

long in discovering the sweet disposition and talents of this young man, who very soon became the confidant of his companions, and the friend of his masters. These last so overloaded him with kindness and distinction, that through gratitude he mistook his vocation; and in 1724 he began his noviceship, but did not remain there long. Already governed by a secret ascendant, by a restlessness, the principle of which he was ignorant of, but which was nothing else but that natural desire of man for liberty and independence, he quitted his masters, or rather his benefactors, but with so much feeling, that they regretted his loss, and they never lost sight of him. He requested their friendship, but did not speak of protection. Being his own master, but without support, without fortune, he never doubted, but that among his school fellows, providence had reserved him a friend to console and assist him. One sees every day so many reputations falsely usurped, that it appears but just to speak of that merit which was desirous of concealment. But is it proper to occupy the public attention with one who had condemned himself to obscurity, and which will not fail to be made a reproach to his historian? It shall be shown whether the Abbé Blanchet had sufficient virtue, talents, or originality, to deserve that after his death his portrait should be drawn; and it is to be hoped that this picture will be a stronger resemblance because he himself will furnish the principal features and the colouring.

To judge of the gloomy affections which, from the age of twenty, poisoned his life, it is necessary to hear him when he converses with the keeper of all