opinion, the only person, with the exception of Ludwig, that has hitherto considered Botany as a Naturalist and a Philosopher ; but he has studied too much out of herbals and gardens and not enough in nature herself. For me, whose garden was always the whole island, the moment I wanted to make or verify an observation, I ran into the woods or meadows with my book under my arm, and stretched myself down on the ground near the plant to examine and study it at my ease as it grew. This method was of great service to me in gaining a knowledge of vegetables in their natural state, before they had been cultivated and changed in their nature by the hand of man. Fagan, First Physician to Louis XIV, who was perfectly familiar with, and made a nomenclature of all the plants in the royal garden, is said to have been so ignorant in the country as not to have known how to tell the same plant. With me it is precisely the opposite: I know something of nature's work but nothing of the gardener's.

As to the afternoons, I devoted them wholly to my loafing, nonchalant humor, lawlessly following the impulse of the moment. When the weather was calm, I often went right after dinner and took a sail alone out in the boat. The Receiver had taught me to row with one oar. I would row out into the middle of the lake. The moment I got clear of the bank, a sudden joy would thrill me, making me almost leap from my seat. The cause of this I am not skilled either to know or tell, unless it came from a secret congratulation on being out of the reach of the wicked. Then I would row about the lake, approaching at times the opposite bank, but never touching it. I often let my boat float at the mercy of wind and wave, abandoning myself to aimless reveries, none the less agreeable from their silliness. Anon with plaintive ecstasy I would exclaim, 'O Nature ! O my Mother ! here I am under no eye but thine ; there is no deceitful, villainous mankind here to come 'twixt thee and me.' In this manner I withdrew half a league from land ; I could have wished the lake had been an ocean. However, to please my poor dog, who was not so fond as myself of such a long stay on the water, I commonly pursued a regular course : I landed at



Meditation in retreat, the study of nature. *Page 399—II.*

the little islet, where I walked an hour or two, or laid me down on the grass on the top of the hill, there to satiate myself with the pleasure of admiring the lake and its environs, examining and dissecting all the plants within my reach, and, like another Robinson Crusoe, building myself an imaginary residence on the island. I became very much attached to this eminence. When I brought Thérèse with the Receiver's wife and her sisters to walk there, how proud was I to be their pilot and guide! We took rabbits with us to stock the little islet: another festival for Jean Jacques! These animals rendered the place still more interesting to me. I afterwards went to it more frequently, and with greater pleasure, to observe the progress of the new inhabitants.

To these amusements I added one which recalled the delightful life I led at Les Charmettes, and to which the season particularly invited me. This was assisting in the rustic labors of gathering roots and fruits, and which Thérèse and I made it a pleasure to share with the wife and family of the Receiver. I remember that a Bernese, one Kirkebergher, having come to see me, found me perched on a huge tree with a sack fastened around my waist, and already so full of apples that I could not stir from the branch on which I stood. I was not sorry to be caught in this and the like ways. I hoped that the people of Berne, seeing how I employed my leisure, would no longer think of disturbing my tranquility, but would leave me to enjoy my solitude in peace. I should have preferred being confined there by their desire: this would have rendered the continuation of my repose more certain.

Here comes another avowal touching which I am sure, to begin with, of incredulity on the part of readers who are obstinately bent on judging me by themselves, notwithstanding that they cannot but have seen in the course of my life a thousand 'motions of my spirit' that bear no resemblance to theirs. But what is still more extraordinary is that people deny me every sentiment, good, bad or indifferent, which they have not, and are constantly ready to attribute to me such bad ones as cannot enter the heart of man: in this case they find it easy to set me in opposition to nature and to make me out such a monster as could not

possibly exist. No absurdity appears to them incredible the moment it has any power to blacken me, and nothing in the least extraordinary seems to them possible if it tends to do me honor.

But, spite of what they may think or say, I shall still continue faithfully to state what Jean Jacques Rousseau was, did and thought, making no attempt to explain or justify the singularity of his sentiments and ideas, or endeavoring to discover whether or not others have thought as he did. I became so delighted with the ile Saint-Pierre, and my residence there was so agreeable to me that, by concentrating all my desires within it, I formed the wish that I might stay there to the end of my life. The visits I had to return in the neighborhood, the journeys I should be under the necessity of making to Neufchâtel, Bienne, Yverdun, and Nidau already fatigued my imagination. A day passed out of the island appeared to me so much happiness lost, and to go beyond the bounds of the lake was to go out of my element. Past experience had besides rendered me apprehensive. The mere satisfaction I received from anything whatever was enough to make me fear its loss, and the ardent desire I had to end my days on the isle, was inseparable from the apprehension of being obliged to leave it. I had contracted a habit of going in the evening and sitting upon the sandy shore, especially when the lake was agitated. I felt a singular pleasure in seeing the waves break at my feet. They became in my mind an emblem of the tumult of the world contrasted with my peaceful home, and this sweet idea sometimes melted me even to tears. The repose I enjoyed with ecstacy, was disturbed by nothing but the dread of being deprived of it; but this disquietude was accompanied by some bitterness. I felt that my situation was so precarious that I dared not depend upon its continuance. 'Ah! how willingly,' said I to myself, 'would I renounce the liberty of quitting this place (a liberty I do not desire) for the assurance of always remaining in it. Instead of being permitted to stay here as a favor, why am I not detained by force? They who suffer me to remain may any moment drive me away, and can I hope my persecutors, seeing me happy, will leave me here, to continue to be so?

Permitting me to live on the isle is but a trifling favor : I could wish to be condemned to do it, and constrained to remain here that I may not be obliged to go elsewhere. I cast an envious eye on happy Micheli Du Crêt, who, quiet in the Château d'Arberg, had only to determine to be happy to be so. In fine, by abandoning myself to these reflections and the alarming apprehensions of new storms ever ready to break over my head, I came with incredible ardor, to desire that instead of merely *suffering* me to reside on the island, the Bernese would give it me for a perpetual prison; and I can assert that, had it depended upon myself to get condemned to this, I would most joyfully have done it, preferring a thousand times the necessity of passing my life there to the danger of being driven to another place.

This fear was ere long dreadfully confirmed. When I least expected what was to happen, I received a letter from the Bailiff of Nidau, within whose jurisdiction was the île Saint-Pierre : in this letter he sent me an order from their Excellencies to quit the île Saint-Pierre and their States. I thought myself in a dream. Nothing could be less natural, rational or expected than such an order : for I had considered my apprehensions rather as the forebodings of a brain made morbid through misfortune than as a true prevision grounded on a sane foundation. The measures I had taken to insure myself the tacit consent of the sovereign, the tranquillity with which I had been left to settle down, the visits of several Bernese, and that of the 'Bailiff' himself, who had loaded me with kindness and attention, and the rigor of the season (when it was barbarous to expel a man that was sickly and infirm) all these circumstances made me and many people believe there was some mistake in the order, and that certain ill-disposed people had purposely chosen the vintage-time and the vacation of the Senate to aim this hasty blow at me.

Had I yielded to the first impulse of indignation, I should immediately have departed. But where was I to go ? What was to become of me at the beginning of the winter, without place in view, without preparation, guide or carriage ? Not to leave my papers and effects to go to complete wreck, time was necessary to arrange matters,

and it was not stated in the order whether or not this would be granted me. The continuance of misfortune was beginning to weigh down my courage. For the first time in my life, I felt my inborn and untamed haughtiness stoop to the yoke of necessity, and notwithstanding the murmurs of my heart, I was obliged to demean myself by asking for a delay. I applied to M. de Graffenried, who had sent me the order, for an explanation of it. His reply, couched in the strongest terms of disapprobation of the steps that had been taken, assured me that it was with the utmost regret he communicated to me the nature of it; and the expressions of grief and esteem it contained seemed so many gentle invitations to open my heart to him. I did so. I had no doubt but my letter would open the eyes of those iniquitous men to their barbarity, and that if so unjust a sentence was not evoked, a reasonable delay at least, perhaps the whole winter, would be granted me to make the necessary preparations for my retreat, and to choose a place of abode.

While waiting an answer, I set to reflecting on my situation, and deliberating on the steps I had to take. I saw myself so begirt with difficulties, grief had taken such hold on me, and my health was at the time so poor, that I was quite overcome, and the effect of this discouragement was to deprive me of any little spirit I might have had to make the best of my sad situation. In what asylum soever I might take refuge, it was evident that it would be impossible for me to escape one or the other of the two means made use of to expel me: One was to stir up the populace by secret manœuvres; the other to drive me away by open force, without giving any reason for so doing. I could not, therefore, depend upon a safe retreat, unless I went in search of it farther than my strength and the season seemed likely to permit. These circumstances again bringing to my recollection the ideas which had lately occurred to me, I desired, and ventured to propose that they would condemn me to perpetual imprisonment rather than oblige me incessantly to wander over the face of the earth, by successively expelling me from every asylum I chose. Two days after my first letter to M. de Graffenried, I wrote him a second, desiring he would communicate the proposition to their Excellencies. The answer of the Powers of Berne to both was an order, couched in

the most formal and severe terms, to quit the island and leave every territory, mediate and immediate of the Republic, within the space of twenty-four hours, and never enter them again under severest penalties.

'Twas an awful moment. I have since then felt greater anguish, but never was I more terribly embarrassed. What afflicted me most was being forced to abandon the project that had made me so desirous of passing the winter on the island. It is now time I should relate the fatal anecdote that completed my disasters, and involved in my ruin an unfortunate people whose rising virtues already gave promise of its one day equaling those of Rome or Sparta. I had spoken of the Corsicans in the 'Social Contract'* as a new people, the only nation in Europe not too worn out for legislation, and expressed the great hope there was of such a people, if fortunate enough to have a wise legislator. My work was read by some of the Corsicans, who were touched at the honorable manner I had spoken of them ; and the necessity under which they found themselves of endeavoring to establish their Republic made their chiefs think of asking me for my ideas on the subject. M. Buttafuoca, captain in the 'Royal Italians' in France, and of one of the first families on the island, wrote to me to that effect, and sent me several papers I had asked of him, to make myself acquainted with the history of the people and the state of the country. M. Paoli also wrote me several times ; and though I felt such an undertaking above my reach, I thought I could not refuse my assistance in so great and beautiful a work, when I should have acquired the necessary information. It was to this effect I answered both these gentlemen, and the correspondence was kept up until my departure.

Precisely at the same time, I learned that France was sending troops to Corsica, and that she had concluded a treaty with the Genoese. This treaty, this envoi of troops made me quite uneasy ; and, without as yet imagining I was concerned at all in the matter, I judged it absurd and out of the question to busy myself at a work that requires such undisturbed tranquillity as the formation of the institutions of a people, at a moment when they were per-

haps on the point of being subjugated. I did not conceal my uneasiness from M. Buttafuoca, who relieved my mind by the assurance that, were there aught in the treaty contrary to the liberties of his country, so good a citizen as himself would not remain, as he did, in the service of France. And indeed, his zeal for the legislation of the Corsicans, and his connection with M. Paoli could leave no doubt in my mind respecting him ; and when I understood that he made frequent journeys to Versailles and Fontainebleu, and was connected with M. de Choiseul, all I concluded was that he had assurances respecting the real intentions of France, which he gave me to understand, but concerning which he did not choose openly to explain himself by letter.

All this reassured me in a measure. And yet, as I could not understand this envoi of French troops—unable rationally to suppose that they were sent for the protection of the liberty of the Corsicans, as *that* they were very able to defend themselves against the Genoese—I could not make myself perfectly easy, nor yet seriously go into the proposed legislation, until solid proofs were forthcoming that the whole affair was not a piece of tomfoolery got up to ‘sell’ me. I much wished for an interview with M. Buttafuoco, as that was certainly the best means of coming at the desired explanation. Of this he gave me hopes, and I awaited him with the utmost impatience. For his part, whether he really intended coming or no, I know not ; but even had he, my disasters would have prevented me from profiting by it.

The more I considered the proposed undertaking, the farther I advanced in the examination of the papers I had in my hands, the greater I found the necessity of studying the people for whom the institutions were intended on the spot—the soil they inhabited, and all the relative circumstances necessary to be taken into consideration so as to appropriate the system to them. I daily perceived more clearly the impossibility of acquiring at a distance all the information necessary to guide me. This I wrote to M. Buttafuoca, and he felt as I did. Although I did not exactly resolve to go to Corsica, I thought a good deal of the means of making this journey. I mentioned it to M. Dastier, who having formerly served in the island under M. Maillebois, was necessarily acquainted with it. He used every effort to dissuade me

from this design, and I confess the frightful description he gave me of the Corsicans and their country considerably abated the desire I had felt to go and live amongst them.

But, when the persecutions at Motiers made me think of quitting Switzerland, this desire was again strengthened by the hope of at length finding among these islanders the repose refused me everywhere else. One thing alone alarmed me : my unfitness and aversion for the active life to which I was going to be condemned. My disposition, admirably fitted for leisurely meditation, was not in the least suited for speaking and acting and treating of affairs with men. Nature, endowing me with the first talent, had denied me the other. Yet I felt that without taking a direct or active part in public affairs, I should as soon as I was in Corsica be under the necessity of yielding to the desires of the people, and of frequently conferring with the chiefs. The very object of the journey required that, in place of seeking retirement, I should endeavor to obtain the information necessary for the execution of my plan in daily converse with the people. It was certain I should no longer be master of my own time, and that, drawn spite of myself into whirlwinds amid which I was not made to live, I should lead a life contrary to my inclination, and never appear but to disadvantage. I foresaw that, ill supporting by my presence the opinion my books might have given of my capacity, I should lose my reputation amongst them, and, as much to their own prejudice as my own, be deprived of the confidence they had in me, without which I could not successfully execute the task they expected of me. I was certain that, by thus going out of my sphere, I should become useless to them, and render myself unhappy.

Tormented, beaten by storms of every kind; tired out by several years journeyings and persecutions, I deeply felt the need of the repose my enemies wantonly gloated in depriving me of, I sighed more than ever over that delightful indolence, that soft quietude of body and mind, that I had so longed after, and to which my heart had confined its supreme felicity after its recovery from the dreams of love and friendship. I viewed the work I was about to begin with terror ; the tumultuous life I was going to enter on made me tremble; and if the grandeur, beauty, and utility of the object animated my courage, the impossibility of conquering so many difficul-

ties entirely deprived me of it. Twenty years' profound meditation in solitude would have been less trying to me than an active life of six months in the midst of men and public affairs, with the certainty of not succeeding in my undertaking.

I thought of an expedient that seemed calculated to remove every obstacle. Hunted and hounded from my every refuge by the under-ground plots of my secret persecutors, and seeing no place except Corsica where I could in my old days hope for the repose I had hitherto been everywhere deprived of, I resolved to go there under the directions of M. Buttafuoco, as soon as this was possible ; but to live there in tranquillity—renouncing, at least in appearance, everything relative to legislation, and so as in some measure to make my hosts a return for their hospitality, confining myself to writing in the country the history of the Corsicans, meanwhile noiselessly acquiring information that would enable me to make myself more useful to them, should an opening present itself. In this manner, by not entering into any engagement, I hoped to be enabled better to meditate, in secret, and more at my ease, a plan which might be useful to their purpose, and this without much breaking in upon my dearly beloved solitude, or submitting to a kind of life I had ever found insupportable.

But the journey was not, in my situation, a thing so easy to get over. According to what M. Dastier had told me of Corsica, I could not expect to find the simplest conveniences of life, except such as I should take with me : linen, clothes, dishes, kitchen utensils, papers, books—all had to be taken with me. To get there myself with my ‘Gouvernante,’ I had the Alps to cross, and all my luggage to drag after me on a journey of two hundred leagues. Then I had to pass through the states of several sovereigns ; and, according to the example set by all Europe, I had naturally to expect, after what had befallen me, to find obstacles in every quarter, and that each Power would think it did itself honor by overwhelming me with some new insult, and violating all the rights of Nature and Nations in my person. The immense expense, fatigue, and risk of such a journey necessitated careful forethought on my part and due weighing of all the difficulty. The idea of being alone at my age and without means, far removed from all my acquaintances, and at the

mercy of that barbarous and ferocious people, such as M Dastier had described them to me, was enough to make me pause before rushing into any such project. I ardently wished for the interview M. Buttafuoca had given me reason to hope for, and I was waiting the result of it to guide me in my determination.

While thus balancing, came on the persecutions at Motiers obliging me to beat a retreat. I was not prepared for a long journey, and especially not prepared for a journey to Corsica. I expected to hear from Buttafuoco ; I took refuge in the ile Saint-Pierre, whence I was driven at the beginning of winter, as already stated. The Alps, covered with snow, render my emigration just then impracticable, especially with the precipitation prescribed me. True, the extravagant severity of a like order rendered the execution of it next to impossible ; for in the midst of my solitude, shut up upon all sides by water, and having but twenty-four hours after receiving the order to prepare for my departure, and find a boat and carriages to get out of the island and the territory,—had I had wings, I could scarce have been able to obey it. This I wrote to the Bailiff of Nidau, in answer to his letter, meanwhile making all haste to get out of that iniquitous country. Thus was I forced to abandon my cherished project ; and, not having in my oppression been able to prevail upon my persecutors to dispose of me, I determined, in consequence of the invitation of my Lord Marshal, upon a journey to Berlin, leaving Thérèse to pass the winter in the ile Saint-Pierre, with my books and effects, and depositing my papers in the hands of Du Peyrou. I used so much diligence that the next morning I left the island, and arrived at Bienne before noon. An incident, which I cannot pass over in silence, had here like to have put an end to my journey.

As soon as the news of my having received orders to quit the island had got abroad, I was overwhelmed with a perfect deluge of visitors from the neighborhood, and especially Bernese, who came with the most detestable double-facedness to flatter and sooth me, protesting that my enemies had seized the moment of the vacation of the senate to obtain and send me the order, at which, said they, the whole ‘Two Hundred’ is indignant. Among the crowd of comforters, came certain ones from the city of Bienne, a small free state,

lying within the domain of Berne, and, among others, a young man named Wildremet, whose family held the chief rank and had the most influence in the little town. Wildremet pressed me so warmly, in the name of his fellow-citizens, to take up my abode among them, assuring me that they were extremely desirous for me to do so; that they would consider it a glory and a duty to make me forget the persecutions I had suffered; that I would have no Bernish influence to fear among *them*; that Bienne was a free city, governed by its own laws, and that the citizens were unanimously determined not to hearken to any instigation unfavorable to me.

Wildremet, seeing he could not move me, brought to his aid several other persons, as well from Bienne and its environs as also from Bienne itself, and, among others, that same Kirkebergher I referred to, who had sought my acquaintance since my retreat to Switzerland, and whose talents and principles interested me in him. But, less expected and more weighty persuasions were those of M. Barthès, Secretary of the French Embassy, who came to see me along with Wildremet, exhorted me to accept his invitation, and surprised me by the deep and tender interest he seemed to take in me. I knew not M. Barthès in the least; I saw, however, in his very speech the warmth and zeal of friendship, and perceived that he really had it at heart to get me to settle down at Bienne. He pronounced the most pompous eulogy on the town and its inhabitants, with whom he seemed so closely connected as to call them several times in my presence his patrons and fathers.

This course of Barthès quite upset all my previous calculations. I had always suspected M. de Choiseul to be the secret instigator of all the persecutions I had experienced in Switzerland. The conduct of the French Resident at Geneva as also the proceedings of the Ambassador at Soleure but too strongly confirmed this suspicion: I saw France secretly exercising its influence on everything that befel me at Berne, Geneva, Neufchâtel, and I knew of no powerful enemy I had in France excepting the Duke de Choiseul. What, then, was I to think of Barthès' visit and

the tender concern he seemed to feel in my fate ? Misfortune had not yet uprooted all my unborn trust, nor had experience yet taught me to detect a Judas' kiss in every caress. With wonder I tried to fathom what this good will of Berthès could mean : I was not fool enough to believe that he acted from his own spontaneous impulse—there was a publicity, an affectation even in his conduct that marked a hidden intent ; and I was very far from ever having found in the set of petty subaltern agents that intrepid generosity that had often set my blood boiling, when in a similar post.*

I had formerly had a slight acquaintance with Chevalier de Beauteville at M. de Luxembourg's. He had shown me some kindness. Since his appointment to the embassy, he had also given me some tokens of remembrance, and even invited me to go and see him at Soleure ; an invitation which, though I did not accept it, quite touched me, not having been accustomed to be treated so civilly by people in office. Accordingly, I presumed that M. de Beauteville, though forced to follow his instructions as regarded the affairs of Geneva, yet pitied my misfortunes and had, by his own private care, prepared this asylum at Bienne for me, there to live peacefully under his protection. I was alive to this attention, though without intending to take any advantage of it ; for, quite determined on my journey to Berlin, I ardently longed for the time to join my Lord Marshal, persuaded that no where but by him should I henceforth find true rest and lasting happiness.

On my departure from the island, Kirkebergher accompanied me as far as Bienne. Here I found Wildrement and various other Bernese, who were waiting for me at the boat-landing. We all dined together at the inn ; and, on my arrival my first care was to procure a chaise, resolved on setting off the next morning. During dinner these gentlemen renewed their solicitations to have me stay amongst them, and that with so much warmth and such tender protestations that, notwithstanding all my resolutions, my heart, never able to withstand kindness, was melted by theirs : as soon as they saw me moved, they so

* His Secretaryship at Venice. Tr.

plied their pressing that I at length gave in, and consented to remain at Bienne, at least till spring.

Forthwith Wildremet set about procuring me lodgings. He succeeded in hunting up a villainous little third story back room, overlooking a court yard, with a delicious prospect of stinking skins that belonged to a chamois-leather dresser. This he vaunted as quite a god-send. My host was an ugly looking bugger and possibly rascalish : the day after I entered his house, I learned he was a debauchee, a gamester and in very bad repute in the neighborhood. He had neither wife, children, nor servants ; and sadly shut up in my solitary chamber my accommodations (!) were such that I would have ere long died of melancholy, though in the midst of one of the most magnificent countries in Europe. What affected me most was that I saw no civility in their manners nor kindness in their looks as I passed through the streets, spite of all they had told me about the eagerness and anxiety of the inhabitants to have me amongst them. I had, however, quite made up my mind to stay when I learned, saw and felt, and that the very day after, that there was a tremendous excitement in the town about me. Several persons hastened obligingly to inform me that I was the day following to receive orders couched in the severest terms, to quit instanter the State—that is, the town. I had nobody in whom I could confide : my inviters had vanished to a man. Wildremet had disappeared, Bérthès I heard no more of, and it did not appear that his recommendation had given me very great favor in the eyes of his ‘patrons and fathers.’ A. M. de Van Travers, a Bernese, who had a handsome house near the city, offered me an asylum with him, however—‘hoping, as he phrased it, ‘that I might there escape being stoued. The advantage was not inviting enough to tempt me to prolong my stay among that hospitable people.

However, having lost three days by this delay, I had already greatly gone beyond the four-and-twenty hours the Bernese had given me to get out of their States, and, knowing their hardness, I was not without apprehensions as to the manner in which they would suffer me to go through their territory, when the ‘Bailiff’ of Nidau

opportunely came along and relieved me from my embarrassment. As he had highly disapproved of the violent proceedings of their Excellencies, he thought, in his generosity, he owed me public proof of his taking no part therein, and did not fear quitting his 'Bailiwick' to come and pay me a visit at Bienne. He came the evening before my departure; and, so far from making the visit incognito, he affected even ceremonial in the matter, coming *in fiocchi* in his carriage with his secretary, and bringing me a passport in his own name, permitting me to cross the State of Berne at my ease and without fear of molestation. The visit touched me more than did the passport. Nor should I have been a whit less sensible of the desert of the act, had the object thereof been any other than myself. I know of nothing so potent over my heart as a well-timed act of courage, in favor of a weak person unjustly oppressed.

At length, after having with difficulty procured a chaise, I next morning left the inhuman country, before the arrival of the delegation with which I was to be honored, and before even seeing Thérèse, whom I had written to come and join me when I thought of remaining at Bienne, and whom I had barely time to countermand by a line, telling her of the new disaster that had befallen me. In Part Third of my Confessions (if ever I have the strength to write it*) the reader will see in what manner, thinking to set off for Berlin, I really left for England, and how the two ladies whose aim it was to have me wholly under their control, after having by their plots driven me from Switzerland, where I was not sufficiently in their power, succeeded in delivering me over into the hands of their friend.†

What follows I added on reading the present work to the Countess d'Egmont, Prince Pignatelli, the Marchioness of Mesmes and the Marquis de Juigné:

I have told the whole truth: if any one has heard aught contrary to what I have just stated, were they a thousand times proven, he has heard lies and impostures; and if he

* He never wrote the Third Part; but his "Reveries of The Solitary Walker" almost supply the omission; and, says he, "should be looked on as an Appendix to The Confessions." It will shortly be published

† Hume Tr.

refuse to aid me in sifting and exposing them whilst I am alive, he is no friend to either Truth or Justice. For my own part, I openly and fearlessly declare, that whosoever can, even though he have not read my writings, but simply from the examination for himself of my disposition, character, manners, likings, pleasures and habits, pronounced me aught other than an honest man, is himself fit for the gibbet.

So ended I the reading, and the whole company were silent. Madam d'Egmont was the only person that seemed to me moved: She visibly stared, but soon she resumed her composure and remained silent like the rest. **Such was the fruit of my reading and my declaration.**



Georges, much fatigued by his
long, melancholy self-
contradiction in principles
and in works, and aware of
what poverty, ignorance, weariness
and hows however though
posting about them and
clamoring them, lazy, always
dependent and seeking to attack
himself, jealous of his fame,
vile, vicious - such was

Philosophy, French

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