

1792.

memoirs of Abbé Blanchet.

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his sentiments; "I am impatient to ease my secret pains in pouring them into your heart: My health gets worse and worse, and I am so horribly low that life is become bitter to me; *such as I am, it is necessary to support it; but are others obliged to do it?* I lose myself; I am always in my perplexities; I do not know how I shall get out of them; if religion did not comfort me, I believe I should go mad." When one recollects that it is the author of so many charming verses and tales who thus expresses himself, that it is a man who was so much sought after, particularly for the sweetness of his temper, and the good humour of his wit, one must admit that the human heart will contain many contrarities.

In order to avoid being carried away by different passions, he proposed to himself a plan, conformable to his principles, from which nothing could turn him. He gave himself up intirely to the educating young persons, and resolved, in spite of his aversion to any kind of constraint, to do for others what had been done so generously for himself. He had not the trouble of hunting after pupils, they were before hand with him. His old masters watched over him without his knowledge; the fathers Brumoy, Bougeant, Castel, and the ingenious Grefset, whom he had loved more than the rest, had procured him a sort of reputation. Besides M. Bouvart, who was already celebrated, (for the first steps of this great physician were those of a giant,) and M. de Gennez who was a man of letters, as well as a famous advocate, both countrymen and friends of the Abbé Blan-