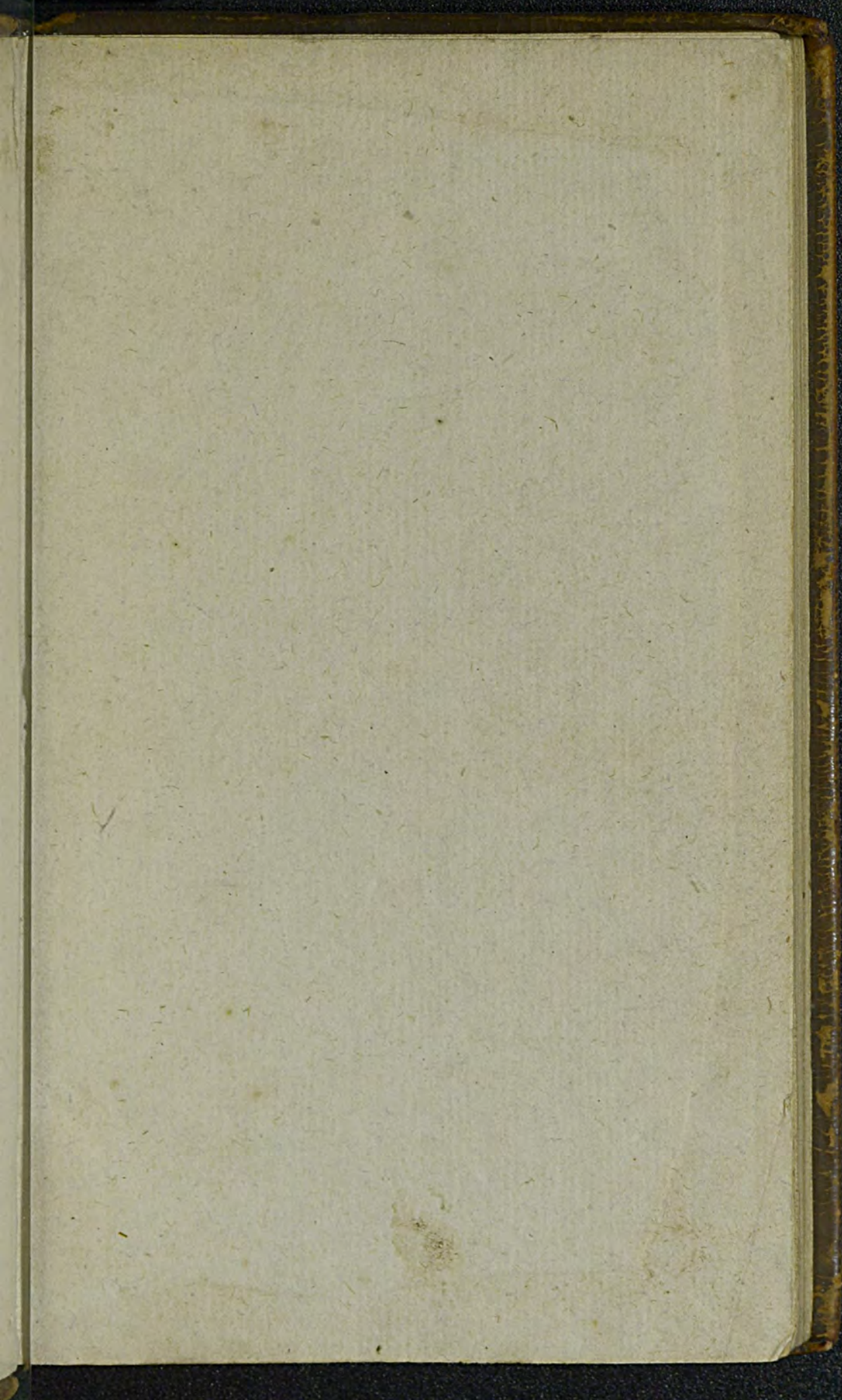
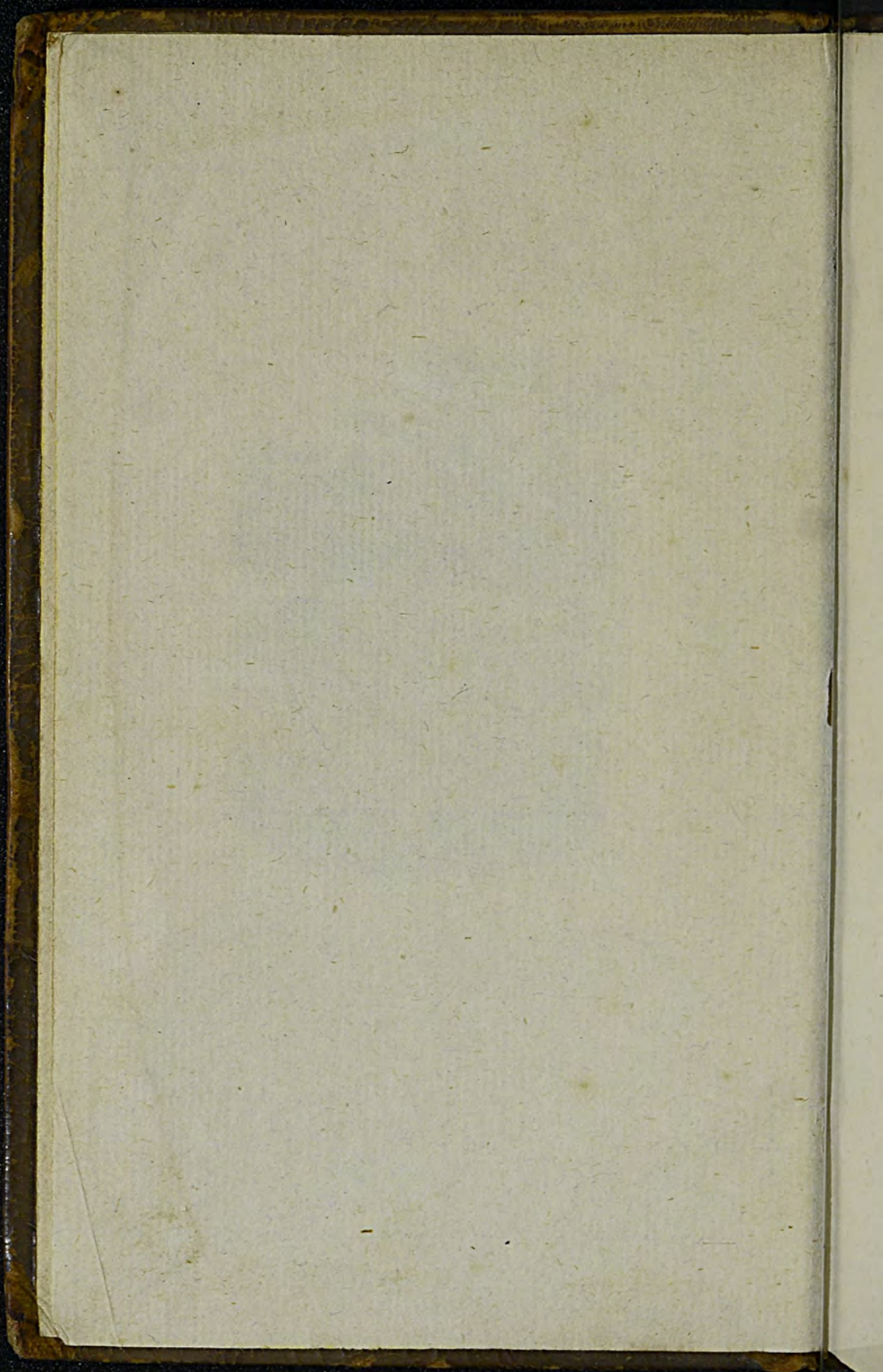


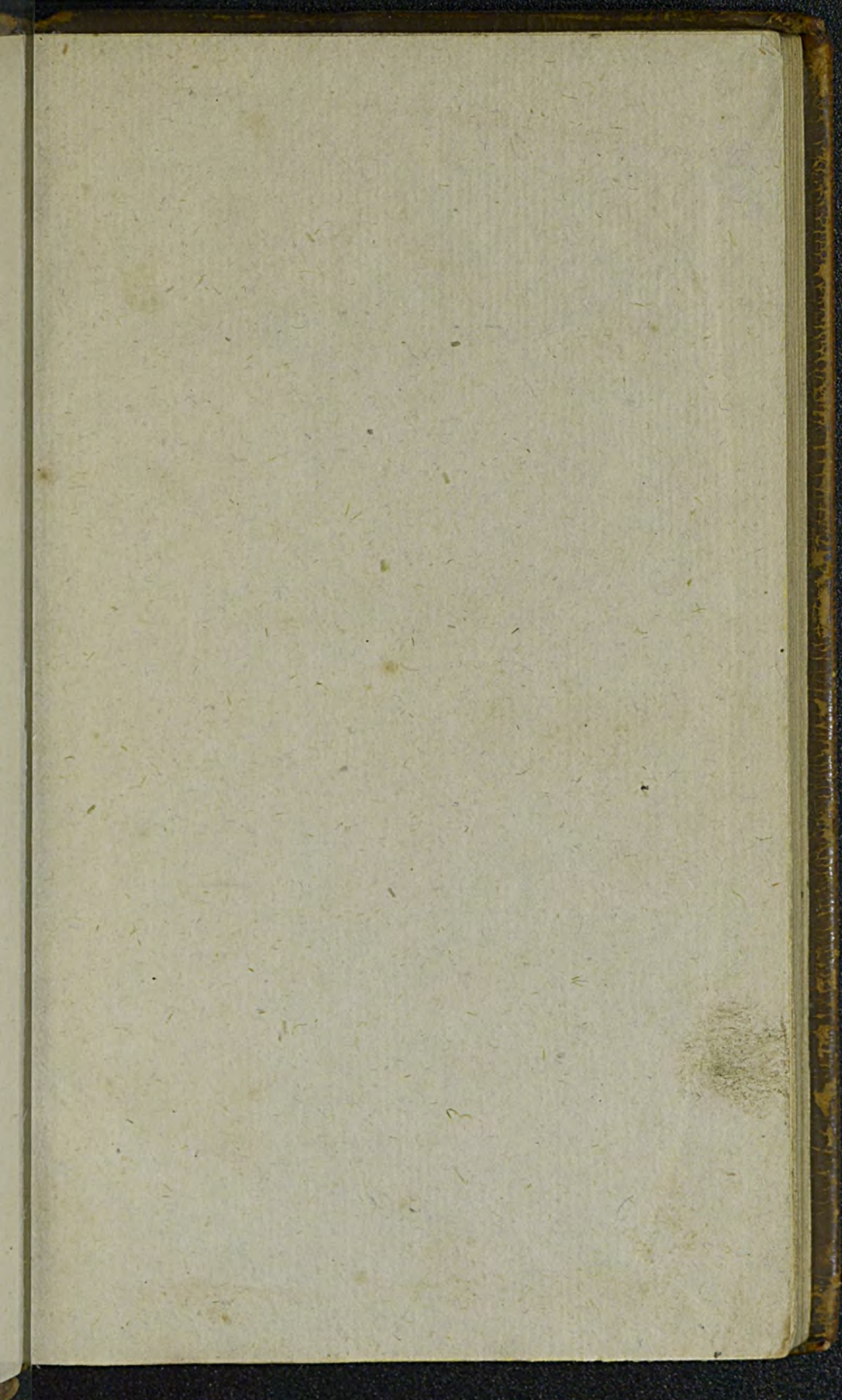
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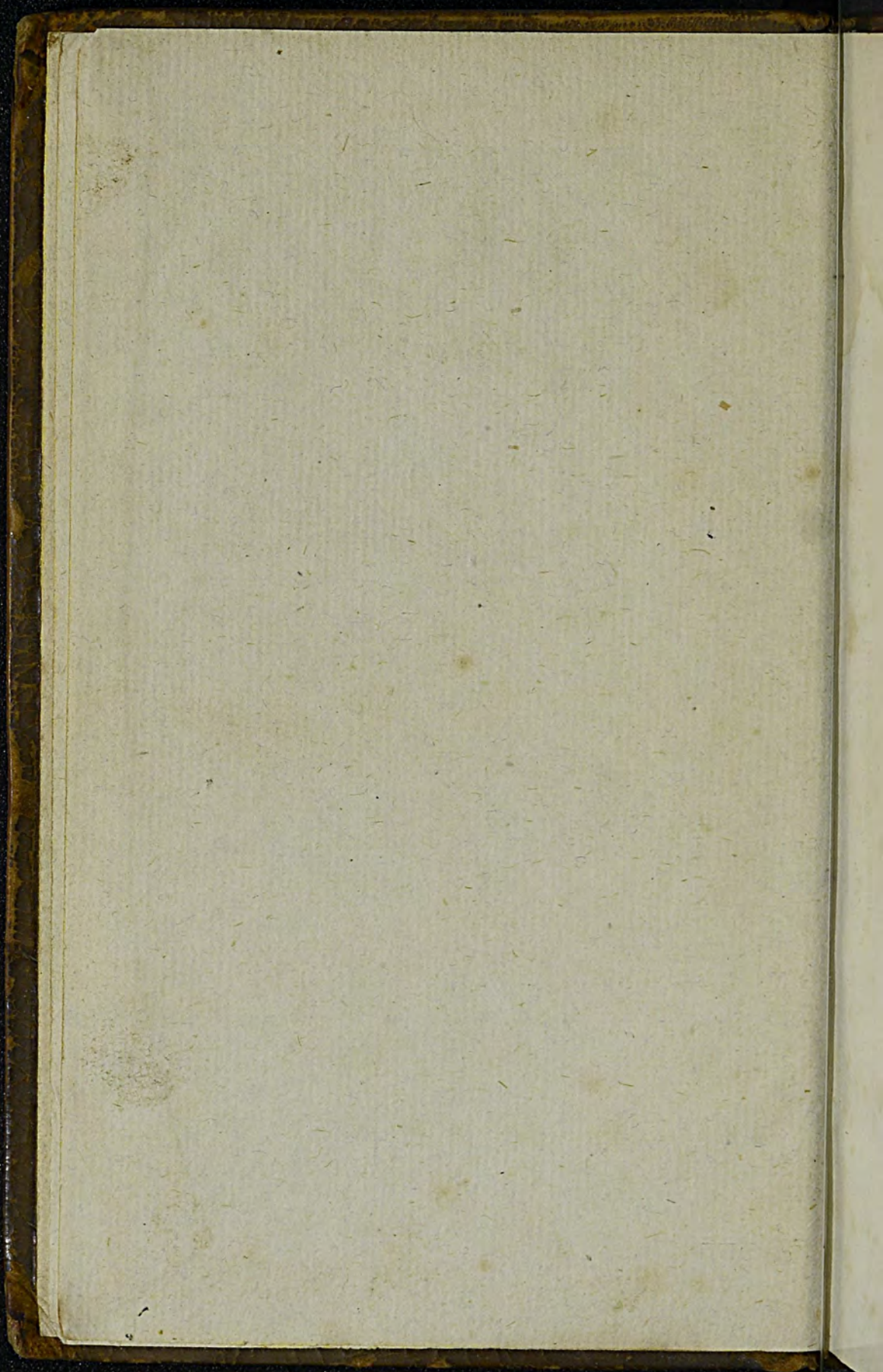


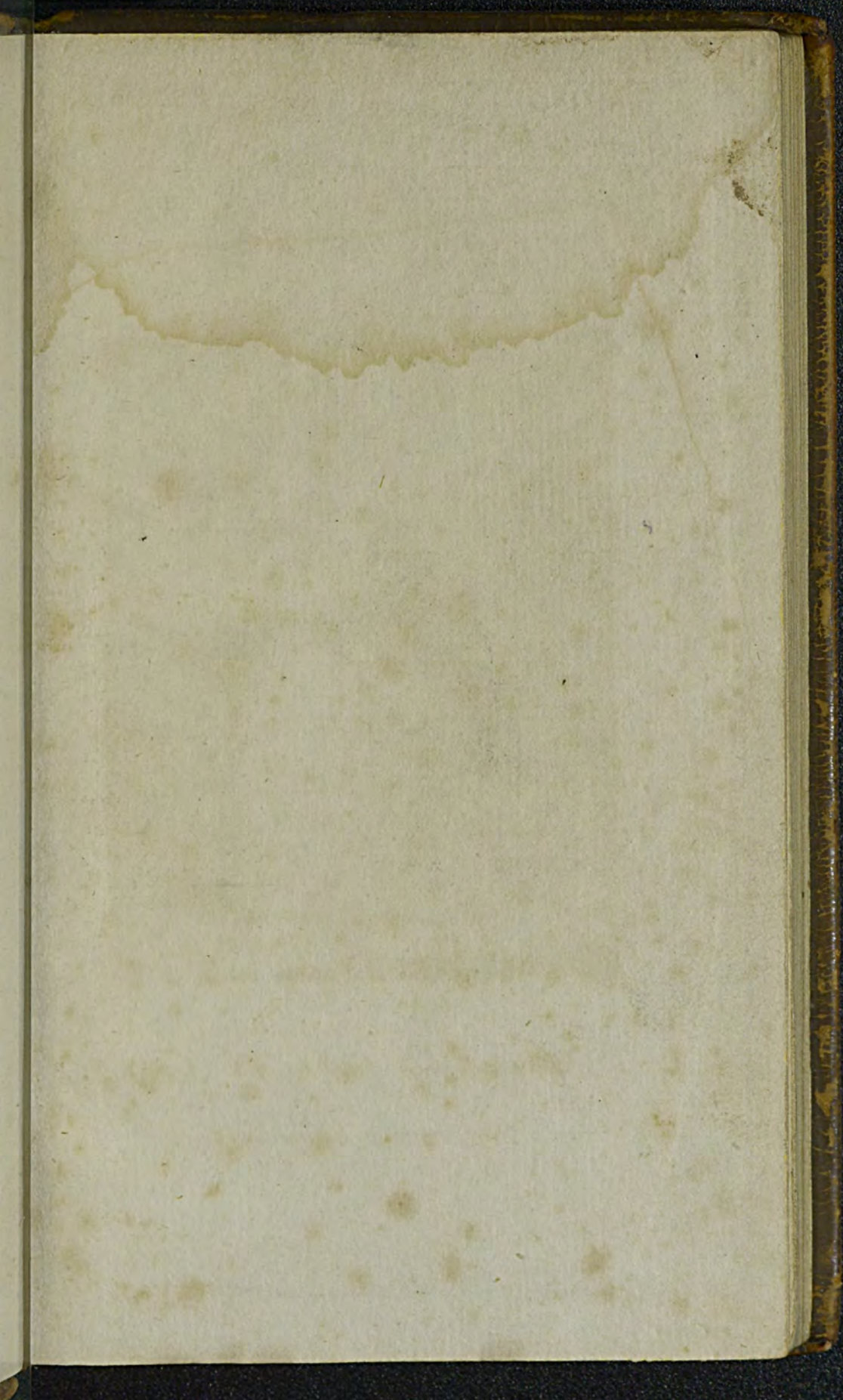
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FRONTISPIECE.



Rivers. del. et sculp.

Friendship put to the Test?

Published April 1, 1890, by Verner & Hood, Poultry.

MARMONTEL'S TALES,

Selected and Abridged,

FOR THE
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT
OF
YOUTH.

BY
MRS. PILKINGTON.

*Ornamented with Twenty-Six beautiful Engravings,
CUT ON WOOD.*

" Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
" To teach the young idea how to shoot,
" And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.

Thomson.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,
No. 31, POULTRY.

1799.

MATTHEW'S TALES

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

OF
AN
APOLOGY FOR THE WORK

The first part of the work is a
statement of the author's views
on the subject of the work. It
may possibly be imagined by the
reader that the author is
attempting to do an Act of
great importance. But the
author would be an Act of
great importance as a Translator
of the Bible. The Bible was
written in a language which
it was originally
written.

Seabrook

THE
AUTHOR'S PREFACE;

OR,

APOLOGY FOR THE WORK.

IT may possibly be imagined by the Admirers of *Marmontel*, that an Attempt to abridge a Work of such Celebrity, would be an Act of as great Temerity and Arrogance, as if a Translator of the Bible was to presume to change the sublime Style in which it was originally written.

Sensible

Sensible of the Censure to which I may be exposed, and full of Admiration for the Performance I have abridged, I still venture to present before the Public Eye, the Gleanings which have been culled from the luxuriant Harvest of a rich Imagination; anxious only to obtain a *Leaf* from the *laurel Garland* which entwines the Author's Brow.

Notwithstanding the figurative Beauty that is so strikingly displayed in the elegant Compilation from which these Tales are selected, there are particular Parts of it not intirely calculated either for the Observation or Animadversion of Youth; and though they could never affect the *Morals*, still they might give *Information*

to

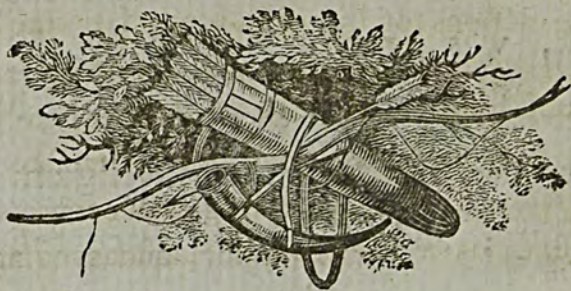
to the *Mind* upon Subjects, of which, at that *period of Life*, they had better remain in total Ignorance.

This Opinion, which has the Sanction both of the learned and the judicious to recommend it, was the Means of suggesting the Plan which has been adopted in the following Work, and of inducing me to select, from the much-admired Tales of Marmontel, such as were most likely to promote the Cause of Virtue.

The Story which closes this interesting Work, was happily selected by the enlightened Author of it to leave the Mind under the Impression of Religion and Morality; and whilst we trace the various

rious Events which were crowded into the Lives of its Heroes, we naturally become resigned to the distressing ones which have marked our own.

Though the Style and Language have undergone a Change, the *Subject* and *Moral* have been strictly adhered to; and whatever Advantage might have been drawn from each original Tale, may certainly be derived from the *abridged one*.



Marmontel's Tales, &c.



TALE THE FIRST.

LAUSUS AND LYDIA.

IT is a common observation, that a vicious parent in some degree feels the punishment of his crimes in the depravity which is displayed in the actions of his children; but the king of Tyrrhene was an exception to the rule; and though lost to virtue, and abandoned to vice, his son was endowed with every amiable and attractive quality. As a king, Mezentius was oppressive; as a man, unjust; and as a father,

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by

by turns weakly fond, and tyrannically severe! Unaccustomed to controul his passions, and unable to curb his desires, he suffered them to obtain so complete an ascendancy, that at length he absolutely became their slave!

Power, when in the hands of weak or wicked men, becomes either an object of terror or contempt; and though the people trembled at the king's authority, they would not have submitted to it, had it not occasionally been tempered with mercy, by the persuasive influence of the young prince, who to exalted greatness united feminine softness; and to martial valour, humanity and tenderness.

If filial duty could have secured affection, or exalted actions insured esteem, the instability of the king's conduct could never have been displayed towards so worthy a son; but so varying was his temper, and so uncertain his caprices, that Lausus was sometimes the object of his regard, and at others the victim of his hatred.

Pride and ambition were leading features in the character of Mezentius; and to augment

the one, or gratify the other, the ruling principle of his actions. His soul was a stranger to contentment, and his mind incapable of enjoying repose. Successive wars disgraced his reign, and his ensanguined heart was only satisfied with fights of blood.

The king of Præneste (a man naturally mild and unassuming) could no longer submit to the overbearing insolence of the haughty Mezentius; and it was finally agreed between them, that their quarrel should be terminated by the victor's arms. Lausus attended his father to Præneste, and gave such testimony of his skill and bravery, as proved his valour was equal to his virtue. *Victory* is sometimes the result of *chance*; but whether *skill* or *courage* won the day is not material to the present Tale. The sovereign of Tyrrhene conquered, and the monarch of Præneste fled! and Mezentius, flushed with pride, and elated with victory, triumphantly entered the devoted city. Not so the conquering Lausus; no glowing exultation flushed his cheek, or taught his eye the insulting glance of power; but when the suppliants crowded round his car, the softened tear of sympathy bedewed it!

Amongst the treasures which Mezentius claimed, was *one* above all value, and all price; the beauteous, gentle, fair, and lovely Lydia! How did the heart of Lausus throb with pity, when he beheld the trembling fair one sue and prostrate bend before the conqueror's throne! Then did he blame the valour which had urged his arm to deeds that seemed to fill his breast with woe! To alleviate the sorrow he had occasioned, and assuage the anguish he had inspired, was the only atonement in his power to make; and this he practised with so much skill and care, that the princess soon began to feel reconciled to captivity; and in the delicate attentions of the young prince, soon learnt to forget her own sufferings!

Though the heart of Mezentius was impenetrable to the voice of pity, yet it was less callous to the shafts of love; and the moment he beheld the attractive graces of the captive princess, he resolved to make her queen of Tyrrhene. The attentions of Lausus to the fair Lydia, were too striking to escape his father's eye; and, exasperated at the idea of a *rival* in his *affection*, he was almost tempted to sacrifice him to his resentment;

ment; but, conscious that his own crown was in some degree supported by his son's virtues, he resolved to disguise his fear, and conceal his rage, and, under the appearance of confidence and affection, propose a measure which must prevent all intercourse. For this purpose he sent for the young prince into his apartment, and, under the appearance of confidence and regard, informed him there was an immediate necessity for his quitting the capital, and going to the frontiers of his dominions.

Astonished at the suddenness of the resolution, and shocked at the idea of being separated from the object of his affection, Lausus remained for some moments silent; and his father too easily perceived, by his countenance, the conflicts he sustained between love and duty. The latter, however, soon prevailed; and, with that degree of filial respect which had always marked his former conduct, he informed the king he was ready to act *obedient to his wishes*. But the moment he retired from his presence, he gave way to the feelings that agonized his heart, which was overcharged with tenderness, disappointment, and alarm.

In the court of Mezentius was a young man whose name was Phanor, who had been introduced there in consequence of the obvious resemblance between him and Lausus. The similarity of their disposition was still more striking than the likeness of their persons; and every virtue that the prince possessed, seemed to be reflected on his friend's mind. On this young man Lausus depended for the only consolation he could possibly derive; and the promise of being informed of every transaction that was carried on in his father's court, in some degree reconciled him to the misery of his fate.

Mezentius was too well acquainted with the transcendant virtues of his son, to imagine that a heart, which had once felt and acknowledged their power, could easily be withdrawn from the bright attraction; and, instead of attempting to supersede him in the princess's affection, he sent an ambassador to her father, offering a *restoration* of all his *treasures*, on condition of being blest with his daughter's hand.

Degraded royalty, like an expiring meteor, is no longer gazed at than whilst it shines; and
the

the inattention of his favourites, the coldness of his friends, and the neglect of his followers, had fatally convinced the king of Proenesta, that it was to his *station*, not his *person*, that the supple knee had bowed so willingly. The prospect of again tasting the sweets of power, and the incense offered to exaltation, was too attractive to be declined; and the hapless Lydia was devoted to become the victim of her father's ambition.

Whilst Mezentius was impatiently waiting the return of his ambassador, his son was as anxiously expecting to receive intelligence from his friend; but when the fatal letter came, that told him Lydia's hand was destined to another, his grief broke out in violence and complaints. To return to Tyrrhene, contrary to the mandate of the king, was such a breach of filial duty, that he dare not even adopt it in idea: yet to give up the object of his tenderest love, without attempting to warn her of her danger, was absolutely impossible! He wrote to Phanor, inclosed a letter for the princess, and conjured him, by his love and friendship, to act with caution

and concealment, but not to fail delivering it in person.

The hapless Phanor, faithful to his trust, thought not of life, if he could serve his friend. The enterprize was much too hazardous, and the rash youth was dragged before the king. The fatal letter proved his condemnation, and the enraged Mezentius thought only how to lengthen out his torments. The darkest dungeon was his sad abode: there he was destined to remain until the preparations for the king's nuptials were completed, when his ensanguined mind was to be feasted with a sight of horror! Phanor, the generous, noble friend of Lausus, was then to offer up his spotless life to satisfy a cruel tyrant's rage!

In times of savage barbarity, when the human heart was callous to the voice of pity, pleasure was decked in the garb of cruelty, and man disgraced his nature by sports and amusements at which humanity must shudder; and even the Romans, who are so proudly mentioned, crowned their festivals with combats between men and beasts, and battles between hapless gladiators!

Such

Such was the amusements prepared for the destined bride of the Tyrrhenean king, whose heart vibrated to the tones of pity, and whose bosom throbbed at the voice of complaint! yet Phanor was to be presented before her, opposing his skill to the enraged fury of a hungry lion, with no other weapons of defence than those of a buckler and a poignard.

As the nuptials of the tyrant were to be celebrated with unusual pomp, some time was necessary to make the preparations; and, during that period, the prince's alarm for the safety of his friend, and his solicitude for the fate of his mistress, became so great, that he resolved to disguise himself, and go immediately to Tyrrhene. But what must have been his anguish, and how acute his feelings, when, upon his arrival there, he discovered that he had been the innocent cause of Phanor's destruction! The dreadful tale was scarcely told, when he exclaimed "Oh! my friend! my beloved Phanor! how have I requited all thy virtues!" Then dropping on his knees, and clasping his hands with fervor, he petitioned heaven to protect and save him. In that frame of mind he set

out for the prison, where, by the help of bribery, and the power of persuasion, he prevailed upon one of the keepers to exchange clothes, acquainting him with the motive for so extraordinary a request, and assuring him that no ill consequence should follow from his breach of duty.

Thus depressed in mind, and altered in appearance, with trembling hands, and beating heart, Lausus unbarred the massive bolts, and, by the aid of a weak glimmering light, beheld the object of his tenderest friendship sinking beneath a load of weight and sorrow. A truss of straw was all that now sustained him, from which exhausted nature seemed incapable of rising! His eyes were bent; his visage pale; and his whole person so emaciated, that Lausus gazed with doubt, distress, and horror!

“Away with *nourishment*, (said the unhappy Phanor, in a low feeble voice,) nor try to lengthen out this wretched life! Oh, Lausus! my friend, (continued he,) how wouldst thy generous breast be torn with anguish, couldst thou but know thy Phanor’s wretched state!”

“He

“ He knows, he feels, he comes to share thy sorrows, (exclaimed a voice half choaked with pity.) Oh, my Phanor, (continued he, throwing himself upon the straw,) look up, and know thy friend !”

“ My prince, my friend, my dear, my much-loved Lausus ! Oh ! have we met ? But, ah ! how soon to part ! What dangers have you ran ! what dreads surround you ! Too rash, too daring prince, alas ! you know not your *insatiate father !*”

“ I know, my friend,” (replied the generous prince,) his heart is dead to *general calls of pity*; but *Nature herself* will loudly plead for me. Our time is short, and precious every moment. Hear *my resolve*, and ease my mind from torture. To know myself the cause of Phanor’s death, to feel this hand had dealt the fatal blow, would be a load of such oppressive weight, that feeble nature never could sustain it; and if *you die*, Lausus *will not survive* ! I have, my friend, (continued he, softening his voice, and grasping Phanor’s hand,) procured these cloaths for thy enlargement, and thou canst pass the prison’s

iron gate unknown, and unimpeded, whilst I remain thy willing substitute; and trust to *Nature* for my preservation!"

"Can you believe me so far dead to shame, so lost to honour, and so base a coward, as to redeem my life at such a price? Ah, no, my prince, (replied the generous Phanor,) rather this moment let me yield existence, than thus preserve it at the *price of virtue!*"

Various were the arguments that Phanor used to induce his friend to quit his dread design. Lausus remained inflexibly firm, and Phanor yielded to his strong persuasions.

The day of horror soon arrived; yet Lausus felt no pang of fear or dread; his friend was *safe*, and all within was peace! The king, exulting in the pride of joy, gaily conducts the trembling fair, who, with a fearful, downcast, beaming eye, affrighted looks around the scene of slaughter. A splendid canopy received the pair. The circus rings with shouts of loud applause. A different sound arrests each gazer's ear, and dreadful howlings issue from afar! The
thundering

thundering sound approaches near, and every heart beats high with hope or dread. The trembling princess shrinks appalled with fear, and pallid looks betray her inward horror! Vengeance had steeled the tyrant's iron heart, and he beheld the furious beast approach with all the calmness of a cool assassin.

The intrepid Lausus, undismayed, advanced, and met his furious foe with more than mortal courage! The king with joy beheld the unequal fight, and in the person of his son believed he viewed the object of his vengeance. A sudden sound of horror rent the air; and Phanor entered frantic with despair. "Save, save your son, Mezentius!" was his cry."

The wretched father, tortured with alarm, felt all the pangs of nature roused within him. "Will you not save your prince?" he cried. "Oh! fly, and save!—Ye gods, preserve my son!"

The whole area was instantly filled, each anxious to protect the life of Lausus: but the intrepid hero, undismayed, rushed on his foe,
and

and with a furious thrust buried the weapon in his reeking side! An universal shout proclaimed the joy. Mezentius hastened to embrace his son. "You live, my Lausus; and the gods are kind! Let me convince them that I feel their power, and, by restoring to thy fond embrace her whom I know thy heart must ever love, convince them *Nature* will at last prevail. Phanor, I own, deserves your tenderest love; and may you long possess the joys of friendship."

Observations on the preceding Story.

WHAT a lesson of filial duty, and disinterested friendship, is inculcated in the history of this amiable young prince; and how much do we admire that exalted greatness which dignified his every action!

If Lausus felt the force of uniform obedience to so depraved a father as Mezentius, with what ready submission, what ardent zeal, and perfect acquiescence, ought the commands of an indulgent

ent parent to be received by every child; and how naturally corrupted must that disposition be, which presumes to murmur or repine at them!

Amongst the pleasures, the enjoyments, and the gratifications of life, there is nothing can be compared to the bliss derived from friendship! It purifies the heart, exalts the mind, and calls forth every virtuous sentiment! But this delightful and inspiring flame is only felt by hearts that glow with virtue. Lausus and Phanor never had known the passion, if vice had been the inmate of their breasts!





TALE THE SECOND.

THE BAD MOTHER.

THE affection of a parent for a child seems a sentiment so interwoven with existence, and inspired by nature, that it is difficult to suppose it possible for the maternal breast to be exempted from it: yet, greatly as it shocks humanity, and disgraceful as it is to nature, instances have been found to prove, that the parental heart has sometimes been dead to tenderness, and lost to love!

A parent either uniformly unkind, or capriciously severe, is a character which every feeling disposition

disposition must absolutely despise; yet it is certainly less hateful than one, who, lavishing her affection upon an *unworthy* child, drains her heart of every drop of tenderness, and refuses another even the dregs of pity! Such was the conduct of Madam Corée, whose injustice towards one son, and blind partiality for another, affords a striking instance of parental folly and filial tenderness.

Monfieur de Carendon, an independent officer in France, had, from the benevolence of his disposition, and the liberality of his mind, so far impaired his private fortune, that, at his decease, his only child was left intirely portionless.

As Monfieur de Carendon, in the execution of his office, had rendered essential services to the inhabitants of the province over which he presided, all were eager to testify the sense they entertained of his favours, by the uniform attention they bestowed upon his daughter; and one amongst the number was so bound by friendship as well as gratitude to the worthy man, that the idea of her receiving pecuniary assistance was both painful to his pride, and hurtful to his feelings;

feelings; and though Mademoiselle de Carendon was of a most unamiable temper, yet he resolved (if she consented) to make her his wife.

Instead of receiving the disinterested proposal with that complacency of manner to which it was entitled, she protested that nothing should induce her to *degrade her consequence* by an alliance with a man in the *mercantile profession*, but his giving her a positive promise that her will should be received as a *law* in the family, and that Monsieur Corée should never presume to interfere in any of its concerns.

Singular as this proposition was, his friendship for her deceased father induced him to comply, and the poor (though haughty) Mademoiselle de Carendon became the wife of one of the most opulent men in France; and, either by pretended regard, or arbitrary decision, obtained so complete an ascendancy over him, that, at the time of his death, she persuaded him to leave his immense fortune wholly in her power, and their two children entirely at her disposal.

The

The elder of these boys, whose name was de l'Etang, had, from the earliest state of infancy, displayed a temper imperious, indolent, and proud; and the unbounded indulgence he received from his mother encouraged the growth of these unamiable propensities, and occasioned him to be universally hated and despised; and when the vices of his character were contrasted with the virtues of his brother's, his imperfections became the more striking.

The tenderness of James's heart, and the sweetness of his disposition, gave a gentleness to his manners that made him universally admired; but his mother, instead of encouraging the amiable propensity, was continually accusing him of *want of spirit*, and declaring she could trace the meanness of his father's origin in every look and every gesture, whilst the overbearing insolence of her eldest son was denominated a *native dignity*, derived from greatness.

The indolence of de l'Etang's disposition, and the insolence of his mind, prevented him either from making any progress in his studies,
or

or receiving the instructions of his preceptors with that docility they had a right to expect; and Madam Corée was continually mortified by hearing the encomiums they paid upon her *youngest*, and the *disapprobation* they expressed against her *eldest* son. As James's perfections seemed to expand, her aversion daily increased; and at length she resolved to send him to school, to prevent the possibility of hearing a comparison drawn between him and her favourite child.

A few days previous to the execution of this design, Madam Corée was seized with symptoms of an alarming nature, and the intended scheme was obliged to be postponed. De l'Etang, who had always testified both an unfeeling and selfish temper, heard the account of his mother's indisposition with the utmost apathy and indifference, and, in the enjoyment of his own gratification, was wholly unmindful of her sufferings. If he approached the bed of anguish, it was with a calmness of countenance, and coldness of manner, that plainly proved his want of sensibility; and, instead of withdrawing from pleasures and amusements, he engaged in them with increased avidity.

James,

James, who had never even been permitted to enter the apartment where his mother slept, scarcely dare approach the door that led towards it; yet the accounts he heard of her situation, and the desire he felt to evince his tenderness, at length inspired him with borrowed courage, and, with a palpitating, anxious heart, he ventured to intrude upon the hallowed ground. With trembling steps he drew towards the bed, and, with a look of fond solicitude, betrayed the soft emotions of his mind!

“Is that my son?” exclaimed the enfeebled sufferer; indulging the fond hope that tenderness at length had touched his heart. “No; it is *James*,” replied the lovely boy, fearful of claiming such an *honoured title*.

Harassed by sickness, and worn down by pain, nature subdued the coldness of indifference, and she received the affectionate attentions of the amiable child with a complacency that charmed his tender heart, and taught him to forget her past severity. The speedy restoration of health, however, soon banished the impressions of his kindness; and the former determination of sending

ing him to school was immediately revived, and executed. I shall pass over the years that were spent there, and merely say, they were occupied in the improvement of his understanding, and the formation of his principles; and when the time arrived that he was to quit it, his mind was the seat both of learning and virtue.

De l'Etang, on the contrary, was one of those superficial characters who, from natural self-sufficiency, and consummate conceit, impose upon the opinion of the world in general, and, by an artificial display of *pretended knowledge*, endeavour to conceal the real *barrenness* of their own *ideas*.

As Madam Corée was continually hearing an account of the purity of her younger son's morals, and the rectitude of his principles, she thought the church would be the line in which they would be displayed to the greatest advantage; but when she heard him express a disinclination to the profession, she angrily declared, he had only to determine whether his head should be shorn for a cowl, or exposed to a cannon; for that

that either the *church* or the *army* must be his support.

James, who, on former occasions, had never presumed to doubt his mother's authority, felt, on this, it was stretched rather too far; and, in the most submissive terms, ventured to expostulate against the injustice of such a proceeding, knowing that the fortune his father had left had been an ample provision for them *both*, or at least sufficient to establish him in any profession he might wish to make choice of.

Madam Corée, exasperated at her son's presumption, and enraged at having her authority disputed, sternly forbid him appearing in her presence; and the submissive young man, shocked at having incurred her displeasure, dejectedly obeyed the severe mandate. In this disconsolate situation of mind, he accidentally heard that a mercantile vessel, belonging to a friend, was just sailing to the West Indies; and the idea of becoming a merchant instantly struck him as both respectable and advantageous.

Personally

Personally to solicit his mother's consent was a step he could not venture to adopt; but he flattered himself she might condescend to peruse a letter, if he wrote one; and, in the most respectful manner, he conjured her to allow him to try his success in that situation, and assist him with a sufficient sum to purchase articles for the undertaking.

The sight of an amiable object, who had so just a claim upon her tenderness, was a constant reproach to Madam Corée's heart; and though she had not resolution enough to conduct herself with propriety towards him, yet the silent admonitions of a reproaching conscience often intruded upon her hours of privacy. The prospect, therefore, of his being removed from her sight, was at once gratifying and pleasing to her; and though she parted with her money with great *reluctance*, yet she gave her *consent* with the utmost *readiness*; and when her son waited upon her to take leave, pretended to experience some *degree* of *tenderness*.

De l'Etang, who by this time had assumed all the airs of a man of consequence, saw his brother

ther depart with the utmost composure; and in the pleasures of gaiety, and the practice of dissipation, was wholly dead to fraternal feelings. As he had expressed a desire to be entered at the bar, his mother spared no expence to gratify it; and, by being lavish of money, procured him admission into the body of counsellors, without his having attended to the study of the law. A rich heiress was the next object of de l'Etang's pursuit; and, to enable him to make a settlement equal to the lady's fortune, Madam Corée relinquished all claim upon her husband's property, and depended for her future subsistence upon the rectitude of her son.

Such an unexampled instance of maternal fondness ought to have made a lasting impression on de l'Etang's mind; but, instead of repaying her confidence by any increased mark of filial attention, both his mother and wife were totally neglected; and, in a few months after his marriage, his *time* and *property* devoted to the most abandoned and the most disgraceful purposes!

To trace vice through its intricate paths, or depravity through all its mazy windings, would be

C

a task

a task both painful and unpleasing: I shall therefore pass over a few of the years of de l'Etang's life, and come to that melancholy part of it where his fortune was *ruined*, his principles corrupted, and his character universally despised! His wife, unable to submit to the indignities that were offered her, had long quitted his riotous abode, and, in the bosom of her own family, endeavoured to regain that peace of mind which had been so cruelly disturbed in that of her *husband's*. The trifling allowance he had made his mother was at length totally suspended, and that wretched woman was left to suffer the most abject wants, and to endure the most heart-rending misery! Friends she had *none*; for the haughty irritability of her temper had entirely alienated the affection of those who, from respect to the memory of her father, would have been inclined to shew her marks of kindness! Remorse for her past conduct added pangs to her present misery; and the reflection of her injustice to an amiable child, struck upon her tortured mind with all the force of a reproving conscience!

Years

Years had past without a single enquiry having been made about him; and whether he was even living or dead, was a circumstance of which she was wholly ignorant. To have written to her, was an indulgence the amiable youth dare not have solicited; but to hear of her welfare, was a pleasure he could not exist without enjoying; and a friend, to whom he was tenderly attached, promised to gratify the fond solicitude.

Though it is painful to depicture Vice, yet it is pleasing to trace the path of Virtue, to see her rise above the frowns of Fortune, and view her resting on a lap of ease.

The person of young Corée was elegant, his manners graceful, and his *very name* carried with it a passport to civility. He was received by the inhabitants of St. Domingo with the freedom of hospitality and the warmth of friendship; and the partial prepossession which his appearance gained him, soon ripened into regard, and grew into esteem. The rectitude of his conduct obtained him confidence; and his punctuality and zeal in the business he engaged in,

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were

were soon crowned with the most flattering success.

Neither time, distance, or neglect, were able to efface the filial sentiments nature had implanted in his heart; and, amidst the cares of riches, and the fatigues of gain, he was constant in his enquiries after his mother's welfare. The melancholy tale at length arrived, and Corée trembled as he read her sorrows! The calls of duty struck upon his heart, and he resolved to fly, and rescue her from sorrow.

At the time the fatal letter arrived, Corée was looking forward to the full completion of all his hopes of happiness, by a union with a lady to whom he had been long attached, and which had merely been delayed in consequence of some dispute about her property. To quit the object of his love just at the moment he fancied himself secure of possessing her, required the aid of reason, and the force of duty: but could he taste a moment's perfect bliss, whilst her who gave him being shrunk in obscurity, or pined in want? Forbid it Virtue, Honor, Love, and Duty! He resolved, therefore, to dispose of his effects, convert

vert them into money, hasten to France, and set his parent free. In this laudable resolution he was encouraged by the lady to whom he was engaged; and, after taking a most tender leave of her, and assuring her of his eternal fidelity, he quitted the island, promising to return again as soon as he had arranged his mother's affairs.

The ship had not sailed many days, when it was overtaken by an African corsair; and the captain was so terrified by the superiority of its size, and the disadvantage which must attend such an engagement, that it was with the greatest difficulty Corée could prevent him from striking: but at length, finding his courage roused by *representation*, and *animated* by *example*, he reluctantly consented to begin an attack; and, notwithstanding the number of the pirates, and the fury with which they fought, they at length became victors; for the heroic bravery which the gallant youth displayed, seemed to inspire the crew with more than mortal courage; and they universally ascribed their success to the invincible valour of his arm!

Nothing material occurred during the remainder of the passage; and Corée landed on the coast of France, possessed of that treasure he had hazarded so much to preserve. Eager to behold the object of his solicitude, he neither allowed himself time for refreshment, or leisure for repose; but, with all the zeal of filial fondness, pursued his journey until he arrived at the place of his mother's residence. But what did he feel, and how was his heart affected, when, instead of a splendid mansion, adorned with all the images of greatness, he heard that this forlorn unhappy parent had found a shelter in a wretched hovel, where mere compassion kept her one attendant.

Worn down by sickness, and oppressed by care, this hapless victim of an ill-placed fondness called upon death for pity and relief; for in the silent mansion of the grave she only hoped to lose her sense of sorrow! "Shield my distress (said she) from the keen eye of prying curiosity, and let me sink unnumbered with the dead!" This melancholy wish had scarce been uttered, when a loud knocking struck the door. The servant, attentive to the injunction of his
dying

dying mistress, refused the admittance Corée claimed, until he had announced his name and business.

The well known voice had scarcely reached her ear, when shame, remorse and sorrow wrung her soul! "Ah! my dear son!" she cried; "and are you come to close a parent's eyes? Or are you come to wound me with *reproach*?"

"Oh! talk not thus my dear, my much-loved parent," replied the tender, kind, and filial son. "I come to save, to rescue you from ruin; to pour the horn of plenty in your lap, and crown your days with comfort, joy, and peace! Name not the time of *dying*, for you must live to taste the sweets of life, and bless your son with tenderness and smiles!"

"If I could have a wish for lengthened life, it would be to make *atonement* for the *past*; to prove my heart revived to love and virtue, and felt the force of such unheard-of duty! Oh, my beloved, injured son, can you forgive thy mother's *past* injustice, and *own* her as the *author of thy being*?"

“ Oh, spare my heart such agonizing sounds,” replied the duteous son; “ and let oblivion bury all that’s past. Fortune has blest me with benignant smiles, and I am come to share them with my mother. Let not remorse corrode that weakened frame, or damp the joy this tender meeting gives me!”

The physician who attended her at that moment entered; and the sudden transition which joy had made in her disorder gave him the most favourable hopes of her recovery. Spacious lodgings were immediately prepared, and proper attendants as speedily engaged: but the solicitude the amiable Corée experienced for the recovery of his mother, induced him scarcely ever to leave the side of her bed. With careful zeal he administered all her medicines, and with anxious solicitude watched their effect. As her complaint subsided, his joys increased; and he had soon the happiness of seeing her restored to affluence and health.

De l’Etang’s vices carried with them their own punishment; and, before he had well attained complete manhood, brought on the premature infirmities

firmities of age. His death soon put an end to his sufferings, and closed a life adorned with *no one virtue!*

Madam Corée, gratified by the tender affiduities of her son, was easily persuaded to accompany him to the West-Indies; and in the mutual attentions of himself, and the amiable object of his affection, she soon lost the remembrance of her past misfortunes; and in the filial kindness of the amiable Corée, forgot the ingratitude and depravity of his brother.

Observations on the preceding Story.

THE amiable hero of the recent Tale, whether viewed in the different situations of adversity or prosperity, is alike entitled to admiration and applause; and whether considered as a son, a brother, or a man, is a charming example for general imitation!

In the catalogue of *human* duties, parental obedience claims the preference; but it is to be pre-supposed that the child is bound to fulfil them by the ties of *gratitude*, as well as the bonds of nature; and that the author of its being has uniformly evinced an interest in its welfare, and a solicitude for its happiness!

The little history just recorded, proves what has sometimes been disputed, (*the existence of an unnatural parent*;) and whilst we avert our eyes from an object so disgraceful to human nature, we gladly turn them upon one so completely calculated to adorn it.

What lessons of humility, and what precepts of duty, may be inferred from the description of that amiable young man's conduct; and how highly to be praised was the one action of flying to the *relief* of a distressed mother, when we reflect that he had never experienced a mother's love, never felt the joy of a parent's fondness! To confer benefits, or impart favours, is certainly one of the highest gratifications humanity can receive; and how greatly must the satisfaction be increased, when the author of our being is
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the object on whom they are bestowed ! How refined must be the felicity, and how complete the bliss, when we enjoy the power of making a return for *days of solicitude*, and *years of kindness* ; and to be able to strew with flowers the declining path of life, which misfortune had entangled with thorns and briars !

If Corée flew on the wings of filial duty to the support and assistance of an *unnatural mother*, how ought every child, who reads the Tale, to anticipate the wants, and prevent the wishes, of an *indulgent one* ; and, by a ready obedience to all their commands, relieve their minds from that painful load of solicitude which every parent feels for the welfare of their offspring !





TALE THE THIRD.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

VIRTUE and vice, beauty and deformity, become either more strikingly disgusting, or more pleasingly attractive, by the power of *contrast*, and the effect of *comparison*. Though the former Story represented a mother dead to those sentiments which should adorn the character, the present little history will display a more amiable picture, and exhibit a parent engaging the confidence, and insuring the obedience, of her child, by unremitting tenderness, and unceasing care.

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At a period of life when gaiety allures, and pleasure attracts the heart, Madame du Troëne unrepining retired from the inviting scene, and, unmindful of the solicitude of her admirers, and inattentive to the persuasion of her friends, resolved to devote the whole of her time to the instruction of her daughter's mind, and the formation of her principles.

“ If (she would say) whilst I am whirled about in a vortex of dissipation, and a round of pleasure, my Emily should acquire *one vicious habit*, or *one unamiable propensity*, what will avail contrition or remorse? Ah, rather let me anxious watch the gentle opening of each budding virtue, and, as I see them ready to expand, assist their growth, and train them to perfection.

“ Fortune and friends now bless me with their smiles; but in the filial fondness of a child my heart will taste a bliss they cannot bestow. But can I hope to drink that cup of joy, if I neglect to cherish her regard; to blend duty with inclination, and obedience with tenderness? The time will soon arrive, when the pleasures I now enjoy

enjoy will cease to please; and those amusements I now enter into with avidity, will then become vapid or disgusting. Then shall I feel the power of duteous love; and from the kind attention of my daughter, acquire a relish for the dregs of life."

These virtuous sentiments, and tender sensations, induced Madame du Troëne to take upon herself the intire office of educating her child; and whilst she paid the strictest attention to the embellishment of her mind, her own conduct was a complete standard for the formation of her manners.

Emily Troëne had received from nature a disposition calculated to inspire regard, and create esteem. To a sweetness of temper was united a sensibility of feeling; and to an affability of manners, a uniform desire to please. So completely tender were her sensations, and so tremblingly alive her feelings, that Madame du Troëne found it necessary rather to convince her of any impropriety of conduct, than to *punish* her for having been guilty of it; for the contrition of her mind, when labouring under the displeasure of

of her mother, firmly convinced her it would never be repeated.

The first principle which that excellent woman endeavoured to instil into her daughter's mind, was a uniform practice of piety towards God. "At your time of life, my beloved girl, (she would say,) it is natural for the heart spontaneously to rise into admiration at what is *great*, glow with love at the sight of what is *fair*, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness: and where can any object be found so calculated to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of your felicity? The first hour of every day ought certainly to be devoted to the service of your Maker, as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his bounty gives, and his benevolence bestows. Your situation in life, my love, certainly exempts you from the fatigue of domestic cares; yet it is every woman's duty to regulate the conduct of her family, and, by an exact distribution of her *own time*, instruct her dependents in the *value of theirs*. After having offered your adorations to the Supreme Being, you should then attend with regularity to the *minor duties* of life. The susceptibility

ceptibility of your disposition, and the delicacy of your feelings, makes it peculiarly necessary for me to endeavour to inculcate the necessity there is for your acquiring, by resolution, a greater degree of fortitude than nature seems to have bestowed; for you are placed in a state so full of variety, and so prone to changes, that there is a necessity for your arming yourself against the approaches of *misfortune*: for though softness and sensibility are the characteristics of our sex, yet those amiable qualities are often united with firmness to endure, and capability to sustain, the severest misery, and the greatest hardships. As *courage* is the ornament of the other sex, *virtue* is the embellishment of *ours*. In the general acceptation of the word, it takes in all those qualities that adorn the mind, improve the heart, and add a dignity to human nature. The virtue peculiarly attached to the character of a *young woman*, is of so fine and delicate a texture, that the breath of surmise would taint, and the blast of suspicion injure, its existence. Humanity and compassion have been termed the offspring of Virtue; but I consider them as instinctive propensities, which Providence has kindly implanted in the feeling breast for the support of the unhappy,
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and the comfort of the afflicted. A studied attention to *little wants*, and a desire to anticipate *trifling wishes*, is, perhaps, one of the strongest recommendations to general favour, with which nature can endow a young woman upon her entrance into life. Few opportunities occur in which we can be essentially beneficial to society; but we may continually enjoy the satisfaction of bestowing *petty kindnesses*; and the heart that does not feel a gratification in that employment, is dead to a sensation of exquisite delight. But, amidst the duties I wish to inculcate, and the precepts I am anxious to instil, none strikes me as of more essential importance than that of a *contented mind*. A repining, gloomy temper is one of the greatest misfortunes attached to human nature; and yet one the least intitled to commiseration. I consider contentment as a *duty* I owe my *Maker*, and cheerfulness as another due to *society*. The mind that is continually murmuring at its lot, and lamenting the miseries of its fate, becomes at length so habituated to the practice, that it forgets its own unworthiness, and, by constant repinings, grows impious towards its *Maker*!"

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In receiving such lessons, and attending to such advice, the years of childhood swiftly flew; and the object of this incomparable parent's tenderness arrived at that period when beauty glows with all its lustre, and innocence adorns it with her smiles.

Though Madame du Troëne was still what might be called a *young woman*, yet she was aware that the tenour of life was always supported by a *feeble thread*; and she anxiously wished to see her daughter united to a worthy man whilst she was capable of directing her choice; for though she never intended biasing her inclinations, yet she flattered herself she should be able to assist her judgment.

Among the variety of young men who were attracted by the superiority of Emily's charms, was the Marquis de Verglon, and the Chevalier Belzors: the former, handsome, vain, and self-conceited; the latter, manly, noble, just, and modest. Madam du Troëne was no less pleased with his manners than delighted with his principles, and was continually expressing her approbation in the presence of her daughter, who, feeling

ing no partiality for his person, was yet willing to allow the superiority of his *merit*.

Verglon, whose vanity could only be equalled by his presumption, was the constant herald of his own exploits : yet when Madame du Troëne condemned his want of diffidence, or seemed to doubt his merits, he received her reproof with so much gaiety and good humour, that Emily could not avoid being amused even with his failings; and though her judgment acknowledged the superiority of Belzors' mind, her heart secretly preferred the liveliness of Verglon's manners.

This circumstance, so contrary to the wishes of her amiable mother, gave the severest shock to her hopes and expectations; but, instead of blaming her daughter's partiality, or pretending to have discovered her weakness, she resolved to expose both their characters to her observation, and leave her to decide upon the one most likely to make her happy. For this purpose she invited them more frequently to her house, engaged them in undisguised confidence, and heard them express their different sentiments

timents with all the openness of friendship and sincerity.

Whether religion, virtue, or morality, became the subject of their discourse, Verglon evinced a perfect indifference to their precepts, and a contempt for their laws; and testified such a libertinism of thinking, and depravity of conception, that the spotless mind of the gentle Emily trembled at the danger she had so happily escaped, and blessed the circumstances that had displayed his real character. Every observation that Belzors made, and every sentiment he expressed, tended to confirm his love for virtue; and whilst she listened with complacency to the elegance of his ideas, and the strength of his arguments, her heart involuntarily acknowledged their force, and yielded to him the palm of victory.

The disposition of Emily was susceptible to an excess, and tender in the extreme. An adamant heart, encircled with diamonds, would have been despised; and a tender one, throbbing at *real* or *fictitious* woes, been thought a fit companion for her own. This circumstance Madam

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du Troëne was aware of, and invited both Verglon and Belzors to accompany them to the theatre, to see an affecting little piece written by Voltaire, in which the heart became engaged, the mind interested, and all the feelings wonderfully affected. This piece Verglon not only beheld with *apathy*, but endeavoured to turn into *ridicule*; and whilst every other eye bore testimony of the author's power over the passions, his beamed with the smile of laughter at a *tenderness* he was incapable of *feeling*. This striking proof of indifference and insensibility completed the amiable girl's triumph over a misplaced partiality, and convinced her that *virtue* could not dwell with *apathy*, or *principle* with *libertinism*.

In a few days after this circumstance happened, Emily was astonished at receiving a letter from the Marquis, declaring his attachment, and intreating her to crown it with success. Shocked at the idea of his presuming to apply to her without obtaining her mother's approbation, and convinced he was a man with whom she must never hope for happiness, she requested he might receive a positive refusal; and Madam du Troëne, anxious to discover whether her wishes were likely

likely to be gratified with regard to Belzors, informed her that he had made a similar proposal; and conjured her daughter to determine in what manner his letter should be answered.

Emily, convinced how much her mother's happiness depended upon the accomplishment of her design, and conscious that *felicity* could only be derived from *virtue*, consented to receive Belzors' addresses; and, in fulfilling the duties of a wife with the same zeal and attention she had done those of a daughter, she obtained the applause of her own heart, and secured the fidelity and love of her husband.

Observations on the preceding Story.

IF the disposition is corrupted by depravity, or the heart hardened by a callosity of nature, precept will make but a slight impression on the mind, and example never reach to the foundation of the heart. If the source from whence the

river springs is impregnated with mud or clay, can it ever flow in a pellucid stream?

Madame du Troëne was an amiable woman, and an exemplary mother: but had Emily possessed either an untoward mind, or an ungovernable temper, she would have followed the bent of her own inclinations, instead of being biaſſed by the opinion of her judgment, and in the end would have been completely wretched. Education may improve the defects of nature, but I am not inclined to allow it can completely *eradicate* them; therefore, whilst we pay the tribute of admiration to the conduct of the *parent*, we must allow equal merit to the duty of the child, and hold her up as a pattern of filial obedience, and compliant sweetness.





TALE THE FOURTH.

THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

PARTIAL indulgence, and constrained severity, are equally to be avoided in the system of education; and the parent who weakly connives at a child's failings, or punishes them with asperity and passion, are alike unfit for the important office.

Timantes, father to the young de Volney, was blest with a son whose natural disposition was completely amiable, but who, from false indulgence,

indulgence, and maternal fondness, became the dupe of folly, and the slave of vice. His father, solely occupied in the plan of raising an immense fortune for this child of his affections, left the task of education wholly to his wife, who, to gratify her pride, and prove her weakness, resolved that her son should only associate with those of *superior rank* to *himself*; and as she took care to supply him with sufficient money to gratify all their boyish or ridiculous inclinations, they readily admitted him into all their parties. Superficial accomplishments he was taught to consider as essentially necessary to his introduction into these polite circles; and few lads could dance with more elegance, enter a room with more grace, or say unmeaning *nothings* with a greater air of *importance*, than himself. But the cultivation of his mind was an object of too little consequence for a boy of spirit to think of attending to; and though nature intended him for a very shining character, a neglected education soon made him become a very ridiculous one: and, with a heart naturally inclined to virtue, the effect of example led him into the very path of vice.

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As he associated chiefly with young men older than himself, he thought it necessary to adopt all their sentiments; and was frequently guilty both of excesses and enormities, which stung him with remorse, and loaded him with shame! A Marquis's applause, or a Count's approbation, soon reconciled him to a conduct his *principles condemned*; and at length he became dead to the voice of conscience, and lost to the habit of reflection.

His father, astonished at the exorbitance of his expences, frequently remonstrated with his wife upon the danger of his being indulged in them; but was always silenced by her observing, that as de Volney associated with the *first nobility*, he must of necessity imitate them in their plan of life; and that as his fortune would allow the indulgence of such gratifications, his spirits ought not to be broken by any check being put upon them.

Whilst de Volney was thus becoming the slave of folly, and the dupe of vice, his lovely sister was devoting her time to the improvement of her heart, and the cultivation of her understand-

ing; and was in every respect so completely amiable, that she was a universal favourite, both with nuns and the boarders in the convent where she resided.

With a disposition so peculiarly sweet, and a heart so intirely softened by sensibility, it was natural to suppose she would not long remain a stranger to the joys of friendship; and in the society of the amiable Angelica, she discovered sentiments so congenial to her own, that the most perfect confidence and tender regard subsisted between them; and the probability of their separating by a removal from the convent, was the only circumstance that interrupted their felicity.

Amidst the allurements of gaiety, and the pleasures of dissipation, de Volney's heart was yet susceptible of *tendernefs*; and he would often steal from riot and folly, to enjoy the rational society of a beloved sister. Lucy, who discriminated his virtues, and lamented his failings, indulged the hope, that, if he once became attached to a woman of virtue, he would endeavour to subdue those habits which must render

him contemptible in her eyes, and acquire such as would be likely to obtain her esteem. Under this idea she contrived to introduce him to the acquaintance of her friend, whose personal charms could only be equalled by her mental perfections.

Although de Volney's manners were engaging, and his person elegant, yet those were superficial recommendations in Angelica's eyes : but as she was taught to believe that his failings proceeded more from an *error of judgment* than *depravity of mind*, she wished to assist his sister in reclaiming him to virtue; and de Volney found himself so enslaved by her charms, and so captivated by her sentiments, that he listened to her advice until he resolved to follow it; but no sooner had he entered into pleasure and dissipation, than her counsels were forgotten, though her beauty was remembered.

In this unfortunate situation of mind, fluctuating between the attractions of virtue and the allurements of vice, he was destined to sustain the first impression of misfortune; and, by the death of his too partial mother, found himself
deprived

deprived of a friend on whom he could on all occasions depend, and a parent, who, with lavish hand, abundantly supplied all his necessities.

Timantes, more exhausted by the fatigues of business than the weight of years, at this period felt peculiarly solicitous to obtain repose; and imagined that when his son found the source from whence he had derived his pleasures no longer flowed, he would be happy to supply it by an attention to business; and would willingly consent to take an active part in that scene, from which he found himself so anxious to retire.

But the education de Volney had received, and the companions with whom he had associated, taught him to consider the employment of a *merchant* far beneath the dignity of a *gentleman*; and he absolutely refused having any concerns with it.

“ Well, (said his father, mortified at this *weak resolution*,) would you wish to signalize yourself in the field of glory? or would you prefer establishing your fame by the power of

your eloquence? The law or the sword may equally adorn the *character* of a gentleman."

"My inclination (replied de Volney) does not lead me to the *one*; and I have an invincible aversion to the *other*. My mother wished me to obtain admission into an office which confers nobility, and requires *no labour*, and your fortune is sufficient to support me in it."

These unexpected and improper sentiments awakened Timantes to a sense of his own error. "What have I done, (said he,) and how have I trifled with the happiness of my child! By suffering him to imbibe habits of dissipation, I have destroyed the *principles of duty*; and by allowing him to associate with men of superior rank, I have taught him to despise the source of his enjoyments! *Idleness* has corrupted the seeds of *virtue*; and the idea of the *importance my wealth* will bestow, has prevented him from endeavouring to obtain any for himself, either by the practice of prudence, or the effects of principle! As the knowledge of my possessing a *large fortune* has been the means of producing
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vice, let me try if I can call forth *virtue* by a supposition that I have now a *small one*; and when he learns that his future consequence must depend upon his *own exertions*, let me indulge the hope that he will feel a gratification in making them."

Timantes had no sooner resolved upon making this trial to call forth the latent virtues of the young de Volney, than he arranged his affairs in such a manner, that it was impossible he could discover their real state; and sending for him into his apartment, he said, "You must, my dear Volney, prepare your mind for the encountering a misfortune of the deepest magnitude; but one which my affection for you has in some degree been the occasion of. Anxious to leave you master of an immense property, I have hazarded more than prudence could have authorized. Two-thirds of my fortune, which I had ventured upon the sea, I have this day discovered has fallen into the hands of pirates; and the dishonesty of a man I depended upon, has bereaved me of half the remainder! My estate of Volney will just enable me to enjoy the *comforts of life*; and as to its *superfluities*, those I

must endeavour to relinquish without repining. My *name*, thank heaven, has never been tarnished by a *dishonourable action*, and will obtain *credit* in any part of the globe. I began the world with much greater disadvantages than you will have to encounter, and I depend upon you for *consolation* under my misfortunes."

The countenance of de Volney completely betrayed the agitation of his mind; and it was some moments before he was capable even of articulating a word. At length he exclaimed, in a tone of horror, "*Ruined! did you say, my father! What—Ruined past redemption!*"

"Not *past redemption*, (said Timantes;) for you, my son, can raise my drooping credit. You are the prop that must sustain my sorrows. But now retire, and learn to bear misfortune."

The tale which Timantes had fabricated spread with rapidity; and those friends who had smiled upon de Volney in *prosperity*, immediately forsook him in *adversity*; and, instead of sympathizing in his misfortunes, or attempting to mitigate

mitigate his afflictions, they either shunned his society, or treated him with insolence.

Stung by disappointment, and wounded by scorn, the unhappy Volney flew to his sister for consolation, and in the endearing tenderness of her sympathy lost for a while a sense of his misfortunes. The neglect of those whom he had imagined were bound to him by the ties of friendship, had so far wounded his sensibility, and mortified his feelings, that he could not summon resolution enough even to mention the name of the fair Angelica ; but as her mind was above all interested ideas, so was her heart superior to confined prejudices, and, with the most ingenuous frankness, she informed him that his *degraded* circumstances might be a means of *exalting* him in her opinion, and his diminished fortune allow him an opportunity of rising in her estimation. “ I lament the alteration in your father’s circumstances, (said she,) for his *own* and your *sister’s* sake ; but for you I consider it as a *blessing*. Pleasure and dissipation had injured your principles, without destroying your virtue : but how long it might have withstood such powerful assailants, is a matter I believe we can neither of

us determine. You must now begin a life of *activity*, and your labours will be rewarded by an *approving conscience*."

Angelica's conversation at once consoled and stimulated Volney. "Let me (said he) appear but *worthy* in *her eyes*, and every exertion will then be light. I will immediately commence the man of business, and try to merit her favour." His father, transported at the success of his scheme, was absolutely astonished at his indefatigable attention; and, convinced that confirmed habits become second nature, felt assured that his son would render himself a useful member of society; and, delighted at the reformation his sagacity had produced, had no suspicion he was aided in his plans by the judicious conduct of his daughter and her friend.

The sale of his carriages, and the discharge of his retinue, were circumstances that at first were painful to de Volney's mind; but a very short period of time intirely reconciled him to those degradations; and the satisfaction he felt in discharging his duty, and devoting his attention to
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the improvement of his fortune, more than compensated for such trifling mortifications.

Lucy, whose affection for Angelica had been strengthened by time, and augmented by observation, indulged the hope that, at a future period, she might have the happiness of cementing that regard by the ties of relationship, and therefore resolved to make her father acquainted with the preference her *brother felt* for the interesting object of her *own affection*.

Timantes, who had long wished to find his son's heart attached to some amiable young woman, requested his daughter to introduce him to her friend; and when he beheld the uncommon loveliness of her person, and observed the striking sweetness of her manners, he was no longer astonished at de Volney's partiality; and convinced that he had perfectly subdued his former failings, and was not likely to fall into a repetition of such errors, he resolved immediately to reward his virtues; and, sending for him, therefore, into his apartment, and opening his portfolio, presented to his astonished eyes, notes to the amount of near half a million of money.

“ Behold, my son, (said he,) the pleasing proofs

of your father's *prudence*, and the reward that awaits your *merit*. The knowledge that you were to inherit *these*, had nearly destroyed those seeds of virtue nature had implanted in your bosom; and the belief that they were lost to you for ever, recalled you to a sense of your native dignity, and taught you the necessity of *principle* and *prudence*. I now give them you, in a confidential hope of their being no otherways valued than as they will enable you to confer happiness upon your fellow creatures; and I firmly believe that, whilst you are indulging yourself in the innocent enjoyments of life, you will reflect upon the dangers from which you have so happily escaped. But go, my son; impart your bliss to the amiable object you wish should share it. I admire her character, love her virtues, and her father has consented to receive you as his son."

The mingled sensations of surprize and joy deprived de Volney of the power of utterance; but, recovering from the pleasing embarrassment in a few moments, he threw himself on his knees before his father, and poured forth his gratitude in the warmest strain; and, after promising that his future conduct should compensate for the past, he

he hastened to embrace his sister and her friend, and make them partakers in his unexpected happiness.

Observations on the preceding Story.

INDISCRIMINATE indulgence, and weak partiality, have frequently been attended with such baneful consequences, that it is a matter of the utmost astonishment, that any parent should fall into an error, attended with such baneful and pernicious consequences.

The mother of de Volney not only proved the weakness of her understanding, by the unbounded latitude she allowed his follies, but by screening his extravagance from her husband, and supplying his exorbitant expences (in a great measure) from her private purse, she at once taught him a lesson of duplicity and disobedience, and gave him reason to suppose his father was less fondly attached

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to him than herself. But, amongst the train of errors which that unfortunate woman seemed to have imbibed, none could have been attended with more pernicious consequences, than her wish of introducing her son into a society of young men so every way his superiors. Virtue is certainly superior to rank, and merit transcends the most elevated birth; but as de Volney could not boast of possessing either, he was admitted into the company of men of consequence with the paltry recommendation of *a large fortune*; and as long as he could minister to their gratifications, or promote their pleasures, was considered by them as a welcome guest; but the moment his brilliant prospects seemed overshadowed by the veil of misfortune, and he was no longer likely to appear with splendor, the brittle chain was suddenly broken, and he was left a solitary being in the midst of a world of gaiety! This mortifying proof of interested friendship was, perhaps, one of the most impressive lessons de Volney could have received; for it not only convinced him of the instability of such connections, but taught him to ask his own heart, if there was no possibility of making friendship become subservient to virtue?

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The slave of folly, and the victim of dissipation, he had never reflected upon the essentials that were requisite to form a *perfect friendship*; and foolishly fancying that every man who would make use of his purse, or become the sharer of his pleasures, must have an affection for his person, or be tenderly concerned in his interest, he laid himself open both to mortification and disappointment.

His natural disposition was peculiarly amiable, or he could not have disengaged himself from the allurements of vice: and whilst we lament the danger to which youth are exposed, we must applaud those who, like de Volney, have both courage and resolution to rise above them.





TALE THE FIFTH.

FRIENDSHIP PUT TO THE TEST.

AMIDST the various sources of delight which a merciful Creator has beneficently attached to this sublunary state, few can boast of such refined gratification as that which springs from a disinterested friendship. In all our pleasures, and all our pains, we are earnestly seeking for some congenial soul, who can share the one, or mitigate the other; for, as an elegant author (the late Lord Bacon beautifully expresses it,) “ A sorrow loses itself in many channels; and joy, like a ray
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of the sun, reflects with more ardour and quickness when it rebounds upon us from the breast of a friend !”

Although *esteem* is the foundation of genuine friendship, yet the most permanent ones have generally been formed at a period of life when the judgment has neither arrived at maturity, or the mind been capable of discriminating virtue. To account for the singularity of this circumstance, and assign *a reason* for the stability of *these friendships*, we must either imagine that the tenderness of our heart increases in proportion to our confidence in human nature, or that the recollection of our childish enjoyments carry with them a more exquisite degree of delight than we are ever after capable of experiencing; and, by connecting the image of the persons with the pleasures they assisted to produce, we naturally feel for *them* a sensation of gratitude, and a sentiment of love, which time confirms, and habit strengthens.

Friendship has universally been allowed to be the most disinterested of all sentiments, and there have been circumstances wherein its exertion has
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been calculated to prove at once the native dignity of the human mind, and the wonderful ascendancy that may be obtained over the passions, when the happiness of a friend is the object that is at stake ; and the following Story, I am inclined to believe, will be sufficient to establish the validity of the assertion.

The bonds of friendship between Blandford and Nelson, were formed at that period of life when they are most likely to remain permanent ; and when the exercises of school gave place to the employments of manhood, their affections seemed increased by the imperceptible transition. Blandford, as a boy, was hardy, generous, intrepid, and courageous ; and this disposition led him to make choice of a mode of life wherein he might be enabled to evince these virtues, and establish his fame by the exertion of his valour.

Nelson was neither deficient in courage, or devoid of intrepidity ; but a native flow of elegant language, a fondness for study, and a mind deeply interested in the politics of the country, induced him to become one of its supporters ; and whilst Blandford was bravely endeavouring
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to protect her trade abroad, he was no less ardently engaged in preserving peace at home. A separation between friends so warmly attached, and so tenderly interested in each other's welfare, was a circumstance attended with the most serious grief to both ; but the pain of absence was softened by an epistolary intercourse ; and each endeavoured to obtain the approbation of their friend, by a display of those virtues which had called forth their esteem.

Courage, tempered with prudence, and valour with mercy, soon raised Blandford to an eminence in his profession ; and, in an engagement between the English and the Indians, he had an opportunity of evincing his courage, and proving his humanity. That part of the British army of which Blandford had the command, had been completely victorious in a recent engagement ; and, proud of conquest, and elated with success, they began plundering a village which the vanquished had deserted. An aged Bramin, venerable for his virtues more than years, attempted to oppose the soldiers' entrance into the sacred spot where he resided, when one, more hardened than the rest, lifted his hand against the helpless sire, who,

who, reeling, fell within his daughter's arms! Her shriek of terror reached the conqueror's ear, who eagerly flew to succour youth and beauty, and, with a look expressive of horror, demanded why they had disgraced their name. "Are innocence and age a soldier's prey? Oh! barbarous deed! Inhuman murderous crime!" Then gazing tenderly upon the maid, he bore the burden from her trembling arms; and, in a strain of soft condoling pity, tried to alluage the violence of her sorrows!

Whilst Blandford was preparing the proper remedies for the venerable Bramin, the excess of his daughter's grief prevented her from making even an attempt at being useful; but, throwing herself on her knees by the side of the apparently dying man, she poured forth her complaints in the most moving strain of sympathy and tenderness. "Oh, my father! (said the amiable girl,) if you leave your Coraly, if you go to receive the reward of all your virtues, who will guide, who will protect, and who will shield her from the victor's power?" Then lifting up her streaming eyes to heaven, she besought the gods to save his valued life!

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Solinzeb (which was the amiable Bramin's name) forgot for a while his own sufferings; and, in endeavouring to reconcile his daughter to the calamity which had befallen her, he seemed to have acquired additional strength and vigour. Blandford remained the whole night with him, and Coraly refused to quit the bed side, where her tears and sighs appeared a mournful presage of approaching misery.

Although the tenets of the Christian religion are opposite to those which the Bramins profess, yet there was so much probity in Blandford's sentiments, and so much humanity in his conduct, that the venerable father could neither suspect his principles, or doubt his honour; and when he found the icy hand of death upon him, he resigned the object of his tenderness into his protection, with a confidence of his guarding it both with care and kindness. Blandford received the precious trust, with an assurance of protecting it in the path of innocence and honour, and with a sacred promise of not attempting to withdraw her mind from the principles of that religion in which she had been educated.

Soon

Soon after the ratification of this solemn contract, the aged Indian breathed his last; and Coraly's grief broke out in the most violent exclamations. Her feelings were warm, and her heart tender; and when she beheld that form, on which she had been accustomed to gaze with filial fondness, no longer capable of returning her endearments, she threw herself upon it in an agony of despair, and remained embracing it until nature, exhausted by its own sufferings, was no longer able to sustain the conflict; and, sinking into a state of total insensibility, she was in that situation carefully conveyed into another apartment.

Every attention that humanity could suggest, or benevolence bestow, Coraly received from her sympathizing benefactor; and at length he had the satisfaction of perceiving the smile of cheerfulness disperse the cloud of sorrow.

The amiable Blandford derived the highest gratification from devoting his hours to the cultivating a mind where spotless purity, and native dignity, alternately displayed themselves; and the facility with which she acquired knowledge, and the

the attention she paid to all his instructions, convinced him that her disposition was as amiable as her person was lovely.

Though Coraly regarded her benefactor as a friend, and venerated him as a father, yet she felt not towards him a warmer sentiment; and whilst he was fondly indulging the hope of being able to inspire her breast with tenderness, she merely regarded him with *cold esteem*; and, with hearts impressed by such different sensations, Blandford and his pupil arrived in England.

Nelson flew on the wings of friendship to welcome Blandford to his native clime; and in pressing to his bosom the man whom of all others he esteemed, experienced a refinement of felicity, which seemed to repay him for years of absence! The unexpected appearance of a young female, lovely, interesting, and attractive, instantly excited Nelson's fears: but a few moments of confidential intercourse explained Blandford's intentions, and Coraly's virtues, and he was taught to consider her as the chosen object of his friend's affections.

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Although Coraly had received Blandford's instructions both with aptitude and docility, yet he was convinced there was a striking difference between the manners of an unpolished Indian and an elegant European; and though he was delighted with the innocent observations of her untaught mind, yet, as she was destined to mix in a society opposite to that to which she had hitherto been accustomed, he was anxious she should be able rather to adorn than disgrace it; and as Nelson's sister was a woman of elegance and fashion, he intreated her protection for the object of his solicitude during a period in which he was obliged to be absent in consequence of being called upon to protect his country. This separation on the part of Blandford at once called forth his tenderness, and strengthened his regard; but the idea of being placed under the care of Nelson and his sister, seemed intirely to prevent Coraly from participating in his emotions.

The difference of manners between Blandford and his friend was too striking to escape general observation: and though Coraly's heart had remained insensible to the parental kindneses of the former, it had involuntarily been attracted by the
insinuating

insinuating attentions of the latter; and lady Juliet Aubrey was soon convinced that the charge she had undertaken would be attended with much danger.

As she knew her brother to be a man of the strictest honour, she was convinced he would take no unfair advantage of a preference he must consider as extremely unfortunate: but how was she shocked when, mentioning the discovery she had made, to hear him avow an equal partiality! "You must condemn me, my dear sister, (said he,) for a weakness that makes me detest myself; but do not imagine I have acted with dishonour, or that I have basely endeavoured to steal the affections of a lovely girl, whom I knew was destined to be the wife of Blandford. No, my Juliet, my heart would recoil at the bare idea of such an act of villainy and baseness. We have, I fear, been too much together for the restoration of our mutual peace; and from fancying myself *secure*, I have ran into the *midst of danger*. Yet how could I suppose, whilst I was *cultivating* her mind, I could make an impression upon what (I imagined) an *attached heart*! Or how could I suppose that my own would weakly be

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surrendered to a being I knew was the property of the man I loved? Fatal security! mistaken error! But I will not be unworthy Blandford's friendship! I will explain to Coraly the gratitude she owes that generous man, and teach her heart to love him for *his virtues*."

Lady Aubrey had endeavoured to convince her pupil of the impropriety she had been guilty of, in expressing a partiality for her brother; and, in censuring her conduct, had probably forgotten that the hapless girl was a perfect child of nature, who had never been taught the necessity of concealing sentiments at which she had no cause to blush: and, whether from the idea of having incurred her ladyship's displeasure, or from a conviction that she must not indulge a preference which she had so long innocently cherished, Nelson found her bathed in tears.

It was in vain that he endeavoured to restore calmness to her mind, or composure to her feelings; her existence seemed to depend on the indulgence of her tenderness, and the idea of its being considered *criminal* became insupportable.

"I venerate Blandford as a father, (said she,) and

and esteem him as a friend; but why is that to prevent me from loving Nelson? Or why is it a *crime* to become attached to a man who is so greatly superior to his whole sex? Was I to accept the heart of Blandford, without being able to return him mine, should I not repay his kindness with treachery, and his tenderness with ingratitude? Oh, never, never will I be his wife!"

To this kind of reasoning Nelson opposed all the arguments which *principle* could suggest, and *probity* support; but still she remained inflexible; and though her spirits gradually sunk under the conflict of her feelings, she still persevered in her resolution of never becoming the wife of Blandford. The idea of being suspected of *dishonour*, or accused of *treachery*, by the man whom of all others he most valued and esteemed, was a wound to the bosom of the generous minded Nelson which all his fortitude could not enable him to sustain, and he became the victim of acute sensibility. Depressed by sorrow, and debilitated by disease, he seemed to look forward to death as a shield from dishonour; and, instead of using the necessary means for his recovery, impatiently expected the decisive blow!

As Coraly's existence appeared to depend upon his life, he resolved to make one more effort to secure his friend's happiness; and taking the weeping girl tenderly by the hand, again besought her to become the wife of Blandford. "I am the cause (said he) of your repugnance; and now I swear, if you refuse his love, I'll not survive a stroke that makes him wretched, and stamps me in his eyes a worthless villain!"

What persuasions could not obtain, fear accomplished; and the thoughts of losing Nelson made every other grief appear but light, and she consented to her lover's wish. Soon after this fatal promise had been extorted, Blandford arrived; and, in the joy he felt at again beholding the object of his tenderness, forgot the misery he had endured from absence.

The fatal day at length arrived, in which Coraly's affections were to be sacrificed to her principles, and she was to become the wife of one man, whilst her heart was involuntarily attached to another. The idea of preserving the honour and life of this object of her esteem, had hitherto supported her both with courage and fortitude;

but

but when the moment arrived in which it would be a *crime to love him*, these auxiliaries intirely failed; and Blandford had the misery of observing, that, instead of receiving the offering of her heart, it shrunk with horror from the approaching ceremony; and that her feeble frame, no longer able to sustain such trials, absolutely sunk under the pressure of her feelings.

With eager haste he flew to save her; and supporting in his arms the precious burden, anxiously inquired into the cause of her agitation. Nelson's countenance betrayed the anguish of his mind, and fully explained the interesting secret. Oh! my dear Nelson, (said the generous Blandford, in a voice of tenderness and sorrow,) how could you e'er one moment doubt my friendship? Could you suppose, to purchase selfish joys, I'd sever hearts whom fate has thus united? I bless my stars I have escaped an ill that neither time or penitence could soften; and now have only to resign with firmness a treasure *dearer* than my own *existence*! Take her, my friend; and may your future days run in a course of pure substantial bliss, unclouded by misfortune, and unallayed by care!"

Observations on the preceding Story.

TO promote the felicity of those we love, is, perhaps, one of the most gratifying sensations the human heart is capable of receiving: but to purchase it at the *expence* of our *own happiness*, is one of those severe trials which requires both affection and principle to sustain with honour.

In the conduct both of Nelson and Blandford, we perceive the most heroic proofs of *disinterested regard*; and it is difficult to determine which is intitled to the most applause.

That ingenuous declaration of affection and tenderness which spontaneously flowed from a mind untaught to conceal its emotions, and fancying that what it felt ought always to be revealed, though extremely natural in a female circumstanced like Coraly, would be highly improper in one educated with different sentiments: and what is admirable in the *one*, would be despised and condemned in the *other*.

TALE



TALE THE SIXTH.

JULIET DE Verval; OR GRATITUDE
DISPLAYED.

FEW circumstances in life can have a greater claim upon the exertions of our gratitude, than the attentions which are paid to us at a period of our existence when the neglect of them might have occasioned its termination. The tender solicitude of parental care commences with our being, increases with our growth, and ceases only with the close of life. This instinctive faculty, which may be considered as an inspiration of nature, has sometimes been experienced in a very lively and disinterested degree by persons

who, nurturing the infant of another, with that food Providence designed for their *own*, seem by that circumstance to inhale a tenderness which has sometimes been imagined *merely parental*.

Whatever may be the cause of this refinement of affection on the part of the nurse, it is natural to suppose the child will imbibe a tenderness for one to whom it ought to be bound both by gratitude and affection; yet we often hear of children, born in affluence, and educated in luxury, who never even think of the person that has been the means of preserving their existence, after they had been discarded from the ungratifying employment. This inattention on the part of the child is certainly owing to the misconduct of the parent, who ought early to have instilled into its mind sentiments of gratitude and principles of benevolence.

Madam de Verval was one of those amiable females who equally shone in the character both of a wife and mother; but a debilitated constitution, and delicate frame, prevented her from gratifying her wish of becoming her daughter's nurse, and compelled her to relinquish an employment

ployment which she would have considered both a pleasure and a duty. From this circumstance the little Juliet was placed under the care of a worthy woman, whose character and appearance interested Madam de Verval highly in her favour, and who from that moment became an object of her future regard.

The uncommon attention, and unremitting care, which was uniformly paid the lovely child by the faithful creature to whom it was intrusted, was amply rewarded by the liberality of Madam de Verval, who, not satisfied with attending to her comforts during the time she was benefited by her services, made a point of annually bestowing upon her such gifts as raised her above the wants of life. A cow, a vineyard, and a cottage, had all been the produce of that generous woman's bounty: and whilst its humble inhabitants smiled with joy as they viewed the comforts that surrounded them, their honest hearts expanded with gratitude, when they reflected upon the benevolence of the author from whence they flowed.

Madam de Verval, her husband, and family, regularly passed the summer at the Castle; and

Susan was always there on the day of their arrival, to testify her joy at beholding her benefactress; and her happiness at again enfolding in her maternal arms the lovely object of her tenderness and regard.

Juliet's affection for the worthy creature gradually increased with her strength and years: and, instead of squandering her money in childish toys, or foolish gratifications, she carefully preserved it for a nobler purpose; and, in decorating the little cottage with some useful ornament, she enjoyed a felicity greater than its owner. Juliet had continued this annual custom several years, when the ill health of her father obliged the family to pass the summer at Spa; and she had not only to lament the indisposition of a beloved parent, but the mortification of not being able to behold her nurse. M. de Verval's health was happily established by the means which had been adopted to obtain that end, and the following year they again removed to the interesting seat of Juliet's happiness.

Susan was there to welcome their return; but pleasure smiled no longer on her cheek! Juliet

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at first did not observe the change; but told her, with an air of cheerful fondness, she should return her visit in a few days. In a tone of sorrow, and with a look of tenderness, (at the same time endeavouring to repress the falling tear,) the faithful Susan besought her not to take that trouble. "Consider, my dear young lady, (said she,) the days of childhood are now past, and it would ill become me to *invite* you to my *humble dwelling*."

"My dearest nurse," replied Juliet, (interrupting her,) "why this ceremony? and from whence this change? Am *I no longer Juliet*? Am I no longer *her* who owes so much to your maternal care? Oh, spare yourself such mortifying thoughts, and know that, both in *youth* and *age*, my heart will feel for you a fond affection, and a firm regard."

Susan had received too many proofs of the amiable disposition of the child of her esteem, to fancy that, as she increased in age, she would lessen in regard; but the year and a half M. de Verval had been absent from the Castle, had been the most unfortunate that had marked her hitherto

happy existence. The father of her husband, an old man, whom she both loved and venerated, had not only been attacked with a *severe*, but an *expensive illness*; and the helpless state to which disease reduced him, rendered it necessary that her husband should assist in the pious office of attending him throughout it. From this circumstance the vineyard was neglected, the little farm forgotten; and though the worthy old man was supplied with every comfort, it was at the expence of his childrens' being deprived of them for ever! At the death of Firmin, (which was the old man's name,) the cow was sold, the cottage was stripped of all its little ornaments, and converted into a mere comfortless hut: yet its amiable inhabitants, happy in having supplied the wants of their venerable parent, viewed its naked walls with a composure of mind which filial ingratitude could never taste, or selfish fondness ever have experienced, though surrounded with the riches of the East, and supplied from the mines of Peru. But as the comforts Susan once enjoyed had been obtained through the benevolence of her benefactress, she did not like the idea of being seen in her *degraded* situation by one who had so largely contributed to the promotion of
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of them; and it was from a feeling of wounded pride, that she endeavoured to persuade Juliet to discontinue a practice from which she had always derived so much gratification.

Juliet, who had no idea of her nurse's real motive for advising her to discontinue her visits, set off for the cottage with the same hilarity of spirits she always experienced in the prospect of embracing one for whom she entertained so tender a regard; but when she arrived there, every thing around her conspired to check the anticipated pleasure. A meagre goat supplied the place of a portly cow; and uncultivated ground was all that remained of a fruitful vineyard. The garden, which had once smiled in gaiety, was then over-run with noisome weeds; and the little cottage, deprived of all its ornaments, was a melancholy relic of its former comfort.

The unexpected change was too striking for the affectionate feelings of the amiable Juliet to support with calmness and composure; and bursting into a flood of tears, she eagerly demanded what could have occasioned it?

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“Do not, my dear young lady, (said the worthy woman,) regret the use we have made of either *your gifts*, or your *parent's bounty*; they purchased for our good father those essential comforts which his sufferings then required; and now that my husband has began to work again, and your foster-brother is old enough to assist him, matters will soon turn out better than you expect, and you will live to see us happy once again. It is true we have not a vineyard of our *own* to cultivate, but then my husband is well paid by a rich neighbour; and the thoughts that our poor father wanted for nothing, would reconcile us to much severer hardships than these. But, come, my dear young lady, (said the worthy Susan,) cheer up, and condescend to taste the milk of Louisa's goat, and a little bit of new bread which is just arrived from the oven; and as *I was the maker of it*, you will not think it worse flavoured on that account.”

Juliet partook both of the milk and bread; but the thoughts of her humble friend's altered situation prevented her from being able to *relish either*; and finding it impossible to conceal her chagrin, she resolved immediately to return to the

the Castle. Her mother had already been so extremely bountiful, that she was fearful it would seem like trespassing upon her kindness even to solicit her farther assistance; but she was resolved to ask the opinion of the lady who had once been her governess, (and still remained in the capacity of an informing friend,) whether it would be proper to mention Susan's distresses, resolving to abide by her decision.

The advice she received, though contrary to her wishes, she scrupulously adhered to; and, unable essentially to benefit the poor woman *herself*, and taught to believe she ought not to solicit that indulgence from her parents, Susan and her misfortunes became the subject both of her *waking* and her sleeping thoughts, till a dream, which seemed to foretel a restoration of her former comforts, made so striking and pleasing an impression upon her mind, that she resolved to impart it to her parents; and at a time when nightly visions happened to be the subject of conversation, she requested permission to relate the following.

“ I dreamt the other night, my dearest father,
(said the amiable Juliet,) “ that, on the edge of
“ the

“ the stream which flows at the foot of your
“ favourite cascade, I beheld a mill, pictu-
“ resque in its appearance, yet simple in its ar-
“ chitecture; and, whilst the constant friction
“ of its wheels upon the water seemed to aug-
“ ment the beauty of the tide, my mind was
“ occupied in contemplating the happiness of
“ those who were raised from indigence by its
“ circling course. Baptist, the husband of my
“ faithful Susan, was the miller; and whilst his
“ time was devoted to the pleasing occupation,
“ Marcellin, my foster-brother, was equally af-
“ siduous in planting a vineyard on the other
“ side the hill; whilst Louisa, his lovely sister,
“ was busily employed in tending a rising flock
“ of sheep, which were contentedly grazing
“ within a small inclosure contiguous to the
“ mill. Oh! how I lamented the being roused
“ from a dream so full of pleasure, and so big
“ with joy! and I am convinced that nothing
“ could have exceeded the happiness I then ex-
“ perience, unless it was the *reality* of such a
“ delightful vision.”

Every one acknowledged it must have been a
pleasing dream; but no farther comments were
made

made upon it; and towards the end of the autumn, the family returned to Paris for the winter. Juliet's mind was still occupied by the distresses of her nurse; and, instead of lavishing away her money in the purchase of pleasure and dissipation, it was carefully laid by for the relief of the unfortunate. Spring again arrived, and the Castle was destined to be the seat of residence. Juliet's heart bounded with joy at the prospect of being welcomed by the faithful Susan; but in vain her eager eyes sought the object of their affection: Susan, alas! was not to be found! Some dire distress, some new calamity, must have overtaken the hapless woman, or she would have been *the first to have testified her joy*. Soon after their arrival, a walk was proposed; and M. de Verval, as if by accident, bent his footsteps towards the cascade. But who shall describe the joy of Juliet's feelings? The mill, the flock, the vineyard met her eye; and Susan, last of all the pleasing train, sprang forward, and embraced her in her arms!

Who would presume to paint the old man's bliss, when he beheld her tenderness and joy!
"Oh, my beloved father, (said the amiable girl,)

girl,) what do I owe you for this rich surprize, or how shall I merit such unheard-of goodness?"

"Your dream, my love, supplied a thought, which barren nature never had suggested. My stream is now a source of real joy; and what was once but pleasing to the eye, now highly gratifies the *feeling mind*; and whilst I minister to Virtue's wants, I taste the sweets of honest Labour's toil.

Observations on the preceding Story.

IF there is a perfect felicity upon earth, it is that which fills the heart of a parent, when they hear of the virtue, wisdom, or generosity of their child: and such were the sensations which expanded the heart of Madam de Verval, whenever she beheld the grateful attentions, the anxious solicitude, and the affectionate zeal, with which her amiable daughter entered into all the concerns of the worthy woman whose character has been depicted in the foregoing Tale.

Gratitude,

Gratitude (says a late elegant author) is one of the most pleasing exercises the human mind can be employed in: it is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful; but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it *hereafter*, a generous mind would indulge in it, from the natural gratification with which it is accompanied. A heart unimpressed by kindness, and unattracted by attention, must either be lost to principle, or dead to sensibility.





TALE THE SEVENTH.

THE FORLORN STRANGER; OR,
THE FAITHFUL DOG.

AT how easy an expence, at what little pains, and what trifling trouble, may the sympathizing breast enjoy the gratification of pouring balm into the *afflicted one*! Unfortunately for the poor and unhappy, the generality of the rich are removed beyond the reach of their complaints; and, unconscious of the evils which pervade the world, they act as if *poverty* had never entered it.

Amidst

Amidst the tumult of a city, and the dissipations of a court, disease and wretchedness can seldom hope for shelter; but in the calmness of sequestered life, and in the rational catalogue of country pleasures, to relieve poverty, and assuage disease, constitutes no small portion of rural gratifications.

At a beautiful village, within a small distance of Paris, resided a widow lady of most exemplary character, who to the practice of benevolence united the graces of cordiality; and her house was at once the seat of gaiety, and the mansion of virtue. As herself and a party of friends were enjoying the refreshing breeze of a summer's evening on the banks of the river Mørne, a gentleman of the number (of the name of Aristus) was accosted in a tone of persuasion and intreaty by an aged passenger, who accidentally passed, and solicited him, in *urgent terms*, to purchase a spaniel, which was running close to his heels.

As Aristus was not in want of a dog, and the animal had not any particular marks of *beauty* to recommend him, he unceremoniously declined
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the stranger's proposal, notwithstanding he had repeated his request with an urgency of manner that seemed to express something extraordinary in it; and, upon taking leave, gave him a look so full of grief and sorrow, that it instantly penetrated to the young man's heart, who felt a secret impression of shame and reproach for having refused a request so strongly urged; and, running after the aged stranger, demanded, in a tone of civility, *the price of the animal.*

"What you please," said the old man, in a voice of sorrow. Aristus, though generous in heart, was poor in pocket; and having only a six-livre piece about him, put it in his hand, and offered it as an equivalent. The stranger appeared to accept it with reluctance, and gazing at the animal with a look of tenderness, sighed out, "*He is yours.*" Then recovering the firmness of his voice, he said, "but you must have a string to guide him, or he will not follow." As Aristus had not any thing about him that would answer the purpose of a conductor, the old man immediately untied his garter; then catching the dog in his arms, and placing him upon the balustrade of the bridge, he slowly began fastening

the string around his neck, whilst his hands trembled to so violent a degree, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could tie the knot.

As Aristus attributed that circumstance to infirmity and age, it neither called forth his sympathy or astonishment: but what were his sensations at beholding the unhappy man press the animal in his arms, bedew him with his tears, and sob over him with the fondness of a parent going to be severed from a darling child!

"My friend," said Aristus, in a tone of sympathy, "what can occasion this extraordinary emotion? I flattered myself, by purchasing the dog, I might have rendered you a service; but, alas! I fear I've rather done you an *unkindness*, for you seem *averse to parting*."

"And so I ought," replied the man: "for he has been my *friend*, when all the *world* neglected and forsook me! Many a night he's watched these aged limbs, when weary nature, worn out with her care, required and sought repose; yet only found it on the flinty road! Ah! never would he leave, never forsake, his master. But,
Sir,

Sir, he *now* is *your's*; and sure you'll treat him kindly for my sake!" So saying, he attempted to put the garter into the hands of Ariftus, who, greatly affected at the artlefs tale he had heard, befought the ft ranger to keep both dog and money.

It would be in vain to attempt defcribing the fudden tranfition in the old man's countenance. He immediately fell upon his knees, called Ariftus the preferver of his exiftence, and the reftorer of his happinefs: told him it was the *extremity* of *hunger* that had fuggested the idea of difpofing of his dog; and though he thought it a duty to preferve the exiftence God had beftowed upon him, he was fure he fhould not have lived long when deprived of the fociety of the faithful partner of all his fufferings; and concluded his little tale by informing him, that a bad leg had prevented him from being able to work for many months paff; and that, oppreffed by poverty, and forfaken by his friends, he had refolved to attempt a journey to Rouen, in the hopes of finding fuccour in the filial attentions of an only child; but that the heat of the weather, and the fatigue of travelling, had fo far inflamed the wound,

wound, that he was apprehensive it would be impracticable for him to reach the place on foot; and the forlorn situation of his purse rendered it impossible to think of obtaining any other mode of conveyance.

Aristus listened to the melancholy narration with a mixture of tenderness and concern; and, taking the old man kindly by the hand, expressed his joy at their accidental meeting. "I can, my good friend, (said he,) have the pleasure of introducing you into an asylum for misery, and a receptacle for disease, the benevolent conductors of which will, on my recommendation, not only attend to the infirmities of your body, but will rejoice in contributing to the comfort of your mind: and though I believe it is contrary to an established rule to permit animals to become inhabitants of the infirmary, yet, when I represent the excellent qualities of your faithful companion to the worthy prior who presides over the place, I have no doubt of obtaining an indulgence, which, I am convinced, is necessary to your repose."

All that a grateful and feeling heart could be supposed to experience at being so unexpectedly rescued from distress and anguish, was expressed in looks as well as language: and the benevolent Aristus had not only the happiness of obtaining admission into the hospital for the unfortunate old man, but likewise for the partner of his sorrows. When Aristus joined the party whom he had left seated by the side of the river, the animation of his countenance displayed the joyful sensations of his heart; and they listened to the simple recital of his unadorned tale, with a mixture of pity, sympathy, and delight. Each applauded Aristus for the benevolence of his conduct, and each was anxious to evince their *own liberality*. A subscription was immediately set on foot; and as no one attempted to contribute *less*, and many gave *more*, than Aristus, before the old man was in a situation to leave the hospital, the sum that was collected had arisen to a large amount.

The day at length arrived when the cure was pronounced perfect; and Aristus flew to the hospital, to conduct him to the abode of his valuable friend,

friend, who impatiently longed to behold a man that had found the faithful attentions of an attached animal sufficiently gratifying to compensate for the scorn and neglect of an unkind world.

Sprightly and his master arrived together ; and whilst the latter poured forth his acknowledgments to his generous benefactors in a language that flowed from the fullness of the heart, the former endeavoured to return the civilities that were bestowed upon him, by bounding and fawning upon his careffers. When the moment of separation arrived, it was with the utmost difficulty that Aristus could prevent the old man from falling at his feet, and expressing those sentiments of gratitude that warmed his heart ; whilst he enjoyed a sensation of delight, known only to the generous, and experienced only by the benevolent. “ Who,” said Aristus, (turning to his friends,) “ will presume to say that happiness is dependent on the *smiles of Fortune*, when they know that a *real felicity* may be obtained for the trifling sum of a six-livre piece, and a little common humanity for a fellow creature ?

Observations on the preceding Story.

THE gratification which a *feeling mind* receives from conferring an obligation upon a deserving person, is, perhaps, one of the most refined and delicate of which we can form a conception. The manner of bestowing a favour either augments or diminishes its value; and what was meant as a boon of kindness, by an ostentatious method of presenting it, may be received as the gift of *arrogance*.

It is a mistaken opinion to suppose that the *rich only* are blest with the power of bestowing benefits; for wretched must have been the lot of that man, who never was enabled even to shew his neighbour some portion of civility, or prove in trifles a benevolence of heart.

The elegant author of the *Spectator* has drawn a beautiful picture of a benevolent character, who, with the trifling income of two hundred a year,

year, contrived to be most essentially serviceable to his fellow creatures. This man (who is introduced under the name of Eugenius) devoted a tenth of his fortune to the purposes of benevolence; and, in addition to this *regularly expended sum*, he frequently added as occasion might demand. For example, if he had promised himself the pleasure of seeing a favourite play performed, and encountered in his way thither any object whose appearance called forth compassion, or whose distress demanded succour, he instantly relinquished the idea of selfish gratification, and bestowed the sum he had intended to devote to his own enjoyment, to the god-like purpose of relieving the unfortunate; and cheerfully returned to his own fire-side to taste the satisfaction of an approving conscience.

From the example which has been given of the humanity of Aristus's conduct, we may naturally imagine the same warmth of benevolent sensations expanded his bosom, which glowed in that of the amiable Eugenius. Had he merely purchased the poor man's dog, without attempting to discover the motive that induced him

to part with it, he would have relieved the pressing call of hunger, but he would at the same time have augmented the sorrows of his heart. Charity consists more in acts of kindness and compassion, than in an indiscriminate disposal either of pounds or shillings.





TALE THE EIGHTH.

ARTIFICE DETECTED.

THERE is a generous principle in human nature, which imperceptibly disposes us to despise the oppressor, and become interested for the oppressed. We feel an honest indignation at seeing weakness borne down by might, honesty over-reached by cunning, and unsuspecting goodness played upon by selfishness and knavery.

M. de Glancy was a man whom nature had endowed with a most excellent heart, but to

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whom

whom she had denied a conciliatory disposition. His worth was conspicuous to those with whom he was in the habit of close intimacy; but there was an irritability in his manner, and an obstinacy in his opinion, that threw a cloud over his brightest virtues. In early life he had contracted a habit of seclusion; and, as his years increased, it became so strong, that he seemed to feel almost an aversion to society, and received few visitors, except his nephews, and the vicar of Verval, who was his particular friend.

The young men were both orphans, though in very different circumstances and situations. De l'Orman's father had left him with no other support than *honour* and *virtue*; whilst d'Orambré's had bequeathed him an *abundance* of *wealth*. As they had both been under the care of de Glancy from their boyish days, they looked up to him as their common parent; but whilst de l'Orman's heart glowed with gratitude and esteem, his cousin's was fraught with duplicity and artifice.

Although d'Orambré's fortune was sufficient to gratify both his pride and pleasure, yet he looked forward with eagerness to the moment of his

his uncle's dissolution, when he expected to receive such an addition to it, as would enable him to eclipse all his acquaintance. With this idea constantly in his mind, and this hope ever in expectation, he took care to regulate his conduct towards his relation in a manner most likely to insure success; and so completely disguised the real sentiments of his heart, that de Glancy was wholly unable to discover them; for to the most obsequious servility was united the most affectionate care; and to profound respect, the most anxious solicitude.

Though de Glancy was deceived by this hypocritical mode of conduct, his friend's eyes were more penetrating; and, under the appearance of affection, he discovered *self interest*; and under the mask of attention, a desire to *supplant*: and as l'Orman had made choice of a profession which demanded his absence from the hospitable roof of his affectionate relation, he had too many opportunities of fulfilling this design.

Nothing could be more completely opposite than the disposition of the two cousins: the one

artful, selfish, and insinuating; the other open, generous, and disinterested. He loved his uncle as a relation, and esteemed him as a benefactor; but, superior to all *plans* of *policy*, he disdained the thought of fulsome adulation; and the very fear of being supposed capable of acting from an *interested* motive, prevented him from paying those minute attentions which d'Orambré performed with so much exactness.

The striking difference in the two young men's conduct made a strong impression on de Glancy's mind, who frequently complained to his friend the vicar, of the little attention which was paid him by his *needy nephew*; whilst the one, who did not require his *assistance*, was uniformly assiduous in his endeavours to *please*. The worthy vicar, who felt the highest esteem for the character of the one, and the greatest contempt for that of the other, endeavoured to convince his friend, that de l'Orman's neglect in *petty civilities* proceeded from an apprehension of being thought *interested*; and as he was neither deficient in marks of duty or affection, ought rather to be esteemed for such manly conduct. This mode of reasoning would for a time dispel the
cloud

cloud of prejudice which had veiled his sight; but the insidious arts of the expecting heir soon obscured his rival's merits; and de l'Orman had the misfortune daily to decline in the good opinion of a man whose *favour* he *prized* far before his *fortune*.

Though de l'Orman would willingly have sacrificed his dearest interests to have testified his esteem and veneration for his uncle, yet, as the happiness of his future existence depended upon a union which he feared would never receive the sanction of his approbation, he thought his crime would appear less atrocious to marry *without advice*, than to *ask it*, and then act in *opposition to it*; and as the lady had merit, birth, and beauty, to recommend her, he flattered himself a little time would reconcile his patron to her want of fortune.

Few circumstances could have been so completely gratifying to d'Orambré's feelings as the imprudent step which his cousin had adopted, and, big with a secret so likely to insure his fortune, he hastened to impart it with malicious joy.

All that he could hope for, and more than he dare expect, immediately resulted from this unfortunate marriage. The enraged de Glancy not only forbid the name of l'Orman from being mentioned in his presence, but bequeathed the *whole* of his fortune and estates to the undermining hypocrite who had so basely obtained them.

It was in vain that the benevolent vicar endeavoured to palliate his young friend's offence, or tried to soften the obduracy of his uncle. Three years elapsed without the slightest mitigation of resentment, and he began to consider the case as hopeless. At this period of time business required his attention in that part of France where the unfortunate de l'Orman had taken up his residence; and the prospect of seeing a man whom he so tenderly esteemed, induced him to lengthen his journey for the sake of enjoying that pleasure.

De l'Orman had purchased a small spot of ground in the vicinity of a sporting country, and from the cultivation of his land, the produce of his commission, and the execution of his gun,
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he enjoyed the necessaries, though not the luxuries, of life; and in the endearing tenderness of the object of his affection lost the recollection of every sorrow, except that of having offended a man whom he both valued and esteemed.

The worthy vicar was so completely struck with the domestic harmony that reigned between them, that, in a letter which he addressed to a friend of de Glancy's, he drew an interesting picture of their life and manners, omitting nothing but their names. This letter, as he imagined, was read in the presence of de Glancy, who immediately recognized the *person* of his nephew in the *amiable hero* of the vicar's tale.

Dissatisfied with his own conduct, and provoked with his friend for having brought to his remembrance one whom he had taken so much pains to forget, he retired to his apartment fullen and out of humour; and when the vicar returned, instead of receiving him with a smile of gladness, he coldly welcomed him with form and ceremony, and accused him of exposing his resentment against his nephew to the observation of a person interested in their concerns.

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A very few arguments convinced him he had been unjust; and his heart, softened by the impression of self reproach, easily yielded to the persuasion of his friend; and whilst he listened with pleasure to the account of his nephew's happiness, the tear of renewed affection glistened in his eye, when he heard with what tenderness and veneration he was mentioned by a man whom his severity had driven into exile.

The friendly vicar immediately imparted the pleasing intelligence to the elated l'Orman, who, eager to prove the sincerity of his regard, flew to his benefactor on the wings of affection. The meeting on the part of de Glancy was cordial and affecting; on that of l'Orman, tender and respectful; and when he presented the object of his affection, and her lovely offspring, his countenance glowed with animation and delight. The old man gazed upon them with visible emotion, as if reproaching his own heart for the injustice of his conduct; then pressing them alternately in his arms, he embraced them with the warmth of parental fondness. Though de Glancy appeared to enjoy infinite satisfaction in the society of his nephew, yet it was evident to his *friend*,
some

some secret uneasiness pressed upon his heart, for his health visibly declined, and the smile of cheerfulness forsook his countenance. For many months he confided the secret within his own bosom, but at length resolved to impart it to his friend, and regulate his conduct by his advice.

“ You doubtless thought (said he) my worthy vicar, that, by banishing from my presence (for three years) the unfortunate young man who had incurred my resentment, I had sufficiently punished a crime for which there were so many just excuses : but, alas ! you knew not the extent of my injustice ; knew not the plan by which I had insured his ruin. Urged by anger, and stimulated by revenge, I suffered my passions to subdue my reason, and in an evil hour gave, by a *deed*, my *fortune* to his *cousin* ! This fatal deed I gladly would reclaim ; but I am told the young man has destroyed it, to save my memory from reproach, and prove to l’Orman, the disinterested regard he felt towards him. D’Orambré’s *word* I have no right to *doubt* ; yet still my mind is anxious and unhappy ; and unless I can adopt some plan to insure to l’Orman the *half* of *my estate*, I greatly fear I shall not die in peace.”

Though

Though the vicar carefully avoided disclosing his real sentiments of d'Orambré's character, yet he convinced his friend that, by making a *second deed*, he could intirely overturn the validity of the first, and perswaded him to place it in his possession; at the same time assuring him it should never be produced unless d'Orambré was depraved enough to make use of the one which deprived his cousin of his just inheritance.

De Glancy's mind, relieved by this advice, soon regained its accustomed composure; but his health visibly declined; and nature, exhausted by the power of disease, in a very few months sunk beneath the conflict.

L'Orman, who had always felt for this eccentric, though worthy man, the affection of a son, and the esteem of a friend, considered his loss as a most afflicting circumstance; and would willingly have resigned all pretensions to the estate, to have been able to lengthen out his valued existence. The vicar was in the house at the time the melancholy event occurred, and could not help drawing a comparison between the two young men, highly to the prejudice of d'Orambré's

d'Orambré's humanity. Instead of testifying the slightest concern for the death of one to whom he was so much obliged, his time was occupied in arranging the domestic concerns of the family, and assuming, in his manner, an air of importance, as if himself alone was lord of the domain. De l'Orman's friend observed this supercilious arrogance with a mixture of suspicion and abhorrence; and was neither astonished or confounded at hearing him *declare himself the sole heir of de Glancy's fortune*. As this declaration was made at a time when the amiable de l'Orman was not present, the vicar wished to spare him the knowledge of his relation's depravity; but, regarding d'Orambré with a look of penetration, demanded how he dare villify the memory of his uncle by accusing him of an *injustice* of which his heart was incapable? Unintimidated by the sternness of the vicar's air, and unrestrained by the power of conscience, the depraved young man unblushingly persevered in his former declaration; and it was with some difficulty the ingenuous minded prelate restrained his passion within the bounds of prudence, and confined the subject of the conversation within his own breast.

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The insidious d'Orambré, secure, in his own opinion, of this ill-got wealth, publicly informed his cousin of the acquisition he had obtained, and, by way of softening the severity of the sentence he had uttered, promised to consider his children with the same attention as if they were his own. The worthy vicar, who had heard the declaration, which had absolutely deprived l'Orman of the power of utterance, was no longer able to conceal his indignation, but, in the strongest terms of *detestation and abhorrence*, accused d'Orambré of *premeditated villainy*.

Unsupported accusations would have had little effect upon a mind so completely depraved as his ; but the unexpected sight of a deed, executed within a short period of de Glancy's death, convinced him that his artifice had been completely discovered ; and, shocked at the ill success of his long-premeditated scheme, he hastened from a spot where he knew his presence must be obnoxious ; and, whilst the grateful de l'Orman was pouring forth the effusions of an attached heart to the man to whom he was indebted for all his fortune, he retired in disgust to his own splendid

splendid mansion, and there, in spite of all the pageantry that surrounded it, severely felt the stings of a reproaching conscience.

Observations on the preceding Story.

IT is no uncommon circumstance both for envy and artifice to be completely foiled with their own weapons; and the recent instance, which has just been recorded, is a striking proof of the validity of the observation. The penetrating judgment of de Glancy's friend easily discovered that duplicity which had cast a veil over his *own* *fight*; and the moment he was convinced of d'Orambré's artifice, he generously resolved to become his cousin's champion, whose superior merits justly intitled him to such a disinterested proof of friendship.

It is the allowed business of reason and philosophy to sooth and allay the tumult of the passions;

sions ; and it ought to be the business of education to endeavour to eradicate those seeds of vice which nature has implanted in the human heart, and prevent them from contaminating the soil, or destroying with tares the tender buds of virtue. D'Orambré's education had not probably been neglected ; and born, as he was, in the sunshine of prosperity, he had been led to imagine that *fortune alone* constituted felicity ; and was not convinced of the error he had imbibed, until the contempt of the world, and the stings of his own conscience, completely proved that *virtue* and *honour* only claim esteem.





TALE THE NINTH.

THE HONEST BRETON.

IT has frequently been observed, that riches, though the object of universal desire, are apt to create greater wants than they remove; and that the smiles of fortune frequently ingender the seeds of discontent. This unthankfulness in man, for the mercies of his Maker, is one of the most striking proofs that can be given of the degeneracy of human nature; for there is something so degrading in poverty, and so depressing in misfortune, that one would be apt to imagine the heart which was exempted from them, must glow with gratitude, and expand with joy.

Riches,

Riches, when placed in the hands of virtue and benevolence, are an eternal source of pleasure and delight; and when they contribute to the relief of the afflicted, they impart a felicity to the bosom of their possessor, which sordid selfishness can never know, or inhumanity expect to feel.

Few men have experienced the gratification arising from benevolence in a more eminent degree than a wealthy merchant of the name of Plemer, who, having taken up his residence at an hotel in an unfrequented part of Paris, found his feelings particularly interested by the melancholy appearance of a middle-aged woman, whom he accidentally encountered upon the staircase. Plemer's heart was a powerful advocate in cases of distress; and, without allowing him time for an appeal to judgment, impelled him to pursue its generous dictates.

“What has distressed you?” said the worthy man, regarding the stranger with an eye of pity. “Speak. Can I be of any service to you?” The woman did not give a direct answer to the humane enquiry; and Plemer's desire of being
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useful seemed rather to increase by his inability to discover the cause of her affliction. "Come into my room, (said he,) and let me know the sources of your sorrow."

The stranger replied, that though she had suffered her share of misfortunes, yet at that moment she was free from them; and it was the sorrows of *another* that had called forth *her sympathy*.

"You will absolutely put me in a passion," said the humane, but hasty, Plemer. "I have seen you unhappy, and am only anxious to know the cause, from the satisfaction which I derive from alleviating distress; and yet you provokingly keep me in ignorance of it. Sit down, I conjure you. Tell me who you are, whence you come, and what is the occasion of that distress which is so strongly depicted in all your features."

The woman instantly obeyed the mandate; and informed the benevolent hearted merchant, she was nurse to a young man, whose gentleness and sweetness would call forth the compassion of
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the most adamant heart. "He is dying by inches, Sir," said she, (at the same time taking up her apron, and wiping the corner of her eyes;) "and, without one *friend* to pity his sufferings, or relieve his woes! His money, alas! is all expended; and it was the shock I felt at being obliged to sell his watch for the purpose of discharging the weekly payment, that called forth the tears which interested your humanity. Oh, Sir! could you but see with what gentleness he bears his sufferings, and what concern he seems to feel if he gives me the slightest trouble, your heart would own he merited compassion?"

"*See him!*" exclaimed the generous man; whilst the tear of sympathy trembled in his eye: "I would not pass the night without beholding him for all the wealth Peru could bring me. You are an excellent, humane, good creature; but you must take this purse, and use it for the sick man's comfort. Let him suppose the watch is pawned, or sold; but tell him that a fellow lodger begs to see him."

It

It was with much difficulty that Dupré (which was the nurse's name) could prevail with her patient to permit the stranger's visit; but she requested it in such urgent language, and described the interest Plemer appeared to take in his sufferings with such a native force of simple eloquence, that the unfortunate Montalde could no longer refuse, and at length he gave a reluctant consent.

To the utmost benevolence of heart was united an open bluntness of manner, that always avoided circumlocution: and, instead of Plemer's introducing himself with an apology for intrusion, he cordially took the sick man by the hand, and demanded *why* he had refused to see his *friends*?

The very term brought tears into the languid eyes of the apparently dying man; and, sighing out the name of *friends*, "Alas! (said he) I have out-lived *them all*!" "Not so, (said Plemer.) I like your character, pity your situation, and mean to prove the truth of the assertion. But do not talk. Sick folks must be controlled. Good night: sleep well. I'll

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" see

“ see you in the morning. So now go dream
“ that you have *found a friend.*”

The singularity of Plemer’s address, the sincerity of his manner, and, above all, the sympathetic tone which modulated his voice, as he expressed, in laconic accents, the benevolence of his intentions, gave a sensation of delight to Montalde’s heart, to which, alas ! it had long been a stranger ; and, with a serenity of mind he had never again expected to experience, he fell into a slumber, and enjoyed repose.

His new-found friend was early in his enquiries, and was mortified at hearing from the humane Dupré, that Montalde had expressed some uneasiness at finding his debts had been all paid, as he was convinced, in his own mind, the watch had not been sold, and appeared to feel uncomfortable at the idea of receiving such *important obligations* from a stranger. Seating himself, therefore, by Montalde’s bedside, and taking him by the hand with a look of tenderness, he indifferently inquired whether, if Providence had blessed him with an *abundance of wealth*, he should have thought it intended *solely to purchase*

his own gratifications; or whether part of it should not have been devoted to the purposes of benevolence?

“Most assuredly it should,” replied Montalde, whilst a hectic glow of pleasure lighted up his manly countenance at the very idea of being serviceable to a fellow creature, and a warmth of delivery proved the sincerity of the assertion. “Well then,” continued Plemer, “and so do I: and as I have not laboured thirty years to acquire wealth, to be contradicted in my manner of disposing of it, don’t teize that poor woman any longer with your childish delicacy, but act as a sick man ought, and take what is given you, without inquiring into the means by which it is procured. I am going to send you a physician; for I have an interest in your recovery; and when you are well, I then may be *your debtor*.”

It is easy to imagine what a grateful heart must naturally have experienced upon such an uncommon proof of friendship and generosity, and with what esteem and admiration Montalde must have regarded the man who had thus

unexpectedly rescued him from poverty and disease.

As soon as Plemer had the happiness of beholding his friend in a great measure restored to the possession of health, he anxiously inquired how a young man, to whom nature appeared to have been lavish of her bounties, could have been reduced to such a state of absolute indigence, when so many persons, in all probability, would have been happy to reward him for the exertion of those talents he so eminently possessed.

“ My life,” replied Montalde, “ though full
“ of disappointment and distress to myself, has
“ nothing either marvellous or singular to re-
“ commend it ; but you, my friend, to whom I
“ owe its *prolongation*, have a right to be con-
“ vinced that the misery from which your bene-
“ volence has raised me, was neither the chas-
“ tisement of folly, or the effect of vice. ” I
“ was born at the foot of Mont-d’or, a spot
“ peculiarly adorned by nature’s hand. My
“ parents, though not affluent, were in easy
“ circumstances ; and my education was better
“ than the generality of people in my situation.

“ As

“ As I had early indicated a taste for poetry,
“ I was suffered to indulge this native propen-
“ sity ; and as my performances were crowned
“ with the plaudits of my friends, I imagined
“ myself born to wear Apollo’s wreath ; and
“ felt so completely assured of obtaining emi-
“ nence as a poet, that I persuaded my father to
“ divide his fortune between my mother and
“ sisters, vainly fancying that my own abilities
“ were sufficiently shining to obtain one for my-
“ self. At the death of this venerable parent,
“ I instantly removed to Paris ; and had the
“ good fortune to be favourably received by the
“ sage d’Alembert, who, though he had too
“ much candour to feed my vanity as a poet, con-
“ descended to flatter my abilities as a scholar ;
“ and advised me, instead of attempting to de-
“ rive subsistence from the mountain of Parnassus,
“ only to expect it from the hill of science ; and
“ not satisfied with merely pointing out the
“ means of a support, he generously assisted me
“ in the method of insuring it ; and, through
“ his recommendation, I obtained the appoint-
“ ment of private tutor to the Count Ventan-
“ mont’s children. In this situation I for some
“ months endured all the degrading insults that

“ high birth could inflict upon dependent hu-
“ mility, and at length was discharged for not
“ instructing my pupils in the art of duplicity,
“ and for omitting to offer incense at the shrine
“ of their mother’s vanity. As the Count did
“ not choose to say he parted with me in compli-
“ ment to the caprices of his wife, he recom-
“ mended me as private secretary to the Mar-
“ quis of Fervac, who had lately been appoint-
“ ed ambassador to a foreign court ; and in that
“ situation I probably might have remained, had
“ not the Marquis, who was a very weak man,
“ thought proper to introduce me into a society
“ of his friends, who, in return for the honour
“ they did me, thought themselves entitled to
“ bias my opinions ; and when I attempted to
“ assert the privilege of an independent mind, I
“ so far offended one of the party, that, in com-
“ pliment to him, the Marquis discharged me.
“ Again reduced to distress and poverty, I once
“ more applied to my friend d’Alembert, who,
“ after much solicitude, and great difficulty,
“ placed me as under secretary to Monsieur de
“ Ferbois, an advocate of most extensive prac-
“ tice. My ardent zeal, and unremitting atten-
“ tion, had the good fortune to obtain my mas-
“ ter’s

ter's approbation ; and, happy in the prospect
of being at length established, I looked forward with pleasure to the permanency of my situation. But, alas ! at the very moment I fancied myself *secure*, I was then tottering on a broken precipice. Monsieur de Ferbois was suddenly indisposed ; and part of the business, which he had been in the habit of transacting, of necessity came into my hands ; and, unaware of the bribery he received, I innocently expressed my abhorrence of such corruptive practices. This was enough to mar my future fortune, and on the following day he sent me my discharge. My mind, which had hitherto enabled me to sustain misfortune, at this last stroke sunk beneath its pressure ; and, ashamed of becoming a tax upon my friend, I resolved to conceal my distresses from him. In every situation which I had obtained through his kindness, I had scrupulously endeavoured to fulfil my duty ; my every action had been guided by *principle*, and every thought instigated by *honour* ; yet the reward they met with was banishment and disgrace. The disappointment of my hopes, and the dejection of my spirits, preyed upon a constitution

“ which was naturally weak ; and had it not
“ been for your humanity, my life and sorrows
“ had e’er this been ended.”

“ Heaven, my good friend,” replied the generous Breton, “ frequently permits the current
“ of human felicity to spend itself to the lowest
“ ebb, that its own hand may be acknowledged
“ in the means that caused the flood to rise again.
“ Had not your *forlorn* situation interested the
“ compassion of the humane Dupré, I had never
“ enjoyed the happiness of affording you an asy-
“ lum; nor might you have had the gratification
“ of tasting the real joy which springs from
“ *mutual friendship*. I have long wished to
“ meet with a young man to whom I could
“ intrust the conduct of my affairs, and in whose
“ attachment and fidelity I could place implicit
“ confidence. The epitome of your life is a
“ transcript of your honour, and a strong assu-
“ rance of my own good fortune. You shall
“ accompany me back to Nantz : and the wor-
“ thy Dupré (whose humanity deserves reward)
“ shall follow us as soon as she has arranged her
“ affairs, and we will mutually endeavour to
“ promote each others peace.”

It

It was with the utmost difficulty Plemmer could prevent the grateful Montalde from falling at his feet. "What!" said the generous man, "is
"an act of kindness so very astonishing, that
"you think it necessary to evince such transports? Compose your feelings, my good fellow; and rest assured that I shall derive as
"much advantage from your assiduity, as you will
"from my friendship. Therefore, henceforth
"the obligations will be mutual. So do not
"oppress me with your expressions of gratitude."

This liberal method of endeavouring to lessen the favours he conferred, only made Montalde the more sensible of them; and though he avoided describing his sensations, yet his heart glowed with the most lively gratitude; and he resolved to devote the residue of his life to the interest and advantage of his generous benefactor.

If Montalde's esteem had been excited by the open sincerity of the Breton's manners, how was his admiration called forth by the native elegance, and affable sweetness, which was displayed in those of his wife and daughter, by whom he was received with the cordiality of friendship, rather than the ceremonials of politeness.

Montalde's assiduity, in the execution of his avocations, was such as might naturally have been expected from a grateful mind ; and Plemmer's liberality and kindness was continually displayed in the promotion of his interest, and in the study of his happiness. Rescued from poverty, and relieved from want, it was natural to suppose Montalde's felicity was then established on a secure basis. But, alas ! a new source of sorrow unexpectedly occurred ; and his heart whispered, that if he would preserve his honour, he must forsake his friend. Gabrielle, the lovely daughter of the benevolent Plemmer, was endowed with too many attractive charms for a young man of Montalde's disposition to be able to behold with coldness or indifference ; yet he shrunk with abhorrence at the very idea of attempting to engage the affections of his benefactor's child ; and he resolved rather to be thought *ungrateful*, than remain in a situation so surrounded with danger. Whilst his mind was agitated between love and duty, and his heart hourly acknowledging the captivating power of Gabrielle's beauty, a circumstance unexpectedly occurred, which gave him reason to suppose she beheld him with partiality.

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As Plemer's esteem and tenderness for his wife rather increased than diminished with his years, he took every opportunity in his power to testify the sincerity of his regard; and it was his annual custom to celebrate her birth-day with both public and private demonstrations of joy. Though Montalde had long neglected to court the Muses, yet, on an occasion so interesting to his friend, he resolved once more to solicit their assistance; and, in the lines which celebrated the praises of the wife, his breast seemed inspired by the image of the daughter. The elegant performance was universally applauded; and Gabrielle was foremost of the number to resound Montalde's praise. The company who were invited to become spectators of Plemer's happiness, were all assembled on board one of his ships, which was brilliantly illuminated in honour of the day; and, after an evening spent in the utmost harmony and festivity, had just quitted the vessel, and were seated in boats, when a shriek of distress arrested their attention. The beams of the moon silently played upon the surface of the water, and her illumined rays shot with such clear and brilliant lustre, that remote objects were perfectly distinguishable. What then must have been the horror of the guests, at

beholding Montalde, from the stern of the ship, madly precipitate himself into the sea, and instantly sink beneath the waves ! Montalde unfortunately was no swimmer ; and had he not providentially caught at a rope as he sprang overboard, his life would have been sacrificed to the ardency of his friendship. His eyes alone had beheld the melancholy occasion of the sudden shriek. He had seen the man to whom he was indebted for his existence in imminent danger of losing his own, and, by accidentally falling from the plank that sustained him, ready to overwhelm his family in eternal misery ! The hope of being able to preserve a life of so much value, instantly impelled him to rush into the stream ; and, diving beneath the spot where Plemer had fallen, he had the supreme felicity of preserving his existence !

With what a mixture of joy and tenderness did the agitated mother and daughter pour forth their acknowledgments to the amiable Montalde ; and how was his heart affected at the praises of her whose approbation alone he would have died to obtain. Then it was that the artless Gabrielle ingenuously disclosed the situation of her

her heart ; and that Montalde felt convinced, that, if he would preserve his honour, he must fly from an object too lovely and attractive. “ Can I (said he) be vile enough to stay, and rob my patron of his child’s affection? Am I a match fit for the heiress of such ample fortune? Can I return his kindness by so base a theft, and prove myself a most ungrateful villain? No: let me rather suffer all the ills that human misery can e’er endure, than stain my credit with so foul a crime. I’ll fly this spot, so *fatal* to my *peace*, nor ever let my friend suspect the cause.”

The resolution was more easily formed than executed; for the very thought of appearing *ungrateful* to such a friend as Plemer, carried with it something so repugnant to his feelings, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could inform him of his intention. “ You will be astonished, Sir,” said he, with an air of embarrassment, “ at hearing I am going to quit a situation wherein I have enjoyed both *happiness* and *prosperity*; but, strange as my conduct must appear, my veneration and gratitude will cease but with my existence; but that existence

“ence I am destined to sustain in some spot remote from the residence of my benefactor; and the last favour I solicit from his goodness is, that he will not require me to explain my motives.”

“Not require an explanation of so extraordinary a proceeding,” replied the astonished man. “Yes, Montalde, and I expect to hear it. I have had too many proofs of the rectitude of your principles, and the generosity of your nature, to suppose that caprice could influence the *one*, or interest bind the *other*; therefore I am persuaded you need not blush at disclosing a motive that at present appears inexplicable. Speak out, my friend: say, how can I retain you? Shall I call in the influence of my daughter? Tell me, Montalde, would not *her* prayers prevail?”

“Her prayers! Ah! Sir,” replied the astonished youth, “and have you then defined my motive? Can you forgive an involuntary crime?”

“Forgive!”

“Forgive!” said Plemer, “Why, you fulfil my heart’s best, dearest wish. Long have I hoped to see my daughter *yours*; and by this noble, disinterested conduct, you more than ever strengthen the desire. Receive her, then, Montalde, from my hands; and with her take a father’s fondest blessing.”

Montalde’s felicity was too great for utterance; and it was in vain that he endeavoured to describe the joy and happiness that swelled his breast; but, throwing himself at the feet of his benefactor, his attitude described what his tongue could not reveal.

Observations on the preceding Story.

EVILS take their rank more from the temper of the mind that suffers them, than from their abstract nature; for the shafts of misfortune fall pointlessly upon the callous and insensible disposition, whilst they pierce with a mortal wound
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the feeling and susceptible heart. The various disappointments Montalde had endured, and the ill success which had attended all his undertakings, had so far destroyed the energetic powers of his mind, that it absolutely sunk into dejection and despondency; and had it not been for the humane exertions of the benevolent Breton, his life would have fallen a sacrifice to his acute sensibility. This refinement of feeling, and delicacy of sensation, ought rather to be guarded against than encouraged; for the natural incidents in human life are so much more likely to produce pain than pleasure, that, in point of prudence, we should arm ourselves with fortitude. There are persons in the world endowed with so great a share of exquisite sensibility, that their minds seem absolutely composed of too fine a texture to be able to encounter the vicissitudes of life; and if misfortune assails them with her iron rod, they are totally incapable of warding off the blow.

A train of disappointments, and a succession of misfortunes, will occasionally undermine the firmest fortitude; but to repine under the evils which befall us, instead of resolutely endeavouring

ing to overcome them, is a tacit proof either of weakness or impiety.

Montalde's character is peculiarly amiable; and we sympathize in his misfortunes with the most compassionate tenderness; yet, that a mind, adorned with so many virtues, should sink into a state of absolute despondency, is a circumstance which reason is incapable of explaining, and philosophy unable to account for. If our pity is interested for the distresses of Montalde, how is our *admiration* excited by the humanity of his benefactor! for how delightful is that benevolence, which, when conferring the most extensive obligations, anxiously endeavours to prevent the receiver from feeling himself the obliged party!





TALE THE TENTH.

ERROR OF A GOOD FATHER.

IT was for a long time imagined by the Romans, that no son could be the murderer of his father, and therefore they had no punishment appropriated to parricide. They seem, likewise, to have believed, with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and, in consequence of this opinion, they allowed every man supreme authority in his

his own family, and even put the lives of his children within his power. But experience, by degrees, convinced them they had judged too favourably of the human species, and taught them the necessity of regulating by *law*, what had once been left to the influence of *nature*. If, in any situation of life, the mind of man can be supposed inaccessible to malignity, it must surely appear so in the parental character. To see helpless infancy stretching out her hands, and pouring out her cries, in testimony of dependence, without any power to alarm jealousy, or any guilt to alienate affection, must surely awaken tenderness in every feeling breast: yet so great, alas! is the degeneracy of mankind, and so prone to error is the human heart, that we frequently behold the parental character either stained by negligence, or disgraced by severity.

The parent who is anxious to insure a fortune, and secure an independence, for his children, is certainly fulfilling *one* of the *duties* of his situation; but if, in promoting their interest, he is neglectful of their happiness; and if, in securing to them *prosperity*, he unfits them for
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the enjoyment of it; kindness will be converted into injury, and affluence become their greatest misfortune.

The President de Vaneville was a man of such strict probity in his profession, and such unimpeached honour in his character, that his judgment was sufficient to establish the validity of any case; but so extensive was his practice, and so incessant his application to the duties of his office, that he found it impossible to devote either his time or attention to the improvement of his childrens' minds, or the formation of their morals; and whilst their father was assiduously endeavouring to insure them independence, their mother's want of propriety was unfitting them for the enjoyment of it.

Madam de Vaneville was both a weak and artful character; and whilst she endeavoured to inspire her husband's breast with peculiar fondness for her own children, she insiduously undermined the tenderness he experienced for the surviving pledge of his former wife's affection; and, by a plan at once cruel and inhuman, succeeded in the design even beyond her expectation.

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The sincere affection she pretended to feel for this unfortunate child previous to the period of her becoming a mother, so far imposed upon the credulity of his father, that he was incapable of perceiving the progressive attacks of artifice and envy; and as his own bosom was a stranger to those corroding passions, he had no conception they could be harboured by another.

As this unhappy boy (whom I shall call Alexis) was intitled to the possession of his father's estate, she considered him as the barrier to *her* childrens' fortunes, and treated him with all the malice a cruel mind was capable of inflicting, and all the degradations a narrow one could invent.

His temper, naturally feeling and susceptible, became apparently callous under the severities he endured; and when he drew a comparison between the indulgence with which his brothers were treated, and the cruelty which was practised on himself, he felt an unconquerable antipathy against the author of his sufferings, which would sometimes evince itself in disrespectful language, and at others in pathetic complaints. These

murmurs against parental authority, were communicated to his father with all the aggravations malice could invent; and that bosom which had once cherished him with affection and fondness, now only treated him with coldness and contempt. The severity of his mother-in-law he could have sustained with intrepidity; but the coldness of a father, on whom he doated with an excess of fondness, at once pierced and agonized his heart; and the only solace he could find for his sorrows was in the soothing tenderness of his foster-mother.

“Why, my dear nurse,” the hapless boy would say, “why did you try to save a life so early destined to endure misfortune? Oh! had you let me sink into the tomb with her who gave me being, then, my good nurse, ah! then, I had been happy. Could she but see the sufferings of her child, could she behold the arts that work his ruin, and know his father’s heart was steeled against him, how would she hate the author of his woes!”

It was in vain the worthy woman attempted to console his grief, or assuage his sorrows; the loss

loss of his father's love was too severe a blow for his fortitude to endure, or his resolution sustain, and the violence of his grief could only be equalled by the acuteness of his sensations. Whether Madam de Vaneville overheard the conversations between the nurse and her son, or whether it was the premeditated plan of an illiberal mind, it is difficult to determine; but, conscious that he derived a secret gratification from the society of the only being to whom he could impart his sorrows, she maliciously resolved to prevent him from enjoying it, and the poor woman was unexpectedly ordered never more to approach her dwelling.

Severe chastisement, and unprovoked cruelty, Alexis had frequently endured in sullen silence; but this last instance of *oppressive tyranny* roused his passions, and called forth his resentment; and he openly accused her of having insidiously robbed him of his father's affection; of being unjustly *cruel*, and inhumanly severe.

This breach of duty, and failure of respect, was represented to his father in a light the most disadvantageous; and he was persuaded into a belief that his son's temper was naturally so overbearing,

bearing, that it could only be subdued by severe discipline and unremitting severity; and it was determined he should be sent to a school in the vicinity of Lyons, the master of which was famous for the austerity of his manners.

To have quitted a home wherein he had experienced such a constant train of successive evils, might have been in itself a subject for rejoicing; but to be *driven from it* by the artful insinuations of his implacable enemy, to be torn from those arms which ought to have sheltered him with fondness, was a circumstance so completely agonizing to his feelings, that, when the moment of his departure arrived, and he was to take leave of his inhuman father, it was with the utmost difficulty he could say *farewel*: and de Vaneville, who had been taught to imagine that his son was incapable of sensibility, beheld his emotion with pleasure and delight, from a hope that his heart was less stubbornly unfeeling than he had hitherto been led to imagine.

From this trait of filial fondness and native sensibility, the President would have been inclined to restore him to his favour, had not the
obtrusive

obtrusive entrance of Madam de Vaneville, at this interesting moment of returning fondness, been the means of checking the soft impression; and the unfortunate Alexis, from an involuntary mark of disrespect towards his mother, had again the misery of incurring his father's anger.

The immoderate exercises he was compelled to perform, and the severe chastisement he endured, for the most trifling defect in any part of them, so completely destroyed the native energy of his mind, that he sunk into a state of absolute despondency, which was greatly heightened by the total neglect with which his father treated him. Letter after letter was unacknowledged; though they breathed only the most submissive fondness, and requested only an *assurance of pardon*.

Oppressed by a tyrant, and abandoned by a father, the unhappy boy at length resolved to rescue himself from a life of misery; and though he never expected to enjoy happiness, he indulged the hope that he might find content; and quitting the scene of cruelty and oppression, he endured all the hardships of distress and poverty,

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and had no means of preserving his miserable existence, but by engaging himself in the capacity of a shepherd's boy. The account of Alexis' sudden departure was immediately transmitted to his misguided parent, who, too late sensible of the error he had committed, bewailed in silence the loss of a once-loved son, whom his cruelty had driven into exile.

Although de Vaneville had apparently been guilty both of oppression and inhumanity in his conduct to his child, yet so unjust were the accounts he received of his behaviour, and so deep-laid were the plans to impose upon his credulity, that something may be said in his vindication; but the moment he was apprized of the unfortunate boy's flight, his heart reproached him with being in a great degree the occasion of it, and from that period his mind became a stranger to repose. Severer misfortunes were still in store for him; and Providence, as if to punish him for injustice to one child, by a malignant disease deprived him of the others; and, fully to complete the measure of his sorrow, the wife of his affection soon followed them!

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This succession of calamity, and train of woe, pressed heavily on the heart of the unhappy man; but, when time had in some degree mellowed his affliction, and he was sufficiently recovered to arrange his affairs, a new distress overwhelmed him with melancholy; for, upon examining his wife's papers, he discovered the letters that his son had written, which she had artfully concealed from his observation. These striking proofs of innate depravity, whilst they checked the current of affliction which *her loss* had occasioned, opened a stream which flowed with double force; and, unable to constrain the violence of his grief, he resolved to hide it within the bosom of retirement, and for ever to quit a lucrative employment, which had been the means of rendering him unmindful of more important duties. This resolution, once formed, was immediately put in practice; and de Vaneville removed from a scene of bustle and dissipation to one of quiet and seclusion; yet the image of his injured child still followed him; and *retirement* rather increased than diminished his affliction.

Although the mind of Alexis had been subdued by severity, yet, in the peaceful quiet of

rustic occupations, it soon regained its former dignity; and though necessity compelled him to a life of humiliation, he felt the force of native independence. A fondness for poetry, and a love of study, had induced him, when he fled from his inhuman tyrant, to secure a small number of such books as were most pleasing to his taste, and most portable for his pocket; and whilst carefully watching the safety of his sheep, he constantly amused himself with his favourite authors.

The singularity of a shepherd studying Virgil, called forth the attention of an accidental passenger, who, equally astonished by the air of superiority which dignified his manner, solicited an explanation of so extraordinary an appearance. Alexis felt that to explain his circumstances might be the means of exposing his father; and he revered and loved him too well to be capable of throwing a stigma on his conduct: he therefore politely declined entering upon a subject of so much delicacy, yet treated the enquirer both with civility and respect.

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The stranger, who was a man both of taste and erudition, was amazingly struck with the sentiments of Alexis, and, after spending an hour in his society, promised to return on the following day; and at length became so habituated to the practice, that it was a matter of course for him to visit the young shepherd. Although this pleasing intercourse had for some time subsisted, yet de Nelcour still remained ignorant of his friend's misfortunes; and though he felt extremely anxious to obtain a knowledge of them, yet, as he perceived he carefully avoided leading to the subject, their conversations were generally confined to those of literature. The winter was now fast approaching, and de Nelcour could no longer enjoy the pleasure of spending two or three hours in the shepherd's society. The idea of many months elapsing before he could again renew the amusing intercourse, filled his mind with dejection and melancholy; and he resolved, if possible, to obtain the pleasure by inviting Alexis to his abode.

Though the situation of a shepherd might, in the opinion of some, have been considered as degrading, yet Alexis regarded it in a very different

light; and whilst he was capable of earning his own subsistence, felt all the dignity of an independent mind. This innate principle of genuine virtue alone induced him to refuse the proposal; but when he found his service could be useful, and that his industry might earn support, he joyfully acceded to the pleasing scheme.

De Nelcour was a man who, though he had spent the younger part of his life in scenes of folly and dissipation, had never voluntarily engaged in vice, or suffered his mind to be estranged from virtue. His fortune had been sacrificed to the love of pleasure; but his principles had remained spotless, and untainted; and feeling the unsatisfaction of such irrational delights, in the meridian of life he retired to solitude; and in the cultivation of a small farm, and the practice of benevolence, he found a gratification which dissipation could never impart. In the culture of this farm, and in the management of a beautiful garden, Alexis found a constant employment; and when the time of relaxation arrived, enjoyed the highest satisfaction in his friend's society; yet his spirits were often dreadfully depressed, and his heart weighed down with an
oppressive

oppressive melancholy, which neither de Nelcour's kindness could remove, or the lively attentions of his adopted child enable him to conquer.

This lovely girl, whose name was Natalie, had been rescued from distress by the humane de Nelcour, who, having a sincere regard for her deceased parents, received and adopted her as his own daughter; and, in the improvement of her infant mind, derived a pleasing and satisfactory enjoyment. Although Natalie was a child in appearance when Alexis first became an inhabitant of her patron's dwelling, yet she had attained that age when the addition of a few years make a striking difference in the appearance; and de Nelcour's fears were suddenly aroused by perceiving a growing partiality take place between them. Had Alexis ever placed confidence in his friend, or given him the slightest hint of his real situation, the discovery would have afforded him satisfaction; but that he should for so many years scrupulously have avoided all communication, carried with it so great an air of mystery, that it would have excited suspicion in the most liberal mind; and de Nelcour was resolved

to obtain a knowledge of his circumstances, or deprive himself of the pleasure of his company.

Alexis heard his friend's resolution, with a mixture of mortification, regret, and grief; and though he felt severely pained at being separated from those whom he both loved and venerated, yet he could not bear the idea of purchasing the happiness of remaining with them, at the hazard of exposing a beloved father. These generous and disinterested sentiments induced him merely to inform de Nelcour, that his want of confidence had neither proceeded from conscious demerit, or from blushing guilt; but that a variety of unfortunate circumstances had unjustly exposed him to his father's displeasure: yet, if ever he was so happy as to obtain his pardon, he would openly avow his tenderness for Natalie, and solicit his permission to offer her his heart. These reasons, though not explicit, were sufficient to satisfy his friend's mind; and though he perceived the necessity of a separation, yet he could not bear the idea of its taking place until he had secured for him a fresh asylum.

“ Within a short distance of my dwelling,
“ my

“ my dear Alexis, (said de Nelcour,) there lives
“ a man whose person I am unacquainted with,
“ but whose principles I have been taught to re-
“ vere; he is at present in want of a person of
“ your description; and in the service of so ami-
“ able a character you will obtain comfort, if
“ not happiness. The death of a beloved wife,
“ and the loss of all his children, has been a
“ stroke his fortitude could not sustain; and he
“ has retired from the world to secrete that sor-
“ row which the unfeeling part of it knew not
“ how to pity! His name is Vaneville; and
“ his abilities as a President were only to be
“ equalled by his virtues as a man.”

The various emotions which agitated Alexis' mind, were strongly depicted in his expressive face; but as de Nelcour had no idea his relation had excited them, he attributed them to his distress at being separated from Natalie; and immediately proposed writing a recommendatory letter, which was to act as an introduction to the presence of his father.

The alteration which a seven years absence had produced in the person of Alexis, rendered

it impossible even for a father to recognize him ; and whilst he approached the President with a heart palpitating between love and duty, he beheld him with an eye of coldness and indifference ; but as the letter described him peculiarly deserving, he engaged him in the capacity of a superintending gardener.

If time had wrought a change in the appearance of Alexis, misfortune had produced one equally striking in his father ; and it was with the utmost difficulty that amiable young man could, under the appearance of respect, conceal the anguish this alteration occasioned. He had hitherto imagined his own conduct had been blameless, and that the severity of his treatment justified his actions ; but when he beheld the author of his being sinking under the pressure of grief and disappointment, and unable to sustain the weight of his afflictions, he condemned himself for quitting his protection, and secretly repined at his want of duty. His skill in botany, and assiduity in gardening, could not fail of attracting the President's observation ; and when he conversed with him upon the nature of his business,

business, the justness of his ideas seemed to call forth his astonishment.

These conversations, which soon became frequent, were at once agonizing and delightful to Alexis; for whilst his bosom was expanding with affection, his fears whispered it might never be returned. De Vaneville had found, by an indefinable impression, his heart attracted towards the person of his son; and considering himself bereaved of every domestic joy, he resolved to endeavour to supply his loss, by adopting Alexis as his future heir; but as he wished to obtain a knowledge of his family, he anxiously inquired into their name and situation.

The constraint which Alexis had long endured at length became insupportable to his feelings; and these questions, which were meant as a prelude to *good fortune*, seemed to involve him in a *cloud of misery*.

The venerable man beheld this agitation with a mixture of pity and astonishment; and, in a voice of tenderness and sympathy, requested he would tell him his father's name? The heart of

Alexis, at this agitating question, could no longer contain its important secret; but throwing himself at the feet of de Vaneville, he embraced his knees in an excess of tenderness, exclaiming, at the time, “ Ah! my revered, my beloved parent! does not *nature tell the interesting name?* Have you forgot your own, your long-lost son? Will you restore him to your love and favour?”

“ Oh!” said the venerable aged man; “ and have I found my long-lamented child? Am I, indeed, so wonderfully blest? Come to my arms, thou dear and injured boy; and let my tears efface the wrongs you’ve suffered! Can you forgive the injustice of your father?”

“ Ah! (said Alexis,) name not such a word. I am the being who implores forgiveness, and deeply feel the sorrow of repentance; but if a life of most submissive love can wipe away the stain of headstrong passion, I then may hope my pardon is secured.”

The refined felicity which de Vaneville experienced from the unexpected restoration of a la-

mented son, was sufficient to compensate for years of misery; but the happiness of Alexis was incomplete, until Natalie and her benefactor arrived to share it. Then it was that his heart expanded with an excess of joy; and, by the combination of duty, love, and friendship, he arrived at the summit of human bliss.

Observations on the preceding Story.

THE *duty* of a child, and the *affection* of a parent, are in general imagined to be instinctive sentiments; yet the opinion is so erroneous and unfounded, that it is absolutely astonishing from whence it could arise.

That respect and obedience ought to be the striking features in the filial character, and love and tenderness in the parental one, is a truth which will readily be allowed; but that both are too often deficient in those important duties, observation and experience will completely prove;
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and though one of these evils originates in *education*, yet little care is taken to prevent its growth. Too much indulgence, and too great severity, are equally the bane of filial regard; and the child who has not been instructed in duty and obedience, and the one who smarts under the scourge of an oppressive tyrant, are alike in danger of becoming rebellious.

De Vaneville, though considered as a man of probity, in the character of a father is strikingly unjust; and had not his son been endowed with a most amiable disposition, his severity must have totally destroyed it; and it is impossible to peruse the description of his sufferings, without a mixture of compassion, admiration, and esteem.





TALE THE ELEVENTH.

LESSON OF MISFORTUNE.

ADVERSITY may be considered as the parent of Virtue: it calls forth all the latent seeds of goodness, collects within a focus the scattered principles of honour, and, combining them into a solid mass, presents them to the world in an unexpected state of perfection. To endure misfortune with resignation, and bear it with fortitude, is the striking characteristic of a great mind; for whilst the man who is sustained by honour calmly encounters its severest frowns, he that's devoid of such a *firm support*, ignobly sinks beneath its iron hand.

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It has been frequently and justly observed, that the misfortunes which arise either from the inadvertency or folly of ourselves, are much more insupportable than those which befall us by the appointment of heaven; for in the one we find a hand which sustains, soothes, and supports us; whilst the other is augmented by the afflicting sting, and corroding canker, of a reproving conscience. But as misfortunes may sometimes arise more from a want of *prudence* than of *principle*, we ought carefully to avoid censuring a character, until we are convinced it is naturally depraved.

Monfieur Salvery was a man whose fortune and fame were both elevated; yet, with abilities calculated to shine in his profession, and a heart adorned with every manly virtue, through an inadvertency in his conduct, he was obliged to become an alien to his country, and seek subsistence in a foreign clime.

Young, handsome, polished, and refined, he might have formed an alliance with the first families in France; but, in a matter of such moment to his happiness, he was determined only
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to be guided by *affection*: and though the object of his choice was a young woman of fortune, yet that circumstance had not the slightest influence on his conduct. This union, which raised him to the summit of happiness, was, in effect, the occasion of all his misery; for, solicitous to prove his regard by every method in his power, he even became profusely extravagant; and tho' the amiable object of his tenderness would frequently remonstrate against such unnecessary expences, in that instance alone he disregarded her advice. Her house, her equipage, her jewels and apparel, were rather calculated for the consort of a prince than the wife of a subject; and though his income was sufficient to have procured her all the elegancies of life, yet it soon became injured by such unnecessary superfluities.

Thus madly intoxicated with present joys, and blindly lost to future sorrows, the unhappy man was involving himself in misery at the moment he imagined he was securing happiness; and whilst he fancied he was insuring the affection of his wife, forgot that he was intailing upon himself eternal sorrow!

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The delightful prospect of soon becoming a father, added to a felicity which had appeared incapable of increase ; yet, whilst he anticipated the pleasures of a parent, the danger that attended it concealed itself from his view ; and he found himself bereaved of every earthly happiness at the moment that he fancied himself secure of its enjoyments ! The loss of a beloved wife, on whom he doated to an excess of fondness, might have been thought the summit of human misery ; yet, melancholy as was the event, it proved but a prelude to his future woes. The child for whom he had paid so dear a sacrifice too soon followed its fainted mother ; and his father-in-law, availing himself of an unjust law which existed in France, demanded the reimbursement of his daughter's fortune. This stroke, at once unfeeling and severe, seemed to complete the measure of his sorrows, and made a bankrupt of his purse and peace.

To be obliged to return a fortune (in part expended) at a moment when his mind was incapable of reflecting upon the most prudent method by which it could be contrived, was a circumstance peculiarly perplexing ; yet, as it had been
urged

urged in a manner that was at once shocking and disgraceful to humanity, he resolved to comply, though at the expence of ruin. The conduct of his father alarmed the suspicion of the creditors, who naturally concluded his affairs must be in a state of desperation, when a relation could act with such rigidity. The little remnant of his dissipated fortune was insufficient to discharge their debts, and disappointment taught them to be cruel.

It was in vain that the unhappy man offered to relinquish his remaining property, or promised to discharge the whole amount out of the produce of a good profession. The inhuman conduct of his father-in-law seemed to be a license for their barbarity; and he was reduced to the alternative of flying his country, or submitting to the horrors of a close confinement. If, by resigning himself into the power of his creditors, he could have contrived any method of discharging their debts, a prison at that moment would have been preferable to banishment; for the agitation of his mind, and the anguish of his heart, almost incapacitated him from making an exertion: but at length the prospect of exonerating himself

himself from debt, and proving to the world the rectitude of his principles, opened upon his mind, roused his fortitude, and he boldly resolved to struggle against misfortune.

To remain in France was impossible, as he was well aware that the inveterate hatred of his creditors would frustrate his design of discharging their debts; but in Holland he would be secure both from malice and molestation, and there he hoped to recover his long-lost peace.

With a mind depressed by sorrow, but supported by principle, the unfortunate Salvery began his journey, and arrived at the seat of industry and application, without any thing occurring either to raise or lessen his expectation.

Trade and commerce are the directing roads to affluence: but how was a stranger, unsupported by credit, and unprotected by friends, to expect to find the way? In a country where all is caution, suspicion, and circumspection, how could he hope his plan could be successful? The impressive charm of innate rectitude acted as a letter of recommendation, and a passport to confidence:

fidence: for the moment he offered his services to a merchant of respectability, his appearance interested him in his favour; and he engaged him as clerk, without knowing whether his abilities were equal to the employment.

In this situation, so humiliating to a man of family, and so degrading to a man of fortune, he acquitted himself with a zeal that not only called forth the approbation, but the affection, of his master; and he soon began to consider him rather in the light of an amiable son, than a dependent assistant; and was as anxious to promote his interest and welfare, as he was solicitous to insure his own.

As Salvery, upon his arrival in Holland, only retained his Christian name, the merchant had no chance of discovering the circumstance which had occasioned his emigration from France, or the cause of the dejection which preyed upon his spirits; and though he was peculiarly anxious to obtain a knowledge of both, yet he had too much delicacy to pry into either.

Six years of rigid economy, and unceasing application, had not been sufficient to discharge one quarter of the unfortunate Salvery's debts; but the gratification he derived from the approbation of his own conscience, enabled him to perform his tasks with resignation and delight; and though his moments of solitude were embittered by the recollection of the loss he had sustained, yet he secretly rejoiced that the object of his tenderness had been spared the knowledge of his misfortunes. Every remittance that he made to Paris, lessened the load that pressed upon his mind; and he looked forward to the period with joyful expectation, when he might return with honour, and be received with applause.

A friend of the merchant's, and a countryman of Salvery's, spent some time in the former's family; and, struck with the manners and appearance of his clerk, was solicitous to evince both his friendship and esteem. To a mind naturally fond of information, the society of a man of Salvery's disposition must have been attended both with pleasure and instruction; and he was not only shewn whatever was worth the observation of a stranger, but was doubly gratified

tified by the judicious remarks of his intelligent companion.

Sensible of the obligations he had received, and anxious to make some return, he intreated Salvery to honour him with his friendship, and allow him an opportunity of repaying the civilities in his own country, which he had received from him in Holland.

The hope of transmitting to posterity a name unfulfilled by disgrace, had sustained the unhappy young man amidst the toils of labour, and the rigours of economy; yet the idea that *death* might destroy his plan of justice, and arrest his hand before it had been strictly honest, would frequently throw a gloom over a mind endeavouring to rise superior to misfortune: but a method of rescuing his character from reproach, and convincing the world of the rectitude of his intentions, now joyfully presented itself; and he resolved to intrust the stranger not only with his name, but his situation, and rely upon his friendship for the establishment of his fame, and the security of his peace.

Five hundred Louis-dor's, the hard-earned produce of three years industry, he resolved to request his friend to distribute amongst his creditors; and to inform them, that the whole amount of their debts should punctually be discharged, if Providence prolonged the measure of his existence.

If a polish of manners, and elegance of mind, had been the means of creating his countryman's regard, how must such an unexampled instance of rectitude and principle have called forth his admiration, and secured his esteem! That a young man; born in affluence, and educated in ease, should willingly submit to the degradation of servitude, and even deprive himself of every comfort of life, to be enabled to act with *justice* towards those who had treated him with *severity*, was an action so completely *noble*, and so *disinterestedly great*, that he had scarcely imagined human nature capable of it.

On his return to Paris, he punctually discharged the trust that had been reposed in him; and the creditors, anxious to discover the abode of their debtor, earnestly intreated to be made acquainted

quainted with, it. But the secret was lodged in a faithful bosom; and he had promised it should remain secure, unless death should destroy the unfortunate Salvery's plan of justice; and then he had undertaken to rescue his name from the censure of reproach, and convince the world of the purity of his intentions. Soon after his arrival, accident introduced him to the company of the father-in-law of his friend; and he was shocked at hearing a man, who had acted with such rigid honour, and unexampled probity, openly accused of fraud and injustice by the very person who had in some degree been the cause of his misfortunes; and considering it as a manifest infringement upon truth and candour, the generous Watelet (which was the name of his friend) found it impossible then to conceal his resentment or hide his indignation; but explained to the party, who had heard him censured, his motive for contracting debts, and the noble method he had adopted to discharge them.

Monfieur Nervin (at whose house Salvery's father-in-law had reprobated his character) heard the account of his praise-worthy conduct with a mixture of admiration, pity, and applause; whilst

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his

his daughter, the lovely and beautiful Justina, offered a tear of commiseration as a tribute to his woes.

“How long, my friend,” said the generous Nervin, looking on Watelet with an eye of sympathy, “must this noble-minded man seclude himself from society? and how many years are to pass away in laborious application for the benefit of the *undeserving*, before he can return with honour to claim the applause he merits!”

The interest which humanity had induced him to take in the welfare of an amiable young man, was greatly increased by his friend's reply; and when he heard that fifteen years of arduous application, and rigid economy, would scarcely rescue him from the power of his creditors, he found it impossible to suppress his emotion; and whilst the tear of sensibility glistened in his eye, he declared his resolution of befriending the unfortunate. “Providence (said he) has blest me with an abundance of wealth, and nature has taught me the means of enjoying it; and with a fortune affluent like mine, can I suffer

honour

“honour to lie buried in *obscurity*? Write, my friend, to this noble-minded man; tell him I love and venerate his virtues; and that, instead of owing *numerous debts*, I am resolved to be his *only creditor*; and if my daughter can secure his heart, her hand shall cancel all the obligation.”

The next day was employed in discharging the whole of Salvery's debts; and by the following post, Watelet inclosed the receipts, and imparted the intelligence of the happiness which awaited him.

Joy and astonishment suspended his faculties; and it was with difficulty he could credit the evidence of his senses; but the sight of the receipts checked his unbelief, and inspired his gratitude. The merchant, who felt towards him both tenderness and esteem, heard of his intended departure with sorrow and regret; and whilst he lamented the loss he should sustain, repeatedly reproached him with want of confidence. “I have no children of my *own*, (said the venerable man;) and I had vainly flattered myself I should have found *one in you*, who would

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“have

“ have smoothed the bed of sickness, and cheered the gloom of age : but, go, and be happy : yet forget not that you have left a friend who loves you with the tenderness of a parent, and who at his death will consider you as his son.”

Animated as Salvery was by his unexpected good fortune, he could not take leave of the generous merchant without a mixture of tenderness, esteem, and regret ; and, after expressing his feelings in the warmest terms of gratitude, cheered the old man with hopes of his return.

The worthy Nervin, and his amiable daughter, impatiently expected the moment which was to introduce them to the acquaintance of a man whose principles had called forth both esteem and admiration, and whom they considered as one of the most exalted characters in human life. The various emotions of Salvery's mind, when the interesting interview took place, were strongly depicted in his expressive features ; and whilst he poured forth his acknowledgments to the father of Justina, he found it impossible to withdraw his eyes from the daughter's face. A

strong

strong resemblance between her and his lost Adrienne, at once pained and charmed his feelings; and when time and opportunity had allowed him to become acquainted with the beauties of her mind, the likeness became more interestingly striking.

The wishes of his benefactor were soon accomplished, and gratitude was rapidly converted into love. Nervin, who was informed of the merchant's kindness, unexpectedly consented to his son-in-law's return, and generously deprived himself of the society of his child, that her husband might prove both his attachment and gratitude. Slavery had been so long accustomed to *employment*, that idleness and ease would have been irksome to him; and, by returning to habits of industry and application, he evinced his friendship, and augmented his fortune. The merchant, delighted at his unexpected return, immediately made him a partner in the business; and the immense profits which were derived from it, soon enabled him to return his obligations to the generous Nervin, to whose disinterested friendship he owed the restoration of his fame, the increase of his fortune, and the security of his happiness.

Observations on the preceding Story.

IT has frequently been a matter of disquisition with the learned, whether *prosperity* or *adversity* were the greatest trials ; but, in order to determine a point of such dispute, it is necessary to be acquainted with the disposition of the parties who are either suddenly raised on the pinnacle of *prosperity*, or unexpectedly degraded from an accustomed elevation. Good and evil derive both their value and misfortune more from temper of the human mind, than from the abstract nature of themselves. We sometimes meet with characters in life so destitute of sensibility, and so devoid of feeling, that the most sudden change of circumstances are encountered with apathy and indifference. But shall we applaud a being for meeting *adversity* with calmness, whose heart is too callous to be penetrated by its shafts ? As well might we praise the rock that bears without repining the incessant dashing of a raging tide, or attribute humility to a snail for making no attempt to soar. That character alone merits applause, which *feels* without *repining*, and submits without *complaint*.

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The natural thoughtlessness and presumption of youth, are the means of subjecting that period of life to inadvertencies, which would doubtless be unpardonable in riper years; but when guilt does not tarnish, or vice disgrace, the character, uncharitable must be that mind which unfeelingly condemns it. Who, that had beheld the youthful follies and extravagance of a Salvery, could have imagined that his mind was capable of such magnanimity? Or who, that had witnessed the elegance to which he had been accustomed, would have supposed that he could have descended to slavery and dependence? His actions were an eulogium on his character, and the most elaborate praise would be inferior to his merits.





TALE THE TWELFTH.

THE WATERMEN OF BESONS.

In Three Parts.

CHEERFULNESS and good-humour, resignation and contentment, may be considered both as the instigators and the reward of Virtue. Whatever trials we are destined to endure, whatever calamities we are doomed to sustain, yet, if they neither spring from the sources
of

of iniquity, or the designs of guilt, the inspiring influence of an approving conscience will always enable us to support them with resignation. This consolatory effect, which arises from virtue, extends its influence through every class of society, and sustains the peasant in the midst of poverty with as firm and secure a support, as the prince can derive from it surrounded with splendor. To prove the truth of this observation, and display a few instances of suffering merit, I shall entertain my readers with the humble History of the Watermen of Besons, and the interesting one of the fair Bathilda.

Upon a lovely evening, in the month of July, a small party of friends, fond of admiring the varieties of nature, retired from the brilliant circle of a crowded drawing-room, to enjoy its beauties on the banks of the Seine. The conversation imperceptibly turned upon the elevations and degradations which pervaded society, when one of the party, by way of reconciling these varieties with the justice of an impartial Creator, affirmed that happiness (which was far preferable to riches) was more frequently to be found beneath the humble roof of a thatched cottage, than

within the palace of magnificence and wealth.
 “ And suppose (said he) by way of proving my
 “ hypothesis, we view the inhabitants of the
 “ little hut before us; and I dare believe we
 “ shall behold the smiles of contentment sweeten-
 “ ing the fare which industry has gained, and
 “ adding a relish to the wholesome viand, which
 “ culinary skill could never bestow.”

It was immediately agreed that the experiment should be tried; and as they approached the humble dwelling, they were not a little astonished at being regaled with the smell of a rich *matelote*. [A favourite dish in France, composed of eels stewed in wine, with spice, &c.] “ Here is
 “ something more *savoury* than the smiles of
 “ *contentment*, however,” said a young lady of the party, addressing the gentleman who had proposed the plan; “ and if *Happiness* is really the
 “ inhabitant of Arcadia, *Luxury*, I fancy, has
 “ been her *Introductions*. But,” continued she, lifting up the latch of the door, “ I am impatient to behold this *ideal Divinity*.”

The order of the table, the cleanliness of the cloth, and the countenances of those who surrounded

rounded it, were no less striking than the dish which smoked before them; and it was highly necessary that some one of the party should take upon them to apologize for so unwarrantable an intrusion.

"We were attracted," said a young lady, of the name of Adelaide, "by the delicious smell of your savoury *matelote*; and ———" The young woman who was placed at the head of the table (surrounded by three lovely children) did not suffer her to finish the sentence, but, with a courtesy and hospitality of manner that would have done honour to a more elevated *seat*, instantly arose, and offered her's.

"Do not let us interrupt you," continued Adelaide. "But if another evening you would dress exactly such another dish for us, and permit us to have the pleasure of partaking of it in your cottage, we should consider ourselves your debtors, and make a grateful return for your kindness."

"You shall have a *better than that*, I promise you," said a ruddy-looking man, (apparently

rently about five-and-thirty,) whose smiling countenance proved that *happiness* was the inmate of *his breast*; “and exactly such a one as I used to
“make for the *Great Mogul*, until the King of
“Persia carried me away with the rest of his
“treasures. But I forgive him; because (though
“he did not intend it) he was the means of my
“first seeing my dear Bathilda; and but for his
“plundering my master, I might have ended all
“my days in India, without enjoying the happiness of being either a husband or a father.”

“The *Great Mogul*! and the King of Persia!” exclaimed the ladies. “What marvellous events must have marked your life!
“We should be infinitely indebted to you, if
“you would indulge us with the relation of
“them.”

“Not *very marvellous*,” replied the Fisherman; (for such they discovered him to be, by the nets which were carefully spread on the grass before the cottage;) “because they were the effects
“of natural circumstances. And there is my
“father-in-law likewise, who has had as many
“adventures as myself, will agree with me in
“this

“ this opinion. He has seen something of life;
 “ and would never have been here, if the watch
 “ belonging to the Dey of Algiers had not want-
 “ ed repairing. And as to my beloved Bathilda,
 “ why, her story’s more remarkable than any;
 “ yet, when you hear it, you will perceive that
 “ cause and effect follow one another with as
 “ much regularity as day and night.”

The philosophy of the cottager’s reasoning increased their desire to be acquainted with his life; and it was unanimously determined that the next evening should be devoted to the hearing his adventures, and the eating his *matelote*.

Punctual to the time, and eager for information, the party arrived at this mansion of contentment, where the smiling countenances of its unambitious inhabitants seemed to inspire them with a portion of their own felicity. The *matelote* smelt inviting, was ready to be served up; and the moment they were seated around the humble board, the preparer of it began the following narration.

“ My

“ My history, ladies and gentlemen, will not
“ be very tedious; for though I have seen a
“ great deal of life, it was all comprized
“ within a few years. This cottage, which is
“ the scene of my happiness, belonged to my
“ father, Nicholas Verbois, who, practising
“ the trade I now follow, supported his family
“ in credit and respectability. But it was not
“ merely to his skill in rowing and *fishing* that
“ he owed his fortune; for his art in dressing
“ *matelotes*, and other savoury dishes, gave such
“ a degree of credit to our house, that he soon
“ became more renowned as a *cook*, than famous
“ as a *waterman*; and most of the wedding-
“ dinners within the vicinity of the neighbour-
“ hood were absolutely drest in this very house.

“ When I grew old enough to wait upon the
“ guests, I supplied the place of a better assist-
“ ant; and, from attending to the conversations
“ that passed amongst the company, I soon be-
“ gan to think I might improve my situation;
“ and that the waiter of an inn, and the dresser
“ of a *matelote*, were degrading occupations for a
“ lad of spirit. This idea had no sooner taken
“ possession of my mind, than I began to form
“ a thousand

“ a thousand plans for my own aggrandizement;
 “ and at length resolved to quit my father’s house,
 “ and enter on board the first ship I could meet
 “ with that was bound to India.

“ This ill-judged scheme was soon accom-
 “ plished; and in less than six months I was
 “ transported to Indostan. To obtain favour
 “ with the Captain, I had displayed my skill in
 “ the art of cookery; and, upon his arrival in
 “ that land of luxury and gratification, he boast-
 “ ed of my abilities to the Nabob of Delhi
 “ in such terms of pleasure and applause, that I
 “ was immediately retained as *king of the kitchen*.
 “ My fame soon reached the Emperor’s court;
 “ and, in consequence of it, I had the honour
 “ of being engaged in his service. And there it
 “ was, ladies, that I used to prepare his *mate-*
 “ *lots* with the same ingredients as *that* you are
 “ now eating: and there I should now have been,
 “ if the King of Persia’s ambition had not im-
 “ pelled him to disturb the tranquillity of my
 “ master. Not contented with plundering the
 “ provinces, and slaughtering the soldiers, he
 “ brought his army to the very gates of Delhi,
 “ and taking possession of the Emperor’s pa-
 “ lace,

“lace, considered *me* among the number of his
“spoils.

“It was in vain that I requested to remain
“with my royal master. My culinary skill had
“been related to the tyrant; and though he
“pretended a fondness for abstemiousness, yet
“in his heart he was a complete *epicure*; and I
“was very near forfeiting both my liberty and
“life, from his having surfeited himself by eat-
“ing a ragout, which I had some difficulty to
“persuade him was not poisoned; and, after his
“recovery, I was carried into Persia, where I
“remained near seven years, during which time
“he was at war with the Turks.

“Soon after his return to his capital, I was
“greatly alarmed by being summoned into his
“presence, imagining I had incurred the ty-
“rant’s displeasure; but I had the happiness of
“finding he was not only pleased with my fide-
“lity, but intended to reward it by a bestowal
“of liberty, from an idea that my high-seasoned
“dishes had corrupted the tastes of the creatures
“of his court.

“I quitted

“ I quitted Isfahan with the liveliest sensations of pleasure and delight ; and the first idea that occurred to my mind was, to return immediately to my former master : but the proofs I had received of the Emperor’s liberality made me anxious to enjoy it amongst my family and friends. With this intention I began my journey, feasting my imagination with the delightful prospect of *liberty* and *independence* in my native land. But, alas ! all my schemes of ideal happiness were destined to expire before I had quitted the Diarbek plains. A body of Arabs unfortunately overtook me, and fancying themselves intitled to my newly-acquired wealth, robbed me of every part of it, except a few sequins I had luckily secreted under my vest.

“ This, to be sure, was a sad stroke upon me : but murmurs or discontent would have been of no avail. The Arabs I knew supported themselves by plunder ; and it was as much their business to practise it, as it was mine to season a *matelote* : but I was then in a spot where there were neither people to eat or ingredients for dressing it ; and therefore it

“ was

“ was necessary for me, as soon as possible, to
“ get to some place where my skill as a cook
“ would supply food for my own existence. Im-
“ mediately I resolved to make the best of my
“ way to Aleppo, knowing I could easily get a
“ passage from thence to any of the European
“ ports. There, then, ladies, I arrived, with-
“ out any thing material happening during the
“ course of my tedious journey ; but *there* it was
“ that my heart became sensible of a tender im-
“ pression, that will end but with my life.

“ It is the custom in that commercial city to
“ expose the slaves which are intended for sale
“ each day in the open market-place; and as
“ I was examining those unfortunate beings, the
“ appearance of *one* amongst the number pecu-
“ liarly interested both my humanity and my
“ heart. She was young, lovely, interesting,
“ and unfortunate ; and her countenance was
“ expressive of such exquisite sensibility, that an
“ anchorite could not have beheld it with indif-
“ ference. As I gazed upon her charms, and
“ commiserated her sorrows, I involuntarily
“ sighed forth in my own language, the sympa-
“ thizing exclamation of ‘ *Poor Girl !* ’ with-
“ out

“ out supposing she would either attend to or
 “ understand my meaning. But how was I
 “ astonished at hearing her enquire who it was
 “ that *pitied her misfortunes*; and, in a still
 “ lower tone of voice, conjure me, if I was
 “ a Frenchman, to save her from falling into
 “ the hands of the Infidels. Then it was that
 “ I first bewailed my poverty, and cursed the
 “ rapacity of the inhuman Arabs. I repeatedly
 “ counted my little hoard, hoping, yet *dreading*,
 “ it would not obtain the prize.

“ Upon making application to her inhuman
 “ master, I had the misfortune of finding she
 “ was above my purchase; and whilst I was
 “ ruminating upon some plan for her deliver-
 “ ance, I had the misery of seeing her disposed
 “ of to another. I had just time to tell her my
 “ name, and the place of my abode, to lament
 “ my poverty, and assure her of my friendship,
 “ when the old man who had purchased her
 “ interrupted our conversation; yet, as he led
 “ her reluctantly away, I promised I would
 “ devise some means for her enlargement, and
 “ conjured her, if possible, to write to me at
 “ Besons. Her distress at being torn from me

“ was

“ was more violent than my own; yet, whilst
 “ sobs almost stifled her utterance, she informed
 “ me her name was Bathilda Lorizan, and that
 “ her father was in captivity as well as herself.

“ The image of the unfortunate Bathilda
 “ eternally occupied or *haunted* my *imagination*;
 “ it went with me from Aleppo to Smyrna,
 “ from Smyrna to Marseilles, and from Mar-
 “ seilles to Besons. There it quitted me for
 “ a short period; for the account I heard of my
 “ father’s death left the remembrance of his
 “ tenderness entire possession of my mind. He
 “ had perished in an attempt to rescue some men
 “ from drowning; and the idea, that had I re-
 “ mained upon the spot, I might have preserved
 “ his existence, filled my bosom with remorse
 “ as well as sorrow. Time, however, lessened
 “ these impressions; and Bathilda again took pos-
 “ session of my mind with renewed force from
 “ this temporary absence.

“ The hope of being enabled to rescue her
 “ from slavery, made labour pleasing, and ap-
 “ plication light. I rose early, toiled late, and
 “ was unremittingly assiduous to increase my
 “ store.

“ store. My labours were fortunately crowned
 “ with success ; and I was soon master of a sum
 “ sufficient to rescue the object of my solicitude
 “ from slavery. But where, alas ! was she to
 “ be found, and which way was I to wander in
 “ pursuit of her ? My mind became a prey to
 “ hope and expectation, and I began to despair
 “ of obtaining my prize.

“ In this painful state of doubt and uncertain-
 “ ty, I was accidentally informed, there was to
 “ be a procession at Paris of slaves who had re-
 “ cently been delivered from captivity, and it
 “ was possible my Bathilda might be of the
 “ number. With trembling steps, and palpit-
 “ ting heart, I hastened to the scene of hope
 “ and fear ; but in vain. Bathilda, alas ! was
 “ not amongst them. Grieved and disappointed,
 “ I was about to return, when the idea that
 “ some of them might be able to inform me of
 “ her fate, checked the intention, and revived
 “ my hopes : and judge of the pleasure I must
 “ have experienced, when the first I addressed
 “ proved to be her father !

“ The

“ The interest I had taken in his daughter’s
 “ happiness, was sufficient to recommend me
 “ to his favour ; and I found little difficulty in
 “ persuading him to quit Paris with me, and
 “ share the comforts of my cottage at Besons.
 “ Though he was wholly ignorant of the fate
 “ of my Bathilda, and gave up his mind to the
 “ most gloomy presages, yet the circumstance
 “ of my having discovered him in so extraordi-
 “ nary a manner, inspired my feelings with the
 “ most pleasing confidence ; and as Providence
 “ had brought about one singular event, I in-
 “ dulg’d the hope that he would produce ano-
 “ ther. My father-in-law soon learned the trade
 “ of a waterman ; and here we lived in amity
 “ and expectation, until the happy circumstance
 “ occurred that restored to our arms the beloved
 “ object of our mutual solicitude. But now,
 “ ladies, it is my father’s turn to entertain you
 “ with his adventures.”



Part the Second.

“ My Story, ladies,” said the father of Bathilda, “ can only entertain you as it is connected with my child’s ; and the most extraordinary part of it is, that we should ever have been re-united, after having spent so many years apart. But Providence, you know, directeth all events, and his power can accomplish in a moment what the efforts of humanity would take ages to produce.

“ My father’s skill in the art of watch-making had raised him to such a degree of eminence in the trade, that Peter the Great, having heard of his abilities, earnestly invited him to the Russian Court ; and, anxious to patronize men of merit, gave him repeated marks both of his favour and approbation. Pleased with the smiles, and elevated with the patronage, of so great a sovereign, my father looked forward to my future aggrandizement ; and, instead of instructing me in an art by which I might have made an ample fortune, was only anxious to

“ have me initiated into the rules of science and
 “ mathematics.

“ From this error, so common, and yet so
 “ weak, in parents, I in some measure date my
 “ subsequent misfortunes : for the intense appli-
 “ cation this study required, was more injurious
 “ to my health than the severity of the climate ;
 “ and my father, who perceived its effect upon
 “ my constitution, on his death-bed, conjured
 “ me to remove my family to a more southern
 “ part of the Russian empire, and by that means
 “ exposed me to the incursions of the Tartars.
 “ The Czar’s death, which had happened a
 “ short time before my father’s, paved the way
 “ to the revolution that followed ; and the
 “ change of measures which were the result
 “ of it, were so opposite to my political opi-
 “ nions, that I resolved to follow my father’s
 “ counsel, and remove my family to the banks
 “ of the Volga. My wife, on whom I doated
 “ with an excess of fondness, lived but a short
 “ time after this removal ; and had she not left
 “ me a pledge of her affection, neither mathe-
 “ matics or philosophy would have saved me
 “ from despair ; but, in attempting to supply
 “ the

“ the loss my little infant had sustained, my
 “ mind was imperceptibly attracted from the
 “ melancholy contemplation of my own.

“ In cultivating my farm, improving my
 “ slaves, and in forming the mind of my Bathilda,
 “ fifteen years passed placidly away; and if I
 “ had not regained happiness, I certainly had
 “ acquired tranquillity; when the storm which
 “ had been at that period gathering, unexpected-
 “ ly burst upon my devoted head. The Tartars,
 “ who reside within the vicinity of the Volga,
 “ make frequent incursions on the Russian terri-
 “ tories; and, not satisfied with plundering the
 “ wretched inhabitants of their property, some-
 “ times deprive them both of liberty and life.

“ A lawless band of these inhuman ruffians
 “ forcibly broke into my peaceable abode; and
 “ making themselves masters of all my wealth,
 “ tore from my arms their dearest treasure.
 “ Oh! when I reflect upon that night of horror,
 “ when I re-trace the moment I was dragged
 “ from my Bathilda, the agonizing pangs which
 “ then rent my heart, seem even now to agitate
 “ its motion; and the shrill cries that pierced

K

“ me

“ me with their sound, now seem to vibrate on
 “ my awakened senses !

“ Had I been suffered to accompany her in
 “ captivity, or could I have known her intended
 “ fate, slavery would have been deprived of half
 “ its horrors ; but the wretches who had taken
 “ possession, immediately rode away with their
 “ prize ; and I was soon after sold to an aged
 “ Muffulman. The inactive and studious life I
 “ had led, rendered me incapable of any labori-
 “ ous employment ; and though I was allowed
 “ to be docile and good-tempered, yet I was
 “ considered as a useless kind of animal, and was
 “ continually changing both my situation and
 “ masters.

“ If the weight of my misfortunes had not
 “ totally destroyed the vigour of my mind, I
 “ might have derived satisfaction from variety
 “ of scene ; for I became the property of so
 “ many different people, that I travelled over
 “ the greatest part of the eastern globe. At
 “ length I became stationary at Damascus ; and
 “ my master treated me with both affection and
 “ kindness : but just as I was congratulating
 “ myself

“ myself upon the comfort of this establish-
 “ ment, a trifling circumstance deprived me of
 “ it. My master, who was a believer in the
 “ doctrine of Pythagoras, (that, at the dissolu-
 “ tion of life, the soul took possession of some
 “ animal body, and remained in that state a cer-
 “ tain time, until it had expiated past offences,)
 “ unfortunately saw me chastise a dog; and,
 “ shocked at my having been guilty of what he
 “ considered an unpardonable crime, resolved to
 “ get rid of so great a sinner; and I was accord-
 “ ingly sold to the Dey of Algiers, who had
 “ sent to Damascus for an interpreter of lan-
 “ guages.

“ I soon discovered that, under the appearance
 “ of sagacity, this man concealed the most futile
 “ weakness; and, under the mask of acquiring
 “ knowledge, he merely indulged a childish
 “ curiosity. Although he was eternally asking
 “ questions, and appearing amazingly interested
 “ in the replies, yet he was always satisfied
 “ with the most equivocal answers, provided
 “ they were given with an air of importance;
 “ yet he was extremely petulant and froward;
 “ and if I had not replied to all his ridiculous
 “ interrogations,

“ interrogations, would immediately have given
 “ way to the most violent fit of passion. One
 “ evening, when he had wearied me with re-
 “ quiring definitions of things that could hardly
 “ be defined, he desired me to inform him what
 “ became of the *falling stars*. Had I told him
 “ that the stars were fixed bodies, and that the
 “ fall of the most minute one would conflagrate
 “ the earth; or that the luminous and descend-
 “ ing light, which he denominated a falling star,
 “ was occasioned by two small clouds passing
 “ over each other, filled with sulphureous or
 “ nitrous exhalations; he would have been en-
 “ raged almost to madness: but when I inform-
 “ ed him they composed *new moons*, he was per-
 “ fectly satisfied with the explanation, childish-
 “ ly demanding what became of the *old ones*:
 “ and this question I easily solved, by saying
 “ they broke in pieces, and formed fresh stars.
 “ Upon enquiring whether we had sun, moon,
 “ or stars, belonging to my country, I answered
 “ in the negative, adding, that the people there
 “ were satisfied with benefiting from the use of
 “ his. The manifest superiority which he en-
 “ joyed was highly gratifying to his puerile
 “ imagination; and he ever after seemed to con-
 “ sider

“ sider *himself* as the only being of *importance*
 “ in the creation.

“ A trifling circumstance, however, soon oc-
 “ curred, which disturbed the tranquillity of
 “ his magnanimous mind, but was the means of
 “ rescuing me from captivity. A time-piece, of
 “ of which he was extravagantly fond, and
 “ which he imagined was under the direction of
 “ some *supernatural power*, suddenly refused to
 “ perform its diurnal course with that degree of
 “ regularity to which it had been accustomed.
 “ Sometimes it would intirely stop; and at others
 “ proceed with a rapidity of motion, that seem-
 “ ed to convince its master its was anxious to re-
 “ cover the time it had so sluggishly lost. The
 “ Dey declared it had lost its senses, and pro-
 “ mised a most liberal reward to the person who
 “ should be fortunate enough to restore them.
 “ The whole palace was absolutely in terror at
 “ the event, and it was considered by all as
 “ a most unlucky omen.

“ Fortunately for me, I had, when a boy,
 “ paid some attention to my father’s business;
 “ and the hope of being enabled to obtain my

" liberty, induced me to undertake the extraor-
 " dinary cure. The Dey was enraptured at the
 " idea of its recovery, and most sacredly pro-
 " mised I should obtain my freedom. My under-
 " taking was attended with the most complete
 " success; and my master's joy could only be
 " equalled by my own. The liberty he had
 " promised was immediately granted, and I quit-
 " ted Algiers in a transport of delight. Just at
 " the period of my emancipation, several other
 " captives were redeemed from slavery; and
 " it was resolved immediately, upon our arrival
 " in Paris, we should form a procession, and
 " return public thanks. With the result of this,
 " ladies, you are already acquainted; and I have
 " only to hope my Story has not been wholly
 " unentertaining."

Part the Third.

" I SHALL begin my Story, ladies, (said
 " the still beautiful Bathilda,) from the most
 " distressing circumstance that could occur to a
 " girl who had scarcely attained her fifteenth
 " year; I mean the being torn from the shelter-
 " ing

“ing arms of a fond and an indulgent parent.
 “The instructions I had received from my ear-
 “liest infancy, had all tended to inspire me with
 “the love of virtue; and I was taught to believe
 “the Divine Being would never forsake those
 “who followed all his precepts. This reliance
 “upon the guardianship of heaven enabled me
 “to support the severity of the blow; and
 “though I trembled with horror at my perilous
 “situation, yet the idea of an invisible Protector
 “cheered me amidst the dreadful scene.

“The inhuman wretch who had forced me
 “from my father, placed me reluctantly upon
 “his horse; and, inattentive to my prayers and
 “persuasions, soon bore me from the sight of my
 “dear abode. We travelled for some miles with
 “amazing rapidity, and it was with difficulty I
 “retained my uneasy seat. At length we arrived
 “on a spacious plain, where the tents that sur-
 “rounded it convinced me it must be a camp.
 “My appearance attracted a crowd of beholders,
 “all of whom congratulated my companion on
 “the prize he had obtained; whilst he, instead
 “of appearing flattered by their applause, ap-
 “peared to view them with envy and distrust.

" When these barbarians had quitted the tent,
 " he invited me to partake of his sanguinary re-
 " past, which merely consisted of undrest food.
 " From this shocking meal I turned with disgust,
 " when he fetched me some milk, and insisted
 " upon my taking it. I was too much in his
 " power to dispute his authority, and submissively
 " drank the beverage he commanded. The
 " horror of my situation is not to be described ;
 " and the dread of being for ever separated from
 " the dear author of my existence, so completely
 " overpowered and agonized my feelings, that I
 " gave way to the most violent paroxysms of
 " sorrow. Wholly unmoved by the violence of
 " my affliction, he suddenly completed his can-
 " nibal repast ; then spreading a bear skin in one
 " corner of the tent, taught me, by a sign, it
 " was intended for my repose.

" Exhausted by the violence of my grief, and
 " fatigued by the exertion of my long journey,
 " I silently recommended myself to the care of
 " heaven ; and stretching my weary limbs upon
 " the uneasy pallet, unexpectedly enjoyed a re-
 " freshing slumber.

" At

“ At an early hour the next morning I was
 “ again mounted behind my conductor, and hur-
 “ ried away to the port of Azoph, where I was
 “ fold to an emissary of the Grand Seignor’s,
 “ who, attracted by my beauty, purchased me
 “ for the Seraglio. During my voyage I was
 “ treated both with respect and kindness; and,
 “ ignorant of the destiny that awaited me, my
 “ mind acquired a degree of composure. On
 “ my arrival at the Grand Seignor’s palace, I
 “ was placed under the care of several duennas,
 “ and, together with some other girls of my
 “ own age, instructed in those arts most likely to
 “ render us pleasing.

“ The thoughts of being separated from my
 “ beloved father embittered every moment of my
 “ life, and I was frequently rebuked for an in-
 “ dulgence of melancholy, and told that I ought
 “ to consider myself both fortunate and happy.
 “ I had long been anxious to discover for what
 “ we were designed; but the vigilance of our
 “ governesses precluded the possibility of private
 “ conversation. At length, however, I con-
 “ trived to elude it, and had the misery of dis-
 “ covering my future destiny.

“ The

“ The idea of permitting liberties from a
 “ man, was to me the most shocking that could
 “ enter the imagination ; and, rather than sub-
 “ mit to the Sultan’s embraces, I determined to
 “ destroy my own existence. Whenever he
 “ condescended to visit our apartment, I made a
 “ point of appearing both gloomy and dejected ;
 “ and by that means I had several times the hap-
 “ piness of *escaping unnoticed* ; or of being dis-
 “ approved.

“ The Sultana, his mother, frequently came
 “ to see us ; and as her son was the general sub-
 “ ject of her conversation, she accidentally in-
 “ formed us of an insurmountable weakness, and
 “ lamented, with tears, his unconquerable anti-
 “ pathy both to cats and mice. Soon after I had
 “ obtained this intelligence, I had the misfor-
 “ tune to attract this potent monarch’s observa-
 “ tion, who, apologizing for the neglect he had
 “ shewn me, seemed anxious to obtain my fa-
 “ vour by a most marked and decided pre-
 “ ference.

“ With the most melancholy and dejected air,
 “ I saw myself attired with eastern magnificence,
 “ and

“ and was severely rebuked by my old governess
 “ for my ingratitude and insensibility, on an oc-
 “ casion of such exultation and triumph. After
 “ having been absolutely bathed with perfumes,
 “ I was conducted by the Prime Minister to the
 “ Sultan’s apartment; and though I was resolved
 “ to avoid his careffes, my footsteps could scarce-
 “ ly support my tottering frame.

“ The moment his attendants had quitted the
 “ apartment, the Sultan endeavoured to banish
 “ my timidity; but whilst he was trying to rally
 “ my courage, his own suddenly forsook him,
 “ by my well-feigned imitation of the mewing
 “ of a cat. Instantly springing from his recum-
 “ bent posture, he loudly vociferated, ‘ A cat !
 “ a cat !’ and, before any of his pages could ar-
 “ rive to his assistance, the fright deprived him
 “ both of sense and motion.

“ The Sultana’s assistance was immediately
 “ called; and the palace searched to find the
 “ animal; and, upon their not being able to dis-
 “ cover it, she endeavoured to persuade him the
 “ alarm had arisen merely from the effect of his
 “ own imagination. I was ready, however, to
 “ confirm

“ confirm his prejudice, and stedfastly maintain-
 “ ed that I had heard a cat. This alarming
 “ circumstance (as I expected) had so completely
 “ effected both his health and spirits, that he was
 “ utterly incapable of enjoying my society; and
 “ I was remanded back to my own apartment
 “ with the same degree of ceremony as attended
 “ my quitting it.

“ Unfuspicious of the trick that had been
 “ played him, and anxious to convince me of
 “ the warmth of his affection, I was invited to
 “ the saloon on the following evening. The
 “ moment he beheld me, he arose from his seat,
 “ and seizing my hand with an air of tenderness,
 “ pressed it to his bosom, and placed me by his
 “ side. There I had been but a little time
 “ seated, when I contrived, unperceived, to
 “ scratch against the cushions; and soon had the
 “ pleasure of observing his countenance rapidly
 “ undergo a variety of changes. I pretended
 “ ignorance of the cause, and anxiously inquired
 “ into the state of his health; but, without wait-
 “ ing to relieve my solicitude, he ran out of the
 “ saloon, and retired to his closet.

“ The

“ The circumstances of the *cat* and *mouse*
 “ both intruding upon the Sultan during *my*
 “ *visits*, called forth the suspicion of his lady
 “ mother; and my governess having found a
 “ French book in my possession, persuaded her
 “ that I understood forcery, and, by the assist-
 “ ance of that insidious machine, had the power
 “ of attracting whatever animals were obnox-
 “ ious to her son. Notwithstanding the futility
 “ of this idea, it obtained belief with the credu-
 “ lous Sultana; and the Sultan had already suf-
 “ fered so severely in my presence, that he was
 “ not anxious to expose himself to a repetition
 “ of it.

“ It was accordingly determined that I should
 “ quit the Seraglio; and I was sent as a present
 “ to a Persian Prince, who inhabited one of the
 “ Emperor’s palaces at Adrianople. This young
 “ man, who was extremely amiable, used every
 “ means in his power to inspire my bosom with
 “ a mutual tenderness; and disinterestedly pro-
 “ mised, if he could not succeed, to restore me
 “ my freedom at the expiration of three months.
 “ This generous intention was, however, de-
 “ feated by the cruel machinations of his in-

“fidious enemies, who, instead of openly disclosing their designs, broke into his palace, and carried him into captivity.

“The misfortunes of the Prince were attached to his slave; and I was conveyed from Adrianople, to be sold at Aleppo. There it was that I first beheld Andrew, and that the footherings of his sympathy seemed for a moment to blunt the edge of my sorrow. The abandoned libertine whom he saw make the purchase, was more to be dreaded than the monarch of a Seraglio; but the Power which had guarded me in such perilous situations, unexpectedly rescued me from the tyrant’s hands, and I became the property of another master.

“You will not think my situation much improved, when I tell you I was purchased from him by a Barbary corsair, with an intention of carrying me to Grand Cairo; and nothing could have saved me from the melancholy fate of again being immured within the walls of a Seraglio, but our providentially encountering a Maltese galley, which being superior in force to our trading vessel, easily boarded, and took possession of her.

“This

“ This was a rescue from the jaws of destruc-
 “ tion, and I became the property of one of the
 “ most amiable of men. The Chevalier de
 “ Lancy (that was his name) at first appeared
 “ struck with my beauty and misfortunes; but
 “ finding me not inclined to listen to his pas-
 “ sion, he generously proved himself a disinte-
 “ rested friend. Accident convinced me he had
 “ a prior attachment, and I conjured him to re-
 “ commend me to the service of the lady. Our
 “ vessel was bound to the port of Marseilles,
 “ and the lady in question resided in Paris. The
 “ praises of the Chevalier were a passport to her
 “ favour, and I was received with affection,
 “ and entertained with kindness.

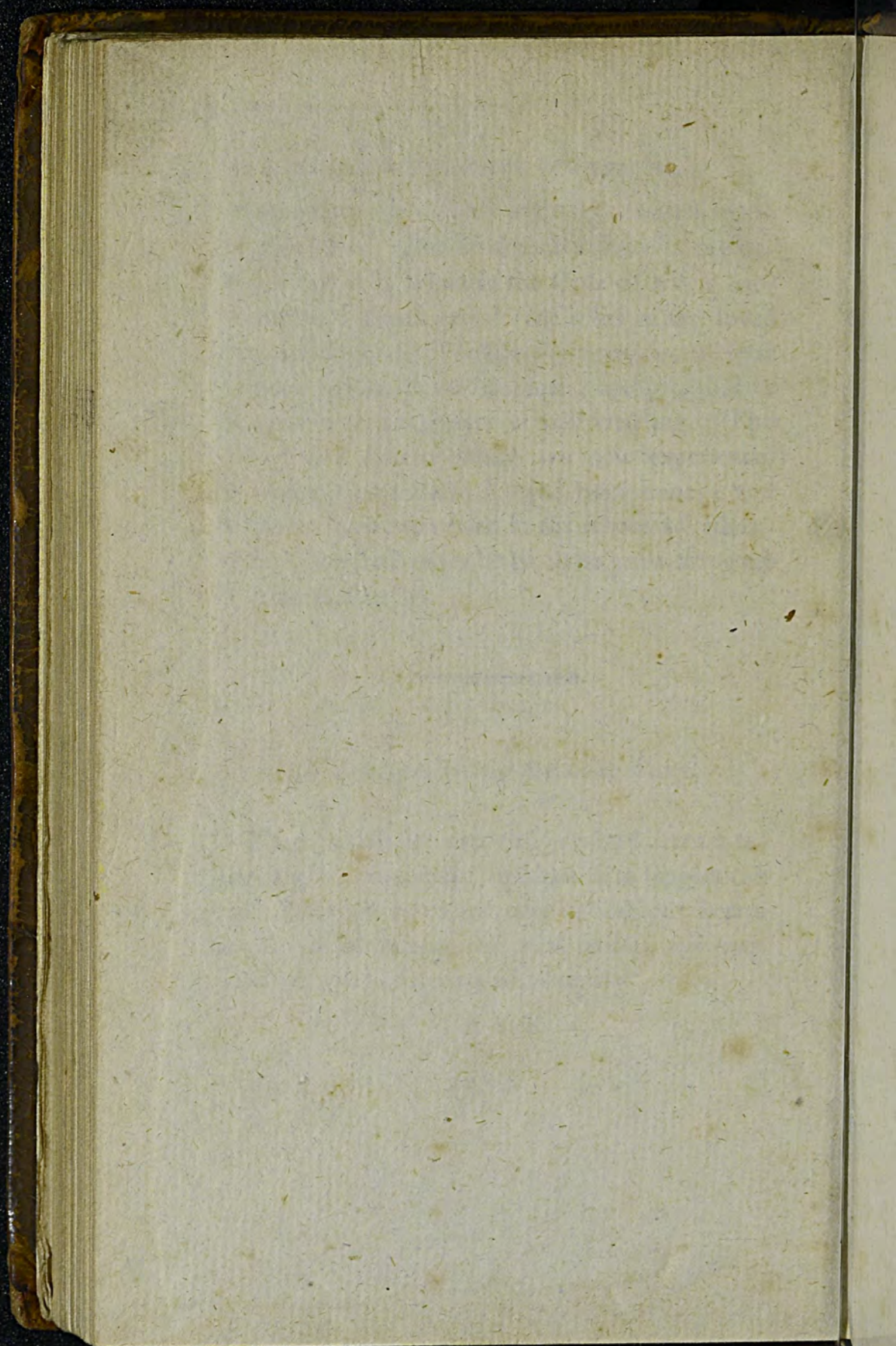
“ If I could ever have forgotten Andrew’s
 “ solicitude, my vicinity to Besons would have
 “ reminded me of it; but, from the painful mo-
 “ ment of our separation, his image had been
 “ engraven upon my remembrance; and soon
 “ after my arrival in Paris, I persuaded my mis-
 “ tress to make an excursion on the Seine. We
 “ soon reached the spot I was so eager to behold,
 “ and I saw the object of my gratitude and
 “ esteem. Unable to repress the delight of my
 “ sensations,

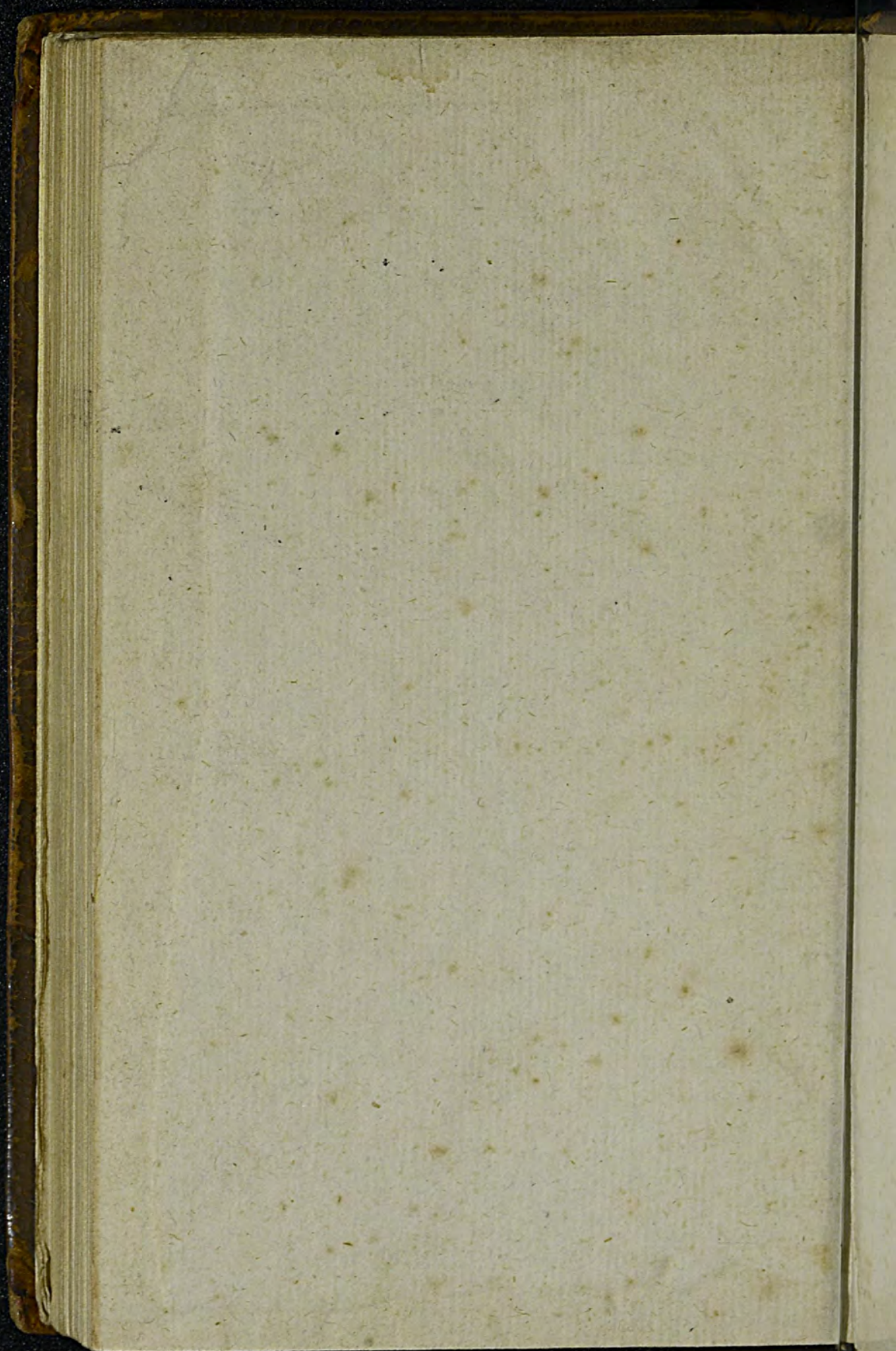
“ sensations, I suddenly uttered an expressive ex-
 “ clamation. But how shall I describe my ex-
 “ cels of joy, when in the space of a few mo-
 “ ments I found myself encircled in my loved
 “ parent’s arms ! The Chevalier and my mistress
 “ participated in our happiness, and promised to
 “ return to be present at our wedding. The
 “ joy and felicity which we now experience,
 “ amply compensates for past misfortunes ; and
 “ as we have been tried in the school of adver-
 “ sity, we shall never be likely to grow arrogant
 “ from prosperity.

Observations on the preceding Story.

THE consolation which is derived from a re-
 liance upon Providence, enables us to support the
 most severe misfortunes ; and whilst our hearts
 acquit us of intentional indiscretions, we may
 boldly brave the arrows of adversity.

FINIS.





C/P BQ DMR

E1971 OTO

