

WALLIS'S
JUVENILE TALES.

PATERNAL FORGIVENESS;

EXEMPLIFIED

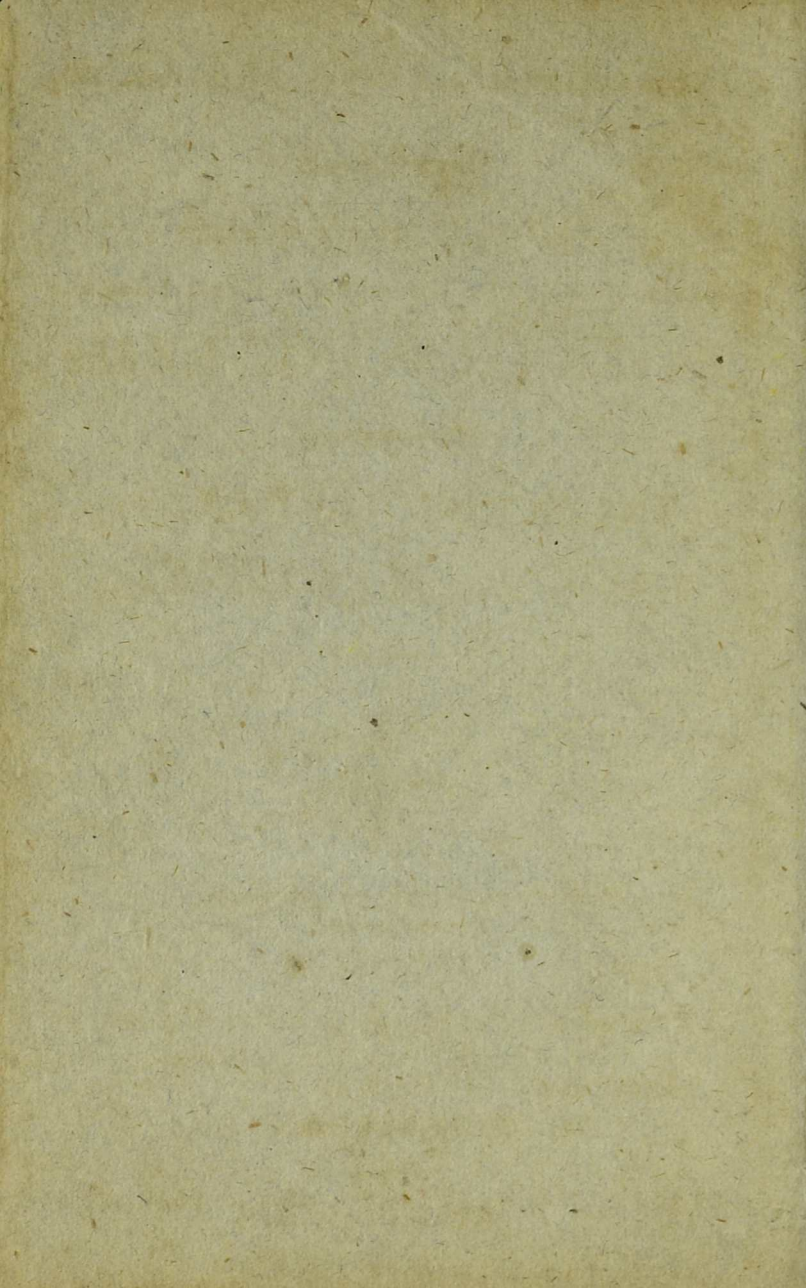
IN THE STORY OF
EMMA WALLACE.



LONDON :

Printed and Published by JAMES WALLIS,
No. 77, Berwick-street, Soho.

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VALENTINE AND UNNION.



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PATERNAL FORGIVENESS,

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IN the West of England lived Mr. Wallace, a gentleman of handsome fortune, who was left a widower at an early age with one infant daughter. The only consolation he felt after the loss of a partner whom he entirely loved, was in the contemplation of the opening charms and grace of his little Emma, who soon promised to become all that he had so much admired in her deceased mother. He attended to her education with the utmost care and assiduity; procuring her instructors of every kind, of approved merit, and often taking

that pleasing office upon himself, for which his good sense and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With these advantages she grew up lovely and accomplished in an uncommon degree; and seemed in every respect formed to complete the warmest wishes of a parent. He accordingly doated on her with the extremest fondness, and formed no other desire or purpose in life than that of seeing her happily and honourably established.

In pursuit of this design, he did not, like most parents, cast his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced from impartial observation, that happiness in the conjugal state is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed relish for sober and rational felicity, the first and greatest requisite he looked for in a son-in-law was a mind formed to steady and habitual virtue. The character usually distinguished by the title of *man of pleasure* was therefore the object of his most rooted aversion and dread.

Emma had received from nature that dubious gift, a heart of exquisite tenderness and sensibility. This, while it made her return her father's fondness with the warmest filial affection, rendered her also liable to attachments of a stronger and more dangerous kind. Unpractised in the world, she did not look at mankind with the discerning eyes of her father; and where she saw an amiable appearance, she was easily led to imagine that every thing else was correspondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where she lived, who, to a most pleasing figure and address, added a manner and conversation the most specious and insinuating that could be conceived. He appeared all softness and refinement, at the time that his heart was vitiated by the loosest principles, and most confirmed habits of debauchery. Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Emma, before her

father was aware of the danger to which she was exposed. The impression he made was too strong to be eradicated; and although her father, as soon as he discovered the connection, used every art of persuasion, and every exertion of parental authority to dissolve it, he was unable to succeed.

As Mr. Wallace constantly refused his consent to an union, the unhappy consequences of which he clearly foresaw, the lovers had no other resource to gratify their



passion than elopement. It was long before one educated in the habits and principles

that had so carefully been implanted in Emma, could resolve upon so rash and guilty a step; but at length it was determined on and effected; and the unfortunate daughter was too late convinced of the dreadful exchange she had made, of the caresses of the most indulgent of parents, for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithless husband.

Justly incensed as her father was, she durst not attempt to soften his resentment, which, founded upon an act of disobedience that overthrew all his dearest hopes, was likely to be stedfast and durable. After suffering a variety of misery, both in mind and body, in following a husband who treated her with brutal neglect, she buried him in a garrison abroad, and returned to England in the utmost indigence the third year after her marriage, with a son about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable asylum soon after her arrival,

at the house of a lady who had been her mother's most intimate friend. By her, she was treated with all the kindness of a parent; and her benefactor, desirous of doing her still more essential service, resolved to attempt the arduous task of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good sense was equal to her benevolence, she was sensible that in order to succeed in such an attempt, it was not adviseable to make a direct application, which would give resentment an opportunity of being heard as well as natural affection; but first to awaken his paternal feelings, and then urge the suit while the impression was still warm. She had soon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Wallace, who had always kept up an intercourse of strict friendship with her, came to pay her a visit. It was contrived that Emma's child, one of the loveliest children ever beheld, should carelessly enter the room, and play about among the com-

pany. It soon caught the eye of Mr. Wallace, who was always extremely fond of children, and he asked the lady to whom the charming boy belonged. "To a friend of mine," she slightly answered, and turned the discourse to some other subject. The child attracted more and more of Mr.



Wallace's notice. He called it to him, set it on his knee, and by several acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleased with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of en-

gaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

The lady of the house, who had been an attentive though silent observer of this progress of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and kissing it, cried, "Heaven help thee, sweet boy! thou hast a troublesome world to struggle through! This little child," continued she, addressing herself to Mr. Wallace, "has already lost his father—and its mother, a most amiable creature, is left almost destitute of support." Mr. Wallace was touched to the soul. He took the child from the lady, and embracing it with tears in his eyes—"Heaven help thee, indeed!" says he—"but if thou art destitute of all other friends, I will be a friend to thee! Pray, Madam, will it not be impertinent to inquire more particularly into the circumstances of the lady's situation?" "She is now in my house, Sir," says she, "and

will inform you herself." On this, she rung a bell, when Emma, dressed in deep mourning, entered, and rushing across the room, threw herself at her father's feet. With a voice choaked in tears she could only say, "Forgive me, Sir! forgive me." He remained a while in suspence, looking first at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow; and catching Emma in his arms—"I do forgive thee, " my poor child!" says he, "from my " soul I do; all that is past shall be forgotten: " this little angel makes amends for all."

This sudden stroke of felicity was too much for Emma, who fainted in her father's arms. A scene of tender confusion ensued, which however soon terminated in transports of affection and gratitude; and the lady, whose benevolent ingenuity had brought about the happy event, received the most heart-felt satisfaction from her success.

VALENTINE *and* UNNION.

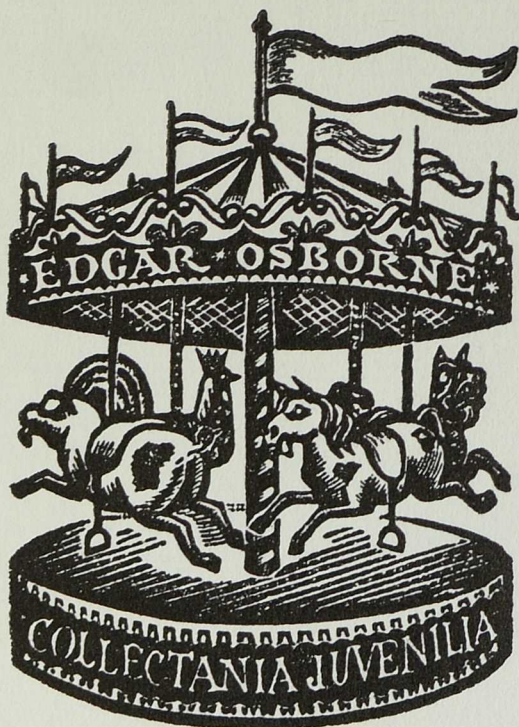
AT the siege of Namur by the Allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion a corporal, and one Valentine a private centinel: there happened between these two men a dispute about an affair of love, which, upon some aggravation, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called

out to his enemy: "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salfine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcass, crying, "Ah, Valentine! was it for me who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse.

THE END.

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JUVENILE TALES, &c.

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