

# FIRE-SIDE STORIES,

FOR

INTERESTING AND IMPROVING THE MINDS OF

## YOUTH.

Illustrated with *five* Steel Engravings,

AND TWENTY WOOD CUTS.



LONDON :

EDWARD LACEY, 76, ST PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

---



OSPRINGE

58

FROM THE LIBRARY  
OF EDGAR OSBORNE  
THE SPINNEY, MORLEY  
DERBYSHIRE —————

This book forms part of  
The Osborne Collection of Children's Books  
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by  
Edgar Osborne  
in memory of his wife  
MABEL OSBORNE

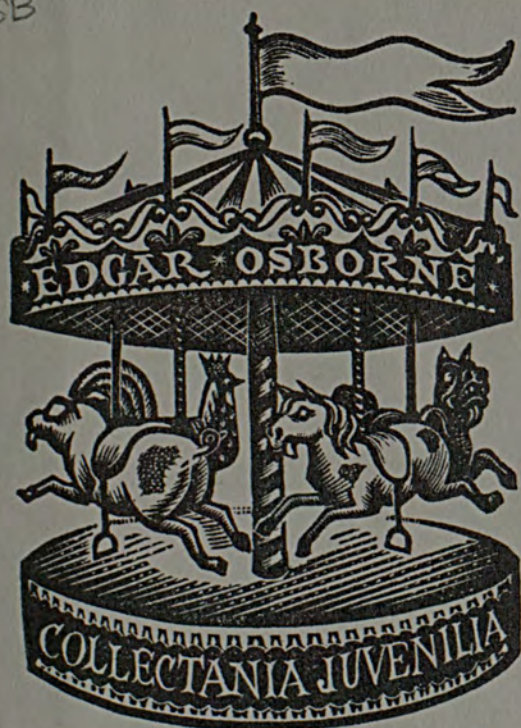
58



3731

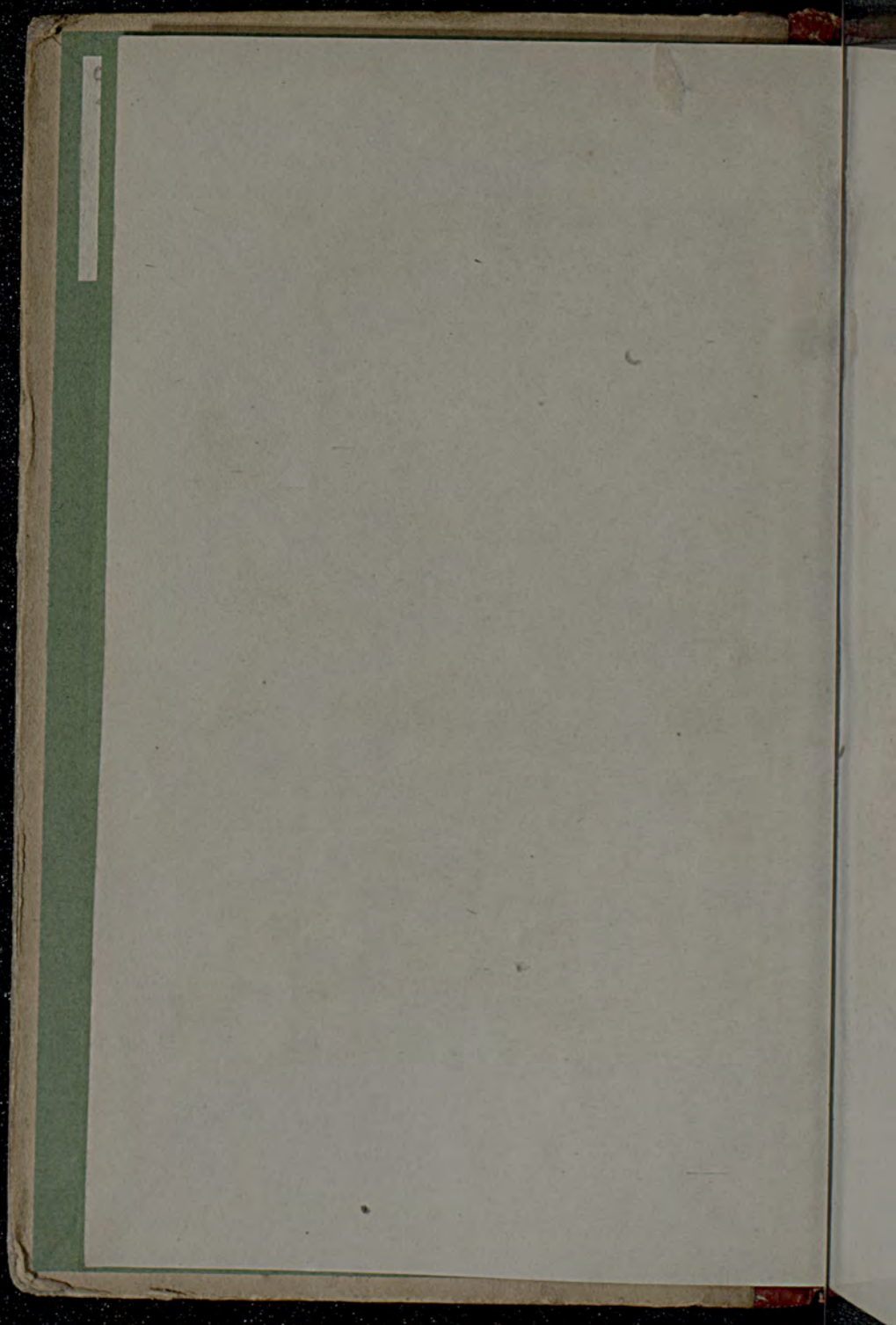


SB

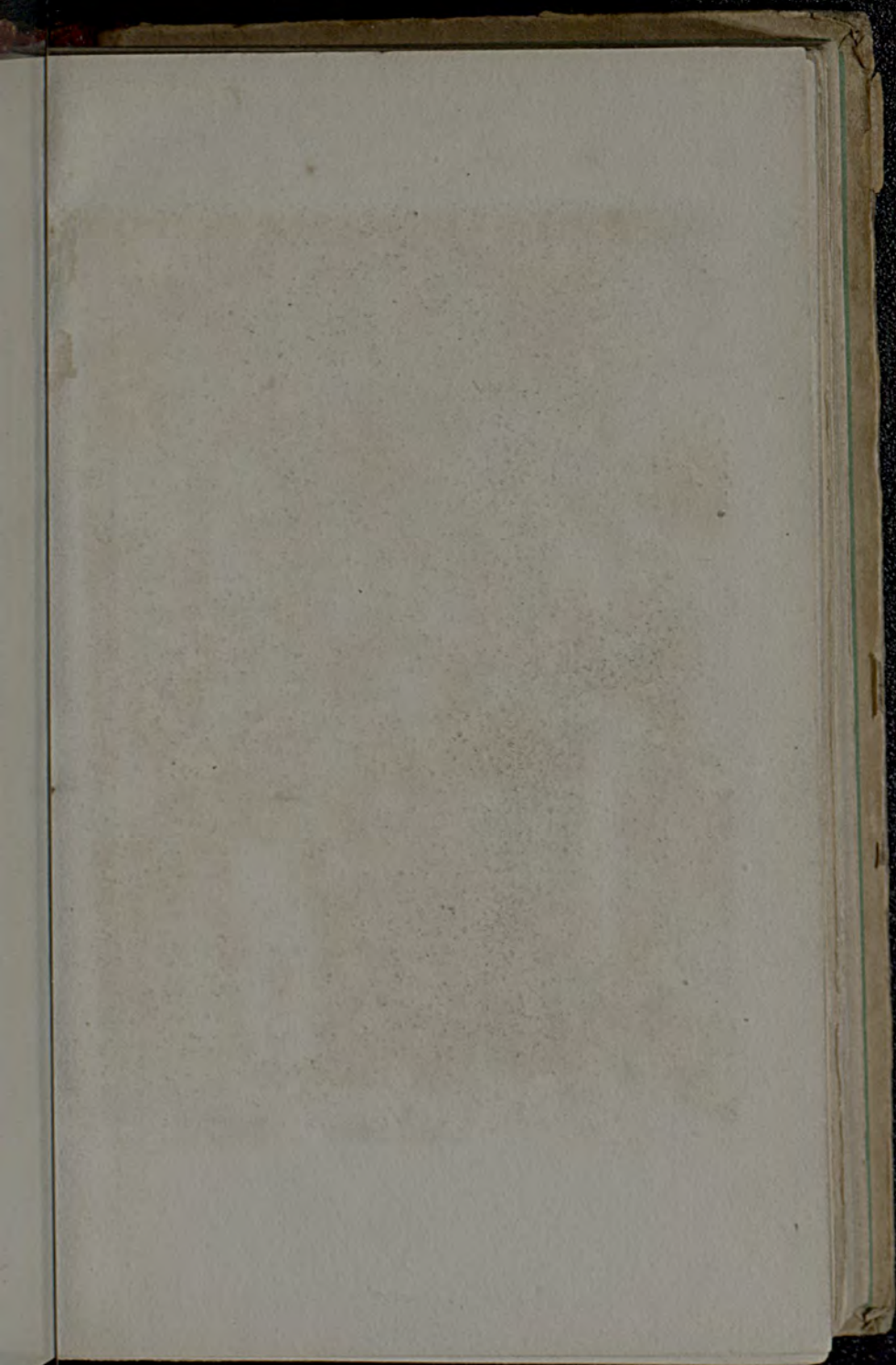


37131 048 635 239 I, 286

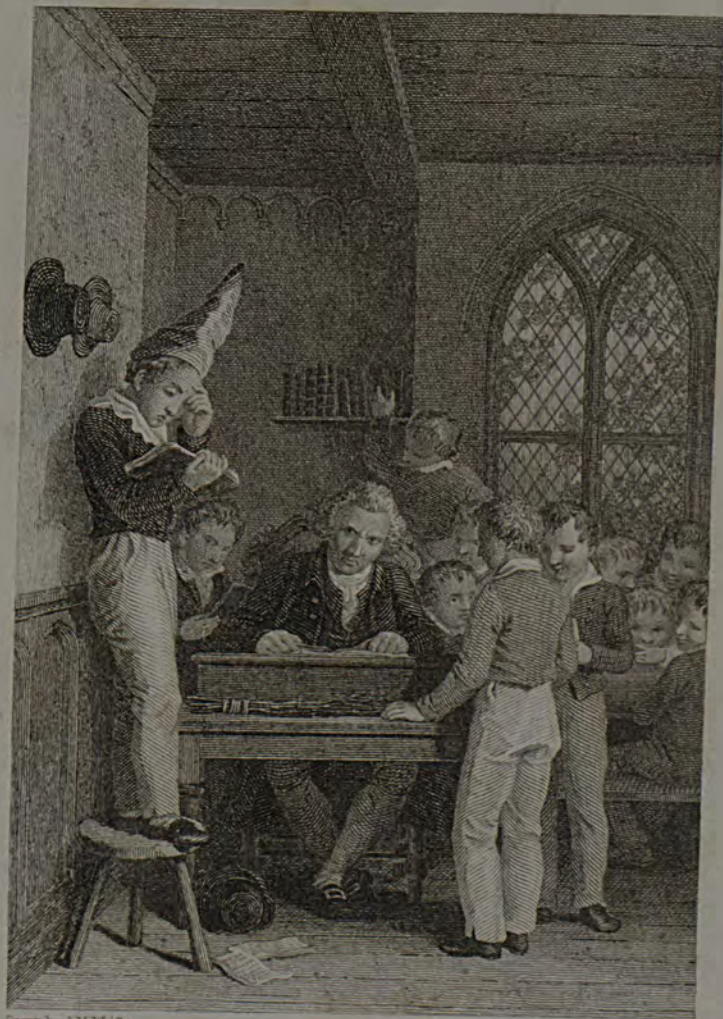












Drawn by J. M. Wright.

Engraved by J. Currier.

## SCHOOL DAYS

*N. Lacey, 76 St. Pauls, London.*

*Page 4*

EDWA

# FIRE-SIDE STORIES,

FOR

INTERESTING AND IMPROVING THE MINDS OF  
YOUTH.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIVE STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

AND TWENTY WOOD CUTS.



LONDON :

EDWARD LACEY, 76, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.



SEARS AND TRAPP, PRINTERS, 11, BUDGE ROW, LONDON.

"F  
tions  
HALL  
collecti  
"Parlo  
many h  
in their  
improve  
near,"  
"Reven  
ship," a  
rance,"  
CLARA E

## PREFACE.

---

"FIRE-SIDE STORIES," are the joint productions of Miss EMILY OSPRINGE and Mrs. C. HALL: they are twelve of the Tales published collectively in that admired series entitled "Parlour Stories;" which, at the suggestion of many heads of families and schools, are arranged in their present form, with additional plates and improved bindings:—"Education," "*Fearfulness*," "*Independence*," "*Industry*," "*Secrecy*," "*Revenge*," "*Flattery*," "*Liberty*," and "*Friendship*," are by the former Lady; and "*Perserance*," "*Deception*," and "*Sympathy*," by Mrs. CLARA HALL, the talented editress of "Affec-



PREFACE.

tion's Offering," and many other of the superior juvenile works of the present day: the whole of the tales are founded on interesting facts of modern occurrence, and are strikingly illustrative of "Life and Manners," both at home and in other countries: the object throughout has been to interest the feelings, as well as to instruct the mind, and improve the understanding; and from the extensive patronage the other works of those Ladies have received, it is reasonably hoped this Volume will be equally favoured.

---

## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

### No. XIX.

#### EDUCATION.

A FRENCH poet of eminence has a vision of great beauty and force in one of his works. He represents peace and pleasure, health and honour, riches and reputation, valour and victory, and many other desirable attainments, as paying court to a celebrated prince. They are described as several attractive females, in their proper form and dress, and attended by suitable emblems, each striving to gain his affections, by representing herself as the most capable of doing him good and making him happy. After listening to a persuasive address from every one of them, the prince asks if there be any other waiting for admission to his presence, as he must see all he can before he makes his choice. He is told that there is one who arrived late, and is therefore fearful of not being allowed to enter; but that her form appears



more admirable and inviting than any of the rest. The prince commands her immediate entrance, and her name is announced to be WISDOM. The prince is instantly struck with her surpassing beauty—she unites all that is amiable with all that is majestic and grand—and he asks her if he may depend upon her rendering him the valuable service he requires. “I am able, prince,” she says, “to do more than you require—I can secure to you the happy possession of all the other attractive persons that have preceded me, provided you engage to use them as your handmaids to serve you, and not make them your mistresses to bind and control you.” The prince is charmed with the promise, and consents to any condition she may propose. The vision closes with this excellent moral—“Select wisdom for your favourite pursuit, and all other desirable attainments will attend you as her handmaids. Peace and pleasure, health and honour, riches and reputation, valour and victory, will always wait upon you and upon her.”

An aged, but intelligent, country schoolmaster had just heard one of his cleverest scholars repeat this vision, and was enforcing this moral upon

them, one summer afternoon, when a farmer, who had never been himself to school, and could neither read nor write, called to take his boy with him into the hay-field.

“It wants an hour to the time of leaving school, Mr. Fallow,” said the master; “and I must not let your son go before the rest. I am afraid he will not leave so soon as the others, for he is sadly behind in his lessons, and if we go on so, he will be no credit to me, nor any service to you.”

“There, Mr. Necker,” said the farmer, “you are wrong, as I have often told you. Every body knows his own business best, and, to my thinking, George would be of more service to me in the hay-field, than he is ever likely to be poked up here, among twenty lads, scarcely able to breathe. To say the truth, he never should have come here at all, but his mother would have him made a scholar, as she has made his sister Mary.”

“Her design is a proper one, and does her great honour,” said Mr. Necker; “but I fear it will never be fully accomplished. George will never be a scholar, in the strict sense of the term; but, if you will let him alone, he may be taught enough to make him of great use to you, if it be only



keeping your accounts, and preventing persons from cheating you."

"Why there, indeed," said the farmer, "he may, as you say, be of use. I have been cheated, 'tis true, and if you can prevent that another time, why, I'll make up my mind to it." He then left the school; but he had done almost as much mischief as though he had succeeded in taking George away before his time. The boy heard every word, and paid so little attention to his lesson afterwards, that he might almost as well have been in the hay-field. Instead of procuring half a holyday for his son, the thoughtless man only got him placed upon the blockhead's stool, and the fool's cap put upon his head the remainder of the day. If he had kept away, or if he had only said, "Now, George, if you will look sharp and get your lesson well, you shall go with me as soon as you have done," the boy might, perchance, have left the school with the rest; but, as it was, George was kept upon the stool an hour beyond the time.

The farmer's wife was a plain, but thoughtful and prudent woman. She had her daughter under her own entire care, and therefore managed to have her educated much better than George, ex-

posed to his father's interruptions, was ever likely to become. As she and Mary sat down to tea, she said, "I suppose your brother is kept in as usual; but this is better than neglecting his education, as would be the case if your father could have his way."

"I am afraid," said Mary, "that George is not kept in, but that father has taken him into the field. I heard him say, as he left the gate, that all hands must be there this fine day, and that he should call and take a little of old Necker's labour off his hands this afternoon. I should have gone with father, and prevented George being taken, only you wanted me at home to finish the ironing."

"Now," said Mrs. Fallow, "I am sorry, Mary, you did not go, for I had rather every thing else should be neglected than the boy's education. Be quick with your tea, my dear, and go into the field. Upon second thoughts, I will go with you, else perhaps George may be kept from school to-morrow."

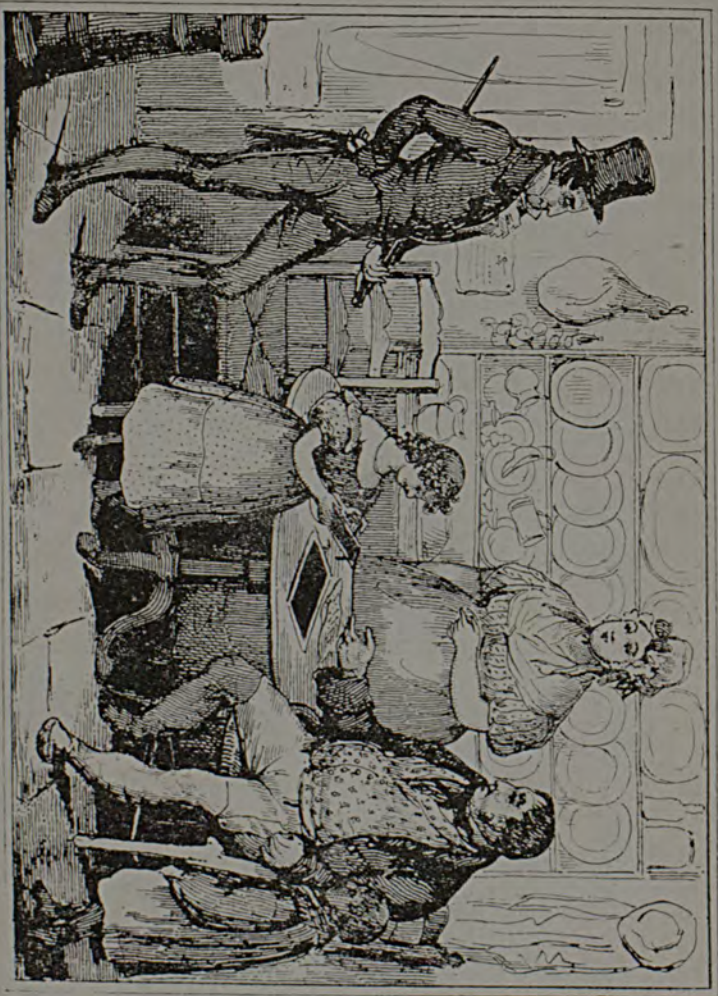
As they went along, they met him slowly coming home, and sobbing at every step. He told them the dismal tale of the fool's cap and the blockhead's stool, and said that it was his father's



fault, for that he was getting on with his lesson when he came and hindered him. His sister wiped his eyes, and his mother spoke kindly to him, and said that, if he would promise to be a better boy, he should go with them to the hay-field. "You shall have my new fork," said his sister, "and turn the hay with us, and your father shall know nothing about your disgrace." They kept him between them, and encouraged him to work twice as fast as he would have done by his father's side; so that the farmer was astonished that, in two hours, all the hay of the meadow was completely turned.

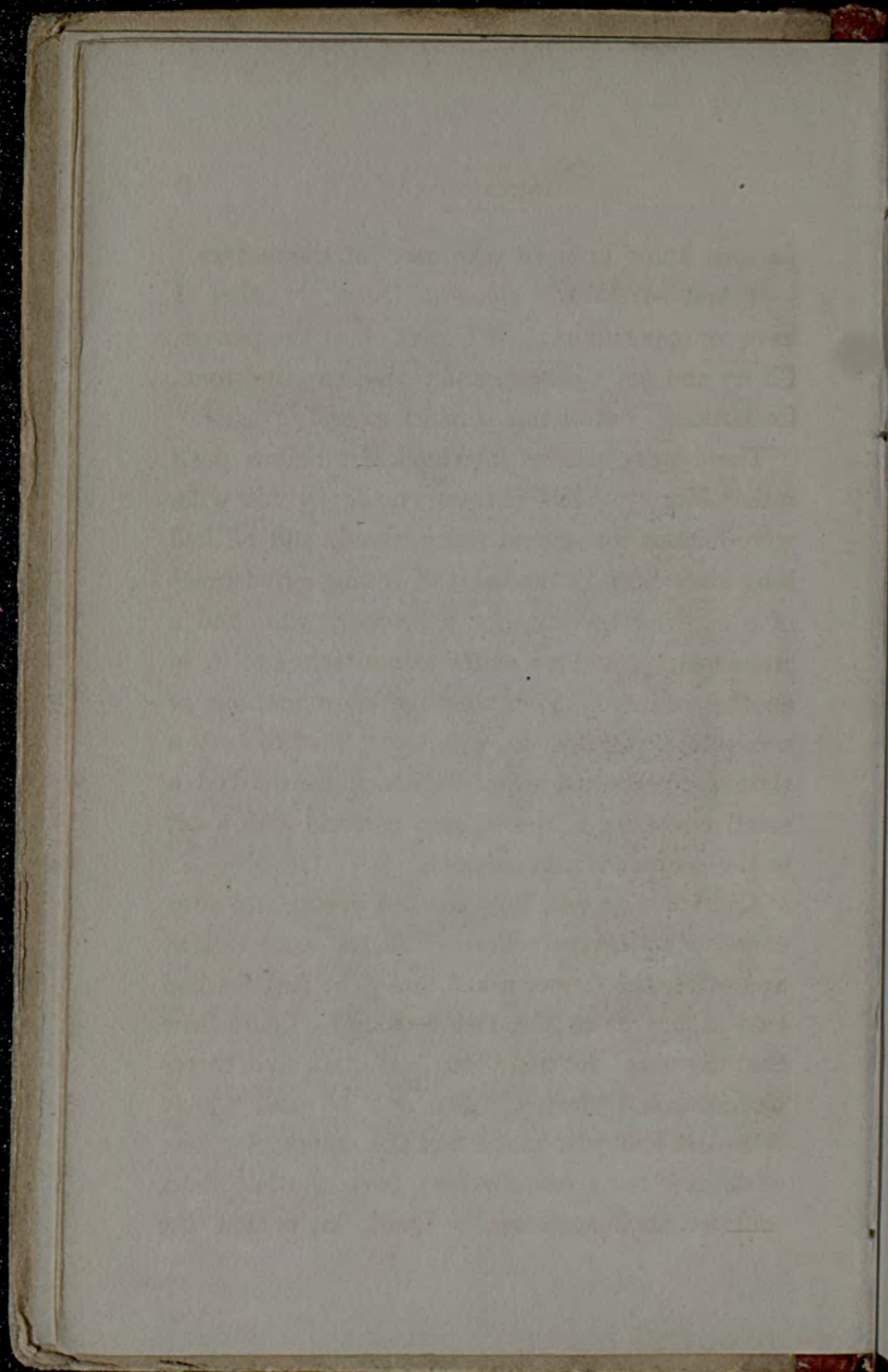
As the sun went down, they all came home together. When they reached the gate, a neighbour was waiting for the farmer, to settle an account with him. "Ah, Quirk! is it you?" said Fallow: "come in doors, and take a draught of ale; or perhaps you will stay and eat a bit of supper with us."—"Thank you," said Quirk; "I must just settle your half-yearly account, and then be off to the parson: he has sent for his tithe, and declares he will have it this very evening."—"Well, I never sent such a message as that to any body," said the farmer; "I would scorn to do it; but





*Lawyer Quirk Trying to cheat the Farmer.*





part  
—  
have  
I'll  
for  
The  
rather  
were  
long  
of a  
stone  
and  
acc  
state  
small  
in the  
Qu  
count  
and p  
two e  
that t  
fore a  
been  
is not  
and w

parsons know how to take care of themselves.” —“ And so do I,” thought Quirk, “ when I have an opportunity. If I can’t cheat the parson, I’ll try and get a cheese, and perhaps a grindstone, for nothing, out of this stupid farmer.”

These were articles in which Mr. Fallow dealt rather largely. His cheeses, made by his wife, were famous for several miles round, and he had long since been in the habit of selling grindstones of a superior quality, for a brother, who had a stone quarry, and a manufactory attached to it, in another county. As the farmer knew nothing of accounts, or figures, he was accustomed to keep a slate for each customer, on which he marked a small circle for a cheese, and a circle with a dot in the centre for a grindstone.

Quirk’s slate was now reached down, and after counting up several cheeses, all the same weight and price, the farmer asked him if he had not had two stones since the last settling? Quirk saw that the usual dot had been neglected, and therefore denied the fact. “ It must,” he said, “ have been last half-year that I had the stones, for here is nothing but a few cheeses: fetch the last slate, and we shall soon see.” Quirk knew that the



contents of each slate were rubbed out as soon as they were paid, and therefore might safely request the farmer to appeal to the last account.

"Well," said the farmer, "it must have been last half-year then, as you say, for here is no dot, sure enough—these be all cheeses."—"It must not, though," said Mary, coming behind them—"they are not all cheeses. When I came from school at Christmas, mother told me to keep an account of every thing, and here is the account of what Mr. Quirk had:—five cheeses, and two grindstones; one stone had January the eleventh, and the other, March the first."

We may imagine how Quirk looked at this discovery. He knew that neither the farmer nor his wife understood accounts, and that the boy was not yet an accountant, nor likely to become one for some time. But he had no suspicion of the girl's shrewdness till this unlucky moment. "Miss Fallow," he said, "you must be playing off one of your boarding-school tricks upon us! What can you know of grindstones and cheeses?" "Why, Sir," she said, "if I must tell you, I know something of both, for I spent last Midsummer holydays at my uncle's, and saw the stones

cut out of the quarry, and smoothed, and rounded, and then I saw the little hole made in the middle. And as for cheeses, I can almost make them myself: since Christmas, my dear mother has taught me how, and perhaps the next you have may be of my making; and perhaps, too, there may be an account of my writing sent with every one."

"That will be very proper in future," said Quirk, "to prevent mistakes; but for the past we must abide by your father's account, which, I have no doubt, is very correct."

"No, Sir," said Mrs. Fallow, "it is not correct; "for when my daughter began to keep the account for her father, I thought I would see whether you would remember the grindstones; so I rubbed out the two little dots, and because they were gone, it seems your memory is gone after them. O, Mr. Quirk, I am ashamed of you!"

Quirk first strove to laugh, and then tried to frown; but he did both in so unnatural a manner, that he was glad to pay Mary's version of the bill, and decamp to the rectory. The farmer saw him to the gate, and then ran in to bless his wife and daughter, for saving him from being robbed of fifty shillings. "Now," said Mrs. F., "I hope



you begin to think education a good thing. If we had been educated, Roger, who knows how many pounds we might have saved these sixteen years we have been in the farm!"—"How many hundred pounds! you may say, mother," observed Mary; "for I have no doubt Mr. Quirk has cheated you in almost every bill; and as to the market people, who have been so eager to buy of my father, my governess used to tell me that it was town-talk how they boasted of taking him in—they used to call it breaking the *fallow* ground. Your plan of keeping accounts reminds me of a tale I heard at school of a farmer in America, but who had a drawer for each customer instead of a slate, into which he used to put beans to represent the larger coin, and peas for the lesser money; one Christmas he found the rats had been, and eaten up all the beans and peas, so that he could not collect a single farthing, for want of knowing what was due to him; so that he had to employ an attorney, who brought him in such a long bill, that it took all the money he had saved for two or three years before. Our neighbour, Vintun, at the King's Head, used to keep his scores in much such an uncertain manner; but, finding





out  
ver  
ale,  
han  
"  
said  
than  
out  
too,  
your  
says  
reg  
man  
Mary  
You  
some  
you  
some  
derstan  
childre  
shall,  
Mary,  
time to

out some tricks that were played him, he will never now deliver to his customers a single jug of ale, till they have paid him the price of it beforehand."

"There's one thing, yet, that I can't get over," said the farmer. "Mr. Quirk is better educated than most people, and yet what a cheat he turns out to be! The customers that I have at market, too, are people that have been to school; and yet your governess says what cheats they be!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fallow, "as the proverb says, 'there are rogues of every rank;' but a rogue must much more easily cheat an ignorant man than a wise one."—"My dear father," said Mary, "nothing is to be judged of by its abuse. You must not reason against education because some educated people are cheats, any more than you would object to your strong ale, because some people get drunk with it."—"I seem to understand that," said the farmer; "and if my children do but grow up honest as well as wise, I shall, after all, be a happy man. Do you see, Mary, that George goes to school at the proper time to-morrow; and give him good advice, and



tell him he must not look for me to call on him in school-hours any more."

Mr. Quirk was what is called a gentleman farmer, though upon a small scale, and with very little success. He had been a lawyer in London, and he purchased the estate he now lived upon, in the hope of a country life restoring Mrs. Quirk to health; but in this he was disappointed—she died in about two years after his removal. He would then have returned to London, had he not wished to become a country magistrate; but by the time that all hope had ceased of his ever recovering his London connection, all prospect was over of *such* a man being raised to the magisterial bench in so respectable a county as Hampshire.

After Mary Fallow had been six months at home, Miss Quirk, an only child, returned from school, having finished her education in the neighbourhood of London. Strange notions of a country life had been excited in her mind by a haughty and conceited governess; and she came home in the proud expectation of being thought the most wise and learned, as well as the most handsome and fashionable, young lady in the neighbourhood.

How far this dream of superiority became fulfilled, the reader will judge from some details of a visit to the farmer's family.

"Nothing but the want of society," Miss Quirk had often said, "could induce her to be at all intimate with Mary Fallow, or ever to accompany her father when he dined or supped, as he was sometimes *obliged* to do, at the farm: but, in such a desolate part, she must be resigned to whatever company she could obtain." The lord of the manor had declined recommending her father to be appointed a magistrate of the district. It was extremely doubtful whether, at all events, she could ever have visited at the Manor House; but the unpardonable offence of keeping her father from the magistracy was a most convenient method of accounting for her never going there. The rector was a close old bachelor, who admitted both Quirk and the farmer to his table, once or twice a-year, when he hoped to persuade them to raise their tithe payments; but ladies, especially young ladies, were never seen at the rector's table. Miss Quirk must therefore visit at the farm, or not at all; she must be seen to be upon speaking terms with the farmer's daughter, or



have no young friend in the village to whom she could prate about her London acquirements of wisdom and gentility.

The visit we are about to describe took place the Christmas after she left school. The party was rather large, and Miss Quirk was determined to show off to the utmost in every respect. Mary Fallow was not wanting in spirit and forethought, and resolved to be upon her guard, and not be thrown into the background by one to whom she felt herself, in all the important points of education, quite equal.

Miss Quirk had imbibed, from her father, a strong disposition to satire; and, to please him as well as her, it had been encouraged by a proud and petulant governess. When the Christmas party had assembled in the great parlour of the farm to tea, and the conversation had become unrestrained, Miss Quirk rather loudly said—"I am afraid, my dear Mary, that you will remain *fallow* all your days," laying her emphasis on the name with great force. Quirk laughed at what he called his daughter's witty pun; and one or two others, particularly a young coxcomb that had been his clerk in London, and was now down upon

a Christmas visit, strove to be merry at Mary's expense. She, however, soon diverted attention from herself to her adversary, by observing, "I am happy, my dear Miss, to be able to return the compliment—you are never likely to get beyond a *quirk*."

"Now," said the farmer, "I can understand what fallow means; but I don't understand the meaning of the word *quirk*: I think 'tis but fair we should all know what these scholar girls are about."—"O, I am not ashamed of my name," said Miss Quirk; "my governess always said it was a name of honour—that it meant *wit*."

"And does it mean nothing else?" said Mary; "and when it means wit, does it mean the best kind of wit?"

George, by this time, had been trained by his sister to examine the meaning of every word that he could not understand. Her constant advice was, "never suffer a single term to pass unnoticed." He therefore reached the dictionary from the hanging shelves, and when he had found the word *quirk*, he read these interpretations of it—"Low and little term of expression—artful and cunning wit."



There was a drollery in the countenance and voice of George, that added considerably to the effect of this settlement of the question, and Miss Quirk was obliged to acknowledge that Mary had some advantage over her.

"Well, then," said a friendly old lady, who had not spoken before, "Mary has not remained fallow in her mind, and we may hope that it will be better cultivated, and more fruitful in wisdom every season."

"But we cannot expect the mind of any young person to become perfectly fruitful in wisdom, as you express it, by a country education," said Miss Quirk.

This a little displeased Mrs. Edwin, because it was her daughter who had educated Mary from a child. She, however, restrained her displeasure, and coolly asked, "How is it, then, Miss Quirk, that your London education did not teach you the proper meaning of your own name?"

Mr. Necker, too, was a little hurt at Miss Quirk's contempt of country instruction, and he resolved upon having a little friendly revenge. He therefore said,—“You told us, Miss Quirk, when you came home, that you had *finished* your

education ; but it seems that this first branch of it, the just interpretation of your own name, was not finished till you came down here, and then my rather dull pupil, George, finished it for you."

Mary, too, thought that she must say a little in vindication of the country ; but turning her eyes from Miss Quirk, whom she saw was becoming very angry, she took Mrs. Edwin by the hand, and said, " Madam, I would defend Miss Edwin's talents as a teacher against the best governess that London ever produced."

" Have mercy, have mercy, upon my daughter !" said Quirk, who feared the consequence of these things upon her jealous and irritable temper and who saw her beginning to redden with rage and revenge. " It is hardly fair that Mrs. Edwin and Mr. Necker should be placed in the witness-box against her, and that the evidence of Miss Edwin, who cannot be here in person, should be brought forward by another. Mary has a right to plead in her own cause, and I should not demur at her calling on her brother George to assist her ; but if so great a force is brought against my poor girl, I fear she will be crushed."

" Poor girl, indeed !" his daughter cried out,



more angry at this humiliation by her father, than at her previous defeat by others in the company.

"Please to reserve your pity, Sir, for country girls, and don't suppose that I stand in need of it. If this is the way you defend your clients, I shall employ some other attorney."

"That's excellent," said Mary, "and makes amends for all past blunders." Mary had not forgotten the grindstones, and took some laudable pleasure in hearing the rogue confounded by his own spoiled daughter. She knew that nothing could be more unwelcome to him than being called an attorney, where he strove to be thought a gentleman, and hoped to become a magistrate.

The dandy clerk now considered himself in possession of an opportunity to serve and please his old employer, and to vex Miss Quirk, who, with all her faults and follies, had sufficient discernment to despise a coxcomb, though educated in London. With intolerable affectation, he therefore said, "Let me, Sir, be retained in your defence, and I will carry you through this perplexing cause with unexampled triumph."

"Please to lay down your cigar, young gentleman," said the farmer, and then you'll not mince

and mumble your words so, and we shall understand your speech.”—“And the smoke will then be over,” said Mrs. Edwin, “and we, of the weaker sex, as he calls us, shall be able to remain in court, to hear this triumphant defence.”—“And Mr. Necker’s wig will then stand some chance of not being burnt,” said Mary.

The old gentleman started up at this remark, took off his wig, and some ashes of the dandy’s cigar were shaken from it upon the floor. During the former part of the conversation, in despair of being able to join in it, Mr. Impert had lighted his cigar, and smoked without being much noticed; but when he found an opportunity of speaking, he rose up, and being tall, he held his hand over Mr. Necker’s head, which occasioned the accident and alarm. This subsiding, the conversation turned upon the virtue, or rather the vice, of smoking.

“I suppose,” said Mrs. Edwin to Mr. Impert, “the cigar is considered the finish of a young gentleman’s London education—is it not so?”—“Certainly, Madam!” said Impert: “all the real gentlemen of London now sport the cigar and visit the Divan.”

“I thought,” observed Mr. Necker, with re-



markable gravity, "that all real gentlemen joined in the rapid march of civilization and improvement; but I now find that they are retreating fast back towards barbarism. Soon, I suppose, they will sit down upon the floor, and wear turbans and tunics, and let their beards grow down to their breasts, and chew opium, and eat their dinners with their fingers, instead of their knives and forks!"

"I had a visit from one of these real gentlemen, the other day," said Mrs. Edwin. "He had come from London, finished in his education, to assist my neighbour in his new mercery business. I wanted some silk, and he was sent with several rolls for me to look at. He came into the room with all possible freedom and confidence, smoking a cigar. This, of course, was too much, and I requested the servant to show him the street door."

"But you don't tell us all the story," said Mrs. Fallow: "let us hear the remainder."—"Well, then," said Mrs. Edwin, "you must know, Mr. Impert. that this real gentleman, in the hurry of departure, dropped the ashes of his cigar upon a beautiful piece of silk, and set fire to it. The silk was spoiled, and so was my mahogany table; and if the gentleman had not escaped back to his London divan, he must have paid for both."

“Capital!” said Quirk. “Impert, you must now throw away your cigar.”—“He has done that already,” said Mary: “he can no more condescend to the practice of a mercer’s shopman: they surely cannot be gentlemen of the same class.”

Our readers are now in sufficient possession of the characters of this mixed Christmas party, and sufficiently convinced that their characters were chiefly the effects of their several modes and places of education. Their fates—if what they voluntarily sought by deliberate means may be called fate—corresponded with their characters.

Farmer Fallow, assisted by his children’s knowledge, and their mother’s wisdom and prudence, became rich. After he had done keeping his own accounts, and they were kept by George, it was astonishing how every part of his property improved. His cattle and corn obtained a much higher price, at least they brought him much more money. His customers changed materially from what they were; but the change was always for the better. Mr. Quirk continued to deal with him, while he remained in the country; but although he had no more articles than usual, he had always to pay a larger half-year’s bill.



Mrs. Fallow had been as careful and correct as she could, when she was obliged to trust to her memory, or to scores of chalk behind the door; but now Mary put down every thing in a proper book, made out little weekly bills, gave receipts for every thing paid, and demanded them for what was paid by her, the butter and eggs, the bacon and cheese, and all other things she sold, seemed to produce nearly double what they did before.

A curate came into the parish, a worthy young man, who soon saw the merit of Mary, and offered her marriage; but the rector threatened to discharge him, if he did not give up the farmer's daughter. George had proved to his father that he had always paid too much tithe, and the farmer had submitted to the imposition, rather than make a stir. Now, however, he protested that, if the old parson interfered to prevent his daughter marrying the young one, he would prosecute him for extortion. This secured the happiness of Mary. The rector soon after died, and the farmer purchased the living for his son-in-law. Quirk returned to London, and his daughter married a profligate. The lawyer was robbed by Impert, and the coxcomb was transported.

## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. XX.

### FEARFULNESS.

“WHAT can be the reason that Ambrose is now gone so much longer for the beer every night than he used to be?” said a poor but worthy gardener to the rest of his family, as they sat waiting for their supper. “I am afraid,” said his mother, “he sometimes stays to drink with the young men that meet at the Cross Keys.” “That, I can take upon me to say, he does not,” said an apprentice, who knew that Ambrose had always refused to go into the tap-room, and insisted upon having his beer served at the bar, where the young men could not see him. “Does he, do you think, creep after any of the young women that sometimes walk abroad of an evening?” said the eldest daughter. “I think I can acquit him of that,” said his father; “for though the young women you speak of are, I believe, modest and



properly behaved, Ambrose is too bashful a lad to speak to them, and would, I fancy, turn almost any way to avoid them."

"He came in desperately frightened, one night last week," said little Dick, sitting in the chimney-corner: "his hair stood upright, and he looked as white as that wall there."

"And ever since that night he has been almost twice as long as he was before," said his mother; "I think he must have been frightened by something, and now goes another way."

At this moment Ambrose came in with the beer, and was asked what had detained him? when he told the following dismal tale:—

"About a week ago, as I was going along the old path, close by the hedge, I trod upon something soft and slippery, and it seemed to move. I looked, and it stood still—I went back, and it looked as if it would creep after me. White, the parson's errand-boy, just then came up: I showed it him, and he directly took to his heels, calling out—a serpent, a serpent! and I followed him as fast as I could, and we both declared we never would go that way any more."

It should be mentioned that this was a path

but little frequented. It was rather a favourite one with those who liked a very retired walk ; but it was one which the gardener and his family had seldom occasion to pass over, except when the beer for their winter's supper was wanted. It was a near way to the public-house ; but that was a place with which they had no other connection than this daily errand gave them.

" I have heard so many dismal tales of serpents, and snakes, and what they call *bo-constructors*," said the gardener, " that I don't wonder Ambrose was afraid of one of them in that dull path. George Stains, who lately came home from India, told me that he saw, with his own eyes, a great black serpent fasten upon a young tiger, and bite him in such a manner, that the creature, who would have devoured one of us, ran away into the woods, roaring as though he had been killed himself."

" I expected George to come and sup with us to-night," said Mrs. Laurel, the Gardener's wife ; " but it gets too late now to look for him. Perhaps he has heard of this big serpent, and that keeps him away. Poor fellow ! he has had enough of serpents, and every thing else, in India ;



he need not be frightened at home, for he is come back thin and pale enough for any young body out of the grave."

"I shall be afraid to go to bed," whimpered little Dick, "if you go on so, Mother. When I was coming from school, there was a ragged beggar creeping along, and a goose hissing after him, as if it would drive him faster out of the parish."

"And did you hear what the fellow said?" asked Ambrose; "he grumbled out—'Ah, I don't mind you; but if the huge serpent they have found in the hedge was to be hissing after me, I should run indeed; I'd soon get out of the parish then.'"

"Why, this serpent would do well for an overseer, then," said Laurel; "I shall get rid of the office next Michaelmas, suppose I nominate it as my successor?"

"Do no such thing," said his wife; "we have got vipers enough, and plenty of snakes in the grass, among us already."

Just then George Stains tapped at the door, and he came in no more pale than usual, and with no marks of fright about him. He had, however, heard of the terrible serpent in the hedge, and he just distinguished the names *viper* and *snake*, in





Mr  
tation  
he  
supp  
vill  
vent  
his  
froth  
hund  
Miss  
she  
is c  
mai  
an  
drink  
she h  
time,  
starte  
parrot  
pent  
from  
the w  
head

Mrs. Laurel's last remark. After the usual salutations, and a smile at the gardener's daughter, he therefore said,—“ You have been talking, I suppose, about the serpent, like all the rest of the village. I believe I am the only one who has ventured abroad since dark, except Ambrose; and his hand must have shaken dreadfully, for the froth of the beer has dropped for more than two hundred yards from the door. I am told that Miss Sexage, of the Nunnery Cottage, declares she will never go home again till the creature is cut to pieces.”

“ What, then,” asked Mrs. Laurel, “ is the old maid away from home now ?”

“ She is at her friend's, Mrs. Broomlaw's,” answered George; “ she went there, it seems, to drink tea, and was just starting homewards when she heard of the monster. I was going by at the time, and boldly offered to protect her; but she started back into the house, and declared by her parrot that she could as soon encounter the serpent as walk with a young man, especially one from the Indies! But as to the creature itself, if the wheelwright's two men had been cutting off its head, instead of the poor dog's tail, which they



did this afternoon, it would have been more to their credit."

"A fine clatter is going on now, I warrant ye," said the gardener, "between the widow and the old maid: Mrs. Broomlaw's brandy has by this time set both their tongues going at a wonderful rate!"

"What, at once, father?" said his daughter, who could seldom speak much when George Stains was present.

"At once!" cried Laurel; "why, I have often heard four old ladies talk at once, without either of them being silent for half a quarter of a moment; and, as to Mrs. Broomlaw and her maiden friend, it is well known that they never answer each other, and it is very doubtful whether they ever hear each other."

In the present instance, however, the gardener was mistaken; for Miss Sexage kept her widowed friend attentive for more than an hour with an account of this tremendous serpent. She had merely heard that such a creature had been seen in the hedge, not far from her home; and upon this vague text she preached a sermon longer than she ever heard at church in her life. The hideous





create  
length  
height  
her in  
crept  
crossed  
plenty  
neighb  
one wh  
alive.

"E

"is

caught

Subtle

have th

the sn

Phillis

few

"And

now's

your st

have fo

woman

man cry

the cha

creature was the colour of her oldest cat, and the length of her longest cloathes' line; and the height of her best cherry-tree, and the weight of her iron money-chest! It was supposed to have crept several hundred miles, perhaps to have crossed the seas; and there was no doubt that plenty of young serpents would soon infest the neighbourhood, and render it impossible for any one who ventured from home to come back again alive.

"But the drollest story of all," said Ambrose, "is about the poacher, Phillis. His leg was caught last night in a man-trap, upon 'Squire Subtle's grounds, just as he was going to seize a hare that he thought he had snared. He broke the snare, and the creature ran away; while Phillis felt his leg as fast as a church, and his gun flew out of his hand, and fired off of itself."

"And what else?" said George, after a moment's silence: "your tale has run away, and your story has fired off, before their time; you have forgotten the cream of the jest. The old woman at the lodge, hearing a gun go off, and a man cry out, hobbled from her hut; and, seeing the chain of the trap trailing on the ground,



thought it was the serpent that had bit him ; and, lest it should bite her, she hobbled in again, and bolted her door, and left poor Phillis to shift for himself."

The night was remarkably rainy, and it was hoped that the terror of the village, as the serpent was now called, would be found to have left the hedge, where it had strangely taken up so long an abode, and to have gone into some hole of the earth for shelter. The remembrance of its having been above ground, and the dread of its reappearance, would then have kept the villagers in a state of painful alarm ; but, as Miss Sexage often said of her friends,—“ Out of sight, out of mind,”—so the longer the serpent remained invisible, the less terror it would excite.

But what were the feelings of these people upon hearing, in the morning, that the creature had indeed shifted his position ; but in such a manner as to render it more hideous and hazardous. Before, it seemed partly to hang upon the weak boughs of the hedge, supporting *itself*, beyond all doubt, because it was impossible for the strongest branch in the hedge to bear up so heavy a creature, especially for so long a time. Then,

its tail rested on the ground, and thus enabled it to place its long and large body, and its huge and hideous head, in whatever position it pleased, leaning slightly on the branches of the hedge for some little support.

But now intelligence was brought that it had taken a position on the ground, and coiled itself up in a narrower compass, and was no doubt preparing to attack whoever might have the rashness to pass that way. It could not have altered its position to shelter itself from the rain, because it had become more exposed to it, and had evidently suffered much from the heavy showers that had fallen in the night. Its head, and the upper parts of its body, were much more out of the hedge, though still leaning on some of the branches; while its tail, and the rest of its body, were close to the ground, not caring for the dirt the rain had created, if it could but fix itself in a firmer position for attacking the first person that ventured to the spot.

When this fearful intelligence was communicated to Miss Sexage, by the milkman, just as she came down stairs, she resolved at once to leave the Nunnery Cottage, and made known her reso-



lution to her friend without delay. "Mercy!" cried Mrs. Broomlaw, "what shall we all do? By and by the creature will come as near to my house as it is to yours, and then I must leave, for certainty."

In the twenty-eighth volume of the Gentleman's Magazine, and the four hundred and sixty-sixth page, there is a wonderful story of a serpent infesting the grounds of a considerable house in the parish of Highendon, in Buckinghamshire; and of its keeping the people for miles round in a state of alarm for many months. Miss Sexage was descended from the family that occupied the house at the time, and she had been trained up by her grandmother in the undoubting belief of the surprising tale.

This would naturally have considerable influence in exciting her terrors, and determining her conduct on the present similar occasion: while her friend, Mrs. Broomlaw, to whom she had often related the story, with some difficulty in convincing her of its truth, now became as decided a convert to the certainty of it, as she was to the fact of such a creature having at length visited her own neighbourhood. Nay, before breakfast was over,

and by means of a single morning glass of brandy, the ladies worked each other up to the assurance that this serpent, from the description of its size and strength, *must have descended in a direct line* from the famous Buckinghamshire monster, as surely as Miss Sexage descended from the family whom that monster so long and so dreadfully terrified.

By nine o'clock the ladies had formed the resolution that Miss Sexage should send for the village broker, and dispose of her goods, throwing up her cottage, as uninhabitable, into the landlord's hands; and that she should remain at present an inmate with her *cordial* friend, until it should be seen whether Mrs. Broomlaw would also find it necessary to remove her quarters from the scene of danger.

The broker was at the house in a quarter of an hour, and received his orders. Certain boxes, and a few articles not enclosed, which he would easily find, were to be removed to Mrs. Broomlaw's without delay; and then as early an auction as possible was to be advertised for the disposal of all the other things the cottage contained. In half an hour the boxes and reserved articles were



transferred from the cottage to the rectory, which Mrs. Broomlaw, the sister of the rector, occupied at a low rent; while he was retrieving his fortune on the continent and the curate of the adjoining parish was doing his duty.

In half an hour more, the auction handbill was drawn up, carefully avoiding all mention of the serpent; and, being approved by Miss Sexage and her friend, the broker took it for printing to a neighbouring town, and then distributed it, before dusk, through all the surrounding villages. The little upstart auctioneer had not met with such a promising job for many years, and, frightened as he was at the serpent,—circuitous and cautious as were his visits to the Nunnery Cottage, lest he should even see the creature at a distance,—his spirits overflowed with joy, and his indulgences at the public-house had well-nigh unfitted him for the due performance of his approaching and important office.

The rain fell in occasional torrents through the day, and in some small measure allayed the fears of the village. It was, however, chiefly useful in furnishing an excuse for the villagers delaying to go forth, as they boasted they would do, and storm

the castle of their dreaded foe. Several meetings were held, mostly at the gardener's, to consult what had best be done; and the leading parts of the conversation at the last of them will show how different persons were affected on this fearful occasion.

"I would go at the head of ye at once," said Laurel, the boldest man of the village; "but my wife and daughter have made me promise I will keep away, and my promise is as good as my oath. I wouldn't at any time forfeit my word; and I wouldn't, at all events, forfeit my word to them."

"I can't do much," said George Stains, "in my weak state of health. If I was strong, like some of you, I'd offer to be your captain, and see if the creature wouldn't slink away, when such a force, under a commander who had served in India, advanced to the attack. I have seen bigger serpents than this in India, and should not be afraid, if I had power to lift a weapon, and strength enough to give the creature a blow likely to stun it."

"Sister says," cried Ambrose, "that you shan't go at all, George: if you do, she threatens



to send for your mother home directly, and tell her how you expose yourself, after you promised to take care of your health for her sake."

"Do you mean for the sake of George's mother, or for the sake of your sister, Ambrose?" asked a cunning schoolmaster, who was just endeavouring to establish himself in the village; and was hoping that George might die, and perhaps willing that the serpent might kill him, that the garden-er's daughter might fall into his own hands."

"If you speak at all, Mr. Cipher," said the shoemaker of the village, "please to speak to the purpose, and don't bother us with your jealousy and your love, while we are all in danger of being swallowed up, sole and upper-leather at once, by this monster."

"Soul and *body* you mean," said the auctioneer; "I am more alive to this momentous point, gentlemen, than the rest of ye can be; because, having such a little body, I shall be the more easily swallowed, and perhaps be the first object of attack, to stretch the throat of the monster for a larger gulp. I have therefore made up mind not to venture, at least to-day, upon this forlorn hope: I a for waiting till to-morrow. You all know that

Miss Sexage has honoured me with her confidence for the sale of her goods. I have advertised the auction for to-morrow, and then we shall have a village-ful of people to contend for the lady's moveables, and may obtain many bold recruits, and attack the vile monster with some chance of success."

This speech was spoken so well, and closed so much better, that every one applauded it. When the applause was over, the publican rather weakened its effect by asking the auctioneer how it was that he was now for killing the serpent without mercy, when this very morning he had drank its health in a draught of his best ale?

"The ale has steeped his senses in forgetfulness," said CIPHER, with one of his most cunning and conceited looks.

Little Mr. Going, elevated by the combined force of applause and ale, and somewhat irritated that the landlord should have betrayed the secret of his drinking the serpent's health in a foaming tankard, now raised himself upon his toes, and cried out—"But you do not properly distinguish between the office and the person: I drank the health of the serpent as an auctioneer;



but now I denounce the hideous creature as a man.” —“ I wish to know,” said George, one thing, — “ when the serpent has swallowed the man, where will the auctioneer be ? ”

Much more village joking and jargon of this kind passed at the meeting ; but it could not inspire courage enough for the perilous enterprise of attacking the serpent. Most of the speakers assigned the heavy rain as the reason for delay ; but it was easy to perceive that their fear of being stung, or poisoned, or pressed to death, by the common enemy, was the chief ground for deferring the expedition till the following day, when they hoped their faces would be considerably recruited by the joint attractions of Mr. Going’s oratory and Miss Sexage’s furniture.

In this, however, they were disappointed. It never occurred to these wise men of Gotham, that the very cause of the auction was likely to defeat it ; that the very reason for hastening it was sure to keep away all persons who were able to purchase. Not even Mr. Cipher, with all his cunning, reflected that none would visit the Nunnery Cottage, to which the serpent had rendered the very owner of the furniture afraid to return !

It is usual, in an auction-bill, to assign the reason of the gentleman's or the lady's disposal of their goods; but Miss Sexage cautioned little Going against the slightest mention of the serpent as the cause of her sale, and had urged him to hasten it, lest the fearful fact should get abroad. Yet, so elated was he with the unexpected undertaking, that while he strictly followed her directions, he lost sight of all danger to the auction, and of all probability of the cause of it becoming public before the time.

But the wildfire of report admits of no restraint, and the more strange the subject, the more rapidly and extensively does it always spread. Before the bill was half distributed, the whole neighbourhood knew why it was distributed at all. In fact, the very next job the printer had was to execute without delay five hundred copies of the following fearful notice:—

“Whereas an enormous serpent now infests the village of ———. All persons are hereby cautioned not unnecessarily to enter that place, until they hear that the dangerous creature is either scotched or slain.”

This was sufficient to prevent even the notice from being conveyed to the ill-fated village; nor



was any thing known of it, until the time for commencing the sale had considerably passed. Mr. Going wondered of course that none but his immediate neighbours attended; still he hoped that they would, by their eager and liberal biddings, repair the disappointment, and secure a prosperous sale. With about seven or eight persons, whose names are already known—in fact, nearly the identical meeting that had assembled thrice the day before at the gardener's house—the sale began—rather, it should be said, the offering of goods for sale began. In answer to the appeals of the chattering auctioneer to his small company, one said, “I only want such an article;” another, “I shall wait till lot sixteen is put up;” a third, “I shall stop and see how the thing is likely to go on;” a fourth, “I guess there will be no sale after all, and therefore it is useless to bid.”

Mr. Cipher and George Staines were then appealed to by name, and reminded that they would certainly want furniture of all kinds, and, if they missed this opportunity, they might never have another. This appeal created much mirth, and occupied considerable time. “Cipher has no ney,” said one: “and George has no health,”

said another; "and neither of them is likely to have any wife," said a third. "Then let them agree to purchase jointly," said the auctioneers "and that he who gains the lady shall take the furniture with her."

"I think," said Laurel, tired of remarks which evidently had reference to his own daughter, "if you could put up the serpent, and get a good, or even a bad, bidding for that strange article, it would be the best thing you could do—you are not likely to get a customer for any thing else to-day." In fact, Going could not get a single bidder for a single thing his catalogue contained; and, after flourishing his hammer, and exercising his tongue, for nearly an hour, the sale was stopped—if that *could* be stopped which had never started—and the little man had the mortifying task of dismissing his porters without having taken a shilling to pay them, and of informing his sexagenarian mistress, as he jocosely called her, that a fresh advertisement must be issued for another sale, at a more distant and convenient day.

Before the trifling company separated, suspicion arose why it had been so small. As the postman delivered the two or three letters destined



for the village, he whispered that he had seen the cautionary notice sticking upon a hand-post as he came along. In fact, without knowing it, he had wrapped the village letters in a copy of the hand-bill, and left it with the last letter at the gardener's house. It was unnoticed by Mrs. Laurel and her daughter, who were too intent upon reading the letter; but when the gardener came home, and asked for something to light his pipe, the paper was taken up, and the secret fully discovered.

"It won't do to go on so," said the gardener to George, who had come home with him: "the village will be ruined, if something is not done to get rid of this monster. Who has heard any thing of it?"

"The auction," said George, "diverted our attention from it this morning, and all that were not at the Nunnery Cottage were shut up in their own houses: but now we must think of the creature again."

"We must do more than think of it," said the gardener. "I told Master CIPHER and the rest to come round here this afternoon; and I fancy the steward will come too, and advise us. If my wife will let me, I'll determine to go with ye all,

and strike a deadly blow at once, whatever be the consequence. Where is Ambrose?"

"I'll give you leave to go now," said Mrs. Laurel, "for I find by this letter that my sister and her little boy be coming down next week, and it would be a sad thing for them to run into danger."

Ambrose now came in, and said he had been sharpening the two scythes, and he thought they would be good things to use for killing the serpent. "I shall take nothing but my trusty sword," said George Stains: "it once cut off a rebel's arm in India, and it will be strange indeed if it does not cut off a serpent's tail or head in England."

"George," said Mary, "let me advise you to keep behind, and let father and brother go first with the scythes, they are more likely to do good than your sword—a serpent is not a soldier."—"But he is a rebel!" answered George, quickly; "and I'll let him feel what he is doing in destroying the peace of a whole village."

The party now entered, and were told of the preparations already made for the attack. "I come among you," said the steward, "to say that



my master is willing you should cut down the hedge, if it is necessary; but I think I can prevent that." Then, pulling out a net from his large pocket, he proposed first to throw that over the hedge, to prevent the serpent escaping, and fastening the corners by stakes in the ground.

"That's good," cried Ambrose; "now we shall do! As soon as evening comes on, let us all go to the spot, and after we have got the net in its proper place, let each man be prepared to use his weapon as may be required."

"I have brought the head of a sergeant's halbert," said Cipher, "pulling it out of his pocket; "and if you will fasten it upon a long pole—the longer the better—I'll stand at a distance, and be ready to give the monster a mortal thrust."

"I have brought a rope, with a clever noose," said the shoemaker; "and I'll contrive so to fix it that the creature, in trying to escape, may thrust his head into it, and we may then hold him fast till we sever it from his body."

The preparations were now deemed complete; and after some had taken ale with the gardener, and others tea with his wife and daughter, they sallied forth with great appearance, if not much





*The attack upon the Snake*



of the  
dark  
tant  
in w  
proac  
Georg  
anast  
with  
were  
net w  
pent  
was  
shou  
Th  
bert:  
monst  
cut off  
his sw  
after c  
until it  
looking  
ster wa  
pieces  
entangl  
shoulde

of the reality, of courage. It was dusk, but not dark, so as to conceal the creature from their distant sight. It seemed to lie much in the position in which the heavy rain had left it. They approached with great caution—the gardener and George on one side of the hedge, and the schoolmaster and Ambrose on the other. The steward with his net, and the shoemaker with his rope, were ready to act at the appointed signal. The net was first thrown over the spot, and the serpent seemed a little to shift its position. The rope was then placed in the best manner to catch it, should it dart forward.

The first attack was by CIPHER, with his halbert: then the scythes were applied; and as the monster appeared to move, George advanced, and cut off what was deemed its head by one stroke of his sword. All was now considered safe, and cut after cut was given with the different weapons, until it was thought there could be no danger in looking at some of the pieces into which the monster was severed, when they were found to be the pieces of a lady's SABLE BOA, which had been entangled in the hedge, and drawn from her shoulders!!



## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

### No. XXI.

#### INDEPENDENCE.

IN the immediate neighbourhood of Paris, there lived for many years a widow, left with one child, a boy of remarkable spirit and strength, while his mother was exceedingly mean and covetous. Her husband left sufficient to support them, at least till the boy should be able to earn his own living; but the woman always denied the fact, and appeared to become so poor and wretched, that her neighbours believed her. For several years she received relief from her parish. This was increased, as she grew old, and her child became more expense to her; and at length was sufficient to enable her to hoard all her own property, and even to lend a considerable portion of it, to persons at a distance, upon bonds bearing a good interest.

By the time the boy became fourteen, his mother had sunk into extreme wretchedness of appearance and living. As his appetite increased, she had less food to supply it, and compelled him

to beg the few clothes he wore of the parish officers, or of charitable friends. He would sometimes hear that his father left money behind him; but when he mentioned this to his mother, she either denied it, or declared that all had been spent in bringing him up. He could not remember a time when he had many more comforts than at present; but she contrived to persuade him that this was certainly the case—that when he was an infant, they lived well, and when he became a youth, they fared much better than they could do now. He now and then ventured to wonder that his mother was so hearty with such poor and slender living; but he was ignorant that she kept herself strong and in spirits by certain private indulgencies that were covetously denied to him. He sometimes missed her for several hours, and even a few days, when she returned more wretched than ever, declaring that she had been out on a begging expedition; while, in fact, she had visited the persons to whom sums of her money were lent, and who were bound to secrecy as the condition of retaining it.

One day she returned from receiving her interest, and adding it to the principal, and told him that she had not been able to beg a *sous*, and that they had nothing to eat. He ran out, and got a few coarse vegetables; but then they had no fire



to cook them. He was going out again, to gather a few sticks; but she said she was too hungry to wait, and that they must sit down and eat the roots as they were.

"Things seem to be getting worse every day," he said, as they sat shivering over their comfortless meal. "Indeed they do," said the woman; "and if the parish will not increase our allowance, we shall die before winter is over."—"Not if I can prevent it," said the boy. As he spoke he rose from his stool, and stood for several moments in deep thought. Then he bade his mother good bye, told her not to expect him for a few days, and went to one of the military posts, begging to be taken into the army. The inspecting officer reported him to be sound and strong, but not of sufficient age and height for service. "They are evils," he said, bowing to the officer, "that will lessen every day; let me be employed in any work till I shall be old and tall enough to be a soldier."

His words, and the manner of uttering them, pleased the officer, who promised, if he could bring an honest character, to take him into his own service. He had resolved never to return to his mother, till he had something to take her; and either to take or send the first money he should receive. He therefore applied for a character to one of the parish overseers, who wrote to the mi-

litary inspector this note :—" The boy, Paul Berneau, has done all in his power to keep his poor mother from the parish, and has never kept back one *cent* of what he has received for himself or her."

This was satisfactory. Paul was clothed in a coarse livery, and became the inspector's waiting-boy, to attend him and his staff wherever they went.

In a few months, they were ordered to join the army of the south, and the boy became a soldier much sooner than he expected, in the division that was sent to oppose Lord Wellington's entry into France. Change of air and food, with wholesome exercise, and frequent travelling, had increased Paul's stature as well as strength beyond his years, and he became a good-looking young soldier of one of the light companies. In one of the numerous skirmishes between Bayonne and Bordeaux, he was taken prisoner by a detachment of Lord Hill's division of the British army, and sent to the latter city, among a large number of prisoners.

This was a severe blow to Paul's rising hopes. Confinement was likely to injure his health, and check his growth, as well as prevent all expectation of sending to his poor mother, or saving money for that purpose. His spirit, however, was



not cast down; an exchange of prisoners was likely to take place, and might lead to better things; or peace might be made, and he might return to the neighbourhood of Paris, and do something for his mother's support.

While he was in prison, an event took place, which might, had his spirit been less independent, have led him at once to fame, if not to fortune. A Turk of property had been taken among the French, and was confined in a room close to Paul's; and an English sergeant, whom the Turk had known in Egypt, had undertaken for a large bribe to obtain his release. It happened that a note from the Turk to the sergeant fell into Paul's hands, and discovered to him the whole plot. The boy could see no harm in concealing the matter from the guard, and therefore whispered to the Turk, through a crevice of the wall, that he knew what he was doing, but would not betray him. Delighted with Paul's kindness, the Turk then said, "Will you assist me?" pulling out of a secret purse several pieces of gold, and telling Paul that they should be his. At the sight of the gold, Paul thought of his mother, and wished he had a single piece to send her; but before he accepted it, he asked what he must do for the Turk. "Escape with me," said he, "to Algiers, and you shall be my attendant all the days of your



life. Depend upon me, and I will support you without labour. Wait upon me, in a fine dress, and you will find it a pleasure and an honour."

Paul had heard of Turks—of their cages and captives—of their slaves and seraglios; and he thought he might be safer and happier independent of the richest Turk. "Thank you, Sir," he said; "but I had rather labour for my own support, and, if I can, become my own master. In France and England, servants are free and independent; but in your country, I am afraid they are slaves and prisoners. Besides, I should not enjoy the bread of idleness: you may depend upon me for assistance to escape; but I cannot depend upon you for the pleasure and honour you talk of." The Turk escaped to Algiers without giving Paul a single franc; and Paul soon after this was exchanged, and sent to Besancon.

In this city our young soldier became sergeant of his own company, and, when dressed in his new uniform, he looked particularly smart. His good behaviour and talents gained him attention from the officers of the celebrated school of artillery in Besancon, and an application was made to his commanding officer, to allow him to enter that service. He did so, and his enterprising spirit soon gained for him a lieutenant's commission, which he received a few days before it was known that Buonaparte had escaped from Elba.



He now wished, for the sake of his mother, that he might be allowed to follow the emperor's rapid march to Paris; but he was too young, and his talents were likely to be of greater service in the instruction of pupils younger than himself. He contrived, however, to send by a brother officer, who was ordered to the capital, a sum of money for the use of his mother, which she eagerly received, and added to the common hoard.

Besancon is a city of fashion and beauty, and young officers are there exposed to very powerful temptations. In the summer of 1815, when the pretended victories of Buonaparte, just before his defeat at Waterloo, were celebrating in the city, Paul had a note put into his hand on the public walk, intimating that a lady of fashion and fortune, not much older than himself, had been heard, from a drawing-room window, to speak highly in praise of his appearance.

"This," said Paul to a companion who had his arm, "may appear worth attending to; but then, if I follow it up with success, it may rob me of my favourite quality, my darling idol, Independence. Many a fine and rich woman purchases a husband with her money, and then renders him a slave by her beauty. I feel as if I should rather remain free, and gain property enough to enable me to *choose* a wife, rather than to *be chosen* by one."



His friend, a superior officer of good sense and feeling, smiled at Paul's objections, and advised him at least to know who his fair and opulent admirer was. "That is," said Paul, "you would have me tread upon the snare—you would wish me to enter the circle of enchantment—without knowing whether I shall have power to escape, or disposition to remain."—"No, Paul," said his friend, "this is not the view I take of the matter. I think that, at present, it assumes a very different form. The lady appears the slave; and, though she has property enough for any purpose, she seems to wish to spend it in riveting her own chains, rather than in securing her own liberty. At all events, if she is bent upon purchasing slaves, it is not that they should

"Fan her when asleep, and tremble when she wakes,"

but that they should at least be as free, and rich, and happy as herself."

This argument, though very plausible, was not satisfactory to Paul's independent mind. At the same time, in deference to his friend's wish, he had no objection to find out the lady—promising, that if the note had been slipped into the wrong hand, or if he could not persuade himself to like her, that he would do all he could to engage her confidence in favour of his adviser. "But how



shall we proceed?" he asked, in a tone loud enough to be overheard. "I will direct you, Sir," said a voice behind him. It was the voice of the young man who had given him the note, and who had followed, in hope of receiving an answer. "We shall ride to the grotto of Aussel to-morrow morning," said Paul, "and be there before noon."

This was sufficient. Paul and his friend rode to examine the beautiful chrystallizations of Aussel, a few miles from Besancon, agreeing that, should the lady pass that way, Paul should be left alone to pay his respects to her. Exactly at twelve, while the two officers were gazing with admiration at the grotto, an elegant carriage drove near the spot, and its roof was thrown back to give a handsome lady a full view of the scene. Paul's friend wished him something more than a good morning, and was soon out of sight.

The lady was unattended, except by her postilion and footman; the latter she sent with a polite request to the officer, that *he would tell her* the name of the place. "Yes," said Paul, "I will tell *her*, according to the letter of the lady's request; you can first tell her thus much." He rode to the side of the carriage, and having told her what she probably knew before, proceeded to describe the chief beauties of the scene, and the







SEARS

history  
more  
body.  
likely a  
carriage  
and dan  
"Be  
"we h  
spot, a  
some,  
almost  
then  
between  
trance  
ated.  
station  
lowed  
where,  
to speak  
overhe  
Having  
carriage  
others  
carriage  
you use  
please."  
Madam,  
enliven



history of the grotto. The conversation became more free, and was as welcome to Paul as to the lady. When they were tired of the scene, he politely asked if he might be allowed to keep her carriage in sight, over the rather dreary heath, and dangerous hills, they had to pass to the city?

"Before this point is settled," said the lady, "we had better recede a little from this public spot, and give place to other spectators of the scene, who are, I perceive, likely to be arriving almost every minute of this hour of the day." She then ordered her coachman to drive to the grove, between the gate of Aussel, and the grand entrance to the space where the chief rocks are situated. On hearing this command, Paul took his station a little in the rear of the carriage, and followed its slow pace to the more private spot, where, it was evident, the lady wished to be able to speak her mind without the danger of being overheard.

Having reached the centre of the grove, the carriage stopped, and the lady said, "You young officers are seldom satisfied with the sight of a carriage; but if mine can enliven your return, you may be allowed to keep it in view, if you please."—"Change but one word of the grant, Madam," said Paul, "and I shall be more than enlivened—I shall be elevated! enraptured!—



Allow me to look *within* the carriage as often as my spirited horse will allow me."—"I will change two words, if it please you," said the lady; "could you trust your charger in the hands of my servant, you might *sit within* the carriage."

The independence of Paul was now for the first time shaken: he had no power to refuse this restraint—to escape this confinement: he had begun to be a slave, and must now make his entrance into prison. The footman heard what his mistress said, and was upon the ground, holding the curb of the horse, before Paul had his feet out of the stirrups. He now saw that the servant was the young man, then out of livery, who had given him the note, and received his answer.

As they approached Besancon, they saw unusual anxiety upon every countenance: the guards at the gate were particularly thoughtful, and in the station-house a multitude of officers had assembled. One of them stepped up to the carriage, and requested Paul immediately to join the conference within. The lady presented her card, and Paul respectfully said, "Lieutenant Berneau, of the Royal Artillery, has the *pleasure* and the honour of bidding you adieu."

Intelligence had just been received of the fatal battle of Waterloo, and the lieutenant now began to fear that the new government might remove

as  
ge  
uld  
nt,  
  
first  
re-  
gun  
nce  
ress  
carb  
the  
the  
iven  
  
usual  
is at  
n the  
sem-  
inge,  
con-  
, and  
an, of  
d the  
  
e fatal  
began  
remove







*Mademoiselle Potier and the Lieutenant*

him  
His f  
seen  
first o  
cess.  
confir  
were  
sage w  
moise  
His  
ing at  
and h  
etee  
lery,  
steps  
pend  
love.  
"I  
he said  
you r  
to raise  
family  
family  
"it so  
for yo  
we ne  
cheer  
would



him from the temple and goddess of his idolatry. His friend was in the crowd of officers, and having seen him leave the carriage of the lady, took the first opportunity of congratulating him on his success. In a few weeks, his fears of removal were confirmed: the second rank of artillery officers were ordered up to Paris, and the unwelcome message was put into his hands at the house of Made-moiselle Potier.

His visits to this amiable lady, since their meeting at the grotto, had been frequent and constant; and her known attachment to him increased the esteem in which he was held in the school of artillery, and throughout the city. Still, no decided steps had been taken towards marriage: his independence as yet maintained the mastery over his love.

"I must be a field-officer, or inherit a fortune," he said one day, "before I can presume to offer you marriage. The new government is not likely to raise me to the one, and the condition of my family renders the other impossible."—"Your family then are poor, I conclude," said the lady; "if so, I can enrich them."—"A thousand thanks for your generous kindness!" said Paul: "had we never been intimate, that might indeed have cheered the heart of my poor mother; but now it would place me in that state of dependence, to



which mere love might submit, but which honour—my honour, at least—forbids.”

“You have no father, then,” said Mademoiselle Potier. “I never knew my father,” answered Paul, with a sigh; “he died before I was born.”—“No wonder your mother is poor, then,” said the lady, having been a widow so many years; but as you cannot endure dependence, I suppose she partakes, with all her poverty, of the same high spirit. No spirit is so stubborn and lofty as that of your poor gentry.”—“She is scarcely dependent on me,” said Paul; “but, alas, I must tell the truth, though you despise me—I am not yet able, would to God I were, to keep her from dependence upon the parish.”

“Upon the parish! upon what parish?” asked the astonished lady. “I find I have said too much,” answered Paul; “but I am too independent to convey a falsehood, or conceal the truth.”—“You have said too much for my comfort,” replied the lady; “but not too much, I hope, for your own reputation. If, as you say, you cannot *yet* prevent the evil you state, you may be striving and saving to remove it. But will your independence allow me to take the trouble from your hands, and accomplish your wishes by a shorter course? Tell me where she lives, and I will send my trusty Matthew with enough to keep



her, till you can go, and either settle her in a cottage of her own there, or bring her to a cottage of mine here."

At this moment a message was announced to Lieutenant Berneau, and he started up, afraid that he had exceeded his proper limit of absence. A letter from Paris was put into his hands, which he dropped, as he read it, on the carpet. Mademoiselle Potier took it up, and began to fold it. "You may unfold it again, my kind friend," said Paul, "and read every word of it: you will find that it renders your generous purpose unnecessary, and mysteriously places a fortune at my disposal."

The letter was from the *prefet* of St. Denis, and began by informing Lieutenant Berneau of his mother's death. It then informed him of her having left behind her large sums of money—that several hundred pounds in gold and silver were found in the hut, and not less than 90,000 francs in securities about her person, lent to individuals of credit in Normandy. It concluded thus:—"You are the rightful heir to this property, and it is deposited in the bank of Potier and Co. till you arrive. Your address was discovered in a letter, sent to your mother in March, containing an order for 200 francs—a proof that you were ignorant of her wealth."



The messenger requested to know when it would be in the power of Lieutenant Berneau to depart to Paris, and whether he should precede or accompany him. "I shall go," said Paul, "immediately I can obtain consent from the commandant. He may have military business to effect in the capital, and may be willing to intrust it to my care."

This was the case, and in six hours the journey was to begin. "Go," said Mademoiselle Potier to her servant, "and order the carriage, and our own horses shall go as far as Dijon."—"I must then leave you," said the lieutenant. "I don't know that," answered the lady: "if I had no concern in this affair, perhaps I should stay at home: but as the money is deposited in my bank, I think I shall go, and see that you do not hastily remove it."—"Your bank!" said Paul; "it is indeed the bank of Potier; but I little thought the bank, as well as the name, was yours."—"It was my dear father's," she said; "and I and a younger brother are now its proprietors."—"Perhaps," said Paul, "you may be willing to admit a third partner into the concern, in which case the capital is already advanced."—"We will leave the decision of this case," answered the lady, "till we get to Paris, and I find that you



bear as good a character there, as you have done here."

The preparations being complete, the travellers started—the lady and lieutenant in the chariot, and the messenger and Matthew on the dicky. They arrived in Paris late the following day. Alighting at the hotel of Meurice, they sent immediately for the *prefet* and M. Potier. The astonishment of the latter, upon finding his sister in the officer's company, may easily be imagined; but an hour's intercourse convinced him that she could not have made a better choice. Further acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the banker and lieutenant were soon as attached to each other as if they had been brothers indeed.

The first thing Lieutenant Berneau did, was to repay the parish the whole amount that his mother had ever received, with the entire interest paid to her by the persons to whom great part of the money had been lent. He then advertised to know if any debts had been contracted; but his mother's appearance had been too forbidding for her to obtain credit, and only a few sums were demanded by persons who had assisted her in early life. He then ordered donations to be paid to such institutions in the neighbourhood, that he considered his mother ought to have assisted.



These expenses greatly lessened his fortune; but it was soon replenished to overflow by the vast property of Mademoiselle Potier.

Lieutenant Berneau is now a captain, and will doubtless soon be a field-officer.

THE END

In  
are tw  
vale o  
first i  
the m  
equall  
kind o  
bury is  
its cor  
But, in  
Wycom  
its enti  
and floo  
busy, a  
vale is  
they wi  
ley; bu  
or eigh  
combe

## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. XXV.

### INDUSTRY.

IN the southern division of Buckinghamshire, are two of the finest vales in the kingdom—the vale of Aylesbury, and the vale of Wycombe. The first is the more extensive, though the other is the more beautiful; and they may be considered equally fruitful, according to their space, and the kind of produce they yield. The vale of Aylesbury is remarkably rich in pastures and flocks, and its corn-fields are also numerous and abundant. But, in addition to these advantages, the vale of Wycombe, having a fine stream running through its entire extent, abounds with mills for paper and flour, which seem to render it one continued, busy, and prosperous town. The width of this vale is very limited, not more than a mile, so that they who are fond of nice distinctions call it a valley; but its length stretches to the extent of seven or eight miles—from the hill on which West Wycombe church stands to the west, to that above



the beautiful village of Wooburn to the east. When viewed from either of these points of eminence, especially from the latter, it has, under certain aspects of the sun, a remarkably fine and striking appearance. Near the middle stand the handsome town and tower of Wycombe then onward, in either direction, you see numerous large and lofty mills, with other considerable buildings near or between them, giving the stranger an impression of an extended irregular city, or a succession of well-built and active villages. Numerous hanging woods of fine beech and fir, on both sides, add very much to the beauty of the scene, and in the summer render it, at certain points, truly magnificent.

In this noble valley, and not far from the town which gives it its name, stand the remains of an ancient oaken mansion, once inhabited by a family of consequence in the county, but now the abode of a labouring man, his wife, and several children. It is of this industrious family that we are about to relate some anecdotes, well known to the natives of the town and country around them.

Whether Richard W—— was born in the parish to which he now belongs, we have not ascertained; but he has laboured there from his youth, and was then called, by every one who knew him, diligent Dick. He appears to have



obtained this name at first, not only from his active attention to the usual duties of a plough-boy, but from the ease and quickness with which he would undertake whatever was wanting to be done. When he drove the plough, he never sauntered along, like most lads in that employ, stumbling against his horses, and caring nothing about the straightness of the furrows—looking in every direction but the right one, whistling after every bird that flies, and keeping nearer the ploughman, to talk with him, than to the horses, to direct them. Dick would often, indeed, turn his quick eye back to the man that guided the plough; but then he would also turn it much more frequently forward to the head of the foremost horse. “I’ll take care,” he used to say to the ploughman, that the trench is as straight as a line; and you need take no pains but to send the ploughshare as deep in the ground as you can, and throw up as much earth as it can be got under.”

If Dick had a slow or stubborn horse, he would keep so close a watch over all its motions, and so cleverly correct every wrong movement, that his master was often heard to say, “whenever Dick drives the horses, the plough is the best break upon the farm.” The other boys, and the men too, would sometimes give up a difficult job of this kind, saying, or swearing, that the horse



could never be managed; and then Dick would answer—"I'll tell ye why! it is because you move about just like the beast itself—you seem to be of the same dull heavy breed as the horse—the creature knows this, and therefore won't let you master it—show it that you have reason and strength, and will be its master, and it will soon become as quiet as a lamb. To my thinking, the ploughs, and horses, and carts, and wag-gons, and men, and boys, all seem to come from one stupid stock."

One inconvenience attended Dick's activity in such a matter as this—he was kept longer from holding the plough than others of his own age, and servants younger than himself would be ploughing or sowing, reaping or thrashing, when he was driving the team in the field or to the market. "If I live many days longer," he said, one fine summer evening, "I'll be a ploughman as well as a ploughboy: I can manage the *horns* of a plough as well as the *horses*; and I think I shall be able to manage both at the same time."

The next morning, the rest of the servants were obliged to be sent to manure some new ground, and yet a large corner of the best field was not finished ploughing. "Come, Dick," said his master, "I'll take the plough for once, and you shall try the two young horses that came



home yesterday."—"Sir," said Dick, "I have tried the colts already, and they are as kind creatures as you can wish. I am not afraid of them, but I am afraid of you, Sir."—"O, never fear me, Dick," said the master; "I have held a plough many times before, and, between us, we shall make the furrows straight and deep enough. I warrant you."

"Sir," answered Dick, in a respectful and tender manner, "I am not afraid of your doing the work well, but of your making yourself ill. If you get heated in this sharp east wind, you'll get a cold that may not leave you one while. I'll try and manage all myself." The master, never having been disappointed in any thing that Dick undertook, determined to see what he would do—wondering, at the same time, how it was possible for him to become ploughman and ploughboy at once.

Persons travelling in that part must often observe the ploughman driving his own team, by a single or double rein fastened to the horns of the plough, as well as the head of the foremost horse. This was the invention of diligent Dick. His first attempt in this way was on the unploughed corner of the best field. He had begun a furrow before his master saw what he was about, and he was allowed to finish it before he spoke to him, or



examined his work. Then he looked along it, and said, "Go on, Dick; I have only one fear of you, lest you should heat yourself in this east wind, and get a cold. However, to prevent this, I'll fetch you a draught of warm ale, and when you have done, you shall have some beef and pudding from my table."

When the men came home to dinner, and saw the ploughing finished so well, one cried out, "Ah, master has been here, and had a hand in this!"—"I was here, certainly," said the master; "but I had no hand in it—Dick did it all himself."—"You are joking now, Sir," said another man, thrusting his hand into the thick and dirty hair of his stupid head. Their master then explained what Dick had done, and took the opportunity to convince them that he set a just value upon his ingenuity and industry, and should value them in proportion as they endeavoured to be equally useful.

The farm was large, and it would have been easy for Dick, as well as almost every other servant, to be confined generally to one kind of labour. But his active mind, and his ready hand, occasioned him to be put to every kind of work—to supply, in fact, the several deficiencies of all the rest. "Why don't you keep to thrashing?" said a cross old man, whose work Dick was some-



times requested to finish, in addition to his own—  
“ If I was you, I’d be a thrasher, and nothing but a thrasher, all the days of my life.”—“ Because,” said Dick, “ I should then have little or nothing to do one half the year; and perhaps get into habits of idleness, and change my place, and spend all my money, and more than all *my* money, like you.”

“ How strange it is!” said another man, not long come to work on the farm, “ that this chap never confines himself to one thing—we don’t know what to call him!” “ So much the better,” answered Dick; “ I don’t want you to call me any thing but a labourer—that is the most honourable title that any man or boy can bear—and when I am above being called so, why then I’ll give you leave to call me anything that you please.”

“ This young fellow,” said a third man, called in for the latter part of the harvest, “ tries his hand at every thing, and I suppose will end in doing well—as such busy bodies always do. Suppose, now, he gets turned off the farm, what is he to say when he asks for another place.”—“ I don’t want another place,” answered Dick, “ and I don’t think I shall ever want another place; but if this should ever be the case, I’ll call myself a labourer, and prove myself to be one.”

“ Who do ye think will ever have Dick for a



husband, when he's always busy, and doing nothing?" said a fourth sour fellow, who had just married, when he had scarcely enough in pocket or in prospect to keep him or his wife out of a workhouse. "I must leave marriage to you, and such as you," said Dick, "for some time to come. Before ever I marry, I will have a cottage, and it shall be furnished; I will have a stock of clothes, and so shall my wife; I will be fixed in my place, and have an opportunity for her to assist me; and I will have a little more money in my purse than you have earned for the last twelvemonth." This turned the laugh completely against the new husband, for all knew that he had neither furniture nor cottage, clothes nor money, nor anything in fact—but a *wife*; and that she would not long remain his only burden.

"If you could have married handsome Hannah, as you wished," said one of the men, "it would have been some credit to you."—"But it would have been no credit to her," said another. "She is saving as well as handsome, and told him downright that she would never have a man that spent all his wages in eating and drinking."—"How did you know that?" asked the new husband, eagerly and angrily. "I did not know it for certain," answered the man, "till now; I guessed it though, and your quick question has told me that I guessed right."



Handsome Hannah, as she was called, was a very young and pretty woman, much beloved by her friends, and much admired by all the neighbourhood. She was a little younger than Dick, and at present both were rather too young to think of marrying. He had often, however, wished that, when he became able to support a wife, she might be willing to accept him; and he was now delighted to hear that she was of a saving disposition, and in possession of some little money. From the smallness of her earnings, and the neatness of her appearance, he had feared that the latter could not be the case; but now he began to think more seriously of speaking to her; especially as he heard the man remark, as he went away, "Well, if Hannah has no lover at present, she soon will have one—her face is her fortune—and whoever wishes to stand the best chance for her, should be early in bespeaking her."

"I will try then and not be too late myself," thought Dick. But first he considered it right to consult his master, and that no time was so likely to succeed as now, when he had just pleased him so much in finishing the ploughing. He waited for a good opportunity; and, as his master was walking round in the evening to see that all the fences and gates were safe, Dick doffed his hat, and asked if he might speak to him. "Certainly,"



said the master, "say whatever you wish."—"It is, then, Sir," said Dick, "to know if you be quite satisfied with me as your servant, and be likely to keep me all your days?"

"That may be a very short time indeed," answered the master, "for my health is very indifferent, and therefore my days may be very few; but if you mean to ask me, whether I wish to part with you, or am likely ever to wish to part with you, I tell you plainly, *no*: so long as you conduct yourself as you have done, you may work on this farm, and I will raise your wages whenever it is necessary and proper."

Dick then mentioned his wish, not to marry immediately, but to engage Hannah, that she might not marry another. At this his master looked remarkably grave and perplexed. "I hope, Sir," said Dick, "this does not offend you; because, if it does, I will try and get the better of my love for Hannah."—"Do no such thing," said the master; "and mind you say nothing to me at present upon that subject: when it is proper for me to hear or to speak about it, I will tell you."

A son of the farmer, living with a surgeon at Oxford, and about twenty years of age, had lately been down at his father's on a visit. He had been struck with Hannah's appearance, and often









went to her mother's cottage to tell them the wonders of Oxford: he was there, in fact, so much, that his father began to fear some evil might arise, particularly as he had been seen walking by the side of Hannah, and even carrying her milk-pail; and, on another occasion, a neighbour had observed him sitting with her on a shady bank, engaged in earnest conversation, so that he sent him back sooner than he intended. As they parted, the farmer gave his son a serious caution; when the youth declared, that he had rather marry that fine girl, poor as she was, than lose her. "She is uneducated, as well as poor," said his father, "and altogether unfit to be the wife of a man in a genteel profession." This, however, seemed to produce no effect; and the farmer was now trusting to time and absence, on the part of his son, to wear off the impression; and to any prudent offer and opportunity the girl might receive, before he could make another visit to the farm to see her again.

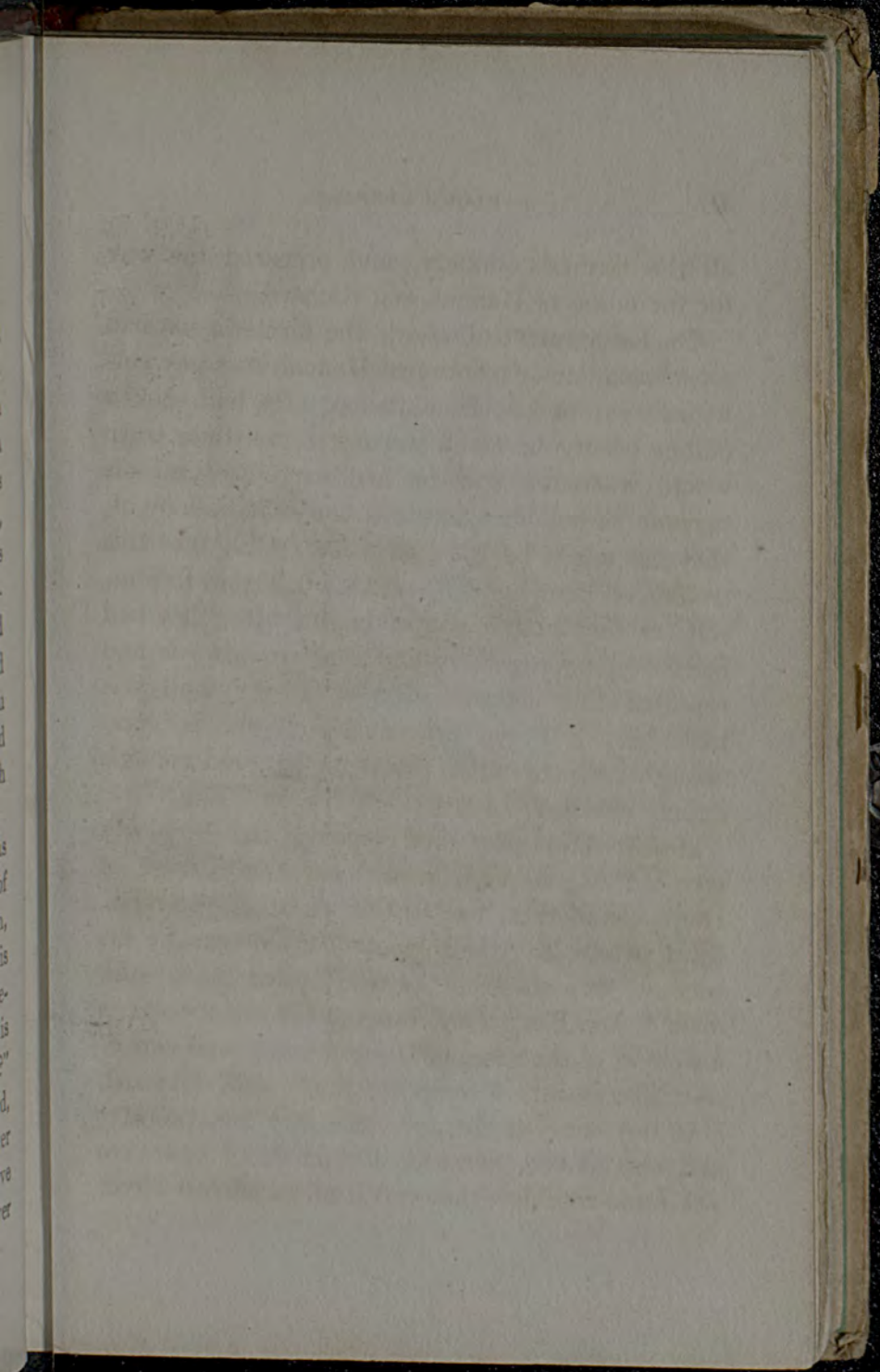
Richard's proposal seemed in every respect likely to serve his purpose: but how should he satisfy himself that Hannah had no partiality for his son, and no hope of his preference in her favour? A short course of most unexpected, and somewhat alarming events, relieved in the end



all the farmer's anxiety, and prepared the way for the union of Hannah and Richard.

On his return to Oxford, the farmer's son had most incautiously mentioned Hannah to a gay collegian, one of his acquaintance. He had spoken of her beauty in much warmer terms than truth would warrant; and he had even declared his purpose to get her educated, and made a lady of, that she might be his own wife. "I'll take this trouble off your hands," said the collegian to himself, as they parted one midnight, after they had been supping together, and the farmer's son had repeated this determination—"Never shall you have her, if I can prevent it: if she is good enough for your wife, she must be good enough for my mistress."

A few days after this conversation, Dick was accosted in the high road, near the cottage of Hannah's mother, and within sight of the farm, by a handsome young gentleman, driven by his servant, in a chaise. "I say," cried the gentleman, "Mr. Ploughboy, can you tell me if there is a woman of the name of Hodges living near here?"—"You want, I suppose, Sir," said Richard, "to buy some of the nice lace that her daughter and she make; because, if you do, I can save you some trouble—they sell it all to a great buyer







*Richard and the Collyan*

at W  
feth  
"the  
conse  
might  
"the  
mothe  
qualit  
that's  
has all  
every  
rogue  
in low  
"the  
tage,  
all the  
and the  
hace-ma  
At fir  
courier  
he migh  
of his e  
opportu  
gate, E  
Instead  
idle and  
of finis  
knew w



at Wycombe, and he takes it to London, where it fetches a very good price."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, appearing to consent to what Richard imagined, because it might assist in accomplishing his vile purpose—"the daughter then makes lace, as well as the mother; I suppose she makes the best of it, in quality as well as quantity?"—"She does, Sir, that's true," said Richard; "she is a charming lass all over—there be few such in this country—every body admires her!"—"Why, you talkative rogue," said the gentleman, "you will make me in love with her presently—where does she live?"—"There," said Richard, pointing to the cottage; "but she is at the farm to-day, and will be all the week: her health, poor girl, is indifferent, and the farmer's wife talks of keeping her, that the lace-making may not kill her."

At first, the mention of the farm seemed discouraging; but the collegian soon reflected, that he might as well call upon the farmer, to tell him of his son's health, and he should then have an opportunity of seeing Hannah. As he drove to the gate, Hannah ran up-stairs to call her mistress. Instead of looking out at the window, as many idle and wanton girls do, she took the opportunity of finishing some work in the chambers, that she knew was wanted. Meanwhile, the farmer and



his wife cheerfully entertained the collegian, and, at their request, he had his horse taken to the stable, his man sent into the kitchen, and consented himself to spend the remainder of the day at the farm.

Richard continued to imagine that the young gentleman was a lace-merchant, travelling the country to collect that article; though he wondered what he could now be doing at the farm. Meeting Hannah, who had taken the opportunity to go and see her mother, he told her what he thought, and what had passed between them on the road. "I'll go in," she said, with great simplicity, "and tell him at once that Mr. Gibbs buys all the lace that we can make." The collegian came out as she was entering the house, and said, "Are you the pretty lace-maker?"—"I have no lace to spare for you, Sir," she answered, with a courtesy, and immediately ran towards her mother's cottage.

The collegian was struck with her simple manners, as well as engaging form and features, and resolved to lose no opportunity of becoming better acquainted with her. He wrote a short note, sealed it, and went to Richard, as he was cleaning his horse, to request that he would give it to the young woman. "It only contains," he said, "a request that, when she has any lace of a particu-



larly good quality, to let me know, and I will give her a better price than she can get elsewhere.”—  
“There can be no harm in this,” thought Richard; and therefore, as the collegian was going, he gave her the note.

Had she been able to read, her good principles might have preserved her from all danger; but her ignorance of letters, especially of writing, was for once exceedingly useful—it preserved her from all temptation to vice, as well as the evil itself. As soon as the bustle was over, she said to the farmer, “Richard, Sir, has given me a letter; will you be kind enough to read it for me?”—  
“A letter from Richard!” cried the farmer’s wife; “why could he not speak his mind, Hannah, instead of being at the trouble of writing it?”—  
—“It is not from him, Ma’am,” the girl replied: and, as she said this, the farmer opened and read—  
—“My sweet beloved girl—meet me”——

Here the farmer stopped, and, in great displeasure, tore the letter to pieces, and threw them into the fire. “That letter, Hannah,” he said, “was disgraceful for a gentleman to write, and would be distressing for any of us to hear.” Richard was then called in, and he explained, in an artless manner, all that he knew of the affair, and all that he thought the letter contained. “If I had known what the spark was about,” he exclaimed, “I



would have knocked him down, before he should have made me his postboy. Whoever injures Hannah is my worst enemy, and woe be to him if I get hold of him !”

Now was the time for the farmer to discover whether Hannah had any partiality for Richard. He looked at the workings of her countenance, and thought he saw proof of the fact ; and should this be the case, he considered that no time should be lost in concluding the affair, lest his son should be down soon after the collegian returned to Oxford. “ I say, Richard,” he observed, in a remarkably friendly tone, “ the old house wants repairing, and, as winter is coming on, suppose we see what can be done to the best part of it, and then let it to some honest tenant.”

“ I have taken good care of the garden, and the hives,” said Richard : “ whoever lives in the house will have a good supply of vegetables and fruit, and mistress will have more honey and wax than ever another year.”—“ If I thought,” said the farmer, “ that you, Richard, was ever likely to marry, I should like you to live in the house ; and, as I find myself getting worse, you could then manage the farm for your mistress.”—“ I’d marry at Christmas,” said Richard, “ if I could get a wife that would help me to make the best of your property, and serve my mistress as faithfully as I



have tried to serve you, and intend to serve her.” —“ I know nobody likely to do that,” said the farmer’s wife, “ unless it be Hannah here ; I think she loves me, and would, in case of my husband’s death, help me to take care of what he leaves behind.”

Hannah here burst into tears, and left the room. Her mistress followed her, and offered, if she had said too much, to go back directly, and prevent its being misunderstood. “ No, Ma’am,” Hannah said, “ let it take its course. I confess to you I think I should be safer under Richard’s care, than with any one else. I have a letter from your son ; but I don’t know what is in’t : I can’t tell what people mean by writing to me, when I can’t write to them, and can’t read their writing. Do as you please with this letter—I don’t want to hear it.”

It is unnecessary to detail further incidents. Richard and Hannah were married at Christmas, and immediately went into the old house. The hives, with all their contents, were some of many presents given by the farmer’s wife to Hannah. The cottage, into which Richard’s skill and labour had changed the mansion, was furnished by articles chiefly from the farm-house. Immediately around it grew a variety of the strongest flowers and shrubs ; and over part of the front and roof



some vestige of the ivy, almost as old as the building itself, was suffered to remain.

The farmer lived much longer than he had reason to expect; long enough to see Richard and Hannah the parents of three healthy children. This was generally ascribed to the confidence that he was able to place in Richard's management of the farm, and the opportunity it afforded him of going occasionally to the coast, and spending two months of every winter in the mild air of Devonshire. Just before his death, the writer of this simple account paid a visit to the farm, and was taken to Richard's cottage, at an hour when the worthy man and his family were at ease in their garden, after the labour of a summer day. He was struck with the still youthful appearance of Hannah, and also surprised to discover how small a portion of beauty, either of form or feature, will give a peasant girl in a lonely village the title of handsome. Marriage had remarkably increased her health, and she became fond of rural labour in proportion as she was able to apply to it. She used to say that she had double duty to do—to take care of her own cottage and family, and to see that nothing was wanting at the farm to make her kind and beloved mistress comfortable. In fact, she bestowed quite as much attention to the will of her mistress, as Richard did to that of his

master, and she could not bestow more. Thus the farmer's wife was enabled to pay him more attention, as his health declined, and sometimes to attend him in his journeys of recreation.

It should be remarked, too, that his son was not wanting in attention to Richard and those around him. He is respectably settled in his profession in a neighbouring town, and takes care that his skill, which is superior, shall always be gratuitously at the command of a couple, whose industry has been of such essential service to his parents and himself.





## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. XXVI.

SECRESY.

ANTIGONUS the GREAT, being asked by his son at what hour the division of the army that he commanded was to commence its retreat, answered in these few and expressive terms—"When the trumpet sounds."

One of the captains of Cecilius Metellus requested to know when he was to charge the enemy, and received for answer this reproof—"You will know at the proper time; and if my shirt knew the purposes of my mind earlier than that time, I would tear it off and burn it, and never wear another."

The little son of a French family of distinction was one day reading these anecdotes from Plutarch to his Mamma, as she sat on a sofa in her own room. Throwing down the book with some displeasure, he asked her, whether it would not be much better if there were no secrets in the world; but that every body was suffered to know

every thing that they could know? "You cannot think, Mamma," said he, "how happy we all are in our tutor's room, now we have agreed to tell each other all our secrets, and for every one to know every thing that the rest intend to do."

"It must take a good deal of time from your books and studies, Almond, to make these communications to each other," said his Mamma; "and I fear the talkative habit it creates must be quite as great an evil as your acquaintance with each other's secrets can be a benefit."

"But we must talk, you know, Mamma," said Almond, "if we did not tell our secrets; and we may as well talk about them as about any thing else."

"I must beg leave to differ from you, Almond," answered his Mamma, "on both these points. In the first place, it is not necessary for you to talk half so much as you generally do, especially in your tutor's room; and then, if it were necessary, you had much better talk of other things than what you call secrets."

"Than what I *call* secrets, Mamma," murmured Almond! why, they *are* secrets, or else we should not call them so, and should not be so eager to know them, and make it such a matter to tell them."

His Mamma smiled at this strange interpreta-



tion of a secret; but unwilling to make her little irritable boy unnecessarily angry, she said with kindness, "My dear Almond, do try and be a little consistent: I wonder you don't perceive that the very *name* you give to these communications should deter you from talking about them. At all events, when you begin speaking of them, you should drop the name, and call them subjects of conversation. So far as all your tutor's pupils are concerned, these things are no longer secrets.

A ring of the bell, and a noise at the scraper, at this moment, interrupted the dialogue, and Madame Fouche observed to Almond, "I have no doubt this is the young officer whom you offended the other day, by telling his Papa where you had seen him, and what you saw him do."

"I did not, I declare," said Almond, earnestly, "tell his Papa anything: I only mentioned to his little brother what I knew of the matter, and I mentioned it as a secret."

"This is one proof, at least," said Madame Fouche, "of the care with which your fellow-pupils keep the secrets that are told them, and the benefit and happiness likely to arise from the full disclosure of every thing that you and they have agreed on. But stop! Magnay is coming up-stairs, and he will hear us."—"I would rather he should not *see* me," said Almond, with some fear: "he



wears a sword, and swaggers, and swears, and I had rather not see him! let me go and hide myself in another room till he has left the house!"

Almond attempted to go; but he heard a noise in the other direction, and feared it was his sister coming out of her room to meet Magnay: she had threatened him for the same offence, and to meet both enemies at once was too much for him to think of. "Let me hide myself under the sofa," he said, hastily; "but there was no time for this ceremony and therefore his Mamma covered him with her shawl, and sat as close to the concealed little tattler as possible.

"I come, Madame," said Magnay, as he entered the room, "to complain to you of the report that has been spread to my discredit—that I have been seen watching under your daughter's window, for an opportunity of speaking, or conveying a letter to her."

Eloise at this moment came near enough to hear Magnay's complaint, but stopped short to listen to what else would be said, before she made her presence known. "I have certainly heard the report you speak of," said Madame Fouche, "and was sorry to hear of it; but who do you complain of as the reporter?"

"I have the best proof, Madame," said Mag-



nay, "that it was your little son—he told it to my younger brother, who mentioned it to me."

"A chain of evidence, undoubtedly," said Madame Fouche, "that must bind every one to believe that Almond has some guilty share in this matter; but what must be done to appease your wrath, and make reparation for the injury?"

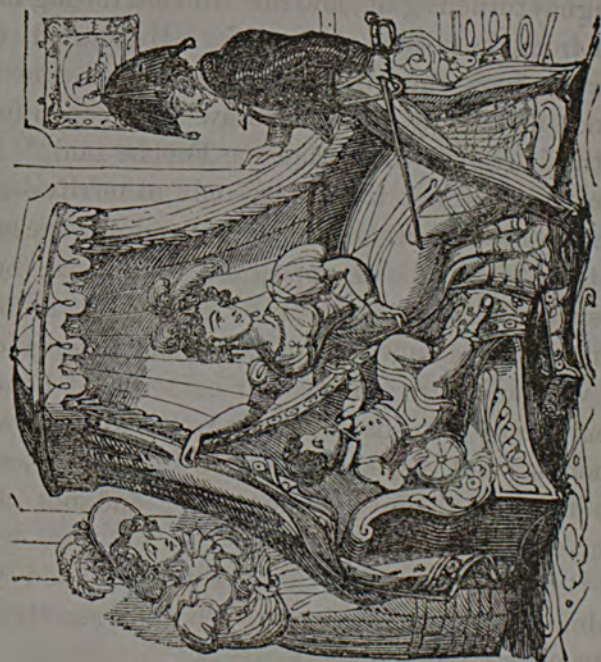
"That, Madame, I must beg leave to submit to your discretion," answered Magnay; "only requesting that, if you do not see fit to chastise him, you will suffer me at least to frighten him with the fear of my punishing the offence."

"I will readily comply with this proposal," said Madame Fouche, "upon one condition—that, as he is young and feeble, you only threaten and terrify him, and do not inflict any other punishment upon him. On that condition, I consent to leave the affair in your hands."

"I am exceedingly obliged, Madame," said Magnay: "he is, as you say, young and tender, and therefore I will let mercy follow the appearance of justice: he shall be brought to the bar, and sentence shall be recorded against him; but I promise it shall not be executed." With this the young officer bowed, put on his hat with an air of authority, and was hastily leaving the room to accomplish his purpose.

...that I am going to do - to tell it to my  
...and I am sure that I am sure  
...said  
...to  
...his  
...ur  
...mit  
...ly  
...ise  
...im  
...aid  
...at,  
...and  
...sh-  
...to  
...aid  
...er,  
...er-  
...er,  
...ut I  
...this  
...an  
...om





The  
lived  
nay,  
be fo  
Magn  
self fr  
stared-  
hand,  
with hi  
you pro  
tence w  
—then  
postur  
venge  
as we  
lieuten  
upon  
be thr  
nor eve  
“For  
Almond  
my siste  
“I w  
to tell,”  
whence  
merry e  
which t  
who ha

The moment he was turned, Madame Fouche lifted up the shawl, and said, "But stop, Magnay, you don't know where the little offender is to be found—perhaps he has concealed himself."—Magnay turned again, and saw Almond raising himself from the corner of the sofa. He started, and stared—took the hilt of his sword with the left hand, as though he would draw the weapon forth with his right—when Madame Fouche said, "But you promised not to punish, only to terrify—sentence was to be recorded merely, and not executed—there was to be an appearance of justice, but a positive exercise of mercy. Your lofty military vengeance may not be capable of cooling so quickly as we could wish; but your nice sense of honour, lieutenant, will not allow you to draw your sword upon a child, especially upon a child who was to be threatened and terrified only, and not slain, nor even wounded."

"Forgive me this time, Magnay," said little Almond, "and I will never tell your secrets, nor my sister's secrets, any more."

"I will take care you shall have none of mine to tell," said Eloise. The rest turned to the point whence came the well-known voice, and saw the merry girl, peeping from behind the canopy, under which the sofa stood. The appearance of Eloise, who had heard the whole conversation, removed



all Magnay's remaining displeasure; and, as she was dressed for a morning's excursion, he promised full pardon to Almond, on condition that he might attend Eloise where she was going.

"But then," said the sprightly girl, "you will know all the secrets of my shopping; for I have my Mamma's commands to spend this morning in making purchases for her and myself."

"The grand secret, too," said Madame Fouche, "will then be revealed; and, before the moon rises, you will be reported all over Rouen as my daughter's suitor."

"Let me *be* so," said Magnay, "and I will forgive the widest report of the fact—it is no secret that I wish to be her suitor; why should it be any that I am so?" The countenance of both mother and daughter convinced him that there was no objection; this, therefore, was no longer a secret in the family, and not much longer a secret in the city.

The tutor of Almond was to dine at M Fouche's on the day that these incidents occurred. He was a gentleman and a scholar; a man of fashion, yet devoted to reading and study. He was also remarkably fond of rural excursions; and, whenever he walked out, some favourable book was put into his pocket, or carried in his hand, on the contents of which he would often muse till the moment of



his engagement had arrived. Still he was an advocate for the strictest punctuality, and seldom, except by accident, broke a promise, or was absent from a party. As, however, he walked often to a distance, and to every fresh spot he could hear or think of, it would sometimes happen that both his friends and pupils were kept waiting for him much beyond the appointed time.

To-day, he dismissed his pupils at noon, and the weather being remarkably fine and clear, he resolved to spend the hours until he must dress for the visit in some country excursion. On leaving home, he said to his servant, "I wish the direction I take not to be known—I would go and return without being annoyed by any of the talkative and troublesome pedestrians of the city—I shall be at home at five to dress, and let a cabriolet be ready at the door at a quarter to six."

He took the direction of a fine and favourite village, about three miles from the city. It stood on an elevated spot, commanding a full view of the whole of Rouen, and its beautiful neighbourhood; but it was too far, and too fatiguing to reach, to be much frequented even by the regular life-walkers of the place. M. Echo, therefore, hoped he should be able to keep his excursion a secret, and enjoy it, as he seldom could enjoy such an one, alone and undisturbed. The hope, as we



shall soon perceive, was fulfilled to excess, and in a manner rather different to what he had contemplated.

There is in Rouen a strange society of youths, famed for the purpose of discovering the movements and affairs of others. It is called "The Telegraphic Society," from the chief means they employ to accomplish their favourite purpose. An excellent glass is fixed in an observatory on the house where the society meet, and agents are employed, on every clear day, to make signals in, and convey intelligence from, every important place within fifteen or twenty miles.

M. Echo, the tutor, sauntered along circuitous paths to the village, with his book in his hand; and, being fatigued, he went into the church-yard, and seated himself on the base of a monument; against which he leaned, pondering on what he had read, and surveying with admiration the beautiful scenery around him. "I can almost distinguish the house of my patron, with whom I am to dine to-day," he said; "and, that I may not be too late, I will set my watch by the church clock." He did so, and held the watch in his hand as a memorial that he must soon measure back his steps to Rouen. But, unfortunately, he had been up early, that he might dismiss his pupils by noon; the walk up hill had been unusually wearisome:



and the air he was breathing was of that balmy composing nature, that he fell gradually into one of the most welcome and profound slumbers he had ever enjoyed. With his book in one hand, and his watch in the other, he was slumbering on, past the time at which he should have been seated at the table of his best friend.

In Rouen, parties seldom wait above five minutes for individuals; the company, therefore, sat down soon after the appointed time. Inquiries were, of course, made after M. Echo, and regret was expressed, by every one but Magnay, that he was not present. Upon being asked why he smiled amidst the sorrow of all the rest, he said, "I should certainly regret our worthy tutor's absence, if he were not much more comfortably engaged."

"Where," asked M. Fouche, "can he be more comfortable than at my table?"

"He may not at present be quite capable," answered Magnay, "of making the comparison; for he is in a most tranquil slumber in the churchyard at Toutes!"

"How, by all the saints, can this be known?" asked M. Fouche.

"None of the saints are necessary to reveal the secret," replied Eloise: "you forget that Magnay is a member of the Telegraphic Society, and you



did not observe a message put into his hand by Ricard, a minute ago."

"To tell you the entire secret," said Magnay, "I have received this note by your servant: it comes from the observatory, and tells us that a kite ascended in Toutes church-yard exactly at six o'clock, the hour of dinner, announcing that M. Echo was then sitting against the Pix monument, as fast asleep as the monument itself, with his watch in one hand, and Cornari on Recreation and Vigilance in the other. I knew he was to dine here to-day, and that he intended previously to go to Toutes; I therefore hoisted a signal to the agent there, to give me any intelligence concerning him that might be interesting; and this is the agent's answer."

"Shall we send the carriage, and a messenger to awaken him?" said Madame Fouche.

"The carriage may be of service to bring him home, Madame," said Magnay; "but I will undertake to awaken him in five minutes." With this he scribbled a few words to the man at the Observatory, requesting that the telegraph might command M. Echo to be roused without delay, and told to come forward by the high road, and the carriage of M. Fouche would meet him something more than half way.

While they were waiting over their dessert for





At length, however, I found that the  
less with the new or a change in position and the  
attendance of the day, I found that the  
and the new or a change in position and the  
youth, the new or a change in position and the  
dressed, the new or a change in position and the  
tals, the new or a change in position and the  
for, the new or a change in position and the  
for, the new or a change in position and the  
they were, the new or a change in position and the  
priests, the new or a change in position and the  
"A", the new or a change in position and the  
tery?", the new or a change in position and the  
and tel, the new or a change in position and the  
you sho, the new or a change in position and the  
of this, the new or a change in position and the  
"On", the new or a change in position and the  
"if he", the new or a change in position and the  
from? a, the new or a change in position and the  
German, the new or a change in position and the  
lowed his, the new or a change in position and the  
"An", the new or a change in position and the  
Magnay, the new or a change in position and the  
"Set", the new or a change in position and the  
"and p", the new or a change in position and the

M. E.  
less, w  
attend  
pal hot  
and pri  
youth,  
dressed  
tals, w  
"Di  
for, Al  
"N  
they w  
priests  
"A  
tery?"  
and tel  
you sho  
of this  
"On  
"if he  
from? a  
German  
lowed his  
"An  
Magnay  
"Set  
"and p

M. Echo's arrival, Almond ran in, almost breathless, with the news of a strange nobleman and his attendant having hastily driven up to the principal hotel, and inquired eagerly about the churches and priests of the city. "He had a star," said the youth, "at his breast; and his attendant was dressed like a superior officer, in superb regimentals, with a travelling cloak and cap."

"Did you hear what they are come to Rouen for, Almond?" asked Magnay.

"Not at all," answered Almond: "except that they wished to know about all the churches and priests, they kept their end quite a secret."

"And had you no curiosity to unravel the mystery?" said Eloise. "You are fond of hearing and telling secrets, Almond; I wonder, therefore, you should have come home in complete ignorance of this."

"Oh! I asked the postilion," said Almond, "if he knew who they were, and where they came from? and he told me that the nobleman was a German duke, and that he believed he had followed his daughter from England."

"An elopement, I will bet my head," said Magnay. "I must know farther about it."

"Set your machinery to work," said M. Fouche, "and perhaps the Telegraphic Society, which is



supposed to do so much mischief, may for once do a little good."

"I must first ascertain," said Magnay, "in what direction they came. Which street, Almond, did they enter the city by?"

"They are from Havre," answered the youth; "and the postilion said they had been less than two hours and a half coming the thirty-six miles."

Magnay thought this an affair of sufficient importance to deserve his personal inquiries and observation; he therefore craved leave of absence for half an hour. Putting the telegraph in motion for the first signal station on the Havre road, he soon received intelligence that a German duke was in pursuit of his daughter, who had secretly eloped with her French tutor from England, where the family had been some time residing. He then went to the hotel, where the pursuers had alighted, and offered the assistance of his telegraph for any purpose they wished to accomplish within twenty miles of the city.

"I am obliged, Sir," said the duke, "for your polite proposal; but I apprehend I shall require no information on the subject of my journey to this city beyond its own limits."

"Within those limits, then," said Magnay, pleased with his condescending manners, "will



your grace be pleased to accept the assistance of my best inquiries and efforts?"

"I am recommended, Sir," said the duke, "to a society in this place for unravelling secrets—perhaps you belong to that institution? if so, your friendly offices, if confidentially tendered, shall not go without their reward."

"My lord duke," said Magnay, "I wish no reward beyond the confidence and commands of your grace—let me have these, and what the secretary of the society can accomplish shall instantly be done for you."

"I suspect, then," said the duke, "that my daughter, who has eloped with a French tutor of the family, is concealed, for the purpose of a private marriage, in this very city. Where and when, is it most probable, will the parties resort for this secret and sacred purpose?"

"My telegraph," answered Magnay, "is unnecessary for this discovery—our ordinary records are sufficient: they contain, I well recollect, a memorial of this kind—'The chapel of St. Jean, in the Lower Town, is frequented more than any other place, for the celebration of stolen marriages.'"

"Where," asked the duke, eagerly, "is the Lower Town? and where is its chapel? Let us away this very moment."



"We must cross the bridge of boats," said Magnay; "and it will be well not to seem too eager, or too numerous, in passing so public a road. Let your chief attendant proceed, with a friend of mine just at hand, who will direct him, and in whom the greatest confidence may be placed—he is the actuary of our society: we will then follow sufficiently near to keep them in sight, and sufficiently distant to avoid suspicion."

They reached the chapel in as cautious a manner as possible; but no sign of what they apprehended could be beheld. The place was closed, and, being a private chapel, could not be opened without express permission. The verger knew of no appointment to open it that day, or the next, for any purpose whatever. No order for the marriage ceremony appeared in the book and not the slightest intimation appeared, in any quarter, that such an affair was likely to take place.

"What would you advise us now to do?" asked the nobleman, of Magnay.

"Perhaps," answered Magnay, "your grace will condescend to accompany me to a party of some distinction, which I left just before I waited on you—it was, in fact, by their leave that I was enabled so promptly to offer you my services. They are assembled at M. Fouche's."

"I have heard of that gentleman," said the



duke—"he is nephew, I believe, of the Duc d'Otranto?"

"The very same," answered Magnay, "and in every respect worthy of your grace's attention."

They arrived at M. Fouche's just after M. Echo had returned, and taken his seat at the table. The worthy tutor had excused his absence, without confessing its cause; and the family had forborne to intimate their knowledge of his unfortunate slumbers. Magnay preceded the duke, and expressed his particular desire that no interruption might take place of their free and friendly intercourse. As they approached the house, he had mentioned the affair of the tutor's sleep to the duke, and the probability that he would be found at M. Fouche's table, perfectly awake.

"In which case," said the duke, "let us turn the attention of the company from myself and my strange mission, to the dreams of the tutor."

In obedience to this command, Magnay took an early opportunity of asking M. Echo what he had seen and heard at Toutes; how he had been entertained, and why he stayed so much longer than he intended?

"In such noble company," said the tutor, "I cannot presume to obtrude my petty affairs and sentiments."

"I shall be really entertained, M. Echo," said



the duke, "with the journal of your mysterious residence in the village church-yard. Perhaps you witnessed the marriage of a friend, or perchance you stayed to be married yourself; we must, Sir, know the whole affair without farther secrecy."

Delighted with the affable and friendly tone of these remarks, M. Echo said, "The wishes of your grace must be commands upon me. To tell you the truth, I seated myself, weary with my walk, on the famous Pix monument, and there—

"We know this, and much more," said the duke, "already; there you fell asleep, and overslept the hour of dinner, when you were awakened by a telegraphic despatch, and then met by the carriage of your esteemed patron—all this we know."

"I have nothing else to communicate to your grace, then," said the tutor, "unless it be my dream, which was somewhat remarkable, but can be of no interest to a company of such exalted and substantial intellect as the present."

"These are moments of relaxation," said the duke, "and we cannot pass them better than by hearing the day-dream of a distinguished scholar."

"But suppose," answered M. Echo, "it should turn out to be a dream of love rather than learning."

"So much the better," replied the duke: "the







love of  
" Art  
imoonis  
loftiest  
" But  
said the  
" So  
duke: "  
of the o  
little Ab  
said thi  
and lo  
while a  
ploded  
M. E  
that I w  
pel of S  
As I lay  
feelings  
quility  
suddenly  
holy enter  
my retreat  
betrayed  
the gentle  
than he  
under it  
ment, thre

love of a scholar must be interesting: Ovid's "Art of Love" convinces us that there is no inconsistency between this tender passion and the loftiest intellect."

"But it was not of *my* love that I dreamed," said the tutor.

"So much the better still," exclaimed the duke: "perchance it was mine, or some other's of the company it may have been that of my little Abelard here, and his fair Eloise" As he said this, he touched the shoulder of Magnay, and looked significantly at Mademoiselle Fouche; while Almond cried out, "The secret has exploded!"

M. Echo then said, "I dreamed, your grace, that I was concealed beneath the altar of the chapel of St. Jean at midnight, and by moonlight. As I lay, reflecting on my sacred retreat, with feelings of great solemnity, yet of great tranquillity and consolation, the door of the chapel suddenly burst open, and a young gentleman and lady entered, and approached the altar. Whether my retreat was suspected, or I made a noise and betrayed it, my dream did not distinctly say; but the gentleman had no sooner reached the altar, than he lifted up the covering, and drew me from under it by the hair of my head. At that moment, three gentlemen entered, one of which took



charge of the lady, who instantly shrieked, and fell at his feet. Her shriek awoke me, and thus ended my strange vision. A more vivid and distinct dream I never knew."

The company looked at each other with silent consternation for a few moments; when the duke, addressing Magnay, said, in a serious tone, "We must follow the guidance of this vision: the moon is near its full; at midnight it will be highest in the heavens, and we have several hours to prepare our plans."

"Perhaps M. Echo will deign to creep under the altar in reality?" said M. Fouche; "and we will promise that not a hair of his head shall suffer in the service."

"What means my esteemed patron?" asked the tutor, with greater astonishment than the rest had even shewn at the relation of his extraordinary dream.

The duke then related to him the affair in which he was engaged, and expressed his joy at what had taken place, assured that it would lead to the detection of the plot, and the recovery of his daughter.

"Let me, your grace," said little Almond, coming up to the duke with a low bow, "have the honour of creeping under the altar—I was always fond of discovering secrets, and shall be



happy to be your humble servant: I have been concealed once already to-day."

The duke then insisted upon knowing the particulars of Almond's concealment, and when he heard them, he rendered himself merry at Magnay's expense. "The secretary of the Telegraphic Society—the scribe and guide of the institution for revealing secrets—was then for once," he said, "caught in his own snare, and made the unwitting instrument of blunting his own threatenings."

"Would your grace be pleased," said Magnay, "to take a lesson from such an unworthy example, and forgive your daughter, as freely as I forgave Almond?"

"Let me detect her as securely, and get her as fully in my power," said the duke, "and I promise she shall, with M. Fouche's permission, be seated at this table in perfect peace with me, and all of you, except M. Echo, whose day-dream, I fear, she will never forgive."

"It will not be necessary to disclose this secret to the lady," said M. Echo; "for one tutor's dream to deprive her of another tutor's hand, will have too much the aspect of rivalry, and may perchance expose her to the danger of a second elopement."

"You have sworn, I hear," said the duke, "never to be married; and, if you had not, your



years and fine sense would preserve you from all danger of seduction, even from the daughter of a duke. It will, however, be your own fault if your dream does not obtain for you the situation of the man who has eloped with her."

"That," said the tutor, "I must leave my patron here to determine: without his free permission I make no change."

"That," observed the duke, "I think I can purchase by another offer, which I entreat him not to refuse—that Almond accompany you to my house."

"We will arrange that after midnight," said M. Fouche. "At present let us think of preparing to go to the chapel."

Magnay had already adopted the best means of discovering the movements of the parties. His agents had been completely successful, first in ascertaining the moment that the marriage was to take place, and then in tracing the direction that the bride and bridegroom were to proceed in. By an artifice of his own, the priest was detained from the spot; while the duke entered the chapel at the same time as his daughter, forbade the union, and took her without difficulty to the house of his new friend.

## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. XXVII.

REVENGE.

NEAR Sandwich, in Kent, there is a small comfortable village, called Ham; and in its low and dirty church is a monument to the memory of one Captain Fagg, and Lydia, his little daughter. The inscription says, that the child was murdered by a maid-servant of the family, and that the barbarous woman was, very soon afterwards, convicted and executed at Maidstone. The present tale contains all the incidents that have been collected relating to that tragical event; and it will be seen that the title of the tale expresses the only motive assigned by the murderess for the commission of the horrid deed.

One Sunday morning, in the autumn of the year 1737, as Mrs. Fagg was preparing to go to church, she said to the servant, the only one she kept, "I wish to have the pig I bought at market yesterday cooked as well as you can. Sometimes a dinner of this sort has been spoiled for want of proper care, and, therefore, I wish you to-day to see that the pig is well roasted—much better than the last."



"I wish I could please you," said the girl, angrily; "but I suppose I must try once more."

"You will please me," answered her mistress, "if you will let the pig be done in every part; and this you may do by roasting both ends well, and leaving the middle to roast itself."

"I'll follow your direction this time very strictly," grumbled the girl; "now I know what you mean, I warrant you it shall be done." Thus assured, Mrs. Fagg took one hand of Lydia, while the captain took the other, and they all three went to church; little thinking it was the last time they should ever go together, and that they would return to dine with each other but once more."

Captain Fagg was remarkably fond of the dinner his lady had provided, and she was delighted with the prospect of his being gratified for once with that dinner properly cooked. He had just returned from a long voyage, and she would have given any thing in reason to have his favourite dish dressed to his liking. "I would stay at home," she said, "and cook it myself; but you insist upon our going together to church the very first opportunity, to return thanks to God for your safe return home."

On coming from church, Mrs. Fagg made no inquiry what her servant was doing: the smell, on entering the house, convinced her that the pig was roasting, while the servant seemed so attentive to it that she merely ran from the kitchen to open the street door, and ran back again without stopping to shut it. But, on sitting down to dinner, surprised indeed were the family to find the pig cut into three parts. "How comes this?" asked Mrs.



Fagg, with a countenance of astonishment and displeasure.—“ I did as you told me,” answered the girl, “ I could not roast both ends well without cutting them off, and then I left the middle in the pan to roast itself, as you said it would.” The fact was, that the two ends were burned almost to a cinder, while the middle was not even warm, but remained perfectly raw.

Captain Fagg, generally a quiet and forgiving man, now became angry, and declared that such a servant ought not to remain another day in the house. Mrs. Fagg, more concerned for her husband's comfort than her own, assured him that his wish should be complied with, and, in great displeasure, ordered the servant to prepare to leave the house early the next morning. Different opinions were then, and are still, entertained, about the state of the girl's mind, and whether she acted in this affair through ignorance, or knavery, or derangement. Her relations and friends were, of course, anxious to palliate the dreadful crime she afterwards committed, by ascribing her conduct in this affair to an unsoundness of mind—to the occasional departure of reason and sense. The prevailing sentiment, however, was, that revenge was the master-passion of her soul, and that every act of folly, or vice, or crime, she committed, must be ascribed to a disposition to injure those who, but in the slightest degree, had offended her.

She left the presence of her mistress, loudly declaring that she would be glad to get off as soon as she could; but, when out of the room, she added, in an under tone, “ I will not go away alone—you



shall lose another from the house that you will miss more than me—I will have my revenge.”

Had the latter sentence been as distinctly heard as the former, the tragedy that followed would have been prevented. There was no one, besides her master and mistress, that she could take from the house, but little Lydia; and she, though generally allowed to sleep with her, would then have been taken under her parent's care. But they were unsuspecting of any thing like injury to the child: it was fondly attached to the servant, and appeared to be a favourite of her's; she was not, therefore, deprived of her the last night of her dwelling in the house.

Often would she rise early in the morning, and take the little creature to the sea-side, generally to walk, but sometimes to bathe. This morning, she went out much earlier than usual, and, dark as it was, she easily persuaded the child to go with her. She stole from the house as quietly as possible, to prevent suspicion. The family then resided in Dover, near the middle of the long street running under the southern cliff, called Snargate Street. As she passed along the street, she was met by a watchman, who merely said to her, “You have left your bed betimes, young woman.”

Between this street and the Rope Walk,\* there is a wide current of water called the Pent, and over this water was then a long and lofty wooden bridge,\* which she had to pass before she could

\* The Rope Walk has recently been turned into a fine promenade, commanding the most romantic views; and the bridge has for several years been displaced by a more handsome and convenient structure of stone and brick.







*The Woman passes Watchman and Officer.*



reach the sea-shore. She had wrapped the child in her cloak, and appeared to carry a large and heavy burden. As she crossed the bridge, a custom-house officer met her, and looked at her with great earnestness, as though he would search her for whatever smuggled goods she might be endeavouring to conceal and carry away; but, unhappily, he allowed her to pass on. She was going towards the sea-shore, instead of departing from it, and thus lulled his suspicion; or, if he still suspected her, perhaps he was willing for once to let a poor woman escape with what booty she herself could carry so quickly along.

The least attempt to arrest her might have brought down her passion from its height, and prevented the execution, not only then, but ever afterwards, of her inhuman purpose. On the other hand, her easy escape from both the watchman and the officer appears to have rendered her more resolute, perhaps by cheering her with the hope of being able to gratify her revenge without danger of detection. As she doubled her speed to a spot most favourable to her savage design, the child clung to her side, and seemed to embrace as its preserver the monster that, in a few minutes, would deprive it of life.

She stopped at a place called the Mole, and began stripping the child, as though it were to bathe; but, instead of gently placing it beneath the waters, as she had done many times before, she threw it out to as great a depth as her strength would allow. The tide was at this time coming in, and the waves were rolling with great force



and foam towards the shore; the helpless little creature was, therefore, in a few moments, washed back alive upon the beach.

It now had sufficient proof of some evil intention on the part of the servant, and began endeavouring to escape as much from her as from the water and the shore. As it was climbing up a bank, the wretch, however, pursued it; and the child, perceiving her savage determination, began to remonstrate with her in terms, which, as she confessed in prison, would have made her relent, if she could have hoped the child would never disclose what she had already done. "I have gone too far," she thought, "to escape the punishment of death; and, therefore, as I must be hanged, I will have my revenge."

Tradition renders the child about three years old, and remarkably eloquent for its age. The substance of what the girl afterwards confessed it to have said to her, is preserved in a modern ballad on the event.\*

" Oh, Margaret, the sea is cold,—  
I'm cold, and full of pain :  
Indeed, I scarce could reach the shore,—  
Don't throw me in again.

" Why did you throw me in at all ?  
Won't you the reason say  
Was it in anger, or in sport?—  
It could not be in play.

\* This ballad bears on its title-page the name of *Alfred Kent* ; but its author is supposed to be *Mr. Back*, a gentleman of considerable talent, and an inhabitant of *Dover*. The ballad is entitled "*Little Lydia*."

"No woman ever plays with babes  
So wild—if play it be;  
Nor did you ever, till to day,  
So strangely play with me.

"You did not bring me out so far  
To strip me here for sport,—  
Oh, no! but when you threw me in,  
You meant it for my hurt.

"You said you lov'd me; if you did,  
How could you serve me so?  
You scare me with those frightful frowns!—  
Do you not love me now?

"Now, Margaret, do but wipe me dry,  
And take me home again;  
I'll pardon all you've made me feel,  
And never will complain.

"The pains and terrors of their child  
My parents ne'er shall know;  
Nor will I ever question why  
You made me suffer so."

Remonstrance, even of this affecting kind, was in vain. Little Lydia pleaded as earnestly, and almost as eloquently, as Prince Arthur did; but her enemy was more hardened and brutal than Hubert himself, and therefore she could not, like the prince, escape the death that threatened her. The barbarous monster stopped her innocent pleading, by seizing hold of her waist, and whirling her, with all possible fury, into the sea. A second time she was unsuccessful; again the waves, as if to teach her another lesson of mercy, drove back the child half dead to the shore. All power to plead for its life was now gone; and, if



this had not been the case, all opportunity to utter a word was prevented, by the cruel fiend grasping it violently, and casting it, a third time, into deeper water; so that it rose no more, nor was seen till the tide had left the shore, and the mysterious absence of the child had occasioned quick and careful search to be made after it.

The first feeling of the murderess was that of malignant gratification. She had done the deed that her vengeance prompted, and, for the moment, she was satisfied with the dreadful penalty that her master and mistress had paid for discharging her. But this triumph of revenge was very short. She confessed in prison that in a few minutes she felt such keen compunction, that she would have given her own life to have recovered the child to existence and health.

To remain on the spot was impossible: a hideous threatening ghost of the child seemed to rise up before her, and terrified her to distraction with the prospect of a far worse death than she had inflicted on her innocent and helpless victim. When she had left the spot, to wander along the coast to a farther distance from the town, she could not endure the roaring of the waves; they appeared to warn her footsteps from the beach, and to send the echo of her crime and her doom to every cliff and every spot.

She wandered on as far as St. Margaret's Bay, and the very remembrance of the name, being the name of herself, added to her torments: it seemed to proclaim aloud that a place protected by a *saint* of that name could never afford protection to a







mar-  
lation  
disse  
most  
she h  
in o  
have  
to app  
inviti  
it; fe  
withi  
the g  
As  
eye o  
swif  
the re  
sail to  
or soc  
reduce  
longed  
it, and  
which  
fury. T  
sailed on  
Then  
the cave  
gave her  
trunks,  
vessel, to  
rock, and  
that gre  
she saw  
ing to w

*murderess*, an *infanticide*, bearing the same appellation. In this frenzied state, she saw a dirty dismal cave in a rock just at hand, which seemed most likely to conceal her from the search already, she had no doubt, begun after the suspected assassin of the child. At another time, she would have trembled to look into such a horrid den, or to approach its entrance; but now it appeared an inviting retreat, and she gladly availed herself of it; fearless of whatever danger might await her within, if she could but obtain a chance of escaping the greater danger that pursued her without.

As she was entering the cave, she turned her eye once more toward the sea, and saw a vessel swiftly passing along. Pausing to reflect upon the relief it would be could she get on board, and sail to some distant port, a sudden gust of wind, or some violent wave of the sea, appeared to reduce the vessel to great distress; and then she longed to be on board, that she might sink with it, and bury her griefs in the same waters into which she had cast the victim of her fiend-like fury. The vessel, however, recovered itself, and sailed on till it was soon out of sight.

Then the wretched woman entered farther into the cavern, till she came to an aperture, which gave her the view of a smuggler, conveying some trunks, that he had contrived to land from the vessel, towards a low wood hut, half buried in the rock, and half concealed by the grass and bushes that grew over it. Watching a few moments, she saw a woman coming from the hut, and seeming to welcome the man and his heavy burden,



which she helped him to take within doors. "Their fears," she said to herself, "are great, and they do all they can to avoid detection; but what crime have they committed, compared with mine? and what punishment would they suffer compared with that which awaits me? How comfortable, too, would be their hut, above my horrid prison! Perhaps I might persuade them to pity me, and bestow me a little of their treasure, to enable me to escape to some distant port."

In this hope, she took the direction of the hut, and at last got near enough to see, through its only entrance, the man showing his wife some of the most valuable parts of his booty, and the woman delighted with the prospect of the wealth it was likely to bring them. "I must wait," the wretched woman thought, "till the man has left his home, and then I will try and make a friend of his wife." She retreated to the cave, to watch an opportunity; but, in a few hours, the smuggler and his wife left their hut, with all their treasure, and she saw them no more.

As her mind became more wretched, she sought the farther recesses of the cavern, until she found a stone seat at the extremity, on which she sat and lay in a condition which, she afterwards stated, was not possible for any one but herself to imagine. In this condition she passed five days and nights, wishing every moment for death, while death appeared every moment to flee to a greater distance. During these days and nights she had neither food nor sleep; nor did she hear human voice, or step, or noise of any kind. The most









horrid, infernal sounds her fancy could imagine, she seemed to hear with increasing and intolerable frequency; but she was too far removed from the usual track of man and beast, to expect that either would be able to hear her groans, or discover her retreat.

In this, however, she was mistaken. After five days and nights spent in this cell of despair, she heard the horns and shouts of huntsmen, proceeding from the hill on which stands the castle of Dover, towards the Valley of St. Margaret, and the spot where she lay in all the agony of despair. Her first feelings, on hearing these sounds, were somewhat relieving: the least change of thought was welcome to one who had become a terror to herself. But soon she began to apprehend that the cave in which she had taken refuge belonged to the hunters, or rather, that it was the home of their dogs; for the creatures stopped as they reached its mouth, and, one after the other, began to enter as though it were the place of their accustomed retreat.

The huntsman called aloud for them to leave the place; but they proceeded, though with some caution, nearer and nearer the extremity of the cave. Every method was tried to hue them back to the course they were taking; but the more the huntsmen plied their usual arts, the more determined the dogs appeared to keep possession of their retreat, and to find out whatever it might contain. At last they gained sight, and perhaps they had gained scent before, of the miserable woman, around whom they began eagerly to



crowd, as though they had found some welcome prey. Her shrieks, upon the dogs appearing ready to fasten upon her, at once arrested their violence, and brought some of the huntsmen to the spot—

“Then, lo! a black recumbent form  
Appear’d on them to stare,  
Which seem’d the saddest imp of woe,  
The spectre of despair.”

Charity was the first impulse to which the huntsmen yielded, and they promised, if she would come from the cave to the town, they would relieve her without delay.

“Rather than do this,” she said, feebly, “let me die where I am. I must not—I cannot—I dare not enter the place you are going to. I know it but too well, and I wish to know no more of it. Go your way, and leave me to perish: forget that you have seen me, and, if you can have compassion on such a wretch, tell no one what your eyes have beheld, or what your ears have heard.”

There was a savage wildness, as well as desperate misery, in the manner of the girl; and the huntsmen, while they still were ready to relieve her wants, were also resolved to know what crime she had committed. They declared, one and all, that they would not leave her till she had told them what she had done. At length, urged by intolerable remorse, which nothing but confession could assuage, she bad them listen to her melancholy tale, and related every important particular of her barbarous conduct.

She made no effort—she offered no plea—she evinced no desire—to escape the punishment of



her dreadful crime: she rather seemed to consider the strange method of her detection as a proof that heaven had resolved upon punishing her without delay. "I wished," she said, "to have died in this horrid den. I was here left to the pangs of my own conscience, and by them I should have suffered punishment enough before death released me. But divine justice will have my life taken publicly away, as a warning to others. The judge of all, whom I have so awfully incensed, demands me to come forth and suffer as I ought to suffer. Your hounds and yourselves are his officers, whom he has sent to arrest me, and claim me for the gallows and the gibbet.\* I surrender myself into your hands. The only atonement I can make for the murderous deed is to consent to die. If your hands can touch such a wretch, take me, bind me, expose me where you will, and let divine and human vengeance quickly light upon my accursed head!"

The consternation of the huntsmen, as they stood listening to this address, was great beyond expression. Two or three of them fled to the town, and announced to all they met the discovery of the wretched girl, who had already been suspected of having slain the child. Crowds instantly assembled in every part of the town, especially in every avenue leading to the cave. An active search, also, was begun in boats and

\* At that period, and until within the last thirty years murderers were taken down from the gallows, and hung in chains on some public spot near the place of their crime, and this was called *gibbeting*.



larger vessels, by nets and drags of every description, after the body, now known to be somewhere buried in the water. This was soon taken up, about a mile from the spot where it met its death.

But before the lifeless victim was discovered, the wretched murderess appeared, bound upon one of the huntsmen's horses, guarded by those who had detected her, and followed by the hounds, that were with difficulty restrained from making her their prey. It was Saturday, the market-day of Dover, when the streets of the town are generally thronged from the neighbouring villages, and at an hour on that day when the chief business of the market was over, and yet the market people had not left the place. The mysterious absence of the child and the servant had thrown the town into a state of the greatest possible excitement, through every preceding day of the week from the Monday, when it had taken place, and many more than usual had come over on the market-day, expecting to hear some further tidings of the strange event.

By the time that the wretched woman arrived in Dover, in the manner we have described, the full extent of her crime became known; and we may judge what effect *such* an appearance of *such* a criminal produced. It was before undoubted that she had stolen the child, and had conveyed it to some distant and secret place, in bitter revenge upon its parents; but not till now did any considerable number of her townsmen think her capable of the horrid deed she had perpetrated and confessed.



Her appearance was the most wretched and desperate that can be imagined. Famine had reduced her from a large and healthy-looking woman, to a miserable skeleton; while guilt, and remorse, and the proud shame of a public exposure, with the dreadful prospect of further exposure from a public death, created in her countenance all the worst marks of a maniac or a fiend.

The loudest and bitterest execrations followed her at every step. Not a voice of compassion was heard, nor a tear of sympathy was shed in her behalf. Little Lydia had been universally admired and beloved, and her death was felt as a general and heavy calamity: the murderess of such an innocent, and such an idol, could therefore expect to meet with no forbearance. No one attempted to offer the slightest plea for mercy—no one could discover room for the least extenuation—no one seemed to have the smallest notion that a disordered mind could have given rise to the barbarous act. All ranks, and all ages, seemed to unite in the loudest reprobation of a monster, unknown in the place before, and scarcely to be equalled in the foulest annals of human cruelty and crime.

It required the utmost exertion of the magistrates and peace-officers of the town to prevent her being torn to pieces before she reached the place of examination; and when she was conveyed thence to one of the dungeons of the castle, a troop of cavalry was necessary to preserve her from popular vengeance; and even they were heard to say, that nothing but a strong sense of



military duty could restrain them from hewing the wretch to pieces with their scymeters.

She was taken, as privately as possible, by a circuitous road, and after several days' delay, from Dover to Maidstone. The assizes came on in a short time, and upon the clearest circumstantial evidence, independent of her own confession, she was condemned to immediate execution. She professed the deepest penitence, and suffered death in a becoming manner. The famous Penenden Heath was the scene of her execution, and the event was witnessed by no less than fifty thousand persons.

The reader may be anxious to know what became of the afflicted parents of the child. The nonument alluded to at the commencement of this tale, mentions no other branches of the family as interred in Ham church, but Captain Fagg, and little Lydia, his daughter. The child's age is given with evident incorrectness, as only two months; whereas all other accounts agree in making it much more than two years—very nearly three. It is not likely that a child of two months would be consigned by night to the care of a servant of all work, especially one who had always betrayed a wayward, ungovernable temper. It is, moreover, impossible that a child so young, a perfect infant, could have remonstrated with the servant, or attempted to save itself from drowning. These facts, and many others, which either appear in the girl's confession, or are ascertained by other and clearer evidence, show that the engraver of the monument erroneously inserted months instead



of years. The number *two* was evidently intended to show that the child had not *yet* passed another year—leaving the reader to conclude that it might have reached almost that additional age.

Of Mrs. Fagg, its mother, the monument says nothing. It is probable that she died soon after the murder of her child, and in consequence of that afflictive event. This is the more likely, by reason of the monument stating that Captain Fagg had removed from Dover to Updown Place, in the parish of Ham, which occasioned him to be buried there. In all probability, the murder of the child, and the death of the mother soon after, were the means of Captain Fagg removing to the retirement of Ham. He died eleven years after the catastrophe, and in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Not many years ago, there were old persons living in Dover, and natives of that town, who remembered the tragical affair we have related as happening in their childhood. Even now there are numbers who can well recollect the dismal story being often told by their parents, who had witnessed the arrival of the wretched woman—who knew, in fact, the parents of the hapless child, and some of them the little innocent victim herself. On some trifling incidents, as might be expected, the recitals of different persons somewhat differ from each other; but on the main points of the case, there is, considering that a century has almost elapsed, a most surprising agreement.



A S  
ing re  
house,  
settle  
The be  
was a  
lowing  
walk ho  
Son-  
about, an  
thing see  
expect to  
FATHER  
thing, d  
and reli  
them wi  
hill. If

## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. XVI.

### FLATTERY.

A SUSSEX Farmer and his Son were one evening returning from a distant field to the farmhouse, when they observed about a dozen ravens settle upon a heap of rubbish near a dung-hill. The boy was a shrewd sensible lad, and the father was a man of some judgment and wit. The following dialogue occupied the time of their slow walk home:—

SON.—“I say, father, I never see ravens fly about, and especially settle down, but where something seems likely to be got; but what can they expect to find in that lot of rubbish?”

FATHER.—“Oh, they will manage to find something, depend upon it,—and something strong and relishing, too; if the rubbish won't supply them with a supper, they will go to the dung-hill. If we were to stop ten minutes, we should



see them eating as heartily from both, as if they had taken no food the whole day. But this is as much the disposition of men and boys, Thomas, as it is of beasts and birds."

SON.—"And therefore, I suppose, father, we call people that eat a great deal, and very fast, *ravenous* people."

FATHER.—"Just so: but this was not all I meant. I thought of people's propensity to do other things besides eating. They run as eagerly after the means of gratifying their favourite disposition, be it what it may, as these birds fly wherever they are likely to find something to eat; and when they reach the things that have attracted them, they indulge their propensity quite as much."

SON.—"I think, father, I have somewhere read that flattering people are like ravens, always flying to places where they are likely to benefit themselves, and settling upon people that are able to serve them."

FATHER.—"That may be, Thomas; but there must be a good deal of difference between ravens and such people, too. If you look, you will see the raven must have its food directly, and as much of it as possible, upon the spot; but flatterers, as

you call them, when they fasten upon people, seem to have a good deal of patience before they get what they want, and peck about amazingly, for a long time, ere they can eat a single bit worth having."

SON.—"Is that all the difference between them?"

FATHER.—"No, Thomas; there is another: ravens have a power over what they settle upon, that flatterers have not."

SON.—"You must mean, father, that they *would not* have, and *need not* have, if the people they fasten upon minded what they be about."

FATHER.—"You are right there, Thomas: the rubbish, yonder, has no power, in any part of it, to keep out of the raven's reach, though some pieces may be too large to be taken into its mouth; but *we* need not be settled upon, any more than eaten up, unless we choose."

SON.—"But it seems, father, that we almost always *do* choose to be settled upon, and even eaten up, as you call it, by flattery: at the same time, I agree with you that it is our own fault. I think I have somewhere read that, if we did not



first flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would never hurt us."

FATHER.—"Ah, boy, flattery is like bad money—if people were careful, it would never pass: it goes from one to the other, because it has a colour and a form that they like, and they take no pains to see whether it is really good or not."

SON.—"Well, father, I think I shall always hate to be flattered: flattery and flatterers will always, I believe—I hope, at least—be odious to me, as they be, I fancy, to you."

FATHER.—"We often suppose we hate to be flattered; but, when we come to look at the affair, we find out that we only hate the manner of the flattery. The person who flatters us may be hateful, and still we may like the flattery itself; or the words of the flattery may sound hateful, but what they mean may perhaps be very agreeable."

SON.—"There, father, I must beg leave to differ from you. I look upon the words of flattery to be generally sweet to the ear, but very bitter to the understanding."

FATHER.—"Thomas, you are a sensible lad,

and I don't flatter you by saying so. You have a strong mind, and a good memory, and I bless God for it. You have looked at different objects about you with a careful eye, and you have observed the manners of men with more attention than many lads twice your age."

SON.—"Father, I don't want to hear you go on so."

FATHER.—"Why?—It is true. If, now, you were a wild boy, and I was to call you very steady; if you were a stupid boy, and I was to say you were very thoughtful; and, if you were an idle boy, and I was to praise you as active and industrious, then I should flatter you, with words, as you say, very sweet to the ear, but very bitter—bitter as gall, to the understanding.

It was now plain that all the farmer had said was to draw forth something from his son that would discover the attention and improvement of the boy's mind.

They had now reached the gate of the house, where the Farmer's daughter met them, who said that the Parson's son, a young gentleman of a rakish and fashionable character, had just left, and would call about some business in the evening."



"Did he tell you the business?" her father asked. "No," she answered; "he said I knew nothing about it, and therefore he would not mention it."

"That was not a very creditable compliment," said the Farmer; "for a daughter of fifteen to know nothing of her father's business." "Indeed, I think it was," answered the pert, vain girl; "and the young gentleman thought so, too; for he said I ought to know nothing about the farm,—I was so delicate, that I should attend to nothing but music, and dress, and dancing."

"Indeed!" said the Farmer; "what, and never eat nor drink?" "Why, I asked him that very question," replied Lucy; "and he said, what I never thought of before, that eating and drinking, especially in a farm-house, may do me harm, if I do not take care—it may make me look coarse, and lusty, and ordinary."

Thomas had gone into a back room, and returned, just as his sister had spoken these words. "Sister, sister!" he cried out, "I am sorry to hear this; and I am sorrier, still, that it seems to please you! Such company, and such conversation, will do you no good." "Indeed, but they

will," said the mother, rather warmly; "Lucy was very much pleased, I can tell you, with the young gentleman's visit; especially when he said that he was glad that your father and you *was* out, because it gave him a better opportunity to chat with her. And I tell you more—I was pleased with him; for he told me that I looked ten years younger than just before Christmas, when I had such a cold in my head, and could hardly speak."

A feather shows the direction of the wind; and this short and single speech of Lucy's Mother sufficiently manifests the vanity of her mind,—if mind it might be called, in which scarcely a correct notion existed. The speech will also account for Lucy's vain airs and notions, of whose training, upon her own principles, the mother had taken the greatest care.

"Tis education forms the youthful mind,—  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

An elder sister, the only remaining branch of this family, lived with an Uncle and Aunt, several miles off. They adopted her in her childhood, and had formed her, by a very different course of instruction, into a character the reverse of Lucy.



"I wish Sarah would pay us another visit," said the Farmer, as they sat down to supper. "Oh, Mr. Basset asked me about her to-day," said Lucy, "and said he should like to admire her fine figure, but was sorry to hear she was a prude. What is a prude, Thomas? It must be something bad, because Mr. Basset spoke the word so scornfully, and seemed to pity sister that she should conduct herself in such a manner.

"I wish you had left me to answer the question as soon as you had put it," said Thomas, "without running on about what Mr. Basset said: we don't want him to help us in settling our opinion about dear Sarah. Do you know what the word *prudent* means? Because, properly speaking, a prude *ought* to mean, and *used* to mean, a prudent person. Am I not right, father?"

"Certainly," said the Farmer; "but the word, both in French and English, now generally means a person over-nice—excessively, or affectedly prudent. Now let me declare, once for all, whatever Mr. Basset may say, and whatever daughter Lucy may think, that dear Sarah is a prude in the ancient, and not in the modern sense—she is prudent, indeed; but she is not, and, I believe, never







*Mr. Basset visiting the Family*

will  
prude  
An  
Basset  
and sa  
learned  
son wa  
table, to  
while t  
"If"  
learnin  
conver  
supper,  
the ru  
Farmer  
proving  
her M  
Mr. B  
freedom  
and said  
delight;  
ing faces  
come."  
mother  
what exce  
"Oh, now



will be, nice, or scrupulous, or affected in her prudence."

An opening of the gate told them that Mr. Basset had returned. The Farmer's wife smiled, and said she was glad of it, to put a stop to the learned and dull conversation that her husband and son *was* always *bringing up*. Thomas left the table, to open the door for the young gentleman; while the Farmer rebuked his wife for her remark. "If," said he, "my dear, you had a little more learning, you would not talk of *bringing up* such conversation; if you used the words about our supper, even Lucy would have been shocked with the vulgar and indelicate expressions." The Farmer said this to prevent his daughter approving, as she would else have done, of what her Mother said.

Mr. Basset entered the room with his usual freedom and gayety. He bowed to the females, and said, "I always come here with ineffable delight; it does my heart good to see such blooming faces, and to receive such a transporting welcome." He then seated himself between the mother and daughter, and began telling them what excellent friends he had been dining with. "Oh, now," said Lucy, let us have an account of



your charming company." "Ah, do tell us," said the Mother, "of some of the merry sort, that are worth hearing about."

"There is that liberal fellow, Freemantle," said Basset; and that accomplished gentleman, Courtenay; and that steadfast chap, Manfull; and that merry companion, Videon; and, to crown all, that prudent jockey, Divers. Oh, if you had been there!"—checking himself, and turning to the Farmer and his son; "if *you* had been there, I mean, you would have enjoyed their company."

"I doubt very much," said the Farmer, "whether I should have enjoyed their company, even if they had answered your description: but setting that aside, I must beg leave to differ from you in the character you give your friends."

"Father," said Lucy, "you should not differ from Mr. Basset; you have not had a college education; he must know things better than you do." This was too much for Basset himself to bear, from an ignorant girl; he therefore requested her to be silent, while he disputed the point with her father. "Wherein, sir," said he, "do you differ from me? I should like, now, to have a sensible farmer's opinion of my fine friends."

"I don't call myself sensible," answered the



Farmer," and I don't want any body to call me so ; but I shall be free to speak my mind about the men you call your friends."

"Gentlemen, you mean," replied his wife. Without noticing this interruption, the Farmer went on. "You call Mr. Freemantle a liberal fellow : I wish he would be liberal enough to pay me for three horses that he has had more than as many years. I call him a prodigal spendthrift. You say that young Courtenay is an accomplished gentleman ; but I call him, not only a contemptible coxcomb, but a vile and base seducer, who has ruined many a virtuous young woman, and broken many a worthy parent's heart. You call Manfull a steadfast chap ; but the truth is, and every body knows it, he is as obstinate a mule as ever wore two ears, and carried a pannier. And then, as to Videon and Divers, your merry companion, and your prudent jockey, one is hardly ever sober, and the other is a hard-hearted miser, who grinds his poor tenants to dust."

Mr. Basset was silent, and Thomas requested his father to go on.

"Now, sir," he added, "all your description of these men is downright flattery. I know you say



such things to their face, and would make them think themselves very different men to what they really are. If it is not proper always to be telling them the truth—that they are bad men, it certainly cannot be right ever to tell them, or to tell us, that they are good men, which is a broad falsehood. *They* must know better than this, and must have a wretched opinion of your wisdom and honesty. Suppose every body was to flatter men as you do, hiding their vices, or gilding and burnishing them up, to make them pass for virtues, the world would soon be turned upside down, and language would have no meaning left.”

Mr. Basset was still silent, and seemed confused and uneasy. After a few moments’ pause, Thomas kindly relieved his embarrassment, by offering to relate an anecdote. Mr. Basset had often been amused with the lad’s humorous tales, and thanked him for the offer.

“You have read,” said Thomas, “of Alexander the Great, and of Alphonso, King of Arragon, much more than I have, and you will, therefore, remember what I am going to mention. Both of those great men were a little wry-necked, and leaned their heads towards the left shoulder. Alexander



was so, I believe, by nature, and Alfonso, I fancy, became so by habit. Great men are always flattered, and so were these. The noblemen and gentlemen that hung about their court and their camp were always trying to hang down their heads in the same manner, and some of them had collars made to keep their heads in a wry position."

"Perfectly ridiculous!" exclaimed Basset: "I mean not your story, Thomas, but their conduct."

"But not more ridiculous," said the Farmer, "than to call the wretched men, that you dined with to-day, by virtuous and honourable names."

This faithful rebuke again silenced Mr. Basset, and the Farmer offered to remind him of another story of flatterers, even more ridiculous than Alexander's and Alphonso's courtiers. "Mithridates, King of Pontus, took great delight in surgery, was esteemed very skilful, and fond of performing experiments, and receiving praise. One day some of his attendants requested him to make incisions in their flesh, and apply burning caustics to the wounds. They must have suffered great torture; but, instead of complaining, they kept praising his skill, and hazarded their lives, that they might flatter their king."



"I have read this strange account," said Mr. Basset, "and, to the best of my recollection, you have not stated it more strongly than it appears in the history. I will think of this matter. I begin to fear that I am acquiring a habit of flattering that may be injurious to others, as well as disgraceful to myself. I hope I shall leave it off."

"The very thing that I wished to accomplish in saying what I did," said the Farmer. Mr. Basset, you are a young man of a good understanding, and, what is still better, a good heart. Throw off the maxims, and the manners, and the men, that you have been accustomed to, and let all your future opinions and pursuits be rational and prudent, upright and useful. Take the advice—the sound advice, you have so long neglected,—the advice of your father. Remember his text last Sunday week:—'He that flattereth his neighbour, layeth snares for his feet;' and is, therefore, as your Father justly observed, a much greater enemy than one that openly assaults him."

Thomas now said, "I did not like, Father, to interrupt you and Mr. Basset, but let me not forget to tell you of what has just happened to one of the gentlemen you were speaking of. I am sorry to



say that there is no prospect of your ever getting paid for the horses, for Mr. Freemantle is gone to sea—they say, for ever.”

“To sea!” said Mr. Basset; “and for ever! What, Thomas, does this mean? I saw him a few days ago at Hastings; and, though he seemed a little jaded, he was as merry as ever.”

“And perhaps as *liberal* as ever, Mr. Basset!” said the Farmer; “I mean to all but his creditors; for they have not seen a farthing of his money, I find, these three years.”

“It was impossible they should see any of *his* money,” said Thomas; “for he has none of his own for any body to see. The full purse that he has shaken so much was all borrowed; and even that he squandered away among his worthless favourites, while his creditors were suffering, some of them in prison, because he, and such as he, had half ruined them.”

“I am, unhappily, one of his creditors,” said Mr. Basset: “he had all I had about me when we parted last Tuesday, at Hastings, and I suppose that is gone to sea with him.”

“I fancy not, sir,” answered Thomas, “if all I hear is true. When he went abroad, they say,

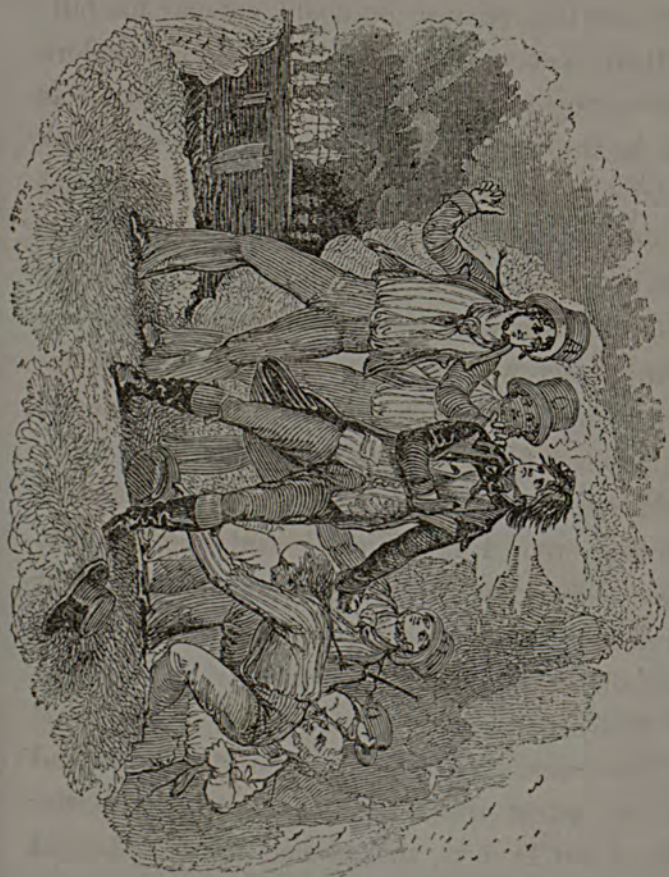


he had not a sixpence left. He went, it seems, by the coach to Dover; and there he got kicked out of the inn, because he could not pay his bill. He then went to the beach, where some sailors were waiting to pick up men for the fleet that was then in the Downs. Seeing him in a wild desperate state, the Leader of the Press-Gang tapped him on the shoulder, and then pointed him to the fleet, just ready to sail for the Scheldt, and, after a little hesitation, he went with them."

Mr. Basset was strongly agitated by this account of one whom he had called his liberal friend; and, after a few moments' silence, he said, "My resolution is now taken!" "Not to go aboard the fleet, too, I hope, sir," said the Farmer. "No!" answered Mr. Basset, emphatically, "but to relinquish such friends altogether, and follow your honest and homely advice."

"We are to be neglected now, I suppose," said the Farmer's wife to Lucy. Mr. Basset had been so intent upon the conversation with the Farmer and Thomas, that he had not even turned again towards the females. Now, however, he looked at them in a very different manner, with a serious air, and said—"If withholding all flattery







in future  
neglected  
with y  
ner the  
son wo  
pleasure  
the han  
The  
days ad  
reader  
admire  
strong  
treated  
the ex  
his visit  
and rem  
the con  
what mar  
earnestne  
his error  
daughter  
the Rect  
fession o  
that refo  
and at the

in future be neglect, I fear—rather, I hope, I shall neglect you ; but, if I may be allowed to converse with you in the rational and straightforward manner that your honest husband and your intelligent son would have me, I shall still visit you with pleasure.” With this he shook the Farmer by the hand, and wished them all good night.

The long-expected visit of Sarah was paid a few days after these incidents ; and it is proper the reader should know that Mr. Basset was her warm admirer. She had taken serious offence at some strong proof of his flattering propensity, and treated him with marked disdain. Uncertain of the exact cause of her treatment, he had continued his visits to the farm, in the hope of discovering and removing the impediment to his wishes ; and the conversation just related convinced him in what manner he had offended her. The Farmer’s earnestness, too, in striving to convince Basset of his error, must be ascribed to his wish that his daughter might, in due time, become the wife of the Rector’s son. Basset was sincere in his profession of reform ; but, perhaps, he acknowledged that reform a little more than he would have done, and at the risk of losing favour with the Mother



and Lucy, because Sarah was coming for a long summer visit.

The day after Sarah arrived, her Father said, with a cheerful smile, "I am going to the Rectory : shall I bring Philip Basset back with me, or deliver any message to him from you?"

"I hoped," said Sarah, "never to be questioned about that young man again, or even to hear his name: do spare my feelings, dear Father; I never can sit in the presence of a flatterer." "But, supposing," said her Father, "that the flatterer is now become a faithful friend, and hates his former propensity more than he once loved it, what shall we do then, Sarah?"

"I will speak to that," she said, "when I am convinced that the reformation has taken place—that is, when my Father can assure me that appearances and professions have not deceived him."

Her brother heard this last answer, and, partaking of all his sister's apprehension, he said, "Sarah, I don't know how to love you enough, for your good confidence in Father's word, and your equally good suspicion of flattering Philip."

The Father was now at some loss; but, confiding in Basset's sincerity, he said, "Philip is, with

certainly, so far reformed, that he will not now intrude upon you without your express permission. He has sent for me to know whether he may hope that your mind can undergo a change, as well as his. He now declares war with all flatterers and flattery; and, to tell you the truth, I think the most likely way to prevent his making peace with them, is for you to make peace with him."

As the Farmer left the room, his son said, with his usual point, "Remember, Father, what you have often said of the wolf and the dog—that they are very much like one another, and that so the flatterer is very much like the friend, and we cannot always distinguish between them."

For a moment, we must return to the Mother and Lucy. It is pleasing to know that Sarah had almost as much influence over them, as her Father had over Basset. Whether they would so soon have joined the general opposition against flattery, if it had not been to promote an union between the Rector's family and theirs, we cannot tell. And whether they, at last, were so sincere in opposing it, as were the rest of the family, is extremely doubtful. However, the good princi-



ples of the Farmer and his son prevailed, and the hateful evil was banished from the house.

Basset returned with the Farmer; and, as they walked along, the latter said, "Now, Philip, remember that one flattering word will put all our hopes in danger. You are an educated young man, and you know how to behave well, without one deceptive word or look—to be courteous, as your worthy Father said in his sermon, without fawning or affectation. If Sarah finds you well altered, she may forgive a little blemish or two; but, if you use any fantastic airs, any wheedling, any false praise, she will leave the room, and never allow you to meet her again."

"Then she has consented to meet me now," said Basset, with great glee. "I am not quite certain of that," answered the Farmer; but, supposing she does, you must take the greatest care—every thing depends on this visit."

When they arrived, they found, to their joy, that Lucy and her Mother had been earnestly persuading Sarah to receive Philip with kindness. They had requested her brother to unite with them in interceding for Philip's success. He was some

time doubtful and backward: at last, he said, "If you will both promise not to speak a flattering word, nor give a flattering look, I will join you. They promised, and he united with them. Sarah was then persuaded, and Philip, behaving well, was made truly happy.





## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. XVII.

LIBERTY.

ELIA JACOMB was an only child, of remarkably clever talents, and of a very lively and independent spirit. When she returned from school, between fifteen and sixteen, in the bloom of health, growing quickly, and improving in form and features almost every hour, her parents were anxious to interest her feelings in favour of an orphan youth, left to their care by the will of an old and valued friend. Having held his father in the highest esteem, they became equally attached to the son, and, in fact, were as fond of him as though he had been their own.

He was left heir to considerable property, and discovered, as he grew up, dispositions and habits likely to render him careful, without being covetous, of what he should possess. The ages and tempers, the circumstances and prospects, of the

children, all seemed favourable to a persuasion that they might be mutually happy in a future union. But the greatest inducement Mr. and Mrs. Jacomb had for striving to forward such an union, was their own declining state of health: a reasonable apprehension that neither of them could live to see their daughter come of age, or even to see their ward, who was two years older, reach that period of his life.

No one doubted that Horatio and Elia were growing up in mutual attachment; but not a word, nor scarcely a look, from either of them, could lead a stranger to such a conclusion. It was drawn by those who knew them from the almost perfect similarity of their views and feelings upon every important subject, and not from a single part of their public or private behaviour towards each other. It was considered a thing that must of necessity take place, rather than what appearances indicated was likely to come to pass. Even the circumstance, the strong circumstance, that kept them from behaving to each other like lovers—their enthusiasm in favour of liberty—became a satisfactory proof to their wisest friends, that, if ever either should marry, it would be to the other.



After a conversation, one day, on the subject, Elia said, "I cannot be sufficiently thankful, my dearest parents, that you have at last told me all the truth. I knew that you would never deceive me; I was assured that, whenever I entreated to know it, you would open your hearts to your dear and only child. You have now done so, and I bless you for it. But—pardon me for saying so, and, if it be my fault, for *feeling* so—I cannot think as you do. My opinion is, that both Horatio and myself should, in such a tender and perhaps terrible affair, be left perfectly free."

This was said with so much firmness and fervour, as well as true affection, that Mr. and Mrs. Jacomb consented to be silent *for the present*, on this matter.

A public meeting was to be held that very noon, in the market-hall of the town, to petition the King and Parliament in favour of Lord John Russell's Reform Bill, which had just been introduced; and Horatio, a true liberty boy, was in his room, preparing to go to the hall to witness the proceedings. In a few minutes he came down, and asked Mr. Jacomb if he purposed going, "because," he added, "if you do, Miss Jacomb may

safely accompany you ; for the Mayor's son told me that the gallery was to be fitted up for the accommodation of ladies. If you will take charge of Miss Jacomb, I will undertake to conduct my dear Mamma," as he called Mrs. J., "to a comfortable seat."

Mrs. Jacomb at once declined going, and said that she must also exercise her little authority over her husband ; for she was afraid that his feeble health would be injured by the crowd and excitement. This might be *part* of her motive for the prohibition ; but there is reason to believe, that the other part was to give Horatio an opportunity of asking Elia to go with him. In this, however, she was unsuccessful : Horatio bade them good morning, without requesting Elia's company, and promised to enliven them in the evening with a report of the speeches. "Then," said he, as he left the room, "I may probably

Fight all the battles o'er again,  
And once more slay the slain."

Elia had determined not to renew the subject in any form, else she would now have said to her parents what she whispered to herself :—"I knew



there could be no eagerness in Horatio to have my company, and I would scorn to abridge the liberty of such an honourable and happy mind as his."

Before her parents could make a single remark, Horatio returned, having forgotten his cane. To convince them that she was in no degree disappointed at his going without her, she said, more cheerfully than ever, — "Now, Mr. Reformer, take care and keep your eyes from the gallery. I should have neither fear nor hope that they would be lifted up, if I were there; but as I prefer the company of my dear Papa and Mamma at home, perhaps you may look at the gallery, quite as much as the chairman or the speakers, and may, perchance, be brought into bondage while you are shouting for liberty."

"Ah, Elia," said he, carelessly switching his cane, "if I were inclined to enter the bondage of matrimony at any future time, I should be terrified to ask you to enter with me. Your independence of spirit, and your love of perfect liberty, might lead to many a conflict which should be king and which subject. However, I have other affairs than matrimony at present to think of."

"There, Papa," Elia whispered, as Horatio

left the house, "I hope you are now satisfied that he could have no more thought of marrying me, than of taking Helen Macgregor to wife. There is one point, indeed, on which Horatio and I perfectly agree—we both seem to think there is bondage in the very sound of love, and fully to credit the poet's words—

A man and his wife  
Are captives for life;—  
Sold and purchased as slaves,  
Till they get to their graves."

"There are exceptions to your poet's rule, let me tell you, though," said her Mamma. "Such lines are a libel on your dear Papa and me, at least; for I think he will allow me to say, that we never felt ourselves more free than since we have worn the chains of matrimony, and been bound hand and heart as one."

"I own you to be *exceptions*," said Elia; "but then you are not the *rule*. There are few couples in the world have been so happy, and none, I believe, have been more so. But I know the cause—a cause which such headstrong reformers as Horatio and myself could never preserve in operation a single day. Your good sense



and good taste have always rendered you examples of the good old rule—for the husband never to speak of his headship, and the wife never to speak against it. But I forgot, we were to drop the subject; now, therefore, let me go to my birds, and give them their usual two hours' freedom.

Elia had several favourite birds, that she had carefully trained, first to leave their cages, and hop about her dressing-room, and then, as they grew more tame, to leave the room, and enjoy themselves, an hour or two every day, among some trees that grew near the window. One of them had a nest and several nestlings; and Elia took great delight in letting the young birds try their strength, one after the other, under the guidance of their fond and faithful parent. To-day, upon going into the room, she found that one little bird only remained in the nest, the last but one having reached as far as the window.

She threw up the sash, and the parent bird flew out to the tree. She then took the nest in her hand, and the mother flew back again towards her, as though it would assist its youngest offspring to follow the fortunes of the rest. At that moment, the next little one stopped in its pro-



gress to the tree, and looked back as if it wished also to render assistance.

“ You little airy, thoughtless creatures,” said Elia, as she looked at the two birds in the window, and held her hand over the young one in the nest to prevent its falling, “ I wish creatures of our race, who boast of reason and independence, would but take a lesson now and then from you. How fond of liberty you appear! but yet you seem, sweet birds, as fond, and even fonder, of home and of me! I it was who first taught you to enjoy freedom under proper restraint; and now you appear reconciled, and even attached, to the restraint, and never wish to abuse the freedom you have acquired!”

Just as this innocent recreation, and these intelligent reflections, were over, Elia heard a bustling and rather rushing noise, as though a crowd was gathering at a little distance from the house; and, looking out, she saw several people going towards an ancient and favourite bower, at the eastern end of an old chapel of ease. “ What can be the matter?” she asked her Mamma, who was in her room, dressing for dinner. “ I suppose,” she answered, hearing the noise only, and



not seeing the kind of people that made it, "that the reformers are going from the hall to the bower, to hold their meeting where they can speak and breathe more freely."—"Perhaps," said her Papa, who overheard this, "they are going to declaim about liberty as near the old Gothic chapel as possible, that they may point to the venerable building, as approaching its downfall, with all the ancient institutions it brings to remembrance."

"Well," said Elia, "if this be the case, it will be quite as consistent as meeting for such a purpose in the Town-Hall, where the liberties of the people have been restrained, quite as often, and quite as offensively, as ever they were in the old chapel."

In saying this, Elia looked out, and observed, that the people going to the bower were those not in the least likely to be found in the hall. "The young and the gay," she cried out, "are gone to the hall for their holyday, and the old and the grave are going to the bower to have theirs at the same time."—"But not, surely," said her Papa, "to hold an anti-reform meeting, in one town, on the same day, and at the same hour!"



This would be strange indeed!"—"Never fear," answered Elia; "the countenances of the old people flocking to the bower are too smiling for this cross purpose; and yet I begin to fear, for I see the old Vicar is trudging to the scene of action; and he is leading his favourite granddaughter, perhaps to make a Tory of her, as soon as possible."

"And look!" said Mrs. Jacomb, "look, Elia! There is old Gaffer Silverhead, and Goody Tucker, and Madame Starch, and Miss Prudhoe, all known to hate reform—it certainly must be a Tory meeting."—"If so, they will not be left without some opposition and merriment," said Elia; "for I see a number of country lads and lasses crossing the chapel-yard, and they will never suffer the antiquated Tories to have it all their own way."—"The crowd increases," said Mr. Jacomb, "in every direction, and, between the hall and the bower, the town must by this time be emptied of all but ourselves; how we shall defend it against a siege from either party remains to be seen."

They however soon became convinced that no anti-reform meeting was to be held, and,



therefore, they quietly walked out, in the rear of the crowd; when, all on a sudden, some of the strongest and sweetest music burst upon their ear. They quickened their paces, and soon saw, seated on a bank in front of the bower, a foreign lady, playing most delightfully on a guitar, and singing as delightfully to her own music. She was an Italian minstrel, handsomely, though rather wildly dressed, with long ringlets of deep black hair falling on her bosom and shoulders, and her large rural hat strung to her side. The song was in her native language, and of course unintelligible, except to one or two of her numerous and breathless auditors. Elia was perhaps the only one present who understood Italian; but she stood at too great a distance to be able to distinguish any words beyond those of the chorus, which she translated, as correctly as they would admit, thus:—

“ O, for a while, let the bewildered soul  
Find in your country relief from woe!  
O, yield awhile to pity's soft control—  
Some help, ye friends of liberty, bestow !”

“ She is no anti-reformer, however,” said Horatio, when Elia had finished her description









of the scene, and translation of the song, after dinner.

“ But now, Horatio,” said Mr. Jacomb, “ you must give us some account of your reform meeting. You seemed too hungry when you came in, and so I contrived that the dinner should be quite ready for you. But now some favourite food has strengthened your body, and Elia’s description of the minstrel has enlivened your mind, we may hope for some smart description, and some rare entertainment.”

“ To tell you the truth,” said Horatio, “ I have not yet recovered the agitation that being obliged to speak excited in every part of my frame.”—“ To speak! to speak!” exclaimed Elia; “ what, Horatio, a public orator already! I wish I had been there to hear your maiden address.”

“ And I am glad such a little troublesome critic was not there,” said Horatio; “ for in your absence I felt myself at some liberty, and went on without fear of having every little lapse of expression canvassed, before I could recruit my strength by a good dinner. Even now, uninterrupted as I have been, both in speech at the hall and din-



ner at home, I feel an exhaustion I never felt before."

"We agreed beforehand," said Mr. Jacomb, "that we would not interrupt your dinner till you had fairly eaten the last bit."—"And I'll engage," said Elia, "that this reforming Apollos was equally uninterrupted in his speech; that the whole assembly, ladies and all, mercifully agreed to let him go on to the very last word, without a single clap, or the faintest sound of—*hear*—to say nothing of the more boisterous interruptions of—*Bravo—Go on!*"

"Now I ask," said Horatio, addressing himself to Mr. Jacomb, "whether it would have been possible for me to have spoken two sentences correctly, in the presence of such a curly critic as this?"

"You must mean," said Elia, "whether it *was* possible for you to utter *one* sentence correctly in her absence?"

"Come, come," said Mr. Jacomb, "if this raillery continues, Elia, we shall not have time left, before our tea-party arrives, to hear Horatio's description of the meeting."

"And I fear," answered Horatio, "that, whe-

ther the raillery continues or ceases, I shall not have courage left to give you, in Elia's presence, the simplest outline of a most interesting debate."

"Debate, debate!" said Elia, "at a reform meeting! I thought reformers and anti-reformers always kept apart, that each division might have all its own way. I have heard of declamation enough; but I never heard before of debate on such occasions! I am now astonished into sober seriousness, and can listen attentively to your description. Let us instantly hear it.

"You must know, then," said Horatio, "that I was provoked to speak, contrary to my purpose, by the new curate rising early in the business, and taking advantage of a *seconding* put into his hands, to oppose the spirit and design of the whole affair. You know Mr. Hornthrop, at the Castle Lodge: he introduced the business by a general resolution—

"That the liberty of a well-constituted government consists, not in every man doing as he pleases, but in a people being governed by laws of their own making."

This motion the curate, Mr. Oligar, was re-



quested to second, in the full persuasion that he was friendly to the cause. He rose—a short slender man, concealed from the people when he sat down, and scarcely able to look over the rostrum when he stood up. Some friend pushed a box under his feet, and then, as if conscious that he was suddenly grown a foot, he assumed proportionate consequence, whisked out his fine perfumed handkerchief, and said—"Mr. Mayor, *Ladies and Gentlemen*"—

"Pardon me, Sir," said the Mayor, interrupting him; "the ladies are in the gallery upon sufferance only, and are not considered part of the assembly—at all events, they have not the privilege of voting."

"Pardon me, too, Mr. Mayor," said Oligar, "in considerable displeasure, the ladies *must* be considered part of the assembly, for they are here; and as to voting, I hope they will be allowed the privilege, if it be only for the support of my motion."

At this moment a reforming old bachelor, under the gallery, looked up and exclaimed, "Ladies here! that was more than I knew, and more than I should have suspected; for I heard no noise

above me, and I thought it was impossible for women to be silent anywhere."

This gave Oligar a moment's respite and relief. When the laugh excited by the bachelor's speech was over, the little curate resumed his courage, bowed again to the Mayor, and spoke, as well as I can recollect, in this manner.

"The motion which I hold in my hand"—  
"would you hold it in your mouth?" said a voice from the centre of the meeting—"says, that 'liberty consists in a people being governed by laws of their own making.' I have certainly read this often, and heard it sometimes; but I presume I shall be able to prove, that, if we enjoy liberty, as undoubtedly we do, the maxim cannot be true. The greater part of the laws that govern us were made very long ago; and I should be glad to know how we could make those laws many years before we were born. This, to me, is the same self-evident conclusion as the worthy Mayor's, that ladies form no part of the present assembly."

Here the company began to hiss; but as the Mayor and principal gentlemen knew that the Curate's speech could not be longer than his ser-



mons, and as they expected some entertainment, a hearing was requested, and he was suffered to proceed. He thus went on—

“ But, you ask, are we not instrumentaloin making those laws which are passed in our own time? If I could admit this, I should yet remember that these are not the only laws that govern us—I should yet boldly remind you, that we must obey the common law of the land, called so because of its antiquity, as well as the new, and mostly weaker, laws made by the Parliaments of our own day.”

“ Well done, young parson Tory,” cried out a lusty fellow towards the top of the hall, the only government pensioner in the town—“ the old common law for ever, and never let it be altered by new-fangled acts, say I !”

No one applauded ; but Oligar smiled, and proceeded thus :—“ Our laws are made by King, Lords, and Commons, in all, about eight l persons : take this eight hundred from twelve millions of people, and you have eleven millions two hundred governed by laws which they did not make, and cannot alter. But why do I come to the present generation—the King, Lords, and



Commons, are themselves governed by laws that were made before they were born. On these grounds, not to go further, Mr. Mayor, I contend that, if *we* are a free people, liberty cannot consist in being governed by laws of our own making. I therefore have great pleasure in seconding the motion!"

"Charming," said Elia, "to second a motion that his speech directly and completely opposed! What effect did this absurdity produce?"

"The most ludicrous imaginable," said Horatio: "the whole assembly burst into one of the most immoderate fits of laughter you ever heard. Perceiving his mistake, Oligar begged to be allowed to withdraw his seconding; but this could not be granted. After considerable altercation, he was allowed to alter one word of it—pleasure into *pain*—which pacified his tender conscience, while it secured his vote for the resolution."

"And you had to answer this rhodomontade, Mr. Horatio?" said Elia. "Let us hear, at least, the substance of your speech." Horatio was about to comply, when music, the music of the minstrel, was heard at the door. Up the lively young fellow started, and said, "She shall come



into the hall, and we will hear her to advantage." The minstrel was admitted, and, at Elia's request, she played and sang the verses, the chorus only of which was distinguished before. The lady was unusually careful and animated, because she found that Elia understood every word she uttered.

Horatio manifested the deepest interest in the performance, and spoke to the minstrel, the few words of Italian at his command, with a tenderness that Elia did not fail to notice.

"May I request," he said to Mr. Jacomb, "that the minstrel be allowed to entertain your evening party between tea and supper?"

"I will answer for Mamma," replied Elia, in haste, as though she feared that Mrs. Jacomb should answer for herself in the negative.

"It is her subject that awakens the interest I feel in her," he said; evidently deeming some apology necessary for so strange and sudden a request.

"And if her talents, and even her person, should be thrown into the scale," answered Elia, "there could be no harm; we are all at perfect liberty to propose and feel what we please."

Without giving the minstrel time to answer,

Elia took her by the hand, and, as she led her to her room to adjust her dress, she turned to Horatio, and said, "I will bring her down as much more interesting as my toilet will allow."

During the quarter of an hour that the young ladies were absent, Horatio left the house, and was seen to walk, in a pensive mood, several times across the lawn, his eye often glancing towards the window of Elia's room. While tea was passing round, and Elia was conversing in the freest manner with the minstrel on a small couch, Horatio did not utter a word, but seemed to have lost all his gayety, and would scarcely take any refreshment. But how shall we describe his fixed, intense, enamoured look, when the minstrel swept her strings in the evening's entertainment, and sang with a richness and a melody that delighted the company beyond expression.

His night was sleepless, and his morning appearance like that of a man full of the most pressing solicitude. At breakfast, Elia said to him, cheerfully, but not bitterly, "I am going by promise to call on the minstrel at her lodgings—shall I give your love to her?" Horatio was charmed



with her manner, yet embarrassed with the question. "Speak freely," she said. "Then," he answered, "I must confess that I have given her my love already."

Without appearing either surprised or displeased at this remarkable reply, Elia said, "Then let me be allowed to translate what you say to the object of your affections. Nay, feel yourself at perfect liberty to make every addition to it you please, and I will engage to render every word into the most expressive Italian it will admit; to repeat it over and over again as the minstrel shall love to hear it; to assist her in setting it to music; and to perform the whole task in a manner best suited to answer the wishes of your heart."

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed Horatio, pressing her hand as he retired to give vent to his emotions, "were my heart free, you would now, beyond all doubt, make it your captive."

"Then," said Elia, "I will flee without delay to the minstrel, and rivet as fast as I can the chains of your Italian captivity. If these do not become fast for ever, it shall be no fault of Elia's. Such is her passion for liberty, that she would



have every man and every woman free to impose upon themselves what bonds they please."

When she reached the minstrel's lodgings, she introduced the subject of Horatio's esteem, as she first called it, with all possible caution and care. At first the minstrel thought of a mere vague admiration, on the part of an English amateur of music, of her playing and singing; but when Elia began to enlarge on the excellencies of his character, and the amplitude of his fortune, especially when she spoke of the suitability of his temper to render the most refined and intelligent lady happy in the marriage state, the minstrel assumed a stern and solemn countenance. Without uttering a word in answer, she rose from her seat, and fetched from another part of the room a small casket. Unlocking it with great earnestness, she took out a beautiful miniature, and threw it around her neck. After placing the picture in a position best likely to be seen by Elia, she took a ring, and, with a glow of ardour, fixed it upon her wedding finger.

"You astonish me!" said Elia: "where is he, and why does he suffer you to wander unprotected



in a foreign land?" Bursting into tears, she said, "He is in captivity, and I am collecting the means of liberating him."

"I will be with you again in half an hour," said Elia, hastily leaving the room and the house. She met Horatio coming pensively towards the spot, and said, "I am sorry to tell you she is not at liberty—she is married. For your sake, I wish she were not, for she is more than human. Some women are saints in prosperity, but she is an angel in adversity." Elia told him the whole tale. "Then," said Horatio, "*you* must be mine—I will not let another bind *you*, and keep *you* from me."

"I will be yours," said Elia, "on one condition—that you deduct enough from my marriage settlement to liberate the minstrel's husband."—Two thousand pounds soon effected the purpose.



## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. IX.

### FRIENDSHIP.

"Poor people and young people never appear to have any friendship for each other," said Mark Merton one day to his Mamma. "Indeed!" said Mrs. M., and continued her work, without any other word. "But I asked *you*, Mamma," said Mark, "whether that was the case or not." "You expressed an opinion upon it," said his Mamma, "but you asked no question. If you intended to request my opinion, you should have proposed a question to me, and not at once have settled the point yourself."

"Well then, dear Mamma," said Mark, "do you think that poor people and young people have any friendship for each other?" "I must first ask you," said Mrs. M., "what your question means. Am I to tell you whether poor people have any friendship for young people, or young people have any friendship for poor people?" "Oh, no," said Mark; "but whether you think that poor



people have any friendship among them, and young people have any friendship among them?"

"Whether *I think* this!" said his Mamma, with a smile. "You began, Mark, by settling the point with an opinion of your own; but, when I propose to tell you any thing about it, I must only say modestly what I *think* of it."

"My dearest Mamma," said Mark, "I wish to speak, as well as think, what is right; do tell me how I should put the question."

"My dearest Mark," said his Mamma, "I wish to teach you how to speak, as well as to think, rightly. You might have saved me as well as yourself a great deal of trouble, if you had but put your two classes of persons into one." "How so?" inquired Mark, with some astonishment. "How could I make poor people and young people one class of people?"

"By asking," said his Mamma, "whether there could be any friendship among poor children."

Mark thanked his Mamma for this correction of his error, and promised to make his questions, in future, as short and simple as possible.

"And, now this point is settled," said Mrs. Merton, "let me ask you, Mark, why you came to introduce the subject at all?" "Because," said he, "Harry Holmes and I have been disputing about it till we were both angry, and he



was ready to beat me because I insisted upon it he was wrong."

His Mamma smiled, and said, "The friendship between Harry and you cannot be very strong, since you can dispute, and be angry, and almost fight, about friendship—a want of friendship in others! It seems rather strange, too, that Harry was going to beat you in defence of friendship, and that you, more peaceably, left him, to consult me whether it was possible that such a thing could exist."

At that moment, there was a noise at the door, as though a bird was pecking to be let into the room.

"That," said Mrs. Merton, "is Fanny Furley's jackdaw; and Fanny herself, you may be sure, is not far behind. He shall peck away till she comes." This was not long: Fanny's step was heard at the door; and, when Mark opened it, the jackdaw jumped upon her shoulder, and seemed ready to listen to every thing that was said.

"I came," said Fanny, with a courtesy, to thank you, ma'am, for this nice shawl, that you were so kind as to send me, to go backwards and forwards to school in." While she said this, the bird took a corner of the shawl in its beak, and held it up, as if it would show Mark how fine it was; and then it pressed it down upon Fanny's



shoulder, as though it would tell him that it kept her warm.

Before Mrs. Merton could answer, Mark said to Fanny, "You should speak to my Mamma more correctly: you don't go backwards to school; you go forwards to school, and backwards *from* school." "Oh, no, sir," answered the simple-hearted girl; "I never go backwards either way; if I did, I wonder what my poor bird would do! I walk straightforwards to school when I go, and straightforwards *from* school when I return, and pretty Jack always hops before me."

"That is more than you do, Mark," said his Mamma; "if you had either walked or hopped straightforwards home this morning, there would have been no quarrel with Harry Holmes."

"Somebody had made that young gentleman very angry, I am sure," said Fanny, "because he generally strokes and kisses my pretty jack; but this morning he never looked at him."

"Your quarrel, then, it seems," said Mrs. Merton to her son, "was injurious to more friendships than one. The poor bird suffered as well as you—he lost his morning stroke and kiss, and you lost your temper, and gained nothing for it but the danger of a good beating."

This silenced Mark; and Mrs. Merton said to Fanny, "You are quite welcome to the shawl. I



sent it, because I thought you deserved as well as needed it. Your friendship for your lively bird is a reproof to many young persons who are at variance, and a lesson to all persons to be attached to each other."

"That is nothing, ma'am," said Fanny, "to the pretty creature's friendship for me. It will never leave me now: when I go to school, it will go, too, whatever weather it is; and, if mistress won't let it stay in the house, because it makes a noise, it sits outside the window, and watches till school is over, and then jumps upon my shoulder, as you see it now."

Fanny now left the room with her bird, and Mrs. Merton had a fine opportunity of convincing her son that friendship can exist, not only among poor children, but between a poor child and a jackdaw. "I have generally found," said Mrs. Merton, "that children most fond, in early life, of dumb creatures, are most faithful ever afterwards to their friends, and most given always to friendly feelings and actions."

"But," said Mark, "I would have been as much a friend to the bird as Fanny is, and then would not the bird have been as fond of me as it is of her?"

"Mark," said Mrs. Merton, "friendship is not to be purchased with money; this is another proof



that it may exist among the poor, and among poor children."

"If the bird had known nothing of the money, then, Mamma," said Mark, "do you think it would have been contented to come here, and stay with me?"

"No," answered Mrs. M., "certainly not; friendship is an attachment confined to a few persons, and generally lasts through life: where it begins, it generally proceeds and ends, and when it commences earliest, it generally lasts longest."

A public meeting was to be held in the town the same evening, to petition Government to set the slaves of the West Indies at liberty, or, rather, to make them free labourers, like the working people of this and other lands. Mark was very eager to go before; but, after this conversation, he said that he looked forward to the speeches with the greatest anxiety and interest. "Ah, Mark," said his Mother, "you must not judge of mankind generally, by the dreadful examples you will hear mentioned to-night. We have been talking of friendship, and looking at a poor bird and a little school-girl as amiable patterns of it, but this evening you will no doubt hear of men who, because they are rich and powerful, and wish to be more so, worry their helpless fellow men like so many beasts. While slaves are willing

or  
ey,  
it  
nd  
  
ot;  
er-  
it  
it  
  
wn  
set  
er,  
ing  
ery  
on,  
hes  
Ah,  
of  
you  
een  
bird  
f it,  
men  
wish  
men  
lling

THE HISTORY OF THE  
LIFE OF  
JOHN BUNYAN  
BY  
JOHN BUNYAN  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
THE FIRST  
LONDON  
Printed by J. Sturges, in Pall-mall  
1693

THE SECOND  
LONDON  
Printed by J. Sturges, in Pall-mall  
1693





to w  
and th  
like be  
The  
mark  
friendl  
cident  
this tal  
dured.  
count  
coast  
ness, a  
He wis  
cepted  
Europe  
men to  
was app  
the Prin  
to receiv  
approach  
Prince w  
when, su  
took a p  
them to  
the whole  
who atten  
were conv  
coast to re



to work, they are treated like beasts of burden ; and the moment they resist, they are hunted down like beasts of prey."

The proceedings of the Slave Meeting were remarkably interesting to the people of this retired and friendly town. About the middle of them, an incident occurred which connects the meeting with this tale, and for the sake of which it is introduced. One of the chief speakers related an account of an African Prince, living near the slave coast, who was ruling his people with great kindness, and esteemed by them in a very high degree. He wished them to become industrious, and accepted a proposal from the Commander of an European vessel off the coast, to send some of his men to teach them the arts of civilization. A day was appointed for the treaty to be concluded, and the Prince took his station under a spreading tree to receive his new friends. The Commander approached, at the head of his crew, and the Prince was rising from his seat to receive him ; when, suddenly, the cruel Captain drew his sword, took a pistol from his pocket, and, presenting them to the Prince, convinced him that he and the whole tribe of his people were slaves. Some who attempted to resist, were slain ; and the rest were conveyed on board three vessels lying off the coast to receive them.



The feeling manner in which the anecdote was related, obtained great applause for the speaker; and while all hands were clapping, Fanny's jackdaw, that had gone with her, jumped from her arm, and placed itself on the speaker's shoulder, looking at him, and cawing, and even dancing, with joy, as though it were sensible that the speaker was the friend of the feeble and helpless.

We must now return to the movements of Mark Merton. The next day, being a half-holyday, he was to go with his father to Sandgate, where Mr. Merton had two houses under repair for summer lodges. As they entered that neat retired watering-place, Mr. Merton was told that one of the boys at work at his houses had fallen from a ladder, and broken his thigh. "Where have they taken the poor fellow?" said Mr. Merton; and, upon being told, he immediately drove to the place, and found that the fractured bones had been set, but the boy was in a high fever, and watched by another boy, about the same age.

"You must return to your work, as the repairs are in haste," said Mr. Merton. "I will leave my son here, till we can get a person to watch poor Frank."

"If it would please you, sir," said the boy, "I should be glad to stay—not from the work, sir, for I don't want to be idle, but to watch Frank,



for he is very bad, and says he should be nappy if I could stop with him till he dies. He would do so for me, sir, if I was bad."

This was said with such an honest feeling, that Mr. Merton observed, he would go to the works, and see if the lad could be spared for a day or two. "Till Frank is out of all danger, and proper to be left alone, or with a stranger, I hope, sir," said the boy.

As Mr. M. and Mark left the house, Mark seemed remarkably thoughtful; but his Father imputed it to his seeing the poor injured boy, and said nothing immediately about it. He was most intent upon relieving the poor fellow who had been injured in his service, as soon as possible. He saw his danger, and apprehended that he might soon be worse; and therefore resolved that his young friend should not be taken from him. "I have often wondered," he said, as they walked along, "at persons supposing that the poor can never be faithful friends to each other! Here are two poor boys, coming from the same place, perhaps, as well as working at the same labour, who seem as closely attached to each other as Fanny Furley and her jackdaw."

"I don't wonder at it," said Mark, bursting into tears. "Why, what is the matter?" said his Father; "the boy is very ill, 'tis true, and we



ought to feel for him; but you seem to weep as though he was your particular friend, and as if you were his."

Mark now confessed an affair that his Father never heard of before. "You remember, Papa," said he, "our being here last autumn. While you were at the houses, seeing that all was right after the lodgers had left, I went to bathe above the town, and these two boys had just come out of the water and dressed themselves. In trying to swim, I got out of my depth; and the tide, going out, was likely to drive me away. I cried out, and the boy that watches Frank ran in, and stood over his head in water, and stopped me from being driven farther: he then pushed me on to the shore till I was able to get out myself. Frank, who stood in the water ready to help me, then missed Peter, and cried out, "He will be lost! He then rushed in after him; and, when he had dived about for some minutes, brought him on his back to land, where he brought him to life again, for, to all appearance, he was quite dead."

"I don't wonder myself, now," said Mr. Merton, "at the friendship of these two boys. Frank, it seems, then, saved the life of Peter; and Peter now wishes to save Frank's life. I saw that Peter looked very earnestly at you, as I was talking to Frank: I suppose he knew you again; but,



as I was there, the considerate boy did not like to speak to you. You must do something for both the boys."

"I gave them all the money I had then," said Mark; "shall I do so again now?" Without waiting for an answer, he ran back, and put into Peter's hand the purse that he had offered Fanny for her jackdaw. In doing so, he said, "You remember me, and I remember you: never shall either of you want while Mark Merton has a purse or a penny."

As soon as Mr. Merton could leave the men, he said, "Now I must go, and see that poor Frank is taken proper care of."—"Pray, Sir," said one of them, as he was going, "would you be so good as to take this trifle, that we have collected for the poor boy's help? He has neither father nor mother, nor any friend to take care of him, but Peter; and as he can earn nothing for weeks to come, if ever again, we have collected this for him, and will try and do the same next week."

"Here are eight shillings," said Mr. Merton: "I will double it, and pay the doctor's bill; then the whole sixteen shillings a week can go to make the poor lad as comfortable as he can be made."

When Mr. Merton reached the room, Mark was gone out to fetch something nourishing. Mr. M.



asked Peter if he had a purse that would hold money? "Yes, Sir," said he; "but I don't think I ought to keep it, and I won't keep it till you tell me," laying it down upon the bed. "This is Mark's purse," said Mr. Merton; "hold it up, and open it, Peter."—"I have counted the money in it," said the boy, "that all may be fair, and there be as much as eight shillings."—"Well, then," said Mr. Merton, "we will try and double it," dropping in eight shillings more: "and now we will try and treble it"—adding another eight shillings to the stock. "Can you be trusted with so much money at once, Peter?" asked Mr. Merton. "I'll give an account of every farthing," said Peter; "and it shall go to Frank's use, and I will support myself how I can."

"No, you sha'nt," said Frank, faintly. Every thing you buy for me, you shall have a part of, except the physic."—"That I shall buy," said Mr. Merton; "give yourselves no concern about the doctor, except to have him here as often as you please, and have whatever is necessary for Frank's recovery."—"I shall never recover," said Frank, scarcely loud enough to be heard; "but what signifies that? Frank will die, blessing all his friends."

"I hear that some of us," said Mr. Merton, "would have died, if it had not been for you."—

ry  
f,  
id  
nt  
as  
for  
r,"  
d;  
ng  
on.  
—





*The Jew returning the clothes.*

"He  
said  
savin'  
life no  
one o  
Ma  
and he  
he had  
the do  
me to  
won't  
mothe  
for se  
out, t  
sell hi  
doctor  
The w  
house,  
returne  
Marten  
"Take  
it; requ  
to recei  
ran wit  
back wi  
Poor  
and in  
very gr



"He almost lost his life in saving Master Mark," said Frank. "And you almost lost your life in saving me," said Peter. "I shall quite lose my life now," answered Frank; but I know that every one of you would save it, if you could."

Mark had returned during this conversation, and heard it, weeping, behind the door. When he had recovered himself, he said, "Papa, I met the doctor, as I was coming along, and he asked me to bring this money back, and to say that he won't have it; he says, Frank is a fatherless and motherless boy, and he shan't receive a shilling for setting a poor orphan's bones." It then came out, that Peter had sent a woman, privately, to sell his best clothes, and take the money to the doctor, to pay for setting poor Frank's thigh. The woman had left the money at the doctor's house, while he was from home; and when he returned, he resolved upon sending it back. Mr. Merton took up the money, and said to Mark, "Take it immediately, and this half-crown with it; request the salesman to return the clothes, and to receive the half-crown for his trouble." Mark ran with all his speed, and in five minutes was back with Peter's clothes.

Poor Frank became worse the following day, and in four days after died. His sufferings were very great, but were borne with even greater



patience. Peter was so devoted to his comfort, that he never once left him ; and, after his death, insisted upon helping to make his coffin and dig his grave. In a delirium that Frank had the night before his death, he said something about pretty jack, and hoped he was safe, and did no mischief. This came to Mark's ears, and the next time he went to Sandgate, he asked Peter if he knew what Frank could mean.

" Let me see," said Peter, " I think I can remember something about it. Frank, I believe, had a very favourite jackdaw, that lived with him some time ; but he was obliged to go about to different places to work, and could not take care of it as he wished to do. It would have broken his heart to kill it, and sell it he never could ; so he asked a good man that he knew, somewhere in the marshes,—a blacksmith, I believe—to take it to his house and keep it safe. I wonder whether it be alive. Frank spoke of it several times when he was well, and while he lay bad he would talk of it for an hour together."

" The pretty bird was alive and hearty this morning," said Mark. " I saw it go from the blacksmith's house to school with his daughter, as it does, I find, every morning and every afternoon."

" To school !" said Peter. " Master Mark,



you are now joking: I used to like a joke with poor Frank when he was alive and well; but I can't relish joking now he is under ground."

Mark then told him what he meant, and all he knew of the jackdaw, speaking much in praise of Fanny's affection for it. "Frank himself," said he, "could not love the pretty creature more than she does."

"If I live," said Peter, "I'll see the bird the first leisure day I can get to go into the marshes, for Frank's sake. I want to go to Dymchurch as soon as I can, and that is for Frank's sake, too," he said with a deep sigh.

"Perhaps it is for something that I can do for you," said Mark; "if so, tell me what you want, and, if my father will let me, I will do it as we go home to-night."

"I'll send a little parcel and a message, if you will be pleased to leave it at Ellis's, the carpenter," said Peter.

Mark cheerfully consented, and before he left Sandgate, Peter brought him a little packet, and requested him to give it to Ellis, and ask him when the job would be done? as then Peter would go over to take the other half, and bring the job away. Mark wrote the message down, that he might not forget a single word.

As he returned to Romney with his father,



Mark told him what he had undertaken to do. "That," said his father, "is another proof of Peter's lasting friendship for Frank. I have no doubt Ellis is making a grave-rail for the poor boy, and this money is half the payment of it. Untie the packet, and if it is as I suspect, we must make up the money, and send Peter's half back by the carrier, with the answer when the rail will be done."

They untied the packet, and found in it seventeen shillings, and a paper written as follows:—

"To the memory of as good a boy as ever died or lived. He fell from a ladder, August 21, 1822, and died six days afterwards. Aged 12 years."

On the other side of the paper were the following lines, for the reverse of the rail:—

"A richer boy may soon be found,  
Than he who lies beneath this ground;  
But not a warmer, worthier friend,  
Could Heaven to Peter Blewit lend."

"It is as I thought," said Mr. Merton. "I will save the worthy boy his seventeen shillings, by telling Ellis to put the whole expense of the rail to my account. This was done, and Ellis promised to send back the money and message to Peter the next morning."



Upon reaching home, Mark was delighted, and his father was scarcely less delighted, to relate what they had seen and heard. Mrs. Merton agreed with them to send for Fanny, to know from her where she had the bird, and what her father knew of the boy from whom he received it. She told them that her father took charge of it at the request of a poor boy, who would receive no money for it; and that when he left it, he was in as much distress as though he was parting with a friend.

"And could you part with it, if the boy wished for it again?" said Mrs. Merton, to Fanny. The poor girl knew that Mr. Merton and Mark had been that day to Sandgate, and, fearful they had brought some message about the bird, she burst into tears, and said, "I think I could sooner die than be separated from it."

"But suppose Mr. Merton and I wished the pretty bird to live with us?" said Mrs. M. "We should be sure to take care of it, and you might often pay it a visit, and that might often pay a visit to you." While Mrs. Merton was saying this, Fanny gave the bird one of her significant looks, and the pretty creature was upon her shoulder, and its beak to her lips, in a moment. "I should not so much mind your having my little Jack," said Fanny, "if you were always in Romney; but you often go to Sandgate for weeks together,



and I am told you are going to live there entirely."

This was the case: Mr. Merton and his family were to remove in a few weeks, finding Romney unfavourable to their health. "We are certainly going there," said Mrs. Merton, "and I believe little Jack must go with us. Your Father will not refuse our request; and, you know, the bird belongs to him." "But he gave it to me—indeed he did," said Fanny. "Well, suppose he did," said Mark, "you can't refuse to let Mamma have it, after she has given you so many good things." The poor girl was now in the deepest distress; which Mrs. Merton relieved, by saying, "I promise one thing,—that, if the bird lives with us, you shall live with us, too; if your Father wont let you go, we won't take care of his bird."

"He will, he will let me go!" said Fanny, eagerly; and the bird, which had looked depressed when she wept, now it saw her cheerful, jumped and flew about, partaking of her joy. "We shall know his mind to-morrow," said Mrs. Merton, "and we know yours already; so, for the present, you and your sweet friend may get your supper in the kitchen, and depart to your home."

The next morning Mrs. Merton called on Fanny's Mother, to settle the matter of the girl becoming a servant in her family. "My daughter,

Madam," said the Mother, "has had no sleep all night, with the thought of going to Sandgate. She wishes to live with you, and, so far, she is happy; but she is afraid her little Jack will find out his old master—I mean, the young boy that had him first, and this makes her very uncomfortable."

"Dry up her tears, and tell her to sleep in peace," said Mrs. Merton; "the poor boy is dead. The bird may perhaps visit his grave, and settle a short time on his grave-rail; but this may never be the case but in Fanny's company."

The family, with Fanny and her bird, are now at Sandgate; and the visit to Frank's grave, in a neighbouring parish church-yard, is made about once a week.

THE END.



"It  
said a y  
he had  
by his a  
pation.  
wished  
himself  
youth;  
allowed  
ments."  
contempla  
because,  
tion be th  
second on  
something  
that what  
for the a  
hereafter  
"My o

## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. XXVIII.

### PERSEVERANCE.

“ It don’t signify what trade you put me to,” said a youth of Philadelphia to his father, just as he had left school, and some anxiety was expressed by his affectionate parents about his future occupation. Upon receiving this answer, his father wished to know if he had any thing in view for himself? “ Not any thing at present,” said the youth; “ nor any thing, therefore, that should be allowed to interfere with your present arrangements.” Still his father wished to know what he contemplated, at however great a distance of time; because, if possible, he would let his first occupation be the means of better preparing him for his second or his last. “ I must,” the father said, “ do something with you, Kenrick; and I am desirous that what I do at present may open an easier path for the accomplishment of what you may wish hereafter to do for yourself.”

“ My dearest father,” said the youth, “ you



are indeed good, very good, because you place so much confidence in my looking forward to something that will be honourable and useful, else you would not now so freely consent to make way for me, the more easily to effect my purpose. You and my dear mother may perfectly assure yourselves that you have judged rightly of me—I have in view something that will indeed be honourable and useful; but, if I were to say more than this at present, I should only increase your difficulty about me: do as you please—choose the trade that appears best for me in your own judgment.”

Kenrick Abbot was at this time only twelve years old; but twelve in America answers to fifteen or sixteen in England. In that ingenious and enterprising country, it is no uncommon thing for a youth of twelve years to commence learning some superior mechanical art; then at fifteen for him to begin studying for a professional life; and when of age, at nineteen, to determine upon one, usually the latter, as opportunity or connection may seem to promise success, for the remainder of his days. Kenrick's fine sense and comprehensive mind vastly approved of this course; and instead of opposing his father's wish, that he should immediately begin to acquire some mechanical art, he was himself anxious that a favourable opening for such an acquisition might very soon



present itself. "And yet," said his fond mother, "you are too well taught, and too good a youth, to be a mechanic, even for two or three years!"—"My dear mother," answered Kenrick, "do not be uneasy about my being debased in this manner: all history proves it to be impossible. The Hebrews, in their greatest prosperity, always gave their sons some manual occupation first. The grand seignior of Turkey is always taught some mechanical business. The great apostle of the Christian church, St. Paul, who had a far more learned education than any of us, was taught the art of tent-making."

"Right, my boy," said his father, who had listened to this gentle reproof of his mother with some astonishment, as well as approbation: "your dear mother calls you wise; but proper wisdom appears to be marked upon the arrangements you have mentioned. The young were thus preserved from early habits of indolence; preparation was thus made to fill up the vacancies of life; youth were thus preserved from a thousand evils, rendered useful in society, and furnished with a resource in the event of adversity and distress."

Just as this conversation closed, a neighbour of Kenrick's father called to know if he had a vessel at his wharf, perfectly at leisure, and fit to convey some valuable articles of furniture, just finished



at his manufactory, down the river to Trenton ?  
“ Run, Kenrick,” said Mr. Abbot, “ to the wharf, and ask if the William Penn, the best vessel for such a purpose, is at leisure ? and if it is, let it be written down for Mr. Pascal’s use as soon as he requires it.”

While Kenrick was gone to the wharf, where the counting-house was superintended by one elder brother, and the vessels by another, the upholsterer entered into conversation with the wharfinger about his third son. “ That youth, Kenrick,” he said, “ is an eagle lad ; he flies wherever he is sent, and I guess his eye is as quick as his wing.”— “ He seems to have good foresight,” said his father, “ and I guess he will make a capital hand at whatever he may undertake ; but what that will be, at present, I don’t seem able to determine.”

“ I will sit down and wait till he returns,” said Mr. Pascal, “ and then carry home my own answer.”

“ You will not have to wait long,” answered Mr. Abbot : “ Kenrick, young as he is, has already learned the art of redeeming time.”

“ And such a lad is the most likely, in the least possible time, to learn any other art,” answered Mr. Pascal : “ I wish I had him to make the experiment.”

“ I wish you had, with all my heart,” said

Mrs. Abbot; for I don't know a mistress in all the state that I should like so well for my son as Mrs. Pascal."

"You have only to say the same of a *master*," said Pascal to Abbot, "and the bargain is struck."

It was said, and said with truth; because, though no particular intimacy existed between the families before this, Mr. Pascal was spoken of through all Philadelphia in the highest terms. Kenrick just now returned, with some symptoms of disappointment in his countenance. "There is no vessel at leisure, then," said Mr. Pascal. "Yes there is," answered the youth; "but I am sorry you have waited to know, because I wanted an opportunity of taking the message to your house myself. Do stay and chat with my father and mother a little longer, and let me go and tell your foreman that the William Penn can be ready for the furniture in two hours; then, if help is wanting to get it ready for the vessel, I can assist."

Before he could well receive permission, Kenrick fled to the manufactory as swiftly as he had done to the wharf, and, in less than half an hour, came back and told Mr. Pascal that all was ready but his signature to the invoice. "What fine articles your warehouse contains!" said Kenrick



to Mr. Pascal—"how I should like to see some of them made!"

"And to make them too, I suppose, if you could?" said his mother.

"If I could!" answered the youth—"that was well said; but I guess I should be able to make some of them in a short time, if I was allowed to try."

"You are to be allowed to try," said his father, "and I have no doubt of your success. The question of a trade for you, at present at least, has been kindly settled by Mr. Pascal, who consents, and even wishes, to take you into his house."

Kenrick found no difficulty in the first and plain attempts he was instructed to make. He had often used tools of various sorts, and applied them to different kinds of wood; and in the little articles with which he commenced he was so successful, that greater ones were soon put into his hands. Having worked with good effect at a cabinet, he was allowed to attempt some little upholstery, and was equally ready and equally successful. He proceeded thus, through more than the first year of his short apprenticeship, before any thing remarkable occurred to divert his attention from the ordinary course of such a business. He was, in fact, so entirely devoted to its usual branches, that none imagined Kenrick was destined to be any



thing beyond a very ingenious and industrious upholsterer.

When his three years were about half expired, an order was received by Mr. Pascal for a large and handsome seat, of a peculiar description, and for a very important purpose. It was to be carved and decorated in the best possible manner—no expense was to be spared—and, though it was by no means to be gaudy, something novel and striking, as well as elegant, was expected.

“Let me have the satisfaction of making this remarkable seat,” said Kenrick to Mr. Pascal, with unusual earnestness. “You are not equal,” answered Mr. Pascal, “to the heavy parts of the undertaking; but if you think you can manage the carving, and decorating, and finishing, I will give it into your hands, and give you four months to complete it.”

The next day Kenrick laid before Mr. Pascal a design for the new piece of furniture, which struck him for its surprising novelty and surpassing elegance. “I will send it,” he said, “to the gentlemen who have given the order, and, if they approve of it, the frame-work shall be put in hand without delay, and you may prepare your tools and materials for the rest of the work.”

Without mentioning that a youth of thirteen had sketched the design, Mr. Pascal showed it to



the gentlemen, who merely suggested a slight alteration or two, which rendered the execution more easy, while it did not improve or injure the plan. The contract was then agreed upon, "that a magnificent seat, according to the design now finished and returned, should be executed in five months, for nine hundred dollars."—"If," said the chief of the gentlemen, as they parted, "the whole undertaking can be superintended by the clever *man* who has drawn the plan, it may be better finished, and we shall not object to one hundred dollars more."

Stronger workmen than Kenrick prepared the wood, and framed the seat. All the rougher parts of the article were likewise done by persons of less skill and more strength than he; and then it was given over to him to finish. One day, in the absence of Mr. Pascal, the younger of the gentlemen came to the manufactory, and, to his surprise, saw the youth carving a principal part of the back of the seat. Astonished at the sight, and fearful of injury, he said, "My good lad, don't touch that piece of furniture, you'll spoil the progress of the work: I had rather it should be delayed a month than receive the least injury. Where is the foreman? He should certainly be here, whenever Mr. Pascal is absent, to see that the seat is not damaged by a careless boy."



The foreman came up at the moment, and said, "Sir, the design of the seat, which you so much admired, was drawn by that youth, and Mr. Pascal has committed the finishing of it into his clever hands."

"He certainly knows best," said the gentleman; "but I should have thought it impossible for one so young, however he might sketch a good design, to execute carving upon wood in a perfect manner."

While he said this, he brushed away some dust and shavings from one of the elbows of the seat, and asked if the clever carving of the elbow had been done by the youth? Kenrick now thought the better effect would be produced by his leaving the work, and letting the foreman plead his cause. The latter assured the gentleman that every part of the carving was the work of the youth alone, and that Mr. Pascal had no fear whatever of the whole being performed perfectly to their satisfaction, within the appointed time.

"Give him these to encourage him," said the gentleman, throwing down a couple of dollars. "He wants no encouragement, Sir," said the foreman, "beyond his remarkable success. Many dollars have been given him, by different ladies and gentlemen; but he has given them all to the



poorer workmen of the house, and he will do the same with these."

"I'll be revenged for this insult of my bounty, in due time," said the gentleman, smiling; "he shall be paid for his ingenuity and industry, with good interest, in some welcome form or another. I shall come again in a few days, and bring with me a gentleman who understands these matters of taste better than I do; if he approves of what is doing, as I fully expect he will do, the youth shall have higher reward than his success."

As the family were conversing together in the evening, this circumstance was related by Mr. Pascal, who had received it from the foreman. "We have heard of your fame, Kenrick," said Mrs. Pascal; but will you not be wearied almost to death by working at one piece of furniture for three or four months?"—"Oh no!" answered the youth; "perseverance is my motto, and if the work required three or four years to complete, I should be quite as happy in going on with it—perhaps more so."

"You remind me, Kenrick, of my uncle," said Miss Pascal. You know he is a statuary at Baltimore. I was at his house last summer, and went over his exhibition-room, where he showed me a marble infant upon a pedestal, that he was





about  
three  
three  
“  
of an  
equal  
himself  
tue.  
he coo  
infant  
man  
young  
Mi  
“ But  
tlemen  
Mada  
stem f  
belove  
resemb  
“ Th  
“ is at  
accord  
to rec  
part fr  
receive  
hear, it  
have be  
“ Co

about to send to Washington, which took him three years to complete; and he said they were three of the happiest years of his life."

"I think, Miss," said Kenrick, "I have heard of another member of your family, who was equally comfortable, perhaps more so, confining himself rather a longer time than that to one statue. His father, I think, used to complain that he could get no help from his son, for either his infant or his pedestal, because the young gentleman was so intent upon finishing the statue of a young lady!"

Miss Pascal blushed, while her mother said, "But, Kenrick, did you hear why the young gentleman set about the work?"—"I think I did, Madam," answered the youth: "because his rather stern father declared that he should not have the beloved original, till he had completed the marble resemblance."

"The resemblance, I believe," said Mr. Pascal, "is at length completed, and we may expect, according to the terms of the arrangement, soon to receive it in lieu of the original. We shall part from the latter with regret; still we shall receive the former with pleasure; especially as, I hear, it is a more perfect resemblance than could have been expected from so young an artist."

"Considerable advantage will arise from this



exchange, in more senses than one," said Kenrick. "The original eats, and drinks, and dresses; but the resemblance will put you to no expense for these purposes: it may require a weekly dusting; but that I'll engage to undertake gratuitously."

"The original," said Mrs. Pascal, "has often been very severe in her critical remarks upon you, Kenrick; but the resemblance, I suppose, will stand in the appointed niche, as our friend the tautologist says, both silent and speechless."

"The original," said Mr. Pascal, "has sometimes kindled into undue warmth, when Baltimore, and statuary, and cousins, have been spoken of; but the resemblance will remain cold as marble, whatever be the subject of conversation. However, I, for one, shall be glad, if we must lose the original, to have a glance, every time I go up and down stairs, at the likeness—cold and quiet as it may be."

A note was at this moment brought to Mr. Pascal, intimating that the whole of the gentlemen who ordered the seat would be at his house to examine its progress by noon the next day. "Then," said Mr. Pascal, "we must get the first tablet completely carved by the time they come; and for that purpose, Kenrick, I will be up early and help you." The youth appeared gratefully to



consent; but, knowing that Mr. Pascal's *early* was never sooner than seven o'clock, he was up at five, and in two hours the tablet was almost finished.

"Excuse me, Sir," said Kenrick, as Mr. Pascal was admiring its effect, "but I must, if you please, do all the carving myself. You kindly committed it into my hands; but it was not for me to request that it might be wholly left to me, till I could convince you, by a fair specimen, of my ability to accomplish it."

"I am convinced, perfectly convinced, my dear boy," said Mr. Pascal: "I will not even threaten again to assist you." With that he went into the house, and, as he sat down to breakfast, he observed—"There must be an impulse in Kenrick's mind, Edith, quite as strong, though not of the same kind, as that in your cousin's; for he is as much devoted to the seat, as ever your cousin could be to the statue."—"He has confessed it to me," said Miss Pascal: "it is an impulse quite as strong, and perhaps much stronger, than my cousin's; but he has charged me, and I have promised him, not to mention it."

The youth came in with a cheerful countenance to breakfast, and asked Mr. Pascal if, as he had now finished the tablet, he might take two hours for a morning's excursion into the country. "I



wish," he said, "to be away, if you please, while the gentlemen are here; and to take the opportunity of looking over the new abbey"—a beautiful model of Newstead Abbey, the birth-place of Lord Byron, recently erected near Philadelphia.

"If I consent to this," said Mr. Pascal, "I fear it will be from a selfish motive. I am anxious to know what prospect I have of supplying any of the new furniture for the place, and I shall certainly be glad if you can make some inquiry about it."

As Kenrick looked round and through the magnificent structure, he was suddenly asked, by a middle-aged, respectable-looking man, what he thought of it? "I should not have spoken thus to a youth," he said, "but I perceive you are uncommonly attentive, for your age, to the different parts of the building." The freedom of the gentleman, with the kind and intelligent manner in which he spoke, encouraged Kenrick to make a few remarks upon certain parts of the interior, which greatly pleased him.

"The blemishes you point out, young man," said the owner, for he happened to be the owner of the house, "may be concealed by some care in the design and distribution of the furniture."

This encouraged Kenrick to proceed, especially as it might lead to the accomplishment of his wishes in favour of his master. Assenting to the



owner's observation, the youth began pointing out the sort of furniture that would be most likely to answer that particular purpose, and also to suit the interior architecture of the house generally. "On that subject," answered the gentleman, "I can say but little, because I have resolved to leave the arrangement in the hands of a young man—quite as young as yourself—who, by the time the furniture is wanting, may be at leisure. I have heard, from a gentleman of my acquaintance, a most encouraging report of him: in fact, I must now hasten to the city to attend that very friend to the furniture manufactory where he is employed, to inspect a seat that he is carving, and in which I have some interest."

The gentleman pulled out his watch as he spoke, and, finding his time more than expired, hastily mounted a horse that was waiting for him at the gate, and bade the youth a good morning. Kenrick, at the same time, was preparing to put a card of Mr. Pascal's into his hands; but, finding this unnecessary, he politely held the stirrup, bowed to his new patron, and availed himself of his frank permission to inspect every part of the house as much as he pleased.

We must now return to the manufactory. The carving of the tablet gave even greater satisfaction than that of the elbow of the seat: the gentlemen



were as warm as possible in its praise, and entreated—which was unnecessary—that the youth might have the entire carving left in his hands, even if the seat were delayed a month beyond the time,

This will be quite unnecessary,” said Mr. Pascal; “at the rate he goes on, it is more likely to be done a month within the time. The upholstery, too, if you please, gentlemen, shall be left in his hands.” Here he handed them a new design of tasteful drapery, to surmount the seat, which they highly approved of, and requested might be put into execution by the same skilful hands that drew it. “This youth, gentlemen,” said Mr. Pascal, “is the most persevering, as well as the most skilful, I ever knew: he is impelled forward, with astonishing industry, by a motive that he says is omnipotent; but the precise nature of the impulse we can never persuade him to tell us. I only regret that his time with me is likely to be so short.”

“Pray extend it, if you can, for my sake, Mr. Pascal,” said the chief gentleman, whom he had not expected to be present: “if you can do this, both he and you shall be recompensed by the entire furnishing of the new abbey. With your permission, let me see the youth immediately, and hear what he says on the question: if we can secure his



consent to the plan, perhaps every other difficulty may be surmounted—I can answer for the consent of his parents.”

The generosity of these remarks induced Mr. Pascal to be silent on Kenrick's having gone to the abbey; especially about the commission he had received to do what he could towards obtaining part of the order. It was impossible, he thought, for the gentleman and Kenrick to have met; and it was far better for the offer of furnishing the abbey to proceed freely from the owner himself. Mr. Pascal, therefore, contented himself with returning his warmest thanks for the preference, and promising that all should be placed under Kenrick's superintendence. “I will hasten it,” said the gentleman, “that we may begin before his time expires; and, having commenced, we shall more easily induce him to persevere to the completion.”

The seat was completed, and sent home within the time; and, soon after, designs and drawings for the abbey furniture were taken to Mr. Cosway, the owner, by Kenrick himself. The youth was now approaching his fifteenth year, was unusually tall for his age, and of a winning, though not remarkably handsome, appearance. Anticipating a free and friendly reception, he dressed himself with care, and overlooked no proper means of making



a good impression on the rich and respectable family of the Cosways. Mr. Bifrons, one of the other gentlemen, was present, and well knew the youth; but Mr. Cosway, though he had seen and conversed with him at the abbey, knew him not till this moment.

It was impossible to conceal his surprise when Kenrick was introduced into the drawing-room. "Why, this, Mrs. Cosway," he said, addressing his lady, "is the very youth I have been telling you of, whom I met at the abbey!" Then, turning to Mr. Bifrons, he said—"Now the mystery is explained, why we did not see him that day at Mr. Pascal's!"—"I was absent on purpose, Sir," said the youth, as he took the seat the servant placed for him, "that you might the more freely canvass my work; and I have ever since carefully avoided seeing you, not through disrespect, but that you might first know me through these humble means." Saying this, he laid his portfolio of drawings on the table.

"Humble indeed!" said Miss Cosway, as she opened the case, and took out two or three of the best. "Humble indeed!" said Mrs. Cosway, as she craved permission to have the very best, that she had taken out, first examined. "We shall be humble, I suppose, very humble, when we are living in rooms furnished after this novel and

the  
the  
and  
not  
en  
m.  
ng  
ng  
m-  
ery  
at  
ir,"  
want  
eely  
lly  
but  
m-  
o of  
she  
f the  
y, as  
that  
all be  
e are  
and





noble  
gested  
est of  
rick r  
begge  
submi  
artists,  
more p  
there i  
answe  
far too  
buildi  
listeni  
The  
As the  
ready,  
placed b  
he had a  
were str  
grandeur  
third, th  
successiv  
novel an  
A han  
by his b  
burgh Ca  
surprised  
placed by



noble fashion!" Some few alterations were suggested by almost every one present; but the greatest of them were scarcely improvements. Kenrick readily consented to adopt them, and earnestly begged the plans to be kept a week or two, and submitted to the judgment of friends, and clever artists, who must be capable of rendering them more perfect. "In a multitude of counsellors there is safety," said Kenrick. "Not always," answered Mr. Cosway, "for the multitude was far too great, by whom I was counselled about the building; and considerable danger attended my listening to them."

The time came for the abbey to be finished. As the rooms were, one after the other, made ready, the furniture for each was completed, and placed by Kenrick for the trial of its effect. When he had arranged the first room, all who beheld it were struck with the novel as well as beautiful grandeur of its appearance: yet the second, the third, the fourth, seemed to present, as they were successively furnished, a succession of still more novel and magnificent apartments.

A handsome present from Kenrick—a painting by his brother, representing the taking of Edinburgh Castle, by soldiers disguised as peasants, surprised Mr. Cosway one morning, having been placed by the youth over the study chimney-place.



The execution of this vast undertaking established the fame of Kenrick Abbot, as the first artist in his line in the United States. Some hundreds went to admire the famous seat; but several thousands flocked to extol the furniture of the abbey. Kenrick was too much attached to Mr. Pascal to leave him, and therefore accepted a partnership, freely offered, upon equal terms. His frequent visits to Mr. Cosway, Mr. Bifrons, and other gentlemen, increased the renown and respectability of his character. "I must recompense you, Kenrick," said Mr. Cosway one day, "and that handsomely, for the fame your taste and skill have given to the abbey: how shall it be done?"

"My desire will be too great, I fear," answered Kenrick; "but as your question is free, my reply shall be so, too—You may do it by allowing me to remove from the abbey the most valuable and beautiful piece of furniture it contains."

The request was granted, and Miss Cosway soon became Mrs. Kenrick Abbot. Soon after this event, Mr. Cosway said, "I must still request permission to offer you a recompense, Kenrick; for I find that, in what has been done, you are considered as rather conferring a favour than receiving one. I am retiring from the bench; Mr. Bifrons will then be senior magistrate, and Mr. Molesworth second: while the nomination of

the junior rests with me. Shall I name you?"  
—"This, Sir," answered Kenrick, "is the consummation of my wishes. I took the pains I did with the magistrates' seat, because I hoped—I *resolved*—to have a place on it myself."





## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. XXIX.

### DECEPTION.

IN the year 1832, a vessel sailed from the pier of Brighton to the coast of France, with a crew of five men and one boy. It started with a calm sea and little wind, and had more than half crossed the channel before the weather altered. Then the wind freshened, and soon afterwards became strong and even violent. Had it blown from any other quarter, the little boat must soon have sunk; from blowing from the north, the only effect upon the vessel was quickening its speed, and the only effect upon the crew was giving them the assurance of an earlier arrival than they had anticipated, on the Norman coast. But when within two or three miles of that coast, off Fecamp, between Dieppe and Havre de Grace, a tremendous gale drove the vessel on the sand, when the waves every moment covered it, and appeared to swallow up the few hands that vainly attempted to control them.

Several persons were on the beach, and strove to assist them; but not a boat could stem the tide

and wind, and all hope of saving an individual of the hapless crew was soon abandoned. But on a sudden the head of a boy appeared above water, and his arms were seen, at the same moment, violently struggling with the wave that lifted him up. A rope was thrown towards him, which he fortunately seized, and he was pulled to the shore, where immediate assistance was rendered, and his life was preserved.

He was a poor orphan, and about twelve years of age. It was his first voyage, upon an agreement with the parish that, if he was likely to be useful, the master of the smack would take him apprentice. He knew not a word of French, and even his English was confined to a few sentences relating to the farm in which he had been brought up, and to the vessel in which he had unhappily sailed. He was taken to Fecamp, with the intention of placing him on board the first English vessel which should pass that part of the coast, or of taking him to Havre or to Dieppe, that he might return home in the service of one of the packets to Southampton or Brighton.

It was the time of the Fecamp annual fair, and, among other exhibitors of their wonders, was an owner of several dancing dogs, who was making his usual excursion of the great fairs of Normandy and the adjoining provinces. His largest and most



entertaining dog, upon which almost his sole dependence for the effect and profit of his exhibition was placed, had been so severely worked during the three days of the fair, that it sickened and died : its death took place about the time that the poor English boy was taken into the town. The showman was in the deepest distress on account of his loss ; it threatened to break up his fortunes altogether, as he had no prospect of ever being able to supply the place of "the master of the ceremonies," as he called the departed dog. But his immediate concern was how to make up the serious breach in this evening's amusement, the closing evening of what he always considered the best fair in his Norman circuit.

Intelligence of the death of the famous dog was rapidly spread through the town. Rival showmen, whose interest the dog had materially injured, painted up the news in large letters in front of their booths ; and the poor man might as well have closed his booth at once, unless he could procure some substitute for the popular creature which his own avarice and cruelty had prematurely destroyed. He was venting his execrations upon himself, and his grief at his irreparable loss, just as the poor sailor-boy was taken into the same wretched cabaret in which he and his lancers had taken up their abode.



Necessity is the mother of invention, and the distressed showman was no sooner told of the much greater distress of the forlorn boy, and especially of the ill-fated crew, than it struck him that possibly the lad might be procured to supply the place of his dog; that he might advertise and exhibit the one even with a greater prospect of success than the other. He could speak a little English, and, what was better, he had picked up a few Sussex farming phrases, having been in that county at several fairs in the interior as well as on the coast. He happened to speak to the boy in his own dialect, as well as his own language, and was, in fact, the first person who had addressed him in intelligible words. Speaking kindly as well as intelligibly to the unfortunate lad, he became more attached to this man than even to his preservers, whose boisterous clatter in French had distracted and distressed him beyond measure. They, too, were anxious to get rid of the charge of the boy, and readily accepted the Norman's offer of two or three francs to give him up, for the night at least, to his care and service.

Before the evening wonders began to be proclaimed, a handbill was in every part of Fecamp and its suburbs, announcing that the shipwrecked English sailor-boy, the only individual that had escaped of a *large* crew, would appear and relate



his disaster in the booth of Signieur Furbout until midnight. On a large canvass, in front of the booth, was a hasty and rude sketch of the vessel struggling with the waves, and of the boy cast on the shore ; and under the sketch was an inscription *falsely* declaring that this canvass was an identical sail of the unfortunate vessel.

These sudden and extraordinary adventures drew crowds to the spot. Every other standing was deserted for the fortunate Furbout's ; and very few persons who saw the pretended sail, and read the false inscription, refrained from entering the booth to behold the hapless boy whom the winds and waves had thrown upon their dangerous coast.

Had the poor boy any task to perform beyond making his appearance in the clothes of his shipwreck, and uttering a few English, or rather Sussex sentences, to be translated by the showman just as he pleased, the exhibition must have failed : but the first undertaking of the stupid lad was easy, and the symptoms of fear he might betray would be of advantage to the scene, and increase its effect upon the almost equally stupid spectators. The booth was crowded, and the boy's appearance was hailed with applause that shook every part of the frail inclosure. The roof could not be shaken, for roof it had none. French fair booths are ge-







overall  
rain,  
the un  
appea  
misser  
cessive  
more  
pense,  
five of  
could

The  
this a  
fairs o  
provin  
wreck  
interest  
or L'Ai  
wretche  
weeks t  
Fecamp.

The  
rid of t  
the mas  
the dog  
locked i  
might so  
famed r  
ment's d

nerally open at the top, and a smart shower of rain, that fell at the moment, rather strengthened the universal feeling of sympathy with the wretched appearance of the lad. The first company dismissed, another rushed into the booth, and successive crowds, till an hour after midnight, far more than repaid the showman for his extra expense, and rendered the death of his dog productive of *immediate* profit much beyond what his life could have been likely to command.

The fair over, the showman began to fear that this advantage was at an end. There were no fairs on the coast, nor any in the interior of the province till several weeks hence, when the shipwreck would be entirely forgotten. Besides, what interest would the people of Evereux, or Argantan, or L'Aigle, be likely to take in the fate of a little wretched foreigner, *reported to be* thrown up some weeks before upon the almost unknown coast of Fecamp.

The man had nearly made up his mind to get rid of the boy, when his attention was turned by the master of the cabaret to the necessity of burying the dog. The carcase of the favourite had been locked in a chest, and the landlord feared the smell might soon become unpleasant, and injure the far-famed reputation of his house. Without a moment's delay the chest was unlocked, and the



sight of the dog, lovely even in death, revived all the sorrowful feelings of the sensitive showman; and he determined, as he could not keep the body, at all events to preserve the beautiful skin. He had the skin of the dog, even to its tail, carefully and completely taken off; with no other design at the moment, than to preserve it as a memorial of his favourite; at most, to stuff it as an ornament and attraction for the front of his booth.

This operation performed, the man prepared to take his departure from Fecamp, but was at a loss what to do with the boy. Had he been going to the right to Dieppe, or to the left to Havre, he might have taken him to one of the English packets, and even sold him, as is sometimes the case with foreign and helpless lads, to one of the captains; but, if his own convenience had not led him towards the centre towns of the province, the police would have determined his course in that direction. He must take the appointed circuit, or not be permitted to travel at all.

A sudden thought relieved him from his embarrassment. The boy was small—small enough, in all probability, for the skin of his large dog to be stretched over him. Could he not teach the boy to dance, and, wearing the skin, could he not either exhibit him in the towns where the dog had been at former fairs much admired; or, if they



were likely to detect the trick, could he not take him to some distant circuit, and pass him off as a dog that could not only dance, but speak !

Showmen, whether French or English, are not often obstructed in their decisions, by scruples of conscience, or considerations of truth. The probability of success is the only point that enters into their calculations; and in the present case, scarcely a doubt could be entertained of the success of either plan it might be convenient for Furbout to adopt. The interval between the fairs of the coast and the interior was spent in teaching the poor boy to dance; and he, stupid as he was, improved at least to the extent of being able to dance as well as his predecessor. Little more could be expected of such a lad; but this was, without much difficulty, accomplished.

The skin was prepared, though not perfumed; and, when drawn over the naked body of the poor yielding lad, with his hands for fore-feet, and his feet most painfully compressed for hinder ones, the showman, at least, thought that he bore a striking resemblance to his lamented dog. The small town of Tilliers was the place of the boy's first appearance in his new and reduced, or, as the showman declared, his elevated character. "My dog," he said, "had a far brighter intellect than any boy bred up in a Sussex farm."



Passing by this argument, as unworthy of an answer, the effect of the exhibition must be fairly stated. It was most disastrous. With all his sagacity, Furbout had omitted to familiarize the other dogs to the dancing and the presence of their new companion; to say nothing of subjecting them to his authority, as master of the ceremonies, and leader of the polite exercise. It was impossible to judge whether he danced so well as they, since they refused to dance with him, or, in his presence *as a dog*, to dance at all. They growled, and even barked at him, and this rendered him afraid to be near them. His fears increased their courage; and at length, in spite of their master's efforts to restrain them, they fairly drove him off the stage, and then stood sentinels at the different avenues to prevent his return.

Furbout was discouraged, but not in despair. Time only, in his view of things, was necessary to reconcile the dogs to the assumed character of the boy; but it seemed, rather, that something more than time was necessary to convince them that he was not the ghost of their departed leader. In his own garb, they were familiar with him. His master commanded him to conciliate them by some choice portions of their favourite food, and they expressed their grateful sense of this kindness; but no sooner did the boy assume their own



appearance, than their gatitude and good-will were at an end, and they treated him as though he were their inveterate foe. At Tilliers, therefore, all further exhibitions were confined to them, and were consequently feeble and unproductive. Furbout's booth, in fact, was closed long before the fair was over.

When they returned to their quarters, Furbout strove to console the boy, in the apprehension that *he* was the more disheartened of the two; and in the hope that some novel and profitable use might yet be made of him in other towns. "Tell me your history, my little lad," said he, as he took his pipe, and felt himself a little at ease after his anxiety and disappointment. "My history!" asked the boy, with stupid astonishment; "I don't know what it means."—"Where was you born?" said Furbout. "Up the Downs," answered the boy. "Who was your father?" asked the showman. "Nobody never told me," said the lad, smiling. "Why do you laugh at that question?" said Furbout. "Because," the boy said, "when I asked it once, I was told a droll story about it."—"Tell the story to me, then, as well as you can remember it," said the master. He had considerable difficulty in understanding the words in which the boy told the story; but at last he managed to collect the following particulars:—



The boy's father and mother were never known; but they were suspected to be trampers of the lowest order, and that he was born one autumn on the Sussex Downs. Soon after his birth, he was either thought to be dead, or put almost to death, by his parents, who then packed the body in a basket, and directed it to a gentleman well known for benevolence in the neighbourhood. A strange man, in the dusk of the evening, stopped an errand-cart that was going by the gentleman's house, told the driver that he had a basket of game for him, and fastened it upon some other baskets behind the vehicle. The footman took in the basket, and was told by his master to unpack it; when they were surprised by the body of a new-born infant, whom the confined air of the basket, or the rough motion of the cart, had completely revived. All inquiries after the supposed father proved fruitless; and the gentleman whom he had then insulted, sent the child to the parish workhouse, whence he was placed in due time, first with a farmer, and then with the unfortunate fisherman, whose vessel and life were lost.

French showmen are some of the most superstitious people of the land; and Furbout had his full share of this powerful feeling. He soon assured himself, that a boy thus disposed of at his birth would turn out a profitable speculation.







His all  
streng  
and a  
almo  
child  
and,  
becom  
profit.  
followe

In  
of Aug  
his sim  
boy, a  
"I wil  
I can,  
before  
take ca  
the poo  
effectual  
by sea.  
city of  
and pre  
diligenc  
was fea  
hind the  
ened his  
the fore  
ground,

His almost miraculous deliverance from drowning strengthened this conviction in Furbout's mind; and another deliverance, which soon occurred, almost equally miraculous, satisfied him that the child was a favoured object of supernatural care, and, notwithstanding his stupidity, would soon become an object of wonder, and an instrument of profit. The second deliverance referred to was as follows :—

In leaving Telliers for the more promising fair of Augers, Furbout wished to lighten the load of his single and feeble horse, and therefore sent the boy, and two of the dogs, by the Paris diligence. "I will keep up with you," he said, "as well as I can, and, when we come near the city, I will get before the diligence, and be ready at the office to take care of you." This arrangement almost cost the poor lad his life; but he gained as narrow and effectual an escape by land, as before he had done by sea. When within sight of the cathedral and city of Augers, Furbout got before the diligence, and preceded it at a slow pace. The driver of the diligence was a few minutes behind his time, and was fearful he should be still later, if he kept behind the showman's caravan: he therefore quickened his horses; but, in striving to pass it, one of the fore-wheels of the diligence sunk into soft ground, and broke. The front of the heavy vehi-



cle was thus brought upon the hinder part of the inner horses, and when they became restive, one of the front horses broke its trace, and fell to the ground. This was the means of saving the boy from being crushed to death; for, having seated himself in the cabriolet, he was thrown out immediately under the wheel, which was stopped only by the fall of the horse!

"Oho!" cried a passenger, who had jumped from the diligence on the first alarm, and run after the showman—"Your boy is killed! come back and take his poor body into your caravan!"

"I'll venture my own life he is not killed," said Furbout: "his life is insured by a power above us, which has preserved him in a shipwreck, and will not suffer him to be destroyed by a diligence!"

Scarcely had he said this, when the boy himself was seen running to meet him, as he was returning with the passenger. "There!" exclaimed Furbout, "am I not a conjuror? You, who were upon the spot, declared the lad to be dead; and I, who was at a distance, asserted him to be alive! No, no! trust me, he will not die till he has done something that will astonish the public? Where are the dogs, my lad? are they dead or alive?"

They were found safe in the valise of the diligence, and all the passengers were able to walk



the mile and half between the scene of danger and the city of Augers—promising, as they passed along, that they would pay one visit, at least, to Furbout's boasted exhibition.

Just before the accident took place, the strange thought that had before entered the showman's mind—to exhibit the boy somewhere as a *speaking* dog—was revived, with additional strength and plausibility. At first, Augers seemed a place suited for this experiment upon the public credulity; but, on reflection, he feared that some who were with the diligence might detect the imposture by their remembrance of the tone of the boy's rather singular voice; or, perhaps, the lad himself might, in his simpleness and stupidity, have confessed that he sometimes performed the character of a dog. A more distant fair was therefore preferred, and Poitiers, considerably on the other side of the Loire, was chosen for the audacious attempt.

The fair of this large and quiet town commenced about ten days after the overthrow of the diligence; and, as such of the passengers as were not stopping at Augers were going to the right to Nantes, Furbout thought he might safely venture to a more distant town in another direction. A copy of the advertisement of this wonderful exhibition, in the French language, is now before the



writer of the present story. Freely translated, it announces that, "On every day of the Poitiers fair, there will be exhibited in the booth of Sig. Furbout, in the eastern corner of the great square, a beautiful large dog, which, in addition to dancing, will speak several words in French and English, and hold a conversation with any one of the audience able to speak the latter language."

At the time appointed for opening, a considerable crowd, chiefly of the lower orders, pressed for admission into the booth. Among them was an English traveller, who attracted general attention as the person most likely to make an effectual experiment of the truth of the advertisement. "Are you for us or for the dog?" cried out an old man who stood fronting the Englishman. "I am for both," the latter replied: "if I speak to the dog, it shall be fairly, and not to deceive you. I know nothing whatever of the creature, or of his master."

"If the beast can speak English, why was it not exhibited in your country rather than ours?" said a curious-looking *savan*, who stood near the traveller, and who declared that he had come to the booth to detect the imposture.

"The dog is said to have been shown in our country, as well as yours, and to have astonished all who witnessed his powers," answered the Englishman.



"Did you ever see or hear of him there?" asked a third Frenchman, an aged and blustering officer, on *quarter* pay, as his worn-out regimentals appeared to indicate."—"Never, Sir," said the Englishman: "I was there a few weeks ago, and resided there till within the last two years; and yet I never received the least intimation of this prodigy.

"It came from Brighton, the king's town, on the coast opposite Dieppe," said a fourth, a young spark, who wished to be thought a man of rank and fashion; but both his speech and dress betrayed him.

"If so," said the Englishman, "I shall better understand the dog's speech, for I am a Sussex man, and can remember all the turns of that county's dialect."

Furbout must have heard all this conversation, and have been rather discouraged by the determined air and tone in which it had been carried on. But, as the audience became clamorous for the exhibition to begin, he ordered the curtain to rise, and the dog to appear. The creature, in fact, was seen resting upon its haunches; in which position it remained, acknowledging, by a slight motion of his head, the applause its appearance had excited.

"Stand upright and speak to us," said one and



another. The creature then rose with caution to an erect posture, yet remained silent, and almost motionless. "The audience will allow me to give the command for this surprising animal to move and speak," said Furbout; and some applause followed, in testimony of their approbation of this reasonable proposal.

"The animal will first dance," said his master; when it began moving about in rather a clumsy manner. This, however, was forgiven, in the general and eager expectation of the speech that was to follow. Furbout then proposed a simple question in French, and the creature answered, in a low tone of voice, as it had evidently been instructed.

"'Ecoutons! 'Ecoutons!' resounded from every corner of the booth. The answer was repeated in a louder tone; when Furbout cried out in triumph, "Ne parle-l-il pas Français?" and was answered by a thunder of applause.

"I must examine that animal's vocal organs with great attention some day," said a little surgeon of the company, almost too short to see, but sufficiently nigh to hear.

"There is no deception, however," exclaimed a manager of the theatre: "it is a dog, and it certainly speaks. We must hire this surprising creature to perform in our next new melodrame."



"I am ready to write a piece for the express purpose, and to give the wonderful animal the chief character," answered a dramatic scribe who was near him.

These, and other testimonies, enraptured Furbout, and he began calculating his gains, and lifting up the price he should ask for every exhibition of his dog upon the stage of the theatre.

All this time, the Englishman was silent, and thoughtful of how he should proceed. "I must be cautious," he said to himself: "the dog, if it be a dog, has said enough to convince the credulous French, and, if I detect its want of power to speak English, they will not believe me." On the other hand, he was too wise a man to be imposed upon by such an artifice: he therefore waved his hand, as though he was prepared to converse with the animal. Furbout was too much elated with confidence to delay, and, in a pompous and authoritative manner, he commanded the creature to answer the questions of the English gentleman. The following was the first dialogue:—

'Are you from England?'

'Yes.'

'From what county?'

'From *Sussex*.'

'From what town or village?'



"*Up the Downs.*"

"Do you know Brighthelmstone?"

"No."

"Do you know Brighton?"

"Yes."

"What is the palace like?"

"*The king's house.*"

"What do you think of the king's house?"

"*It is all gingerbread.*"

The Englishman was, by this time, perfectly convinced that the animal was a Sussex lad in the skin of a dog; but his prudence restrained him from the least intimation of his suspicion. He rather appeared to be as much convinced of the miracle as the rest. This redoubled the applause. Loud cries of *Le chien*, and *L'Anglais!* came from every quarter, and the Englishman was entreated to proceed in his examination. A second dialogue therefore took place—

"How did you come to this country?"

"*Over the water.*"

"In what conveyance?"

"*In a fishing-boat.*"

"Who came over with you?"

"*They be all drowned.*"

The latter dialogue was most disastrous for both the deception and the deceivers. The Englishman had landed at Dieppe some short time after the

shipwreck on the coast near Fecamp ; and, at the hotel in which he lodged, he had seen a journal, giving an account of the event, and also describing how the poor boy, the only individual that escaped, had been purchased for a few francs of the hovelers who had saved him. The Englishman had, in fact, wrapped the journal around some articles and recollected having it still in his portmanteau.

He left the booth for the hotel, amidst much applause ; and he was there visited by the surgeon, and some other gentlemen, who had taken part in the prelude to the exhibition. He produced the journal, and their eyes were opened to the imposture. In connection with several others, they had five hundred copies of the article extracted from the journal, and circulated through the town. The result was, that the booth was torn to pieces, the boy rescued from the thralldom, and Furbout narrowly escaped with his worthless life.



## PARLOUR STORIES.

---

No. XXX.

### SYMPATHY

THE young lady referred to at the close of the tale, SENSIBILITY, was visited by Mrs. Mordaunt, for the first time, a few days after the incidents of that story occurred. The usual inquiries about health, and the usual remarks upon weather and situation, being over, Mrs. Mordaunt asked Miss Lance—that was the lady's name—whether it would be agreeable to spend an early afternoon with her and her numerous family? “I call them family,” she said, “for my pupils are my children. I endeavour to feel for them all the anxiety of a parent, and to promote their improvement as I would promote that of my children indeed.” This was said, not through vanity, or to puff off her school, but at once to convince the lady that she need be under no apprehension of having to encounter any thing more formidable than domestic society usually presents. “If, however,” Mrs. Mordaunt added, “the company of so many little strangers is likely to be unpleasant, you shall be *my* visitor, and only Agnes, whom you so much admired the other evening,



shall step in, just to thank you for the kind manner in which we hear you have since spoken of her."

Miss Lance expressed her grateful sense of the attention of her new friend, and assured her that it would give her much delight to have some short intercourse with, at least, all the young ladies whose talents she had so welcome an opportunity to admire. "I will attend you, madam," she said, "at the time you kindly appoint; and, should my feeble spirit sink at the sight of so much vivacity and happiness as I shall witness at your house, I can but retire, and avail myself of your sympathetic indulgence, as I have done before.

"My husband," said Mrs. Mordaunt, "wishes me to express his hope that you will visit us, and that he may have an opportunity of some pastoral intercourse with one, in whose depressed appearance he has for months very deeply sympathised."

"Now," answered Miss Lance, "I fear you are throwing an insuperable obstacle in the way of my visiting you. I forgot, at the moment, that the head of your family, and the partner of your bliss, is our minister. I have seen him only in public, and he has been a minister of some consolation to my wounded spirit. Truly, as his text last Sunday declared of others, 'He can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way.' But, madam, I have not fortitude sufficient to converse with him in private company, nor even to make one of a party at which he must be present."

"To be absent from our evening conversations,



is always grief to Mr. Mordaunt," his lady answered; "and not to be allowed a place in the circle, when one is present whose spirit he wishes to revive, and whose sorrows he would gladly share, if he cannot remove them, will, I am sure, be a painful disappointment."

Miss Lance promised compliance with the wishes of Mrs. Mordaunt to the fullest extent of her ability; entreating her, at the same time, not to impute her hesitation to any cause but the difficulty she felt in keeping up her spirits to any thing like the tone that society, especially enlightened and animated society, requires. "An affectionation of being unable to endure the company of strangers," she said, "I should detest; nor would any thing give me greater delight, were I equal to the task, than dwelling amidst a select circle, with which I could be upon terms of the most familiar friendship. But my calamities *abroad* have been so great, and their remaining effects upon a frame and a mind never strong, at the best, are so painful, that I fear no real *home* will ever be found for me in my own country. I shall always be a stranger, and others will always be strangers to me."

"Your present situation appears all that you can desire," said Mrs. Mordaunt. "It is," the lady answered; "but I cannot remain here long: the worthy family, with whom I now board so comfortably, are about to remove to a distance, and the house, I hear, is then to be sold."

Mrs. Mordaunt took her leave, determined to omit no opportunity of rendering service to one so

an-  
the  
thes  
dly  
ure,

the  
of  
not  
if-

any  
ht-  
fec-  
if

ould  
l to  
with

har  
een  
me

in-  
for  
e a  
to

you  
the  
ng:

d so  
ance,

d to  
be so

in above part. The following is the  
first of the series of letters to be  
written. It is a letter to the  
author of the book, and is  
written in a very simple and  
direct manner.

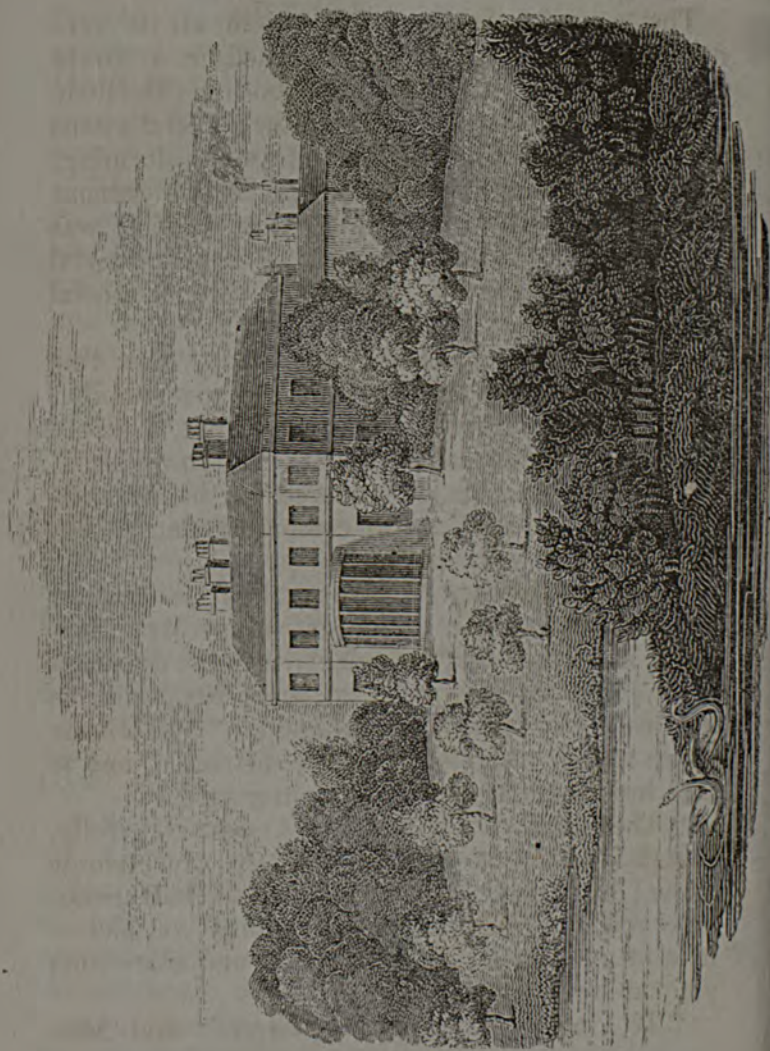
The first of the series of letters  
to be written is a letter to the  
author of the book, and is  
written in a very simple and  
direct manner. It is a letter  
to the author of the book, and  
is written in a very simple and  
direct manner.

The second of the series of letters  
to be written is a letter to the  
author of the book, and is  
written in a very simple and  
direct manner. It is a letter  
to the author of the book, and  
is written in a very simple and  
direct manner.

The third of the series of letters  
to be written is a letter to the  
author of the book, and is  
written in a very simple and  
direct manner. It is a letter  
to the author of the book, and  
is written in a very simple and  
direct manner.

The fourth of the series of letters  
to be written is a letter to the  
author of the book, and is  
written in a very simple and  
direct manner. It is a letter  
to the author of the book, and  
is written in a very simple and  
direct manner.





deep  
terest  
The  
dure,  
green  
island  
proud  
altoge  
was s  
more  
young  
place.  
"I  
lady c  
wheth  
persua  
With  
sion,  
Morda  
On  
arrived  
daunt  
room,  
she lea  
seems  
seek he  
"Th  
"that  
name;  
rage yo  
if it at  
you can  
"If



deeply afflicted, and yet so truly amiable and interesting.

The beautiful sloping lawn was in all its verdure, the tufted trees were clothed in a lovely green, with the clear stream at the bottom ; the little island covered with fine shrubs, the graceful swans proudly arching their snow-white necks, forming, altogether, an enticing scene ; and Mrs. Mordaunt was struck with the thought, that nothing was more likely to restore to happiness their sorrowful young friend, than a sojourn in this delightful place.

"I wish, to my heart," she said, "that this lady could endure the excitement of our family : whether she could remunerate us or not, I would persuade Mr. Mordaunt to offer her an asylum." With these thoughts, she entered her happy mansion, and lost no time in communicating to Mr. Mordaunt every word that had passed.

On the following Thursday their new visitor arrived. The sight of Agnes, whom Mrs. Mordaunt had requested to conduct her to the drawing-room, seemed remarkably to cheer her ; and, as she leaned on her arm, she said, "My Miriam seems the common friend of the distressed, and to seek her happiness in doing them good."

"There are very few," said Agnes, cheerfully, "that I would allow to call me by my Hebrew name ; but I shall more than allow,—I shall encourage you, to any thing and every thing you please, if it at all relieve your depression, and show that you can be happy amongst us."

"If I could be happy anywhere," said Miss



Lance, "it surely would be here, and with you, my dear Agnes."

"Come, come," said the lively girl, "you shall not call me Agnes, because it would seem like a token that your spirit is sinking again; call me Miriam, because then you smile, and a smile from you shall always be joy to me."

They entered the drawing-room; and Mrs. Mordaunt received her new friend with such warmth, and yet with such tenderness, that she said, on sitting down, "A new apprehension seems rising within me,—that I shall here be overcome with the kindness of others, as I am elsewhere by my own melancholy musings."

"If it will drive away this intrusive stranger," said Mrs. Mordaunt, "I will call in your pastor, and his stern looks shall show you that we can have every variety of feeling and countenance to suit you."

In this playful and considerate manner did Mrs. Mordaunt and Agnes, proceed for several minutes, to divert their new visitor from her own griefs, and to convince her that no device would be wanting to cheer her spirit, and restore her to happiness.

"And how many fairies shall I summon to the vision of tea?" asked Agnes. "Just as few, or as many, as our new friend shall desire," said Mrs. Mordaunt.

"Then," said Miss Lance, "let the whole fairy train be allowed to enter: I feel, for the first time since I arrived in England, that I can bear society—that is, such society as this."



Agnes went out, and, in a minute, returned, introducing the ladies, one by one, with great care, and yet with great cheerfulness. As she led Miss Synge and Miss Froth up the room, she said, "This is the Egyptian Princess, and this is her attendant." Mrs. Mordaunt's niece followed, and Agnes said, "The mother of Moses next stands before you." Then, leading up Miss Penton, she added, "After her comes the gentle Miriam."

It will be remembered that this young lady had been prevented taking the part by the illness of her mamma. Though she had returned to school, that illness continued, and she was in daily expectation of hearing that she was worse—that there was no hope left of her life. Thus circumstanced, though she was habitually cheerful, she was now in a state of marked and deep depression. "Sit down by me," said Miss Lance, when she heard of these things; "you and I can sympathise with each other."

Mrs. Mordaunt was fearful of the effect of any extended conversation between her sorrowful visitor and Miss Penton, and made a sign for Miriam to let the rest be introduced. The vivacious girl, never so happy as when inspiring others with the same feeling, left the room to bring in what she called "the virgin train."\*

"There," she said, as she introduced the younger scholars to Miss Lance, "there are the attendants of the princess; and their royal mistress,

\* "The virgin train retire, and bear the child."—*Mrs. More*



yonder, is no doubt willing to bear testimony that they performed their duty of state, upon the whole, well."

"It was very easy duty," said Miss Lance; "but then, I observe, they are very young, and it was, I suppose, their first attendance at court, and therefore we will give them all due praise. But where is the little train-bearer that I prevented slipping into the water?" This was the youngest pupil, a sweet rosy girl of seven years, who was caught by Miss Lance, just as he was in danger of either tearing the robe of the princess, or falling amidst the bull-rushes. She now came forward to thank her deliverer; and Miss Lance said to her, "My sweet child, I trust *that* will prove your greatest calamity; or, if you meet with a greater, that a better helper than I am will be at hand."

She then looked anxiously round the room, and, not observing Miss Penton seated with the rest, inquired where the lovely genius of sympathy had fled?

"Your pastor, Mr. Mordaunt, can give some account of her flight, as I perceive she is returning in his company," said Agnes, looking out at the window. In a minute they entered the room, and the countenance of Miss Penton bore a cheerfulness—nay, a brightness, which it had not discovered from the commencement of her Mamma's illness. "I have been comforting her with the tidings of her dear Mamma's better health, and the prospect of her complete recovery," said Mr. Mordaunt.



"Such," said Miss Lance, "is the power of sympathy upon the countenance as well as the heart. The one, in fact, is the index of the other. Angels are always drawn the most beautiful; and I suppose they are so, because they are free from the evil passions and painful afflictions by which our features are distorted."

Some disappointment was expressed that the entrance of servants, with tea and coffee, at this moment, checked Miss Lance in her interesting remarks. Miss Synge and Miss Froth took their stations at the table. "It is not common to be served by an Egyptian princess and her chief attendant," observed Mrs. Mordaunt, "but they have had the condescension to solicit the honour; and, as they did well on the lawn last Thursday, I hope we shall have no reason to complain of the entertainment they furnish to-day."

A shower obliged Master Mordaunt and his cousin to come from the lawn, where they were regaling, into the house; and Miss Lance requested permission for them to join their party. The rain increasing, all were confined within doors for the evening; and Mr. Mordaunt took the opportunity of asking on what new subject they should enter, to enliven their confinement?

"On this question our new visitor must be consulted; let her kindly suggest the subject, and it must be interesting," said Mrs. Mordaunt. "I can suggest a subject perfectly new to you all," said Miss Lance; "but then I fear it will be far from enlivening. Could my own sorrowful history interest you, I feel at this moment as if I had



strength enough to relate it; because I know I should be sustained by the sympathy of every one around me." Entreaties from some, and looks of entreaty from all, assured her that nothing could be more welcome.

"I will not hesitate," she said. "I was born at Naples, when the war raged in every part of Italy. My young friends will perhaps be pleased to hear a short description of that remarkable place, from one who has seen almost every part of it. It is one of the noblest cities in the world. Such was its ancient grandeur that one of the Grecian poets represented it as having fallen down from heaven. In London, Paris, Rome, and most other capitals, there are the finest houses; but these are mingled with as many ordinary ones: whereas, in Naples, the whole appears one mass of grandeur and beauty. Its chequer pavement gives its streets a remarkable appearance. Its castles, its palaces, its academies, its convents, its hospitals, its magazines, and numerous other public buildings, appear to the greatest advantage. But how shall I speak of its fountains, which convey water from the grand spring, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, to every part of the city and suburbs? They are truly magnificent and incomparable. The same may be said of the churches; many of which are of the most beautiful marble, and some are almost covered with jewels and precious stones.

"You have heard of the Bay of Naples; but never can its beauty be too highly described. It is on the south of the city. On the north, the



ground rises into several rich little hills. On the west, is what they call the Upper, or Ancient Town; and, on the east, is the plain on which appears, in all its awful majesty, the terrible Vesuvius. The prospects, on all sides, are delightful; but, on the north, the ancients were so enraptured, that they gave the country the name of *Campagna Felice*, and the moderns are quite willing to justify the name.

You will wonder that I dwell upon the beauties of a place, where the sorrows of my life commenced, and where both my beloved parents, and an only and lovely brother, are entombed; but I had enjoyed years of felicity there, before their death dispelled the vision, and I still hold the place in admiration which contains their precious dust.

My father died in battle,—he was one of the victims of Bonaparte's ambition; having been compelled to serve in the second army which he led through Italy to subdue the Austrian power. My dear Mother could not overcome her grief at his death; while her illness was increased, and her departure hastened, by the drowning of my sweet brother in the Bay of Naples."

Miss Lance would have proceeded, notwithstanding her own powerful emotions, had not the tears and sobs of the pupils interrupted her. It was her *manner* of relating these melancholy facts, that affected them more than the facts themselves.

Mrs. Mordaunt took the opportunity of asking her whether both her parents were natives of this country? "They were," she said; "but my



writer of the present story. Freely translated, it announces that, "On every day of the Poitiers fair, there will be exhibited in the booth of Sig. Furbout, in the eastern corner of the great square, a beautiful large dog, which, in addition to dancing, will speak several words in French and English, and hold a conversation with any one of the audience able to speak the latter language."

At the time appointed for opening, a considerable crowd, chiefly of the lower orders, pressed for admission into the booth. Among them was an English traveller, who attracted general attention as the person most likely to make an effectual experiment of the truth of the advertisement. "Are you for us or for the dog?" cried out an old man who stood fronting the Englishman. "I am for both," the latter replied: "if I speak to the dog, it shall be fairly, and not to deceive you. I know nothing whatever of the creature, or of his master."

"If the beast can speak English, why was it not exhibited in your country rather than ours?" said a curious-looking *savan*, who stood near the traveller, and who declared that he had come to the booth to detect the imposture.

"The dog is said to have been shown in our country, as well as yours, and to have astonished all who witnessed his powers," answered the Englishman.



two years we were in Rome together, than all her countrymen had done through twice the time. The fact was, that the interest we felt in her tale of woe, and the information we obtained of the city and its neighbourhood, more than repaid all that we could bestow upon her.

One most distressing consequence arose from our sympathy with this widow. We stayed with her so late on a dewy evening of the last autumn, that, not only had we great difficulty in reaching home in safety, but my valued friend caught a severe cold, which created fever, and in a few weeks removed her from my sight."

Miss Lance was here too much affected immediately to proceed, and Mr. Mordaunt left the room, requesting her not to renew her narrative till he should return. In a few minutes, all were again present, and silent; and Miss Lance said—

"It was on the death of my dear friend that I first thought of proceeding to England, partly to try the effect of your air on my own feeble health, but chiefly to ascertain whether any relations of my friend existed who had a lawful claim on her property. At her dying request, I took possession of all she was worth, and protested, at the office of the chief notary in Rome, my full and free consent to surrender it, should a legal claimant ever appear to demand it. But the dear creature told me, with her dying breath, that she only knew of one relation in probable existence, and he was a gentleman of great worth, living in retirement on his Irish estate."

From the first mention of the friend at Rome.



Miss Synge had appeared singularly anxious, and even agitated; but she had refrained from interrupting the narrative. When, however, mention was made of her relation living in retirement in Ireland, she could no longer forbear asking the name of the lady who had died in Rome? "Pardon me, my good lady," she said, "if I make this request before you go on."—"Pardon you!" said Miss Lance; "what offence have you committed? You relieve and delight me, in requesting that I will repeat the ever-endearing name of Orlebar!"

Miss Synge was scarcely preserved from fainting. When a little recovered, she said, "It was my father's cousin, and he is the relation that she spoke of!"

"I have now witnesses enough around me," said Miss Lance, calmly, of my perfect willingness to give up every iota of my dear friend's property. One thing she gave me, and charged me on no account to part with, was her own miniature; but to convince you of my love of perfect justice, I need only mention, that I instantly had one painted, and set exactly like it; and were my box here, the beautiful likeness should be round Miss Synge's neck in a few minutes."

"Your box is here, Miss Lance," said Mr. Mordaunt; "for, finding the rain continue, and apprehending a stormy night, I did not stay to consult you, but sent a servant for it." The moment Mr. Mordaunt began speaking, Agnes darted out of the room, and, almost as soon as he had done, she returned with a small morocco trunk,



and placed it, with a most kind and graceful action, before its owner.

"How quick are the motions of true sympathy and friendship!" said Miss Lance, as she unlocked her box. "How sweet, too, are the *recollections* of the same delightful qualities!" she added, as she brought forth the miniature, and kissed it. Miss Synge would not suffer her to rise, but instantly knelt at her feet, while she adorned her graceful figure with the exquisite picture of her friend.

All the young people now flocked around Miss Synge, to take a view of the miniature. Mrs. Mordaunt suffered them to gratify their curiosity, and express their admiration, before she moved from her seat: then she gently drew towards Miss Lance, and, leaning on the arm of the sofa, mildly said—"I apprehend you will scarcely think of returning to the farm where you have been dwelling: all your things are perfectly safe; but Mr. Mordaunt has just informed me that the farmer has absented himself, and is not expected to return."

"I feared something of this kind, from what I saw and heard this morning," said Miss Lance: "and, with regard to myself, I am but one, and rather a small one, and can creep in almost anywhere."

"It will be Miss Lance's fault if she creeps away from us," said Mr. Mordaunt, who had come behind the sofa, and heard what she said. "In fact, Miss Lance, the air of this country, which has appeared so much to revive you, is con-



sidered rather better here than at the farm, and here you must and *shall* stay."

"Indeed, Sir!" answered Miss Lance, "this is rather more peremptory than your general manner, Mr. Mordaunt! You forget that you are not now in the pulpit. You remind us of your stern look and determined tone the other Sunday, when, reprobating dissemblers, you said—suiting the action to the word—"To whom we gave place by subjection, no not for an hour."—"However," the lady added, with great sweetness of manner, "you are not dissemblers—I see and feel that I can trust you—I am already at home, and it requires no repetition of the emphatic *shall* to detain me in this paradise of mind as well as nature."

The young ladies had suddenly retired just as this conversation commenced. It was to confer upon the best method of promoting Miss Lance's continuance at the school. After two or three modes were suggested and rejected, Miss Synge and Agnes were deputed to convey the *hope* of all the scholars to this effect. "It is past *hope*," said Mrs. Mordaunt—"there is no hope, nor shadow of hope, left in its favour: return, and tell your dear companions this."

To have seen the countenances of these young ladies, at the moment this was uttered, would have been real grief to a sympathetic mind. But how did they brighten with rapture, when Mr. Mordaunt, the next moment, said—"Tell them, also, one thing more, that hope has given way to certainty. Miss Lance does not leave this abode,



until she sees fit to accompany Miss Synge to her dear father's, in Ireland."

On hearing this glad intelligence, all the pupils came into the room to thank their governess and Mr. Mordaunt, as well as their new and amiable inmate. "And now," said the latter, "let me ask how I shall proceed in reference to the property I have of your father's, Miss Synge?"

"He is too rich to need any of it; and when he knows who has it, as he *shall* in less than a week, he will not allow himself to receive it," answered Miss Synge, earnestly.

"I can be positive, as well as you," replied Miss Lance—"he *shall* have it, do with it afterwards what he may. I can do without it, especially in this house of plenty and kindness."

"Supposing neither of them to be willing to have it, I beg leave to suggest," said Agnes, "a mode of expending it that will, I am sure, gratify all parties. Let it lay the foundation of a TEMPLE OF SYMPATHY, in some part of Mr. Mordaunt's grounds."

"I propose an amendment to this inviting plan," said Miss Synge: "let us have a small erection, if you please, a column or otherwise, on the spot where we first met our friend; but let it only be a memorial of something better than itself—placing two or three daughters of reduced families under the care of our excellent governess."

"Charming beyond expression!" said Miss Lance: "with your father's permission, it *shall* be done. There will be enough for *two*, at least,



and your column must have an inscription, informing strangers of its sympathetic design."

"With Mr. Mordaunt's permission," said Mr. H., "I propose a further amendment, that *three* pupils at least be provided for, and any deficiency may be placed to the account of his and my subscription to the plan. The pupils shall be taken at the lowest possible charge, and be treated in every respect as I have treated you."

Mr. Synge's full consent to the plan was soon obtained, and the same letter expressed his desire to see Miss Lance as soon as convenient. She accompanied Miss Synge to Ireland in the spring of the following year, and returned to Mrs. Mordaunt's in about two months.

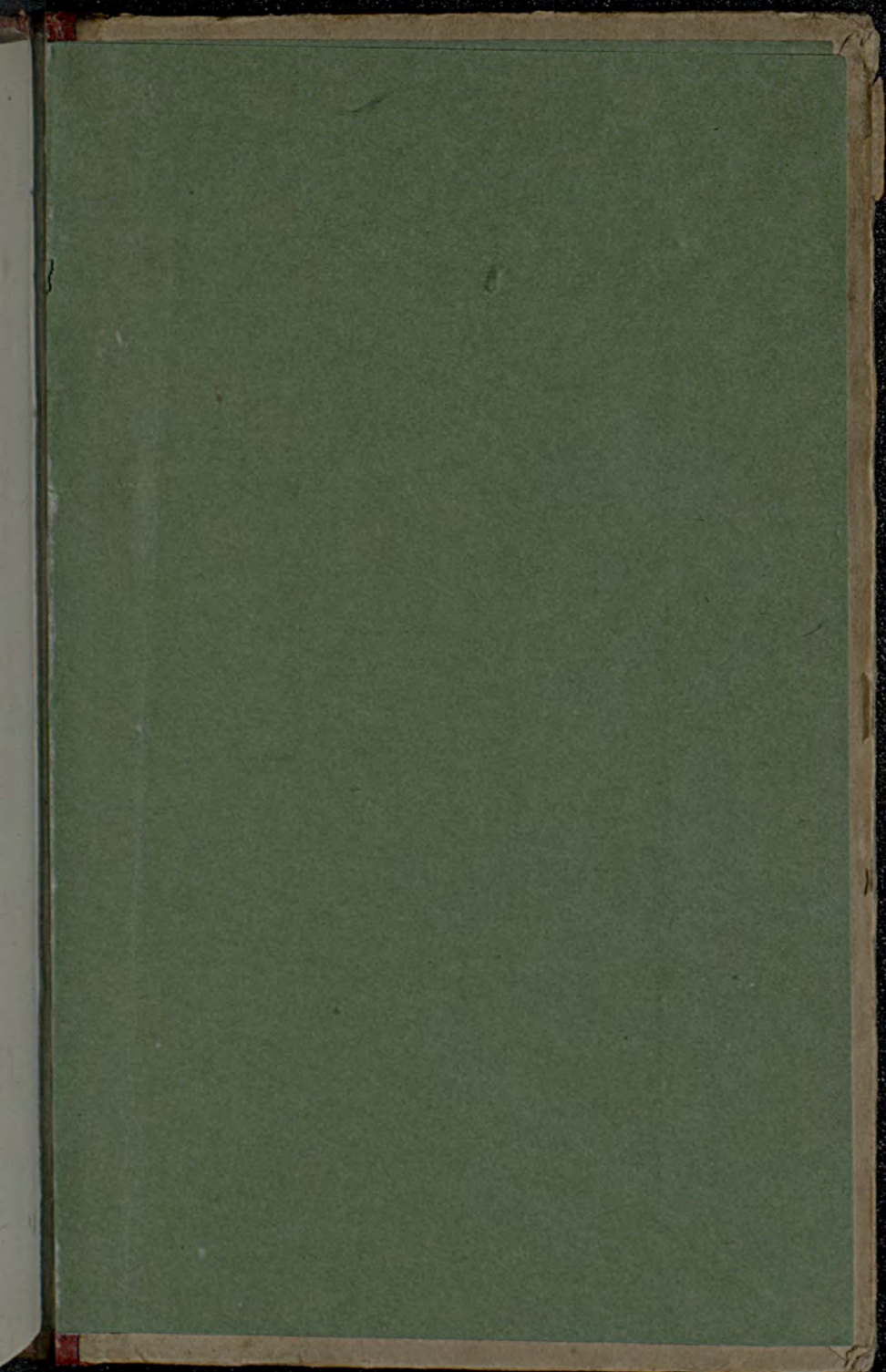
The Temple of Sympathy was soon raised, and *four* daughters of reduced families are now with Mrs. Mordaunt. They were nominated by Mr. Synge and his daughter, Mrs. Mordaunt, and Miss Lance.

THE END.











## JUST PUBLISHED,

LACEY'S LITHOGRAPHIC ALBUM, 100 sheets of Scraps, beautifully drawn on stone, 6d. each.

PLATES FROM THE ANNUALS, the very best impressions, 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d., and 6s. per dozen.

PICTURESQUE ANTIQUITIES, 1s. per sheet, or 2s. beautifully coloured.

SELECT VIEWS IN GREAT BRITAIN, 32 Views on each Sheet, 20 sheets, price 9d.

Ditto larger, 12 on a Sheet, price 9d.

Ditto in LONDON, 36 Views, price 1s. the set.

NEW AND ELEGANT TITLES FOR SCRAP BOOKS AND ALBUMS, 1s., or beautifully coloured, 2s.

A Large Variety of Small MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVINGS for the Scrap Book, or Portfolio, 6d., 9d., 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. each.

THE CITIES OF ENGLAND, beautifully engraved, imperial 4to. 1s. each, or 15s. the set, in a neat portfolio.

ONE HUNDRED VIEWS IN LONDON, 8vo. in a neat wrapper, 4s.

ONE HUNDRED VIEWS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, 8vo. in a neat wrapper, 4s. the set.

ONE HUNDRED VIEWS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST OF ENGLAND, including WALES, 4s. the set.

ZOOLOGICAL GALLERY, large prints of ANIMALS, beautifully drawn on stone, 1s. each.

Twelve Lithographic Sheets of DOGS, GAME, &c. 6d. each, or beautifully coloured, 1s.

Four Lithographic Sheets, ILLUSTRATIONS to BYRON, 6d. each; exquisitely coloured, 1s. 6d. each.

Two Sheets to illustrate MOORE's LALLA ROOKH.

Six Sheets of beautiful SWISS SCENERY.

WEATHER HOUSE and CLOCK STAND, 6d. each.

The PLATES to the ANNUALS beautifully coloured, 4d., 6d., 9d., and 1s. each.

COMIC SHEETS in great variety, 6d. each sheet.

Twelve Sheets of FLOWERS, beautifully coloured, 1s. 6d. each sheet.

FANCY SUBJECTS, beautifully coloured, 1s. 6d. FISH, BIRDS, BUTTERFLIES, INSECTS, GAME, JARS, SHELLS, &c. &c.

EDWARD LACEY, 76, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, LONDON.