

# The Project Gutenberg eBook of Ourika, by duchesse de Claire de Durfort Duras

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Ourika

Author: duchesse de Claire de Durfort Duras

Release date: June 29, 2015 [EBook #49315]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Dagny and Marc D'Hooghe at  
<http://www.freeliterature.org> (Images made available by  
the Google Books Project)

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK OURIKA \*\*\*

## OURIKA.

by

**CLAIRE DE DURAS**

This is to be alone, this, this is solitude.  
BYRON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR  
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1824.

---

### INTRODUCTION.

A few months had elapsed since I quitted Montpellier to follow my profession as physician in Paris, when I was sent for one morning to attend a sick Nun at a convent in the Faubourg St. Jacques. Napoleon had a short time since permitted several of these convents to be re-established: the one I was going to belonged to the order of the Ursuline Sisters, and was opened for the education of young females. Part of the edifice had been destroyed during the Revolution. The cloister was laid bare on one side by the demolition of an antique chapel, of which but a few arches remained. One of the nuns led me through this cloister. As we traversed it I perceived that the broad flat stones that paved it were tombs: they all bore inscriptions half effaced; some were broken, others quite torn up. I had never yet seen the interior of a convent, and felt curious to witness a scene so new to me. My conductress led the way into the garden, where she said we should find our sick patient. I beheld her seated at a distance at one end of a bower, almost entirely enveloped in a long black veil. "Here is the physician," said her companion, and immediately left us. I approached timidly, for my heart had sickened at the sight of the tombs; and I fancied that I should now contemplate another victim of the cloister. The prejudices of my youth had just been awakened, and a considerable interest excited in my mind from the kind of malady I had imagined for her. She turned towards me, and I was singularly surprised on beholding a black woman. Her polite address and choice of words increased my astonishment, "You are come, Sir, to visit a very sick person," said she, "and one who greatly wishes to get better, though she has not always wished it, and that perhaps has been the cause of her long sufferings." I questioned her as to the nature of them. "I feel," replied she, "continual oppression and fever, and sleep has quite forsaken me." Her emaciated appearance confirmed this account of herself. Her figure was tall, but indescribably, meagre. Her large brilliant eyes and very white teeth lit up the rest of her features. It was plain that violent and lengthened grief had worn her frame, though her soul still retained its powers. Her melancholy aspect moved me. I resolved to exert every means of saving her, and mentioned the necessity of subduing her evidently heightened imagination, and diverting her mind from what might give it pain. "I am perfectly

happy!" cried she; "I have never felt so happy and so calm as I do at present." The sweet and sincere tone in which this was uttered persuaded me, though it again surprised me.

"That you have not always thought yourself happy is evident," said I; "you bear the marks of heavy sufferings."—"True; but my mind is tranquil now, though it has been long in finding repose."—"Since it is so, then, let us try to cure the past; but can I hope for success when I know not the disease?"—"Alas! must I own my folly?" cried she, her eyes filling with tears. "You are not happy!" exclaimed I. "I am," replied she, gathering more firmness; nor would I change my present happiness for the state I once envied. I have no secret; my misfortune is the history of my whole life. My sufferings were so continual until I entered this abode that they have gradually undermined, my health. With joy did I feel myself wasting away, for I had no prospect of happiness in life. This guilty joy has been punished, for now that I desire to live, I have scarcely a hope of it left."

I soothed her apprehensions with the promise of speedy recovery; but whilst uttering the consolatory words a sad presentiment came over me, warning me that Death had marked its victim.

---

I continued to attend the young Nun, and she appeared not insensible to the interest I took in her fate. One day she returned of her own accord to the subject I longed to be enlightened upon. "My sorrow," said she, "would appear of so strange a nature, that I have always felt reluctant to confide it. No one can be a perfect judge of the feelings of another, and our confidants soon become accusers."—"Fear not," cried I, "can I doubt the reality of your grief, when I behold its effects upon your person?"—"Ah! real it has been, but not the less unreasonable."—"Let us even suppose it so. Does that prevent sympathy?"—"I have feared so; but if to cure the effect of my sorrows it is necessary you should know their cause, some time hence, when we are a little better acquainted, I will confide it to you."

---

I renewed my visits still oftener at the convent, and the remedies I prescribed appeared to do my patient some good. In short, one morning, finding her seated alone in the same bower where I had first seen her, I renewed the subject, and she related to me the following history.

---

### OURIKA.

I was brought over from Senegal by the Governor, the Chevalier de B., when about two years old. He took compassion on me one day as he stood witnessing the embarkation of some slaves on board a negro transport ship then going to sail. I had lost my mother, and I was carried on board the vessel, in spite of my violent screams and resistance. He bought me, and on his return to France shortly after gave me to his aunt, the wife of the Marshal de B. She was the most amiable woman of her time, and united an elevated and highly refined mind to the most exemplary virtue. To save me from slavery, and choose for me such a benefactress as Madame de B., was twice bestowing life upon me. Such was my ingratitude towards Providence, that I was not made happy by it. But is happiness always the result of the development of our faculties? I think not. How often does the knowledge we acquire teach us to regret our days of ignorance! Nor does the fable tell us that Galatea received the gift of happiness with that of life.

---

I was not told the early circumstances of my life until long after they happened. My first recollections always bring Madame de B.'s drawing-room to my mind. I used to pass my life there, doted on by herself, praised and caressed by her friends, who loaded me with presents, and exalted to the skies my wit and graces.

---

The tone of her society was animated gaiety; but gaiety from which good taste had excluded all exaggeration. What deserved praise always met with it, and what deserved blame was generally excused; nay, from excessive leniency erroneous notions were often suffered to pass for right ones. Success gives courage, and every one was sure of being estimated a little above their real worth, by Madame de B.; for, without knowing it, she lent them a part of her own, and after seeing or listening to her people, fancied themselves like her.

---

Dressed in the Eastern fashion, and seated on a little stool at Madame de B.'s feet, I used to listen to the conversation of the first wits of the day long before I could understand it. I had no childish petulance. I was pensive ere I began to think. I was perfectly happy at being by the side of Madame de B. To love her, to listen to her, to obey her, and above all, to look at her, was all that I desired. Neither a life of luxury, nor accomplished society, could astonish me; I knew no other, but I insensibly acquired a great contempt for every other sphere than the one I lived in. Even when a child, the want of taste would shock me. I felt it ere I could define it, for habit had made it necessary.

---

Thus did I grow up to the age of twelve years without an idea of any other kind of happiness than

that I possessed. I felt no pain at being a negress. I was continually praised and admired, and nothing ever suggested its being to my disadvantage. I seldom saw any other children; and the only one who was my friend, did not love me the less on account of my colour.

Madame de B. had two grandsons; the children of her daughter who had died young. Charles, the youngest, was about my own age. We spent our infancy together. He was my protector and my adviser in all my little faults, but he went to school when he was eight years old. I wept at parting. This was my first sorrow. He seldom came home, yet I often thought of him. Whilst he pursued his studies, I was ardently engaged in acquiring the accomplishments necessary to complete my education. Madame de B. resolved to make me perfect in every talent. My voice was thought worthy of the instruction of the first masters; a celebrated painter, one of my benefactress's friends, undertook to guide me in his art; English and Italian were familiar to me, and Madame de B. herself presided over my reading. She formed both my mind and judgment. By conversing with her, and discovering the beauties of her soul, my own grew elevated, and admiration was the first source of my own intelligence. Alas! how little I then foresaw that these delightful studies would be followed by so many bitter hours! My sole thought was how to please Madame de B., and a smile of approbation on her lips the only recompense I wished for.

---

However, constant reading, and, above all, the study of the poets, began to inflame my young imagination. My thoughts sometimes wandered upon my own future life; but with the confidence natural in youth, I felt assured that I should always be happy with my benefactress. Her tenderness towards me, and the bewitching life I led, contributed to confirm my error. A single instance will show the pride she took in me. You will perhaps scarcely believe that my shape was once remarkable for its beauty and elegance. Madame de B. often boasted of my grace, and had been anxious to have me dance well. Under pretext of giving a ball for her grandchildren, she resolved to show off my talent in a quadrille, representing the four parts of the world, in which I was to perform Africa. Travellers were consulted, books of costume resorted to, and works read upon African music and dancing; at last the Comba, a national dance of my own country, was fixed upon. My partner put a crape over his face. Alas! I had no need of any to blacken mine; but this was far from my thoughts, they were wholly engrossed by the pleasures of the ball. I danced the comba with the greatest success, as might be expected, from the novelty of the spectacle, and the choice of spectators, who were all friends of my protectress, and to please her, gave way to the most enthusiastic applause. The dance was in itself sufficiently attractive, being composed of graceful attitudes and measured steps, expressing love, grief, triumph, and despair. I was totally ignorant of these violent passions; yet from instinct I guessed them, and my imitation succeeded. I was surrounded by an applauding assembly, and overwhelmed with praise. This was a pleasure that I enjoyed in the most perfect security. It was my last.

---

A few days after this ball had taken place, I overheard by chance a conversation, which awakened me to the truth, and at once put an end to my youth.

---

Madame de B. had a lacker screen in her drawing-room, which hid one of the doors, and extended beyond the window. Between the door and this window there was a table where I used frequently to draw. I sat down one morning, to work at a miniature there; my attention became so completely absorbed that I remained for some time motionless, and no doubt Madame de B. concluded that I had left the room when the Marchioness de C. was announced. This lady possessed a penetrating judgment, but her manners were trenchant, positive, and dry. She was capable of great devotion to her friends, but at the same time was inquisitive, and hard to please: in short she was the least amiable of Madame de B.'s friends. I feared her, though she had always shown a regard for me; that is, in her own way. Severity and investigation were its signs. I was too much accustomed to indulgence, not to fear her justice. "Now that we are alone, my dear," said this lady to Madame de B., "let me speak to you of Ourika. She is a charming girl; her mind is nearly formed; she possesses wit, infinite natural grace, and very superior talents; but what is to become of her? What do you intend to do with her?" "That is the very thought that distresses me," cried Madame de B. "I love her as my child: I should think no sacrifice too great to make her happy, but the longer I reflect upon her situation, the less remedy I find for it. Alas, poor Ourika! I see thee doomed to be alone—eternally alone in the world!"

---

It would be impossible for me to describe the effect these few words produced upon me; lightning could not have been more prompt. I discovered the extent of my misery. I saw what I was—a black girl, a dependant, without fortune, without a being of my own kind to whom I could unite my destiny; belonging to nobody; till now, the plaything of my benefactress, but soon an outcast from a world that I was not made for. I shuddered, and my heart beat so violently, that, for a moment, I could not attend to this conversation, but I strove to master my feeling.

---

"I fear," continued the Marchioness, "that you will make her very miserable. What will satisfy her, now that she has passed her life with you in the intimacy of your society?" "But will she not remain with me?" said Madame de B. "Aye, as long as her childhood lasts, but she is now nearly fifteen; and who can you marry her to, with the education you have given her? Who will ever marry a negro girl? And if you should find any man who, for the sake of money, would perhaps consent to have negro children, must it not be some one of inferior condition, with whom she

would be unhappy? Will a man whom she would choose ever choose her?" "Alas! this is true," cried Madame de B. "but she fortunately does not suspect it, and her attachment for me will, I hope, prevent her perceiving her situation for some time. To have made her happy, I should have made an ordinary being of her; and frankly I believe that impossible. Besides, as she has not remained in the station she was first intended for, may not her mind rise superior to the restraints of her present one?" "Never; you are forging chimeras," replied the Marchioness; "Philosophy may raise our minds above the vicissitudes of fortune, but can never prevail against the evils which arise from having disturbed the laws of nature. Ourika has not fulfilled her destiny, she has usurped a place in society to which she had no right, and society will punish her for it." "But surely it is no fault of her's? Poor child! with what severity you decide upon her happiness." "I judge it more rationally than you have done.—I consider how it may best be secured, whilst you will be the cause of its ruin." Madame de B. answered this accusation with some warmth, and I was just becoming the cause of a quarrel between the two friends, when the arrival of a third person put an end to their discussion. I slid out at the door behind the screen, and flew to my own room, there to solace my poor heart for a moment by a flood of tears.

---

Oh, how I felt my whole existence changed! How lost I was when the illusions I had so constantly dwelt in vanished! They resembled the light of day, and when they fled, utter darkness succeeded. So great was the confusion of my mind under the new thoughts that assailed it, that not one of my usual ideas ever occurred to me. I was struck with terror. To be an object of pity to the world! Not to be fit for the rank I lived in! Perhaps to meet with a man who for the sake of money would consent to have negro children! These thoughts kept rising successively over my mind, pursuing me like phantoms. But the bitterest of all was the certainty of belonging to no one in the world. To be alone! Ever, and for ever alone! Madame de B. had owned it, and I repeated the words over and over. What cared I to be alone, but a few minutes before. I knew it not, I felt it not; I had need of the beings that I loved, but I was unconscious of their not wanting me. Now my eyes were opened, and with misfortune came mistrust into my soul.

When I returned to Madame de B.'s apartment, every body was struck with the change in my appearance. I pretended to be ill, and was believed. Madame de B. sent for her physician, Barthez, who felt my pulse, questioned me carefully, and then abruptly declared that nothing ailed me. This quieted the uneasiness of my benefactress about my health; but she sought every means of diverting my mind. I dare not own how little gratitude I felt for her care. My heart seemed withered in itself. As long as it had received favours with pleasure, it gladly acknowledged the benefit; but now filled with the bitterest feelings, it had no power to expand. My days were spent in the same thoughts, differently combined and under various forms, but still the blackest my imagination could invent. Often were my nights passed in weeping. I exhausted my whole pity upon myself.—My face was become odious to me;—I no longer dared to look in a glass;—and my black hands struck me with horror;—they appeared to me like a monkey's. I dwelt upon the idea of my ugliness, and my colour appeared to me the sign of my reprobation: it was that alone which separated me from the rest of my fellow creatures, and condemned me to live alone, and never to be loved.—That a man should perhaps consent for the sake of money to have negro children! My blood rose with indignation at the idea. I thought for a moment of entreating Madame de B. to send me back to my own country;—but even there I should have felt isolated.—Who would have understood me? Who would have sympathised with my feelings? Alas! I belonged to no one—I was estranged from the whole world!

It was not until long after that I understood the possibility of being reconciled to such a fate. Madame de B. was no devotee; she had had me instructed in the duties of my religion by a respectable priest, from whom I imbibed my only notions on the subject. They were as sincere as my own character; but I was not aware that piety is of no succour, unless mingled with the daily actions of life. I had devoted a few moments of each day to its practice, but left it a stranger to the rest. My confessor was an indulgent, unsuspecting old man, whom I saw twice or thrice a year; but as I did not imagine that my grief could be a fault I never mentioned it to him; meanwhile it continued to undermine mine my health, though, strange to say, it perfected my understanding. "What doth the man know who hath not suffered?" says an Eastern sage; and I soon perceived how true this was. What I had taken for ideas were impressions. I did not judge—I liked. I was either pleased or displeased with the words or actions of the persons I lived with, but stopped not to consider why. Since I had found out that the world would reject me, I began to examine and criticise almost every thing that had hitherto enchanted me.

---

Such a tendency could not escape Madame de B.'s penetration; though I never knew whether she guessed the cause. Possibly she was afraid of letting me confide my chagrin to her, for fear of increasing it; but she was even kinder to me than usual; she entrusted all her thoughts to me, and tried to dissipate my own troubles by busying me with her's. She judged my heart rightly, for nothing could attach me to life but the idea of being necessary or even useful to my benefactress. To be alone, to die, and leave no regret in the soul of any being, was the dread that haunted me: but there I was unjust towards her, for she sincerely loved me; still she had other and superior interests to mine. I did not envy her tenderness for her grandchildren; but, oh! how I longed like them to call her mother!

Family ties, above all, brought distressing recollections over me. I! who was doomed never to be the sister, wife, or mother of any human being! Perhaps I fancied these ties more endearing than they really were; and because they were out of my reach, I foolishly neglected those that were not. But I had no friend, no confidant. My feeling for Madame de B. was that of worship rather

than of affection; but I believe that I felt the utmost love of a sister for Charles. His studies were nearly finished, and he was setting out on his travels with his eldest brother and their governor. They were to be two years absent, and were to visit Italy, Germany, and England. Charles was delighted to travel, and I was too well accustomed to rejoice at what gave him pleasure, to feel any grief until the moment of our parting. I never told him the distress that preyed upon me. We did not see each other alone, and it would have taken me some time to explain my grief to him. He would then have understood me, I am sure. His manners were mild and grave, but he had a propensity to ridicule that intimidated me; not that he ever gratified it but at the expense of affectation. Sincerity completely disarmed him. However, I kept my secret; besides, the chagrin of our parting was a relief to my mind, to which any grief was more welcome than its accustomed one.

A short time after Charles' departure, the revolution began to assume a serious turn: the great moral and political interests that were agitated by it to their very source were daily discussed in Madame de B.'s drawing-room. These were debates that superior minds delighted in; and what could better form my own, than the contemplation of an arena where men of distinguished talents were struggling against opinions long since received, and investigating every subject, examining the origin of every institution, unfortunately, to destroy and shake them from their very foundation.

---

Will you believe that, young as I was, without any share in the interests of society, and nourishing my own wound in secret, the revolution brought some change in my ideas, created a glimmering ray of hope in them, and for a while, suspended their bitterness. It appeared to me that, in the general confusion, my situation might change; and that, when all ranks were levelled, fortunes upset, and prejudices done away with, I might find myself less isolated in this new order of things; and that, if I did possess any hidden qualities or superiority of mind, my colour would no longer single me out, and prevent their being appreciated: but it happened that these very qualities quickly opposed my illusion. I could not desire my own happiness at the expense of the misfortune of thousands; besides, I daily witnessed the folly of persons who were struggling against events that they could not control. I saw through the weakness of such characters, and guessed their secret views. Their false philanthropy did not long deceive me, and I quite gave up my hopes when I found that they would still feel contempt for me, even in the midst of the severest adversity. The days were gone when each sought to please, and remembered that the only means of doing so in society is the very unconsciousness of one's own success.

No sooner did the revolution cease to be a grand theory,—no sooner did it menace the interests of every high individual, than conversation degenerated into dispute, and reasoning was exchanged for bitter personality. Sometimes, in spite of my dejection, I could not help being amused by the sudden violence of opinions which were excited by ambition, affectation, or fear; but gaiety that is occasioned by the observation of folly in others is too malignant to do good: the heart delights in innocent joys, and the mirth of ridicule, far from dispelling misfortune, is more likely to proceed from it, as it feeds upon the same bitterness of soul.

---

My hopes in the revolution having quickly vanished, I remained dissatisfied as before with my situation. Madame de B.'s friendship and confidence were my only solace. Often, in the midst of an acrimonious political discussion, after vainly trying to restore good humour, she would cast a sad look at me:—this look was a balm to my heart; it seemed to say, "Ourika, you alone can sympathise with me."

---

The negroes' right to liberty next began to be debated; and I, of course, felt deeply interested in the question. One of my remaining illusions was, that at least I had countrymen in another land, and knowing them to be unhappy, I believed them virtuous, and pitied their fate. Alas! here again I was undeceived. The massacre of St. Domingo added fresh grief to my soul; and to my despair at belonging to a proscribed race was added shame at their being likewise a race of barbarians.

---

The revolution having soon made rapid progress, and the most violent men getting into power, inspired the greatest terror by their utter disregard of the laws of justice. The horrid days of the twentieth of June and tenth of August prepared for every other event. The greater number of Madame de B.'s friends fled at this epoch; some sought shelter abroad, others in the provinces or in secret retreats; but she remained. The constant occupation of her heart fixed her to home.

---

We had been living for some months in solitude, when towards the latter end of the year 1792, the decree for the confiscation of the emigrants' estates was issued. In the midst of such great disasters, Madame de B. would have cared little for the loss of her fortune, had it not belonged to her grandchildren; for by a family arrangement, she had only the enjoyment of it during her lifetime. This made her decide upon sending for Charles home, whilst his eldest brother, then nearly one and twenty, went to join the army of the Prince of Condé. Their travels were just completed, which two years before had been undertaken under such different auspices. Charles arrived in Paris, in the beginning of February, 1793, a short time after the King's death. Madame de B. had given herself up to the most poignant grief, at the perpetration of this deed. Her feeling mind proportioned its horror to the immensity of the crime. Affliction in old age is a most moving spectacle, it carries with it the authority of reason. Madame de B. suffered with such energy, that

it affected her health, and I did not conceive it possible to console her, but I mingled my tears with hers, and sought by elevating my own sentiments, to ally my soul more nearly to hers, so that I might at least share her sufferings. My own distress scarcely occurred to me while the reign of terror lasted. I should have felt ashamed to think of it during such dreadful calamities. Besides, I no longer felt so isolated, since every person round me was unhappy. Opinion is like the link of country, it is the property of all, and men are brothers to defend its cause. Sometimes I thought, that poor negress as I was, still I was allied to noble minds, by the same need of justice that I experienced in common with them. The return of truth and justice to their country, would be a day of triumph for me as well as for them; but, alas! it was far distant.

On Charles's return, Madame de B. went into the country. All her friends had fled. The only society she had left, was that of an old Abbé, who for ten years had turned religion into ridicule, but was now highly irritated at the riches of the clergy being confiscated, because he lost twenty thousand francs a year by it. He accompanied us to St. Germain. His company was rather quiet than agreeable, and was more the result of his disposition than of his heart.

---

Madame de B. had had it in her power all her life to do good. She was intimately, acquainted with the Count de Choiseul, and during his long ministry, was useful to a number of persons. Two of the most popular men during the terror, owed obligations to her, and remembered it in those dreadful times. They watched over her preservation, and risked their own lives to save hers from the fury of the revolutionary assassins; and it may here be remarked, that at this fatal epoch even the chiefs of the most violent factions ran great danger in doing a little good. It seemed as if our desolate land was only to be governed by evil, for that alone took away or gave power. Madame de B. was not sent to prison. She was guarded at home under pretext of bad health. Charles, the Abbé, and myself remained with her, and attended her with care.

---

Nothing can equal the state of anxiety and terror in which we passed our days: continually reading in the papers accounts of the sentences of death passed against Madame de B.'s friends, and trembling lest her protector should be deprived of the power of preserving her from a similar fate. We discovered, indeed, that she was on the eve of perishing, when the death of Robespierre put an end to so much horror. We breathed again. The guards left our house, and we all remained in the same solitude, like people who have escaped some great calamity together. Misfortune seemed to have linked us closer to each other. I felt in those moments that I was not a stranger. If I ever passed a few happy moments since the fairy days of my childhood, it was during the times that followed this disastrous epoch. Madame de B. possessed to a supreme degree those qualities which constitute the charm of domestic life; her temper was easy and indulgent; she always put the most favourable construction upon what was said before her: no harsh or captious judgment of hers ever cooled the confidence of her friends. Thoughts were free, and might be uttered without responsibility before her, merely passing for what they were worth. Such gifts, had they been her only ones, would have made Madame de B.'s friends adore her; but how many others she possessed! It was impossible to feel ennui in her company. There was a charm in her wit and manner, that made even trifles interesting the moment they engrossed her attention.

Charles bore some resemblance to his mother. His mind like her's was liberal and just, but firm, and without modification, for youth allows of none; it finds every thing either quite right or quite wrong, while the failing of old age is to believe that nothing is ever quite right or quite wrong. Charles was endowed with the two first qualities of his age,—truth and justice. I have already said, that he hated the very shadow of affectation; nay, he sometimes fancied it where it did not exist. Reserve was habitual to him, and this made his confidence the more flattering, as it was evidently the result of his esteem, and not of his natural propensity; whatever portion of it he granted, was of value, for he never acted inconsiderately, and yet was always natural and sincere. He placed such full reliance in me, that his thoughts were communicated to me as quickly as they came. When we were all seated round our table of an evening, how interesting were our conversations. Our old Abbé took his share in them; he had made out to himself such a completely false set of ideas, and maintained them with so much good faith, that he was an inexhaustible source of amusement to Madame de B.; her clear and penetrating judgment drew out the poor man's absurdities (he never taking it amiss), and she would throw in keen traits of good sense over his orderly system, which we used to compare to the heavy strokes of Charlemagne's or Roland's sword.

---

Madame de B. was fond of exercise; we used to walk in the forest of St. Germain every morning; she leaning on the Abbé, and I following with Charles at a distance. It was then he would unburthen his mind to me, and tell me his thoughts, his projects, his future hopes, and above all, his opinion upon men and passing events. He had not a secret feeling hidden from me, and was unconscious of disclosing one. The habit of relying upon my friendship had made it like his own life to him. He enjoyed it without knowing that he did. He demanded neither attention nor expressions of interest from me; he knew that, in speaking to me of his own concerns, it was as though he spoke to me of mine, and that I felt more deeply for him than he did for himself. Friendship like this was a charm that equalled the sensations of happiness itself!

---

I never thought of telling Charles what had so long oppressed me. I listened to him, and, by I know not what magical effect, his conversation banished from my mind the recollection of my sorrows. Had he questioned me, I should have confessed them all, but he did not imagine that I

had any secret. Every body was accustomed to my weak state of health, and Madame de B. had striven so much to make me happy, that she had a right to think me so. So I ought to have been, I felt it, and often accused myself of ingratitude and folly. I doubt whether I should have ever dared to own how miserable the irreparable misfortune of my colour made me. There is a sort of degradation in not being able to submit to necessity, and when hopeless grief masters the soul, it bears the character of despair. There was a rigidity in Charles's notions, which likewise increased my timidity. One evening our conversation turned upon pity, and it was asked, whether misfortune inspires most compassion from its cause or from its effects. Charles decided for the former; this was declaring that all grief should be actuated by some powerful motive. But who can judge the motives of another? All hearts have not the same wants; and does not real misfortune consist in the heart's being deprived of its desires? It was seldom, however, that our conversations thus led me to reflect upon my own case, which I so earnestly sought to forget. I would have no looking-glasses in my room. I constantly wore gloves, and dresses that covered my throat and arms. I had a large hat and veil to walk out in, which I often continued to wear in doors: in short, I would fain have deceived myself, and, like a child, shut my own eyes, and thought that no one saw me.

---

Towards the end of the year 1795, the reign of terror being at an end, friends began to seek each other out, and the scattered remains of Madame de B.'s society rallied round her. With chagrin I beheld the circle of her friends increase, for the station I held in the world was so equivocal, that the more society returned to its natural order, the more I felt myself excluded from it. Every time that strangers came to visit us I underwent fresh misery. The expression of surprise, mingled with disdain, that I observed upon their countenances when they first beheld, me, put me to confusion. I was sure to become the subject of an *aparté* in the window-seat, or of a whisper in a corner, that it might be explained how a negress came to be admitted as an inmate in Madame de B.'s society. I used to suffer martyrdom during these explanations. I longed to be transported back to my barbarous country and its savage inhabitants, whom I should fear less than this cruel world that made me responsible for its own evils. The recollection of a disdainful look would remain upon me for whole days, appear to me in my dreams, flit before me under the likeness of my own image. Alas! such were the chimeras that I suffered to disturb me. Thou, my God! hadst not yet taught me to dispel these phantoms; I knew not that repose was to be found in thee.

I then sought for shelter in the heart of Charles. I was proud of his virtues, and still prouder of his friendship. I admired him as the most perfect being that I knew upon earth. I once thought that I felt for him the most tender love of a sister; but now, worn by grief, it seemed as if I had grown old, and my tenderness was become that of a mother. Indeed, a mother only could feel the same passionate desire for his success, and anxiety for his welfare through life. I would willingly have given up my existence to save him from a moment's pain. I saw the impression he made upon others long before he did. He was happy enough neither to think nor care about it. This was natural, for he had nothing to fear; nothing to give him that habitual uneasiness I felt about the opinion of others. His fate was all harmony, mine was all discord.

---

One morning an old friend called upon Madame de B., confidentially entrusted with a proposal of marriage for Charles. Mademoiselle de Thémînes had suddenly become a rich heiress in the most distressing manner. Her whole family, excepting her great aunt, had perished on the scaffold in one day. This lady (having reached her eightieth year) as sole guardian of her niece, was exceedingly anxious to have her married, lest her own death should leave her without a single protector. Anais de Thémînes, besides possessing the advantages of birth, wealth, and education, was beautiful as an angel. It was impossible that Madame de B. should hesitate; she spoke to her son, who (though he at first showed some reluctance at marrying so early) expressed a desire to see Mademoiselle de Thémînes. The interview took place, and his reluctance vanished. Anais was formed to please him. She appeared so unconscious of her charms, and possessed modesty so unassuming and quiet, that she could not fail endearing herself to him; he was allowed to visit at her aunt's, and soon became passionately in love with her. I knew the progress of his feelings, and longed to behold this lovely creature to whom his happiness was soon to be entrusted. She came one morning to St. Germain's. Charles had spoken of me to her, and I had no contemptuous scrutiny to undergo. She appeared to me an angel of goodness; I assured her that Charles would make her happy, and that his discretion was so much above his years, that she need have no apprehensions on account of his youth. She questioned me much about him, for she knew that we had been friends from infancy, and I was so delighted at having an opportunity of extolling his many virtues, that I could have talked for ever.

---

Some weeks passed before the marriage took place for the settlement of business, and Charles spent most part of that time at Madame de Thémînes, sometimes remaining two or three days at a time in Paris. His absence pained me; I felt vexed at losing him, and vexed with myself for preferring my own happiness to his. I had never done so before. The days that he returned home were holidays for me. Then he would tell me how he had passed his time, what progress he had made in the affections of his mistress, and rejoice with me at the success he had met with. Once, he began (describing to me the manner he intended to live with her)—"I will obtain her conscience," said he, "and give her mine. All my thoughts shall be open to her, every secret impulse of heart will I tell her; in short, I wish the same mutual trust and confidence to be between us as between you and me, Ourika." The same confidence! How this pained me. I recollected that he knew not the only secret I ever had, and determined never to let him know it.

By degrees his absences became longer and more frequent, until at last he used merely to come to St. Germain for a few minutes at a time (generally on horseback, to save time on the road), and always returning to Paris the same afternoon, so that we completely lost his company of an evening. Madame de B. used to joke him for having deserted us, would I could have done so too! One morning, as we were walking in the forest, I perceived him coming full gallop at a distance. He had been absent nearly the whole week; as he approached us, he jumped from his horse, and began walking with us. After a few minutes general conversation, we remained behind, and began conversing as in former times. I remarked it. "In former times!" cried he, "Had I ever any thing to say in former times? I have only begun to exist since I have known my Anais! Ah, Ourika, I never can express to you what I feel for her. Sometimes it seems to me as if my whole soul were passing into her's. When she looks at me I can no longer breathe;—if she blushes, I long to throw myself in adoration at her feet;—and when I think that I am to become the protector of this angel, and that she trusts her happiness, her life, her fate to me, ah! how proud am I of my own! I shall replace the parents she has lost, but I shall likewise be her husband! her lover! Her first affections will be mine,—our hearts will flow into each other, and our lives mingle into one; nor during their whole current, shall she have to say that I have given her an hour's pain.

"How rapturous are my feelings, Ourika, when I reflect that she will be the mother of my children, and that they will owe their life to my Anais! Ah! they will be beautiful and good as she is! Tell me, merciful heaven, what have I done to deserve such happiness?"

Oh! what a different question was I then addressing there! I had listened to his passionate discourse with the most unaccountable sensations. Thou knowest, O Lord, that I envied not his happiness, but why gavest thou life to poor Ourika? Why did she not perish on board the slave ship she was snatched from, or on the bosom of her mother. A little African sand would have covered her infant body, and light would have been the burthen. Why was Ourika condemned to live? To live alone? Ever and for ever alone? Never to be loved! O my God! do not permit it! Take thy poor Ourika from hence! No creature wants her; must she linger desolate through life!

---

This heart-rending thought seized me with more violence than it ever had. I felt my knees sinking under me. My eyes closed, and I thought that I was dying.

---

At these words the poor Nun's agitation increased. Her voice faltered, and a few tears ran down her withered cheeks. I besought her to suspend her narration, but she refused. "Do not heed me," said she, "grief has no hold over my heart now: it has been rooted out of it. God has taken pity on me, and has saved me from the abyss I had fallen into, for want of knowing and of loving him. Remember that I am happy now, but alas! how miserable I was then!"

Until the moment I have just been speaking of, I had borne with my grief; it had undermined my health, but I still preserved a kind of power over my reason. Like a worm in fruit, it ate through my very heart, while all seemed full of life without. I liked conversation; discussion animated me; I had even the gaiety of repartee. In short, until then my strength had surpassed my sorrow, but I felt that my sorrow would now surpass my strength.

Charles carried me home in his arms. Succour was promptly administered to me, and I returned to my senses. I found Madame de B. by my bed-side, and Charles holding one of my hands. They had both attended me, and the sight of their anxious, sorrowful countenances penetrated my very soul. I felt life flow again. My tears began to flow, Madame de B. gently wiped them away. She said not a word, did not ask a question, while Charles overwhelmed me with a thousand. I know not what I answered. I attributed my indisposition to the heat and fatigue. He believed it, and all my bitter feelings returned on perceiving that he did; I immediately ceased weeping. How easy is it, thought I, to deceive those whose interest lies not with you! I withdrew my hand, which he was holding, and strove to assume a tranquil air.

---

Charles left us as usual at five o'clock. I felt hurt at his doing so. I would have wished him to be uneasy about me. Indeed I was suffering greatly! He would still have gone to his Anais, for I should have insisted on it, but he would have owed the pleasure of his evening to me, and that might have consoled me. I carefully hid this sensation from him. Delicate feelings have a sort of chastity about them. They should be guessed, or they are thrown away. There must be sympathy on both sides.

---

Scarcely had Charles left us, than I was seized with a violent fever, which augmented the two following days. Madame de B. watched me with her usual tenderness. She was distracted at the state I was in, and at the impossibility of removing me to Paris, whither the celebration of her son's marriage obliged her to go the next day.

My physician answered for my life, if I remained at St. Germain, and she at last consented to leave me. The excessive tenderness she showed on parting with me, calmed me for an instant; but after her departure, the real and complete loneliness I was left in for the first time, threw me into despair. The vision was realized that my imagination had so long dwelt upon; I was dying far away from those I loved; the sound of my lamentations reached not their ear. Alas! it would but have disturbed their joy. I fancied them given up to the most ecstatic bliss, whilst I lay pining on my sickbed. They were all I cared for in the world, but they wanted not my care. I had but them through life, yet I was not wanted by them. The frightful conviction of the uselessness of my



existence made me sick of it. It was a pang not to be endured, and sincerely I prayed that I might die of my illness. I neither spoke or gave any sign of life. The only distinct idea I could express in my mind was, *I wish I could die*. Then at other times I became excessively agitated. All that had passed in my last conversation with Charles rushed into my mind. I saw him lost in the ocean of delight he had pictured to me, whilst I was abandoned to a death as solitary as my life. This produced a kind of irritation, more painful to endure than grief; I increased it by filling my brain with chimeras; I fancied Charles coming to St Germain, being told that I was dead, and being made miserable by my death. Can it be believed? The idea, of grieving him rejoiced me. It would be a revenge. Revenge! for what? for his goodness, for his having been the protecting angel of my life? Such guilty thoughts were soon replaced by horror, at having conceived them. My grief I thought no crime, but thus giving way to it, might lead to one: then I tried to collect my inward strength, that it might fight against this irritation; but even that I sought not where I should have found it. I was ashamed of my ingratitude. Oh! let me die, I exclaimed, but let no wicked passions enter my heart. Ourika is a portionless orphan, but innocence is yet her's. Let her not tarnish it by ingratitude. She will pass away like a shadow upon earth, but in her grave she will at least rest in peace. Her friends are all happy, then let Ourika be so, and die as the leaves fall in autumn? I fell into a state of languor when this dangerous fever left me. Madame de B. continued to reside at St. Germain, after Charles's marriage. He often visited her, accompanied by his Anais, never without her. I always suffered more when they were present. I know not whether the image of their happiness made me feel my misfortune more acutely, or that the sight of Charles renewed my remembrance of our old friendship, which I sought to find what it once was, but could not. Yet he always spoke to me just as before: it resembled the friendship he used to show me, as the artificial flower does the natural one. It was the same, except that it had neither life nor perfume.

Charles attributed the change in my temper to the weakness of my constitution. I believe that Madame de B. knew more of its real cause: she guessed my secret, and was sensibly affected by it.

Anais gave hopes of increasing her family, and we returned to Paris. My languor increased daily. The spectacle of domestic happiness so peaceful—of family bonds so endearing—of love so passionate and yet so tender—was misery to a poor wretch who was doomed to live in no other bonds but those of dependence and pity.

Days and months passed on thus. I took no share in conversation: my talents were neglected: the only books I could endure were those in which a feeble picture of my own sufferings was traced. I fed upon these poisons,—I feasted on my tears,—and remained shut up in my room whole hours giving way to them.

The birth of a son completed the measure of Charles's happiness. He came, his heart overflowing with joy, to give me the news; and I recognised in the expressions of his delight, some of the accents of his former confidence. It was the voice of the friend that I had lost, and brought painful remembrances back with it. The child of Anais was as beautiful as herself. Every body felt moved at the sight of this tender young mother and her sweet infant. I alone beheld them with bitter envy. "What had I done that I should have been brought to this land of exile? Why was I not left to follow my destiny?—Well, if I had been the negro slave of some rich planter, sold to cultivate his land, exposed all day to the burning heat of the sun; still when evening came and my toils were over, I should have found repose in my humble cottage. I should have a sharer in them, a companion through life, and children of my own colour to call me mother! They would have pressed their infant lips upon my cheek without disgust, and lain their little heads to sleep upon my bosom.—Why am I never to experience the only affection my heart was made for? Oh my God! take me I beseech thee from this world,—I cannot, cannot endure life any longer!"

I was addressing this impious prayer to my Creator in agony, upon my knees, when my door opened, and the Marchioness de C—, who was just returned from England, entered the room. I beheld her approach with terror, for I too well remembered that she had first revealed my fate to me,—she had first caused my misery.

---

"My dear Ourika," said she, "I want to speak with you. You know that I have loved and admired you from your infancy, and I grieve to see you giving way to such deep melancholy. How comes it that you make not a better use of the ample resources of your mind?"

"The resources of the mind, Madam," answered I; "only serve to increase misfortunes by showing them under a thousand different forms." "But if those misfortunes are without remedy, is it not a folly to struggle against them, instead of submitting to necessity, which can compel even the strongest to yield?"—"True, Madam; but that only makes necessity a hardship the more."—"Still, you must own, Ourika, that reason commands us to resign ourselves, and divert our attention."—"We must have a glimpse of happiness elsewhere to be able to do so."—"Then cannot you try what occupation and forcing your mind to a little pleasure will do?"—"Ah! Madam, pleasures that are forced upon us are more tedious than melancholy."—"But why neglect your talents?"—"Talents must have some object (when they charm not their possessor,) ere they can become a resource. Mine would be like the flower of the English poet—

Born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

"Are your friends then no object?" "I have no friends, Madam; I have patrons." "Ourika, you make yourself very needlessly unhappy." "Every thing in my life is needless, Madam, even my grief."

"How can you nourish such bitter thoughts. You, Ourika, who were so devoted to Madame de B. during her distress, when every other friend had left her." "Alas! Madam, I am like an evil genius, whose power lasts in calamity, but who dies on the return of happiness." "Let me be your confidant, my dear; open your heart to me. Tell me your secret. No one can take a greater interest in you than I do, and I shall perhaps be able to do you good." "I have no secret," replied I; "my colour and my situation are my sole misfortunes, as you know, Madam." "Nay, do you deny that you have a secret sorrow? It is impossible to behold you for a moment without being certain of it." I persisted in what I had first said. She grew impatient, and I saw the storm rising that was to burst upon me. "Is this your good faith?" cried she. "Is this your vaunted sincerity? Ourika, take care. Reserve sometimes leads to deceit." "What, Madam, can I have to reveal to you? You, who foresaw my misery so long ago, I can tell you nothing that you do not know already." "I will not believe you," answered she; "and since you refuse to trust your secret to me, and pretend that you have none, I will convince you that I know it. Yes, Ourika; a senseless passion is the cause of all your grief, and your regret; and were you not so desperately in love with Charles, you would care very little about being a negress. Adieu. I leave you, I must own, with much less regard than I felt in coming here." So saying she quitted the room. I remained thunderstruck. What had she revealed to me? What horrid interpretation had she put upon my grief? Who? I nourish a criminal passion? I let it canker my heart! Was my wish to hold a link in the chain of my fellow-creatures, my longing after natural affections, and my grief at being desolate, was that the despair of guilty love? And when I thought that I was only envying the *picture* of his bliss, did my impious wishes aspire to the object itself? What cause had I given to be suspected of so hopeless a passion? Might I not love him more than my own life, and yet with innocence? Did the mother, when she threw herself into the lion's jaw to save her son, or the brothers and sisters, who intreated that they might die upon the same scaffold, and united their prayers to heaven as they went up to it, did they feel influenced by guilty love? Is not humanity alone the cause of the sublimest devotion of every kind? And why might I not have the same feelings for Charles, my friend from infancy, and the protector of my youth? And yet a secret voice unheard before warns me that I am guilty! Oh, heaven! remorse must then become a fresh torment to my wasted heart! Poor Ourika! Every species of misery must then oppress her! Poor Ourika! and are even her tears become a crime? Is she forbidden to think of him? Must she no longer dare even to be unhappy!

---

These thoughts threw me into a death-like stupor. Before night came I was taken violently ill, and in three days my life was despaired of. My physician declared that the sacrament should be promptly administered to me, for there was not a moment to lose. My confessor had died a short time since. Madame de B. sent for the parish priest, who could only bestow extreme unction upon me, for I was perfectly insensible to what was passing round me. But then when my death was hourly expected, when all hopes were over, then it was that God took pity on my soul, by preserving my life. Contrary to all expectation I continued to struggle against my illness; at the end of which time my senses returned to me. Madame de B. had never left me, and Charles's affection for me seemed returned. The priest had visited me every day, anxious to find an interval of reason to confess me; I desired it likewise as soon as I had thought again; I seemed led by an involuntary impulse to seek for repose in the bosom of religion. I made an avowal of my errors to the priest. The state of my soul did not frighten him. Like an old experienced mariner, he was accustomed to the tempest. He quieted my fears as to the passion I was accused of. "Your heart is pure," said he; "you have injured no one but yourself, and in that you were guilty. You will have to account for your happiness to God, for he entrusted it to you. It depended on yourself, since it lies in the performance of your duty. Have you ever considered in what that duty consisted? God should be the aim of man, but has your's been? Let not, however, let not thy courage fail thee, Ourika; but pray to God. He hears you, and will receive you in his arms. He knows no difference of men or colour. All are of equal value in his eye, and do thou strive to render thyself worthy of his favour."

---

Thus did this venerable man open the path of consolation to me. His simple words carried peace with them to my heart. I meditated on them, and drew from them, as a fertile mine, a store of new thoughts. I saw only that I had not known my duty; for there are duties for the lonely as well as for those connected in the world to perform. Though they are deprived of the ties of blood, heaven has granted them the whole world for their family. The charity sister, thought I, is not isolated on earth, though she has renounced its enjoyments. She has a family of her own choosing. She is the orphan's mother, the daughter of the aged, and a sister to the unhappy. How often have men of the world sought for retirement, there to adore in solitude the Author of all that is great and good, privately seeking to render their souls worthy of appearing before the Lord.

---

Sweet it is, oh God! to seek to please thee by purifying the heart for the great day of thy appearance.—But I had not done so! A senseless victim of each uncurbed impulse of my soul, I had pursued the enjoyments of the world, and had thrown away my happiness. Still I lost not all hope.—God was willing, perhaps, in throwing me on this foreign land, to take me to himself. He snatched me from my savage state of ignorance. He saved me from the vices of slavery, and permitted me to learn his laws. They point out my duty to me, and I will pursue it. Never more, oh Lord! will I offend thee for the favours thou hast granted me, or accuse thee of my faults.

The new light in which I viewed my situation, brought peace to my heart. I was astonished at the calm that it enjoyed after so many storms. An outlet had been opened for the torrent, and it now

floated in peaceful tides, instead of carrying devastation with its current.

---

I soon determined upon taking the veil, and intreated Madame de B.'s permission to do so. "I shall be truly grieved, my dearest Ourika," said she, "to part with you, but I have done you so much harm by wanting to do you good, that I have no right to oppose your determination." Charles pleaded against it with great earnestness: he entreated, he conjured me to renounce it. "Hinder me not, Charles," cried I; "let me seek the only asylum where my prayers for you will be equally pure with the friendship I have ever entertained for you."

---

Here the young Nun abruptly ended her narrative. I continued to attend her, but all my endeavours to preserve her life were vain. She fell with the last leaves of Autumn.

**THE END.**

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK OURIKA \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

**START: FULL LICENSE**  
**THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE**  
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

**Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing

Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

#### 1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

### **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

### **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

### **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.