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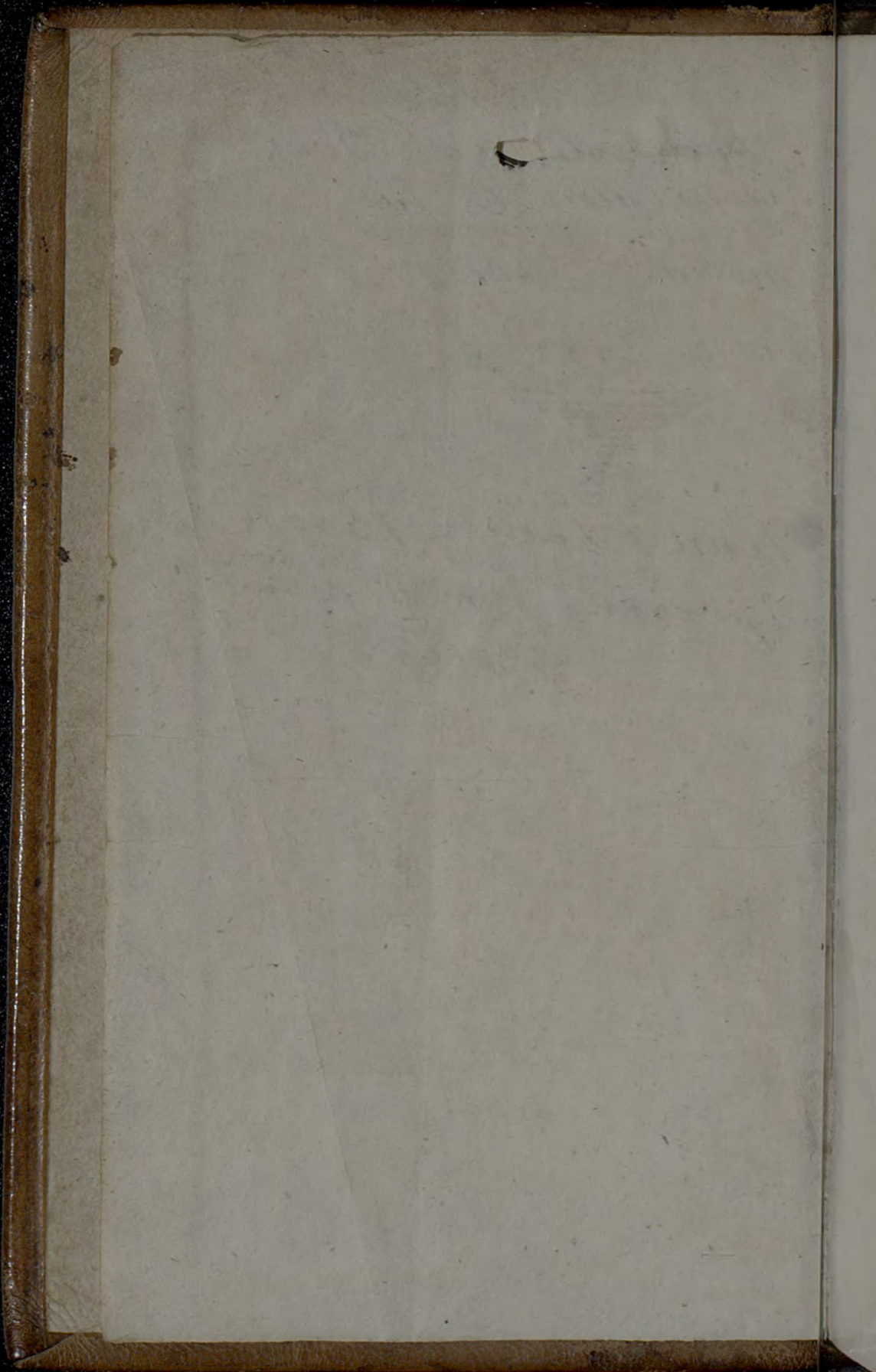
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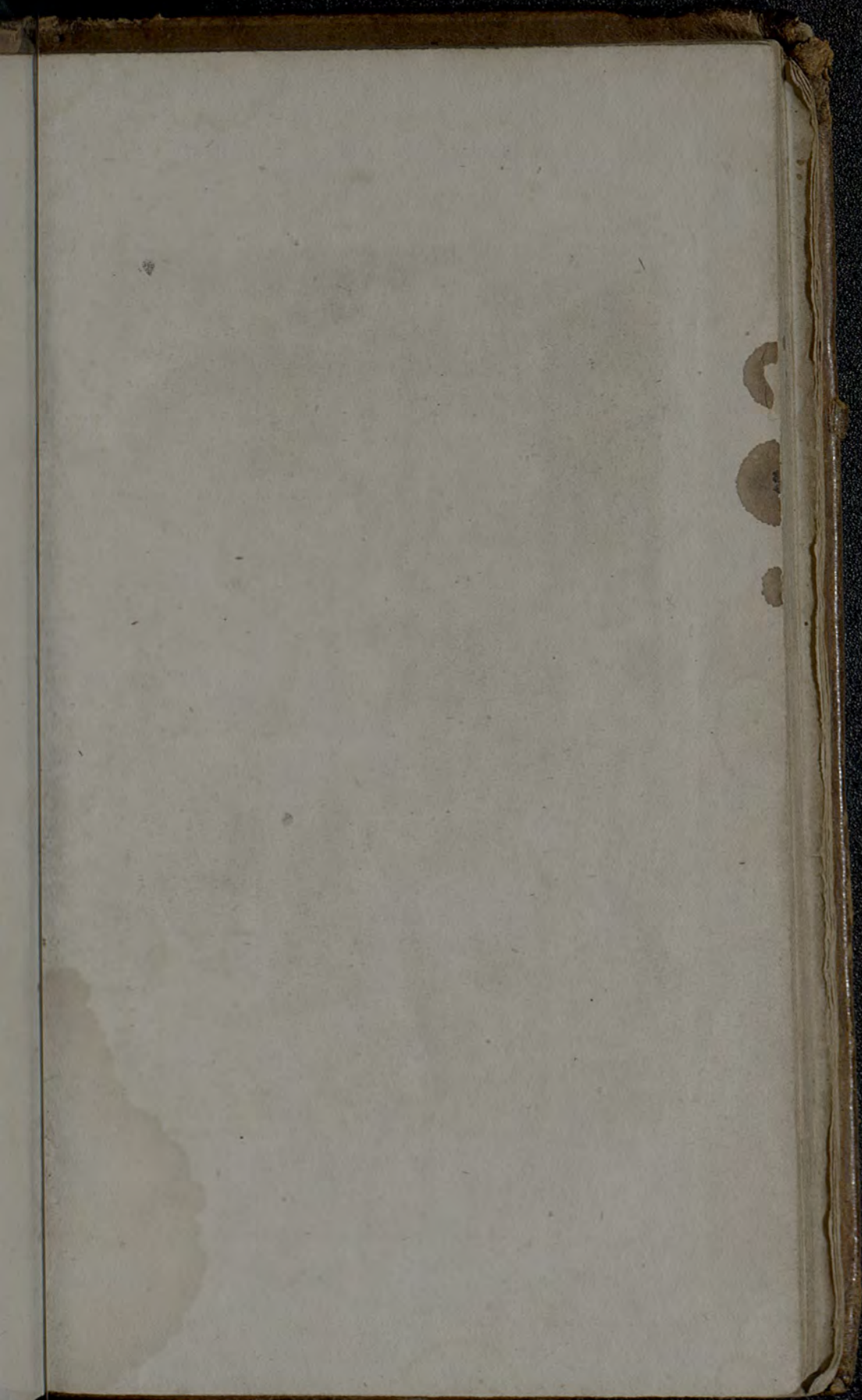
John Gold's Book
given him by his
mother March

Nov 3 1803



Ann Challice Book
A present from ^{Brown} Madam
Gosse





FRONTISPIECE.



Cruikshank del.

H. J. Goussier sculp.

See Page 213.

THE
FAITHFUL CONTRAST;

OR,

Virtue and Vice accurately delineated,

IN A SERIES OF

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE TALES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

A VARIETY OF ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

By Mrs. HURRY,

*Author of "Tales of Instruction and Amusement,"
And "Rational Amusement."*

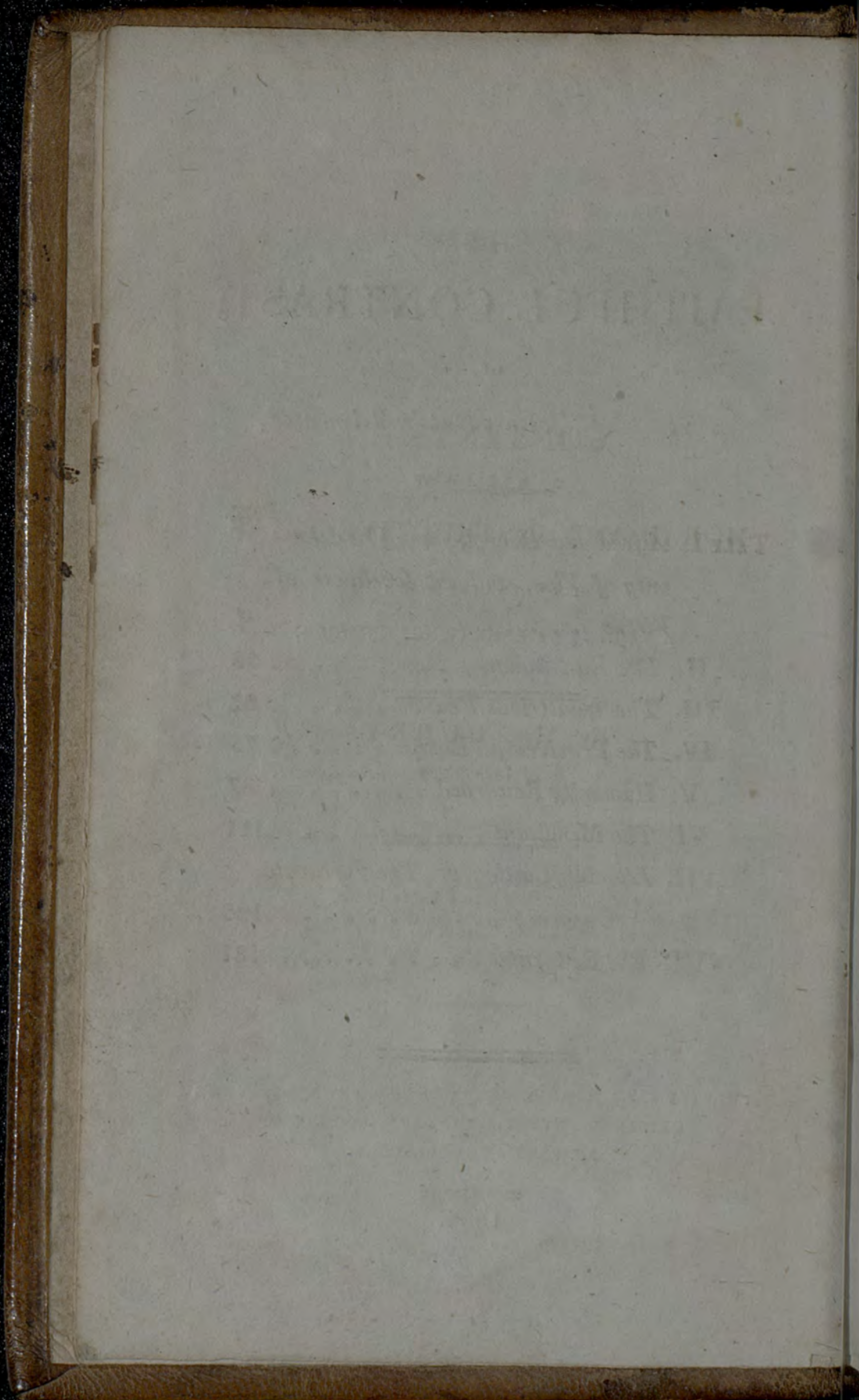
" Here with enchanting aspect Virtue stands,
To lure the wand'rer to immortal rest,
To guard from Vice, she spreads her lovely hands,
And courts the child of sorrow to her heart."

SMITH.

LONDON:

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1804.



CONTENTS.

	Page:
TALE I. <i>Alfred and Henry; or, The deformity of Vice, and the loveliness of Virtue</i>	1
II. <i>The East Indian</i>	39
III. <i>The Industrious Peasant</i>	62
IV. <i>The Providential Escape</i>	75
V. <i>Humanity Rewarded</i>	87
VI. <i>The Mendicant</i>	111
VII. <i>Llandilly Castle; or, The Fortunate Discovery</i>	126
VIII. <i>The Emigrants</i>	181

CONTENTS

Page	
1	I. The History and Progress of the Science of
39	II. The Principles of
69	III. The Principles of
75	IV. The Principles of
87	V. The Principles of
111	VI. The Principles of
135	VII. The Principles of
151	VIII. The Principles of

THE FAITHFUL CONTRAST.



TALE I.

ALFRED AND HENRY;

OR,

The deformity of Vice, and the loveliness of Virtue.

ALFRED PERRY was the fourth son of a gentleman of fortune in the West of England. He was a boy of a brilliant, rather than a solid, under-

standing; and possessed that lively disposition, which, in childhood, is too often mistaken for sense. Nature had endowed him with every advantage of face and person; and the partial fondness of his parents left him little either to ask or desire.

This youth had an elder brother, to whom nature had been as niggardly, as to him she had been magnificent. From a fall in his infancy, he had contracted a deformity, which had not only injured his shape, but his health: and his face, which was much marked with the small pox, had no feature which was not ugly. Unhappily, these exterior circumstances, which could have little to do either with the heart or disposition,

were, in one child, regarded with almost idolizing fondness, in the other, with something little less than disgust. Alfred, always in the parlour, caressed, praised, and indulged, formed a striking contrast to the poor, neglected Henry; seldom suffered to leave the nursery, and there meeting the same cold indifference from the servants he was treated with by his parents. From the deformity of his person, his health was extremely delicate; and frequently, when thus abandoned, he was suffering severely from bodily pain. One indulgence he was allowed, and one only:—as he was incapable of much exertion or exercise, he early discovered a taste for reading, and the

master of a school, very near the hall, was suffered to attend him. The progress he made more than repaid the trouble of his teacher, and was, to himself, a source of delight, which solaced many of his lonely hours.

Alfred, though only a year younger, scarcely knew his letters; and when lessons had been given him with his brother, he had not only paid no attention to the master, but ridiculed his manner, his dress, and his features. As he did this with great drollery, and, as his parents thought, with much wit, they laughed at his sallies, and readily consented to his wish of not being plagued with such a "stupid drone;" which was the

term he used, when speaking of the master. He was now eight years old, and, however unwillingly, his parents judged it necessary to send him to the school at which his elder brothers had been educated. Henry, was also to accompany him; but this, to Henry, was no evil; his wish of improvement, and his love of learning, made the idea rather agreeable to him. But it was not so with Alfred; and, indeed, his tears and importunities were so effectual, that another twelvemonth passed away before the scheme was put in execution.

When the time of their departure did arrive, Henry attended the summons to the carriage, with great alacrity: but it was some time before

Alfred could be found. He had concealed himself in one of the closets, in the futile hope that if he was not discovered, the carriage would go without him. Neither tears nor entreaties were spared to obtain his purpose; but these his parents had been prepared for, and, though with infinite anguish to themselves, had predetermined not to yield to. He was, therefore, obliged to enter the carriage, which was filled with every thing in the least likely to be agreeable to him, which could either conduce to his amusement or pleasure.

The journey was passed, on his part, in tears and sullen silence; and on that of Henry in regret for his brother's affliction, and quiet ac-

quiescence to desires he had never attempted to dispute. After a ride of about twelve miles they arrived at the school. The master attended; they were ushered into a parlour, and treated with the utmost civility. Several of the pupils were introduced, in the hope of dispelling Alfred's chagrin, and, at length, they so far succeeded, as to induce him to join their amusements, and retire with them to another room.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry, who had dreaded the hour of parting, took this opportunity to steal away unobserved; and when Alfred found they were gone, though his tears flowed afresh, yet the knowledge that his grief could no longer be of any avail,

assuaged his affliction. His prepossessing appearance, had, already, gained him many admirers; even the masters were struck by the beauty of his face, and the graceful symmetry of his person; and there were those who failed not to contrast them with the deformity and sickly appearance of his brother.

Henry felt how much he was neglected; but to neglect he had always been accustomed. He was sensible of the disadvantages of his person, and sometimes wished nature had been more bountiful; but his mind was wholly free from envy, and he had never loved his brother less, because he possessed more. By degrees, his amiable disposition, and the powers

and charms of his mind, unfolded themselves, and, amongst the judicious and worthy, secured him many friends. To be loved he must have been known; to be admired, his brother must be only seen;—the effect was natural;—the charms of the one increased, as those of the other wore away. Next morning they appeared in the school-room. Henry performed his tasks with ease, and found in them only amusement: Alfred, after spending the whole morning in tears, was obliged to perform them in the hours allotted to play; and even then, without his brother's assistance, could have done nothing. The habits of indulgence he had always been accustomed to, and his total neglect of

all improvement, made his present situation the most irksome and painful that could possibly be imagined.

The masters perceiving Alfred's want of docility, and the little relish or capability he discovered for improvement, by degrees, transferred the liking they had conceived for him to his brother, whose gentle and obliging disposition and unwearyed industry deserved the highest commendation. The first half-year, though slowly, passed away, and Alfred had, at length, the felicity of returning home, with a more decided hatred of school, and a stronger desire of remaining where his will was undisputed: but his parents, though they grieved at his reluctance to go

back, still thought it too important to be dispensed with; and though they encountered the same tears, the same entreaty, and the same resistance, yet he was obliged to return.

He was now nearly nine years old, and his brother was one year his senior; yet the disparity of their knowledge and advances in all that was really worthy attainment was equal to many more. The mind of Henry was already well stored with useful learning, and his desire of improvement was only equalled by his progress. Alfred, on the contrary, scarcely knew the first rudiments of learning, and though he possessed a flow of spirits and a quickness of reply which was often mistaken for

wit, yet, by those who looked beyond the surface, his shallow acquirements were easily detected. His temper and disposition accorded little with the attractions of his person. He was selfish, imperious, and, when offended, implacable. The head master, from whom he had received some chastisement, which his idleness and inattention well deserved, was the object of his abhorrence. To vex, to torment, and, if possible, to injure him, would, to Alfred, have been the highest gratification.

Unhappily, there were other boys in the school, whose ideas corresponded with his own; and these were his favourite companions. They had several times committed depredations

in the orchards and gardens of the neighbouring farmers, which had occasioned heavy complaints; but, as the delinquents had never been discovered, general threats were all that followed. Alfred and his companions, in secret, exulted in their atrocities, and, grown bold by success, they meditated a plan, which was soon to be carried into execution.

They all slept in the same room; Henry, unfortunately, as they thought, had his tent-bed there. The delicate state of his health, which of late had been more than commonly fluctuating, kept him awake many weary hours, when his happier companions were locked in tranquil repose. He was one night, as usual, laying

awake, when he heard his brother proposing to his bed-fellow a scheme so bad and atrocious, as shocked Henry, who had been, unwillingly, acquainted with former depredations. He had frequently expostulated in the kindest manner, and endeavoured to dissuade his brother from associating with boys, whose characters were so notorious. But his kind intentions were treated with ridicule, his expostulations with contempt, and he was bid,—to remember that it was not every one who could sit hours poring over a book, till they were stupified: for although such amusements were very well for a broken back and lame leg, they would not do for boys of any spirit.—Henry

sighed, but made no answer; a tear stood in his eye;—he wiped it off in silence, and returned to those amusements, which, however contemptuously treated, were, indeed, his chief delight.

Mr. Saunders, the master of the seminary, was particularly fond of flowers; he had the finest collection, and was reckoned one of the best florists in the kingdom. His auriculas were now in full bloom, and he had surveyed them with a delight which none but an amateur could feel. It was against these that Alfred and his companions meditated their vengeance, which they intended should be as secret, as they hoped it would be complete. They had no

idea Henry was awake; but as from him they wished to conceal every thing, they were more than commonly suspicious; and knowing how little and how ill he slept, they stopped, in the midst of their discourse, to listen whether he was awake: they soon found he was, and their conversation was suspended.

Hurt, but not deterred by his brother's ridicule and sarcasms, Henry, the next morning, ventured to expostulate on the wickedness of the action he had heard meditated; but, instead of the effect he hoped would have been produced, he was accused as a mean listener, who, because he could not partake, delighted to thwart others' pleasure:—He expostulated,

endeavoured to represent the unworthiness of such base revenge, and the certainty of detection; but he was heard with impatience, and silenced with the unkindest language.

A few nights after this, having, in consequence of indisposition, retired early to bed, he fell into a sleep much sounder than he usually enjoyed. He knew not how long this had continued, when he was awoke by light steps moving about the room: he raised his head suddenly, and discovered his brother, and several other boys, who entered the room with a mysterious air. It was not dark, though the shades of night were stealing around. He asked what was the matter:—this question evi-

dently was unwelcome; but Alfred, with his usual readiness, after exhorting him to speak softly, said—in playing he had tossed his hat into the garden, and as that was a place they were forbidden to enter, he was afraid he should be punished when it was found; as the head master, who was always particularly unkind to him, would, on all occasions, suspect the worst. He had been trying, he continued, to find it, but had not succeeded.

“Is that all?” said Henry, with a serious air.

“Yes, to be sure;” replied his brother, “what more do you think there should be?”

Henry was not naturally suspicious;

yet, in the present instance, he doubted whether he had heard the truth. His brother had that day been severely flogged for neglecting his lessons; he knew the vengeance he meditated before this event, and he had no doubt but that would hasten it. He thought of the auriculas, and trembled. He knew the severity with which such an action would be punished, and not all the unkindness he had received had weaned his affection from Alfred.— He laid down, his mind filled with gloomy images.

“Brother,” said Alfred, “as you rise so early of a morning, you might go in the garden and look for my hat; you will, most probably, save

me a severe flogging if you do. You have often told me that you loved me, and wished to save me from punishment, and now is the time to show it.

“But you know,” replied Henry, “I am forbidden, as well as yourself, to go into the garden, and I have never even wished to disobey. Mr. Saunders values his flowers very much, and, I think, after the fatigues of the day, it is very hard if he may not enjoy, unmolested, a little harmless amusement.”

“Oh, I know you are very fond of him,” replied Alfred, “so am not I;—but every one to their taste. All I ask is this one favour of you. Do, dear brother, grant it, and you shall,

in return, find me in future guided wholly by your advice. Do oblige me! think how I shall be punished! You do not wish to see me unhappy, do you?"

"No, surely not;" replied Henry, with quickness, and forgetting all his suspicions: "I will, if possible, do what you wish; and I only regret, that, in obliging you, I must disobey Mr. Saunders."

During this conversation Alfred undressed himself and retired to-bed, wishing his brother "good night," in the most affectionate manner. He was, indeed, well acquainted with Henry's temper, and knew how to wheedle him to his purpose; nor was

this the first instance in which he had screened himself at his expence.

Henry passed a sleepless night, and arose with the sun. He was in the habit of doing this; and, as his good conduct had secured him the confidence of the master, he was allowed to walk in the grounds even before the rest of the family were stirring. In the present instance, his heart smote him, that he was about to make an ill use of indulgence, which heretofore he had so highly valued: but his promise once given, a mistaken principle of honour induced him to hold it sacred; and, though slowly and reluctantly, he bent his steps towards the garden. The

doors were all locked; but in a fence, which ran at the bottom, there was a large gap, which appeared to have been recently made. By this he entered, and advanced towards the place to which he had been directed. But what was his terror and astonishment, to see the stage of auriculas strewing the garden! Many of the pots were broken; of others the flowers were entirely destroyed; and the whole fabric, which, to its owner, had been a source of such pleasure and amusement, exhibited a confused heap of ruins. Alfred's hat was discernible amongst the rubbish, and was but too convincing a proof to his brother that his suspicions were well-founded.

He hastened back to his chamber, with a perturbation he did not endeavour to conceal, and finding the whole party awake, he upbraided them with their baseness in the warmest manner. They denied it in terms so unequivocal, that Henry was staggered; he knew not what to think; yet he could not dismiss from his mind suspicions, which so many circumstances seemed to corroborate.

The news of the disaster was soon carried to Mr. Saunders, whose regret and astonishment were only equalled by his anger. The boys were all summoned; the ushers appeared with Mr. Saunders at their head; every boy was questioned in the strictest manner; the gap in the hedge was

mentioned, and each separately asked if he had ever passed it. All said no, except Henry; but however grievous the displeasure of a master he respected, no consideration could tempt him to utter a wilful falsity. The astonishment of Mr. Saunders cannot easily be described;—that Henry, the boy whom he had particularly respected, and in whom he had placed unlimited confidence, should be guilty of such an infamous action, seemed almost impossible; but appearances were strong against him, and the master's suspicions seemed corroborated by the evidence of the gardener, who declared he had that very morning seen Henry on the spot where the devastation had been committed.

Henry attempted not to deny this assertion, though he solemnly declared he was innocent of the charge alledged against him.

“For what, then, was you there?” said Mr. Saunders, impatiently.

Henry was silent: he refused to tell. This was the signal of his punishment, and he received a correction so severe, that he was unable, for some minutes, to return to his room.

One of the ushers, with whom he had always been a favourite, and who still believed him innocent, attended him from the school-room, and, with the kindest language, endeavoured to draw from him all he knew of the affair. But Henry was inexorably silent: he declared he was not the

offender, but he would declare no more; and though grieved, and feeling himself injured, he harboured no resentment against Mr. Saunders. He had always, heretofore, treated him with unvaried kindness, nor would he now have altered his conduct had he not believed he was punishing the guilty.

Alfred, in the mean time, had passed the morning most unpleasantly. Judging of his brother by himself, he could not believe it possible that any one would submit to punishment, merely to rescue another. He, therefore, expected, when Henry was asked why he went in the garden, that he would immediately have declared; and he was fully aware what,

in such circumstances, must follow. What then was his astonishment when Henry was not only silent, but submitted to a severe punishment without declaring what had subjected him to such unjust suspicions ! There was something in his conduct Alfred could not imitate ; but it was impossible not to respect it. He was involuntarily more attached to his brother, and there were moments when he felt ashamed of suffering him to labour under imputations of which he was entirely innocent. But these were only moments, and whatever might be his secret compunction, his conduct was mean and disgraceful.

Henry, when again he saw Mr. Saunders, was wounded by the cold

contempt with which he was treated. He was no longer spoken to with kindness, nor distinguished with any marks of familiarity. All that was said, was bitter sarcasm, or injurious reproach; and, in proportion as he had before been indulgent, he was now severe. He forbid the morning walks, the many little privileges which, to Henry's infirmities and Henry's pursuits, were invaluable. The poor fellow mourned in secret, but he scorned to complain; and he was too just to reproach Mr. Saunders for a conduct which he knew nothing but an idea of having been deceived had occasioned. Yet that conduct was, to Henry, a source of affliction so deep, that nothing but

having deserved it could have added to his sufferings.

One morning he was sitting in his room, too unwell to join in the sports of his companions, and too sad to give his thoughts to reading, when Alfred entered in the deepest affliction. His brother imagined the cause, but it was some minutes before he could speak. When he did, he at first only articulated, "Oh, now we must be discovered; I know they will betray; they said they would yesterday, before I gave them my last shilling." As this discourse was very unintelligible to Henry, he begged to have it explained; and Alfred proceeded to inform him, that the gardener, in removing the ruins which the late

disaster had caused, had found a knife marked with the initials A. P. ; that it had been carried to the master, and the boys were all summoned.

“Then you did, indeed, destroy the auriculas !” exclaimed Henry, now fully convinced of what he before only suspected. “Oh, Alfred, why have you behaved so unworthily ?”

Alfred's tears prevented him from answering ; and his brother, moved by his distress, would not, by any further reproaches, increase it. They had not been many minutes together, when the dreaded summons arrived. This they dared not disobey, though Alfred slunk behind his brother : he composed his countenance as well as he could, and endeavoured to assume

a cheerfulness very foreign to his feelings.

All the boys were assembled; Mr. Saunders and the ushers were seated at the upper end of the room; and on the table lay the knife which had excited Alfred's uneasiness. On the entrance of Henry and Alfred, Mr. Saunders asked the former, in a severe tone, what use he had made of that knife in destroying the auriculas?

Henry calmly replied, that he had made no use of it; he did not recollect ever to have seen it before.

"Perhaps not, sir," replied the master; "your memory, of late, has not been very tenacious: it would not

even assist you in remembering an action you had committed but a few hours before."

"I then declared the truth, sir," said Henry, indignantly, "and I have now nothing new to add."

"These, Mr. Alfred, are your initials," said the master: "I now command you to tell me when, and for what purpose, you lent this knife to your brother. Speak the truth, and I promise you forgiveness; I mean not to confound the innocent with the guilty."

Henry sighed. Alfred remained silent a few minutes; but, on the question, command, and promise being repeated, he fell upon his knees, and with much hesitation said, it

was not his brother, but himself, and four of his companions, who had destroyed the auriculas.

Mr. Saunders started with astonishment, but he continued silent, and Alfred went on:—

They had been unable to throw the stand down, and had, therefore, cut one of the legs: the sudden fall of the pots had thrown the knife underneath, where they could not discover it.

“And the rest,” said Mr. Saunders, interrupting him.

His hat had been thrown off, by a blow he received from one of the pots; it began to grow dark; footsteps were heard at a little distance; and, in their fright, he and his companions ran

out of the garden, and dared not return.

Here Alfred ceased, and Mr. Saunders regarded him, for some minutes, with the most indignant countenance. At length he exclaimed, "Is it possible that such unworthiness exists in my school? Could you, after the perpetration of such an action, (your motives for which could only be founded on malice) suffer your brother to endure a chastisement so severe and so unmerited,—to see him exposed to my resentment,—to treatment which his bodily sufferings must have doubled? Go from my presence this moment. Unworthily as you have availed yourself of my promise not to punish you, I will, still,

not break my word; but take with you my contempt, and the reproaches of your own heart; and they, if any spark of virtue yet remains, will prove your severest torment."

Alfred quitted the room, and a murmur of indignation burst from the little spectators.

"And you, my noble boy," continued Mr. Saunders, rising and embracing Henry, "come to my heart, and let me tell you all the admiration and love I feel for you. Indeed, at the moment when I was most angry with you, I knew not how to believe you culpable. The whole tenor of your conduct belied my suspicions, and seemed to reproach my severity."

Henry returned his master's embrace with unaffected ardour, whilst tears of mingled joy for the recovered esteem of Mr. Saunders, and regret of his brother's conduct, trickled down his cheeks. His first request was for Alfred and his guilty companions. He procured them a remission of punishment, but the obloquy of their conduct still remained, and made them shunned and despised by every one. Henry, restored to his former privileges, and cheered by smiles he had so highly valued, continued with Mr. Saunders many years; and, when he quitted the seminary, his enlarged and cultivated mind, the kindness and generosity of his disposition, and the excellence of his heart, made him respected and

beloved by all who knew him; whilst Alfred, endowed only with exterior charms, though seen to be admired, was known to be despised: and, whilst his brother passed his life in a manner the most praiseworthy; he, by associating only with the idle and profligate, became the sorrow and disgrace of his friends, and, at the early age of thirty, ended his days in a duel, the consequence of a quarrel at one of the taverns he frequented. Regretted by few, and beloved by none, he was a melancholy example of the little real value of personal endowments, whilst his brother was a proof, that virtue can take from deformity all that is unpleasing, and give it charms which beauty and gracefulness alone never know.



TALE II.

THE EAST INDIAN.

PHILIP HANMAR was the orphan son of a colonel in the service of the East India Company, who, having amassed a large fortune, had prepared to return to Europe, where he thought the education of his son would be better conducted. He had taken his

passage in a ship nearly ready to sail, when a bilious complaint attacked him so violently and fatally, that he did not survive many days. His son, then about eight years old, seemed to suffer but little from the death of his father; for his wishes were entirely fixed on going to Europe, where he had been told every thing that was desirable might be obtained.

Shortly after his father's interment, he and his servants embarked; and, after a prosperous voyage of little more than four months, arrived in England. Philip was consigned to the care of a clergyman, who had long been known to the colonel; and this gentleman was not only to act as the tutor, but as the future guardian

of the young East Indian. He was received with every mark of kindness, by Mr. Sandford, and welcomed by the children with great good-humour. Philip promised himself much pleasure in their society; and, for a few weeks, was not disappointed. His companions, considering him as a stranger, yielded to all his wishes, and in every play agreed to follow his inclinations. The novelty of his society, however, soon wore away, and resuming each the wish of pleasing himself, Philip was no longer either so happy or so contented as he had been. To be contradicted was what he could not bear. In India, he had been the tyrant of the house, and two boys of his own age, who were kept to amuse

and obey him, had long groaned under his oppressions. They attended him to England, and were still the victims of his power and insolence.

Mr. Sandford, in a little time, saw the evil habits which his pupil had been suffered to indulge; and he resolved, if possible, to eradicate them. Time, he knew, would be necessary for this, but constant attention and the best examples were always present.

Philip, in a little time, became much dissatisfied with his situation, and sincerely wished himself in Bengal, where he could command, and no one dare dispute his wishes. He was one day flying his kite, with George Sandford, a boy about his

own age, when the string became entangled in the boughs of a tree, and he desired his companion to disengage it:—George, ever good-tempered, had he been asked civilly, would have done it with pleasure; but the peremptory tone in which he was commanded, roused his spirit, and he refused to make any efforts. Philip advanced towards him with a menacing air, and asked how he dared disobey? His answer was contemptuous, and Philip struck him. The blow was returned, and in a few minutes a fierce contest ensued. It was, however, of short continuance; as the delicate limbs and enervated habits of the East Indian, made him very inferior to his athletic companion.

His rage at being subdued exceeded his former passion: he foamed at the mouth, stamped with fury, and uttered the most vehement threats. In a sort of phrenzy, he mounted the tree; the bough on which his kite was entangled hung over the water; he snatched at the string, and dragging it with all his force, endeavoured to pull it away. In this he did not succeed, but moved nearer the end of the bough than he intended.—George, who was observing him, advised him not to venture too far, as the bough was not strong enough to bear him. Philip, instead of thanking him, desired him not to interfere with what did not concern him; he wanted none of his advice, and should

pay no attention to it. George was silent, but kept his place. This added to the anger of his companion, who, with all his efforts, could not disengage the string. He took out his knife to cut it, and, stretching his arm, thought he had reached it: he missed his aim, but being thrown much forwarder than he expected, and losing his hold, he fell with great velocity into the water. As soon as he felt himself going, he uttered a violent scream. George, who saw his danger, and was prepared for its effects, threw himself into the pond, and almost immediately brought his terrified companion to the shore.

The quantity of water Philip had swallowed, for some minutes almost

suffocated him, and when at length he opened his eyes, and was somewhat recovered, the idea of whom he was obliged to, took from him all satisfaction in his deliverance. His proud spirit could not brook a favour, where he felt so unjust a dislike; and, instead of thanking George, he walked sullenly home, the water dropping from him at every step.

Just as he reached the house, he met one of his servants coming to tell him dinner was ready. Instead of answering, he seized Ardisca, for that was the name of the youth, and beat him violently for not being near the spot to assist him when he had fallen. He was observed from the parlour window, by Mr. Sandford, who ex-

postulated with him on such injustice, and rescued the poor domestic from his merciless power. In answer to the remonstrances of Mr. Sandford, Philip answered, he was only beating a servant, an inferior, and it was very strange if there was any harm in that.

“It would be much stranger,” replied Mr. Sandford, “if there was not; but, however, I would advise you not to encourage such doctrine, lest it should be enforced upon yourself.”

“Upon *me!*” replied Philip, the colour mounting to his face, “I should be glad to know who dare touch me.”

“Upon your own principle,” replied Mr. Sandford, calmly, “cer-

tainly none but your superiors. And exalted as you think yourself, I can assure you, I have not often seen those to whom you must not stoop. The superiority of riches, where the mind is uninformed, and the heart corrupted by a thousand faults, is very trifling, indeed, and must expose the boaster to the contempt of the worthy, and the derision of his equals."

Philip made no answer, but silently wished himself at dear Bengal, where his claims were undisputed, and his authority supreme. But chiefly against George, he harboured resentment; and he determined to lose no opportunity of shewing his anger.

George was not only a boy of ex-

cellent disposition, he had made a very considerable progress in learning, and with that fondness for study, so natural to the well-informed, he spent many of his hours in his own room. He had a large closet, fitted up as a library, and here he arranged his books, his drawing utensils, and all that either formed his pursuit or his pleasure. Here he amused and here he improved himself; and so exact was the order in which every thing was arranged, that he could find immediately whatever he wanted. His fondness for this place was well known, and also how unpleasant it was to him to have his things deranged.

Philip had brought with him, from

Bengal, a monkey, which played a thousand droll, diverting tricks;—but it was mischievous, and, when offended, spiteful and dangerous. It knew its master, and had been so well tutored to blows and obedience, that it obeyed him, even with a look: but this obedience extended no farther. And so frequent had been the depredations it had committed in Mr. Sandford's house, and so constant was the terror in which it kept the children, that Mr. Sandford threatened to send it away, and nothing but its master's entreaties had hitherto prevented it. Philip, well acquainted with the destructive powers of his favourite, had it in contemplation to make it the means

of his vengeance. He well knew if he could put the monkey into George's closet, order and exactness would soon be at an end. Nothing, he was certain, would so entirely discompose his companion, as to have the nice regularity of his bookshelves, the neat arrangement of his pencils, &c. destroyed; but to effect this was, therefore, more desirable.

One afternoon, George went to drink tea with a friend. Philip was invited; but a bad head-ach kept him at home. He had been so little used to suffering of any kind, that his fretfulness and impatience were beyond conception. He was really unwell, yet the malignancy of his

heart was not subdued; and though it was painful to him to stir, or make any effort, he resolved not to lose the opportunity of completing his revenge. He took the monkey, secretly, and put him into the closet; then shut the door, softly, and went down stairs—well knowing his favourite would not be idle. He was soon after so much worse, that he was obliged to go to bed; and there his own feelings occupied him so entirely, that he forgot not only the monkey, but the triumph he had expected to enjoy.

George did not return till late, and then, wishing his friends good-night, he went to his own room.—What a sight awaited him there!

not all his fortitude was able to support it. All his books were pulled down, and the chief of them destroyed:—leaves scattered promiscuously about the room, and some fine plates, which had recently been given him, torn to atoms. He ran, and called his father to view his misfortune. The monkey was taken away, and put into one of the outhouses till the next morning, when it was resolved he should be sent away. But the damage he had done was not so easily repaired. Mr. Sandford was not in opulent circumstances, and the collection of George, which had been the savings of some years, and the presents of munificent friends, would cost a great deal to

replace in its original value. George could not restrain his tears;—his father endeavoured to console him, and promised, as far as he was able, to assist him in re-furnishing his library. One of the servants was called to adjust the room, and as she was picking up the scattered papers,—“I thought,” said she, “some mischief was going on, when I saw Master Philip creeping up so softly, with the monkey under his arm. He thought nobody saw him; but he was mistaken. For, indeed, I hate that beast of a monkey so much, myself, that I crept into Mistress’s closet, to get out of his way, as I knew, pretty well, Master Philip would be putting him on me.”

“ But he could not be so cruel,” cried George, “ as to put him in my room; he must know every thing would be destroyed.”

“ I’ll be bound he did, Sir. Why, Sir, that is nothing to what they say he used to do in Bengal. I am sure, to hear the poor boys tell what they have suffered, it would melt the very flinted stones.”

George made no answer; but he could not help secretly wishing such an inmate had never entered their dwelling; as, from the moment of his arrival, all domestic comfort had been destroyed. George, however, was of too gentle and generous a disposition, to harbour resentment; and, though his regret continued, his anger

soon wore away. Next morning, Philip was considerably worse, and, when medical assistance was sent for, he was declared to have the small-pox. It had been in contemplation to have him inoculated. This information, therefore, spread general alarm; particularly as the disorder put on its worst appearance. In a short time he was in a very alarming state, and nearly a fortnight elapsed before he was pronounced out of danger. When once in a convalescent state, George was a constant guest in his room, and tried, by every means in his power, to divert the wearisomeness of a sick bed. Philip was blind, and whilst he lay in this state of suffering, he had sufficient leisure to

contemplate the kindness of one whom he had taken such pains to injure. He was ignorant of the fatal success of his scheme, and though he wished to be informed, yet he dared make no enquiries. At length he ventured to ask about his monkey. George looked at him, and, for a few minutes, made no answer. At length he said, "My father has sent him away; and when you are well, and can see how he has destroyed every thing in my closet, you will think he ought not to have been kept."

This gentle remonstrance, which Philip knew he was unworthy of, pierced him with the first feelings of compunction he had ever known.—

He was now on a sick bed, where his ideal superiority was of little avail. Every one who would administer to his ease, or comfort, must be dear to him, for he could do nothing for himself. Amongst those who had been most ready and most uniform in their attentions was George; and, convinced how meanly he had injured him, Philip burst into a flood of tears. His kind companion took his hand, and, in the most soothing tone, asked him the cause of this emotion? It was some time before he could answer, and then he acknowledged that it was he who had put the monkey in the room.

George, who had before known this, testified no surprise: the situa-

tion of the offender disarmed resentment, and, therefore, he was silent.

Philip observed this, and, at length, said,—“ You will not forgive me, I see, though I now regret what I have done so much, that you need wish me no severer punishment.”

“ Indeed I do most sincerely forgive you ;” replied George.—“ I wish the affair had not happened, as you know my father is not able to replace my loss immediately ; but I now endeavour to forget it, and, in a little time, I hope I shall.”

Philip was penetrated by this speech : and the first act of his recovery was to replace, as exactly as he could, what his ungenerous revenge had destroyed. He did more ;

—he endeavoured to correct dispositions so baneful to his peace; and which, if indulged, must ultimately prove not only the destruction of his happiness, but lead to a train of vices always followed by shame and disgrace.

The task was long and difficult, to eradicate faults which so many years had strengthened; but perseverance and resolution can do much; and though frequent relapses shewed him how much he had yet to do, a steady pursuit of the right path, at length, led him to the goal. Not more distinguished by his affluent fortune, than by his amiable character, he dispensed good to all around; and he found, in the efforts

of a virtuous conduct, and the applauses of his conscience, a degree of happiness which rank and fortune, alone, could never bestow:---a happiness, pure, increasing, and permanent.





TALE III.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PEASANT.

JOHN GRAY was the son of a shoemaker, whose idle habits and constant inebriety reduced his family to an almost starving condition, and, at length, obliged them to seek shelter in the workhouse; whilst he, senseless of their sufferings, aban-

done them wholly, and enlisted as a soldier.

John was then about ten years of age; and, grieved to see his mother and sisters reduced to such necessities, he applied to several farmers for employment. His age, and his meagre appearance, which long-suffering and hardship had rendered pallid, made almost every one object to him, from the idea that he was incapable of working. At length, one old man promised to try him, if he would work the first week gratis. John consented to this, as he had, indeed, no alternative; but during the time he was almost starved. The second week was more propitious: he received three shillings, and this, to

him, was an immense treasure. He thought, from such a sum he might well spare half, and he gave it to his mother. To her it was most welcome, not only as being the fruits of his industry, but as the relief of many wants, for which parish charity makes no provision. His industry and quiet manners soon gained him the notice of his master, and he was sometimes invited to a Sunday's dinner. This was a very great treat, and his pleasure would have been complete, could he have had his mother and sisters to partake it. As his pay was increased, he hoped he should, in time, be able to earn sufficient to hire a cottage, and place his relations in it. With such a sti-

mulus to his industry, he soon became, not only an excellent husbandman, but an excellent servant; and, as he still worked with his old master, he, in a few years, let him a cottage, of which the rent was moderate. John, with a delight few have ever felt more sincerely, removed his mother and sisters to it; and, purchasing the little necessaries which their humble wants required, he was now at the summit of his long-cherished wishes. But as his family was so much larger, it was necessary he should be more provident than ever, and he exerted every effort to maintain them.

At the back of his cottage was a little garden, which he cultivated

with great care, and it soon became, to them, an object of much importance. It supplied them with vegetables, and helped to feed a pig, which was fattening as a winter store.

There is no sight more pleasing than the efforts of industry, striving to overcome the hardships of poverty, and to provide against its numerous attacks. John deserved and found his reward. His little possession was prosperous;—his store increased:—He added a cow to his stock, and the milk with which she enriched them was their most delicious treat. His master respected him, and was, on all occasions, eager to promote his interest. He had soon a small farm vacant, and he not only offered

it to John, but promised to supply him with money to stock it, till he should be able to repay him. This was an offer beyond what John's most sanguine wishes could have desired, and was most gratefully accepted. He was soon settled in his new possession, his mother and sisters found constant employment, and he was not idle. Time passed quickly and happily, and he felt with delight, and acknowledged with gratitude, the happiness of his lot. It was not long before he repaid all the money he had borrowed, and had a surplus for his own wants.

He had occasion, not long after, to go to a distant county to purchase cattle, and was returning home,

when, about ten miles distant from his residence, he met a party of men dragging an old soldier. His appearance was the most miserable that can well be imagined. His countenance was pallid, his figure a perfect skeleton, and the few clothes with which he was covered, hung about him in rags. Terror, as well as misery, was now legibly painted on his countenance. The compassionate heart of John was moved by his appearance, and he stopped to enquire of his conductors what crime he had committed, which subjected him to such violence.

One of the party, a man whose rosy face and sleek appearance bespoke good living, immediately an-

swered,—“ Sir, I am dragging him before a justice. Varlet, that he is, he deserves hanging : transportation is too good for him.”

“ But what has he done ? ” asked John.

“ Done, Sir ! why, I’ll tell you what he has done ! and then you shall judge whether he is an object of compassion. You must know I’m a constable, and a baker, and having seen this ragamuffin several days infesting our village, I warned him away, as I have no great liking to such gentry ; the house of correction is the best place for them :—Well ! what does I see this morning, after our hot bread was drawn, than my gentleman walking before my shop.

I kept my eye upon him; and, presently, snap goes a loaf. This, thinks I, is too much; so sending my people after him, they soon caught him; for, as you may judge by his look, he is no great runner."

During this eloquent harangue, the culprit was silent; his eyes fixed gloomily on the ground.

John, in a voice of compassion, said,—“He looks half-starved; and if hunger induced him to the theft, though it does not excuse, it extenuates the action.”

“Hunger!” exclaimed the constable, in an angry tone, “What have I to do with hunger? If every one might steal who passes my shop with an empty stomach, I wonder how many loaves I should have left!”

John sighed, and finding compassion had no power over this unfeeling son of prosperity, he added, "I mean not to justify what has been done; I think it very blameable; but still a poor, worn-out being like this, is no object of resentment; I will give you half-a-guinea in lieu of what you have lost by him, if you will release him."

The constable instantly acceded to the terms; the man was liberated; and, with many expressions of gratitude, thanked his deliverer. John led the way to a little public house, not far distant, and when there he called for some refreshment, of which he made the soldier partake. He then asked what were the circum-

stances which had induced him to the commission of an action, the consequences of which might have been so fatal.

The man said, he had been discharged from his regiment about six months back, and since that time had been starving; that hunger had impelled to the theft, as he had scarcely tasted any thing the two preceding days.

John asked, "had he no relations to whom he might apply for assistance?"

He was silent, and seemed for some minutes unwilling to answer the question. At length he exclaimed, "I believe I have relations, but I have long been unworthy of them."

He then proceeded to recount the little history of his life, and John, to his amazement, found, in the object of casual charity, his long-absent father!

Not with those feelings which are usually experienced in meeting a parent, after such an absence, did John recognize him: his conduct had been too unworthy! but all that kindness could do, he did; he took him to his home, nourished, and supported him; and, during the remainder of his days, cheerfully administered to all his necessities. Thus performing the various and often severe duties of life, John lived to old age, respected, beloved, and happy. His industry procured him a competence which

74 THE INDUSTRIOUS PEASANT.

gilded the evening of his days, and his probity and long-tried integrity secured him the favour of that Being, whose smile is prosperity, and whose blessing is peace.





TALE IV.

THE PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

AT the foot of one of the Alps stand several little cottages, inhabited chiefly by peasants, or shepherds, who tend their flocks in summer on the surrounding hills.

One of these, the father of a numerous family, had been the tenant

of the same spot upwards of thirty years. His children were all grown up except Jeannette, the youngest; and in various ways provided for themselves. Jeannette was about nine years old, and whilst her father was out with his flock, she did such offices in the household as she was capable of performing; and then amused herself with children of her own age. Though there were several other cottages beside her father's, they were scattered at some distance; the nearest being a quarter of a mile.

She was one morning taking a ramble, and skipping from rock to rock, with an agility which mountaineer children early acquire, when she heard near her a feeble moan. She stopped

to listen, and found it was a kid, which had fallen from one of the craggs, and broken both its legs. It lay much lower than where Jeannette was passing, but she easily descended, and taking the poor animal in her arms, in the gentlest manner, she carried it back to her cottage. She warmed a little milk, and put it to its mouth, but it was in too much pain to eat. Its legs were still bleeding, and she could not look at them without suffering almost as much as the poor animal. Whilst she stood pitying it, she remembered to have once seen her father tie the leg of a lamb, which was broken, between two pieces of stick, fastened carefully round. She tried to do the same, and

had the pleasure of fully succeeding. She then laid it on some hay, and as she was unwilling to leave it, she remained by its side watching it. In the course of the day, she again offered it milk, which was no longer refused. This was a favourable symptom, and she hoped she should be rewarded for her trouble by preserving the poor animal's life. She was not mistaken, it soon recovered, and, in a few weeks, jumped and frisked after her wherever she went. It was her constant companion and play-fellow; it ate out of her bowl, and always shared her scanty meal. Jeanette even fancied that Patty, for so she called it, understood what she said. Her father sometimes told her,

she gave to her favourite not only too much of her time, but of her food: but Jeannette could not think this, and, upon such occasions, she had always some tale to relate, which proved the interest she took in Patty, and the love she bore her, were not ill-founded.

It happened in the middle of a very severe winter, that her father had some occasion to go to a town about eight leagues distant: a very heavy snow had recently fallen, and not only made the road difficult, but dangerous. Jeannette was left in charge of the cottage; this she had often been before, and she felt no anxiety, except for her father's safety. All day she was employed in household

affairs, and at night she fed her favourite, and laying down with her on some clean straw, soon found that repose, which the laborious commonly enjoy. She waked in the morning as usual, and was going to open the door, when, to her astonishment, she could find no outlet: all was dark, all was impassable! The fatal truth too soon presented itself. During the night, the snow, which had been collected in amazing quantities on the overhanging-hill, had fallen, and buried the cottage entirely. This, which is called an avalanche, and which is not uncommon in the neighbourhood of the Alps, Jeannette too soon saw was the cause. In the first moments of her grief, she gave herself

up to despair, and thought inevitable death must be her portion. Whilst she stood weeping, Patty came and licked her hand. Jeannette smiled through her tears, and thought she understood the grateful animal. She had lately kidded, and therefore had plenty of milk; and this, could it be preserved, might possibly nourish Jeannette till warmer weather should melt the snow. But how was Patty to be fed? There was hay in the loft, but to get it was no easy matter. The poor girl made many fruitless trials; and in one, she fell from a considerable height, and was much bruised. The object, however, was of too much importance to be easily relinquished; and, at length, she succeeded. With

what joy did she throw down some hay, which was as eagerly seized by Patty : the most insuperable difficulty seemed that of procuring water, and it was not till both the goat and Jeanette were almost famished, that it occurred to the latter to endeavour to melt some of the snow : this she effected, and for nearly two months lived in the same gloomy manner. Her faithful animal was her only companion, and its milk her chief support.

At length this threatened to fail her ; there was only hay for another meal ; though, of late, she had given it very sparingly, in spite of all the fondlings and caresses of Patty, who, almost starving, seemed in this man-

ner to ask for more food. The poor girl was now in deeper affliction than ever. In the hope of being liberated, she had endeavoured to support her spirits, and to endure, patiently, her gloomy lot. Before this time, she had thought her deliverance certain, but she must now, perhaps, see her companion starved, and then die the same deplorable death herself.

Next morning, with a heavy heart, she gave Patty her last meal; it was bedewed with tears: Jeannette, herself, could touch nothing, not even her favourite's milk. She sat down, and endeavoured to prepare herself for death. She had been taught to believe there was another, and a better world. Young as she was, she

had suffered much in this ; perhaps it was to prepare her for greater bliss : This idea dwelt on her mind, and insensibly raised her spirits. She was not cheerful, but she was calm, and hoped to endure her last trial without murmuring. Patty, who, from want of sufficient nourishment, had lately appeared to lose her strength and spirits, now came, and laid down at the feet of her mistress. They remained some time in the same spot ; when, suddenly, an unaccountable noise was heard. It was long since any sound had murmured through the dwelling, except that of its solitary inmates. Jeannette started, and involuntarily screamed : a hope of deliverance burst on her mind : the sounds

increased; and, in a few hours, light beamed upon the dwelling. It is, perhaps, scarcely possible for any one to form an adequate idea of Jeannette's feelings, who has not been in a similar situation. She sunk upon her knees, and uttered her thankfulness to the Being who had preserved her. In a short time, the door was burst open, and Jeannette was in her father's arms. The meeting was little less than miraculous, for though the poor man had toiled long and laboriously to remove the snow from his dwelling, he scarcely believed it possible that his daughter should be in existence. She told him all she owed to her faithful Patty; who had more than repaid all the kindness shewn her.

An opening once made, the remainder of the snow, by the welcome assistance of their neighbours, was soon removed, and Jeannette had again the pleasure of being restored to her friends and acquaintance. Patty soon recovered her sleek appearance and accustomed gaiety, and was long and deservedly cherished by her kind mistress, to whose humanity she owed her existence, and whom she had repaid by a similar donation. Adding one instance to the many which daily occur, that kindness, shewn even to an animal, rarely fails to meet its reward.



TALE V.

HUMANITY REWARDED.

MR. ARNOLD was a manufacturer in one of the large towns in England. He had two sons and five daughters. As the profits of his business were not more than equal to the expences of his family, he brought up his chil-

dren with the early idea of each doing something for their own support.

Alexander, the eldest boy, chose the sea, and, at the age of fourteen, was apprenticed to the captain of a vessel. His first voyage was to America, and as he had never been accustomed to much indulgence, he found nothing to endure which he could not very well support. His attention, and desire of improvement, lessened many of his difficulties, and made him, in a few voyages, a very competent sailor.

In one of his voyages, which was to Madras, they brought several passengers back with them: among these was a Colonel Marallen, who was returning to Europe to enjoy a fortune

acquired in the East. He was one day walking on deck, when some beautiful flying fish caught his attention. He had an only child, a daughter, on board with him, and he went to his cabin to fetch her, that she might see these beautiful objects. She was about eight years old. He took her in his arms, and was leaning over the side of the vessel, when, whether the motion of the water made him giddy, or whether he leaned too far, could not be ascertained; but he fell over, with the child in his arms. Every endeavour to afford immediate relief was tried; but as the ship was sailing with a fair wind, this was not easy. Alexander, who had long been remarkable for his skill in swimming,

was employed at the moment in some other part of the vessel; but he no sooner heard of the circumstance than he plunged into the sea, and in a few minutes returned with both father and daughter: the latter, indeed, was still held by her parent, whose affection for this darling child superseded every idea of self-preservation.

It was some time after they were on board before either recovered; when they did, the colonel thanked his deliverer with the warmest gratitude, and promised him more substantial proofs of kindness than mere thanks: and, soon after their arrival in England, he made him a present of two hundred pounds, which was

considered a little competence by Alexander, who well knew it must be long before he could realize as much, by industry alone.

The time of his apprenticeship being expired, he now resolved on visiting his parents, whom he had not seen for some years, before he entered upon any new engagement. He found his family much dispersed, and his father and mother in great affliction, from the misconduct of their second son. He had been placed in several situations; but, too indolent for labour, and too volatile for application, he had abandoned some, and had been discarded from others. His last employment had been with a bookseller, where he had

met with more severity than he had been accustomed to. This had roused his indignant spirit, and he soon after quitted it. Whither he was gone had not yet been discovered; and this it was which so much afflicted his parents. Alexander gave them all the consolation in his power, and after staying with them nearly two months, he again embarked in his profession.

He had disposed of his money in the purchase of a small share of a vessel, which he commanded, and which was bound to Civita Vecchia. He had a prosperous voyage, and, in a few months, returned to England.

His next excursion was to Lisbon.

Here, as he was one day walking, he observed a poor creature, begging charity, whom he instantly recognised as an Englishman. He went up to him, gave him some money, and made many enquiries into the cause which had reduced him to such extreme distress, in a foreign land. He had not conversed many minutes before a sudden recollection burst on his imagination.—It was many years since he had seen his brother; but, grown and altered as he was, he almost immediately recognised him, in this distressed mendicant. He, therefore, took him on board his ship, and gave him decent clothes; and learnt from him, that, when he quitted his master, he had hastened to the near-

est sea-port, where he had shipped himself on board a vessel ready to sail. He had expected to like the sea; but the hardships he had to endure, and the labour which was required of him, little suited either his habits or disposition, and he had resolved, as soon as he arrived in England, to go back to his parents. The captain, however, was so much dissatisfied with his conduct, that he would keep him no longer in his ship; and, therefore, dismissed him at Lisbon, without money, ignorant of the language, and with no friend from whom he could hope for assistance. In this deplorable situation he suffered almost every evil that can be imagined: and now, bitterly re-

penting his undutiful behaviour to his parents, had resolved, if once he was restored to them, he would, in future, behave better. Almost at this moment arrived his brother, whose appearance seemed little less than miraculous: but not immediately was he recognised by Robert; as the alteration which time had made in both the brothers was nearly equal.

They soon after set sail for England, and, during the voyage, Alexander had but too many reasons to observe all the worthlessness of his brother's conduct. He was so addicted to idleness, that he would lay in his hammock the greatest part of the day, rather than assist in navigating the vessel. When

he did arise, it was commonly to indulge in an habit of inebriety, which had long threatened his ruin. To procure the means of satisfying this inordinate love, there was scarcely any unworthy action to which he would not have recourse. Alexander observed this with the bitterest regret. He had hoped to find, in his brother, a companion and friend, and trusted that the wearisomeness of the voyage would be much beguiled by the society of one whom he loved; but in this he was bitterly mistaken.

They had been wafted by prosperous winds till they arrived in the channel; where, after beating about some weeks, they were obliged to

take shelter in the Mother Bank. It was now the middle of December; and Alexander was anxious to arrive at his port, and for a few weeks, at least, find some relief from fatigue.

They had been nearly a week in their present situation, when the wind changed, and, as it seemed inclined to be fair, they weighed anchor and proceeded onwards. They had not long pursued their course, when again it shifted, and blew directly against them. Alexander would gladly have returned to his former station, but that he was not able to do; as the night was extremely dark, and the gale was so violent, it was impossible to pursue any course. Such was their situation

for several hours, when they, at length, discovered the vessel was filling with water. They plied the pumps with all their strength: but the water gained upon them, and when the morning dawned, they perceived that they had driven, during the night, close to the breakers.

Their fate now seemed inevitable: dismay was on every countenance;—the pump was abandoned, and the boat hoisted out. Alexander alone preserved some degree of resolution. Something he saw might yet be done, and he exhorted his companions not to relax their endeavours: but his arguments were derided, and his authority contemned. Amongst the most terrified and the most inso-

lent was Robert; who, the moment the boat was in the water, jumped into it, and was immediately followed by as many as she could hold. They endeavoured to get clear of the breakers; but their terror and impetuosity made them heedless, and, about ten minutes after they left the vessel, the boat was upset, and all on board perished. Alexander saw them sink, and in their fate read his own. He felt all the horrors of his dreadful situation; but he endeavoured to arm his mind with fortitude, and implored assistance, where alone it could effectually be imparted.

Several hours had now passed since they first perceived their danger; but nothing was to be seen beyond the

breakers. The remainder of the crew, who had not entered the boat, had lashed themselves to the masts and rigging: of these, the greater part had been washed into the sea, and the few survivors pierced the air with their groans. Alexander was sitting upon the chicken coop, in sad reflection, when a sea passed so violently over the vessel as to wash him from the deck: he laid hold of the coop, and when he found his situation, endeavoured to raise himself upon it. This he was able to effect, and, with silent thankfulness, saw himself, for the moment, preserved: but he was without provision,—without the means of pursuing any direction, but such as the winds

or waves impelled him to. He looked around; but, as far as his eye could reach, he discovered nothing but sea and sky. At length, a little speck broke the line of the horizon: it increased, it came nearer, it was a vessel. Alexander perceived this, and taking the handkerchief which was on his neck, he held it up, waving it in the air, in hopes he might be discovered by some one on board. In this he was not deceived. A boat made towards him, and soon came near enough to throw him a rope: he caught it, and, with little difficulty, reached the boat. The wind had abated, though the sea was greatly agitated. They reached the vessel, and Alexander endea-

voured to descry the wreck of his own;—but she was gone! She had sunk almost immediately after he quitted her. He related what had happened, to the captain of the vessel, and requested to be put on shore, as soon as convenient, as the ship was outward bound, and, consequently, was taking him farther from his home. This desire was complied with, and he was landed near Pool.

His sensations, at being again on land, may be conceived, but cannot be described.—He immediately pursued his route to London; where, he well knew, if he once arrived safely, many of his calamities would be over. He had in his pocket a few shillings, which it would be necessary to ex-

pend with the utmost care, to make them suffice till the end of his journey. He caught a severe cold during the many hours he had continued in his wet clothes. This had occasioned a considerable degree of fever; and he perceived, notwithstanding all his efforts, a lassitude and imbecility creeping upon him, which made him proceed very slowly, and, at last, obliged him to seek a bed in a little public house, which stood by the side of the road.

Here he laid himself down, but sleep visited not his pillow; his fever increased, and the next morning he was too ill to rise. The woman, who judged, from his appearance, that he was a person who could not afford to

pay her for the trouble of nursing him, entered his chamber but once the whole day, and then it was to tell him it was impossible he could stay there. She expected company, and the rooms were bespoke, and, after to-morrow, would be occupied.

Alexander was too ill to be much affected, even by this hint. He felt he could make no exertion, and he heard her in silence. Unhappily for him, this woman was not possessed of much humanity, or his melancholy situation would have awakened compassion. He was racked with pain; his dry and parched lips were black with fever; and his heavy eyes were almost sunk in their sockets. All that he could procure to allay his

thirst was water, and of this he drank profusely. Towards midnight he found himself something easier; and, in the morning, when the landlady came to urge his departure, he made an effort, and put on his clothes. With the assistance of a poor labourer, who was informed of his situation, he crawled into the kitchen, but his utmost efforts would go no farther; and, throwing himself on the nearest bench, he fainted away.

The butler of a rich family was present at the time, and he reproached Mrs. Boniface for her want of humanity, in turning out a poor creature, who, to all appearance, was dying. This remonstrance awakened

the anger of the landlady, who disclaimed the charge, and declared, if it had not been for her weakness in pitying her customers, and excusing those who could not pay, she might have been one of the richest landladies in England.

When Alexander recovered, he looked about him, forgetful, for some minutes, where he was; and no sooner did his recollection return, than he would have pursued his journey on foot, ill as he was, but that the good tempered butler offered him a place in his little cart. This offer was most acceptable to Alexander, and he received it with many thanks. He placed himself beside his friend, and, in this manner, pursued his jour-

ney nearly eight miles. Nor did his kindness end here. He took Alexander to a neat cottage, where he desired he might have a bed, and promised to be answerable for any expences which might be incurred. Alexander could only thank him, but he treasured in his mind these proofs of disinterested regard. He was so fatigued with his short journey, that he was glad to retire to bed. The different treatment which he here received, in a short time restored him to health, and he began to think of pursuing his journey; but, before his departure, he wished to see and thank his kind friend: and having received directions to the house where he lived, he set off towards the mansion.—

Arrived at it, he asked for the butler. He was not at home. This was a great disappointment.—Would he be long absent?—It was uncertain.

Whilst these questions were asking, a gentleman crossed the hall, who was instantly recognised by Alexander. It was Colonel Marallen. He did not, indeed, so soon recollect his preserver, whom sickness and fatigue had much altered; but as soon as he did, he expressed the most lively concern at what had befallen him, insisted upon his making the hall his present home, and administered every thing in his power to relieve his wants. Alexander was most thankful for this welcome kindness, and when he quitted his benefactor, supplied with all that generosity could

offer, he pursued his route in one of the stages, and arrived without any accident at his father's dwelling. He found both his parents in great distress at his supposed death. They had heard of the shipwreck, and that all on board had perished. Their joy was very great at the unexpected sight of this their beloved son; but, as yet, they knew not the fate of Robert, nor even that he had been with his brother. All their inquiries after him had proved useless, and they had not received letters which had been written to them from Lisbon. To conceal the affair long was impossible, and, therefore, Alexander disclosed it. As may well be imagined, they were greatly shocked at his untimely death; but his bad con-

duct had long weaned their affection from him, as it had made him unworthy of it. Alexander, by the bounty of the colonel, was soon enabled to purchase a share in another vessel, where his industry was more successful. At length, after some years of cheerful exertion, he was enabled to quit the dangerous and toilsome life of a sailor; and, blessed with a competency, which his industry had acquired, he passed the remainder of his days in tranquillity and peace.





TALE VI.

THE MENDICANT.

THOSE who are born to opulence, and whose wants are supplied almost before they are formed, in whom plenty excites no gratitude, and abundance no generosity; are but too apt to neglect or deride the poor and

unfortunate. The distance at which they are placed in the scale of being, not only lifts them above all association with the children of poverty, but gives them, as it should seem, different feelings, and different natures.

Amelia Rupert was the daughter of a gentleman of large fortune, and had, from her birth, been accustomed to all the elegancies and indulgencies of high rank. She was not naturally ill-tempered, but she was hasty in her judgment, and, without knowing the hardships of poverty, and calamities but too often insurmountable, she had a rooted aversion for all beggars.—She was sure none but the incorrigibly idle would beg, and she was determined never to relieve them,

because it was only encouraging their bad propensities.

She was one day walking with her friend Louisa in the park, when a poor lad, apparently about thirteen, begged her to give him a penny:—he had not eaten a morsel for nearly two days.

She had nothing to give.

“For God’s sake! Miss; only a halfpenny. I am a poor orphan,—I have suffered a deal of misery,—I am now starving.—My father died before I was born, and my mother soon after!—Do, Miss, give me a halfpenny.”

This speech was uttered, whilst he followed the young lady, as fast as worn-shoes and chilblained feet

would let him. Amelia was much offended at his impertinence; and finding her commands had no effect, she desired the servant, who followed her, to drive the boy away. The insolent hireling needed no second order. He raised the cane he carried in his hand, and struck it with such violence across the shoulders of the mendicant, as levelled him with the earth. He uttered a groan as he fell; but Amelia and her companion were soon out of hearing, and the footman, pleased at his dexterity, only laughed.

In the evening, Amelia went to the opera, and as she alighted from the carriage, on her return, she thought she heard a faint groan. She stopped

a moment to listen; a second convinced her she was right. The air was extremely sharp and frosty, and she would not risk her health by standing exposed to it; but she desired one of her servants to discover from whence the sound proceeded. The man soon returned, and said it was the boy they had seen in the morning, in the park, who now seemed to be dying. Amelia was much shocked at this intelligence. When she had so harshly refused him, it was from the idea she had imbibed of the unworthiness of the object; and though nothing could justify a decision formed upon such hasty prejudices, she had only intended to check idleness. She immediately desired

that the boy should be taken into the servants' hall, where there was a good fire, and several press bedsteads, occasionally used by some of the domestics. This was done, and the poor fellow, cheered by the warmth, soon opened his eyes and begged a crust of bread and a little water. These were given to him, and he swallowed them with an avidity, which shewed how much he needed them. One of the beds was then prepared, and he was told he might remain there till the morning.

In the mean time the parents of Amelia returned, and she recounted to them all that had happened. They commended her for the assistance she had given the poor boy, and

gently chid her for the austerity of her behaviour in the morning. Her father, who, in the early part of his life, had been a soldier, and, notwithstanding his rank, inured to hardships, told her, very truly, she knew not the evils of want and poverty, nor the means to which their unfortunate victims may be driven, for temporary relief.

Next morning he sent for the boy into the breakfast parlour, and desired to be informed what circumstances had made him so young and abject a beggar. The poor lad drew the back of his hand across his eye,—to wipe away a tear which stood in it.

“ I have been unfortunate, your

honour, ever since I was born, and before too. My father was killed in battle, and my poor mother was so broken-hearted at this, that she only lived three days after I was born. The drummer's wife in the regiment took me, out of compassion; but as soon as I was able to crawl, I was beaten and driven about, and frequently half-starved. When the regiment returned to England, she sent me to a workhouse, where I suffered even more than I had ever done. All the other children had some friend or relation; but I had none, and the blows and suffering I endured made me quite broken-hearted. I had, besides, very bad health, from the starving condition in which I had always lived.

“ I was one day playing on the green, with the other children, when I saw my foster-mother in a baggage-waggon, which was following the troops who were to embark for Holland. I ran to her with joy, and, telling her all I suffered, begged her to let me go with her. They were to rest that night in our village, and I begged her so much, that, at length, she agreed to my request, and her husband applied for my discharge from the workhouse. The next morning, with a light heart, I accompanied her, and we travelled two days, as I thought, very delightfully. On the third we were to arrive at the end of our journey. About noon we stopped for the horses

to bait, and in alighting my foot slipped, and I fell from the top of the waggon with such violence, that I broke my arm. I fainted with the pain, and was again carried to the workhouse. When I recovered my senses, I was very much afflicted to be left behind, and at a place of which, from what I had endured before, I had the most dreadful idea. In a few weeks my arm was well; but the constant fretting made me very ill, and I was sadly beat because I could not do as much work as the other children.

‘I have often thought how happy the children of the rich must be, having every thing they want, and kind friends to take care of them.—

But, as for me, I had nobody in the world to speak a kind word for me. If I was sick, they did not care whether I lived or died; and if I was well I must work, though I was half starved. At last I was so weary of suffering, that I left the workhouse. This was, perhaps, very wrong; but I thought I could never be worse off. I walked as fast as I could, for fear of being overtaken and brought back, when I knew I should be worse treated than ever. I begged what was barely sufficient to keep me from starving, and, God knows, I had long been used to do with little enough.

“Whilst I was well I managed to pick up a tolerable living; but I was often very ill, and then it was I found

how dreadful it is to be a beggar. I have often lain in the fields, when I have been famished with thirst, yet have not had strength to seek for water. I determined, if possible, to get some employment, and I applied at a great many places. At some I was told to go from whence I came for a character: others bid me get a few decent clothes before I asked to be taken into decent houses. One man asked me if I thought honest people would harbour a fellow with such a thievish look? and another told me I looked more fit for the grave than for labour. Discouraged as I was, I was obliged to beg; and arriving in London, I picked up, in the park, more than I had

done for some time. But again I fell ill, and I was but just recovering the day I applied to Miss. I was very hungry, and thought if I had something to eat I should be better. But the blow which the footman gave me turned me quite sick; and, crawling out of the park, I laid myself down on the spot where I was found last night. I thought I was dying, and, as I have been told that God loves the poor as well as the rich, and if they are good will make them as happy, I felt very thankful that my troubles were so nearly over. This, your honour, is all I have to tell. I have been a very unfortunate, but, I hope, not a wicked boy; and that is a great comfort."

“Certainly it is;” replied the colonel: “but as the life of a beggar is not only very precarious, but idle and disgraceful, I will endeavour to find you employment with the grooms in the stable, if you have no dislike to it.”

“Such a proposal as this, was more than the poor lad had dared to hope, and he thankfully accepted it. But not long did he enjoy the comforts of prosperity. His constitution, naturally weak, was so enfeebled by hardships and want, that about three months after he was received into the colonel’s family, a consumption carried him to the grave. He suffered a great deal; but all that could be done, was administered for

his relief. He was very sensible of such kindness, and expressed the most grateful sense of it; but was perfectly resigned, and seemed to have no desire to live. The calamities he had for so many years laboured under, had given a sadness to his mind, which happier circumstances could not efface; and he looked, in a better world, for that serene and permanent enjoyment, which infinite wisdom had denied him in this.





TALE VII.

LLANDILLY CASTLE,

OR,

THE FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

THE Castle of Llandilly, in Wales, had once been the seat of magnificence, and the residence of power: but time had mouldered its lofty turrets, and made the once stately building a pile of ruins. It was long

since any of the opulent family to which it belonged had resided in it; and a poor old woman, who had formerly been a domestic, was now suffered to live in the only habitable part. She had lost her husband many years, and, enfeebled by old age and poverty, she was thankful for the fostering shelter which secured her from the storm. During the summer she frequently collected a few shillings, by shewing and describing the castle to strangers visiting Wales; and the trifle thus earned she carefully preserved for winter, when it was more difficult for her to cull her frugal meal from the surrounding district.

She was sitting one night, early in

spring, over her little fire, when she thought she heard voices amongst the buildings. As this was not a common circumstance, it somewhat alarmed her. Bolts or fastenings, she had none; but, as the sounds approached nearer, she involuntarily arose to place her chair and table before the door, as some little security against the intruders. It was long since she had lost the agility of youth, and as she was walking, supported by her stick, the door was suddenly burst open, and two persons, a man and woman, entered. Their manners and appearance were far from prepossessing, and Dame Howell asked, in a faltering voice, what they wanted?

“Want!” said the man, in a tone of insolence he did not appear to wish concealed, “why, we want a lodging. Are your old ears shut so completely that you cannot hear the rain and the wind? This is a night in which a Taffy may brave the tempest; but I neither like your mountains, nor your storms. So, d’ye hear, shew us where we may lodge. This woman has got a cross brat, and we want to get her to bed.”

“Dame Howell, little pleased with such guests, answered, that she had no bed but the mattress on which she slept; and, as for a shelter, the castle was so ruinous, there was hardly a part that was safe.

“Safe, or not safe,” answered the

man, in an angry tone, " I shall lodge in it. I'll tell you a bit of my mind.—I can plainly see you don't wish our company, and, perhaps, we don't want your's; but, nevertheless, here we shall remain; so it's of no use palavering."

The poor creature finding them so resolute, feared offending them, and, therefore, said no more; and they soon found an adjoining apartment, which, though it admitted the wind and rain, in various crevices, was among the best, and was, therefore, chosen by them.

Soon after this arrangement, the poor child who accompanied them, and who seemed extremely ill, awoke and began crying in the most violent

manner. Instead of endeavouring to soothe it, the woman gave it several severe blows, declaring—she wished the little beast was dead. Dame Howel was shocked at such brutality; she had herself been a mother, and was fond of children; and taking the poor little creature from the floor, where it had been thrown, she placed it on her knee, and kindly tried to compose it. The child, to whom the voice of tenderness seemed strange, lifted up its pallid face and smiled; and in a few minutes dropped asleep. It appeared about three years old; but the little, meagre, haggard countenance had lost all traces of infant loveliness. It was covered with dirt, and clothed in

rags; and its limbs seemed deformed from neglect and want of cleanliness.

Whilst Dame Howell was employed nursing the child, its parents were not idle. The woman took from her pocket a bottle of brandy, and applied it to her mouth, and when she had taken what she thought sufficient, gave it to the man, who soon emptied it. They then went to the other room, taking the child with them.

Dame Howell was too ill at ease with such guests, to go to sleep herself; nor was she tranquillized by the conversation, which their loud talking obliged her to hear. They were amongst the most worthless of mankind, and it was about some

booty which they had taken from a gentleman they had met, that they were now discoursing and quarreling. She revived the embers on the hearth, and determined to watch all night; but, towards morning, she insensibly fell asleep, and did not awake till a late hour. She was then surprised to see the sun shining in all its brilliancy through the windows; and, starting up, she immediately recollected the occurrences of the preceding evening. She did not like to venture into the room, but she was surprised at the stillness which reigned; and, listening some time, yet hearing nothing, she ventured to open the door. Her guests were gone! She was surprised, but not grieved. She

stood a few minutes, wondering at their abrupt departure, when she thought she heard a gentle breathing. She turned round, and on some straw, which she had not before observed, was the child laying asleep. It immediately occurred to her, that this poor thing had been purposely left; and, notwithstanding the compassion she felt for it, she was conscious it was a burden her advanced age and penurious circumstances could ill support. Whilst she was looking, the poor child awoke, and called, "mammy." Dame Howell took her up and led her into the other room, where she seemed perfectly satisfied, though no mammy appeared. She told the good dame

her name was Nanny, and that she used to run after people, and ask them for halfpence. She said mammy always beat her if she did not get some, and very often daddy beat mammy, and then they made such a noise!

Several days passed; but as neither the man or woman returned, it was evident they had abandoned their child to the casual charity of a poor woman, who they saw was herself almost starving. She was now convinced the child would never more be claimed, and she began to form various plans in regard to it, as her poverty seemed to preclude all possibility of maintaining it. In the mean time, the appearance of the child was

much improved; it had been cleaned from the filth of beggary, and though her clothes were the same, yet the cleanness of her flesh gave an attraction to her whole person, and discovered charms, which had before been hid. The pallid and meagre look still remained, and the waddling gait: but her eyes were full of lustre, and her mouth was dimpled by ceaseless smiles.

Month after month passed away, and she seemed so conscious of the kindness with which she was treated, that she omitted no opportunity of testifying her gratitude; and insensibly won so much upon the affection of the dame, that, at the moment she thought she had resolved upon sending her to the work-

house, she felt a repugnance to parting, which weighed down every objection. Nanny soon made herself useful; and a look, a word, was sufficient to inform her what was wanted.

The good woman had in her youth learned to read, and she was a tolerable pen-woman. Among the ruins of the castle, the library still remained; and such of the books as were legible, and uninjured by time and damps, had long formed the chief amusement of her solitary situation. She undertook to instruct her little *protogée*, and, in the course of two years, she became such a proficient, that she was able to read very tolerably; and not only to amuse, but spare the feeble sight of the aged

dame. She was herself delighted with this acquisition, and every leisure hour she devoted to reading. Frequently, of a summer's morning, she would rise with the sun, and, taking her book, climb some of the neighbouring hills, and there sit, till it was time to attend her mother; for so she had long called her kind benefactress. Dame Howell, indeed, felt for her all the affection of a parent, and blessed the hour when Providence had given her such a companion.

Nanny, sensible of all she had received, never omitted either gratitude or attention. She would never suffer herself to sit down, even to her favourite reading, till all was done for her mother; and, in the summer,

when strangers visited the castle, she was often employed the whole day. Old age had made the dame incapable of climbing the broken staircases, and wandering among the ruins of the castle: Nanny, therefore, had taken that office upon herself. She had now attained her tenth year, nearly seven of which she had passed at the castle. She perfectly recollected the misery which had preceded that period; and she thought herself among the happiest of human beings to experience so delightful a reverse. Her homely clothing and scanty fare she did not consider as evils; for she was always treated with kindness; and whatever her mother had, she shared. The worthless beings who

left her at the castle, had never returned to claim her: and if a sad idea sometimes stole on her mind, it was from the dread that they yet might. The fear of this, and other though different ideas, to which the death of her dear mother gave rise, (and her great age and increasing infirmities made such an event but too probable) made the hours, when she was alone, pass, sometimes, less happily. She seemed an isolated being, without friends or relations; or possessed only of such as she should blush to own. Yet, conscious of no guilt herself, she endeavoured to banish all anticipated evils from her mind, and to trust, for protection and assistance, to that Being, who is not re-

gardless of the meanest of his creatures.

She was one morning sitting upon the summit of a very high hill, when her attention was called from her book, by the rattling of a carriage. This was unusual at such an early hour; and, looking down, she saw a post-chaise, followed by two livery servants. She had little doubt but they were going to the castle, and, therefore, hastily descending, she tripped homewards. She had not proceeded far, when a scream stopped her. She turned to where the sound proceeded from, and saw that the postilion, not observing the unevenness of the road, had overset the carriage. The scream proceeded from

the lady, who, however, was soon extricated from her danger, and guided by Nanny to the castle. All that they possessed was cheerfully offered to the stranger; but she declined accepting any thing. She said she was travelling through Wales, and had deviated from the direct road, to visit a friend who lived within a few miles of the castle. The stranger appeared about thirty years of age, and her person and manners were particularly interesting; though the melancholy, diffused over her countenance, seemed to indicate, that some secret sorrow embittered all the happiness of her splendid lot. She received the little attentions of Nanny with evident

pleasure, whilst she waited for the repair of her carriage; and when the frugal breakfast was prepared, she partook of it with a readiness very gratifying to Dame Howell and her young assistant.

After the repast was finished, she said she would endeavour to walk and survey the castle, if a pain in her ankle, which had been slightly sprained, would permit. Nanny undertook to conduct her, and they surveyed the vast pile of ruins. During the research the stranger asked her guide many questions concerning her habits of life, and means of subsistence. Nanny answered with frankness; but spoke of her present lot with so much content, as evinced

she had no desire to quit it. She even declined a very advantageous offer, which the lady made of taking her, and said she owed so much to her mother, that to leave her now she was infirm, and unable to maintain herself, would be the highest ingratitude. The lady seemed much pleased with her sentiments, and declared, though she should be extremely happy to have such an attendant, and was at present without one, yet so commendable was her motive for wishing to remain at the castle, that it would be cruel to persuade her to act otherwise. The lady added, that she should return the same way early in Autumn, and should certainly call as she passed.

Nanny, much pleased with this condescension, expressed her thankfulness for it in the most becoming manner; and the lady, putting a guinea into her hand, returned to her chaise, which was by this time repaired, and was soon beyond the precincts of the castle.

The largeness of the stranger's donation, and, still more, the fascinating affability of her manners, dwelt long upon Nanny's mind: for, among the numerous visitors to whom she had shewn the castle, she had never found any so kind and benevolent. Half a crown, or five shillings, given with proud contempt, and questions asked in the harsh tone of authority, were what Nanny had been most accustomed to.

When her benefactress had departed, she related every thing to Dame Howell, who said it brought to her recollection the circumstances of her early youth, when she had been a domestic in the nobleman's family, to whom the house belonged; and though the neglect she had for many years experienced did not corroborate the assertion, she said it reminded her of her dear ladies.

The summer, at length, passed away; autumn arrived; and the increasing infirmities of the good dame made her life very precarious indeed. She now seldom quitted her bed, except to have it made, and her faculties were as much impaired as her bodily health. This change made

Nanny's situation very melancholy, and she looked forward to the winter with a dread she had never before experienced. She had dwelt with great hopes on the promise of the lady; but as the time was passed which had been specified, she feared the stranger had gone by some other route, or forgotten the castle.

Towards the latter end of October, Dame Howell became so much worse, that Nanny was quite frightened. She would gladly have applied to some one for advice; but neighbours she had none: the nearest habitation being at least four miles distant. All that attention and kindness could do, she performed; but, though these solaced the declining age, they could

not lengthen the days of the good dame. She died, and Nanny was inconsolable. Her only earthly friend, the kind protector of her abandoned infancy, the instructor of her youth, was gone. Where now could she turn to find such another friend? She watched by the corpse till the hour of its interment, and then attended it with grief so unfeigned, as drew upon her the attention of the few spectators who were assembled in the church yard.

When she returned to her solitary dwelling, which she now found would not long be suffered to shelter her, she sat down to ruminate on her sad fate. The evening was closed, and every object looked dark and me-

lancholy. The night advanced, and as she had not been in bed since the death of her mother, she was so wearied with watching, that she determined to go to rest. She had scarcely formed this resolution, when she heard a sound of voices. This was so unusual, at such an hour, that it greatly startled her, and her spirits, agitated by what she had lately endured, easily yielded to alarm. She had, however, no long time for conjecture;—the door was opened, and a man and woman entered.—Nanny, who had no recollection of their faces, was terrified by their looks, which were more than commonly repulsive. She arose from her chair, sat down, and then rose again.

The man observed her, and, in a harsh voice, demanded,—“Where is the old woman who used to live here?”

This question immediately restored the poor girl to recollection, and, bursting into tears, she made no answer.

The man repeated his question with an oath; and, more terrified than before, she faintly, and almost inarticulately answered, “she is dead.”

“Dead! is she?” replied he, and turning to the woman, with a significant look, added,—“So much the better. She was a sharp one, and not easily blinded!”

To this speech no answer was returned. The woman had fixed her

red, staring eyes upon Nanny, and now said,—“Are you the old woman’s daughter.”—“No;—yes;” replied Nanny, hesitating, “at least she was a mother to me.”

“Then I suppose you are the girl who was left here, about eight or nine years ago?”

“Yes;” answered Nanny.

“Then I can tell you,” continued the woman, with a malicious grin, “I am your mother.”

Nanny started, and, clasping her hands, in an agony not to be described, almost screaming, exclaimed, “you my mother!”

The woman, who was not deficient in observation, saw the look of horror which accompanied this speech,

and, with the most unfeeling brutality, added,—“ Yes, I am your mother; though you don't seem mightily pleased at it. However, I can tell you, for your comfort, I expect to be treated by you in a proper manner, and if I am not, I know the way to make you. We are come to live here, and I desire you will bring us, directly, every thing you have, for we are hungry enough.”

This speech added much to the terror and grief of Nanny, who felt, in its full force, the peculiar misery of her situation, in being acknowledged by parents, who threatened to heap disgrace and misery on her future life. The latter demand of the woman she was unable to satisfy;

as, for several days, she had been too much afflicted to think of eating, and a little goat's milk had been her only sustenance. This she declared; but it occasioned much discontent, and many unjust reproaches. At length the brutal couple went to the same apartment they had before occupied, and left the wretched Nanny to weep alone.

She spent the night in tears and sad lamentations, and when the morning dawned, she was so worn out, with long watching and grief, that she was little able to obey the harsh commands and ceaseless wants of her new-found parents. If, when she first saw them, she had been struck with terror and almost abhorrence,

what must have been her sensations on a farther knowledge, when all the worthlessness of their characters was made known to her? They were habitual drunkards; addicted to theft, of which they boasted; and the motive for their residence at the castle, they declared, was to carry on an illicit trade in spirits and contraband goods, which they received from the continent, and concealed in the innumerable vaults of the castle. Its vicinity to the sea made this more eligible; and not unfrequently were they visited by companions, whose characters assimilated but too well with their own. At such times the castle was a scene of riot, noise, and drunkenness, and Nanny had such

an horror of these midnight orgies, that, when she knew of them, she would wander amongst the mountains and find herself a lodging in some of their recesses; braving the coldness of the season, and every other inconvenience, rather than be present at such scenes of vice.

It was to prepare for one of these licentious revels, which now very frequently occurred, that she was sent to the nearest town for provisions. The distance was above six miles, and a heavy snow, which had fallen during the night, made her path not only dangerous but difficult; indeed, so much so, that when she arrived at the end of her journey, she found it would be impossible to think of

returning that night, without running the risk of being overtaken by darkness, and lost in the snow. She was in no little perplexity what to do. She knew, by experience, to what danger her stay would expose her; but to hazard such certain perils, she thought too much. Even in staying where she was, the inconveniences were not few. She had no where to sleep, and no money to pay for a bed; and she could not in the town, as in the unfrequented neighbourhood of the castle, find a place of security under every hill. She had some little knowledge of the mistress of the inn; but, she feared, not sufficient to authorise her to ask such a favour as remaining there for the night. It

began, however, to snow very fast; and the wind, as it howled bleakly through the neighbouring hills, seemed to threaten approaching tempests. As the chief of Nanny's purchases were to be made of the landlady, and as her circumstances admitted of no delay in finding herself a shelter, she determined to hasten to the inn.

She found Mrs. Lloyd in so great a bustle, that she could not, for some time, attend to her. The only waiter, for whom the little business of the place found employment, had been allowed, by his mistress, to go for a few days to see his friends; as this was a time of the year when scarcely a stranger passed the road. But just

as he had quitted the house, a carriage arrived;—supper was ordered; and the landlady, eager to do her best for people who seemed of so much importance, cooked it herself; but she had no one to carry it in. She was in the height of fatigue when Nanny arrived. It was time to lay the cloth; but she could not leave her cookery, and, therefore, things must wait. Nanny, who, during the summer, was used to attending the visitors at the castle, offered her services, which were very gladly accepted. She took off her bonnet and cloak, which were covered with snow, and wiped her shoes: but, though her garb was homely, as she was always neat, she made a very decent appearance.

She took the supper apparatus and entered the parlour. The company were drawn close round the fire, and she performed her office unnoticed. The landlady helped her to carry in the supper: it was placed upon the table, and the strangers, consisting of a gentleman and two ladies, rose. Nanny stationed herself at the little sideboard; but no sooner did she observe the face of one of the strangers, than, rushing forward with a sudden exclamation, she fell at her feet. This, for a few minutes, occasioned some confusion: but Nanny, scarcely sooner recognizing her benefactress, than she was recognized by her, soon recovered herself, and apologizing for the joy which had

made her so presuming, she was not only readily forgiven, but assured, in the kindest manner, she had not been forgotten. Order was now restored, and the party sat down to table.

Supper was soon ended; and, after every thing was removed, Nanny was desired to inform the lady of every thing which had occurred since they parted. The poor girl obeyed, not without a tear to the memory of the kind friend she had lost. In mentioning the present tenants of the castle, much as was her abhorrence of their conduct, she forbore relating any thing concerning them more than was absolutely necessary. Much as the connexion afflicted her, she still

remembered they were her parents. The lady, however, was not ignorant of their real characters. Immediately on her arrival at the inn, her first enquiry had been concerning the inhabitants of the castle. She learnt, with concern, the death of the late tenant, and the infamous characters of the present ones. The landlady called them a gang of smugglers, but as several informations had been lodged against them, it was hoped they would soon be taken up.

The stranger, whose name was Hartwell, informed Nanny, that the reason of her being so much later than she expected, was occasioned by two circumstances; a dangerous

illness, with which she had been attacked in the autumn, and the unexpected return of colonel Hartwell from the East Indies.

Nanny assured her, and truly, that her bitterest regret had been the fear of seeing her no more.

“Then,” said the lady, pleasure sparkling in her eyes, “you will not refuse now to go with me?”

“Refuse! Madam,” replied Nanny, “Oh, I shall only be too happy in being with you; and if you can be so good as to forget to whom I belong!”—She stopped—a sigh burst from her when she remembered how nearly she was connected with the beings for whom she blushed.

Mrs. Hartwell understood her feel-

ings, and kindly endeavoured to banish from her mind every uneasiness. She said the colonel would ride over on the morrow, and settle every thing at the castle. This was a relief, indeed, to the mind of the poor girl, whose dread of seeing her parents, after staying out all night, when she was to have carried back provisions for a revel of no small importance, was so great as to have quite overpowered her. Many painful sensations still remained, but they were not sufficient to destroy the pleasure which diffused itself over her mind at prospects so delightful as those she thought opening for her. To be removed from scenes of riot and vice, where she was treated with cruelty,

and obliged to labour, without experiencing the sweets of industry; and placed under the care of one whom she already loved, seemed happiness far greater than she had dared to hope, and her gratitude was equal to the promised felicity.

Next morning, colonel Hartwell departed for the castle, attended by a groom. Several hours passed, and he did not return: his lady began to be very uneasy. Report gave but too horrible a character to the desperadoes he went to meet, and a thousand fears agitated her bosom. The lady who had accompanied her in her carriage, had that morning left her to pursue her route, which lay another way: Nanny, therefore, was her

only companion. To her she proposed, in order to pass the time, which now began to be very irksome, to walk and meet the colonel. Nanny undertook to be her conductor; when, just as they were setting out, he entered the inn yard. He alighted immediately, and entered. His countenance was flushed; his air had a sort of wildness in it; and, throwing himself on a chair, he seemed overpowered by some internal sensation, too big for utterance.

Mrs. Hartwell, astonished at his appearance, enquired, with the utmost kindness, the cause. For some minutes he made her no answer; at length, taking her hand, he exclaimed, "Oh my Louisa, how wonderful are the ways of Providence!"

Nanny, who feared she hardly knew what, stood, her breath suspended in mute attention.

The colonel, who seemed not to have observed her at his first entrance, now fixed his eyes upon her a few minutes, and then springing from his chair, clasped her in his arms. The suddenness, and seeming impropriety of this action, quite overpowered her, and, bursting into an agony of tears, she exclaimed, "Oh, sir! why do you treat me thus?"

Mrs. Hartwell seemed little less astonished, and was addressing her husband, when he stopped her by saying, "Prepare, my Louisa, for tidings of joy! I can preserve my secret no longer. The strong resem-

blance which so forcibly struck you when you first saw this poor girl, is but too well accounted for;—she is our long-lost, lamented Anna.”

“Our Anna!” exclaimed Mrs. Hartwell, with an hysteric shriek, “Oh merciful heaven!”

She said no more; her feelings were too powerful for her debilitated frame, and she must have sunk to the floor, had not the colonel caught her in his arms. Nanny, terrified at this sight, and unable to comprehend what she had heard, could only run wildly about, calling for help. A few minutes restored Mrs. Hartwell; and then, at her earnest request, the colonel related all that had passed.

“My ride to the castle,” said he,

“ was both unpleasant and difficult ; and more than once I was turning back, when the recollection of how much you were interested in this dear girl, induced me to proceed. At length, I discovered the ruins. I alighted and entered them ;—but, instead of the banditti I expected to meet, all was silence and desolation. I entered the only room which appeared habitable ; it was covered with blood :—I shuddered at the images which struck upon my heart, but almost involuntarily proceeded. Whichever way I turned, nothing but blood presented itself. Horrible ideas of assassination and murder filled my imagination : I had my sword, and taking it from the scabbard, I proceeded. As

I advanced, I thought I heard a faint groan—I listened, and was now convinced it proceeded from some one at no great distance from me. Following the sound, as nearly as possible, in a few minutes I came to an outer court, which led to a different road from the one I had came. Here lay a poor wretch, apparently in the agonies of death. I called James, in whose care I had left the horses; and, with his assistance, we carried the man to the mattress which I had seen in the room. The removal occasioned him to faint, and I imagined he was dead. We procured water, and holding it to his lips, he soon recovered sufficiently to drink a little, and seemed much

revived by it. To leave him in this state was impossible, yet I knew not what to do, as there was no house nearer than this town. Whilst I was pondering in my mind on what would be the best plan, the object of my solicitude fixed his eyes upon me in a very earnest manner, and then clasping his hands together, groaned aloud. I was struck by this circumstance, and asked the cause; he shook his head, and groaned again; at the same time averting his eyes from me, in a manner which plainly shewed that I was the cause of his perturbation. This I could no way account for; as, to my recollection, I had never seen him before. He continued some time in the same si-

tuation; during which, he appeared combating some internal struggles. At length he turned towards me; and, in a faint voice, said, 'Do you not know me?' I answered, 'No.' He then continued, 'I am James Macneal.' I was uttering an exclamation of astonishment, when he stopped me, by begging I would not interrupt him, as he had much to say, yet was in such pain he knew not how to speak. He then addressed me in the following manner:

“‘During the three years I resided with you, sir, I experienced only kindness; but, you know, I returned it by deceiving and robbing you. After I had abused your confidence, till you would trust me no longer, I

formed the design of breaking open your escrutoire, and leaving your service. You detected me in doing the former, but the exposure of my villany, which was all the punishment you assigned me, was more galling to my revengeful temper, than any thing the law could have inflicted. I was unhappily connected with a very wicked woman, who goaded me to the commission of a greater crime than any which had preceded it. I determined to rob you of your child.

“ ‘Monster!’ I exclaimed, forgetting the promise I had made not to interrupt him; and, indeed, his situation, which ought to have disarmed resentment: I seized him with

a fury proportionate to the violence of my feelings; but I had soon reason to repent my impetuosity. He fainted—his wounds bled afresh, and I now suffered almost as much as himself from the dread of his dying before he had disclosed the important secret of my child's present destiny. It was long before he was able to resume his narrative: when he did, he continued thus:

“I well knew how fond you and madam were of Miss Anna, as she was then all that you had; the woman I before mentioned, assisted me; we easily found an opportunity, and secured the child; but, the better to elude discovery, we threw her hat into the river which run through the

park. We travelled several days without stopping:—we had, before, bought such clothing as would be fit for the child to wear, and in this we dressed her; but she soon became very sickly, I suppose, from change of living; and when we had kept her about a year, we left her at this castle, with an old woman who lived here, and from whom she has received very kind treatment. She went, yesterday, to the town for provisions; but as she is not back, I am afraid she has lost her road in the snow.'

“‘It is she, it is she!’ exclaimed I, in a transport of joy I could not contain; and rushing into the court, I was mounting my horse, when I returned to assure the man I would

send him immediate assistance. I found him, already, much altered, whether from the exertion, or some other cause: he vomited blood, and, in less than half an hour, breathed his last. I left him then instantly; and, Oh my Amelia, let us bless that Providence which has so miraculously preserved our child! Come hither my Anna, and receive the blessing of both your parents!"

The poor girl, whose emotions during this narrative had been almost agonizing, for the first time, consciously, received a parental embrace. Mrs. Hartwell was little less agonized; and, indeed, the feelings of the whole party were too violent to admit of present enjoyment.

On the morrow, they became more tranquillized, and soon experienced increasing felicity. Anna, no longer the victim of brutal tyranny, or causeless hardships, enjoyed all the comforts of affluence, and all the soothing power of affection. Her delighted parents saw in her the recompence of many years of sorrow, and thankfully acknowledged, that though taken from them by the lowest and vilest of mankind, she had mentally suffered no degradation. The purity of her principles, and the goodness of her heart, as they had been her solace in poverty, were in affluence her brightest ornament. She was still the same, good and amiable; prosperity itself was powerless to un-

dermine her virtue. Her desire to be informed of many things, of which she was ignorant, drew from her parents the following particulars.

They had been visiting a family a few miles distant from their dwelling; when, at their return, an air of consternation, visible in the countenance of every domestic, struck them with terror. Their first enquiry was for their child: the truth could not be long concealed, the little Anna was missing! Instant search was made, and servants dispatched in every direction, whilst the agonized parents themselves took an active part in the search. Passing the river, the Colonel discovered, floating on its surface, the child's hat. This circumstance was

deemed conclusive, and though the body was never found, and the nursemaid declared her charge had never been out of the house, she was disbelieved, and immediately discarded. A dreadful malady, the consequence of grief, attacked Mrs. Hartwell, from which she never entirely recovered. The Colonel, whose duty soon after called him abroad, though, in change of scene, he found some relief, could never forget the melancholy fate of his child. He was absent from England more than ten years; and, at his return, he found his wife ill in Wales. He would have hastened her immediately to London, that she might be under the care of the physician who had long attended

the family, but her desire to visit the castle, and take Nanny with her, was not to be surmounted: the providential issue of this visit has already been related.

The wretched man who had been the cause of so much affliction, received the wounds, of which he died, in a desperate resistance to the officers of justice, who came to apprehend him.

The woman was even more refractory; but, in spite of opposition, she was overpowered, and secured in the county gaol, where a dreadful accident ended her days, before the offended laws of her country claimed her life. She found means, even in prison, to procure a supply of her

favourite beverage; with which she was so intoxicated, that, in trying to descend the steps of her cell, she fell from a considerable height, and broke her leg; a mortification followed, which soon carried her to her grave, a miserable example of vice and its consequences.

Anna, blest with affectionate friends, with affluence, with a virtuous mind, lived many years to enjoy, and dispense her blessings; and never forgetting what, in less prosperous circumstances, she had endured, her gratitude was unceasing for the happy reverse which gilded her future life.



TALE VIII.

THE EMIGRANTS.

AMONG the many vicissitudes which the French revolution caused ; among the many families whom it dispersed, and reduced from affluence to something less than a competence was the Marquis de Berval. He was descended from an ancient house of Languedoc, and with the marquesite,

inherited a splendid fortune. Like most French noblemen, his youth had been passed in the service of his country, and he had retired, in middle age, to enjoy the sweets of peace, and the pleasures of domestic life. He married the daughter of a gentleman, who lived at no great distance, and the births of two sons and a daughter seemed to make his happiness complete.

This felicity had continued nearly ten years, when the flames of revolution burst forth. The marquis was a man of sense and humanity, and he rejoiced, with unfeigned sincerity, in the amelioration which seemed to await the lower order of the French. With the utmost alacrity, he made such requisitions himself, as the Na-

tional Assembly deemed necessary; and, though he had always been to his tenants the most indulgent landlord, yet he willingly conceded to them all that was now demanded.

A short time only did the effulgent sun of liberty shine; dark clouds soon overshadowed the horizon, and not all the forbearance of the marquis, nor his ready compliance with the wishes of the rulers, could screen him from suspicion. His name was soon affixed in every part of the neighbouring town, as one who had the unpardonable guilt of being titled; and more than once he had been assailed with "a la lanterne." In these dreadful circumstances, he knew not on what to determine: to pass over to England, (then the

surest asylum of the unfortunate), was his first wish; but this was no longer practicable. Madame had an uncle, who held an office of high trust in the Isle of France, whither a vessel, laying in the harbour of a neighbouring port, was just ready to sail. There was no time to deliberate: life must either be relinquished, or preserved on almost any terms. Neither the marquis nor his lady were insensible to the evils which lay before them; but the latter urged so vehemently their immediately quitting France, that, at length, the matter was settled. They made the best bargain they could with the captain of the vessel, and, taking a melancholy leave of the dear spot where they had tasted so much feli-

city, they hastened to the vessel with their three children and one servant, with such of their splendid possessions as they could or dared to remove.

A favourable wind soon wafted them from the shore. They sat upon the deck, and watched the receding land, till the last spot was lost in distance. Tears of unutterable anguish flowed down the cheeks of Madame, as she viewed the last traces of a spot which she never more expected to behold. Her husband shared her sorrows; perhaps more than shared them; but he felt this was a moment which, however dreadful, called for some exertion. He looked at his children, and en-

deavoured to acquire some degree of fortitude.

After a long and dangerous voyage, they arrived at Port Louis: their health injured; their provisions nearly exhausted; and their spirits sunk to the lowest degree. Even the idea of being once again on land, that idea so dear after the confinement of nearly five months on ship-board, failed to make them cheerful, or even to force one pleasing thought. The children had suffered much; Adeline, the youngest, particularly: she was, indeed, so ill, that very serious apprehensions were entertained of her recovery. A few weeks, however, after their landing, restored the bloom to her cheeks, gave agility to

her limbs, and her recovery, so anxiously desired by her parents, diffused a cheerfulness over their minds to which they had long been strangers.

They were received by their relations with a forced civility, very painful to those who had long been in the habit of conferring, not receiving favours. The little sum which they had saved of the wreck of their fortunes, they hastened to lay out in the purchase of an estate, which they intended to cultivate. This was soon effected. A gentleman, returning to Europe, wished to dispose of his house and grounds, and M. de Berval bought not only these, but the slaves pertaining to them, and embarking with his family on the

great river, arrived at the place of his destination in safety, after a voyage of two days.

Arrived at a spot, which a series of disastrous circumstances gave them every reason to believe would be that in which their future life would be spent, they were desirous of viewing it with as little prejudice as possible. The house was situated in the middle of a valley, through which ran the river. On each side of the mansion were ranged the huts of the negroes who belonged to the estate, and who had each a small portion of land, on which to cultivate tobacco and gourds. The scene was so different to any which either the marquis or his lady had ever contemplated, that, in spite of all their ef-

forts, the most melancholy feelings took possession of their bosoms. The sad and dejected countenances of the negroes, from which slavery had, long since, banished every trace of cheerfulness; the barren mountains, which overhung the valleys; the bleak winds, which swept their summits; but, above all, the want of society, and the universal gloom which pervaded every object, made them perpetually sigh for those delights, which they had left in much-regretted France.

The children, however, recovered from the effects of sea-sickness and long confinement, found much to enjoy. Arnaud, the eldest, was nearly fourteen; his brother, Jules, was two years younger; and Adeline was but

just turned of eight. They found companions amongst the little negroes, and soon acquired enough of their language to make themselves understood. Many of them they found very intelligent, and all ready to please and amuse them.

To Europeans, who had been always accustomed to the elegancies and superfluities of life, and who had been supplied with these, without one thought of the labour by which they were produced, it was matter of ceaseless wonder to behold the patient toil of the African, who, whilst barely supplied with the necessaries of life, wore out his wretched days in bondage, in toil, and suffering.

Happily for these poor people, the marquis had a heart to commiserate

their lot: he absolutely forbid the use of the whip, of iron collars, of the muzzle, &c. It was in vain that his neighbours told him he could do nothing without them; he was determined to try; and his success was the best reward of his pure benevolence. In a few months the slaves, whom he possessed, were distinguished by the cheerfulness of their aspect, their approved zeal, and ready industry. The countenance, which, in bondage, had seldom been illumined by a smile, but was bent on the earth in sullen indifference, was now raised with a sort of conscious superiority, which seemed to say, "I am a man."

The first year passed; the second was more agreeable: Madame found ample employment in the education

of Adeline, and various domestic concerns. Monsieur was not idle;—his sons stood in need of much instruction, and his farm more than filled the remaining hours. Both Arnaud and Jules were able to do a good deal, and, as their future destination seemed fixed to the spot which they inhabited, their father endeavoured to give them an interest in it, by teaching them how best to cultivate the land. In this science they reaped much information from an old negro, who had spent more than two-thirds of his life on the island.

This man was a native of Madagascar, and had been stolen from his parents when only a youth of fourteen. Strong in his feelings, and dearly attached to that spot which

had given him birth, he had more than once attempted to get back in an open boat. But he had been taken again, and punished with all the rigorous cruelty, which unrestrained power and inhumanity could dictate. Age and suffering had, long since, broken his spirit, and the few remaining years of his life he expected to languish in misery. The arrival of the marquis, however, gave a happier turn to his fate, and he now pursued his work with cheerfulness, and could even sing and dance with his brethren. It was from him that Arnaud and Jules received their first practical lessons in agriculture, and by him they were taught many useful exercises. He was not

only an expert swimmer, but a diver, and in managing his master's pirogue, was unequalled.

One day he was going with this vessel to the town, for something which was wanted; and, as the wind was fair, and there was every reason to believe he would be back in a very short time, he requested leave to take Arnaud and Jules with him. The boys had long been desirous of such an excursion, and they now solicited their father so earnestly, that he, at length, yielded to their entreaties. Every thing was soon ready; they went on board. Pierre, the old negro, and two others, lads, were to navigate the boat. In a few hours they reached the town, and,

having made their purchases, re-embarked. They had not gone far, when the sky became suddenly clouded, the wind arose, and every thing seemed to presage a hurricane. Pierre, accustomed to these sudden convulsions of nature, took every precaution in his power to avert the evils to which he knew their present situation was exposed. He now, for the first time, grieved that the children were with him; but his resolution did not forsake him; and, as the storm increased, his firmness seemed to augment.

Arnaud and Jules were much terrified, and clung to Pierre in indescribable agony: for though there had been several hurricanes since they

had been on the island, they had never been exposed to their fury. Pierre endeavoured to reassure them, but all in vain: their tears and lamentations increased every moment. The scene was indeed dreadful. The sails, though furled, were torn in a thousand pieces; the waves broke like mountains, over the little vessel; and their loud bellowing was only equalled by the tremendous thunder which echoed through the distant hills. The darkness seemed to increase, as well as the tempest; and the motion of the bark was so violent and sudden, that, in one moment, the two negro boys were washed off the deck, and found, in the roaring surges, a watery grave.

This catastrophe shocked even Pierre, who feared the fate of the children might be similar.

The hurricane had now continued above two hours. To navigate the vessel had been some time impossible. She was driven about at the mercy of the waves: and, from the darkness which enveloped the horizon, it was impossible to tell in what direction they were. Arnaud and Jules had each a hand of Pierre: they had wept till they could weep no longer; and, wearied with dread and grief, they were more than half asleep.

Such was their situation, when a wave, of uncommon magnitude, washed over the ship, and, in the next moment, upset her. The

children were almost instantly suffocated; but Pierre held them fast, and, soon recovering the first shock, endeavoured to reach some land, which he thought he discerned, at no great distance. He soon reached it; and his first effort was to restore the children. He was some time before he succeeded; but his efforts were, at length, effectual.

Recovered from their first surprise, their joy was immoderate; to be again on shore, and to have the hope of seeing their father, mother, and sister, which only a short time before seemed almost impossible! They had not been more than an hour on shore, when the wind abated; the sea became gradually calmer, and the

horizon cleared. Pierre found himself at the foot of a mountain, many leagues from his master's plantation. He did not tell the children this, nor the dangers he found they would have to encounter before they reached home. It was necessary to cross the mountain: its steepness, ruggedness, and height, would have been terrific to an European; but Pierre knew these were surmountable. Both he and his little companions were weary and thirsty; but there was no water near the spot. They prepared to ascend the mountain, and, after much toil and some danger, effected it. Night was now fast approaching, and they had no place of shelter. The noise of a rivulet, at length, sounded in

the air: it was most welcome: they found it, and, quenching their thirst, pursued their wearisome journey. A little further on they had the good fortune to find some water-cresses: these were most acceptable, and after feasting upon them, they laid down to get a few hours sleep. Arnaud and Jules had not been accustomed to such beds; but fatigue sealed their eyes, and gave them more refreshing slumbers than usually visit beds of down.

In the morning they awoke with the earliest dawn, and pursued their solitary road, through a country little frequented. Sometimes they were obliged to pass rivers, whose rapid currents a less experienced na-

vigator than Pierre could not have forded. At others, to climb craggy rocks, or make their way through almost impenetrable jungles, where, at every step, Pierre expected to be surprised by Maron negroes. For himself he feared little; his colour would protect him; but he was certain the children would be instantly massacred, from the implacable resentment these unfortunate people harbour against their tyrants and persecutors.

Whilst they were thus journeying, the marquis, his lady, and Adeline, were suffering all the horrors of dread and suspense. The ravages of the hurricane were every where too visible, not to make them fear their chil-

dren had been sacrificed to its fury. The body of one of the negroes had also been washed on shore, on a part of the marquis's estate, and this seemed a dreadful confirmation of all their fears. A week, a fortnight, three weeks elapsed, and no tidings arrived: it seemed impossible to cherish hope any longer, and the unfortunate parents considered this as the heaviest stroke of calamity with which Providence had hitherto visited them. All the little interest they had begun to feel in their situation, was now destroyed; and sad, in ceaseless misery, passed the long and cheerless days.

In the mean time Pierre pursued his long journey, without any other impediment than what the roads pre-

sented. His young charge, who suffered, at first, from fatigue, from the scorching rays of the sun, and from hunger and thirst, were now more inured to such hardships. The kindness of their conductor was unceasing; and all that he could, he did, to alleviate their sufferings. He would alternately carry them at his back, procure them wild fruits and water, and at night watch by them whilst they slept.

One day they had a longer and more fatiguing march than usual, and Pierre was desirous of reaching a little shed, which he saw, at no great distance, under the point of a projecting arch. Short as the distance appeared, they were obliged to

make a circuitous route to reach it, and night was far advanced when, at length, they gained its shelter. It was rudely constructed of twining shrubs; but, such as it was, it was most welcome. Pierre soon spread it with leaves, upon which they laid themselves down and fell into a profound sleep. From this happy cessation of care, Pierre was suddenly awakened by a noise at no great distance. He started up, and perceived his little companions were gone. He stopped not a moment to deliberate; as he had no doubt but they had been taken, whilst sleeping, by a party of Maron negroes, whose hatred of Europeans is so implacable, that no motive could ever induce them to

spare those whom chance, or their own address, put in their power. Pierre rushed forward; but his speed was retarded by a thick brush-wood, which appeared almost impassable. He paused a moment to listen; he scarcely breathed, that he might, if possible, distinguish, by the sound, which way his unfortunate charge was conducted. He listened some time in vain; at length, a loud whistle swept the air: Pierre welcomed it with joy, and, eagerly pursuing the sound, in about two hours reached a spot which he well knew was a rendezvous of the Maron negroes.

The sound of his footsteps immediately roused these people from their hiding places. At first they sur-

rounded Pierre with the most hostile intentions; but seeing he was unarmed, and his colour pleading strongly in his favour, they laid down their weapons, and offered him such refreshments as they possessed. He was little disposed to eat, notwithstanding the scanty manner in which he had lately fed.—Grief overpowered every other feeling, and, declining their offer, he ventured to ask for the two children who had been stolen from him. At this, the friendliness of their manner instantly disappeared, and a savage ferocity glowed on every feature. An old man came forward, and, striking his lance into the ground, thus answered him.

“If slavery had not exhausted every drop of that blood which once glowed in the veins of thy ancestors, thou wouldst never have made the request which has just offended our ears. I tell thee, these children shall die.”

Pierre started: but the old man, little heeding him, went on:

“Against them, we have, individually, no dislike; but our hatred to their race shall never be softened. Daily wrongs convince us, that, in their extirpation alone, can we hope for any peace. Look at yonder drooping youth:—he, yesterday, returned, mangled and half dead, to our tribe. He had been taken by one of these white monsters, and,

after being whipped till the blood streamed in torrents, his ham-strings were cut, and he was suffered to return. And is it for such as these thou pleadest? Oh, shame of thy country, disgrace of thy forefathers! Bring," said he, turning furiously to a young man who stood near him, "these little monsters, and let them instantly be annihilated."

Pierre trembled; his blood forsook his veins; his breath was suspended; his eyes were fixed in mute horror. The children were brought; their limbs manacled; their eyes covered with a bandage. When they heard the well-known voice of Pierre; they would have flown to him, but they were not suffered to move. He

sprang towards them; but was almost immediately stopped by two men, who, holding a dagger to his breast, bade him move at his peril. A fire was kindled; the children, almost dead with terror, were brought forward;—the loud groans of Pierre were alone articulate.

A negro seized each of the boys, and was lifting them to the pile, when a loud barking of dogs suspended the dreadful execution. Self-preservation now obliterated every fiercer passion. The negroes fled in a moment, with a celerity all their own; and scarcely had they quitted the spot when several Europeans appeared, armed, and attended by those

dogs whose office it was to hunt the negroes.

Pierre was in the act of releasing the children, when the troop advanced. He told his little narrative, with the unaffected simplicity of truth, and was believed; though his declining to inform them which way the fugitives had fled, had nearly brought immediate vengeance upon himself. He accompanied the party, who resided not many leagues from the estate of the marquis, and had the pleasure not only to see the children in safety, but to place them on horseback, and by this means enable them to pursue their journey with much less fatigue.

The poor boys, who had suffered terrors hardly to be described, were as much overjoyed at their unexpected escape. They told Pierre, that, when they awoke in the morning, they found themselves in the midst of strangers, whose fierce looks, and threatening gestures struck terror into their hearts. When they had asked, with tears, for Pierre, they were beaten; and, at length, after a toilsome march, arrived at the spot where he had found them. They were put into a small cavern, where they were almost suffocated for want of air. They soon understood why ^{they} were thus treated; and their terror was equal to any

punishment which could have been inflicted, and was, indeed, such as would have softened any breast less ferocious than those of the unfortunate beings, in whose power they were.

Little more than a week brought them, in safety, within sight of their father's habitation : they were almost wild with joy, and would fain have ran before to announce, themselves, their happy arrival ; but Pierre, who feared the consequences of such sudden joy to their parents, dispatched a negro, whom he saw at work in the plantation, to say that they were coming.

The marquis, his lady, and daugh-

ter were sitting, eating their frugal supper, sad, silent, and hopeless, when the man entered. His business was soon disclosed; but astonishment, for some minutes, suspended joy. The panic, however, was but of short duration. The marquis rushed out, his lady followed, and Adeline, with breathless speed, attended them. Arnaud and Jules were almost instantly in their arms, and exclamations of joy, and tears of unrestrained rapture, burst from the little group. As soon as they were composed, they returned to the house, and the children recited all that had happened. The uniform kindness of Pierre, made a promi-

ment feature in the narrative; and he was gratified by the thanks and plaudits of his master and mistress; who, ever after, exerted all their power to make his life comfortable. He had a little cottage, which, with an acre of ground adjoining, was given to him. He married a woman of his tribe, to whom he had been long attached, and ended a life of sorrow and slavery, in liberty and peace.

Arnaud and Jules never forgot what they owed this benevolent negro. They frequently visited him, and many pleasant hours were passed in his society. When they grew to manhood, and themselves had slaves,

they treated them with humanity and kindness. The sound of the whip never echoed through the plantations; nor was the soil which produced their riches, watered by the tears of the desolate and oppressed.



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