

**PLACIDE: A SPANISH TALE.
IN TWO VOLS. TRANSLATED
FROM LES BATTUÉCAS, OF
MADAME DE GENLIS. VOL. II**

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Vol. II by Alexander Jamieson

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ALEXANDER JAMIESON

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PLACIDE,
A Spanish Tale.

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**IN TWO VOLS.**  
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TRANSLATED FROM

LES BATTUÉCAS,

OR

MADAME DE GENLIS, *Stephanie*

*Félicité Dugrest de Saint Lubin, comtesse de,
afterwards marquise de Gillery*

BY ALEXANDER JAMIESON.

VOL. II.

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PLACIDE,

OR

LES BATTUECAS.

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VOL. II.  
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THE young Adolphus had listened with the most lively interest to the history of Placide, especially as the recital awakened his feelings, and brought to his recollection many sorrowful ideas of an everlasting separation from Calista.— The Marquis inquisitively inquired whether Placide had kept up a regular correspondence with Don Pedro? “O! no” replied Placide, “our everlasting friendship is not an ordinary acquaintance. We are both so certain and so satisfied that nothing can diminish our regard for each other that we have no occasion to repeat our pro-

fessions of mutual esteem.—I agreed, on the advice of father Isidore, not to keep up a regular correspondence with Don Pedro, as we should hear of each other, at least every six months, by means of those religious men, whom the interests of the convent oblige him to send, at such intervals, to Madrid.”

“Ah!” said Adolphus, “how painful a long silence must be to you! But you are certain of seeing each other again?”—“O! yes, in ten years;” replied Placide, sighing bitterly. At these words he left off speaking, and hang down his head.—Adolphus seized his hand, which he pressed in his own. This motion was so tender and so natural, that it wakened Placide from his painful recollections. He looked at Adolphus with a sympathetic astonishment, pressed his hand affectionately, and then perceived that their hearts were in unison.—Adolphus felt for him the greatest friendship, and begged his father, to remain some time longer than they had

intended, in the valley,—to which the Marquis consented, and they accordingly sojourned there eight days more.

Placide and Adolphus would rise every morning before the dawn of day, and wander over the most sequestered and the wildest places of that solitude.—There, both seated on a rock, they would talk over with pleasure their sentiments and their heart rending misfortunes.—Adolphus shewed to Placide the first letter of Calista. Placide was very much struck with the solemn and mysterious tone of this letter, and the singularity of this adventure.—He sympathised and wept with Adolphus. “For who can better than I,” he would say, “participate in the anguish of love without hope? and yet you enjoy great consolation,—she writes to you,—she loves you still. But I shall never see Donna Bianca again,—Calista lives, her heart is not changed, you are both free and heaven will yet unite you.”

“Their mornings were uninterruptedly

spent in this manner, which had to Placide an inexpressible charm, for in the valley he was entirely deprived of conversation, the only pleasure of the great world, which one, gifted with an enlightened mind and the sensibility acquired in refined society, regrets in solitude. There all other pleasures become insipid or appear inconceivable follies. But nothing can compensate the satisfaction and pleasure of entrusting one's thoughts and secrets to a friend to whom one can speak without reserve. Absolute solitude would be less painful to the mind than habitual intercourse with people, incapable of appreciating the elegance of the mind and the delicacy of refined sentiments.

The stay of the Marquis and Adolphus among the Battuécas, furnished another source of pleasure to Placide, which was to shew them his drawings, and recite his verses.—He spent all his evenings with them at the convent in company with Father Isidore. But when the time of

these strangers' departure had arrived, Placide felt that there would be a great chasm in his life.—Adolphus promised he would send him a messenger every time he received a letter from Calista,—that is to say, every three or four months.

After their departure, Placide fell into a melancholy which the assiduities of Inès and the tenderness of his child could not dissipate, and which he could not conquer when alone; and yet solitude had for him all the charms of human existence. He was separated, since his marriage, from her whom he had adored, yet these eighteen months had glided away without anxiety.—He had formed the most powerful consolations, in that inward satisfaction which a virtuous sacrifice ever yields, especially when it has the satisfaction of knowing that it is appreciated by the object for whom it hath been made. The admiration of Donna Bianca, the friendship and gratitude of Don Pedro, Father Isidore's esteem, the tenderness of Inès,