

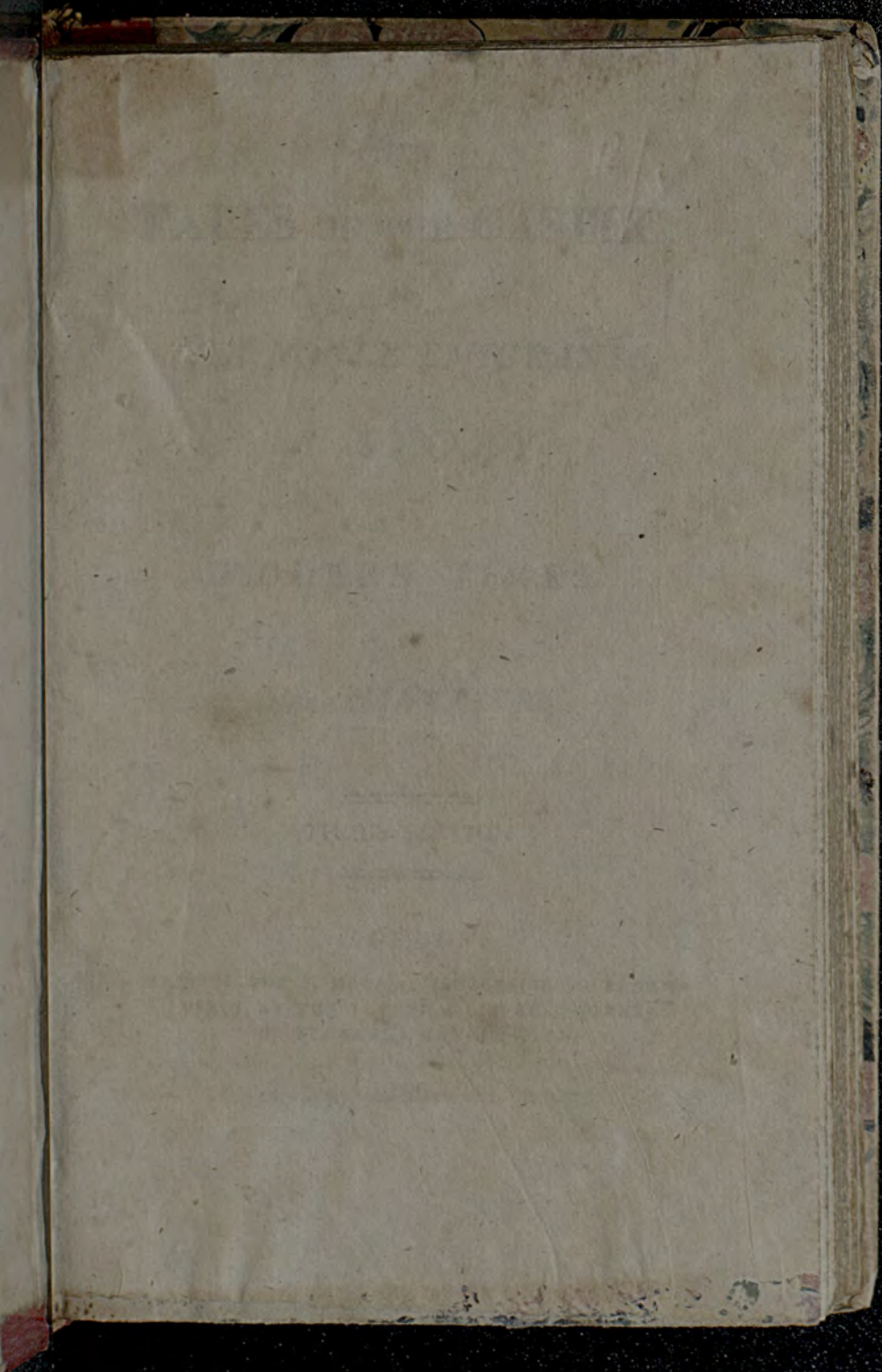


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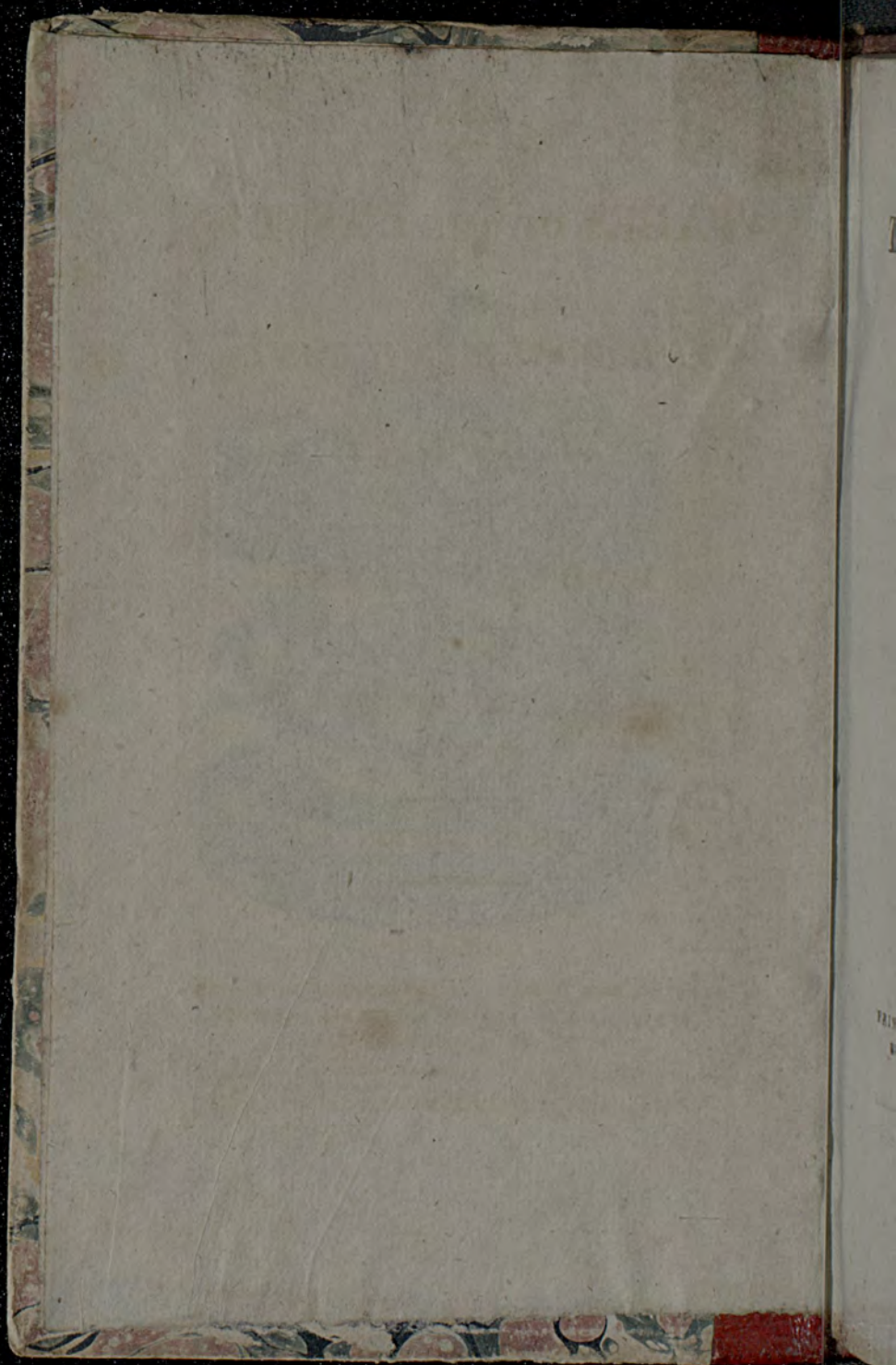


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NEW  
TALES OF THE CASTLE;  
OR,  
*THE NOBLE EMIGRANTS,*  
*A STORY*  
OF  
MODERN TIMES.

BY  
MRS. PILKINGTON.

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THIRD EDITION.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, (SUCCESSOR TO R. NEW-  
BERRY) AT THE JUVENILE LIBRARY, CORNER  
OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

1809.



TALES OF THE CASTLE

THE NOBLE EMERALD

A STORY

MODERN TIMES

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NEW  
TALES OF THE CASTLE;  
OR,  
*THE NOBLE EMIGRANTS.*

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CHAPTER I.

---

TENDERLY interested in the fate of his Sovereign, and warmly attached to the royal cause, the Marquis de St. Clair became a suspected character, and was insultingly dragged to the prison de la Force, whence, after being treated with the most degrading indignities, he fortunately escaped, through the fidelity of a domestic, and arrived at his chateau



in Normandy, in the humble attire of a travelling peasant.

The Marchioness, who was ignorant of the situation of the capital, viewed the object of her tenderness with emotion and surprise; whilst the children, unconscious of the miseries which awaited them, enjoyed the alteration in their father's person, imagining it had been occasioned by a desire to *amuse them*.

"How droll it was of papa," said the young Count St. Julian, to his sister Alexandrine, who was still laughing most immoderately, "to dress himself up like our gardener la Pierre; I am sure I should have passed him an hundred times, if mama had not uttered an exclamation of surprise!"

"Not have known your papa, St. Julian!" replied Alexandrine, "why I should have discovered him in a moment, if he had been even dressed as a tinker; for his countenance is so full of sweetness and expression, that no *disguise* could conceal him *from me*."

"And

“And I knew him *directly*”—exclaimed the little Marianne, jumping into the extended arms of her brother, who acknowledged their penetration to have been greater than his own, and who stopped her observations by giving her twenty kisses.

This little instance of fraternal tenderness was suddenly interrupted by the re-entrance of the marchioness, whose dejected countenance displayed the anguish of her feelings, and whose agitated bosom seemed labouring with distress!

“Mama! my dear mama! what has happened? what afflicts you?” exclaimed all the children in *one voice*, at the same time embracing her with sympathetic fondness, and throwing their little arms around her waist.

“Oh my children, my beloved children,” sighed out the agonized, afflicted parent! I, who ought to inspire your breasts with fortitude, find my own spirits sink under the pressure of misfortune, and feel myself unable to



sustain its weight. Then falling into an attitude of devotion, she remained in that posture several minutes, and rising from that state in more apparent composure, alternately embraced her partners in affliction. Briefly she informed them, that the Royal Family were *prisoners*, that their father was amongst the number of *proscribed Noblemen*, that he had just escaped from the prison of la Force, and that they could only preserve their existence by *concealment* and *flight*.

“ Oh let us *fly*, mama! let us *fly directly!*” said the astonished and alarmed children.

“ Let us get away from that *terrifying Assembly*, or we shall be all sent to prison, with the king.”

“ The dear unfortunate king! and the lovely condescending queen!” sighed out the sympathetic little Julian; “ but oh, mama! where is the dauphin? is he still at the *Thuileries*? and what have they done with his sister, and his aunt!

“ *Prisoners,*

*Prisoners*, all *prisoners*, my love :” replied the marchioness, “ but hasten directly to your papa’s study, that we may make instant preparations for our departure.”

“ My children,” said the marquis, as he saw them enter, “ we must soon learn to forget both *titles* and *estates* ;—*poverty* alone can preserve our *existence*, and our appearance must bear a resemblance to our fortunes ! yet in indigence we may possess true *nobility of mind*, and though degraded in *Rank*, retain elevation in *Virtue*.—These clothes,” continued he, untying a small bundle, “ I have purchased for the purpose of disguising your appearance, and as I wish to quit the chateau without the observation of my servants, I entreat you to put them on, whilst they are preparing dinner, for we may meet a *betrayed* in those we believe to be our *friends*.”

Though St. Julian was twelve, and Alexandrine eleven years of age, they had never been accustomed to dress themselves without the assistance of a domestic, and each seemed



look at the other in expectation of hearing the servants would be summoned to attend the alteration which was to be performed at the toilet.

"You must no longer expect the *service* of a *domestic*, my beloved children," said their agitated unhappy mother, "but instead of requiring the assistance of *another*, endeavour to perform those offices for your sister, which you formerly were in the habits of receiving yourselves."

"We will do any thing, and every thing, mama, that you wish, if you will but try to look *less unhappy*; and I am sure we could be contented upon bread and water, if you and papa did but share it with us."

"Charming children!" exclaimed the marchioness, "how grateful ought I to be for such inestimable treasures: but do not suppose that the loss of *fortune* thus afflicts me, for it is the dread that I feel for your father's *safety*!"

"No, mama," replied Alexandrine, "I knew *that* would not make you very *wretched*,  
because

because you always told me it could not confer *happiness*; and I am sure we could be as comfortable in a little cottage, as we have hitherto been in this fine chateau."

Whilst the marchioness and the children were metamorphosing themselves into peasants, the marquis was collecting his portable valuables, and lodging them in security in the different parts of his apparel, as a resource against poverty and distress.

Though the marquis imagined he had entered his chateau unperceived by any of his domestics, he had been observed by the marchioness's favourite attendant, and suspecting the circumstance which occasioned his disguise, she resolved to follow the fortunes of her protectors, without letting them know she had any suspicion of their designs.

Caterine had been taken into the service of the marchioness at the early age of fourteen, and the gentleness of her manners, and tractability of her disposition, had so compleatly won the esteem of her amiable mistress, and the affection



affection of the children, that she was treated more like a friend than a domestic; and as a rumour had spread throughout the family, of the marquis being an object of disgust to the Assembly, Catarine, upon seeing him return in disguise, was convinced the report was *too well founded*, and resolved to observe all his motions. For this purpose, she placed herself behind a small alcove that fronted the back door, through which he had entered, and had not been stationed there more than an hour, when she observed the family quit it with the greatest caution.

The marchioness was dressed in a brown stuff jacket, bound round with blue ferret; whilst her beautiful features were concealed by a close cap, and large straw hat, which tied close under her chin. The children wore blue stuff petticoats, and jackets of the same colour as their mama's, whilst each carried a small basket upon their arms, with the hope of passing for people anxious for employment, as  
it

it was just the high season for gathering the grapes.

As this amiable groupe passed the alcove, Catherine's image was presented to their observation, and throwing herself on the ground at the marchioness's feet, she conjured her to consent to receive her attendance. "My dearest lady! my honored sir!" exclaimed the faithful creature, do not, oh! do not *force* me from you; but consent to receive my services and attendance, or indeed you will drive me to madness and despair!"

"*Sofily, sofily*, my good Catherine," replied the marquis, "or your zeal and fidelity may be *our ruin*; my person is obnoxious to a sanguinary set of ruffians, and I dread an *informer* even in my *servants*."

"Indeed my lord," said the agitated Catherine, "your fears are too well and too firmly grounded; for but this morning I heard a conversation, that convinces me your safety must depend on *flight*; yet permit me to be-  
come



come the sharer of your fortune, and depend upon my conducting you to a place of safety.

The marchioness added her persuasions to those of Catherine, whilst the children, alarmed for the life of their father, besought him to let their favourite conduct him to a place of safety.

No longer able to withstand their intreaties, the marquis gave a reluctant consent, declaring he could not bear the idea of involving a being in misery, who was capable of such exalted attachment, and whose life might be endangered by her fidelity.

Catherine's countenance glowed with delight, the moment she obtained the desired permission, and directing the noble fugitives through a retired part of the wood, she promised to join them in a few minutes, being anxious to secure a few louis d'ors she had left in a small trunk in her own chamber.

"Why, papa," said the little Marianne, "did you *refuse* to let Catherine go *with us*?"

I am

I am sure she is very good, and loves us all dearly, therefore I think it was very cruel."

"It was rather from *kindness*, than *cruelty*, my beloved child, that I refused the request of your favourite domestic; for when those who love us are ready to sacrifice *their interest* for our *advantage*, it becomes our *duty* to *prevent* them from doing it. I knew you would all benefit by Catherine's services, yet I would rather submit to the greatest inconveniencies, than obtain their removal by the detriment of another."

By this time the faithful Catherine had joined them, with the little fortune she had been so solicitous to save, and presenting it with a diffident air to the marquis, she said, "will my lord condescend to be his servant's banker, and use her little savings for the benefit of his family?"

"Generous creature!" exclaimed the marquis, "thy fidelity and attachment deserve the highest recompence. Yes, my good Catherine, I will preserve thy little fortune, but  
B poverty



poverty itself shall not tempt me to make use of it."

Marianne had not proceeded above half a league, when she began to grow exceedingly fatigued, and missing the accustomed indulgence of a carriage, demanded of her father, how far she was to walk?

The marquis, shocked at beholding her lassitude, instantly snatched her up in his arms, and in that manner they proceeded untill they came within sight of a small white-washed cottage, at the extremity of the wood; when Catherine intreated permission to prepare the owners of it for the reception of their noble guests; at the same time informing them, that it belonged to her grandfather and grandmother, who would be proud of the honour of contributing to the comfort and convenience of persons, towards whom they had been taught to feel the greatest veneration.

The prospect of passing the night under the hospitable roof of these worthy people  
afforded

afforded the unfortunate family a transient gleam of pleasure, for even the marquis himself found his spirits so completely exhausted by the fatigue he had undergone from the time of his quitting the prison, that ease and repose were absolutely necessary.

The children, upon entering the comfortable little dwelling, expressed their satisfaction by a thousand little pleasing observations; one admired the neatness of the apartment, another was charmed with the hospitality of its master, whilst a third was delighted with the fruit and cream.

Though the venerable pair found no difficulty in accommodating their guests with apartments and refreshments, yet to supply them with *beds* created a very great one; for as they were only in possession of *two*, it was some time before it was determined by whom they should be filled.

The marchioness insisted upon the old couple retaining the bed they always occupied;



but in spite of all her persuasions and intreaties, they persisted in resigning it to the young fugitives, whilst each passed the night in a separate arm chair.

Scarcely had the sun illumined the horizon, when the marquis was awakened by the sound of different voices, and distinctly heard his own name mentioned, with a variety of oaths and horrid imprecations. St. Julian, who likewise happened to be awake, sprang from the bed in an agony of *terror*, and seizing a pistol which lay upon the table, placed himself before the door, in an attitude of defence.

The marquis, fearful that the marchioness should hear the noise, motioned to St. Julian not to stir; and after some moments passed in torture and suspense, had the satisfaction of hearing the wretches all retire. After blessing the Almighty for his providential escape, and mingling his tears with those of his son, he demanded of his host the occasion of the tumult, and was informed that it had proceeded

ceeded from his own domestics, who, anxious to obtain the reward for his person, were going different routes in the hope of discovering it: and were only prevented from searching le Blanc's house, by his pretending to be a strong democrat, and expressing a desire to level all distinctions.

As the marchioness had avoided this alarming incident, by not hearing a single word that had passed, St. Julian was cautioned not to name it, and as he had never betrayed the slightest confidence, the marquis was convinced he could depend upon his secrecy.

The fear of being recognized by his inhuman pursuers, was an agonizing idea to this unfortunate nobleman, and the more effectually to conceal his person from their knowledge, he washed his face with a liquid which le Blanc recommended, and which so entirely changed the colour of his skin, that even his family could scarcely know him. The marchioness and the children used the same preparation, and so compleatly were they altered



by this invaluable liquid, that they no longer dreaded observation or detection, and quitted the hospitable abode of the venerable le Blanc, without either fear, dread, or apprehension.

CHAP.

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## CHAPTER II.

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THE dangers and difficulties to which this amiable family were exposed, would fill a volume, if they were related; and as I rather wish to describe the nature of their employment when in a foreign country, than to paint the difficulties they encountered in their emigration from their own, I shall beg leave to pass them over in silence, and establish them in an old castle in the north of Wales, which humanity had induced an English nobleman to lend them.

The castle had not been tenanted for upwards of sixty years, and so completely had the



the hand of time effaced its magnificence, that it bore a greater resemblance to the habitation of a criminal, than to the abode of *ancient nobility*.

The fatigue of travelling, and the fear of detection, had kept the minds of these distressed fugitives in such a state of alarm and apprehension, that all they seemed to wish for, was safety and repose; but when once these desirable objects were obtained, they felt the force of their miserable situation; and a retrospect of the past with a comparison of the present, could not fail to throw a gloom over their natural cheerfulness.

The children, accustomed to all the elegancies of rank, sighed for the enjoyment of their former gratifications, and from the moment of their being established in the castle, were daily repining at their change of fortune.

The situation of this castle was bleak and barren, and the apartments had been suffered so completely to decay, that only three or four were habitable. Catherine, however, undertook

took to arrange these in the best order for the family's reception, and with the assistance of a girl who offered her services upon their arrival, contrived to make them tolerably comfortable.

Too virtuous to be capable of practising vice, and too liberal to judge unfavourably of others, the marchioness improvidently engaged this assistant, without requiring her to produce any proofs of her honesty, and was not aware of the folly of that proceeding, until her servant and her treasures vanished together.

The jewels which the marquis had concealed about his person in his emigration from France, were of such great and inestimable value, that the sale of them would have produced several thousand pounds; yet the greater part of this source of future sustenance the fraudulent girl made her escape with, and the whole of his property only amounted to about twenty louis d'ors.

This was a stroke unlooked-for and unexpected,



pected, and even the fortitude of the marquis seemed to forsake him; but the marchioness, rising superior to adversity, tenderly endeavoured to reconcile him to the shock; and the children, partaking of their mother's magnanimity, all declared themselves capable of earning their subsistence. "I can *work*, papa," said St. Julian, "and exercise, you used to say, was good for the health; do buy a plough, and hire a few fields, and I dare say you would soon make *plenty of money*."

"Oh papa," exclaimed Alexandrine, "and do buy a few cows, and then I can make butter as well as Peggy Morgan; for when we walked there yesterday afternoon with Catherine she was so busy in the dairy, you cannot think!"—"Yes, papa, that she was," vociferated Marianne, "and you cannot think how *nicely* she did it; and then you know, my sister could easily *teach me*, and then I could make butter, as well as the *best of them*."

"Amiable creatures," exclaimed the marquis,

quis, "how kindly you endeavour to lessen the sense of my misfortunes! yes, my children, *we will all work*, and the bread that is obtained by *honest industry* may possibly be sweeter than that which is procured by affluence. The mind that is *occupied* grows *superior to distress*; whilst by reflecting upon evils, we increase their magnitude. "My watch," said the marquis, (looking at an elegant gold repeater) "would certainly procure us five and twenty guineas, but it is the last testimony of a mother's fondness, and I never look at it without a sensation of regret and tenderness."

"And will not you *sell it, papa?*" said the inquisitive Marianne, "if it will enable you to buy *cows*, and let Alexandrine and me make butter?"—"I would certainly *sell* it, if my children wanted *bread*, but dear would be the pang, its loss would occasion me!"

At that moment they perceived the marchioness approaching, and St. Julian was the  
first



first to bound forward to meet her. "My dear mama," he exclaimed, "do you know that the Marquis is going to turn *farmer*? I am to drive a plough, and Alexandrine is to make butter."—The marchioness smiled at the animation of her son; but reflecting upon the change they had so recently endured, a tear suddenly checked the pleasing sensation; and pressing the hand she held between her own, she inquired what had given rise to the newly-suggested notion.

Before St. Julian was able to reply, his toe struck against something hard, and stooping to observe what had given him pain, he perceived it to be a canvas bag, which, from its weight, he imagined had been filled with marbles.—"I wish the bag had been a hundred miles off,"—said St. Julian, "for it has hurt that toe, mama, which was so bad from the thorn; but I dare say some poor boy is vexed at his loss, for it seems to me to be *full of marbles*."

"Let

“ Let us see, St. Julian, what it contains,” exclaimed both his sisters, who by this time had joined him, “ for if it is full of marbles, you shall teach us how to play whilst papa and mama are resting on that stile.”

The bag was secured with a piece of pack-thread, which the mud in the road had absolutely hardened, and as none of the party had a knife in their pocket, it was some time before it could be unclosed.—As marbles were things of so little value, their curiosity was by no means excited, and the little girls waited with the greatest composure, whilst the persevering St. Julian was exerting his skill. The gordian knot was at length untied—when an exclamation of joy was involuntarily uttered; and “*Tis money! ’Tis money! mama,*” was vociferated from every voice.

“ Now we shall be *happy!* Now you can buy *cows!* now you can procure *horses!* and now you can purchase a *plough!*” were sentences expressed with the most animating proofs



proofs of joy, whilst the astonished parents, unwilling to interrupt their felicity, remained silent spectators of the interesting scene.

"How *weighty* the bag is!" said one—"let us count its contents!" exclaimed another—"I dare say there is a thousand pounds!" cried a third. In short, the happiness which this unexpected event occasioned, appeared to be of so exquisite and gratifying a nature, that it required some degree of philosophy to lessen or destroy it.

At length St. Julian, in a tone of astonishment, exclaimed, "Why, papa, I am surprised at seeing you so unconcerned! when you know that you have hardly any money left, and that you were even afraid you should be obliged to sell your *watch*! And now you see, we have enough to procure us all we want."

"*We have enough to procure us all we want,*" replied the marquis; "but *who* has bestowed that money upon us? and what right  
can

can we possibly have to make use of property which belongs to *another*? The distress and agitation which the owner will sustain from the temporary loss of so rich a treasure, will surely be a grievance sufficiently afflictive, without our endeavouring to augment his suffering, by the practice of *treachery, dishonesty, and fraud!*" At the close of this speech, St. Julian's countenance betrayed the agitation of his feelings, and endeavouring to speak in a tone of composure, he said, "I am sure, papa, I would not be guilty of a *dishonest action* for the world; but I always thought that what was *found* became the property of the *finder*, and that the person to whom it formerly belonged, had no longer any *right to it*."

"A most *just and equitable* mode of thinking, indeed! St. Julian! — and suppose the owner of the bag was now to pass us, and enquire whether you had found it; should you think yourself authorised to detain it from him?"



or would you *deny* having seen the object of his search?"

"*Deny* it, papa! do you think I could be capable of telling an *untruth*?" — "If you could be capable of *detaining* the *property* of another, you could certainly be guilty both of *lying* and *deceit*."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed St. Julian, bursting into tears, "how shocked I am at having forfeited your *good opinion*!—it was for *your* sake alone, that I rejoiced at having found the bag, and I had no idea that I was either guilty of a failing, or a crime; but I will run directly to farmer Morgan's, and try to find somebody to own the money."

"Not quite so fast," replied the marquis, catching St. Julian by the arm, "for you would certainly find people enough to claim this property, were you to adopt so impolitic a scheme;—we must advertise in the papers that a bag has been found, and desire the owner to describe both its colour and contents,  
for

for there are so many dishonest characters in the world, that if we adopted your method we should in all probability be imposed upon; and the person to whom it belongs would have little chance of recovering it."

The conversation was here interrupted by the approach of a vast concourse of people, and upon the marquis inquiring into the cause of their assembling, he was informed they were conveying a farmer to prison, by the order of his landlord, who had made a seizure for his rent; and the property not being sufficient to answer the demand, the poor creature was under the necessity of relinquishing his liberty, and by that means disabled from supporting his family.

The circumstance in itself was by no means extraordinary, yet there was something in the appearance of the prisoner that interested the marquis's compassion, and he felt the loss of fortune more at that moment than at any other period of his life.



“ Yes, yes, a mighty likely story !” said one of the fellows with a sneer, who guarded the poor man—“ *Old birds* are not to be caught with *chaff*—it was not likely you should have been *robbed*, just as you were going to *pay* your rent.”

“ Believe it, or *not*, as you please ;” replied the hapless stranger in a tone of sorrow and assertion ; “ but as I believe in an hereafter, we are not now half a mile from the spot where the hundred and twenty guineas were taken from me.”

“ What, are there robberies in this neighbourhood ?” said the marquis to one of the unfortunate man’s conductors. ——— “ Cot pless your honor, no, to pe sure ; only this little pird in hour cage, as we call him, made up a pretty story to his worship, and said as how when he was coing to pay his rent, the thieves fell upon him and took his purse ; thinking, to pe sure, that would satisfy him.”

The

The loss of the purse, and the spot which the prisoner had described, seemed perfectly to coincide with St. Julian's canvas bag, who instantly exclaimed, "Oh, papa, how happy I am! for certainly the bag belongs to that poor gentleman!" As St. Julian spoke in French, none of the parties comprehended what he said; but as the marquis could discourse as well as an Englishman, they enquired, "what made young master so highly pleased?"

The marquis, without replying to this interrogation, asked the farmer the colour and form of his purse, and being informed that it was a long yellow canvas bag, he instantly drew it from his great coat pocket, and demanded whether he could specify the sum it contained.

The poor man's face was of a crimson hue, and clasping his hands with a fervency of joy, he exclaimed, "Oh, sir! you are the preserver of myself and family, may the Almighty



mighty reward you for your *goodness* and *generosity*!" — He then said, "there were an hundred and twenty guineas in the purse;" and enquired, "if the marquis had not passed in a carriage about five o'clock in the evening of that day se'nnight?" expressing a belief that the robbers must have dropped it from their alarm at the unexpected appearance of a carriage, a circumstance uncommon in that situation—adding, that, as it rained incessantly during the whole of the past week, few people on foot could have been able to walk, and as it was by no means a public road for a carriage, it had remained on that spot, unobserved and unseen."

The men who had been inclined to treat his assertion with contempt, totally changed both their language and behaviour, and the whole groupe returned to the worthy creature's abode, to celebrate his release from confinement and captivity.

"Well, St. Julian," said the marquis, as they entered the great hall of the castle, "have  
you

you not had more gratification in restoring the purse to its right owner, than you could have had in unjustly detaining it for your own use?"

"Oh, papa!" replied St. Julian, "if I had wanted a bit of bread, I would not have bought it with the farmer's money; for I never felt so happy in my life as when I saw the poor man claim his purse."

"How I should have liked to have gone home with him," said Alexandrine, "for the pleasure of seeing the joy of his wife and children, at beholding him return with the bag in his pocket!"

"It might have been gratifying to *yourself*, my love," replied the marchioness, who had remained a silent spectator of the interesting scene; "but it would have been *lessening* the gratification those worthy people must have experienced upon the occasion, to have had the first impressions of such exquisite feelings witnessed by those who might have been a  
restraint



restraint upon the indulgence of them ; and we should carefully avoid the gratification of our own inclinations at the expence of giving a moment's pain to another.—The circumstance, which has just occurred, reminds me of an interesting story I recollect meeting with in history many years ago, which made a strong impression upon my mind, and which illustrated the force of *innate probity* in a very beautiful and simple manner.

“ Oh, mama, pray tell it us ! ” exclaimed all the children at once, “ for it is an age since you told us a story, and it will remind us of the happy evenings we used to spend at our dear chateau in Normandy.”

“ If it should have no better effect than that of reminding us of pleasures which are  *fled for ever*, my children, it will be attended with very little purpose ; but as I flatter myself an instructive lesson may be derived from it, I shall find as much satisfaction in relating it to you, as you will in attending to me.”—So saying,

ing, the marchioness seated herself before a large round oak table, and began her narration in the following words.

The story of the marchioness's life, and the events which led to her present situation, was a long and interesting one. She began by relating the circumstances of her birth, and the early education which she received. She then proceeded to describe the various adventures which she had undergone, and the many trials which she had endured. She concluded her story by relating the circumstances of her present situation, and the hopes which she entertained for the future.

The



*The Story of PERRIN and LUCETTA.*

A young man, of the name of Perrin, had the misfortune to be deprived of both his parents before he was old enough to be sensible of his loss, and having no near relations either *willing or able to support him*, received his education in a public Charity School.—In this asylum of indigence and misfortune, Perrin conducted himself with so much sweetness and docility, that he very soon obtained the affection both of the master and scholars; but what rendered this boy so universally esteemed, was the uncommon rectitude of his principles which was daily displayed in some act of probity and honour.

At the age of fifteen, Perrin was taken from school, and placed under the care of a respectable

respectable farmer, where his employment chiefly consisted in taking care of the sheep, and guarding the young lambs from the inclemency of the weather. As Perrin's heart was naturally kind and benevolent, this occupation afforded him real delight; but what tended to increase this pleasure, was the society of a young woman, who likewise had the charge of a neighbouring flock, and who appeared to derive much gratification from the young shepherd's society.

This artless girl, whose name was Lucetta, was the daughter of a wealthy farmer, who intended to marry her to some young man in a less humble situation than him, whom her heart had involuntarily selected. Lucetta was lovely, innocent, and amiable; and Perrin could boast of possessing all those manly graces, which are said to be capable of captivating the fair. With these mutual advantages of person and appearance, and with minds, perhaps, bearing a still greater resemblance, it is



not surprising that each should be charmed with the society of the other.

The want of fortune was, to Perrin, the only source of uneasiness, and to obviate that as much as laid in his power, he worked with incessant zeal and application, and in the course of five years, he was enabled to save by extra labour twenty crowns.

Twenty crowns appeared to the enraptured Perrin an inexhaustible source of wealth; and he immediately resolved to know his destiny from the father of the object of his tenderness.

Lucetta's heart palpitated with apprehension, and she besought her lover not to ask her father's consent in her presence. In a few days, business compelled her to go to a neighbouring town, and it was agreed that Perrin should avail himself of her absence, to prefer his petition to the father of her on whom his happiness was placed.

As the moment approached, the dread of a refusal totally subdued Perrin's courage, and

it.

it was with difficulty he could utter a single word: his confusion and embarrassment, however, expressed his wishes, and the old man replied in the following words: "You want to *marry my daughter*—have you a house to cover her? or have you money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both—it won't do, Perrin, it won't do!"

The agitated lover's countenance became still paler, and he replied, in faltering accents, "but I have hands to work; I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expences of the wedding; and I can work *harder*, and lay up still more."

"Well, well," said the father, softened by this proof of genuine affection, "you are young and may wait a little; get *rich* and my daughter is at your *service*."

"Well, that was very *good* of the old man, indeed, mama," said Alexandrine; "I declare I felt quite in a fright for poor Perrin."—

"And so did I, for the pretty Lucetta; but go on, mama, for I long to hear the end of the  
D 2 story,



story, and what she said to the poor fellow, when she returned."

"He did not wait for her return," replied the marchioness, "but instantly set out to *meet her*."—"Has my father given you a refusal?" said she, the moment she saw her lover approach.—"Ah, Lucetta! how unfortunate am *I, to be poor!* yet I have not lost *all my hopes*; my circumstances may change, and I may still be happy."

The method by which he was to obtain these riches occupied their discourse until the approach of night, when Perrin, scarce able to perceive his way, struck his foot against a hard substance, and immediately fell.

"What have we here!" said the astonished Perrin, grasping a large bag he caught hold of in his fall: "let us, dear Lucetta, approach that neighbouring light, and examine the contents of this weighty treasure."

"*Treasure indeed!*" in rapture he exclaimed. "Oh Lucetta! now your father will consent! here is sufficient to satisfy the most avaricious being!"

being! Now *we are blest!* now we shall be happy! Gracious heaven, I thank thee for thy goodness!"

As the enraptured Perrin proceeded with his riches towards Lucetta's father's house, an idea of *justice* struck his imagination; and that the property *he thought his own*, belonged to *another*, was forcibly impressed upon his honest mind. "This money," said he, "my dear Lucetta," holding out the bag, "we certainly can have no right to retain; 'tis the property of *another*, and we must not keep a penny! how could an idea of such *fraud* and *injustice* for one moment take possession of my mind. My affection for you subdued my reason, but I could not be guilty of *dishonesty* even to possess my beloved Lucetta's hand. The good Vicar will advise us how we ought to act; let us hasten then, my love, and intreat his assistance."

The Vicar heard their story with delight and admiration; and after applauding Perrin for the probity of his conduct, he assured him it should



not go long unrewarded. Upon examining the bag, it contained twelve thousand livres, which were immediately advertised in all the newspapers, and not being owned, remained in the Vicar's hands.

After some time spent in fruitless inquiries, the Vicar desired Perrin to purchase himself a farm, saying, that the money, laying by, would be rendered quite useless; but by converting it to property, the owner might be benefitted whenever he should claim it at the young man's hands. A deed was accordingly drawn, and presented to the Vicar, purporting that the farm was bought with money that was *found*; and that whenever its possessor should demand a reimbursement, Perrin would be *ready* and *happy* to resign it.

Lucetta's father no longer opposed their nuptials, and the worthy Vicar joined their hands; their hearts had been long and tenderly united, and their felicity was at once pure and refined. Perrin's industry, and Lucetta's management, were absolutely proverbial throughout



out the village, and in the space of a very few years he became possessed of two or three hundred pounds.

"Oh mama, what a pretty story," said the little Mariapne, who had been all attention; "but you have not told us whether Lucetta had any children; or whether Perrin loved them as well as *Papa* does me."

"I am not yet come to that part of the story," replied the marchioness with a smile; "but Perrin and Lucetta had two children; and as their parents set them such good examples, I entertain no doubt of their being *amiable*, and of course *beloved* by the authors of their existence."

About ten years after the union of this worthy couple, a carriage was overturned within sight of the farm, and Perrin, ever anxious to prove useful to the unfortunate, flew to the spot in the hope of rendering some assistance, and offering what accommodation his house afforded.

The gentleman, though not materially injured,



jured, immediately accepted the benevolent proposal; and Lucetta, solicitous to prove her hospitality, eagerly began preparing some refreshment.

It is very extraordinary, said one of the gentlemen, but a *fatality* is, I think, to attend me *on this spot*; for ten years ago, on my way to India, I had the misfortune to lose twelve thousand livres. *Twelve thousand livres!* exclaimed the astonished Perrin—"But why, sir, did you never make any enquiries after them? *Twelve thousand livres* were surely worth some search!" "They were so," replied the gentleman; "but I unfortunately was unable to make it, as the vessel in which I had taken my passage for India, was under sailing orders, and *could not be detained.*"

Perrin, without replying, invited his guests to view his house, and upon their expressing their admiration both of that, and his grounds, he turned to the gentleman who had lost the money, and in a tone of exultation said, "*your applause, sir, cannot fail of being pleasing when*

I tell



I tell you that all you see is your *own property*. The bag which you *lost*, I had the good fortune to *find*, and disposed of its contents in the manner you behold; for as all my enquiries after its possessor proved vain and fruitless, I thought myself at liberty to purchase this farm; The Vicar is in possession of a deed that resigns it, and if you permit me to become your *tenant*, all my wishes will be then fulfilled."

"Charming *disinterestedness*, *noble probity*! to what cause am I to attribute such refinement and rectitude? where did you learn such heroic sentiments? and who instructed you in such exalted virtue?"

"*Adversity* has been my *school*, and *Conscience* my *instructor*," replied the amiable Perrin, astonished at such praise for an act of *common justice*; "but surely, sir, you must have lived in the abodes of savages, to think I deserve such praise for having acted *uprightly*, and all I now request is to be considered as your tenant."

"That would be an *unworthy recompence*  
for



for an action so brave, so disinterested, and so generous. No, my worthy fellow! your merits shall be rewarded with more liberality—the deed you may destroy, the farm is *your own*, and may heaven crown both your *virtue* and your *labour*.”

“And so, mama,” said Alexandrine, “the gentleman was kind enough to *give* Perrin the farm; well, I declare I am very glad of it.”

“And so am I,” exclaimed St. Julian, “not only for his *own sake*, but for that of poor Lucetta, who, I dare say, would not like to have *tenanted*, *what* she had so many years considered as *her own*.”

“How was it possible, St. Julian,” replied the marchioness, “that Lucetta could consider a habitation *her own*, which had been purchased with money to which she had *no claim*? The conduct of the stranger was highly *generous*, and as a man of fortune he was enabled to reward their *probity*; but suppose the bag had belonged to a man less *affluent*, ought she to have repined at *resigning* what she possessed  
by

by *chance*, when the real owner appeared, and claimed it?"

"Oh no, *mama*, she ought *not* indeed; and I know not how it is that I am so often *wrong*, but I am sure if I had not you and papa to direct me, I should be continually doing something which would give me reason to repent."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Catherine, who informed the young folks that the hour was growing late, and that she had been waiting for her accustomed summons to attend them to bed.



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CHAPTER III.

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At an early hour the following morning, the marquis received a visit from the farmer's wife, who called upon him to express her sense of the obligation he had conferred upon her husband; and as in the course of conversation he found that a few fields which adjoined the castle were the farmer's property, the marquis resolved to become his tenant, knowing they were barren only from want of culture. The agreement was accordingly soon made, and ten pounds of the remaining twenty, laid out in manure for the land. The marquis now  
severely

severely felt the loss of his jewels, for could he by any means have purchased two or three cows, he was convinced he should have been able to turn his little property to great advantage and benefit to his family.

Caterine heard him express his conviction of this circumstance to the marchioness, and, with tears in her eyes, besought him to make use of her purse. "Do, my lord," said the faithful creature, "allow me the satisfaction of seeing you in a way of procuring a subsistence for my lady and her children! ten louis d'ors will soon be gone, and what must then become of us all? the allowance which you receive from the English Government will little more than keep us from starving, and though I have toiled early and late to save a little money to procure my lady a piano, I have only earned three guineas."

"*Earned three guineas!*" exclaimed the marquis, "and by what method, my good Caterine, have you contrived to gain that sum?" "By making *gloves*, my lord, for the



Chester manufactory: for as farmer Morgan had often occasion to visit that city, I entreated him to procure me work from thence, having frequently heard his wife say, that many poor people supported whole families by that employment."

"Oh Caterine," said the marchioness, taking her hand, "what an instructive lesson has your conduct imparted! myself and children can likewise work, and by that means I may be enabled to save something towards their education; the farmer must procure a larger quantity of gloves, and we may *all be occupied* in a laudable employment."

The repeated proofs which Caterine had given of an attached disposition and noble sentiments, at length induced the marquis to regard her as a friend; and convinced that he might benefit his family by making use of her little fortune, the purse was opened, which to his astonishment, contained fifty louis d'ors.

The

The cows were purchased, the gloves obtained, and a girl hired to look after the dairy; and as every part of the family found their time now occupied, repining and discontent were strangers to their abode.

The nobleman, who had so kindly lent them the castle, had likewise furnished them with a collection of books, and as the marquis was a man both of learning and intelligence, great part of the morning was devoted to the instruction of his son. The marchioness was no less qualified for the office of an instructor, and the improvement of her daughters' minds was to her an object of the highest moment, for though they were taught to be contented with their *humble situation*, they were rendered capable of shining in one more *exalted*.

About three months after these new regulations in the domestic arrangements of the marquis de St. Clair, the family were awoke, at an unusual hour, by a violent knocking at the hall door, and the cry of FIRE was loudly vociferated from several voices on the outside.



The marquis instantly flew to the window, when the well known voice of his humble landlord earnestly besought immediate admission. "My poor father," said he, "and please your honour, has really been bed-ridden fourteen years, and though he is a mere skeleton, as a body may say, yet three quarters of a mile is a long way to carry him, though God be praised that I was able to do it."

The hospitable doors flew swiftly open, and whilst the farmer was carefully placing his father on a couch, and endeavouring to compose the agitation of his mind, the marquis hastened to the scene of terror, for the purpose of offering his farther services to this unfortunate but worthy family. The fire had been providentially stopped in its progress, for as there happened to be an abundance of water, and very little wind, the effects which were used, happily succeeded. "Where is my husband? where is my daddy?" were uttered in tones of terror and apprehension; and when the marquis assured the wife and children

of



of his safety, their joy and exultation knew no bounds. "Why I told you, neighbour Johnson, your husband was safe," said one of the men, who appeared most active in the cause, "dost think any harm could happen to such as he, who risked his *own life* to *save his poor old father's*; did not I see him go smack through the flames, and bring out the poor creature when he was half suffocated? Aye, aye, God Almighty don't let such deeds as them be, pass by unnoticed, though us sinful beings thinks nothing at all about them. God bless his honest heart, say I; and I wish every spark that fell from that there building, could all be turned into king George's pictures."

This simple eulogium in the farmer's praise, was warmly echoed by the surrounding throng, and when he returned to his humble habitation, he was received with applause by the peasantry which encompassed it.

As the children had not been disturbed by any of the commotion, they were surprised at perceiving the couch occupied by a stranger;



but when they recognized the features of the farmer's father, their wonder and astonishment greatly increased, and they eagerly enquired by what means he had been conveyed.

The circumstance of the fire, and the heroism of the farmer's conduct, were both explained by the amiable marchioness, who took that opportunity of expatiating upon the reward that always attends *filial attachment*; and "the Ancients," said she, "had such a regard for this virtue, that the highest honours were conferred on those who were eminent for its practice."

"I think," said St. Julian, "the farmer deserves to have his conduct recorded with as much praise as Homer has bestowed upon his hero Æneas, which I was reading to papa yesterday morning."

"Oh tell us about it, my dear St. Julian, for I doat upon hearing pretty stories." "It is but a short story, my dear Alexandrine," replied her brother, "and for my part I think poor Johnson was quite as great a man as Æneas,

*Aeneas*, only one was a prince, and the other was a peasant, and therefore not likely to have his conduct made the subject of a poem.—*Aeneas*, you must know, was a Trojan prince, a great warrior, and a very good man: and in that dreadful war between the Greeks and the Trojans, which was occasioned by a Trojan prince having treacherously ran away with the king of Sparta's wife, he behaved with the greatest valour and bravery. But upon the Greeks proving victorious, he placed his father Anchises on his back, and taking his little son Ascanius by the hand, collected the Trojan troops together and retreated with them to Alexandria. After that, he went to Epirus, but not choosing to remain long there, after being terribly driven about by the waves, he landed at Carthage, where queen Dido fell desperately in love with him, but as he could not return her affection, he quitted that city, and bent his course towards Sicily, where he had the misfortune to lose his father, who he loved very *tenderly*, and to whose memory he erected



erected a most magnificent monument. Some years afterwards he arrived in Italy, married Lavinia, daughter of king Latinus, and succeeded him in his government. With the assistance of his son Ascanius, who was by that time grown a man, he founded a new kingdom, and from him the Romans date their origin."

"I am very much pleased, my dear St. Julian," said the marchioness, "to find that you pay so much attention to the instructions of your father; and retain so perfect a recollection of these incidents, which exalt the characters of the persons who perform them. It is a matter of trifling moment to posterity to be told that Troy sustained a ten year's siege; and that its inhabitants were expert in the art of war; but from the filial conduct of Æneas at its close, and the imprudent act of Helen at its commencement, you may all derive much instruction; and when you learn how highly the one was estimated, and how much the other was despised, the mind is imperceptibly

ceptibly led to the admiration of virtue, and naturally shrinks from the imitation of vice."

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of the marquis, and the family returned to the castle to breakfast; when the marquis retired to his room with his son, and the marchioness devoted her attention to her daughters. As soon as the young ladies had accomplished their tasks, each sat down to their daily occupation, and the hours of labour were pleasingly beguiled by the following interesting and pathetic story.



## TALE THE SECOND.

IN the fertile plains of Languedoc, lived an aged peasant of the name of Bellairdine: he had the misfortune to survive both his wife and children, and the only source of remaining happiness was derived from the affection of the youthful Jasper, who was at once, the object of his tenderness, and the solace of his cares.

Jasper's mother had died in his infancy, and knowing her husband to be a man of great vengality, conjured him, on her death bed, to let her child remain with her father, whose feeling and affection she had the greatest reliance upon, and whom she knew would treat him both with care and tenderness. The husband readily complied with her request, and in a few days after the interment of his wife, engaged himself as a  
valet

valet to a gentleman going to the East Indies, and without appearing to feel a single pang at the separation, resigned his infant to Bellairdine's care.

The little fellow soon repaid his grandfather's attention by a thousand interesting proofs of affection, and the moment he was old enough to evince his gratitude, it was displayed in every word, look, and action; a distant relation of old Bellairdine arranged the domestic œconomy of his little household; but as her temper was unfortunately far from amiable, she considered Jasper as an unwelcome guest, and in many respects rendered his situation disagreeable. Too gentle to complain, and too noble to repine, he submitted to her caprices without a murmur, and when the weather was so bad he could not accompany his grandfather to his labour, he would endeavour to banish Josephene's ill humours by a variety of good humoured and playful attentions.

As



As soon as he was old enough to be capable of employment, he constantly accompanied his grandfather to the fields, and proud of being able to earn his own subsistence, his labour was attended both with pleasure, and with profit. Josephene's disgust to this amiable child increased to such a height that Bellairdine soon perceived it, and exasperated at the injustice and cruelty of her conduct, he insisted upon her removal from their little humble dwelling.

On the innocent Jasper she vented her abuse, accused him of being guilty of a thousand failings, and suffered her resentment to rise to such a height, that she furiously threw a knife against his head; alarmed at the blood that issued from the wound, and terrified at incurring Bellairdine's indignation, she instantly ran out of the house, leaving the unoffending object of her hatred weltering in the gore that streamed from his temple.

The

The old man fortunately soon returned, and after binding up the wound with the most anxious care, went in pursuit of the being who had so inhumanly inflicted it.

"I hope he found her, mama," said Marianne, "and had her severely punished for her wicked conduct, for I am sure if I had been Jasper, I would have told my grandfather of all her former cruel behaviour."

"Jasper acted very differently;" replied the marchioness, "for though it was impossible for him to love a woman who had behaved with so much inhumanity towards him, yet he knew she had no friend except his grandfather, and was incapable of working *hard* for her living, therefore instead of endeavouring to increase his resentment, he generously tried to soften and lessen it; but so compleatly was Bellairdine exasperated against her, that he would not suffer her to come near the house, and she soon afterwards quitted the neighbourhood."



A few months after Josephene's departure, poor Bellairdine was taken extremely ill, and though he endeavoured to struggle against disease, it soon conquered and overpowered him. Jasper was his nurse, his friend and his physician, for as they lived at a great distance from any town, there was no possibility of procuring him advice. Their little stock of money soon began to fail, for as Jasper's time was occupied in *nursing*, it was impossible for him to augment the store, and he had the miserable prospect of thinking his grandfather would want nourishment, at a time when he required a *double share*.

A fortunate idea at length struck him, and he resolved immediately to put it in practice, for as the little cottage was situated near the Rhine, a variety of fishermen's huts were contiguous to it, and he resolved to offer his services to mend their nets. Industry and application generally succeed, and the amiable lad had the great satisfaction

satisfaction of adding a scanty pittance to the little store.

Day after day he worked without intermission, but winter approached, and his difficulties increased. The weather was severe, and the fuel scarce, and though he could have gained a supply by going to the woods, yet his grandfather might want assistance during his absence, and even die, without a *hand* to close his *aged eyes*.

Want of air and incessant watching had a visible effect on the gentle Jasper's health, and in addition to the anguish of his sufferings, Bellairdine had the misery of beholding those of his darling child. "Oh my dear, my only surviving treasure, " the old man would often say, " and am I to be bereaved of all *my comfort*? Am I to be the means of depriving *thee* of *existence*, before thou hast *tasted any of its sweets*? Yes, I see, I see I shall be thy murderer! The roses no longer bloom upon thy cheeks, thy eyes no longer



longer beam with health and joy—thy limbs have lost their firm athletic form, and *I, my child, have brought this ruin on thee!*”

My dearest grandfather, my only friend, I cannot bear to see you thus afflicted! sickness has dimmed your dear, but aged eyes, and you no longer see your Jasper clearly, I am *quite well*, quite every thing you wish—Oh that you were but in my situation! this pious deception in the amiable boy would for a time satisfy the mind of the poor invalid, but again the thought that he was destroying the health of the object of his tenderness, in spite of his endeavours, would recur, and he would again give way to apprehensions and despondency.

Though time seemed to move upon leaden pinions, yet languor and disease made rapid progress, and it was in vain that the amiable lad attempted to conceal an indisposition that now was plain to every beholder. The neighbours who occasionally visited Bellair-dine, assured him, his grandson could not live.



live, if he had not some advice, and offered to take care of him during his absence, if he would consent to his going to a physician of eminence, who lived about five leagues from the place of their residence: though it was impossible for an old debilitated man to travel such a distance in pursuit of health, yet a boy of fourteen could with ease undertake the journey, and particularly when one of the peasants offered to give him a letter of recommendation to his son, who lived half way on the road.

Jasper, though grateful for their kindness and attention, could not reconcile the thought of quitting his grandfather, yet when he saw the probability there was of his remaining long confined, he felt it a duty to do whatever might be beneficial towards the recovery of his own health, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of contributing to the comfort of one whom he loved with more than filial fondness.

Bellaïrdine who had long beheld the alter-



ration in his beloved grandson's person with fearful apprehension, and acute pain, conjured him to take the advice which was offered him, and no longer trifle with his precious life. The old man's wishes were always Jasper's commands, and he promised to follow the council he received, and to set out at an early hour the following day, for the purpose of obtaining the physician's advice.

The prospect of separation, though only for a *short period*, appeared equally dreadful to them both, and so greatly were Jasper's spirits affected by the thought, that he could not close his eyes the whole night. For some hours sleep was denied to Bellairdine, but at length nature, exhausted by anxiety and pain, fell into a calm and comfortable repose.

The amiable boy, unable to sleep, arose some hours before day-light, and dropping on his knees, by his grandfather's bedside, besought the Almighty to protect him during his absence, and to grant that the jour-

ney



ney he was about to take, might ultimately tend to the advantage of them both.

"I should have thought, mama," said the little Marianne, "Jasper had been going a journey of *five hundred leagues*, instead of a little excursion of only *five*; why I declare I could walk it before breakfast."

"You are to recollect, my love," replied the marchioness, "that the poor lad was *extremely ill*, and of course felt himself unequal to any kind of fatigue, that he had never been separated even a day from his grandfather, and that he was going to consign him to the care of those, on whom he knew not that he could depend."

"Dear Marianne," said Alexandrine in a tone of impatience and discontent, "I wish you would not *interrupt* my mama, for I long to know whether poor Jasper was cured."

"You forgot that he has not *began his journey*," continued the marchioness, "however we must set him off, after letting him take

now goes off a tender



a tender adieu of the invalid, and commending him to the protection of his friends and neighbours.

Weak in body, and dejected in mind, he set forward on his journey without hope or expectation, for so completely was he enervated by illness, that he felt totally indifferent what became of him. For his grandfather's sake he wished to recover, but independent of him life had no allurements; his mother was dead, his father had forsaken him, and he seemed a solitary member of existence. This melancholy train of thought augmented the weakness which had before oppressed him, and, unable to pursue his journey, he sat down on a bank, and remained weeping by the side of the road.

From this impulse of exhausted nature, he was suddenly aroused by the voice of consolation, and he beheld a gentleman standing before him, who anxiously demanded the occasion of his sorrow. The story was short,



short, simple, and affecting, and the manner of relating it called forth the stranger's tears, when, taking him by the hand with a warmth of tenderness, he said, *you are the very being whom I wished to find.* Your father many years ago attended me to the East Indies, where his fidelity secured him an interest in my favour; I placed him in a situation highly advantageous, and assisted him with the means of getting a fortune. His industry and application were crowned with success, and he soon realized several thousand pounds. Death prevented him from enjoying it, but during his illness he informed me that he had left an infant son under the care of his wife's father, and conjured me to discover whether he was still in existence, and to secure the property for the sake of his child. I had then some thoughts of returning to my native country, and this event strengthened my plan, and I determined to take this province in my way, for the purpose  
of



of restoring to you your father's fortune, and I rejoice in having found you so truly deserving of it.

The stranger might have proceeded in his discourse till night, for Jasper was wholly incapable of replying. That he should have lost a *parent*, and gained a *fortune*, were circumstances so astonishing as to deprive him of utterance, but the idea that he might now rescue his grandfather from *poverty*, struck upon his mind with felicity and force, and in a tone of anxious interrogation he demanded whether the money *would* be *really* his *own*.

"*Will be your own*," said the delighted stranger, gratified by the animation that glowed in every feature; "*it is your own*, my honest fellow; and I long to know what use you intend to make of it." "Oh, sir!" replied the amiable boy, bursting into a flood of tears, "what can I do better than try to save my dear grandfather's life? The Doctor now will surely *go* to him, if you will be so good, sir,



sir, as to give me the money to pay him. Oh! he shall have every *farthing* if he *cures* him; for my grandfather, sir, is all the *world* to me."

"Amiable affection! charming sensibility!" exclaimed the stranger, grasping Jasper affectionately by the hand; I hope the Almighty will restore this valued friend, that he may live to enjoy your gratitude, and your love."

By this time the gentleman's carriage appeared in sight, and he informed Jasper he had a friend in it, whose skill in physic was equal to any they could apply to, and proposed they should both get into the chariot, and drive immediately to the sick man's dwelling. To this proposal the delighted boy agreed, and in less than an hour they arrived at Bellairdine's cottage.

Delight and joy beamed in Jasper's countenance, as he approached the bedside of his venerable protector. "Oh! my beloved grandfather!" exclaimed he in a voice of tenderness



tenderness and exultation, "now your Jasper can make you *happy*! now he can prove the strength of his tenderness. This dear gentleman has a great deal of money for me, and every farthing of it *shall be yours*, only get well, try but to *get well*!—or else my money will be of no use to me."

Bellairdine remained mute with astonishment, and appeared to doubt the evidence of his senses; the stranger however soon explained the circumstance, and the physician humanely offered his advice. The old man lifted up his eyes to heaven, and with pious ejaculations blest the Almighty for his goodness; then pressing his grandson in his feeble arms, he shed tears of joy for the unexpected happiness.

The physician immediately prescribed for both, and a nurse was engaged to take care of them. Jasper was ordered to keep out in the air, and his illness attributed to elote confinement. Reviving cordials soon recovered the old man, the air and exercise restored



restored the young one. The stranger was so charmed with the character of Jasper, that he wished to have taken him, and adopted him as his son ; but he had too high a veneration for the worthy Bellairdine, to think of proposing such a scheme.—Yet, in justice to a boy of Jasper's fortune, he could not consent to his education being neglected ; and as the old man could not bear the idea of a separation, a tutor was engaged to reside in the house. A small estate, about a mile from the little cottage, was immediately purchased for their reception ; and during the greatest part of the summer, Jasper's guardian regularly became their guest, and each visit strengthened both his friendship and affection.

“ Oh mama, what a pretty story,” said Alexandrine, “ how I should have loved that dear boy Jasper !” “ He is highly deserving every body’s regard,” replied the marchioness, “ and merits all the admiration you can bestow upon him—however, suppose you now put  
G aside



aside your work, and take your accustomed rambles over the mountains; St. Julian has by this time compleated his studies, and you can have the pleasure of entertaining him with Jasper's history.

CHAP.

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CHAPTER IV.

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CATERINE was sent with a message to the marquis to enquire whether St. Julian could be spared; the gloves were replaced in a small basket, and they impatiently awaited the arrival of their brother. Catherine's countenance foretold their disappointment; for St. Julian had been guilty both of *idleness* and *inattention*, and was not permitted to join the party. The marquis, however, followed the messenger, and offered to attend them in their little ramble. "Your mama," said he, "wishes to compleat her morning task, before she indulges herself in any gratification; and



with such a pattern of industry and application, her children ought to blush at being guilty of idleness."

"I am sure, papa," said the timid Alexandrine, "St. Julian is miserable at having incurred your displeasure, and if you would only be kind enough to pardon him this once, and permit him to accompany us in our walk, I am persuaded he will never offend you again."

"My actions must certainly," said the marquis, "have convinced my children, that their happiness is the ultimate object of my desires; and that I would at any time sacrifice my own pleasure to promote theirs; but blindly to gratify their present inclinations, at the hazard of their future advantage, would be like purchasing felicity in this world, by the loss of it in the next. *Idleness* may be considered as the parent of iniquity; and though not absolutely a *vice* in *itself*, yet it is so frequently the occasion of its origin, that

there



there is scarcely a possibility of separating the effect from the cause.

“ For St. Julian to be *indolent*, or to neglect the cultivation of his mind, knowing that his existence must depend upon its *exertion*, is one of those unpardonable failings which carries with it marks of indelible disgrace, and which I must constantly *condemn*, and always *punish*. ”

Fain would Alexandrine have palliated her brother's failings, but the tone of the marquis's voice stopped her utterance, and without attempting to make the least reply, they proceeded forward in their ramble.

The little irritability in the marquis's feelings, which the conduct of his son had been the means of producing, was soon conquered by the beauty of the surrounding scene ; and after admiring the sublimity of the prospect, and raising the minds of his children to the contemplation of Him, whose hand had formed the beauteous whole, took each of his daughters affectionately by the hand, and seat-



ing them carefully at the top of the mountain, addressed them with tenderness, in the following words.

“You may possibly think, my beloved children, that I carried my resentment against your brother, farther than the fault which he had committed appeared to merit—but when you reflect that *industry* alone is the *whole* of *his portion*, and are told that he has talents which will insure him both competence and esteem, you will not be astonished at my feeling mortified at observing he does not convert them to their proper use. By application and industry, the lowest may be *exalted*, and in a country where merit is certain of reward, St. Julian might expect to rise to *eminence*. At the time that Athens was in all its glory, and philosophy had attained its utmost height, two young men, devoid both of friends and fortune, obtained the applause of that mighty state, merely by the practice of application and industry.”

“Pray

"Pray tell us about them, dear papa, for I love to hear a *pretty story*." "I know not, my dear girl, whether you will think it deserves the appellation of a *pretty story*," replied the marquis, tapping Marianne affectionately on the cheek; "but by repeating it to your brother when you are together, and making your own little animadversions upon it, it may be the means of raising his dormant spirit, and inspiring him with a fondness for learning and application."



*The Story of MENEDAMAS and  
ASCLEPIADES.*

A Mutual fondness for learning and the sciences, was the foundation of a friendship between these two young men; and as each had a desire to obtain a knowledge of philosophy, they resolved to prosecute their studies together. Their parents were poor, their situation was lowly, and they had no means of supplying the wants of nature, but by devoting their time to labour. To resign the pleasures they derived from study, or to give up the idea of preserving life, appeared the only choice that was left them; yet fortunately there was an intermediate state, and to that these friends luckily applied.

The day, it was resolved, should be devoted to study, and the night alternately employed

employed in labour, and with the trifling sum which this mark of industry produced, did these aspiring geniuses preserve their own existence.

That two young men, destitute of fortune, and devoid of friends, should be able to support themselves without any *apparent resource*, soon created suspicion in some illiberal minds, and it was strongly believed, that they had some illicit method of procuring the necessary means of their subsistence. Their enemies, not satisfied with confining this opinion within their own breasts, soon took care to make it public; and the young philosophers were immediately summoned to appear before a bench of *prejudiced* enquirers.

Asclepiades and Menedemas instantly obeyed, and with that undaunted confidence which ever attends the innocent, intrepidly enquired of *what* they were *accused*?

They were informed, they were suspected either of *fraud* or *robbery*, and that if they could



could not explain the source from which they derived their subsistence, they would be treated as persons obnoxious to the state, and immediately committed to close confinement. They attempted to reply to the charge alledged against them, but one of their judges immediately proposed sending for the person with whom they lodged, when to the confusion of their suspicious and ungenerous accusers, he informed them, that these amiable and industrious young men alternately devoted their nights to labour, and by grinding corn in a hand-mill, earned sufficient to sustain nature on the following day.

A universal burst of approbation and applause instantly ran through the whole assembly; and their application and abstinence were equally admired!—two hundred drachmas of public money were unanimously voted to them from the treasury, and with this sum they were enabled to purchase such books,



as assisted them in the prosecution of their studies.

Here they observed the marchioness approach and without waiting to comment upon the relation, they hastily rose to meet and welcome her. She held out a letter to her attached husband, who after looking attentively at the superscription, declared himself an utter stranger to the hand, but breaking the seal with an appearance of impatience, he had the happiness of perusing the following words :

My Lord,

It has been observed by one of our most elegant and approved authors, that a *great mind* struggling against misfortune, is one of the most dignified sights than can be presented to human nature. You have struggled and rose above them—you have proved the magnanimity of a truly *noble mind*, and you have become the object of general admiration. The pastures which your hands have cultivated, and the lands which your arm had tilled, I gazed  
upon



upon with a kind of enthusiastic delight, and offered a silent petition that they might bring forth *abundantly!*

The amiable marchioness, and her lovely daughters, are no less the objects of my esteem and veneration; to behold them *cheerfully* employed in making coverings for hands, which but a few months before might have been devoted to their service, was a sight that at once called forth my admiration, but agonized my feelings!

Fearful of intruding upon the sacred precincts of misfortune, yet solicitous to offer both my *friendship* and my *service*, I procured the garb of one of the neighbouring peasants, and observed, *unnoticed*, your domestic bliss. The apprehension of being thought guilty of impertinent curiosity, withheld me from avowing my admiration and esteem, and I quitted the precincts of industry and content without disclosing the reason of my presuming to tread upon them.

The

The inclosed bill, my lord, for five hundred pounds I do not ask you to *accept*, but merely to *use*; it will enable you to *purchase* the ground you now *rent*, or extend your farm beyond the present circle.

That I have some right to make this request, the liberality of your own mind will naturally allow, when I tell you that I have been honoured with your friendship, cheered by your hospitality, and improved by your conversation: and that the very moment you enjoy the restoration of your property, I shall avow my person, and claim my debt. Till then, my lord, I have the honour to remain,

Your sincere Admirer,  
but invisible *Friend*.

This delicate proof of disinterested friendship, was received by the marquis with the liveliest gratification, and as every line in the letter proved the refinement of the writer's feelings, he was resolved not to wound them by disdaining its use. Who was the bestower



of the generous boon, it was absolutely impossible for him to conjecture, for as his doors had ever been thrown open to the English, his friendship and politeness had been indiscriminately displayed, and as the marchioness's mother was an English woman, many of her connections passed whole months at his seat. The marchioness participated in the good fortune of her husband, and the children, anxious to impart the joyful intelligence, intreated their mama's permission to let them make haste home, that they might be the first to tell their brother and Catherine the joyful news.

This request was readily granted, and Alexandrine, taking Marianne by the hand, rapidly descended the stupendous mountain, and was running with the greatest velocity towards the castle, when she perceived the figure of an emaciated female, extended entirely across the path.

"Oh sister!" exclaimed Marianne, alarmed at the sight of the apparently lifeless figure,

"what



"what shall we do? how shall we pass the poor creature? for I am sure she is *dead*! Oh she must be *dead*, for only look how thin and pale she is!"

This positive conviction of the poor creature's fate, was uttered by Marianne in her *native language*; but as Alexandrine had perceived some symptoms of life in the unfortunate and hapless woman, she tenderly pressed her out-stretched hand, and in *English* assured her both of succour and assistance.

The tone of sympathy and compassion with which this assurance was made, seemed instantly to recall the sufferer to existence, and turning her languid eyes upon the tender-hearted Alexandrine, she groaned deeply, but did not attempt to speak. "Oh Marianne! fly to the castle, and tell Caterine and Peggy to come hither in a moment; beg them to bring some wine, or some cordial with them, for you see she has not strength enough even to speak."



Marianne did not wait to be twice directed; but exerting all the agility of which she was mistress, soon reached the hospitable abode, and as quickly returned with the two attendants. The marchioness had by this time reached the spot, and, with the assistance of her husband, had raised the hapless stranger, whose lovely though emaciated countenance, expressively acknowledged all their kindness. A few drops of cordial were forced down her throat, but the difficulty with which she swallowed them, was truly alarming: and the debilitated state to which she was reduced, seemed to foretel an approaching dissolution. The marquis attempted to carry her in his arms, but she appeared unable to support the motion, therefore Peggy was instantly dispatched to farmer Morgan's, to beg that one of his men might help to remove the couch. On this antique piece of furniture the unfortunate sufferer was laid, and in that manner conveyed to the asylum of distress,

Gistress, where after remaining near a fortnight without hopes of a recovery, she testified symptoms of returning health, and appeared anxious to promote her own recovery.

During the time that she appeared in danger, the marchioness scarcely ever quitted her bedside, and felt her breast inspired with so warm an interest, that she could scarcely fancy she was attending an entire stranger.

As soon as she was capable of articulating her acknowledgments, the language which she used proved the elegance of her breeding; and when she was intreated not to oppress them with thanks, her mode of silence even displayed an inborn delicacy; and they were persuaded that her misfortunes had not been the effect of vice. Her anxiety to disclose them to her amiable benefactors, and her solicitude to make them acquainted with her history, proved that no disgrace could be attached to it; but the



fear lest the recital of events which had been attended with such melancholy consequences, might injure that health which was by no means restored, induced the marchioness to intreat her to postpone the relation, and to avoid even taking a retrospect of the past, until her future prospects might appear more cheerful. It was in vain that the marchioness persuaded her to adopt this measure, for her impatience increased by the constraint, and after requesting that the children might likewise hear her story, she addressed the family in the following words.

“The source from whence I derive my misfortunes, may be said to have existed previous to my birth; for my mother’s father having experienced the mortifications which attend the younger branches of noble families, where the fortune is inadequate to the style in which they have been educated, resolved that her *second* child should feel no degradation, and instead of having her  
fortune

fortune settled upon the first born, the whole of it was to centre in the person of the second. His attachment to my mother, who was an only child, rendered him totally blind to her failings and imperfections, and a disposition which was naturally turbulent and overbearing, was never suffered to know constraint. Her beauty, which was at once striking and attractive, soon gained her a crowd of admirers; but her temper, which she never attempted to controul, soon sent them in pursuit of less alluring objects: and though she was known to inherit nearly an hundred thousand pounds, it was universally believed that she would never marry. My father at length saw, and admired her, and as his estates were involved by gaming and extravagance, he resolved to retrieve them by this alliance. His person and address happened to please her, and her father, anxious to see her established, readily consented to Mr. Fitzosborn's wishes.

Amongst



Amongst the various caprices which my mother had been permitted to indulge, was that of an *unconquerable dislike* to her *own sex*; and even during the days of absolute childhood, I have been told it was displayed in a thousand different shapes. Our youthful propensities seldom change; and her aversion to females increased with her years, until by the time she was united to my father, she had insulted or offended all her young acquaintances.

At the moment there appeared a prospect of her becoming a mother, this unamiable prejudice appeared with double force; and she declared if the child should prove a *female*, it should certainly be sent away from the house, as she would not have her eyes offended by the sight of hypocrisy, knowing there never existed an ingenuous woman. The critical period at length arrived, and she was supposed to be in imminent danger; but after many hours passed in hope and expectation,

tion, a *son* was presented to her maternal arms, whom she received with evident symptoms of delight. This sensation existed but a short period, for she was informed there would be a *second* claim upon her affection; and upon being made acquainted with this intelligence, she broke out into the most violent paroxisms of displeasure, and vowed her doors should be shut against the unfortunate intruder. In spite of prohibition, I made an unwelcome entrance into a world of misery and misfortune; and no sooner was my mother made acquainted with my sex, than she insisted upon my being banished from her presence, and instantly carried out of the house. The authority of my father was here interposed, and after accusing her of cruelty and injustice, he insisted upon my remaining under his protection, declaring that if my mother denied me a place in *her affections*, I should be compensated by possessing a double portion of *his*.

Notwithstanding



Notwithstanding all persuasion and remonstrance, she insisted upon my being carried far from her sight; and accordingly an apartment was instantly prepared in the most distant part of the spacious mansion, that her ears might never be assailed by my cries.

Whilst I was thus inhumanly banished from my mother's presence, and depended upon strangers for protection and care, my brother was never suffered to be out of her sight; and her fondness for him, was as ridiculous and extravagant, as her prejudice against me was violent and unbounded. My father, indeed, repaid me for her unkindness, by loading me with presents and caresses; but his home was rendered so compleatly disagreeable that he was often absent months together, and during these periods my life was wretched. Though at my birth I was not suffered to appear in her presence, yet when she quitted her confinement, my father compelled her to see me, and as soon as I was



was old enough to be sensible of *unkindness*, she permitted me to be with her for the pleasure of making me *feel it*. My nurse, who really loved me with exquisite fondness, in vain remonstrated against this cruelty; but so refined was the gratification she derived from *tormenting*, that scarce a day passed that I was not made to suffer.

The moment my brother was capable of reflection, she inspired his breast with reciprocal dislike; and so violent was the antipathy he took against my person, that he was frequently very near destroying my life. Whatever play-things my dear father bought me, I was compelled to resign the moment he made a claim; and if I attempted to resist his power or authority, the first thing he caught hold of I received at my head, unless my nurse was present to ward off the blow. To my father this worthy creature would frequently complain, and Frederick was then constantly chastised; but for every stroke my father inflicted upon his person,



son, my mother revenged it by *twenty* upon mine.

The cruelty and injustice of my mother's conduct afforded matter of conversation for the whole neighbourhood; and whenever I walked out with my beloved nurse, I was caressed and pitied by every creature who beheld me. I often bore the marks of my brother's resentment, yet when my nurse was questioned whence they arose, she was compelled to say they had occurred from *accident*, for she knew, that if my mother was told, the poor creature had betrayed her cruelty, she would instantly be discharged from the house. One particular instance of Frederick's inhumanity, when only a boy of nine years old, I cannot at this moment think of without horror, but what I felt at the time it occurred, is neither to be imagined or described.

A lady in the neighbourhood, who had always testified regret at my unfortunate and pitiable situation, having heard that I was remarkably



markably fond of birds, sent me a breeding-cage, containing five canaries, with an affectionate note, describing the manner they were to be fed. My father happened to be at home when this present arrived, and upon my brother's declaring that *he would have it*, informed him, if he presumed to touch a single bird, he would flog him so severely he should not move for a week. This threat was told to my mother, who insisted upon my instantly resigning the gift; and upon my attempting to plead in behalf of my favourites, she struck me so violently that I fell to the ground; upon the blood issuing in torrents from my nose, she promised I should retain them, if I did not tell my father. Delighted at being permitted to enjoy this indulgence, I became indifferent about the price, and the moment I could stop the violence of the bleeding, hastened with the treasure to my own apartment; each day my fondness for the little warblers increased; and at length they began preparing to build  
their



their nests—I looked forward to the period of their having young ones, with an enthusiastic degree of delight, and that Frederick might become a sharer in the anticipated felicity, promised to give him the first brood. A few evenings before the time I thought they were to hatch, I perceived my brother violently impatient for his supper; but as I was never suffered to enjoy such an indulgence, I was preparing to return to my own apartment, when he unexpectedly invited me to partake of it. “Will not mama be angry, brother,” said I, “if she should see me supping with you?” “Oh no,” he replied in an unusual tone of good nature, “never fear, for I have got five or six larks for supper, and I know I shall not be able to *eat them all*, so you may as well stay and help me.” An invitation so unexpected I could not refuse, and a servant entered and placed them before him. Though he said he was not hungry, he ate voraciously, yet gave me a part of every one, and I really felt so grateful for his kindness and attention, that



that I seemed to forget all his former cruelty. We soon devoured our little feast, and I hastened to my apartment to avoid the sight of my mother; who in spite of Frederick's assurance to the contrary, I knew would be enraged if she saw me up. Before I was undressed, I always took leave of my favourites, and I ran to the cage for that purpose; when judge of my horror, agony, and agitation, to see their five heads all placed in one nest. The cause of Frederick's kindness was now revealed, and my heart sickened at the very thought—He had really *eaten* the gift my friend had bestowed, and with savage cruelty devoured what I considered as my children! My grief and indignation knew no bounds, and as I would not suffer the food to remain within my stomach, I drank warm water until I made myself ill, and never ceased crying the whole night. The servants endeavoured to sooth, and condole me; but I was too much affected to restrain my feelings. My father who had been absent for some days,



I had the happiness of hearing returned after I was in bed: and I impatiently longed for the hour of his rising, that he might avenge the injury I had sustained.

Just as I was preparing to go into his study, I received a summons to appear in my mother's apartment, where the object of my aversion had taken shelter, to secure himself against his father's resentment.

"So, Miss Eliza," (said my mother, in a sarcastic tone), "you were preparing to impeach your amiable brother, who, for merely indulging a boyish whim, might probably have been *murdered* by his inhuman parent! But *mark me*—and remember that I will adhere to my promise—if you do not tell your father that the cat destroyed those little noisy animals, or *dare to hint* that my son had any hand in their death, your favourite nurse shall instantly quit the house, and I will place a servant about your person who shall *hate* as much as *she loves you*."

"What,



“What, Miss Fitzosborn, did your mama teach you to *tell stories*?” exclaimed Marianne, in a tone of wonder and astonishment. “I wish, Marianne, you would be quiet, and not interrupt Miss Fitzosborn,” said St. Julian, “for I never heard such an interesting story.”

“As Miss Fitzosborn has suffered an interruption,” replied the marchioness, “I must intreat her to defer her history until to-morrow morning; for I perceive her strength is very much exhausted, and I fear that her health may be injured by the exertion.”—

“Do, my dear girl, suffer yourself to be persuaded,” said the marquis, taking her kindly and tenderly by the hand; we have had some difficulty, you know, in restoring you thus far; and you must not do any thing to hazard a return of your disease.”

“I should be *ungrateful indeed*,” said the amiable girl, viewing her protectors with a look of ineffable sweetness, “if I could do any thing that should be likely to give pain to



my benefactors ; but the forlorn situation in which they found me, united to the very friendless state in which I still remain, has so much the appearance of my being *undeserving*, that I was solicitous to convince them that I merely am *unfortunate*."

The marquis here assured her that they had never for a moment entertained a prejudicial opinion of her ; and as she really found herself both fatigued and exhausted, she readily yielded to his persuasion, and the history was deferred until the following day.

## CHAPTER V.

*The Continuation of ELIZA FITZOSBORN'S  
History.*

THE children, who were all expectation and impatience, were extremely mortified at the suspension; and as they had not learned to disguise their feelings, the marchioness could not avoid reprehending them for it—  
“That you were interested and amused by Miss Fitzosborn’s narrative, I cannot, my beloved children, entertain a doubt; but that you should selfishly think of your own gratifications, when the health of an amiable young woman is at stake, is an instance of illiberality I did not think you could have displayed,



and I am hurt, at perceiving such manifest proofs of it."

"Indeed, mama," said Alexandrine, "we none of us *solicited* Miss Fitzosborn to proceed, and I am sure we would not do her an *injury* for the world." "You could not have taken the liberty of asking her to proceed, when your father intreated her to defer doing it: but you all looked extremely disappointed, and certainly thought more of your own gratifications, than of the debilitated state to which she was reduced. It is natural for us all to enjoy being *amused*, but if ever it is purchased at another's expence, the gratification no longer becomes innocent, and it is our duty instantly to relinquish the pursuit."

"I know not how it is, mama," replied Alexandrine, "but you really seem to know our very *thoughts*; I certainly *did* *wish* Miss Fitzosborn to conclude her story, though I never recollected it might make her ill; and I promise never to be so inat-

tentive



tentive to her health again."—"And so do I, mama," said St. Julian, embracing the marchioness's hand, "and intreat you not to think *ill of us* for such an inattention; for I would rather never hear the end of the history, than incur your displeasure, even for a moment.

"My displeasure must always be *transient*, my beloved children, whilst I behold such amiable proofs of ingenuous confidence. You judge right in believing that I can discover your *very THOUGHTS*," continued the amiable parent, alternately embracing them, "for by that means I hope to be able to direct your actions; and if I never find more to reprehend in the indulgence of them, than I have hitherto had occasion to do, my discrimination need not make you tremble." The entrance of the marquis prevented a reply, and the conversation was of course turned into a different channel; the children soon re-

tired



tired to their own apartment, and the contented pair enjoyed a social tête-à-tête.

The invalid appeared much better the next morning; and, anxious to proceed with her interesting narrative, summoned the family around her at an early hour, and described her misfortunes in the following words:

"The countenance of my mother, whilst making the declaration with which I closed my story last night, gave me reason to be convinced that she would put it in force: and though the blood of my *favourites* called loudly for *vengeance*, it was not to be purchased by the dismissal of my nurse, and I promised obedience to the orders I had received. The inhuman boy, exulting in his cruelty, demanded whether I would sup with him *that night*; and my mother, pleased with this mark of his sagacity, loaded him with praises and caresses.

"With a heart sinking under the weight of my afflictions, I returned slowly to my  
own



own chamber ; and so strong was my repugnance to telling an *untruth*, that I could not bear the idea of seeing my father. His well known voice soon demanded my presence, but my countenance struck him with alarm and apprehension."

"What new insult" (said he, in a voice of pity) "has my poor Eliza been forced to endure? Tell me, my love," continued he, taking me affectionately by the hand, "how have you been treated during my absence!" The softness of his manner, and the tenderness of his looks, so completely overpowered my feelings, that I was incapable of restraining my tears ; and, throwing my arms with fondness round his neck, I sobbed upon his breast with an excess of violence. My father appeared extremely agitated, and ringing the bell in great emotion, he desired my nurse to be instantly sent to him.

After blaming her for concealing the treatment I received, whenever he was absent from his uncomfortable home, he took from  
his



pocket an anonymous letter, and read it aloud, in which *his conduct* was *severely reprehended* for suffering me to remain under the roof of a woman, who, from the hour of my birth, had treated me with *inhumanity*, and pointed out a school as a proper asylum until my education was completely finished. My father then ordered my nurse to pack up my clothes, and desired the carriage to be ready in less than an hour, declaring I should take my breakfast in his apartment, and be no longer subject either to cruelty or insult. The poor woman loved me too well to regret my departure, yet could not take leave without emotion and tears; and though I was rejoiced at being separated from my unnatural mother, I could not bid farewell to my nurse with carelessness and composure.

My mother was standing at the drawing-room window, when the chariot drove to the hall door; but as my father and herself were too fashionable a couple ever to interfere



fere with each other's movements, she gave herself no concern upon the occasion, but walked carelessly away, as if she wished to avoid his sight.

My brother had for some months previous to this arrangement, been placed under the care of a private tutor, who, perceiving the influence he had obtained over my mother, knew it would be in vain ever to contradict him, therefore permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations as much as if he had not been present. In the society of this person, Frederick generally passed a couple of hours as soon as breakfast was completely ended; and, at the expiration of that time, I always received a summons to attend him. This summons I heard both with dread and apprehension, as I was certain of suffering from the tyranny of his temper; I was not only compelled to be harnessed to a little carriage, and to draw him till I could scarcely crawl, but he was permitted to treat me exactly



as his beast, and to lash me with his whip until I was covered with weals.

Soon after I had quitted the house, my brother ordered me to be sent for; and upon being told that my father had taken me in the carriage, became outrageous from disappointment; and flying to my mother in the height of resentment, vowed he would follow me if I was gone to the end of the world. My mother's fury was absolutely unbounded, and she vowed I should never again enter the house, and insisted upon the nurse being instantly discharged. The poor creature had not waited for this command, for the moment my father had placed me in the carriage, she quitted a situation in which she had never enjoyed one single hour of real happiness.

During our journey, which was but a short one, my father assured me of his inviolable affection, and appeared to feel the force of the anonymous letter so very strongly that he was continually blaming his own conduct. He  
assured



assured me, my mother should not know where he placed me, and promised to secure me against her future unkindness; declaring, that whatever might be the consequence of his resolution, she never should be suffered to behold me again. I was placed under the care of one of the most amiable of women, who treated me with the affection of a parent, and the gentleness of a friend; and so exquisitely refined appeared my felicity, that I conceived no human happiness equal to my own.

Five happy years flew rapidly away, during which time I frequently saw my father; but though my mother had obtained a knowledge of my residence, she never even expressed a desire to see me."

"But why was she so sorry, Miss Fitzosborn," said St. Julian, "when she heard you had left the house, if she did not want to see you?"

"It was not *sorrow*, my dear," replied Miss Fitzosborn, "but *anger*, that she felt at my departure.



departure. She had considered me as a creature wholly in her power, whom she was permitted to torture and torment as she pleased; and she felt so much gratification in the ungenerous employment, that she could not bear the thought of being deprived of it: but had she visited me when under Mrs. Miller's protection, she knew she could not indulge her cruel nature, and therefore no longer felt a wish to see me. I told you that five years had passed away in the most perfect bliss that ever being knew—enough of sorrow have I since endured, to make me dwell with fondness on that time."

Here the recollection of some dreadful misfortune appeared quite to overpower Miss Fitzosborn's feelings, and her sympathizing auditors persuaded her to pass over it.—"I will touch as lightly upon the melancholy event as possible," said the agitated sufferer, "in pity to your feelings as well as to my own, and merely say that the sudden



sudden death of my beloved father totally changed the situation of my affairs, and once more threw me into the power of her whose cruelty and injustice had involved me in misery. My much-loved parent unfortunately died without a will; and the estates, which were extremely involved, of course descended to my unnatural brother, who, finding his inheritance infinitely below his expectation, laid claim to the fortune I was to derive from my mother's *settlement*. This settlement had frequently been a source of dispute between my mother and her father; for, in consequence of her inveterate hatred against me, she wished him to endeavour to set it aside; but as he really had an affection for me, he refused listening to her intreaties, and the settlement remained in the same manner it had been drawn. This worthy man died soon after my establishment at Mrs. Miller's, and in him I lost a firm defender and a sincere friend.



My mother was no sooner made acquainted with the situation of my father's affairs, than she sent for me to return home, declaring she could not afford to pay for my board, and that she thought my education must be by that time perfect.

I shall not attempt to describe the anguish which I endured at this intelligence, or agonize your sympathetic bosoms, amiable friends, by painting the reception I met with at my return. Suffice it to say, that I was treated with the most studied insolence, and the most sportive cruelty, both by the author of my being, and the object of her tenderness, and that whatever your imagination can conceive of oppression and inhumanity, was studiously exhibited in their conduct.

After having suffered two years of purgatory, their behaviour underwent a total change; and, instead of being confined to my own chamber, I had unbounded permission to range through the house; though

I was



I was never suffered to appear, if there were strangers. This treatment, so sudden and extraordinary, in the course of a few months was perfectly explained by an attorney, who had long been employed in the family, requesting me to resign all pretension to the estates, and telling me that, in case I would comply with this request, he had orders to pay me *three thousand pounds*: but, if I still persisted in a refusal, my brother was resolved to compel me by law; for that, upon re-examining the marriage settlements, it was found that my grandfather's fortune was to devolve to the *second* son; and that, as I could not change my sex, of course, I had no right to the claim; adding, that it was a great proof my brother's *generosity*, his having offered to present me with any part of it.

So much was I exasperated by the duplicity of this wretch, that it was with difficulty I could suffer him to conclude this harangue; but with the scorn and contempt  
which



which his conduct deserved, I informed him I could penetrate into the whole of his designs—and though I was shocked at the injustice of my brother's conduct, I was more so at finding he could procure an agent, who, under the mask of being a protector to the DEFENCELESS, was the insidious means by which they were *betrayed*.

Confounded and astonished by this spirited reply, the despicable being hurried out of the room; but I had soon reason to repent of my temerity, and to blame the honest indignation which fraudulence had inspired. My mother appeared, with fury in her countenance, and, after loading me with a torrent of unmerited abuse, struck me several violent blows upon the head; and, as I was too much terrified to attempt avoiding them, had not a servant entered, they would probably have proved fatal to me. I was ordered instantly to retire to my chamber, where I absolutely was confined several months, when at length I had the misery  
of



of being told, that my brother had gained the cause against me, and that my whole reliance must be upon *his honour*.—Shocked at a misfortune so wholly unexpected, and unable to submit to receive a favour from his hands, I wrote a letter to the amiable Mrs. Miller, informing her of the melancholy change in my affairs, and conjuring her to afford me a shelter under her roof, until some eligible situation could be found where I might earn a subsistence by the exertion of my abilities, without being obliged to those whom I must ever despise. My letter, alas! was returned unopened, and I had the mortification of hearing that the only friend I possessed on earth had recently been translated into the regions of heaven!

At this intelligence all my fortitude forsook me; and, no longer able to support the burthen of existence, I besought the Almighty to put a period to it, and no longer suffer me to remain an inhabitant of a world, where all

its



its members seemed leagued against my peace! I was roused from this shameful want of submission to my Maker, by the appearance of a servant who was warmly attached to my interest, and who enlivened the dreary prospect which had hitherto surrounded me, by presenting me with a letter from my amiable nurse. The worthy creature had been informed of the death of my father—of my mother's unjust attempt to deprive me of my property—and of the cruel manner in which I had been treated; and roused by these instances of tyranny and fraud, she wished to come to England for the sake of proving herself my friend; and having several letters of my father's in her possession, which mentioned the fortune which had been so unjustly claimed, she fancied if they were once published, my right would be made clear; and she merely waited for my consent to commence her journey. To attempt opposing a fiat which had once been ordained,

or



or to struggle against an authority I had found supreme, I was convinced would be *useless* and *inefficacious*; therefore, instead of suffering the poor creature to come to England, I resolved to attempt making a journey into Wales. For this purpose I collected together my few valuables; and with the servant's assistance escaped unseen; but the fatigue of travelling, and the agitation of my mind, soon brought on a high fever, and for several days I was thought in imminent danger. Youth, and a strong constitution, at length prevailed over the disease, and as soon as I was able to proceed, I continued my route; but the expences which had attended my tedious illness, and the exorbitant demands of those who had attended me in it, had reduced my purse to so low an ebb, that I was under the necessity of proceeding on foot. How ill I was qualified for a pedestrian undertaking, and how nearly it had been the means of ending all my sorrows, you, my valued friends, to whom I owe my restoration



restoration to life, will not find it necessary for me to relate: but that an existence which has been prolonged by the means of your *kindness*, should joyfully be devoted to the promotion of your *comforts*, you must at least allow me the satisfaction to declare; and if by any unforeseen event I should ever be restored to the possession of my property, the Marquis de St. Clair should not find I was *ungrateful*: but so faint is the probability of my experiencing an act of justice, and so few are the opportunities you will allow me to enjoy of expressing the sense I entertain of your goodness, that I intreat to be permitted this once to assure you, that my heart knows no happiness equal to your friendship; and when circumstances shall divide, and space separate us, it will long remain an inhabitant of this dear abode, when its unfortunate possessor will be removed far from it."

"No, my dear girl," said the marchioness, embracing her, "the heart, and the  
loved



loved form which it animates and directs, I can never consent to behold *separated*; if we possess your *heart*, you must give us your *person*, it is a favour we have long wished to solicit at your hands, though we were anxious to hear your history before we ventured to make it."

"Yes, my dear Miss Fitzosborn," said the accomplished marquis, taking her cordially by the hand, "I assure you we have long had it in meditation, and not any thing that we have heard in your unfortunate history, gives me reason to suppose our request will be refused. With regard to the *injustice* with which you have been treated, I am at present not competent to advise you how to act; neither would it be proper for a man in my situation, to presume to offer his sentiments in a matter of *such moment*. That you have been shamefully wronged, yet may receive redress, is a truth which will not admit of a moment's doubt; but whether it can be obtained before  
L you



you are of age, or whether you must wait until that period, is a circumstance certainly worth enquiry."

"That, my lord, I think we may discover," replied Miss Fitzosborn, "as soon as I have seen the worthy Mrs. Johnson, as the letters of my deceased father to that attached creature may probably give a light into the affair."

"*Johnson!* did you say?" exclaimed the marquis; "can your nurse be the wife of a farmer of that name?" Miss Fitzosborn immediately replied in the affirmative, and soon found that her nurse was the wife of the worthy creature whom the marquis had been the means of rescuing from prison. St. Julian instantly offered to run to the farm, and, under a pretence of his mother wanting to speak to Mrs. Johnson, introduce her to his unfortunate, but amiable guest.

A request from the castle was received as a *command*; and after tying on a clean white apron, and drawing on a pair of black worsted mitts,

mits, Mrs. Johnson told her conductor, she was ready to attend him, and in less than half an hour they arrived at the gothic mansion.

Miss Fitzosborn was still reclining on the couch, whilst the marchioness was seated affectionately by her side, when the door opened with some degree of quickness and the delighted St. Julian announced his guest.

"Did your ladyship be pleased to want to speak to me?" said the worthy creature, dropping a low curtsey. "Yes, my good friend," replied the marchioness, "this lady is lately arrived from England, and has some knowledge of Mr. Fitzosborn's family.

"Heaven be praised!" she eagerly exclaimed, "then, mayhap ma'am, you can tell me something about that angel Miss Eliza?"

"Nurse! my dearest nurse!" said the affectionate girl, "have you quite forgotten your own child?"



"My child! can this be my dear, my long loved Miss Eliza? Oh how pale! how sadly pale! Yes," continued she, throwing her arm round her waist, and sobbing with excess of joy, "'tis her, indeed it is! but, oh! you are sadly changed! I left you blooming like a rose, and now I see you paler than the lily."

"Miss Fitzosborn has been dangerously ill, my dear Mrs. Johnson:" said the marchioness, fearful that the poor creature's distress at seeing the object of her fondness so different to what she expected, should agitate her young friend's spirits; "but a little Welch milk, and good air, will soon recover her I do not doubt, and make the *rose* put the *lily* out of *countenance* in a very short time,"

"God grant it may!" she exclaimed in an emphatic tone; "but I know who ought to be put out of *countenance* by the sight of that angel face, looking as it were for all the world, like a corpse." "You forget, my dear woman,"



man," said the marquis, smiling, and attempting to give the conversation a more lively turn, "that you are endeavouring to make Miss Fitzosborn believe she has entirely resigned all pretensions to *attraction*: for to compare a lady either to a *lily* or a *corpse*, is but a negative kind of compliment to her charms. However," continued he, "we will leave you together, on condition that you will not make her fancy she is grown absolutely *frightful*."

The children instantly arose from their seat, and after thanking Miss Fitzosborn for the entertainment she had afforded them, congratulated themselves on their own good fortune, in being blest with a mother who only studied their felicity, and with a father who loved them with an excess of fondness.

"Yes," said Marianne, kissing St. Julian's hand, "and we are lucky in having such a *good brother*, for what a shocking thing it would be, Alexandrine, if he was to treat us as cruelly as Frederick did Miss Fitzosborn;—how should you like to be his *horse*, and let



him whip you till your back was covered with weals? I declare I could cry when I think of what she suffered; and I heartily wish that wicked boy was dead."

"Never, my dear love," said St Julian, embracing her, "join my name with that of a boy who could be capable of such conduct, for indeed, Marianne, he is a disgrace to his sex; and though I am sure my disposition is not naturally *cruel*, yet I should like to have him once in my power. Oh! I would make him pay for all his inhumanity, and let him suffer ten times more than his poor sister *ever* did."

"Who is this, St. Julian," said the marquis, joining them, "that has had the misfortune to fall under your displeasure? their situation would be pitiable, if they were once in your power."

"Oh papa, we were talking of Frederick Fitzosborn," replied Marianne; "and I wish with all my heart we had him here, for we would harness him directly to that wheel-barrow, for you know papa, we have not a carriage,



riage, and then we would flog him—Oh how we would flog him, why *the blood* should stream at every stroke!”

“The *blood* stream at every stroke!” exclaimed the marquis in a tone of displeasure and surprise. “Where have you acquired such sanguinary sentiments? and who has taught you to conceive there can be *pleasure* in *revenge*?”

“Why papa,” said Marianne in an embarrassed tone, “do not you think Frederick Fitzosborn deserves to be *punished* for his *cruelty*?” “Most assuredly I do: but punishment, you know, is in the hand of the Almighty, and he will proportion it according to the crime.”

Marianne was prevented from replying to this observation, by the appearance of Mrs. Johnson, who was returning home, and who with tears in her eyes, blest the marquis’s humanity to the amiable object of her solicitude and affection; and as he wished to inform himself



himself of every particular respecting Miss Fitzosborn's family, he attended the worthy creature home to the farm, for the purpose of perusing the letters that were in her possession, and judging from thence, whether there was a possibility of his young friend being able to assert her claim.

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CHAPTER V.

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THE interest which this unfortunate young woman had created in the bosoms of the amiable inhabitants of the castle, had so entirely occupied all their thoughts, that the situation of their own affairs had been totally forgotten, and the note which had occasioned them so much satisfaction, had remained unnoticed in the marquis's pocket-book. Some conversation with the farmer upon the subject of his land, brought the valuable proof of friendship again to his remembrance, and a bargain was instantly struck between them, highly to the satisfaction of both parties.

Whilst



Whilst the marquis was disposing of the property of his benefactor in a manner that promised to be advantageous to himself, the marchioness was employed in her daily occupation, and as it was settled that Miss Fitzosborn should be considered as one of the family, she was permitted to contribute her means to the support of it, and Morgan was commissioned to procure a fresh supply of gloves.

As the whole family were busily employed, Alexandrine intreated to be favoured with a story; but the marchioness complaining of a violent head-ache, desired her to request the favour of Miss Fitzosborn to indulge them; adding, that as they wished to acquire a knowledge of the English character, the most trifling anecdotes must become interesting, and if it was not trespassing upon their young friend's kindness, even herself would be gratified by attending to her narrations.

"You forget, my dear madam," replied the amiable girl, "that my life was spent in retirement

ment and seclusion ; but to prove the delight I shall always feel in contributing to your entertainment, I will give you the history of a family, whose virtues deserve a more eloquent recorder."

*The*



*The effects of DISOBEDIENCE and OBEDIENCE,  
exemplified in the History of Mrs. HAM-  
MERSLEY, and her Daughter.*

IN the same village where my father resided, lived a gentleman of the name of Hammersley, who might justly be considered as an ornament to his profession, and was universally allowed to be an honour to human nature. He inherited from his father, a small patrimonial estate, which, when combined with the income derived from his sacred office, did not amount to more than three hundred a year.

With this circumscribed fortune he contrived to live in a style of elegance, and though his family consisted of five children, was both a friend and benefactor to misery and misfortune. His wife was the younger daughter of a Scotch Baronet, who was so compleatly exasperated by her marriage with  
a Curate,



a Curate, that he would not suffer her name to be mentioned in his presence, and carried his resentment to so great a height, that he refused her request of his dying blessing.

Shocked at this proof of inflexible displeasure, and lamenting too late an act of disobedience, the susceptible mind of the amiable Mrs. Hammersley sunk under the pangs of a reproaching conscience, and in spite of the efforts of her attached husband, was never able to regain its wonted composure.

In vain did he endeavour to calm her apprehensions, in vain did he try to sooth her fears; the idea that the *curse* of her *father* would *follow her*, rendered her deaf to the voice of love and consolation; and after languishing under her dejection near eighteen months, she left a disconsolate husband to lament her loss.

A few days previous to her unfortunate dissolution, she summoned her family around her bed, and embracing Mr. Hammersley with the most affecting tenderness, besought him



to forgive the sorrow she had occasioned him, and rather *rejoice* than *grieve*, at her approaching death.

“ For eleven years, my Edward,” said she, “ I enjoyed uninterrupted happiness, without once reflecting upon the sin I had committed—and though I was grieved at being banished from the presence of my father, your affection compensated for the loss of parental love—but when I was rudely turned from my father’s door, and told that his *curse* would light upon my head, my heart trembled at the very sound, and I have been eternally expecting to find it executed !

From this apprehension I am going to be released, from this terrifying idea I am going to be removed—I feel that I have made my peace with the Almighty, and I have only to conjure my Edward to be resigned !”

“ To my Caroline,” continued she, addressing the first proof of her affection, “ I must now devote the few remaining hours of my

my life. Your sisters are too young to listen to my injunctions, but they will be indelibly impressed upon your ductile mind. In me, you behold the *victim of disobedience*; if you would avoid my punishment, abhor the crime. In the affection of a husband on whom my heart has doated, I lost a sense of the fault I had committed, but the dying execration of an *offended parent*, has presented it to my mind in a most afflictive shape; and neither the increased attentions of my beloved Edward, nor the officious fondness of my adored children, have been sufficient to reconcile my disobedience to my mind; and *death* alone seems capable of assuaging my sorrows!" Here the violence of her agitation overpowered her speech, and rendered her incapable of proceeding. The children were removed from the distressing scene, and in less than an hour, her sorrows closed.



Here Alexandrine burst into tears, and after lamenting the death of the amiable Mrs. Hammersley, enquired if the marchioness did not think she was to blame for having given way to such an excess of sorrow.

"She was more to be *pitied*, my love, than *blamed*," replied the marchioness in a voice of sympathy; for she must have been endowed with that kind of exquisite *sensibility*, which could not support the pangs of a *reproving conscience*; and there might have been circumstances that aggravated her faults, of which Miss Finzosborn perhaps is ignorant—at any rate, the story proves that the reflection of one *act* of filial disobedience can destroy all the enjoyments it was expected to produce, and though blest with the fondness of one of the most amiable of men, it was incapable of affording her the slightest gratification."

"Oh you forget, mama," said St. Julian, that

that she told him she had been happy for *eleven years.*"

"She *was happy* from not having *reflected* upon *her fault*, and in all probability she was cheered with the hope of regaining the lost affection of her enraged father; but when she found that his anger was *inexorable*, and that his resentment pursued her even to the *grave*, she fancied her guilt must have been proportioned to the severity of the punishment, and unable to support so distressing an idea, her health and spirits sunk beneath it. But I think we should have heard more of this interesting family, if you had not interrupted Miss Fitzosborn."

"Oh, I am delighted at that, mama, pray, Miss Fitzosborn, be kind enough to proceed."

Mr. Hammersley's grief at the death of a beloved wife was calm, tender and resigned, but Caroline, who absolutely doated upon her mother, was for a length of time incapable



of reconciling her loss, and gave way to the most *violent paroxysms* of distress.

Her father, at first, attempted not to controul her, conceiving that *time* would assuage the violence of her grief; but perceiving that by being suffered to indulge her feelings, they absolutely defied all constraint, he represented her conduct as offensive to the Almighty, and afflicting to one who required her consolation.

“ In your affection and your tenderness, my Caroline,” said the distressed and agitated mourner, “ I had vainly hoped to have found consolation; and imagined you would rejoice in being able to supply, in some degree, the loss I have so recently sustained ! but alas ! instead of endeavouring to mitigate my affliction, you cruelly seem to try to augment it ; and instead of leading my mind to the duties of my station, you *rivet* my *thoughts* to the region of the *grave* ! Your sisters demand a double portion of my tenderness, and you are old enough to assist me in the precious trust ; but you  
seem



seem to have forgot they have *lost a mother*, and cease to attend to their wishes, and their wants!—Our humble pensioners too are all neglected, those daily objects of my Amand's care, seem to have lost their claim upon your *pity*, and call in vain for succour and assistance!"

"Oh my father! my dear dear father!" said the agitated girl, embracing him with fondness, "spare me this once, and I will be all you wish. Yes, I am culpable, I feel I am: and never more will I augment your sorrows!" Here, regret at having added to the affliction of so amiable a parent, quite overpowered her feelings, and she was under the necessity of quitting the room, and retiring to her own chamber, where after invoking the spirit of her beloved mother to strengthen the resolution she had formed, she dried her tears, and went into the nursery, and after playing with an infant which was still in arms, and fondly caressing those  
which



which were a few years older, she found her spirits so much enlivened by the exertion, that she was able to meet her father with a composed countenance, and to assure him of her determination to subdue her sorrow.

The next morning she arose at a very early hour, and taking her sister Matilda by the hand, who was three years younger than herself, she resolved to visit her mother's pensioners, and by a regular attention to their wants and miseries, prevent them, if possible, from suffering by their loss.—The first cottage she entered belonged to an old woman, whose son had once taken the care of her father's cows, but who had been obliged to resign the employment, from a violent attack of the tertian ague. The amiable Mrs. Hammersly, notwithstanding her own illness, had been regular in her attention to the poor boy's; and by a skilful method of administering the bark, had almost conquered the obstinate disease. A neglect of this accustomed care and attention  
had



had nearly been fatal to the unfortunate boy, and when Caroline enquired into the state of his health, she was informed he had been at the point of death.

“ Indeed, Miss,” said the mother, with a deep-drawn sigh, whilst her tears proved the sincerity of the assertion, “ I thought I should have lost my poor George, and God knows now, whether I shall be able to rear him ! the want of the stuff which my dear lady had given him, made his nasty ague return again ; and when I went to the vicarage to beg for more, they were all in too much trouble to listen to my complaints. And for the matter of that, well enough they might ; for though all the village are grieving at her death, their sorrow can be nothing to that of her own family, who always, as one may say, were cheered by her presence, and had the blessing of enjoying her angelic company ! *Angelic*, God knows I may well call it, for if ever there was a *saint* upon earth, indeed Miss, it was your dear Mama ! ”

This



This eulogium to the merits of her deceased parent, was gratifying to the heart of the amiable Caroline, who felt the severest sensations of self-reproach, for having neglected the object of her mother's attention. "I will go home," said she, "directly, neighbour Goodchild, and prepare the medicine in less than half an hour, and regret most sincerely, that my own affliction should have rendered me inattentive to poor George's sufferings."

As Caroline was quitting this abode of disease, another of her mother's pensioners happened to pass, who after wiping away her tears with one corner of her apron, tremulously enquired after his reverence's health.

"God bless his honour," said the enfeebled old woman, "and support him in this day of *affliction* and *distress*! we have all reason to mourn with him, and none greater than poor Betty Fleetwood! never shall I forget when she first came into my little cottage; it is thirteen years next Easter Sunday, and I was making my dinner upon water-gruel. 'Are  
you



you ill, my good woman?" said the dear angel of a lady, 'or why do not you get something better for your dinner?' 'No, an please your ladyship, I be'ant ill,' I replied, 'but I am a poor widow, and can't afford to pay for butchers meat.' 'Well, my good woman,' said she, in a voice of pity, 'you shall always for the future have a good dinner on a Sunday:' and as sure as I live she went directly to her butcher's, and ordered him every Saturday night to send me two pounds of meat, and from that time to the day of her death, I never tasted a drop of water-gruel on Sunday."

Caroline's heart again reproached her, she felt that by yielding to an unavailing sorrow for the dead, she had been unmindful of the duties which she owed the living; but unable to express the acuteness of her sensations, she shook the poor creature by the hand, and pensively retired. George's medicine was instantly prepared, and so refined were the sensations she derived from the practice of benevolence, that  
her



her sorrow and affliction gradually decreased, and she entirely regained her accustomed cheerfulness. Her duty to her father, her affection towards her sisters, and her attention to every object of distress, soon became the subject of universal conversation, and so highly was she respected for her amiable qualities, that all the young men in the neighbourhood wished to obtain her for a wife.

Amongst the number of those who professed themselves her admirers, was a young man of the name of Beverly, whose elegance of person, and sweetness of manners, strongly recommended him to the favour of the fair, and Caroline's heart acknowledged their influence.

Her father with pain beheld the impression, for he was no stranger to the licentiousness of her lover's principles; and with all the zeal such a knowledge could occasion, conjured her to banish his image from her remembrance. "If he was *worthy of possessing you*, my beloved girl," said the attached and liberal-minded



mind father, "his want of fortune should not for a moment bias my sentiments; but when I know that he is devoid of *principle*, and that his licentiousness can only be equalled by his hypocrisy, can I consent to make him the guardian of your peace? no, my Caroline, though I should rejoice in your union with a man of probity, I must oppose your marriage with a professed libertine."

Caroline's heart sunk within her: and in spite of her veneration for her father's judgment, she could not avoid thinking him cruel and severe! whilst she was indulging these reflections, the image of her mother was presented to her mind, and the awful words she had uttered on her death bed, impressed her soul with a sensation of horror!

"Oh my beloved mother!" said the agitated girl, "save your child from participating in your misfortunes! teach her to bow submissive to her father's will, and to consign her happiness wholly to his power!" After having uttered this pathetic ejaculation, her mind  
N gradually



gradually became composed; and immediately hastening into the presence of her father, she assured him of her readiness to submit to his decision.

A little exertion on the part of Caroline, soon enabled her to conquer this ill placed attachment, and in a few months after Mr. Beverley's dismissal, she received proposals from a young man of the first distinction. His manners and person were by no means prepossessing, but his head and heart were universally admired; and his attachment was at once so delicate and refined, that a heart so susceptible of tenderness as Caroline's, must, *in time*, have acknowledged and felt its force. Her father was delighted at the prospect of her felicity, though he felt mortified at observing her indifference to it, and could scarcely help condemning the coldness of her conduct towards a man who merited her warmest approbation.

Mr. Pearcy, however, felt perfectly satisfied, from a conviction that he should be able to secure



cure her affections ; and before they had been married six months, she declared her felicity was incapable of increase. During that time, Beverley was involved in a dispute, and had conducted himself in a manner so unbecoming a gentleman, that he received a challenge from the party he had insulted ; and, not being a perfect master of the sword, fell a victim to his arrogance, insolence, and folly.

“ Well, mama,” said St. Julian, “ is not *that a pretty story?* and is it not lucky that Caroline did not marry Mr. Beverley ? for she would have been a widow, you know, in less than six months, and have had the misery of incurring her father’s displeasure.”

“ Yes, my loved boy,” replied the marchioness, “ it is always *lucky* when children have sufficient reliance upon the affection of their parents, to suffer them to guide and direct their actions ; for, though numberless are the misfortunes which human nature must encounter, we seldom hear of any that are occasioned by a parent’s want of judgment. Solicitude  
N 2 and



and anxiety for the welfare of their children, induce them to view every object with a penetrating eye ; and instead of being blinded by *partiality* or *prejudice*, they observe them through the medium of *discrimination* and *justice*."

The marchioness was prevented from pursuing her remarks, by Marianne declaring she was quite *tired of work* ; and as two or three hours were always devoted to *exercise*, her sister was desired to lay her's aside, and they received their mother's permission to walk to the farm.

CHAP.

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CHAPTER VII.

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“HOW did you like that story, Alexandrine?” said St. Julian, taking his sister by the arm; “for my part, I think Miss Fitzosborn’s history a thousand times more entertaining than *that*.”

“And so do I, my dear St. Julian; but then, you know, we are acquainted with Miss Fitzosborn, and that makes us feel more interested in her story: besides every body must be hurt at such inhuman conduct, unless their hearts were as hard as iron. And as to that brother of her’s, *I detest his name*; though perhaps my papa would be angry if I made use of the expression.”



“ Oh, I was reading, Alexandrine, of such an *affectionate brother*, in one of the English books which Lord P—— sent my father, that you would have been quite delighted at his conduct! Yes, he was what I call a *brother indeed!* and loved his brother as much as I love my Alexandrine.”

Here St. Julian embraced his sister with tenderness, by way of evincing the affection he had professed; and whilst she warmly returned the proof of his regard, she desired him to tell her the interesting tale. The marquis, however, at that time joined them; and St. Julian requested him to tell the story.

FRATERNAL

## FRATERNAL JUSTICE.

A GENTLEMAN, of the name of Glanville, who possessed a very large estate, was extremely attached to both his sons; but the elder proved himself unworthy of his tenderness, by launching into every species of folly and extravagance.

The father in vain remonstrated against his conduct, and expatiated upon the misery which must result from such proceedings; but instead of its producing a symptom of reformation, he appeared more eager in the pursuit of vice. Finding that neither tenderness nor intreaties could prevail, the disappointed parent adopted a different plan, and assured his prodigal son, unless he relinquished his vicious pleasures, the whole of his estates should devolve to his younger brother.

Blinded by the love of pleasure and dissipation, the thoughtless young man still pursued his mad career; and, neither subdued by fear,  
nor



nor softened by *tenderness*, plunged still deeper into the gulph of vice.

The paternal fondness of an attached parent at length yielded to this daring conduct; and the estates, which he fancied himself secure of possessing, Mr. Glanville left to his younger son. The death of a parent so indulgent and so kind, was a sudden shock to this young man's feelings; and the reflection of having shortened his valuable existence, was an eternal source of *misery* and *disquiet*. *Pleasure* no longer had the power to *please*, and his heart was the seat of sorrow and repentance! His companions in dissipation he would no longer behold, as he attributed to them his perseverance in iniquity. The loss of his estates he regarded with indifference; yet, as they evinced the strength of his father's displeasure, they even became matters of importance. His whole conduct underwent a change, and his former vices were detested and abhorred.

Amongst

Amongst the number of his friends who were delighted at the alteration, none appeared so rejoiced at it as his amiable brother, who, by way of celebrating an event so productive of felicity, invited him and all his relations to partake of a feast. The entertainment was at once hospitable and splendid; and, after a variety of dishes having been removed, he desired *one* to be placed before his brother, of which no one else was permitted to partake.

Though the elder Glanville might think it a proof of his brother's *affection*, he could not consider it as a mark of his *politeness*; but, uncovering the dish with a careless kind of curiosity, how must he have been surprised at observing it contained nothing but old parchments!

"Those," said the young man, "are the *Title Deeds* of YOUR ESTATES; and in restoring them, my dear brother, to their lawful owner, I am persuaded I fulfil our father's wishes. Your *vices* were the means of their  
being



being wrested from you, and your present *virtues* prove they ought to be reclaimed. Had my father been alive, the gratification would have been *his*; but *I* enjoy it, as being *his* representative."

The whole company applauded the disinterested action; and the two brothers were ever after the tenderest of friends.

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"That, really, is a very pretty story," said Alexandrine, "and I am much obliged to you, papa, for having told it me."

"What story has he told you?" exclaimed Marianne, who had been running up the mountain during the recital; "I think you might have staid until I came to you, for you know how much I love to hear a pretty story; and I am sure, Alexandrine, if you had told papa so, he would have staid until I had joined you."

"Indeed, Marianne, you are very much mistaken," replied the marquis, "for when I perceive

perceive persons *demand* what they ought to *solicit*, I make it a rule never to comply ; and, as you seem to have such an imperfect idea of an *indulgence*, you must acquire a better knowledge before you make me a request. But," continued he, " I perceive you are going to the farmer's ; and, as I am returning home, I wish you a good day."

Marianne with difficulty restrained her tears ; and both St. Julian and Alexandrine, perceiving her agitation, endeavoured to convince her she had not seriously offended, but that the marquis's displeasure was slight and transient, that he would forget even the *cause* before their return. Cheered by an assurance so anxiously desired, the appearance of distress was instantly dispersed ; and, begging Alexandrine's forgiveness for the rudeness of her speech, she ran jumping before them until they arrived at the farmer's.

As they entered a room where the family were assembled, they heard a countrywoman exclaim, " Aye, I thought how their pride  
would



would end! Such a pack of poor upstart shentry as comes into our country now-a-days, I pelief never was seen before; and, Cot knows, I dare say they have not a pit of pedigree to show, half as long as your thread-paper, neighbour Johnson!"

"No," replied Mrs. Johnson, "it is a proof they have no *pedigree*, or they need not have made themselves of *consequence* by their PRIDE; for wherever, neighbour Jones, there is a real *gentility*, you never see its possessor either *haughty* or *overbearing*; but, however, I cannot help feeling sorry for their misfortunes; though, as a body may say, they have brought them on themselves."

"Who, my dear Mrs. Johnson, is that unfortunate person for whom you seem to feel so much compassion?" said St. Julian; for if my father can be of any service to them, I am sure he will go to them directly."

"Oh, God bless his honour! that he would, I know, and I wish all the French had hearts like his; things would have been in a different situation,

situation, and you, sir, might have been snug in your papa's *princely palace*. Yes, Mrs. Catherine has told me what a *fine place it was*, and I am sure my heart bleeds, when I think of what he is *come to*."

"*Come to!* Mrs. Johnson," replied the noble-minded boy—"why, is not the marquis now, *as great a man as ever?* greatness, you know, does not consist in riches; that my papa has always taught me—and though we have fewer servants to wait upon and attend us, we have the pleasure of knowing we can take care of ourselves—I shall soon be strong enough to drive a plough, and then I shall fancy myself as *great as Cincinnatus!*—Did you never hear of that *fine old Roman!*"

"Dear St. Julian," said Alexandrine, "I wish you would not talk to Mrs. Johnson about the *Romans*, but let us hear the account of the poor creatures who are unfortunate."

"Law miss," said the woman who had first named them, "they be'ant worth your troubling yourself about; for if ever a poor person  
happened



happened to come in their way, they looked just for all the world as if they were *feetious*, and were not made of flesh and blood like themselves—but their pride has at last had a *downfall*, and I believe there is hardly a person in the country, except neighbour Johnson, who will say they *care for it*.”

Here the good woman took her leave, muttering, as she went, that pride had had its *downfall*; and at the intercession of her young guests, Mrs. Johnson undertook to gratify their curiosity.

PRIDE DEBASED, OR ARROGANCE DE-  
GRADED.

"I am but a *bad hand* at telling a story," said the obliging creature, "but I will do my best to entertain you; and, as the saying is, I dare say, young ladies, you will be kind enough to take the *will* for the *deed*."

About two miles from your papa's old castle, there is an estate which belongs to Sir Watkin Williams, but as he has a great many fine houses, and can only live in one at a time, why of course, young gentlefolks, he *lets* the rest. Well, it is now, I think, about three years ago, or perhaps it may be four, but that you know has nothing to do with the story. However, there comes down a fine gentleman and a lady in a fine coach, and hires of our Sir Watkin, *Carnarvon Hall*, which is the name



of the house where this great family lived. Soon after, there comes all their children, and their servants, in such a sight of carriages as you never see. All the poor folks were quite pleased at the news, and fancied that people so *rich* could not fail of being *generous*; but they soon found themselves sadly mistaken, as you shall hear, my sweet young gentlefolks.

Poor Margery Williams, as good a kind of woman as ever drew Christian breath, had been sadly ill for several months before this great squire comed down to the Hall, and as she was too bad to work, she was not likely to be able to get money to pay her rent, and her hard-hearted landlord made no more ado, but sends a couple of bailiffs into the house, with orders to take the very bed from under her. The poor creature, terrified at the thought of being stripped of all that belonged to her, ran directly to the Hall, in hopes of making a friend of the squire or his lady. Just as she got to the Hall door, who should she see coming out but Miss Rosamond, which is the  
name

name of the second daughter, a young lady much about your age, Miss Alexandrine, but no more to be compared to you, than a *honey-suckle* is to a *nettle*. Well, miss, so Margery Williams goes directly up to her, and as well as she was able to speak for the grief that overpowered her, tells her the whole of the story, and a sad one it was, God knows; and begged of her only to speak to her papa or mama in her behalf, as she was afraid of offending them by taking so great a liberty. ‘I am surprised,’ said the scornful girl, with a toss of her head, ‘how a creature so far beneath the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Pompous, should presume to suppose they would condescend to interfere in an affair that would so completely degrade them! for my part, I assure you, I shall not think of troubling them upon the business. I would advise you to make your escape as soon as possible, for if once my brother Adolphus, or his dog Towser were to see you, I should not think your situation would be very desir-



able ; for Adelphus always says, that hunting an *old woman* is even *finer sport* than hunting a stag, and I promise you it is what he often practises.'

Whilst poor Margery Williams was in vain making her complaints to Miss Rosamond, I was asking a favour from her elder sister ; for soon after the squire's arrival at the Hall, my husband advised me to wait upon his lady, to let us have her custom for butter and eggs, as he used to say the *king himself* might eat of my butter without any *disparagement* to his majesty's taste—but that, you know, young gentle-folks, was neither here, nor there ; I went as was my duty, when my good man said he wished it. Well, I dressed myself in the very last gown poor dear Mr. Fitzosborn ever gave me ; and as I had been used to go before as great people as ever squire Pompous could be, why ye see I did not feel so ashamed as I should have done if I had never lived in a gentleman's family ; and begged to speak with  
madam

madam upon very particular business. The footmen, who, by the bye, were as proud as their master, looked at me just for all the world as if I had been a wild beast, and went jeering away without so much as asking me to sit down. However, after waiting near an hour, one of them came and told me his lady was too ill to see any one, but that if my business was of any *consequence*, Miss Pompous was in the drawing-room, and would hear it. You must needs think I felt glad of the opportunity of making my request, and followed the powdered puppy through a number of fine apartments, before I came to the one where the young lady was sitting. I soon told her the nature of my business, and assured her that no one should serve the family either cheaper or better than my husband, if she would be so kind as to ask my lady for her custom. When, would you believe it, young gentlefolks, she began right down to abuse me, and called me a *presumptuous ignorant Welsh Boor*, for pretending to trouble her about what only belonged



to the *cook* or *housekeeper*. For my part I felt ready to sink into the earth, and got out of the room as fast as my legs could carry me. Just as I got to the Hall-door, who should I see but poor Margery Williams, with her eyes swelled and ready to drop out of her head, her heart almost breaking with grief and disappointment. I was so shocked to see her in such a sad situation, that I resolved to ask my husband to become her friend, and no sooner had he heard the whole story, than he went to her landlord and paid the rent, and gave her a couple of guineas into the bargain."

"O what a good man!" exclaimed Alexandrine, "but what did Miss Pompous say to such friendly conduct? I think it must have made her ashamed of her own behaviour, when a person so much her inferior in *fortune*, proved himself so much *superior* in *generosity*."

"Why, as to that, Miss, you know there is many a generous heart lodged in a *lowly dwelling*, and many a *mean one* found in a sumptuous *palace*; but that has nothing to do with the present

present tale; my husband had more pleasure in obliging poor Margery Williams, than she could have had in receiving the obligation, and so, as he said, they were both quits.

Well, young gentlefolks, you must needs think that the treatment our poor neighbour had received, was enough to prevent any one else from applying at the Hall, if any distress happened to them; and I am sure if they had done it no soul would have been relieved; for even the scum milk and cabbages were given to the pigs, to prevent poor folks from being benefited by them. As to the young squire Adolphus, he was even worse than any of his sisters, he used to break down the farmers fences, ride over their corn, and in short, did more mischief than I can relate; and if one had courage enough to complain of him to his father, they were sure to get nothing but abuse for their damages. In this way they went on for better than three years, till their very name was dreaded by all the people in the neighbourhood; when, all at once, we heard their  
servants



servants were discharged, and that the whole family had set off for London in the night. And sure enough this was the case, for the old gentleman, who was always fond of gambling, lost, in one night, a matter of *sixty thousand pounds!* and to make the matter the more shocking, he then took a pistol and put an end to his life."

At the close of this speech the marchioness entered, for the children had been absent so much beyond the usual time, that she began to feel apprehensive for their safety.

"Oh mama," exclaimed Marianne, "we have just heard such a pretty story, I wish you had been here a little sooner." "It had a very *melancholy* conclusion, my love, I am sure; or I would rather have said a very *alarming one*: for even to hear of a fellow creature having temerity enough to dare presumptuously to rush into the presence of his Maker, carries something with it so alarming and terrific, that it is impossible to avoid trembling even at the recital."

"So

"So it does, mama," said St. Julian; "and he was such a shocking *proud, unfeeling man*, that he could have nothing to recommend him to the mercy of the Almighty."

"Never, St. Julian," replied the marchioness, in a tone of displeasure, "let me hear you venture to limit the mercies and forgiveness of an all gracious God. Though we are taught to *abhor* the very name of *suicide*, we are likewise taught to despise the person who judges *uncharitably*."

"I am sure, I do not mean to judge *uncharitably*, mama; but if you had heard the story which Mrs. Johnson has related, you would have a very bad opinion of that wicked man; for he not only refused to give any thing to the poor, but suffered his children to insult, and treat them with cruelty; and if any poor old woman happened to beg alms, his eldest son would set his dog Towser upon her."

"Indeed, my lady, it is *very true*," said Mrs. Johnson, "and if people like those were to expect to go to *heaven*, why the world, I  
am



am sure, would be over-run with *vice*, for the fear of punishment will often deter, when the sense of shame has lost its effect."

Though the marchioness was convinced of the justice of Mrs. Johnson's observations, yet she wished to impress the minds of her children with universal tenderness and philanthropy; and, instead of giving them an ill opinion of that world in which they once were likely to make a *conspicuous figure*, she endeavoured to represent it as being peopled with amiable characters, and though she sometimes tinged it with a sable shade, it appeared merely for the purpose of making the brighter parts conspicuous. Instead therefore of replying to the aspersion, she merely said, "well, my good friend, though you may have a bad opinion of the world in general, and think it is only a *dread of punishment* that deters the greater part of it from the practice of vice, I am inclined to believe you act from a much better motive, and, that it is from an innate sentiment of virtue and principle in your own breast,

breast, that I have so often had reason to admire the rectitude and probity of your conduct." So saying, the marchioness wished her good morning, and the family all returned to the castle.



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CHAPTER VIII.

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SCARCELY had the cloth been removed from the dinner table, when the whole family were astonished and surprised by the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Johnson, who without even waiting for the ceremony of having her name announced, ran breathless into the room, holding in her hand an unsealed letter. "Here, my dear young lady, is joyful news!" said she, extending the hand which contained the letter. "Thank God, I have lived to see this day! but I thought," continued she, "that a just and merciful God would never suffer such wickedness as that,

to

to go unpunished, No, no, *right*, as the saying is, conquers *might* !”

How long she would have proceeded in this strain, is a matter of uncertainty, had not the marquis impatiently interrupted her with enquiries into the nature of the circumstance which seemed to afford her so much happiness ; when putting the following letter into his hand, she threw her arms around Miss Fitzosborn’s neck, and absolutely wept from an excess of joy.

*To Mrs. Johnson.*

Mrs. Johnson,

“ The hopes we entertain that the amiable Miss Fitzosborn has found that asylum in her foster-mother’s arms, which was denied her by her unnatural parent, has induced me to send a messenger express for the purpose of intreating you to accompany that much injured girl immediately to England, where she will be received with the warmest proofs of affec-



tion, by a friend who has always sympathized in her misfortunes, though wholly ignorant of their *extent* and severity.

It is necessary Miss Fitzosborn should know the total alteration which has taken place in her affairs, since the short period of her departure from England; and therefore, I shall begin by telling you that the moment her absence was discovered, the servant who was accessory to her escape, was turned out of doors, and terrified at the threats of her mistress, sought shelter from them under my protection. The accounts this poor creature gave me of the treatment the amiable girl had for several months received, called forth my sympathy, and roused my indignation, and impelled me to become her avenger—for this purpose I sent for a gentleman of the highest eminence in the profession of the Law, gave him an exact statement of the whole affair, and had the satisfaction of receiving an assurance of recovering the whole property which had  
been

been so unjustly taken from my young friend. Scarcely had I obtained this intelligence, when I received an unexpected summons to attend the dying request of the ill advised young man, whose conduct to his sister had rendered him the detestation of the whole neighbourhood.

Shocked at the retrospect of his past indignities, and solicitous to make all the atonement for them in his power, he openly avowed the fraudulent measures which had been adopted to deprive his sister of her lawful inheritance, and conjured me to receive the title deeds from his hands, and preserve them in safety for the use of the much injured girl; apprehending that after his death his mother might still detain that property which of right belonged only to her. His penitence at that awful moment appeared equal to the magnitude of his crimes, and I hope was sufficient to atone for them.

Mrs. Fitzosborn was inconsolable for his loss, and the violence of her affliction, united to a



natural irritability of temper, soon brought on a nervous fever, from which the physicians pronounce her recovery impossible; and all that she appears to wish to live for is, to receive the forgiveness of her injured child. Hasten then, my worthy Mrs. Johnson, the departure of the amiable girl, that she may have the power of convincing her repentant parent, that the generosity of her sentiments can only be equalled by the goodness of her heart; and that she is capable of forgiving the most unprovoked injuries, and ready to pardon the most oppressive tyranny. Offer the dear girl my warmest congratulations upon the unexpected change in her affairs, and believe me,

Worthy Mrs. Johnson,

Yours, very sincerely,

*Matilda Melmoth.*

“ I will fly to her this instant,” said the amiable girl, just as the marquis had concluded the letter; and if, by my attention and filial duty,

duy, I can assuage the anguish of the disease, or lessen the pangs of a reproving conscience, I shall experience a most exquisite and refined gratification: for though it is impossible for the human heart to be capable of returning affection for unkindness, or tenderness for cruelty, yet I have always been inclined to attribute the treatment I received from my mother, rather to the mistaken method which was adopted in her education, than to a real depravity of nature."

"Aye, God bless your generous heart," replied Mrs. Johnson, "you always, from a child, tried to make excuses for her conduct, though all the world was crying *shame* on her; but, thank God, her wickedness is nearly at an end, and she will no longer be able either to be *cruel* or *unkind*!"

The marchioness prevented the attached creature from proceeding, by observing, "that, however despicable Mrs. Fitzosborn must have appeared in the eyes of herself, and every individual; yet the deplorable situation



to which she was reduced, rendered her an object of pity and compassion; and that, instead of reminding Miss Fitzosborn of the injuries she had received, it would be more praise-worthy in her to endeavour to lessen the remembrance of them."

This delicate and refined way of thinking was what Mrs. Johnson did not perfectly comprehend; yet, as she perceived by the marchioness's manner of expression that she had incurred her displeasure by her antipathy against Mrs. Fitzosborn, she made every reparation in her power, by assuring the marchioness, she owed her mistress no *ill-will*, except for her *cruelty* to her amiable young lady.

As no carriage could be procured within some distance of the castle, and the amiable girl was anxious to begin her journey, it was determined that they should go the first stage in the farmer's little cart, and that the marquis should be their conductor until they procured a post chaise. The marchioness took  
leave

leave of her young friend with regret, though she was too much interested in her welfare not to rejoice at the cause; but the children who had promised themselves much felicity in her society, were unable to repress either their tears or complaints, and declared they would rather not have known Miss Fitzosborn, than that she should have left them at the moment they were growing so fond of her society.

“ I had flattered myself,” said the marchioness, “ you loved Miss Fitzosborn too *disinterestedly*, not to have rejoiced at an event which must promote her felicity; for though we should have found her company greatly enliven the dreariness of our present solitude, yet she will derive so much advantage from the change, that it would be selfish in us to repine at it; and a generous mind will always prefer the happiness of its friend to the illiberal consideration of personal enjoyment.”

The children seemed incapable of comprehending such disinterestedness, and therefore did not attempt making any reply; and as the marchioness



marchioness severely felt the loss of her young companion, in spite of the philosophy of her own sentiments, she wished to indulge her regret in solitude; and desiring they would retire into Catherine's apartment, resolved to gratify herself with a solitary ramble.

Dejected at the loss she had so recently sustained, and reflecting upon those misfortunes which time had made familiar, she found herself impelled to proceed beyond her accustomed walk; and, ascending the side of the majestic Snowden, her mind was highly gratified by the sublimity of the scene; and all personal afflictions were at that moment obliterated by the stupendous objects which were present to her view.

*The*

*The* LITTLE GOATHERD; *or*, FATAL  
FALSEHOOD.

FROM admiring the beauties of the objects around her, she was suddenly attracted by the voice of complaint; and turning to see from whence it had proceeded, she beheld a little goatherd extended near the bottom of the hill. With an emotion of compassion for the boy's situation, the marchioness descended with rapid steps; and as she drew nearer the object of her solicitude, his complaints became louder and more vociferous.

“ For heaven's sake, Madam, call for help; for I am sure I shall be dead in a few moments: for, if I was to lay screaming here until twelve o'clock at night, none of my companions would come near me, I have so often made them believe I was sadly hurt!

Oh!



Oh ! I shall die ! I shall die ! and what will become of me ? for, indeed, I have been a very wicked boy !”

The marchioness now approached the repentant sinner, and beheld the cause of his anguish and apprehension ; for he had fractured his leg in so terrible a manner, that one end of the bone was forced through the stocking, and the torture he endured must have been extreme.

“ My poor child !” said the marchioness, in a tone of compassion, “ how long have you remained in that agonizing situation ? and how happens it that your companions have all driven home their goats, without enquiring the reason you could not attend them ?”

“ Oh, Madam ! it was because I was always playing them tricks ; and I have so often made them believe some accident had befallen me, that neither my tears nor cries could persuade them I was hurt ; but they  
drove

drove home their goats, believing mine would follow; and I am sure I have lain here at least four hours."

The marchioness endeavoured to sustain his fortitude by telling him that he should be removed to her abode, that a surgeon should be sent for, who would cure his fracture, and that herself and children would become his nurses.

With this assurance the poor creature seemed relieved; and the marchioness, anxious to procure him some assistance, made the utmost dispatch towards the castle. She had not proceeded above two hundred yards, when her ears were accosted with a vociferous sound, and "*Jeremy! I say, Jeremy! bring home the goats,*" resounded repeatedly through the plain.

At length, perceiving the person from whom the voice issued, the marchioness beckoned him to approach; and describing the misfortune she had just beheld, concluded by

Q

enquiring



enquiring whether he thought *Jeremy* had received it?

“O lack-a-day! my lady, ’tis certainly him,” said the man, in a tone of grief and vexation. “And sure enough that boy has been more plague to me than all my *own* children put together! but I promised his mother, when she was dying, to take care of him; and it shall never be said that Phelim O’Connor was accused of breaking his word, with a person who is dead.”

The marchioness admired the rectitude of Paddy’s sentiments, though there was a slight sketch of his country in the manner of expressing them; and after describing the spot in which poor *Jeremy* had fallen, she left him to procure additional assistance, and to send to the neighbouring village for medical advice.

The moment *St. Julian* heard of the misfortune, he offered to run for the surgeon’s assistance; but, as he could not speak English with

with the correctness of his parents, the marchioness was fearful he might not be understood, therefore desired him to request farmer Johnson to accompany him, and describe the poor boy's sufferings in the most affecting light.

Whilst St. Julian flew to the farmer's to solicit assistance, his sisters accompanied the marchioness to the spot where Jeremy lay, whose pain had arisen to such an excess, that his screams might have been heard near a quarter of a mile. By the help of the marchioness, and the humane Catherine, he was carefully laid upon a small matrass, whilst Phelim ran to a neighbouring cottage, to request the owner would help him to carry his nephew to the castle.

With much difficulty, and great pain, the unfortunate boy was removed; and the marchioness apprehended he would not live throughout the night, as his impatience brought on so high a fever, that a mortifi-



cation was a consequence naturally to be expected.

The account which the farmer gave of the situation of the fracture, led the surgeon to believe the limb must be amputated; and, fortunately for the boy, he brought instruments with him, which enabled him to do it without loss of time; for, as it was broke in such a manner that it was impossible to preserve it, his existence depended upon its being taken off.

For several days the poor boy's life was in danger, during which time he was attended by the hospitable owners of the castle with unremitting kindness and care; and though the children were not suffered to remain in the apartment, from an apprehension they might encourage the patient to converse, they were twice a day permitted to enquire after his health; and the natural humanity of their disposition was displayed in a thousand tender actions towards him.

Not-

Notwithstanding Jeremy had given his uncle so much trouble, he could not support the idea of his loss; and the moment he had secured his goats for the night, he regularly visited the poor invalid, and slept on a mattress by the bedside. One evening, when he arrived at the castle, he was informed that Jeremy was in a comfortable sleep; and as St. Julian was anxious to know his history, he thought the opportunity was not to be lost, and began enquiring how long he had been in Wales, and whether Jeremy's father, as well as mother, was dead?

"No, my dear honey," said the honest creature, "he's no more dead than I am at this moment; at least he never came to tell me so: and that is one of the reasons why I love the boy: for when a parent can forget their own flesh and blood, why then you know it is the duty of the next kin to take care of them; and though Jeremy has cost me a world of trouble, I have made up my mind never to forsake him."



“ You are right there, my good O’Connor,” replied St. Julian; “ but in what instance has poor Jeremy given you so much trouble? for I should like to know his whole history.”

“ Well, my sweet jewel, and so you shall: so here it begins, and a little bit of Phelim O’Connor’s into the bargain.”

“ I suppose, by my brogue, that you think I am Irish; but I was born, my dear heart, in the city of London; though I was carried to Dublin before I could speak; where I staid, and got married to a pretty young lass, who came to Dublin with a family who had once lived in Wales, and who was afterwards the means of my settling here. Though I was brought up in Ireland, I had a sister who was left in the care of her relations in England; and, as I always heard she was a good girl, I contrived to send my affection to the other side the Liffy, and loved her as well as if I had known her all my life. Poor dear Sally! I never  
think

think of her without tears ; for she was too good to have been thrown away upon a villain !—but, however, my honey, I must not talk about her, or you will fancy that O'Connor is going to turn child." Here the poor fellow began wiping his eyes ; and after clearing his throat, to conquer his tenderness, he proceeded : " This unhappy girl was Jeremy's mother ; and after suffering cruelly from her husband's treatment, she at length wrote me word of all she endured. I longed for a pair of those three-leagued boots which I used to read of, when a boy, in the Fairy Tales, that I might have been with her before my letter. I travelled, my dear jewel, night and day, and never closed my *eyes*, but when I fell *asleep* ; for I longed so to trounce the hard-hearted jackanapes, that I would not even give myself time to eat and drink upon the road. The fellow, however, escaped my vengeance, by having left the dear girl in a dying state ; and she only  
lived



lived long enough to commit Jeremy to my care, and to beg of me to endeavour to supply her place.

The boy was then just five years old, and as full of mischief as an egg is of meat; but the worst of all is, he is a shocking *liar*; and I fear I shall never cure him of that vice; I can easily forgive a boyish prank; but an *untruth*, my dear honey, is a *dreadful crime*, and I am sure desires punishing with severity. He is continually playing his cousins some tricks, and always denies them when he is found out; and even this accident, which has proved so dreadful, was in a great measure owing to his telling of lies."

"I cannot conceive how that can be possible," said St. Julian, "that a habit of *untruth* should have any thing to do with his leg; do, pray, explain that matter to me."

"Why, you must know, my sweet creature," replied O'Connor, "that Jeremy always used to be making his companions believe

lieve he had met with some accident, whilst he was on the mountains tending the goats; and as sure as they were at any distance from him, he would begin screaming out, as if in violent pain: and, when they kindly ran to see what was the matter, would then burst out a-laughing in their face. This trick he had played them so often, that they no longer attended to his screams or cries; and upon climbing Snowden hill, in search of the goats, his foot slipped, and he fell. By this accident he sprained his ankle, and called loudly to his companions to help him to rise; but they, believing it was merely a frolic, walked away without paying any attention to his cries. At length, tired of calling for assistance, he resolved to make an attempt to walk; but the ankle giving way as soon as he arose, he again fell, and rolled down the hill, which made the bone force itself through the skin. Had they believed he had been hurt, and ran to his assistance, the second accident would not have happened; therefore, young master,

I am



I am sure you will allow that to *lying* alone it may be ascribed."

By this time Jeremy had awoke, and had heard the latter part of his uncle's conversation; and, with all the force of penitence and contrition, promised never again to be guilty of the crime.

"Of what *crime*, my poor fellow!" said the marquis, who had entered just as Jeremy made the declaration, "are you making such resolves not in future to be guilty? for I should hope, at your age, you can have *few upon your conscience*; and I think you had better not agitate your spirits, by reflecting upon errors to which *all of us are prone*."

"No, my Lord," replied the worthy O'Connor, "I hope we are not all guilty of the same failings which had like to have proved fatal to Jeremy's life; for certainly *lying* is the most shocking practice that any boy can be guilty of; and I hope the escape he has lately had, will teach him to conquer it."

"*Lying*"

“*Lying*, did you say!” exclaimed the marquis; “and has Jeremy accustomed himself to such a *dreadful practice*? Well, St. Julian,” continued he, turning to his son, “you see the consequence of that degrading vice, and I trust that you will take warning by it. I heard that Jeremy would never have met with the second accident, had not his companions believed his complaints proceeded from a desire to *deceive* them; but I fancied it was all ill-natured invention to excuse their own inattention to his cries, until his uncle’s declaration convinces me that his sufferings have been the effect of his own imprudence. Of all the vices incident to human nature, none has the power of so completely degrading it, as the shameful practice of deviating from *truth*, and substituting in its place *evasion* and *deceit*; and I would punish a direct *falsehood* with greater severity than any crime of which my children could be guilty.”

Indeed,



“ Indeed, papa,” said St. Julian, “ I do not recollect ever having told you a *direct story*; though I sometimes have contrived to get out of a scrape by the help of a little *innocent finesse*.”

“ And so, by the aid of what you term a little *innocent finesse*, you have added the crime of *deception* to the vice of *untruth*; and by thus accustoming your mind to artifice and deceit, are preparing yourself for becoming a finished hypocrite.”

This was an allegation St. Julian could not support; and, rising from his seat with an embarrassed air, he precipitately rushed out of the room; and running hastily to his own apartments, he threw himself on a chair, and burst into tears.

Jeremy, who had listened to the marquis's conversation with every mark of attention and respect, conjured him not to be angry with the young count, whom he was certain would die of *vexation* and *grief*, unless he was immediately restored to favour.

The

The marquis remained inflexibly displeased at having heard his son avow the practice of *deception*; and, resolving to punish so degrading a declaration, he sent St. Julian orders not to quit his room. Jeremy's grief upon this occasion broke out into the most violent complaints; and it was not until the marchioness promised to intercede for his favourite, that his uncle, or Catherine, were able to pacify him.

This instance of the marquis's anger against a child whom Jeremy thought absolutely *faultless*, contributed more to cure him of the habit of telling stories, than the torture he had endured from the loss of his limb. If it can be so *wicked*, thought Jeremy, only to excuse a fault by a little artifice and deceit, what must it be to tell a *downright lie*, and blame *another* for *faults* of which *I* have been *guilty*? Oh dear that must be a *shocking sin*! yet I never thought so, till I broke my leg! and I am determined, let what will be the consequence, never to tell another lie—no

R

not



not if I was to do the most mischievous thing in the world and was sure my uncle would break all my bones.

"Break all your bones!" said Phelim O'Conner, who was sitting by his bedside when he formed this resolution, and in the sincerity of his heart expressed it aloud, without reflecting that any one was present—"Why, I would not hurt a hair of your head, my honey! no, not if it was all cut off, and all laid upon the table. When you had the use of your *timbers*,\* and could run away from me when I thrashed you, why a little discipline, now and then, could do you no harm; but now that you are weather-bound, or laid up in dock, as the sailors say, why I would as soon raise my hand against a *woman* as touch *you*."

Jeremy felt the force of his uncle's delicacy, and kissing the hand which he held between his own, promised never to do any thing that should give him cause for anger, and again repeated

\* A Sailors term for *Legs*.

repeated his resolution, of strictly adhering to the truth.

In less than a fortnight after this amiable resolve, Jeremy was able to leave the hospitable mansion, where he had received so much kindness and attention; as his uncle could not bear to be separated from him during the night, yet longed to return to the bosom of his family. The accident, which in itself appeared likely to have so melancholy a tendency, was considered by O'Conner as fortunate and providential; for Jeremy from that period never told a falsehood, or in the slightest instance attempted to deceive.

As soon as the wound was entirely healed, the marquis bought him a wooden leg; and he was capable of using it so very expertly, that he could run nearly as fast as any other boy. It was not only to St. Julian that Jeremy's heart became attached; for he was no less grateful to both his sisters, and intreated his uncle's permission to present them



with a kid as a testimony of his gratitude and affection; which they received at his hands with pleasure and delight, and valued as an instance of humble friendship.

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CHAPTER IX.

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THOUGH the marquis was incapable of harbouring resentment, and of course could not feel that passion towards a beloved child, yet he was so much hurt at finding he had attempted to *deceive him*, though the cause proceeded from a wish to escape *reproof*, that he treated his conduct with the strongest marks of displeasure; and though at the marchioness's request, her son was permitted to quit his apartment, the marquis behaved to him with a degree of coldness and indifference more afflictive to St. Julian than the severest censure.



It was in vain that he attempted to conciliate the affection of his father, or tried to make him forget the source of his displeasure; an apathetic coldness chilled his overtures for reconciliation, and rendered St. Julian's efforts vain and ineffectual.

One afternoon, having exhausted his rhetoric in endeavours to draw the marquis into conversation, without producing the desired effect, he quitted the apartment dejected and dispirited; and was instantly followed by his two sisters, who, participating in the sorrow they perceived he suffered, kindly accompanied him to his chamber.

After discoursing upon the most likely means of obtaining the marquis's forgiveness, and promising to secure their mama's interest in his favour, they intreated him to read them some pretty story, as the evening was too damp for them to venture out, and they thought it would banish his regret and chagrin.

St.

St. Julian, ever ready to comply with the request of his sisters whom he fondly loved, instantly opened the desk which contained his little library, and was delighted at beholding a new book placed in it, which he had never seen before; and casting his eyes eagerly over it, he observed one of the pages marked with a pencil in the marquis's hand writing, which of course naturally arrested his attention; but scarcely had he perused half a dozen lines, when his face was overspread with a crimson hue, and his countenance displayed a mixture of *shame* and *embarrassment*.

"What is the matter, my dear brother?" exclaimed Alexandrine, in a voice of tenderness and apprehension: "Oh! do not ask me, Alexandrine," replied St. Julian, running out of the room with the book in his hand, to conceal the effect which the few lines he had read produced in his mind.

This singular and enigmatic conduct was not calculated to remove the anxiety which  
either



either of the amiable girls experienced at the sudden alteration in their brother's countenance; and whilst they were endeavouring to assign a reason for it, the marquis unexpectedly entered the apartment.

“ Oh! papa, my dear papa!” exclaimed Marianne, running up to her father, and embracing his knees; you *must forgive* my poor St. Julian, indeed you *must*, or I am sure he will *die of grief*! Yes, my dear, dear papa, you really will kill your own beloved boy, and you also will die with sorrow!”

The marquis smiled at the fatality which the amiable child's affection for her brother had led her to believe inevitable; and placing her with fondness upon his knee, enquiring what had induced her to become so firm a champion in St. Julian's cause, and why she had *demand'd*, instead of *intreated* his *pardon*.

Alexandrine then undertook to reply; and after expatiating upon the mortification her brother had endured at finding himself no longer treated with confidence and affection by  
a parent

a parent whom he loved with the most filial tenderness, she described his behaviour upon reading the new book, which he had unexpectedly found amongst his collection, and conjured her father to explain the cause of an appearance so extraordinary and incomprehensible.

“ I am rejoiced, my dear girl,” replied the marquis, “ at finding by St. Julian’s penitence and contrition, that his errors have proceeded from want of reflection ; and that he neither intentionally meant to *deceive*, or to impose upon my credulity by *artifice* and *deception*. A boyish irregularity, or a mischievous exploit I should have censured with *mildness*, and treated with *lenity* ; but the slightest appearance of cunning and duplicity, I felt it my duty to treat with rigour, and reprove with severity ; yet I assure you I have suffered as much mortification as your brother has done, for this last fortnight past, from having adopted a coldness in my manner which was foreign to my feelings, but which I thought more likely



to make a lasting impression upon a boy of his disposition, than if I had inflicted personal chastisement upon him.

"Oh, my dear papa," said both the children, in a voice, "how happy have you made us! and will you really love my brother just as well as if he had never offended you?"

"Yes," replied the marquis, "if I perceive that he is never guilty of the same fault again. A *first* offence may always expect to receive pardon, if the offender does not appear *hardened* and *impenitent*."

"But pray, papa, tell us what could be the reason of St. Julian's appearing so agitated when he began reading one of the stories in his new book; for I am sure he was just ready to cry, and only ran out of the room to prevent us from perceiving it."

"I rather think it proceeded from his imagining I was still displeased at his conduct; for the story merely pointed out the ill effects of *lying*, without any forceable appeal either to his sensibility, or his feelings; but it is remarkably

markably well told by an English writer, of the name of *Hawkesworth*, whose literary publications have done honour to his memory."

"Oh, papa, then do *tell* it us; for it would be indelicate in us to ask St. Julian to *read* it, after having seen how much it embarrased him."

The marquis commended them for judging so properly upon the occasion, and began the story in the following words.

*The*



*The FORCE OF HABIT ; or, The Danger of  
bad Example.*

**M**ENDACULUS, when a child, was remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition and the affability of his manners, and constituted at once both the pride and happiness of his parents : but as he increased in years, he began to throw off parental restraint, and, instead of associating with those boys whose purity of heart, and correctness of manners, would have rendered them pleasing as well as instructive companions, he unfortunately attached himself to those who were devoid of principle, and had his own perverted by the force of example, before he had perceived the danger with which he was surrounded.

Amidst the various ill consequences which resulted from this association, and which gave the father of Mendaculus, the most serious concern, was the dreadful habit he had acquired of deviating from the truth, and endeavouring

vouring to impose upon the credulity of others; until his name as a *story-teller* became so *notorious*, that even the servants refused to credit his assertions, and no longer treated him either with politeness or respect. Mendaculus was mortified by the alteration in their behaviour, yet still continued to practise his jokes upon them; and had not a circumstance occurred which proved the folly of his conduct in a more impressive manner than all his father's precepts, he would have persevered in a mode of conduct which rendered him truly despicable.

The principal amusement which occupied this young man's attention, when absent from his dangerous and unamiable companions, was the study of botany, and the practice of gardening; and as his father permitted him to indulge these propensities without restraint, his collection of flowers was both beautiful and expensive. His bed of auriculas, in particular, was allowed to be superior to any in the neighbourhood; and the pleasure he derived

s

from



from the praises which were bestowed upon his skill in the management of them, amply compensated for the trouble they had cost.

Eager to behold these objects of delight, he constantly visited them the moment he arose; when, judge of his anger and mortification at seeing them buried in the ground by a herd of cattle, which had broken down the fence which separated them from the garden: part of the bed had escaped their violence; and, had any person come to his assistance, they might have been driven out of the garden the contrary way. In vain he called to the men who were working in a different spot, and demanded their help to drive away the enemy; but believing it to be one of his accustomed jokes, one of them loudly vociferated, "I shall *not* come, for I know you only want to make fools of us!" Enraged at this proof of their disrespect to his commands, he instantly complained of their conduct to his father; who, instead of sympathising in his misfortune, told him it was a *punishment* which his *folly* de-

*served*; and as long as he descended from the rank of a gentleman, by a practice so disgraceful as telling *untruths in joke*, he hoped he would always meet with similar mortifications.

The loss of the auriculas, the insolence of the gardeners, and the justice of his father's observations, made a strong impression upon Mendaculus's mind, and he resolutely determined from that moment never again to be guilty of the degrading practise: yet his character as a *liar* had become so notorious, that it must have been a work of time before he could expect to obtain belief, or hope to retrieve that credit his folly had destroyed.

Some months after the loss of his flowers, he was riding with his father on the Manchester road, whose horse became so unruly and ungovernable, that he was thrown from his seat, and fractured his leg. Mendaculus, shocked at beholding his father in such a situation, flew rapidly to Manchester to



procure him help; but his fame, as a storyteller, had extended so far, that no creature there would credit his assertions, or would come to the assistance of his distressed parent!

Frantic with horror, and oppressed with shame, the wretched boy returned to the spot where he had left his unfortunate father, and was told by some countrymen that remained there, that he had been carried home in a gentleman's carriage, which luckily had passed immediately after his departure.

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“ Well, papa,” said Alexandrine, “ I think he must have suffered so severely for his dreadful habit of telling untruths, that he would never utter another whilst he lived; for his poor father might have died before he could have procured him any assistance, and then how would he have supported such a misfortune ?”

“ Not

“Not with *resignation*, or with fortitude,” replied the marquis; “because he might have attributed the event in some degree to himself: but numberless were the mortifications he endured in consequence of that detestable practice, previous to that which I have just mentioned; for no one could believe him when he *did speak truth*; and several boys who were stouter than himself, knowing the little credit that would be given to his assertions, used to make a point of stopping him in his way to school, and beat him in a most unmerciful manner.”

“Oh, papa, but how shocking that was!” exclaimed Marianne; “but I hope their master punished them *severely* for it.”—“The master could not *punish* what he did not *credit*, my love; for you must recollect that Mendaculus had rendered his character so notorious, that no creature believed a single word he said. *Time*, however, at length convinced them of his amendment, and by degrees he began to  
s 3 obtain



obtain confidence, but when once a popular prejudice has taken root, it becomes a difficult matter to eradicate it. Mendaculus felt the force of this observation, for years elapsed after he had relinquished the habit of lying, before his assertions were able to procure credit, and the mortifications he endured in consequence of it were much greater than you can possibly conceive."

At this moment the marchioness entered, reading a letter from Miss Fitzosborn, which the children were no sooner apprised of, than they requested her to let them know the contents, as they were eager to be made acquainted with their favourite's reception from her unnatural, but penitent parent, and in compliance with their solicitation, the marchioness read the following letter.

To

*To the Marchioness de St. Claire.*

To a heart less tremblingly alive to feeling than that of my amiable friend and benefactress, I should prelude my letter with a string of apologies for what might appear inattention and neglect; but when I am addressing the Marchioness de St. Clair, I know that such a form would be unnecessary, and that my having devoted every moment to the comfort of a dying parent will sufficiently apologize for my silence.

I found the misguided and unfortunate author of my being, in a state too horrid for me to describe; her body under the influence of a raging fever, and her conscience a prey to contrition and remorse: but I will not attempt to paint a scene at once agonizing and affecting, but merely say that her sorrows ended this morning at five o'clock.

By this dispensation of the Almighty, I am put in the possession of an affluent fortune,  
from



from which I shall derive no portion of felicity, unless you and the marquis will condescend to share it: deign, then, my beloved benefactress, to plead my cause with the object of your affection, and my esteem; request him to reflect upon my situation, when he humanely rescued me from misery and death; and surely he will not deny me the happiness of proving my gratitude for favours so great, so unlooked for, and unmerited!

Consent then, my dearest madam, to quit your solitary and retired abode, and mix in those circles in which you are so calculated to shine; let one purse procure our mutual wants, and one house afford us mutual shelter. Oh, my dear marchioness, what felicity will it afford me, to be able to contribute to yours; and to prove my respect and esteem for the amiable marquis, and my sisterly attachment for your beloved children!

The funeral is not to be performed for a week, and I must devote another to decency  
and

and respect ! but, after that period, I shall set off in a travelling coach, for the purpose of conducting you to your future habitation, My hopes of felicity would be destroyed by a refusal, and I am sure you are incapable of rendering a being wretched.

Offer the marquis my warmest acknowledgments, the children my affectionate regard ; and assure yourself, my dearest marchioness, that I am

Your grateful and  
attached friend,  
*Eliza Fitzosborn.*

“ Oh, papa, will you go to England ? ” exclaimed all the children, in one voice ; “ I long to see Miss Fitzosborn again, and I am quite tired of this gloomy dismal castle.”

“ I am likewise impatient to see Miss Fitzosborn,” replied the marquis, “ and I shall accept her invitation for a short period ; as some money I had lodged in the hands of a  
Hamburg



Hamburgh merchant, I find, has been transferred to his coresspondent in England; therefore it will be necessary for me to visit that country, for the purpose of placing it out to the best advantage: but as to depending upon the generosity of a friend, either for my own or my family's subsistence, that would be a degradation I could never submit to.

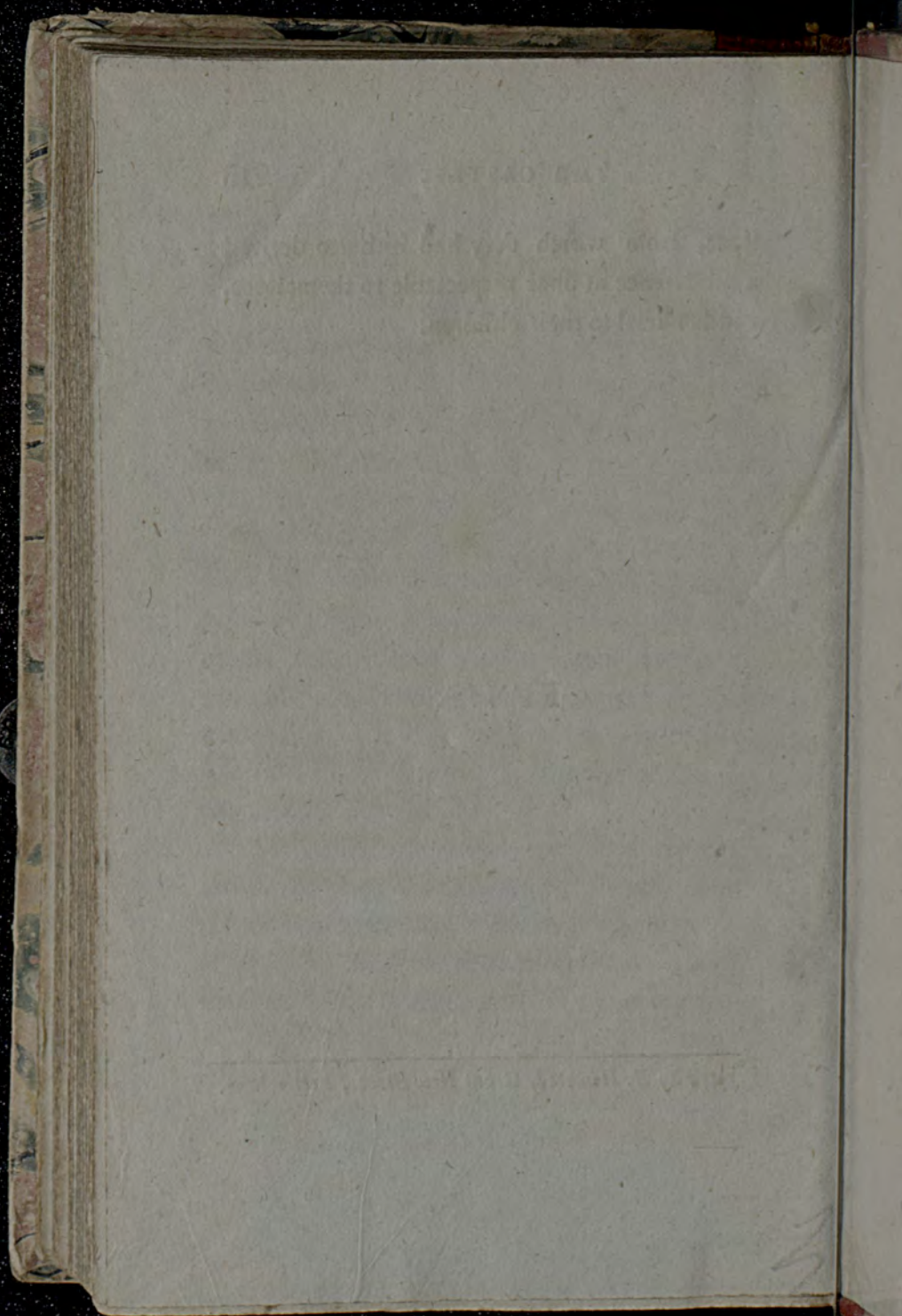
The marchioness perfectly agreed in her husband's sentiments; and the children were soon taught to consider the solitude of the castle, where honest *industry* purchased the *joys of independence*, greatly preferable to the associating with the world, if that association was only to be obtained by the ties of friendship, or the force of pity.

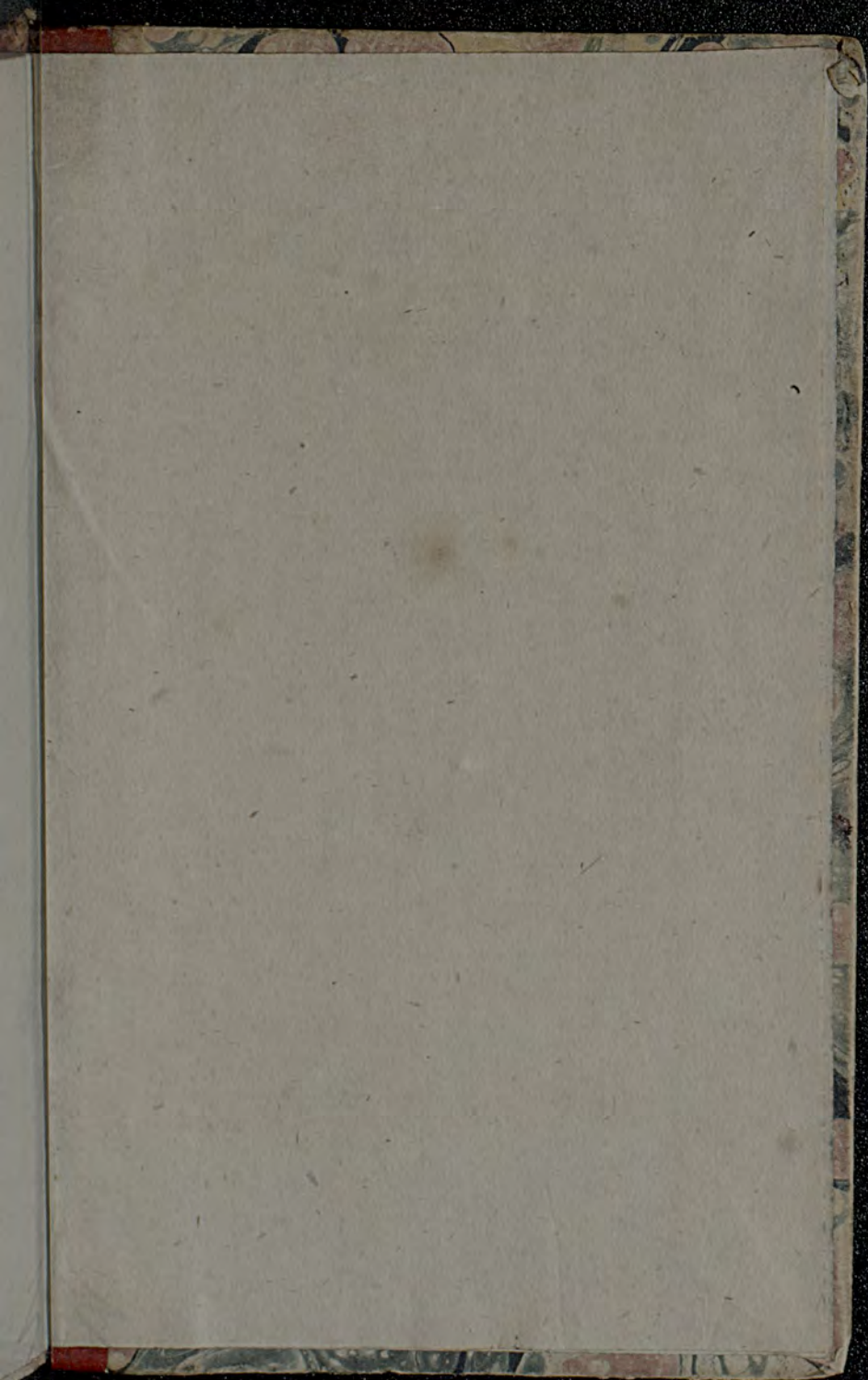
The family, however, prepared for the arrival of their amiable young friend, with whom they promised themselves the pleasure of spending the three succeeding months, and then returning to the pursuit of those occupations

tions, from which they had hitherto derived a subsistence at once respectable to themselves, and beneficial to their children.

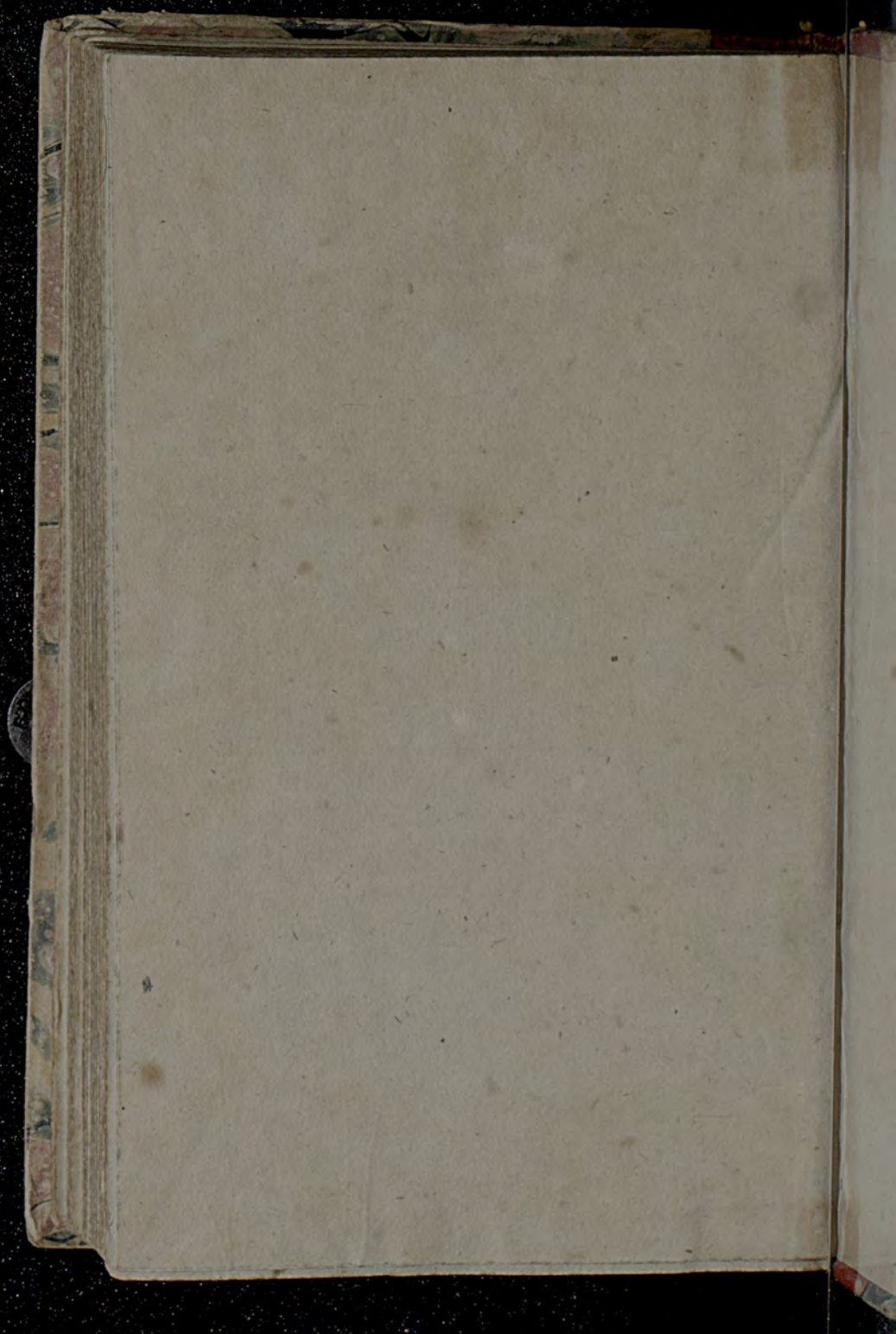
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