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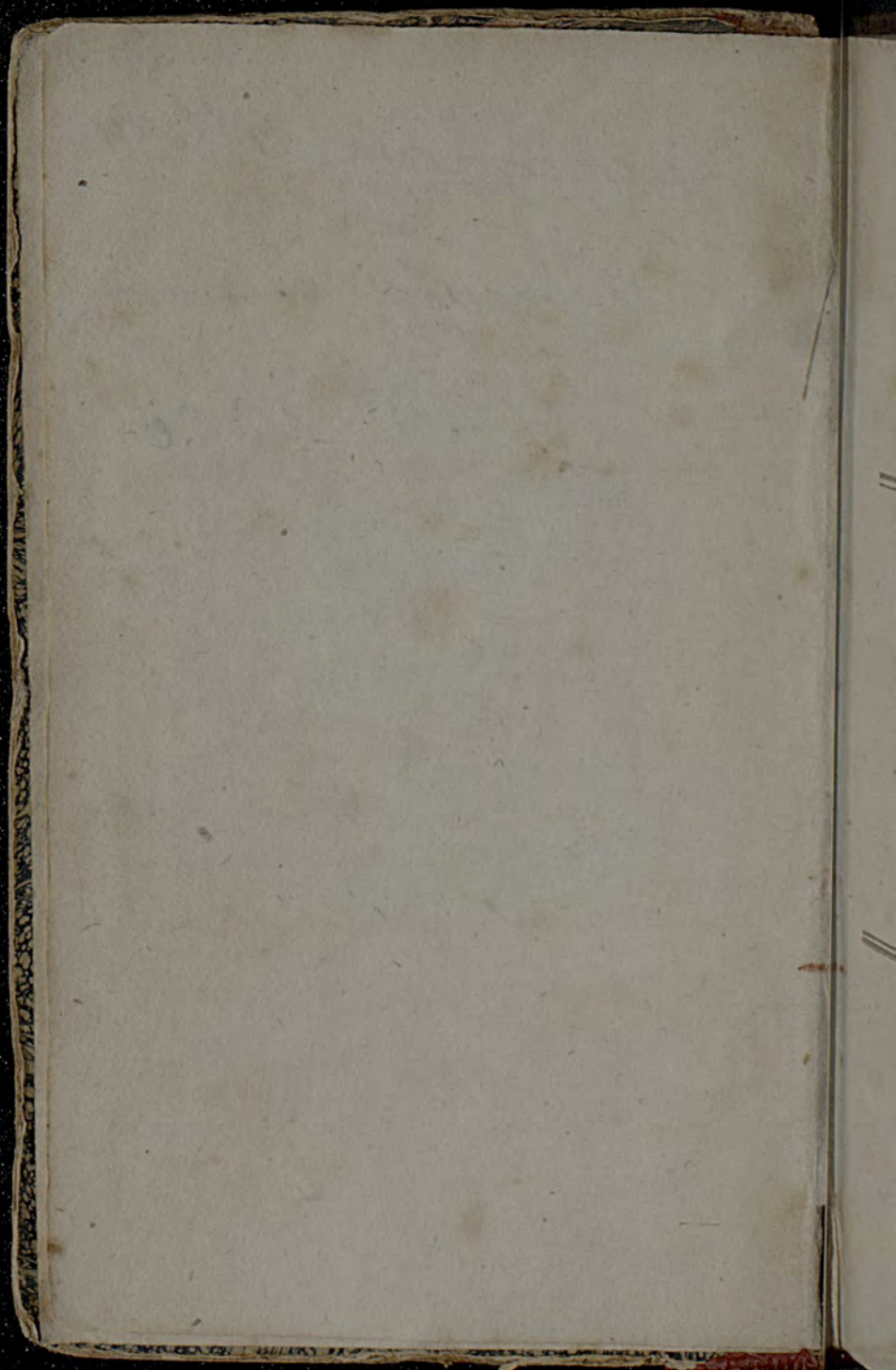
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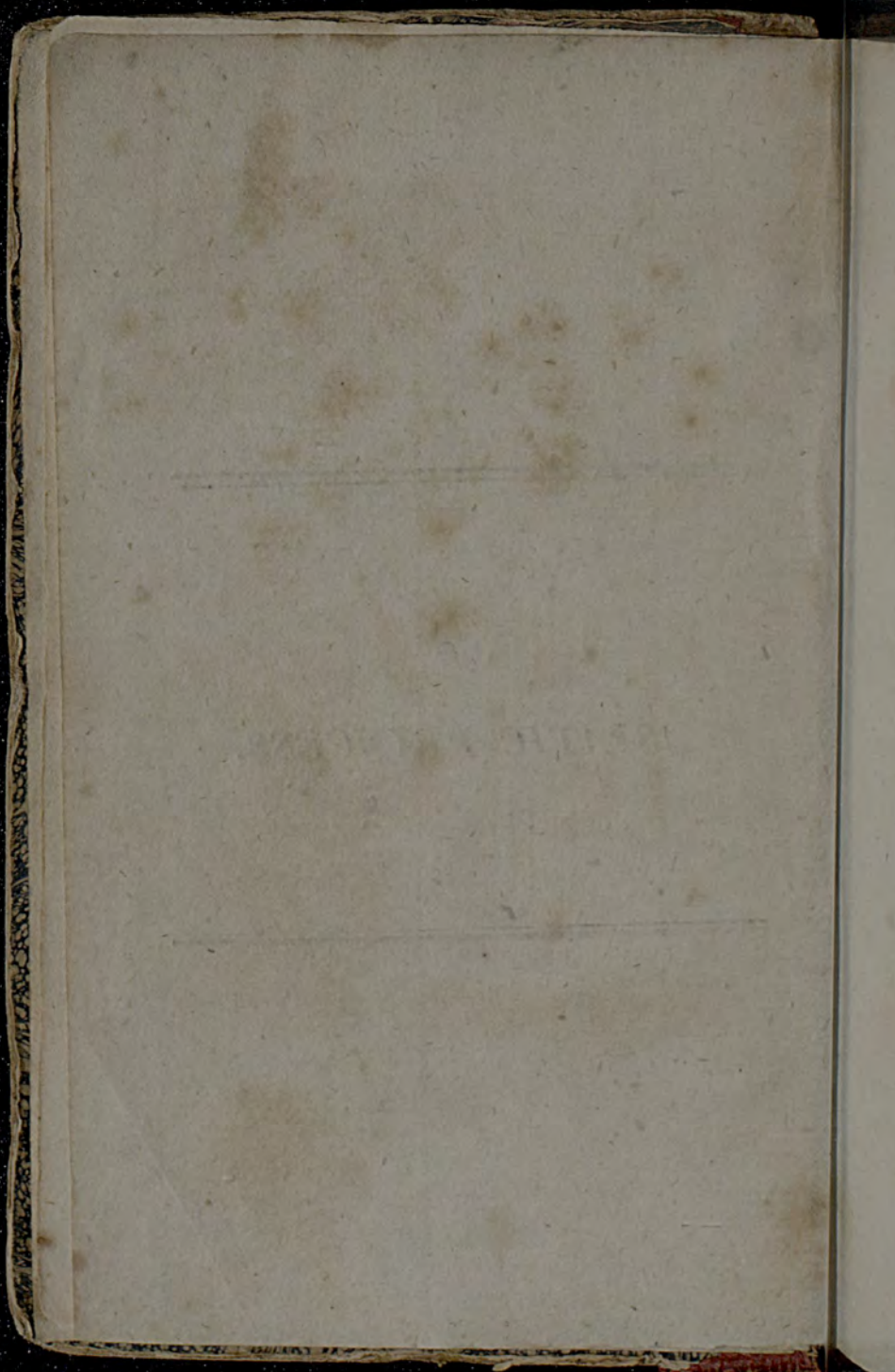
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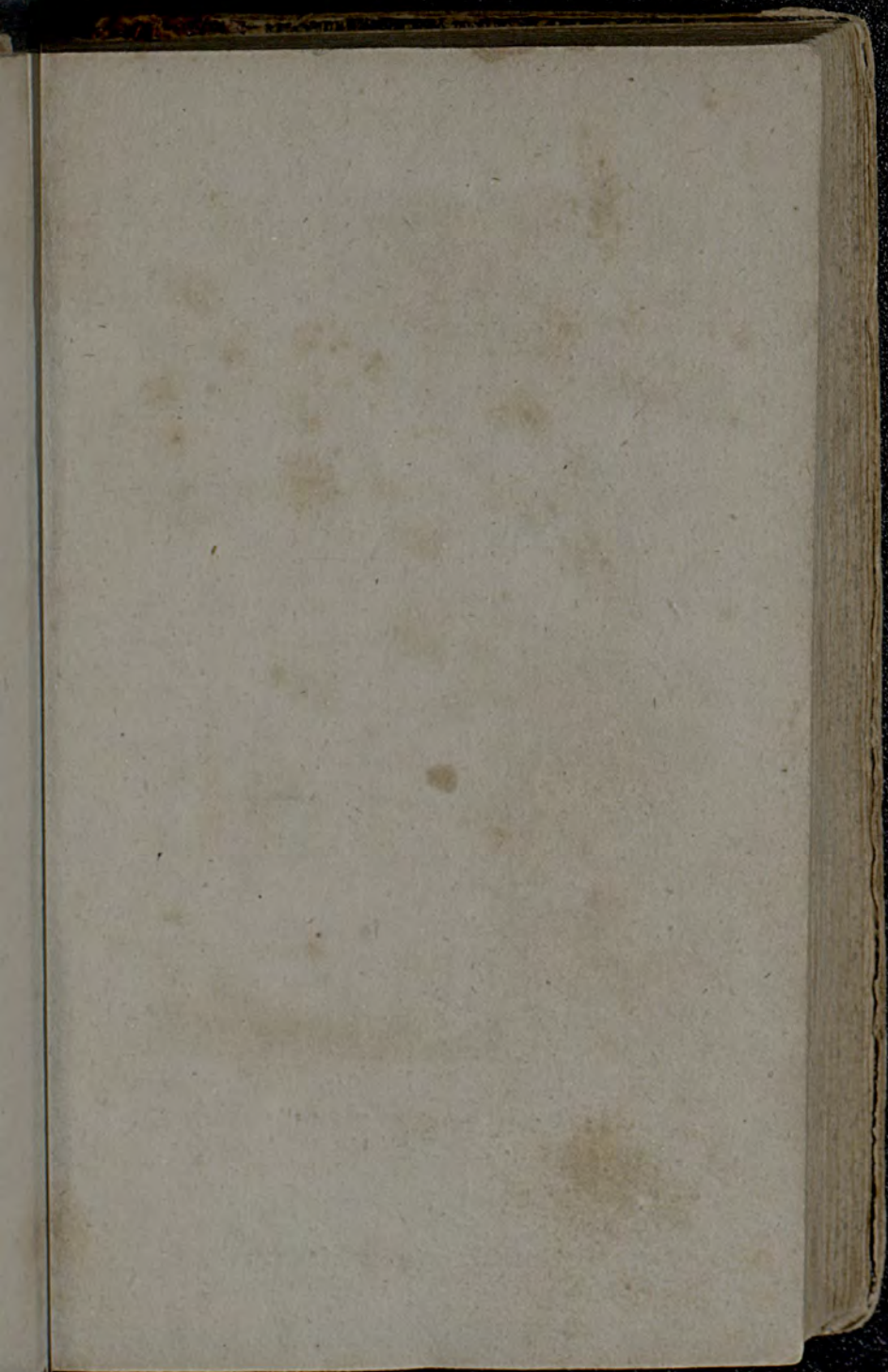




THE
ASIATIC PRINCESS.







FRONTISPIECE.



*The Muses presenting the Instructress of
the Princess Charlotte of Wales with the
necessary Requisites for her Education?*

Published June 7, 1800, by Varnor & Hood, Poultry.

THE
ASIATIC PRINCESS.

Dedicated, by Permission,

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.



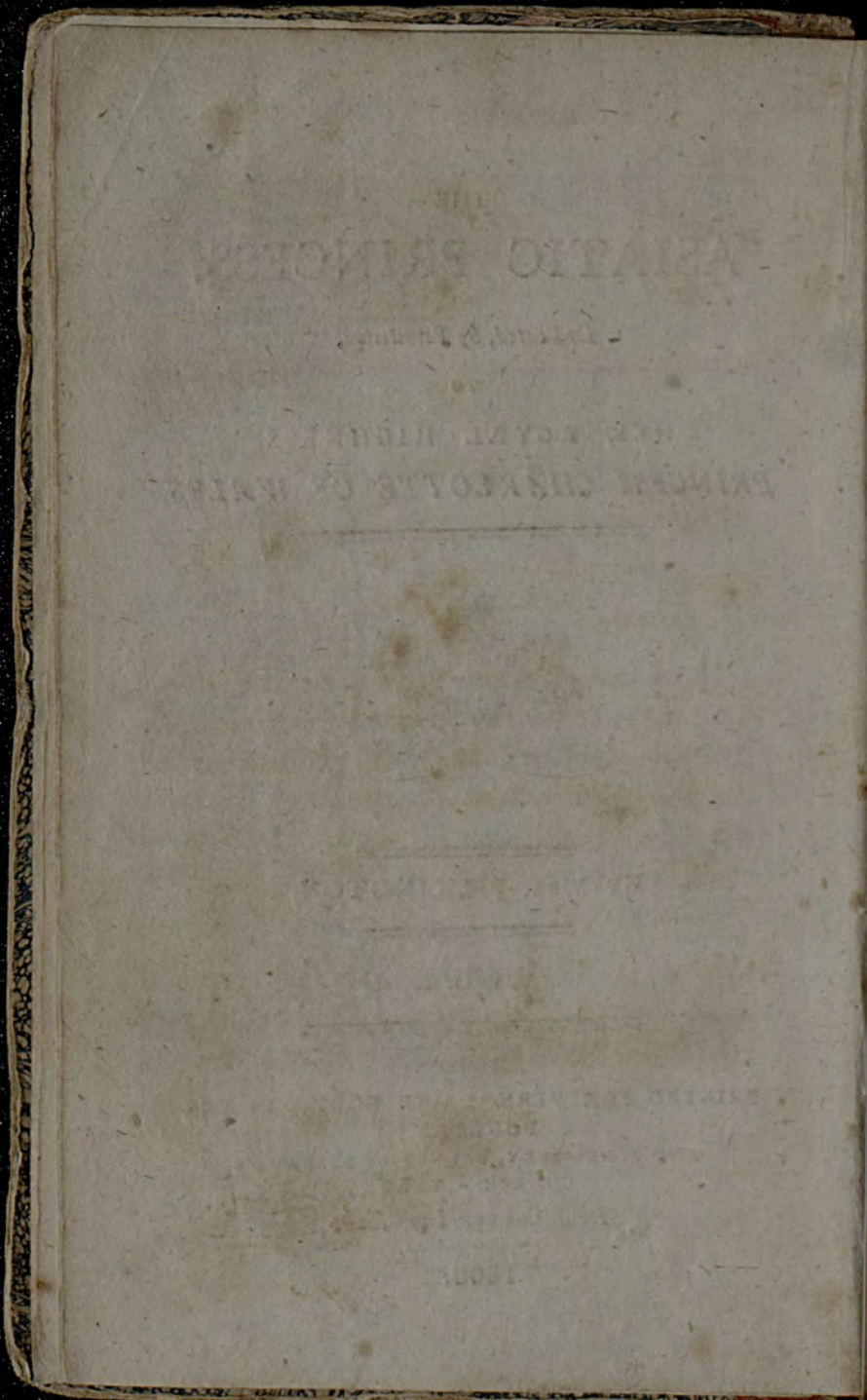
BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

VOL. I.

London:
PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, IN THE
POULTRY;
AND E. NEWBERY, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH - YARD;

By J. Cundee, Ivy-Lane.

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TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
Princess Charlotte of Wales.

MADAM,

IF the wish of instructing, and the desire to entertain, can be any recommendation in an author's favour, your Royal Highness will not refuse graciously to accept this humble tribute of respect and duty, offered under the auspices of the Prince of Wales's permission, and deriving estimation from his leave.

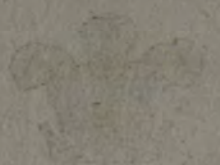
With the warmest sentiments of duty and attachment, I have the honour of subscribing myself your Royal Highness's

Most devoted and

Obedient humble servant,

March 15, 1800.

M. PILKINGTON.



TO THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

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MEMBER

1784

If the society is interested in the
history of any particular country or
people, your Royal Majesty will not
be less desirous to know the
particulars of such the history of
any country and people as shall be
of great importance and interest
to the society.

It is the duty of the society to
enquire into the history of every
part of the world.

The society is desirous to know
the history of every part of the
world.

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CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

	PAGE.
BIRTH of the Princess Merjee—Death of her Mother—Arrival of Sir Charles and Lady Corbet—Their attachment to the Princess—Departure from Siam	i

CHAP. II.

Asiatic Notions of Superiority subdued—Story of Emma Stanley—Observations thereon by the Princess and Lady Corbet—Arrival at Calcutta—Cruelty to the English by the Nabob, described.	ii
---	----

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

PAGE.

Humanity of an English Sailor to a black Child—Lady Corbet takes it under her Protection—Treatment of the Slaves in the East-Indies—Description of Calcutta. Instance of Envy in the Disposition of the Princess - - - - -	33
---	----

CHAP. IV.

Visit to the Governor—Gentoo Woman burning herself on the Funeral-pile of her Husband—Leave Calcutta—Arrival at Vienna. - - - - -	52
--	----

CHAP. VI.

Buildings of Vienna—The Princess accom- panies Lady Emma to Court, which raises in her Mind Sensations of her Father. Instance of ridiculous Pride in two Ger- man Ladies - - - - -	65
---	----

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

	PAGE.
Description of the Commodities exported from Germany—Instance of Humanity in the Conduct of Sir Charles and Lady Emma Corbet, towards an unfortunate Man and his Child	81

CHAP. VIII.

A Description of the Country through which they pass—The Princess is attacked by a violent Fever—Arrival of Sir Charles from Buda—They set out, in Company with the Marquis of Toricelli and Family, for Venice—The inhuman disposition of the young Count described	103
--	-----

CHAP. IX.

The disgraceful Effects of Passion, displayed in the Conduct of the Marchioness—Departure for Naples—Account of Mount Vesuvius; dreadful Effects of its Eruption—Story of Ned Davenport	128
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THE
ASIATIC PRINCESS.

CHAP. I.

Birth of the Princess Merjee—Death of her Mother—
Arrival of Sir Charles and Lady Corbet—
their Attachment to the Princess—
Departure from Siam.

SIAM, (a large province in Asia) was governed by a king, who was so mild in temper, so gentle in manners, and so anxious to make his subjects happy, that they would gladly have resigned their own lives to have added a single year to that of a prince so tenderly and deservedly beloved.

Though this amiable monarch had long wished to possess an heir to the throne, to whom he might intrust the welfare of his people; yet so many years passed, without the prospect of such a blessing, that he gave up the hope of becoming a father, and resolved to leave the crown to the best, the wisest, and most faithful of his subjects. Whilst he was debating within himself, on whom he should bestow so great an honour, he was charmed with the news of the Princess Merjee's birth; and anxious to press the little stranger to his heart, flew in haste to the queen's chamber.

The king's joy at the sight of this treasure, displayed itself in various ways,

ways, and he instantly gave orders, that his meanest subjects should have reason to derive pleasure from the birth of the child. Money and clothes were given to the poor, and the rich were regaled with all the luxuries of the East; in short, so general were the proofs of his majesty's felicity, that every bosom seemed to share it.

Though the king doated upon his little daughter, and was never so well pleased as when he could promote her happiness, yet he soon perceived that the queen's fondness was carried to an excess, which threatened to destroy her future peace; for, instead of trying to *curb* her *passions*, she did every thing that was likely to

B 2 *increase*

increase them, and indulged her in the most capricious fancies which whim and folly could jointly form.

It was in vain that the king pointed out the weakness of her conduct, or told her that it would be the means of making the child *wretched*; for she resolved that no person should controul her wishes, or refuse complying with her desires. This method of acting had a most shocking effect; for, though nature had endowed her with a *charming temper*, yet the queen's indulgence nearly destroyed it, and had not death deprived her of this too partial parent, her peace and comfort would have been lost for ever.

Young as the princess was, when
that

that event occurred, she gave the strongest proof of *real sorrow*, and many days elapsed, before she could be persuaded either to amuse herself with toys, or play at her usual sports.

The king was charmed with this instance of feeling; and instead of trying to check her regret, seemed rather anxious to increase it, by reminding her of the loss she had suffered, and of the excessive fondness of her departed parent.

As soon as the king's spirits recovered the shock, his thoughts were all turned upon his little daughter; and to find a person capable of forming her mind, and curbing the little failings to which she was prone, was

all he wished for, and tried to obtain. Just as he was enquiring amongst the officers of state for a lady, who would be likely to undertake the trust, he was informed that an English woman of fashion had just arrived at the Asiatic court, accompanied by her husband, a baronet of distinction.

As few Europeans visited that part of the world, the king was surprised at what he heard, but anxious to see the noble strangers, he sent an officer of rank to invite them to his palace.

Sir Charles Corbet, and Lady Emma, gladly attended the royal summons, and as both could speak a little of the language, they found it
very

very easy to make themselves understood. The king seemed struck with Lady Emma's beauty, and quite charmed with the sweetness of her manners; and as to the little princess, she was so delighted with her guests, that she could scarcely bear to be out of their sight. This fondness soon became mutual, and both Sir Charles and his lady were as much attached to the child as if they could have had the pleasure of calling her their own, though the latter often blamed the petulance of her conduct.

The princess, instead of disliking Lady Emma for those proofs of her friendship and regard, seemed to feel her affection increased, and not any thing made her so truly wretched as
the

the idea of having offended the object of her esteem.

The king was so charmed at seeing the improvement which Lady Emma had made in the temper of his child, that he intreated her not to think of quitting Siam; and tried every method in his power to persuade Sir Charles to take up his residence in that kingdom.

Although the king's offers were very splendid, yet Sir Charles could not be persuaded to accept them, for he had so strong a desire to visit different countries, that not any thing could prevent him from indulging it, and her ladyship had promised to attend him on his tour.

When the princess was informed
that

that Lady Emma was to leave Siam, her grief and distress knew no bounds, and with all the powers of youthful eloquence, she besought the king to let her accompany her friend.

The king, at first, denied the request ; but when it was urged by Lady Emma, who promised to devote her time to the improvement of the child, he began to think the plan excellent ; and believed, that by seeing the manners of different countries, she might be able to improve the government of her own.

When the princess was informed that her father had consented, her joy was no less violent than her grief ; but when the moment arrived
that

that she was to part from the king, and take leave of those ladies, under whose care she had been placed, her little heart seemed bursting with anguish; and not all the fondness which Lady Emma bestowed was able to subdue her sorrow, or assuage her tears, and it was with difficulty she was forced from the king's embraces,

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Asiatic Notions of Superiority subdued — Story of
Emma Stanley—Observations thereon by the
Princess and Lady Corbet—Arrival at
Calcutta—Cruelty to the English
by the Nabob described.

AS the little princess displayed such a fondness for Lady Emma, even when blest with the tenderness of the king, it is natural to suppose, that it greatly increased, when she had no other person on whom she could bestow her love; and, indeed, it was carried to such an excess, that she could not have been more attached to the person of the queen.

Every thing was *new*, every thing
was

was *strange*, and, as soon as she lost the sea-sickness, her mind was always busy in some new research. The first thing that struck her, as surprising, was the freedom which subsisted between Lady Emma and her servants; and she asked, in a tone of offended pride, “why they did not bend themselves to the ground, before they ventured to approach her person?”

“Because my love,” replied Lady Emma, “they are taught to think that kind of homage ought only to be paid their *maker*, and though they will always behave to you with *proper respect*, yet you must not expect them to bend their knee. Besides, though Providence has placed me in a higher

a higher station than my servants, he expects that I should treat them all with *kindness*, and never make them *feel* their *lowly* state."

"My *papa* treats his servants with *kindness*, *I am sure*" said the lovely child (fearful that her friend should suppose *he did not*) "and yet they always serve him on *their knee*."

"True, my little darling, but different countries vary in their customs; and that profound respect, which is shown to an eastern monarch, you will never find paid to any other king.

"Your *papa* is, doubtless, one of the *best*, as well as one of the most *humane princes* that ever sat upon a throne, and for that reason he wished

you to observe the manners of different nations, that you might be the better able to improve your own, and introduce such laws and customs, as are most likely to tend to the happiness of those people, whom at a future period it may be your fate to govern."

"Yes, my dear mama," replied the little princess, throwing her arms round Lady Emma's neck, "and so I will try to make them happy when I grow up as big as *you*; and I shall never feel vexed either with Dawson or Carter, for not treating me as the servants did at Siam, because you say *they* only *kneel* to *God*."

Lady Emma was quite charmed with

this proof of the pliant temper which the child possessed ; and, pressing her with fondness to her bosom, told her, that every body would be ready and happy to wait upon her, if she behaved with civility and kindness.

As soon as she had received Lady Emma's embraces, she flew to the cabin, which was occupied by the servants, and taking a gold necklace from her neck, she broke the string in half, and divided it between them ; telling them, at the same time, that she hoped they would forgive her, for having treated them with rudeness, when they were so good as to dress and undress her.

It was in vain that they refused to accept her gift, or assured her they

had never been hurt by her conduct, for, shocked at the thought of having offended them, she ran with streaming eyes to lady Emma, and intreated her to persuade them to receive the boon.

Sir Charles was no less pleased than Lady Emma with this striking trait of generous kindness, and praised her for trying to atone for little failings; at the same time informed her, that though a *gold necklace* was a proper ornament for *herself*, it was by no means so for a person either in Dawson's or Carter's station; but promised, that when she arrived in Bengal, she should divide between them a piece of Muslin. Lady Emma then slightly touched upon the folly of *pride*, and the necessity there was for us to be
kind

kind to each other ; telling the little princess, that when she was old enough to comprehend the bible, she should read the story of a haughty monarch, whom God reduced to the wretched state of a beast, and made him live in the wilds and deserts, until his mind became completely humble, and he was grieved at having displeas'd his gracious Maker by the practice of so unamiable a vice.

The princess attended to this discourse with a countenance expressive of surprise and fear ; and Sir Charles observing how much she was affected, press'd her with fondness to his feeling breast ; and, after caressing her with the kindness of a parent, offer'd to amuse her with a little tale.

POVERTY HUMBLING PRIDE ; OR, VIRTUE
ACQUIRED BY DISTRESS.

“EMMA STANLEY was the daughter of a nobleman who had reduced his fortune by a fondness for gaming ; and, instead of laying by money for this ill-fated child, he spent it all upon his own pleasures.

“As poor Emma had the misfortune to lose her mamma when an infant, she was left to the care of servants and dependants ; and as her temper was always *proud* and *haughty*, she would not submit to their constraints, but treated them all with the greatest insolence, as if they were sent into the world to become her slaves.

“ But

“ But GOD, who creates both *rich* and *poor*, at length punished this excess of pride ; for as Lord Stanley died without a will, the estates all went to a distant branch of the family, and Emma was reduced to the greatest distress.

“ Poverty, which she had always treated with contempt, she found was at once both dreadful and severe ; and the being who had never felt for misfortune, found it deserved the greatest pity ! To one friend she wrote, on another she called, but all seemed deaf to her complaints, and, instead of offering her the least assistance, seemed rather to rejoice than grieve at her distress. “ Wretched girl that I am,” said she, clasping her
her

her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, “to whom shall I apply for succour? and who, alas! will pity my distress? My friends scorn, my family forsake me, and perhaps it may be my lot even to *die* with hunger!”

“*Heaven forbid!*” exclaimed a feeling voice. Emma turned suddenly round, and beheld an old servant who had lived with her mother, whom she had never treated with the least kindness.—“No, Miss Emma,” said the faithful creature, “never shall you want a piece of bread, whilst these hands can *labour* to *procure* it—I have just heard how your friends have used you, and am come to offer you an *humble home.*”

“Emma,

“ Emma’s surprise prevented her from speaking; but throwing her arms around poor Susan’s neck, expressed her thankfulness by showers of tears: at length she was able to describe her feelings; and, after blaming her former conduct to one so very worthy, accepted the offer with heart-felt joy.

“ In this state of humble retirement, Emma had time to reflect upon her past life; but it afforded her so little satisfaction that she tried to banish *thinking* from her *mind*. She had treated her equals with pride, her inferiors with contempt: She had neither *relieved* the *poor*, or pitied the friendless; and she could not recollect one *heart-approving action* to
console

console the misery which she then endured.

“ Poor Susan tried all in her power to make Emma’s life pass cheerfully away, and the care and kindness of that good creature, united to the change which distress had produced in her temper, made her a much happier girl than she had ever been, even when surrounded with greatness.

“ One evening, as she was helping Susan to feed the poultry, and put some favourite little lambs into the fold, they were accosted by a servant, who told them that his master was waiting in the cottage, and begged to have the honour of speaking to the young lady.

“ As

“As Emma did not recollect having a single near relation, she was much surprised at the request, but hastened to obey the stranger’s wishes, by following the servant into the house.

“I am shocked, my dear girl,” said an elegant-looking man, whose whitened locks claimed respect and deference, “to find the daughter of Lord Stanley in such an abject state; but I am come to rescue her from every kind of distress, and supply the place of her lost parents. Your father was my god-son, as well as kinsman, and I always promised to make him my heir; to him I cannot keep my word, but to his *child* I will be a father. His family ought to

to blush at your present abode, for surely you had a claim upon their kindness!"

"Oh Sir," said the delighted Emma, bursting into a flood of tears, "I neither *merited* their kindness or *deserved* their care; my pride taught them to despise me; and, as I knew not pity myself, I had no right to claim it from others. *Poverty* has taught me to be *humble*, and distress made me feel for the unhappy."

"Impossible!" said Mr. Stanton, embracing her with fondness, "a heart so ready to condemn *itself*, can never have deserved either coldness or neglect. However, my love, whatever may have been your failings, you

now

now repent, and the *punishment* has surely been equal to the *crime*."

"At this moment Susan entered, and had the delight of hearing that the object of her pity no longer required her fostering care, but was going to possess the smiles of fortune in a greater portion than she had ever enjoyed them.

"Emma, no longer either a *proud* or an *unfeeling girl*, tenderly embraced her faithful friend, saying, that the first use she made of riches, should be to prove her gratitude and evince her love; and Mr. Stanley was no sooner told of Susan's kindness than he insisted upon her residing in his house, telling her, that he wanted such a person to conduct

his family, and promising to give her sixty pounds a year.

“ Oh! What a pretty, pretty story!” said the princess, at the same time kissing Sir Charles’s hand: “ I am glad, however, that Emma became *good*, because, you know, then every body could love her, for it is a shocking thing *not to be loved*.”

“ It is a very shocking thing, indeed,” replied Lady Emma, “ but it is what every body must expect to meet with, who neither pity the unhappy, relieve the distressed, or subdue the faults in their own temper: and though Emma’s state was truly wretched, yet she might have supported it with fortitude, had she not known she had brought it on herself.—

herself.—But do you not admire the generous Susan, and think that every person should behave with mildness to those *beneath them*; for it may be their lot to share a kindred fate.”

“Yes,” said the little Merjee, with a plaintive air; “I might be obliged to Dawson and Carter for giving me even a *morsel of bread!*”

“How so, my love?” replied her ladyship. “Why, mamma, if the ship should be *wrecked*, as I have heard the sailors talking about, and you, my dear mamma, and Sir Charles, were to be drowned, what would become of me, if Dawson or Carter would not give me food?”

This discourse was suddenly put an end to, by the Captain informing

Sir Charles they were in the river Hughly, and within sight of Calcutta. Anxious to observe the effect which so new a scene would produce upon the active mind of his little favourite, he caught her hastily up in his arms, and, in a few moments, appeared upon the deck, where a thousand *new* and striking objects presented themselves to her astonished eyes.

Her ladyship soon followed the steps of her husband, and, turning her eyes towards the fortress, said, "My heart quite sickens with horror when I think of the sufferings our unhappy countrymen endured on that memorable spot!"

"What

“*What did they endure, mamma?*” exclaimed the child, with a look of terror that proved the alarm which that speech had excited.

“Why, my love,” replied Lady Emma; “the English have long had a settlement at Calcutta; and those large buildings which you see, are the warehouses where they keep their goods, and carry on a trade with the inhabitants, from the produce of the country. These consist of sugar, silk, muslins, fruits, pepper, opium, rice, saltpetre, gum-lack, and civet; from which they get a great deal of money.—Their governor happened, some years ago, to offend the viceroy of Bengal, a cruel and vindictive man, who brought

D 3 a large

a large army before Calcutta, and commanded the English to surrender.—The governor, alarmed at their number, quitted the fort; but Mr. Holwell, a young man of great courage, resolved to defend it against the attack, and behaved with uncommon bravery: yet he was at length conquered, and, with an hundred and forty-six of his friends, forced into a small prison, where they were wedged so close together, that they could neither move or stir; when the heat of the climate, united to their want of air, brought on a violent fever; and though they conjured their inhuman guards only to indulge them with a drop of water, it was denied them, and they died in the greatest torture
from

from thirst and suffocation ; for, out of the whole number which were put into that dreadful place, only twenty-three came out alive."

"Oh ! Sir Charles !—pray, do not let us go to Calcutta," said the Princess, bursting into tears ; "for you do not know but that wicked man may put you and my dear mamma into that shocking prison ; and then we may all die from *heat* and thirst !"

"That wicked man has been dead a great many years, my dear," replied Sir Charles : "so set your little heart at rest ; for I will never take you any where but to places of perfect safety : and you will see so many pretty things when once you
are

are on shore, that, I dare say, you will be more concerned at leaving Calcutta than you now feel dislike at entering it."

Though this assurance seemed, in some degree, to quiet her fears; yet it was evident that the accents she had heard had made so strong an impression on her youthful mind, that time alone was likely to remove it.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Humanity of an English Sailor to a Black Child—
Lady Corbet takes it under her Protection—
Treatment of the Slaves in the East-
Indies—Description of Calcutta—
Instance of Envy in the Dispo-
sition of the Princess.

AT the moment that Lady Emma was departing from the ship, her feelings and attention were suddenly attracted by the dejected countenance of a poor sailor, who was fondly caressing a negro child, and attempting to sooth the violence of its sorrow.

“ My poor fellow ” said she, in a voice of pity, “ you seem to be in great
great

great distress ; tell me, can I render any service either to yourself or the object of your concern ?”

“ Heaven reward you, my dear lady,” replied the sailor, whilst a smile of gratitude chased away the tear which, unbidden, fell upon his weather-beaten cheek :—“ for myself, thank God, I want no assistance, but for this poor helpless babe, who has just lost her sheet anchor, as a body may say, it would be a mercy, indeed, if I could get a friend !”

Lady Emma feelingly enquired into the particulars of her situation, and found that her father had been sold as a slave to a diamond merchant, at Golconda ; that her mother, unable to support the misery of being separated

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separated from the object of her tenderness, had run away from the master whom she served, and, painting her misfortunes to the captain of the Indiaman, with all the force affection could inspire, had so far interested his compassion, that he had given her a passage on board his ship, and promised to get her conveyed to her husband; but that, being attacked with a violent fever soon after she came on board, she had lingered under the disease until that morning, when she had expired, without a groan, leaving her child destitute and forlorn.

The sailor had scarcely finished his affecting tale, which drew tears of sympathy from Lady Emma's eyes,
when

when she assured him she would take the child under her protection, and, by a uniform conduct of kindness and affection, prevent her from feeling the loss she had so recently sustained.

“But will you not take her to her poor father, Lady Emma?” said the princess, who had listened attentively to the sailor’s tale; for you know he must want somebody to love and pity him, now he has lost his poor wife!”

“If I were to take her to her cruel master, who would, perhaps, give her tasks she would be unable to perform, do you think that would be the means of adding to her father’s happiness?—No, my love, I will not send her into slavery, or be the means of her suffering

suffering either cruelty or hardship; for you have no idea what those unfortunate people endure who are compelled to work in those gloomy mines; and it ought to lessen the value we place upon ornaments, when we reflect upon what our fellow-creatures suffer to procure a bauble, which is of no real use!"

"Do they, indeed, *suffer hardships*, mamma?"—"Yes, indeed, my love, they do."—"Well, then, when I am grown a woman, never, no never, will I wear a diamond.—But tell me, Lady Emma, what kind of hardships do they really suffer?"

"In the first place, they are denied the privilege of light and air, (as all mines, you know, are a great

many feet under ground ; and, instead of breathing a *pure* and wholesome current, they draw in nothing but confined vapours, that relax their bodies, and render them unable to perform those heavy tasks their tyrants daily set them : they are then beaten with the greatest severity, and neither suffered to partake of rest or food, until the labour of the day is done."

This was so new a picture of suffering and oppression to the young princess, that every sentiment of feeling and compassion was awakened by it ; and, taking the little negro tenderly by the hand, she assured her she should never go and work in the mines ; promising to love her next to

her dear mamma, if she would neither cry or look unhappy.

As the little negro could only speak a few words of English, she could not perfectly comprehend the princess's kindness; but bending her body as a mark of respect, she kissed the frock of her little consoler, and, in a few days, had so completely conquered her sorrow and distress, that she seemed to have forgotten the source from whence they flowed.

Although the princess was amused by the variety of objects which every where presented themselves, yet Lady Emma's account of the sufferings of those unhappy men who perished from the cruelty of the inhuman viceroy, had made so strong an impres-

sion on her infant mind, that not any thing seemed capable of removing it, and she was continually asking when she should quit the place.

The variety of people, of different nations, which reside at Calcutta, in consequence of its convenient situation for trade, is really astonishing; and the mixture of European and Asiatic customs which prevail, are completely amusing to an observing mind. The houses vary in appearance as much as their inhabitants; some of them being as magnificent as palaces, and others little superior to a common shed: some are built with brick, others with mud, but the greater part with bamboos and mats, and are only raised one story from
the

the ground. Gardens and canals are occasionally interspersed throughout the city; and the principal houses are built in the Grecian style, and have both an elegant and superb appearance.

Whilst the little princess had no one to oppose her whose interests or pursuits could interfere with her own, her protectress was unable to discover the natural bent of her disposition, and knew not that the seeds of many unamiable propensities had been early fostered in her youthful breast; but as soon as a degree of intimacy had taken place between her and the unprotected child, whom Lady Emma had so kindly taken under her care, she displayed symptoms of envy,

pride, and passion, which had never been supposed inherent in her mind.

If her ladyship caressed the object of her compassion, or evinced any partiality towards her in the presence of the princess, her face would instantly glow with resentment, and she would dart a look of envy and contempt at the child strongly expressive of her displeasure.

Lady Emma had long observed this unamiable trait of temper in her little favourite, with a mixture of anger and concern; and, convinced it was her duty to conquer it before habit had increased and strengthened its growth, she resolved to attend minutely to her behaviour, and the first time she saw
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the slightest marks of this propensity, to punish it with positive proofs of her disapprobation.

On the evening of the day that her ladyship had formed this friendly resolution, she observed the eyes of the little Bangilore (which was the name given to this unfortunate child) looked particularly dull and heavy; and, calling her aside, in a voice of tenderness, enquired whether she found herself unwell?

“*Me no well, missee,*” replied the child — “*me no play, me no eat; me hardly walk :—me no well; indeed, me no well.*”

“My poor child!” said Lady Emma, placing her hand upon her throbbing temples, and kissing her cheek
at

at the same moment ; “ you are not well, indeed ; but why did you not tell me so, my love, before ; for I fear you have been ill the *whole day*.”

“ Me no tell nothing to make you *sorry*, missee ; because me *love* you ; and me no make you *sorry*.”

Though her ladyship had observed many instances of a sweetness of disposition in the conduct of the hapless child, yet her excessive fondness for the little princess had prevented them from making a strong impression upon her mind ; but this charming proof of grateful tenderness was too striking to be passed over ; and taking her instantly upon her lap, she applauded the motive which had influenced her

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her conduct. Whilst Bangilore was receiving the caresses of her benefactress, the princess was observing her with silent anger, and instead of appearing to pity her complaint, gazed upon her with an eye of envy and contempt.

“Are you not sorry to see poor Bangilore so ill, my love,” said Lady Emma, without noticing the gloom upon her features? “feel her poor little temples, how they shoot and throb; I am sure you must be grieved for your friend and play-mate.

The princess made no reply to Lady Emma’s speech, but her countenance neither displayed symptoms of sorrow or regret; yet, after pausing a few minutes, she ran up to her protectress,

protectress, threw her arms around her neck, and wished she had been ill, instead of Bangilore.

“*Wish yourself ill?*” exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of evident surprise, — “surely, my love, you know not how rich a blessing you enjoy in the portion of *health*, with which Providence has enriched you? neither do you recollect, that in one moment, he could deprive you of this precious treasure, and reduce you to a state more pitiable than that of the most abject penury.

“Yes, but if I was *ill*; you would nurse me, and love me, and not take Bangilore on your lap, and kiss her as you now do; Bangilore is only a *slave*, and I am a — — —.

“Hush!

“ Hush ! say not what you are, for you have disgraced your character, and rendered yourself despicable !— Is not Bangilore a poor, ill-fated child, whom pity taught me both to love and cherish ? and do you wish to rob her of my succour ? would you deprive her of her only friend, and see her destitute of every joy ? ”

“ No, no, my dear mama,” sobbed out the princess, scarcely able to articulate the words.

“ Well,” continued her ladyship, “ if you would not wish really to injure this hapless little girl, why should you desire to deprive her of that which affords her *pleasure* ? You say she is a *slave*, and do you suppose, that because her situation in
life

life is beneath your own, her feelings are not as easily elated, or depressed? You are pleased with my fondness, delighted with my indulgence, and pained if my affection has the appearance of decrease; and do you not suppose that Bangilore experiences the same sentiments? There is one principle of human action, my love," continued Lady Emma, drawing the little infant close to her breast, "which cannot be too often, or too strongly inculcated, which is, *Do as you would be done by*: and whenever you are inclined to deprive Bangilore of a gratification, think how you would feel if you were in her *station*; and, instead of *envying* her the few pleasures she can enjoy,

do

do all in your power, daily to increase them. If Providence should kindly spare your life, you will have the means of tasting the most refined felicity; for, by endeavouring to promote the happiness of others, you may insure an ample portion of it to your own breast."

"Do not talk about it any more, mamma," said the princess, hiding her face in her protectress's bosom, for I know I have been a very naughty girl, but if you will but *love me*, I will do any thing you wish." Then turning to the invalid, she said, "and, indeed, Bangilore, I will never behave cross to you again, if you will but forgive all my *unkindness*."

“ I never loved you half as well as I do at this moment,” replied Lady Emma, “ for it is a striking proof, both of a *good* and *great mind* to acknowledge the errors it has committed ; and Bangilore, will both *love* and *respect* you, for having acknowledged that you have been in fault.”

“ Me always love mine dear young lady ; me let her do as she like with Bangilore, but me happy when she love me, and say me *good Bangilore*.”

At this moment, Dawson entered with a large packet of letters from England, and as soon as her ladyship had committed the invalid to her care, she hastened to her apartment to read their contents, and to enjoy

enjoy in private, the pleasure they might impart, whilst the princess endeavoured to console her little play mate under her sufferings, by a return of the fondness she had formerly displayed, and by trying to amuse and entertain her mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Visit to the Governor—Gentoo Woman burning herself on the Funeral-pile of her Husband—
Leave Calcutta;—Arrival at Vienna.

THE packet of letters which arrived from England, were the means of inducing Sir Charles to shorten his stay in India, as they informed him, that his only brother, who was ambassador at the German court, was in a very dangerous and alarming state of health, and though the preparations had been made for their visiting the Coromandel coast, the alteration in their plans rendered them all abortive.

This

This change, though highly pleasing to Lady Emma, was by no means so to the little pupil, who was much more delighted with the motion of a palanquin, than with that of an East-Indiaman, and who had been promised a variety of gold and silver trinkets, from the curious filligreen manufactures in that part of India. She had likewise expected a number of chintz's and muslins, having been told they were *there* brought to a state of the highest perfection, yet all these expectations she was compelled to resign, and reconcile herself to a tedious voyage.

“Are you not sorry, mamma,” said she, observing that Lady Emma was making preparations to depart, “that

you could not buy me all those pretty fillegree-trinkets, which you promised me if I was a good girl."

"I am always sorry to disappoint you of any pleasure, my love," replied her ladyship, "but I shall be able to buy you much prettier trinkets at Vienna, than I could possibly have done on the Coromandel coast, for the Germans are very fond of dress and ornaments, and you will see a most beautiful collection of precious stones; for carbuncles, amethysts, jasper, sapphire, agate and rubies are found in greater abundance in Germany, than in any other part of the world."

As Sir Charles and her ladyship had received great attention from
most

most of the families resident at Calcutta, some days were necessarily devoted to the polite attention of taking leave; and as the governor was at that time staying at his country seat, it was determined they should follow him to that place.

It was impossible to travel in the middle of the day, from the intense heat of the climate, they were therefore obliged to rise at a very early hour, and Lady Emma, and her little charge were both in their palanquin soon after the clock struck three.

They had not been carried more than three miles beyond the city, when they were astonished at beholding an immense number of people collected into one spot; and
upon

upon enquiring into the cause of their assemblage, were informed, that a Gentoo woman was going to burn herself with the body of her deceased husband. “*Burn herself alive!*” exclaimed the princess, in a tone that evinced both horror and surprise.

“Yes, my love,” replied her ladyship, “and, shocking as the custom appears, it used to be practised over most parts of India; but as the people became more enlightened, it has fortunately much declined; for it is the height of folly to suppose that it can be a duty incumbent upon us to take away that life, which a bounteous God in mercy gave: and, therefore, it is a mistaken notion in these poor creatures, to imagine, that the
only

only method they can adopt to prove their affection to their deceased husbands, is to avoid the duties they owe to their children; but they are educated in this belief, and so far their conduct is praise-worthy."

As they proceeded farther, their ears were saluted with the sound of hautboys and kettle-drums, accompanied by repeated shouts of applause, from those who attended the unhappy victim, and as they were under the necessity of passing near the spot, they could clearly distinguish her from the rest of the women, by the various ornaments with which she was decorated, and seeing her walk repeatedly round the pile.

Her

Her ladyship intreated the men, who carried her palanquin, to hasten from a scene so full of horror, and her young companion was so shocked at the relation, that for some minutes she could not restrain her tears.

Though Sir Charles possessed a very humane heart, yet he was anxious to see the shocking ceremony, and therefore rode up to the spot where it was to be performed, telling Lady Emma he should soon attend her. Upon his arrival at the governor's, he informed the party, that the ill-fated victim of misplaced affection did not appear sensible of the misery she was to endure, but mounted the pile, on which she was

to

to suffer, with the most undaunted appearance of calmness and composure, after dividing her ornaments amongst her favourites and attendants.

“ Well,” said Lady Emma, smiling at Sir Charles, whilst a tributary tear fell to the memory of the poor Gentoo, “ I have reason to be grateful that I was born in England ; for, tenderly as I am attached to the person of my husband, I should feel a dreadful horror at being obliged to ascend his pile, even if I had been taught to think it the most essential part of a wife’s duty. But,” continued she, “ so many are the advantages which an English woman enjoys,

joys, that it is difficult to say in what she is most enviable."

After a day spent in the utmost cheerfulness, the party prepared to take their leave; but when Lady Emma made enquiries for the little Princess, neither the Governor's daughter, or herself, could any where be found. Lady Emma's fears were instantly alarmed; but the Governor intreated her to be composed, assuring her they were attended by a faithful domestic, on whom she might place the most perfect reliance. In a few moments they both appeared, and though the countenance of the Princess, bore evident marks of tears; there was a glow of self-applause which beamed upon it,
that

that proved she had been performing some praise-worthy action.

“Where have you been, my love?” said her amiable protectress, “and why did you go beyond the garden without my leave? you know I scarcely suffer you out of my sight a moment, and your absence really quite alarmed me.”

“Indeed ma’am, I am very sorry;” replied the child, tenderly kissing Lady Emma’s hand, “but I only went with the Governor’s house-keeper, to see one of the slaves who is very ill from fretting after the children which she lost; so I thought, if I gave her money, she could buy some more, and that was the reason that I went to see her; but, had you been

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there, mamma, you would have been so delighted, for the poor little girl and boy are *found!*" She then proceeded to inform her ladyship, that the children had rambled into the woods, without their mother's leave, and not being able to find their way out again, had been very near perishing with hunger; that their mother had neither eaten or slept for two days, but had been absolutely frantic with terror and alarm, as she concluded they had been devoured by some wild beast. That the Governor had sent a great many slaves to look for them, and at length they found them locked in each other's arms, but almost perishing with an excess of hunger.

Lady

Lady Emma applauded the motive which had influenced her conduct, but blamed her for following the bent of her wishes without first knowing whether they were likely to be approved. "Little girls of your age, my love," continued her ladyship, "are not capable of judging between *right* and *wrong*, and therefore should always be guided by the opinion of those who are *older* and *wiser* than themselves.— Had the poor little children, in whose fate you appear so warmly interested, asked their mother whether it was *proper* for them to ramble in the woods, she would have pointed out the dangers they would be likely to encounter, and by that means

have saved them from the pangs they have endured, for, of all the miseries to which human nature is prone, that of hunger and thirst must be the most dreadful.”

A servant now informed Sir Charles his horse was waiting, and Lady Emma instantly ordered her palanquin, and in less than two hours they all met at Calcutta. The ship set sail on the following afternoon ; and, without the occurrence of any material event, the little Princess was transported into the German empire, where Sir Charles had the happiness of finding Mr. Corbet not only better, but nearly well, and honoured with the Emperor's peculiar friendship.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Buildings of Vienna;—The Princess accompanies
Lady Emma to Court, which raises in her
Mind Sensations of her Father.
Instance of ridiculous Pride in
Two German Ladies.

AS the travellers arrived at Vienna at a late hour in the evening, and Lady Emma's young companions were completely fatigued, their attention had not been attracted by the surrounding objects, but when they awoke on the following morning, their surprise and astonishment were

both excited. To children who had not been in the habit of seeing any houses erected above the height of two stories, the method of building at Vienna must have appeared strange, where the lowest house was elevated to four or five stories, and most of them were raised to six or seven

“ Oh, Lady Emma !” exclaimed the young princess, as soon as she entered her ladyship’s apartment, “ what a strange place this Vienna is ! why they have built three or four houses one upon another !”

Lady Emma smiled at the justice of the idea, but informed her they had not formed the houses one upon the other, but that each erection was one distinct house, though occupied by

by several different families, as each floor consisted of a sufficient number of apartments to answer the purpose of a *separate house*.

“ Well then, mamma, I suppose they are all very good friends together as that is the case,” replied the child, “ for they can visit one another, you know, without the trouble of going out.”

Lady Emma informed her, that depended upon circumstances, as frequently, a nobleman of the first consequence, lived upon one floor, whilst another might be occupied by artizans or mechanics ; and therefore, of course, there could be no connection between them, as the Germans were more remarkable for observing
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the distinctions of *rank* than any other nation in the world.

Immediately after Sir Charles's arrival, both himself and Lady Emma, were introduced at court; and, as the Emperor was informed of the consequence of their companion, they requested she might accompany them on their next visit.

The magnificence of the apartments, the richness of the furniture, and the superb dresses of the ladies and gentlemen who composed the court, could not fail to attract the attention of the young stranger, who appeared so totally absorbed in wonder and amazement, that she could scarcely reply to the civilities which were paid her: both the Emperor
and

and Empress appeared delighted with her appearance, for though her complexion was *dark*, her features were beautiful, and a look of intelligence beamed from her eyes which convinced them her mind had been cultured and improved.

As she happened to be introduced on the day of the carnival, every thing appeared with the greatest lustre; and the impression which the surrounding objects appeared to make upon her mind, were calculated to fill it with the most agreeable sensations. How great, then, must be Lady Emma's astonishment at seeing a sudden gloom overspread her countenance! and instead of that lively pleasure which a few moments before

fore had animated it, a visible dejection mark each feature !

“ Are you *ill*, my love ? ” said her anxious friend, gazing at her with a look of tenderness and apprehension !

“ No, ma’am ; ” she replied, with a sigh, whilst her expressive eyes filled with tears ; “ I am thinking of my dear, dear papa, and I cannot help wishing I was now in Siam ! ”

“ Are you not happy under my protection, my sweet girl ? or, has any thing occurred to hurt or wound your feelings ? ”

“ Oh yes, I am *happy*, indeed I am *happy* ; but seeing the Emperor, reminds me of papa, and I cannot help wishing I could see him. ”

This

This amiable proof of filial fondness, delighted those who saw and heard it; and, if the beauty of the child had first engaged notice and attention, this trifling proof of feeling and affection, completely insured her their tenderness and esteem.

As hospitality to strangers of any distinction, is a peculiar mark of the German character, Lady Emma's engagements were numerous and successive, but she never suffered them to interfere with the plan she had formed for the education of her charge, for the mornings were devoted to study and application, and the afternoons spent in gaiety and amusement.

As Germany is a very extensive
empire,

empire, and divided into a number of principalities and states, where the lower classes of society are totally dependant on the great: there is no country in Europe where the pride of birth is carried to so ridiculous or weak an excess; or where rank and power are less subject to controul. This imperfection in the German character, the Princess was naturally inclined to imitate; but the lessons of humility she had been taught by her preceptress, and the example of affability which she daily displayed, had so far conquered the imperious failing, that Lady Emma flattered herself it was quite cured, but by an intimate association with the German nobility, she had imperceptibly

perceptibly imbibed all their notions, and treated poor Bangilore with a greater degree of haughtiness than she had ever done during her residence at Calcutta.

Bangilore, who loved the Princess with the greatest affection, and who always treated her with the utmost respect, was sensibly hurt by the alteration in her conduct, and tried, in vain, to recover that place in her regard which she had fancied she should always fill. Every attempt she made to call forth the affection of the Princess, seemed to be the means of increasing her dislike, and, instead of permitting her to share her sports, she would scarcely conde-

scend to reply when she addressed her.

Though Lady Emma tried to check this cruel conduct, her precepts seemed to have lost their effect, and each day some new instance occurred of increasing consequence, or foolish pride. Poor Bangilore's spirits soon became depressed at the repeated instances of unkindness she endured; and though she restrained her tears in the presence of her benefactress, yet, in her absence, they never ceased to flow.

As both Sir Charles and her Ladyship possessed that kind of curiosity which is so natural to minds fond of information, they derived more pleasure from seeing the different manufactures

nufactures than they did from visiting the most superb palaces, and took great pains in pointing out to their youthful charge the utility and advantage of every thing she saw.

As the German carriages are by no means pleasant or convenient, they had made several excursions within the neighbourhood of Vienna, to view the different palaces with which it abounds, without taking Bangilore in their suit; but when the moment arrived that the family were to quit the capital, for the purpose of travelling through different parts of the country, Lady Emma informed her, she was to make one of the party, and though she could

not introduce her into the palaces of the German Princes, she should see all the natural curiosities the country might afford.

Though Bangilore's countenance was enlivened at this promise, that of the princess was suddenly overcast, and upon her ladyship's enquiring into the cause of the gloom which overspread it, she found it proceeded from her dislike to travelling in the society of a person so much inferior to herself.

“ And what is your reason for disliking the society of a person of whom, formerly, you were very fond? Has she ever presumed on the indulgence she has received?

or

or has she ever taken an *unbecoming* liberty ?”

“ No, ma'am ; I do not *dislike* Bangilore ; but the princess of Cleves told me that I *disgraced* myself very much by condescending to play with an *inferior*.”

“ She is only your *inferior* in point of *birth* ; for, in mind, I am sure she is much your *superior* ; and had you exchanged situations, I am convinced she would have been above such conduct. However, if you are resolved only to copy the *vices* of the different people to whose acquaintance you are introduced, instead of imitating the virtuous part of their character, you had much better have remained in your father's court, than to have quitted it for the pur-

pose of increasing your failings. The Germans are allowed to be an open, honest, liberal set of people, kind to the unfortunate, and generous to the distressed :—but have you copied any of these qualities? No; you are shutting your heart against every sentiment of liberality, and insulting a fellow creature because she is poor and destitute. Their greatest weakness is their pride, which is constantly subjecting them to inconvenience and mortification. What could be more ridiculous than for two ladies of rank, whose coachmen accidentally met in a narrow lane, one evening, actually remaining until two o'clock in the morning, because they could not determine which ought to take precedence,

precedence, or which coachman had a right to make way for the other."

"Oh! Ma'am, surely they could not be quite so *silly*?" "But indeed they were," replied her ladyship, "if the relation of a late celebrated * author is to be depended upon: and it is doubtful how long they might have remained in that situation, had not the Emperor sent his guards to settle the dispute, by giving orders that both ladies should be taken out of their carriage at the same moment, and leave the coachmen to end the contest.

Your objection to travelling in the carriage with poor Bangilore, is little less ridiculous than that which I have

* Lady Wortley Montague.

just

just related : for you certainly must prefer the society of a child of your own age either to that of Sir Charles or myself, and particularly when you know that she never opposes your wishes, and is always ready to sacrifice her own : yet, to gratify your *pride*, you would deprive yourself of a *pleasure*, and lose a satisfaction, to support a false dignity. At any rate, however, she must be our companion, as there is not room sufficient in the other carriage ; and I flatter myself that your conduct, during our journey, will neither wound her feelings or hurt her sensibility.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Description of the Commodities exported from
Germany—Instance of Humanity in the Con-
duct of Sir Charles and Lady Emma Cor-
bet, towards an unfortunate Man
and his Child.

THOUGH the princess made no promises to her amiable protectress, yet she was too much affected by the censure she had incurred, to be guilty of any action that was likely to increase her displeasure; and, anxious to retrieve her good opinion, was not only *civil*, but *affectionate* to
Bangilore.

Bangilore. This proof of obedience and docility entirely banished every symptom of displeasure ; and when they arrived at the end of their first day's journey, they were as complete friends as if no dispute had happened.

“ Well,” said Lady Emma, taking her little charge affectionately by the hand, “ and as we have not had an opportunity of improving our *minds* to day, suppose we try to exercise our memories :—can you recollect what goods I told you were exported from Germany, and in what manufactures they particularly excel ?”

“ Oh yes, ma'am, that I can,” replied the princess, conscious that her memory seldom failed, and pleased
at

at the opportunity of proving its force, "they export corn, wine, tobacco, horses, cattle, cheese, butter, honey, linen, woollen, stuffs, silks, beautiful looking-glasses, and a variety of pretty things that are manufactured at Nuremburgh, in silver, wood, ivory, and metal.

"Very well remembered, indeed," said her ladyship; but I have not heard a word about the quick-silver mines. I thought I had told you that a great deal of money was procured from those. They likewise export a variety of things which you have forgotten to mention, particularly timber for building ships, cannon-balls, and bombs; steel work of various kinds, and iron plates, Prussian-

sian-blue, and printers' ink. Their manufactures chiefly consist of velvets, and rich silks, beautifully embroidered with gold and silver; tapestry, fustian, ribbons, and lace; with a great variety of different kinds of stuffs."

"Oh! I had forgotten the quick-silver *mines of Idva*, mamma; but you know you told me the poor people were so unhappy that lived in them, that I have never even liked to think about a *mine*; for then I cannot help being grieved for the poor souls who work them."

"Perhaps you're right, my love," replied her ladyship; "for, to reflect upon the miseries of our fellow-creatures, when we have not the
power

power of relieving them, too seldom answers any real purpose, though it ought to teach us to be grateful to that providence who has saved us from the knowledge of those misfortunes which, even in *appearance*, seem so *very dreadful*."

"As the roads through which they travelled were very bad, and the horses not capable of supporting much fatigue, they pursued their journey at a much slower rate than those are in the habit of doing who travel in England; and they had not proceeded above three miles on the second day, when one of the animals was completely tired, and refused to move a single step.

"Well," said her ladyship, with a cheerful

cheerful smile, "travellers must expect to meet with difficulties, and we must either pursue our way on foot, or remain here until fresh horses can be brought. The former method Sir Charles thought most adviseable, as the drivers assured them there was an inn at a short distance, where they would find accommodations until the beasts arrived; and the servants were ordered to remain with the luggage.

When walking was at first proposed, the princess seemed to think it would degrade her dignity; but upon being rallied for the folly of such an idea, and promised some amusement from the novelty of the undertaking, she soon appeared to
enjoy

enjoy the thought ; and taking Bangalore affectionately by the hand, they joyfully tripped before their protectors.

They had not proceeded more than half a mile when they perceived a miserable-looking figure extended on the road ; by the side of whom sat a child, about ten years old, whose complaining cries called loudly for compassion. As Sir Charles could speak the language of the country with as much fluency as he did his own, he accosted the little girl in the most soothing accents, intreating her to be calm and composed, and promising to relieve the object of her care.—This promise he had little hope of being able to fulfil, as the
body

body appeared almost lifeless, and though some degree of warmth remained near the vital parts, the extremities were absolutely stiff and cold. Sir Charles had fortunately a cordial in his pocket, a few drops of which he forced between the stranger's lips, whilst her Ladyship alternately chaffed his hands, and applied volatiles to his nose.

During this painful interesting scene, neither the princess or Banglore were unemployed; they were trying to sooth the child's affliction, and to assure her that her father would soon be well. After some time spent in this humane employment, Sir Charles had the happiness of seeing his attempt succeed; the
poor

poor creature opened his languid eyes, and, in a faint voice, articulated
“ Oh, my child !”

“ My father ! My dear father”—
exclaimed the delighted girl, throwing her arms affectionately round his neck, and washing his pallid face with tears :—“ you must not die ; you must not leave your own, your poor Adelia !” Then gazing upon Sir Charles with an eye of supplication, she besought *him not to let her father die !*

There was something both in the voice and countenance of the child that convinced Lady Emma she had seen better days ; and though her appearance was little superior to that of a common beggar, yet, in her
manner

manner there was something elegant.

Just as the humane Sir Charles was debating what must be done with the unfortunate stranger, he had the satisfaction of seeing his equipage approach, and, with the assistance of his attendants, the stranger was laid upon one of the seats, with the affectionate Adelia by his side. Lady Emma and her companions both walked, but as Sir Charles thought his presence might be necessary, he chose to accompany the invalids.

In less than half an hour they arrived at the *inn*, if such the wretched habitation might be called. Every thing *within-side* corresponded with the *out* ; and there was but one bedroom

room that had the least appearance of comfort.—“What must be done in this unfortunate situation?” said Sir Charles: “the poor creature is wholly unable to proceed; yet, if we say, there are no accommodations; there are two other sleeping-rooms it is true, but they are scarcely better than a common hay-loft.”

“I would sleep upon the ground to accommodate the poor creature,” replied Lady Emma; “but what can we do with our dear little charge? I should be alarmed at the very idea of her sleeping in the miserable hole you have just described.”

“Oh, mamma, never think about *me*; for I would rather sit up all night

night than keep the *best bed* from the poor sick man !”

“ Charming !” said her ladyship : “ now I not only *love* but *admire* your *sentiments*. Certainly, my love, we are much more able to encounter difficulties than he is, in his present state ; and I should instantly have resolved to resign the bed, only I wished to discover whether you felt towards him the same sensations of compassion as myself.”

The poor creature was accordingly put to bed, and a physician immediately sent for, who declared that his illness had been brought on by fasting and fatigue, more than by any bodily disease. Food and cordials were all that he prescribed ; and in a few

1

hours

hours they had a wonderful effect: these, either Sir Charles or her Ladyship, administered, as there was great danger to be dreaded from his being inclined to take a larger portion than his stomach would digest. The little Adelia watched by the bed-side of her father, with a mixture of hope and fear upon her countenance, and could not be persuaded to quit the spot for the purpose of taking either food or rest.

Though Sir Charles was anxious to pursue his journey, and had business of importance to settle in Hungary, yet no selfish motive could induce him to quit the place until the object of his solicitude was out of danger. His expressions of gratitude were

were warm and affecting; yet there was a degree of *reserve* in his *manner*, which did not correspond with the German character; and though Sir Charles was resolved to relieve his distresses, he determined not to enquire into the cause from whence they flowed.

On the third day after his arrival at the inn, he was so much recovered that Sir Charles mentioned his intention of departing on the following day, and intreated his acceptance of a little pocket-book, in which was inclosed a sufficient sum of money to prevent him from feeling a return of that poverty which had nearly proved so fatal to his existence.

This

This generous mark of friendship and benevolence the stranger received with tears of gratitude, and lamented, that there should be circumstances in his history, which prevented him from treating Sir Charles with candour, but said, that all his misfortunes had arisen from the weak indulgence of his parents, when a child, and the natural extravagance of his own disposition, which had led him into expences which had proved his ruin. Professed himself to be the younger son of a noble family, brought up with notions above his fortune, and thinking it disgraceful to *earn* an honest livelihood.

The little sketch which this unfortunate man had given Sir Charles
Corbet

Corbet of his history, afforded the party subject for conversation, during the remainder of the day, and whilst they lamented the fate of the amiable little Adelia, and admired the force of her filial regard, they could not but condemn the weakness of her father's parents, to whose *false and weak indulgence* he seemed to ascribe his misfortunes.

The Princess, who was all attention to these observations, enquired of her Ladyship, "whether she thought that if the stranger had been often *whipped* when he was a little boy, that he would then have made a very good man?"

"I do not know, my love, that whipping might have had that effect,
for

for I am not fond of that mode of punishment, but I am persuaded, that if his parents had attended to the peculiar *failings* in his disposition, they might have prevented them from becoming *vices*. Suppose, for example, I had not taken pains to cure that unamiable propensity to *pride in your temper*, would you have enjoyed the satisfaction you did, when you resigned your own comfort and convenience to promote that of the unfortunate stranger's? no, surely not, you would have thought him so much *beneath your notice*; that you would not have allowed the idea of his sufferings to interfere with your own gratifications, and you would have been deprived the pleasure

VOL. I. K which

which arises from the consciousness of performing a *good action*."

"But, mamma, if you had known that he had not been a *good man*, would you have nursed him as *kindly* as you did, and have given up *the best bed-room to him*?"

"Most undoubtedly, I should: it was his forlorn situation that interested my feelings, not his *good* or *bad* qualities: and in performing an act of *charity*, my sweet girl, you must never hesitate to reflect whether the person is *deserving of it*.— You see their distress, you have the power of relieving it, and you know it is a duty you are bound to fulfil.— In our conversation we had a few days since, upon the weakness of pride,
I gave

I gave you a curious instance of two German ladies, who had carried it to a most ridiculous excess; but they injured no one by the indulgence of it; but this mistaken man, of whom we are now speaking, has ruined himself, brought his child to beggary, and yet, is too *proud* to earn his own subsistence, because he thinks it would degrade his *rank*".

At this moment, the amiable Adelia entered, and whilst her expressive eyes, filled with tears, attempted to pour forth her grateful feelings:—

"I will love you, and Sir Charles, as long as I live;—Lady Emma," said the lovely girl, "and I will pray for you every *night* and *morning*, for when my father opened the pocket-

book, and saw all the money you had given him, he said you were *angels* sent from *heaven*, and that he should have reason to bless your very name. He has sent me in to say how very *grateful* he is for all your *goodness*, though he cannot tell you what he feels."

"Assure your father, my sweet girl," said her ladyship, "that both Sir Charles and myself have derived much pleasure from the trifling service we have rendered him; and as to yourself, we have been so much delighted at beholding such an amiable instance of duty and affection, in one so young and inexperienced, that not any thing would make us more truly happy than to be able to shew

shew you our regard and esteem, and if ever you want either my friendship or assistance, you will find my direction within that little case."

So saying, she contrived to slip a ten pound note into the case, which contained her cards of address, and presented it with a kiss, to the young Adelia; who, after again repeating her thanks to her generous benefactress, embraced both the Princess and Bangilore, and took leave with a countenance expressive of regret.

"She is a nice little girl, indeed," said the Princess, with a sigh, "and I am very sorry we are going to leave her, for I love her *already*, indeed, I do mamma."

"Every body must love so good
K 3 *a child,*

a child," replied her ladyship, " her conduct to her sick father, was quite delightful ; but of all the duties we are called upon to fulfil, those which we owe our parents ought to be held most sacred."

" Yes, mamma, so it ought ; and if my papa had been as *poor* and *sick* as Adelia's father was, I would have nursed him just as she did. I wonder whether Adelia has a *mother!*" The tears at this moment filled her eyes, and throwing her arms round Lady Emma's, she tried to conceal the emotion she experienced at the idea of the loss of her own.

CHAP. VIII.

A description of the country through which they pass—The Princess is attacked by a violent fever—Arrival of Sir Charles from Buda—They set out in company with the Marquis of Toricelli and family, for Venice—The inhuman disposition of the young Count described.

THE next morning the travellers arose at an early hour for the purpose of proceeding on their journey, and as Sir Charles was thoroughly acquainted with every part of the country, he described the curiosities which each contained. Spa, Pymont, and Aix-la-Chapelle, he informed them

them, were famous for their Baths.—That the circle of Austria, through which they were then travelling, contained mines of silver, quick-silver, copper, tin, iron, lead, sulphur, nitre, and vitriol.—That in Bavaria, and Silesia, there were famous salt mines, and great variety of precious stones.—That Tirol, and Liege, were famous for quarries of the most beautiful marble, and for a number of curious and valuable fossils. But nothing appeared so extraordinary to the Princess, as the wonderful height and extent of the mountains, the tops of which were overspread with snow; whilst their base was covered with verdure, and vegetation.

The weather had hitherto been
soft

soft and genial, but as the autumn approached, the Princess became suddenly indisposed; and as Lady Emma imagined it proceeded from the change of climate, it was resolved that as soon as Sir Charles had completed his business in Hungary, they should either proceed directly to Italy, or else pass the winter in Portugal; conceiving that the climate in either of these countries, would be more likely to agree with her constitution.

On the third day after they had quitted Vienna, the Princess became so extremely ill, that it was thought imprudent for her to proceed; for as the air of Hungary is considered unhealthy, her disease was attributed
to

to that cause. The effect proved very alarming to Lady Emma, who loved her charge with the fondness of a parent; and who could not behold her present situation, without the most distressing fears and apprehensions. An express was instantly sent to Vienna, for the most experienced Physicians in the place; but the fever appeared to conquer all their skill, and no hopes of her recovery remained.

The little Bangilore whose affection had been so much despised, now proved the attachmeet of her disposition, for in spite of Lady Emma's persuasions and intreaties, she never quitted the bed-side, but watched each turn of the disorder
with

with an anxiety that evinced the force of her regard.

To the kindness of her friends, the skill of the physicians, and the uncommon patience with which she endured her sufferings, the recovery of the Princess might be ascribed; for had she either refused taking the medicines which were ordered her, or given way to the slightest degree of petulance, her fever would have increased to such an excessive height, that no human power could have preserved her existence.

Though she had appeared totally insensible to the kindness of her friends during the height of her disease, yet the moment she was capable of expressing her feelings, she

she convinced Lady Emma, that the slightest mark of her attention had not escaped her notice. "Oh, mamma, my dear mama," said she (as Lady Emma was for the first time assisting her to rise), "how shall I ever make you amends for all your care and kindness towards me? Never, no never, will I do any thing that can displease you whilst I live, but I will study day and night what I can do to make you happy!"

"I am amply recompensed for all my trouble, my beloved girl" replied her ladyship, "by seeing your health daily improve; but if your gratitude is called forth, it ought to be directed towards that Being, who has so wonderfully restored you to your anxious friends,

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friends, and raised you from a sickness they feared must have proved mortal!"

"Yes, indeed mamma, I am *very grateful* to God for his *goodness to me*.—And so I am to you, and so I am to my poor Bangilore, though I know I did not *deserve* her *kindness*; but I will never behave ill to her again, that I promise you."

"I am very ready to believe your promises my love, for I have too high an opinion of the natural goodness of your heart, to think it could ever prove ungrateful."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of Sir Charles, who had returned from Buda, some days sooner than Lady Emma thought

it possible for him to have compleated his business.

Though his little favourite was pronounced out of danger, yet he was shocked at observing the alteration which the violence of the fever had made in her person; and after embracing her with all the fondness and affection of a father, he told her he had brought her a very beautiful mouse-coloured horse, which was as gentle as a little lamb, and which she should ride as soon as she was able to venture out. In addition to this present, he had likewise bought her a fur cap, with a gold tassel, that hung down on the left side; and an Hungarian dress made of sable, which was to buckle close to

her shape with pearl buttons, which would answer the purpose of defending her from the cold, and at the same time have an elegant appearance.

“Why, we shall have you attempting to vie with the Hungarian ladies in point of *beauty*,” said Lady Emma, “when you are adorned in their becoming dress.”

“Are they *very beautiful* Sir Charles?” said the Princess. “Indeed they are my love; Hungary is famous for *lovely women*, beautiful horses, excellent tokay, and a remarkable breed of sheep:—but the Hungarians are, in general, an indolent race of people, and have no idea of comfort or convenience, at

least the lower order; for their pigs and poultry, occupy the same apartment with themselves, and they seem to prefer *dirt*, to *cleanliness*."

"Then I am sure you must have spent your time very uncomfortably amongst them" said the Princess. "You are not to suppose that the nobility and gentry, live in that miserable style; but my mind was too anxious about a little girl, of whom I am very fond;" said Sir Charles, tapping the Princess on the cheek, "for me to be *very comfortable*; however I met with a very pleasant Italian family, that are going to pass the winter in Venice, and I have almost promised to join their party, if Lady Emma approves
the

the plan. I expect they will be here to-morrow, and then she will be able to judge whether their society is like to prove an acquisition."

On the following day the party arrived, which consisted of the Marquis and Marchioness de Toricelli, the young Count their son, a boy about thirteen years of age; and his sister, Beatriché, a lovely animated girl, apparently two years younger; the young Count's tutor, and a numerous retinue of attendants.

Both the Marquis and his lady, possessed all that elegance and politeness of manners, for which the Italians are justly celebrated, and therefore their society was a pleasing

addition; but Lady Emma had scarcely been an hour in their company, before she discovered that all their tenderness was lavished upon their son, whilst their attractive daughter seemed not to possess the slightest portion of their affection. This boy, though the idol of his parents, was really destitute of every virtue; he was proud, vain, insolent, and cruel; yet possessed so great a portion of artifice and disguise, that he could easily have imposed upon an undiscerning mind. In addition to these unamiable qualities, he was passionate, unforgiving, and revengeful; and would retain a sense of the slightest affront, until

until an opportunity offered when he could unperceived avenge it.

Such was the character of the despicable boy, with whom the Princess was destined to pass the ensuing winter; but as Lady Emma exposed his vices to her view, she thought that so far from being injured by his society, her own good qualities would rather be increased; and by seeing the effect of wicked propensities, she would be more likely to cherish those which were virtuous. In the society of the lovely Beatriché, she would enjoy both pleasure and advantage; for as she spoke her native language with the greatest purity, the Princess would acquire it without difficulty or labour. Her disposition

disposition was likewise the reverse of her brother's, and though the actions of the one, were likely to prove the enormity of vice; those of the other, would display the attractive charm of virtue.

From these considerations, Lady Emma thought that Sir Charles's proposal might be attended with benefit to her charge, as well as pleasure to themselves; and it was agreed that as soon as the Princess was perfectly recovered, they should take their passage on board the first ship that could offer eligible accommodations, and pass their winter in the capital of the Venetian state.

As nothing material occurred during their voyage to Venice, I shall merely

merely say, that after a very brisk and pleasant passage, the party all arrived at the place of destination, and took possession of a very elegant house, which had been hired for their reception in St. Mark's Place; where we shall for the present leave them, for the purpose of describing the behaviour of the young Count.

Upon his first introduction to the Princess, he appeared so opposite a character to that which he actually possessed, that she was really pleased with the little civilities he paid her, and fancied Lady Emma must either have been prejudiced against him, or had totally mistaken his disposition. A few days convinced

vinced her that her protectress was right; for his conduct to his sister was so tyrannical, and his behaviour to Bangilore so insolent and overbearing, that she could scarcely bear to be in his company for an hour.

If the Princess was disgusted with the overbearing manners of the young Count, she was delighted with the sweetness and affability which was displayed in those of his sister, and as there was a great similarity in their way of thinking, a mutual affection soon took place.

Though Lady Beatriché had always been accustomed to yield to the caprices of her brother, and never presumed to oppose his will; yet when she found herself supported
both

both by Lady Emma and her pupil, she frequently ventured to remonstrate with him upon the injustice of his conduct, and would sometimes carry her resolution so far as to refuse complying with his whims.

This natural and provoked opposition, was always attended with the most melancholy effect; for the Marchioness exasperated by the complaints of her darling son, punished the victim of his anger with the greatest severity.

The inhuman boy not satisfied with the punishment his mother inflicted upon the amiable object of his hatred, resolved likewise to be himself her tormentor; and after studying for some hours how he
could

could best succeed, determined to avenge himself upon her darling Pet. This favourite was a little squirrel, which had been given her by an uncle, a short time before his death; and as she had spent the greatest part of her life with this amiable relation, who had loved her with more than parental fondness, she valued the animal for his sake, and in caressing and fondling it, felt the the liveliest gratification

As one of the punishments which the Marchioness generally inflicted, was that of confining her daughter in a dark room, the little companion of her happier hours, of course, was not permitted to attend her; but was confined within the precincts of his
own

own habitation, until his mistress regained her liberty.

The moment the Count had determined in what manner he should revenge himself upon his amiable sister; he hastened to the spot where her favourite was confined, and under pretence of supplying him with food, unbarred the doors of his little prison; and with a countenance expressive of malice and revenge, ran away with him into the garden.

Bangilore who happened to witness this transaction, felt instantly alarmed for the squirrel's safety; and knowing him to be *incapable of kindness*, concluded he intended the poor animal some harm:—the moment this idea struck her mind, she

resolved if possible, to save its life; and hastily throwing down the work in her hand, she attempted to pursue the inhuman boy.

As both the Marchioness and her son, treated her with the greatest contempt, she was fearful of forcing herself into the latter's presence; but as she concluded that the utmost he would do to provoke his sister, would be to give her little Pet his liberty; she fancied she might be able to watch his motions, and by that means restore him to his mistress's protection. With this idea she crept softly round the garden, alarmed at the rustling of every leaf; knowing that if she was observed by
the

the object of her pursuit, he would never forgive her interference.

After having continued her search for some time without success, she thought she heard the sound of a spade; and drawing towards a small inclosure of trees, she perceived the Count digging a hole, and the squirrel lying *lifeless* by his side.

Horror and compassion checked the powers of speech, and for some moments she remained fixed to the spot, but at length finding it impossible to restrain her emotion; she walked slowly away to prevent herself from being seen.

She had not advanced many paces, when she perceived Lady Emma approaching; and, with her heart full

of the scene she had witnessed, she flew towards her, and told the melancholy tale; though her agitation was so violent, it was with difficulty she could relate it.

Her Ladyship's abhorrence of the inhuman action, was by no means inferior to Bangilore's; but she charged her to conceal what she had witnessed, for fear of bringing some disaster on herself.

“No mine Lady” (said the ingenious girl), “me no keep that wicked boy's secret, me must tell mine Princess how cruel he be. And me tell Misse Dawson, and me tell Misse Carter, and den me no tell nobody else. Only me tell *him* dat me *hate him*, de first time he speak
to

to me; for he be so vicked, and so cruel, me no bear his sight."

"But my dear Bangilore," replied her Ladyship, "I must *insist* upon your not mentioning what you have *seen to any person*, for such a mode of conduct might be fatal to yourself; for though the Italians are an affable and polite set of people, yet they are by nature treacherous, cruel, and revengeful:—they never forgive the slightest injury, and frequently conceal the most violent hatred, under an appearance of friendship and regard; that they may have the better opportunity of destroying the life of those, by whom they conceive themselves to have been injured. The Count Toricelli, though but a

boy

boy in years, appears to me an adult in vice; and was he to know that you had been the means of exposing the cruelty of his conduct, on *you* he would certainly satiate his *revenge*. Yet do not suppose *I* wish to conceal his crime, for be assured I shall make a point of exposing it."

"Oh no, no, no, mine dear, dear Lady!" exclaimed the agitated Bangilore, throwing herself at Lady Emma's feet. "What you spare Bangilore's life, and you lose your own? Oh no, never speak, never tell one word about dat wicked boy, for fear he do some harm to you, mine own dear Lady!"

It was with the utmost difficulty that Lady Emma could compose the
violence

violence of poor Bangilore's agitation, or convince her, that though the Count might be able to do *her* an *injury*, it was out of his power to extend it to one so differently circumstanced as herself; or convince her that no danger was to be apprehended from a boy's resentment.

CHAP. IX.

The disgraceful Effects of Passion displayed in the
Conduct of the Marchioness—Departure for
Naples—Account of Mount Vesuvius;
dreadful Effects of its Eruption—
Story of Ned Davenport.

AS soon as Lady Emma had parted from her poor agitated companion, she turned her footsteps towards the spot where the cruel deed had been committed, and unexpectedly met the object of her aversion; who paid his compliments to her with such an appearance of confusion, that it was evident

evident he had been engaged in some disgraceful action.

“ You seem to be agitated, young gentleman,” said her Ladyship, as the Count hastily past by her, “ has any thing occurred to alarm you ? ”

“ Indeed ma'am I am very much so,” (replied the artful hypocrite) for finding that my sister had incurred the Marchioness's displeasure ; and knowing she would not be at liberty to give her favourite his dinner, I took him out of the cage for the purpose of treating him with some *nuts* ; when the sly fellow escaped my hold, scampered up a tree, and was out of sight in a moment.”

“ And what do you intend doing
to

to regain him?" said her Ladyship, "for your sister's fondness for the little animal is so great, that the loss of him would be a serious affliction. I must assist you in the search, for she is so amiable a girl, I would do any thing to promote her happiness:"—so saying, she turned towards the spot where Bangilore had informed her the poor animal had been executed; which the young Count perceiving, he called her away in a tone that expressed fear and alarm, declaring he then saw him skipping up a tree, in another part of the garden.

As Lady Emma did not think proper to let him *know* that she was *acquainted* with the *inhuman action*

he

he had committed, she obeyed his summons, and ran towards the spot where he pretended to have seen the squirrel; but after some time spent in a fruitless search, they both returned into the house, the one feeling the most sincere concern for Beatriché's misfortune, and the other appearing to be no less interested.

The Marchioness listened to her son's story without the slightest symptom of concern, and after praising his attention to Beatriché's favourite, declared it to have been a greater kindness than she deserved, after having ill-naturedly refused complying with his wishes.

Whilst the Count was inventing a tale to impose upon the credulity of
his

his mother, Lady Emma was reflecting upon the best method she could adopt to detect the falsehood, without appearing concerned in the affair; and after a few moments spent in hesitation, she resolved upon practising the following scheme:—As she could write two or three different kinds of hands, she made a copy of verses upon the squirrel's death, and pasting them upon the tree under which he had been buried, she invited the Marchioness to take an evening walk.

At first they proceeded to an opposite part of the garden to where the luckless animal had met its fate, when Lady Emma, as if by accident, directed her companion's footsteps
to

to the very place, where he had been interred; when turning her eyes towards the gloomy shade, she exclaimed “bless me, signora, what have we here? Have any of your gardeners *turned poets*? Yet I hardly know whether I am sufficient mistress of your language to read the composition before us.”—So saying she drew nearer to the spot, and began perusing the following:—

An EPITAPH upon a Murdered Favorite.

Beneath this deep sequestered shade,
Where gloom and darkness reigns;
Poor Pug his debt of nature paid,
And broke life's brittle chain!

Ah no! *he* did not break the chain,
But an hard-hearted boy;
Whose pleasure springing out of pain,
Determined to destroy—

His

His seeds of life—and with one blow,
His senses all congealed;
And laid the hapless creature low,
Upon this fatal field!

Hard was the faithful creature's lot,
For no attentive friend,
Was near this dark, but chosen spot,
To save him from his end!

Peace to thy hapless murdered manes,
And peace to her—whose tear;
Will fall as tribute to the pains,
Thou hast endured here!

It was with the utmost difficulty that lady Emma could finish the perusal of the lines, as the Marchioness's rage against the author of of them was so violent, that she was almost choaked with passion; and in the heat of her indignation, she declared she would spend half her fortune

tune to discover who had written them.

At that moment one of the under-gardeners approached the spot, when the Marchioness demanded in a tone of fury, who was the last person she had seen near that spot. The man astonished and intimidated at her manner, at first declared he had not seen a creature in that part of the garden for many days; when his mistress repeating the question, and declaring she would part with every servant in the family if they did not assist her in the discovery, the poor fellow submissively intreated her pardon, and informed her he had seen the little black girl peeping under the bushes that very morning.

Without waiting to make any reply, or offering any apology to lady Emma for her rage, she ran, or rather *flew* towards the house, and entering the apartment where the princess and Bangilore were at play; she began most violently to accuse the latter, and insisted upon knowing who had written the paper? and who had pasted it upon the tree?

For some moments Bangilore's terror was so *great*, that it deprived her of the power of speech, and the Marchioness continued repeating her questions, until she had regained some degree of composure. How to behave she was totally at a loss, her benefactress had strictly forbidden her to *acknowledge* what she had

seen;

seen; yet could she *deny* having been in the *garden*? No; that was impossible; that would be telling a palpable *untruth*, and rendering herself unworthy lady Emma's affection.

Thus tortured between the fear of offending, and her love of *truth*; she threw herself on her knees before the Marchioness, intreated she might be punished in whatever way she thought proper, for daring to disobey her commands, but declared she was resolved *not* to answer the questions.

Threats and *intreaties* were alike unavailing; and the Marchioness no longer able to controul her rage, aimed a violent blow at the object

of her resentment, who instantly fell senseless at her feet. The princess alarmed for the safety of her favourite, gave the most shrill and terrifying shriek, which reaching the ears of Lady Emma, brought her to the rescue of her protégé; when the Marchioness, shocked at the violence she had committed, quitted the room without speaking a word.

As poor Bangilore had merely been stunned by the fall, she very soon recovered from the effect, when her ladyship having applauded her conduct, addressed her conversation to her illustrious charge; pointed out the danger of indulging passion, and brought the Marchioness as an instance

instance of its degrading consequences “for” said she “when a woman of rank, like the Marchioness Toricelli, can forget herself so far as to be guilty of such an outrage, how necessary it is for you my love, whose *judgment* of course cannot be so *strong*, to guard yourself against the least approach of passion; and I hope in future, if ever you feel that unamiable sensation taking possession of your mind, that you will reflect upon the scene you have just witnessed.”

“That I will, indeed mamma” replied the princess, “but I hope I shall never see such an other, for you cannot think how she terrified me,

I cannot

I cannot bear that *wicked* Marchioness, and as to the *Count* I really *hate* him, and I shall be very glad when we leave Venice."

"*Hate*, is both an improper, and an inelegant expression, though I am persuaded it is impossible you should *like* him, for I never yet saw a boy of his age, who appeared to possess such a variety of failings. Yet I am surprised at hearing you express a wish to quit Venice, as I thought you wished to stay until the carnival was over: besides, in all our travels, we shall not be likely to see such a number of superb buildings and gardens as those you have beheld in this city; what can be more beautiful

ful than the Rialto? * Or what more magnificent than the residence of the doge? Few structures are to be compared to those of St. Mark, and no country is so abundant in natural productions. Wines, oils, fruits, and flowers, seem to spring from the hand of nature; and so rich and luxurious is the soil, that if the Italians were an industrious or laborious race of people, they might be able to export corn into different countries to a very great amount. The trade which they carry on from the produce of their silk-worms is

* An elegant bridge across the grand canal, composed of one arch only, which is made of marble; on each side of which are shops, or booths, for the purpose of carrying on trade, but which disfigures the beauty of the structure.

very

very great; and their oranges, citrons, lemons, olives, pomegranates, almonds, and raisins, are scarcely to be equalled in any part of the globe. They have likewise mines of gold and silver, but either from the indolence of the inhabitants, or the impurity of the ore; no great advantage is derived from them, It is also a country where the arts and sciences have been brought to the greatest perfection; and the Romans, a people who gave laws to the whole earth, were natives of this rich and fertile land."

"It is a very *beautiful*, but I think it cannot be a happy country," said the princess, "for the *poor* people are so *very poor*, and the rich people

people so *very proud*; that they neither *wish*, or *try* to make them more comfortable, and I am sure when I go back to my own country, I shall never wish to see any Italians there."

"That is rather *ungrateful* I think," replied her ladyship "for I am sure you have been treated both with hospitality and politeness; besides my love, you must not form an unfavourable opinion of the whole body of a people, because you have met with some *unamiable characters*. I once knew an Italian lady, in whose person there seemed to centre all the virtues of her sex, and your young friend Beatriché certainly possesses no common degree of merit."

Oh

Oh yes! Beatriché is a charming girl, and I love her very dearly; but Bangilore told me that you said the Italians were both *cruel* and *vengeful*, and you know it is impossible to love such people."

At this moment Sir Charles entered, and upon Lady Emma's informing him of what had passed between the Marchioness and the amiable little Indian, he proposed that they should immediately begin their tour to Naples; declaring, he did not think it would be safe for Bangilore to remain in the family, after having become an object of the Marchioness's *resentment*.—But, (continued he), "what says my little Princess to the plan? can she consent to
lose

lose the famous sight, or must we stay till after this *great carnival*?

“Oh no, Sir Charles, pray let us go, for Dawson says there is always shocking riots, and that the ladies and gentlemen go about the streets in masquerade—and that there is nothing but noise, music, and confusion: besides she tells me, that it will be nothing more than seeing a number of gondolas in the bay, with a band of musicians on board, who accompany the doge a few miles out to sea, when he drops a ring into it, and then returns.”

“Dawson’s account is very just, I assure you,” replied Sir Charles, “and as you are so indifferent about the sight, I shall order the servants

to make instant preparations for our departure, as I wish to quit Venice in the course of a few days."

As soon as the unfortunate Beatrix was released from her confinement, she heard the melancholy tidings of her favourite's elopement, and as lady Emma did not wish to increase her regret, by informing her of his real fate, she begged the circumstance might remain a secret; though she took an opportunity of letting the Count know, that she was perfectly acquainted with the whole affair.

The loss of her little favorite, was in itself a sufficient mortification to the amiable Italian, but when she found that she was likewise to lose

her friend and companion, she was wholly unable to restrain her grief, and bursting into a flood of tears, she regretted the hour they had ever known each other. Lady Emma entered in the midst of the tender scene, and after endeavouring to console her for the loss of her friend, promised that the princess should write regularly to her, and likewise gave her reason to suppose, they should see each other again in the course of a few months.

If Beatriché was grieved at the thoughts of lady Emma's departure, her brother was most heartily rejoiced at it; as the Marchioness had told him, that though her ladyship had appeared ignorant of the affair,

she had no doubt of her being the author of the lines, though she did not choose to mention the subject, feeling how much she had degraded herself by the violence of her conduct to Bangilore.

Though the country through which they travelled was extremely beautiful and picturesque, yet the inns were so uncomfortable, and the accommodations so bad, that the travellers were heartily tired of their journey, long before they arrived at Naples. From the want of a little cleanliness and care, the inns abound with every kind of vermin, and the beds are so full of bugs and fleas, that it is impossible to enjoy the blessing of repose.

As

As they approached the city of Naples, they stopped to admire the surrounding scene, when their attention was withdrawn from the objects at which they were gazing, and placed upon two still more interesting ; a boy, apparently about twelve years of age, was tottering down a precipice, with another upon his back, much stouter and bigger than himself ; and, though the path he trod was both steep and slippery, he appeared more solicitous for his safety than his own. At the end of every five or six paces he stopped, turned his head, and seemed to be enquiring after the welfare of his burden, then proceeded on his way with extreme caution, and at length reach-

ed the spot where the carriages were waiting.

“My little friend,” said Sir Charles, speaking to him in his native language, “your burden seems too great for your strength, and I was fearful it would not have supported you under it: Is your companion *sick* or *lame*? and to what place are you going to convey him?”

The boy paused a few moments to recover his breath, then looking round for a convenient place on which he might repose his afflicted load, he knelt softly down upon the grass, and slipping his companion from his shoulders, made the following reply to Sir Charles’s enquiries:

“When the heart’s *willing* the
strength’s

strength's *great*, you know, seignior; and I am sure, if I was not willing to suffer a little fatigue for the sake of such a brother as my poor Borneo, I had better have been buried in the ruins with my parents. You must know, seignior," continued the boy, whilst his eyes filled with tears at the recollection, "that my father and mother dwelt in a little cottage in a beautiful valley near mount Vesuvius, and from the grapes which their vineyard produced, made the best wines in the whole country. My father had likewise a small flock of sheep, and from the sale of those, and his wine, contrived to earn a comfortable subsistence. In short, seignior, we were one of the happiest

est

est families within twenty miles of Naples ;—our parents seemed to doat upon us, and we had no pleasure so great as being dutiful to them ; and as to my brother, whom you see in that forlorn situation, he was the joy and delight of their hearts. And now I come to the shocking part of my story :—You must know, seignor, that our house was situated at the foot of mount Vesuvius ; my father had lived in it eighteen years, without suffering any inconvenience from that mountain :—we were just as easy and contented in our minds as if we had lived an hundred miles from danger. One morning, about a month ago, my father desired me to go after some sheep, which had
strayed

strayed beyond their usual haunts ; and I had left the house a quarter of an hour, when a sudden gloom overspread the sky, and turning my head towards Vesuvius, I could scarcely see it for the clouds of smoke, which were soon succeeded by a blueish flame. Though I had often seen slight eruptions, I had never beheld any that alarmed me, but this called forth a thousand fears, and I instantly pursued my way home. By this time the cloud of smoke had vanished, and I saw the pumice stones rolling towards our cottage ; yet when I arrived within its view, alas ! seignior, it was hid from my sight by the lava and stones, which had overwhelmed it. I called to my father, I shouted

forth

forth my mother's name ; I implored my brother to have pity on my sufferings, but my complaints were unanswered, and my tears unheeded ! At length I perceived a neighbour approaching, whose cottage had shared the fate of my father's ; and as the mountain had, by that time, ceased to vomit forth flames, we resolved to try and remove the stones. By the assistance of some labourers, we obtained our end, but my father and mother both had perished ! My dear Borneo was still alive, though completely crippled by this misfortune ; and knowing that our mother's parents were living at Naples, I resolved to try and convey him to them, as I have neither money or means to support

support him, though I would work like a slave could I make his life but easy."

"You are a noble boy," said Sir Charles, calling to the servant to open the carriage door, "and I will spare you the pain of further fatigue, by assisting you to remove your unfortunate brother into the coach with my servants. When we arrive at Naples, I will call upon your grandfather, and if he is not in a situation to take care of your brother, I will promise to be the protector of both."

The Princess had listened to the preceding conversation, with a mixture of pity and surprise, and as soon as Sir Charles was re-seated in the carriage, enquired what kind of a
place

place Vesuvius was, and what occasioned the smoke and flame.

“Vesuvius” replied Sir Charles, “is an immense mountain, or volcano, the interior of which is composed of inflammable materials, that occasionally take fire and burst from the top in a most dreadful and alarming manner, overturning and destroying whatever comes in its way, and sometimes burying towns and villages; but the eruption, by which those poor boys have suffered, appears to have been very trifling, as it only lasted a short period, and merely overwhelmed theirs and their neighbour’s house.”

“There is something” said Lady Emma, “in the very countenance of
that

that boy, which must interest the most unfeeling in his favour; and his conduct to his brother is so truly charming, that I hope Sir Charles you will always be his friend, whether his grandfather is or is not. There is a slight resemblance between him and Ned Davenport, and I think he seems to be equally amiable."

"Who was Ned Davenport?" enquired the Princess. "Ned Davenport" replied her ladyship, "was the son of a labouring man in Yorkshire, who lived at a small distance from Sir Charles's estate; his family was large, but his means small, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could earn sufficient for their subsistence. On the day that his elder

son had compleated his thirteenth year, and his second had just entered into it; he was fortunate enough to establish them in a farmer's family, and by that means lessened the expences of his house.

“ Though Ned and his brother Frank, were of very opposite dispositions, yet they had always been remarked for the strength of their regard; and though Frank was completely lazy and idle, yet with the help of Ned, he got through his work, and his master had seldom any reason to complain.

“ *Pride*, though often the bane of *prosperity*, seldom finds a place where adversity is stationed; but Frank, in addition to many other ill qualities,

qualities, had encouraged the growth of this tormenting passion. An old woman long resident in the village, had informed him he was related to a man of *property*, whose estates, of necessity, must devolve to *his father*, whenever death deprived him of the enjoyment of them. Frank was continually *boasting* of this *relationship*, and declaring he should one day become a *gentleman*; though his father laughed at the old woman's tale, and protested he had not a rich relation in the world:—but his son treasured up the intelligence in his mind, and became as haughty as he was *idle*.—
Am *I* to become a farmer's *slave*, (he would say) who knows I am born to be a *gentleman*! No, let him
P 2 take

take care of the sheep himself, for I shall not take any trouble about them. Ned, however, supplied his place; and whilst Frank was sleeping under a hedge, he would be driving them into different pastures.

“The death of their father soon after their establishment at the farmer’s, reduced their mother to a state of wretchedness; and instead of Frank’s trying to contribute to her support, he daily became more indolent. Ned laboured with unceasing application, performed the greatest part of his brother’s business; and every Sunday morning carried his earning’s to his mother.

“About six weeks after the death of poor Davenport, as his elder son
was

was industriously driving the plough, whilst the younger was walking indolently by his side, instead of attending to the sheep which had been committed to his care; they were civilly accosted by a gentleman on horseback, who requested to be directed to the cottage of one *Davenport*, for (said he) I have some *excellent news* for the worthy fellow.

“ Would to Heaven you could have brought it a few month’s *sooner* sir, replied Ned, at the same time taking off his hat, and bowing respectfully to the stranger; for my poor father is *not alive* to hear it! but my mother, (continued he) my poor mother, wants *good news* indeed.—So, pray sir, be so good as to

turn down the lane on your left-hand, and her house is the first you will see upon the green.

“The news, said the stranger, will more immediately concern her *elder son*, than *herself*; for as your father is dead, he is the person that will derive advantage from it, as he is entitled to the estates of his late relation, and comes into the possession of near a *thousand a year*.”

“*A thousand a year!* exclaimed Frank, with a countenance expressive of emotion and surprise, and pray, sir, how much are the *younger children* to have? for I suppose my brother is not to *possess all*.”

“Not any thing, replied the stranger; the fortune is not a bequest
from

from the late Mr. Davenport, but descends to the nearest male relation, and as your father unfortunately cannot enjoy it, of course it belongs to his eldest son.

“A fine thing it is to be an *eldest son!* said Frank, in a tone of anger and vexation; and so whilst I shall be forced to work my fingers to the bone, he is to become a *fine gentleman.*

“No my dear Frank, replied the generous youth, clapping his brother affectionately on the back, never shall *that* be said of Ned Davenport. Come, cheer up, continued he, observing the tears trickle down Frank’s cheeks, and e’en *take the money.*—
I *love* work, you *hate* it, so only
promise

promise to make my mother happy, and then this gentleman shall see its a fair bargain.

“ Noble boy! exclaimed the stranger,—what a charming instance of disinterested affection! But my generous fellow, (continued he) it is not possible for you to make an *illegal sacrifice*—the estate which so unexpectedly falls into your hands is, by the *laws* of the *country*, entailed upon your children; and, until you are old enough to undertake the management of it, appoints a guardian over your actions.”

“ Why, sir, replied the disappointed boy, you know that Esau *sold* his birth-right, and if I have a
mind

mind to *give away* mine, who has a right to prevent me?

“They were at this moment joined by the clergyman of the parish, for whom Ned had always felt the highest degree of respect, and whose opinion he conceived to be superior to all the *laws in England*. To him therefore he instantly applied, and when he found that his sentiments concurred with those of the stranger: he burst into a flood of tears, declaring he had rather have spent his life in poverty, than to have possessed a fortune his brother might not share.”

“The rector soon convinced him that such a declaration must appear *ungrateful* in the eyes of *Heaven*; and told him, that though he could

not

not give away the estate, he would have the power of promoting the happiness of his relations:—that his mother might end her days in peace and competency, and his brother share the blessings she enjoyed.

“ This intelligence animated every feature, and after assuring his brother he should become a *gentleman*, he flew to the abode of his widowed parent, and after embracing her with a warmth of filial affection, he assured her she should have no farther cause to grieve. I have money enough (said he) to make us *all happy*, and whilst I, my dearest mother, have a guinea in my pocket, half of it, at least, shall always be your own.

By this time the travellers had
reached

reached Naples, and as soon as Sir Charles had accommodated his family with apartments proper for persons of their rank, he accompanied the Italians to the house of their grandfather, who received them with the utmost affection and kindness; and whilst he wept at the loss of a beloved child, he resolved to transfer his regard to her offspring.

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY J. CUNDEE,
Ivy - Lane, Newgate - Street.

161
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Printed by G. G. Wood
at the Press of the University of Cambridge

Henry Lee

THE
ASIATIC PRINCESS.

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THE
ASIATIC PRINCESS.

Dedicated, by Permission,

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.



BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

VOL. II.

London:
PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, IN THE
POULTRY;

AND E. NEWBERRY, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH - YARD;

By J. Cundee, Ivy - Lane.

1800.

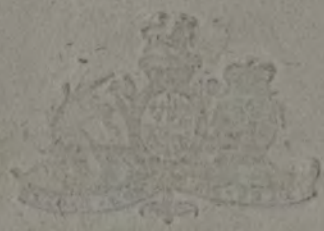
ASIANIC PRINCIPLES

Translated by

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THE ROYAL INSTITUTE

OF GREAT BRITAIN



PRINTED BY

VOL. II

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HODGKIN

AND THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

PRINTERS, LONDON

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CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

	PAGE.
DESCRIPTION of Naples and its Productions—Ingratitude in a Neapolitan—The Parties set out for Spain—Sardinia and Mount Ætna described—Their Arrival at Madrid	1

CHAP. II.

Story of Peggy Pocock—The Princess's and Lady Emma's Reflections thereon—Departure of Sir Charles for the Pyrenean Mountains—A Moorish Tale	36
---	----

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

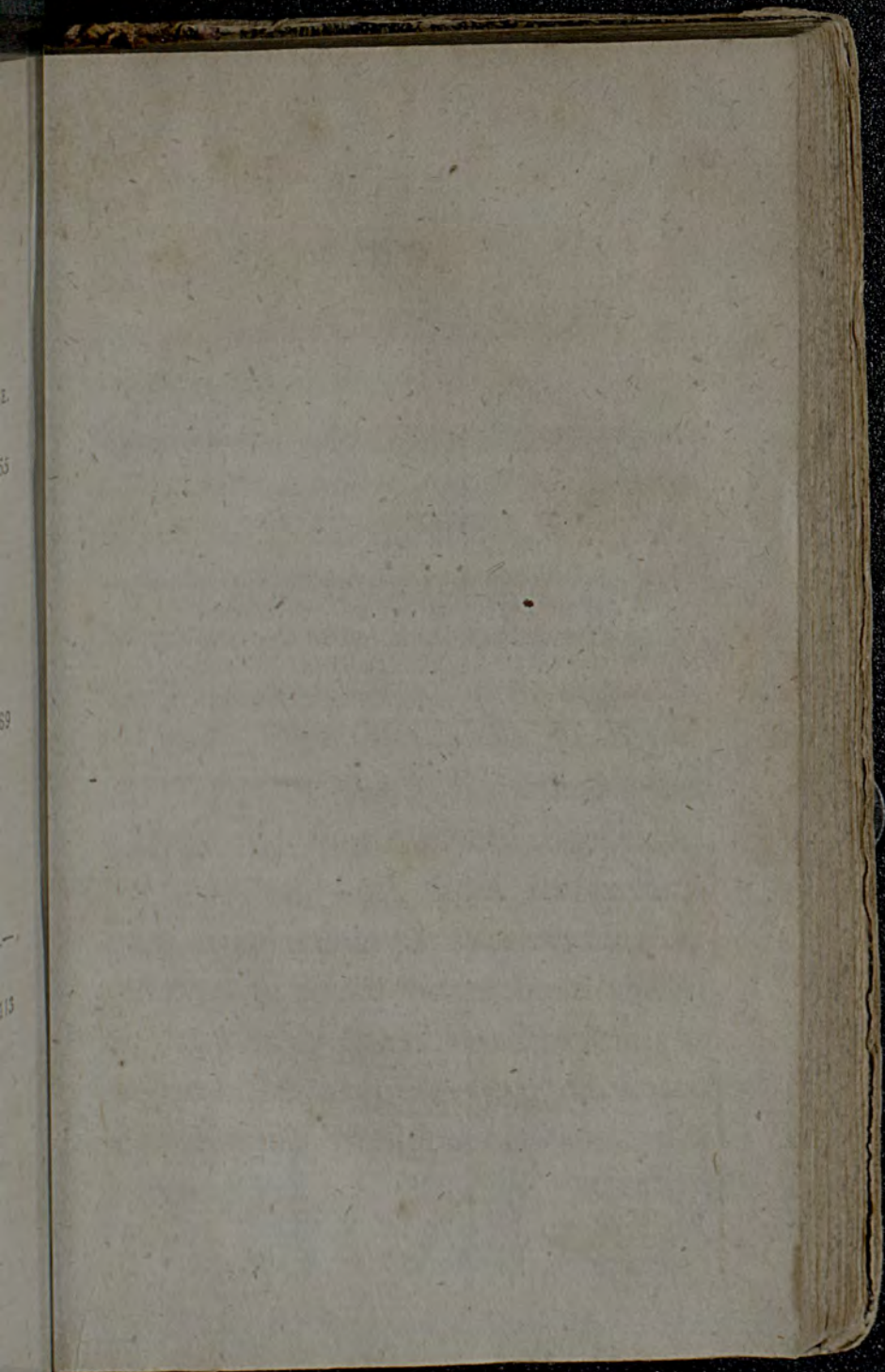
	PAGE.
Story of Don Galicia.—Sir Charles returns from the Pyrenees, which he describes - - - -	65

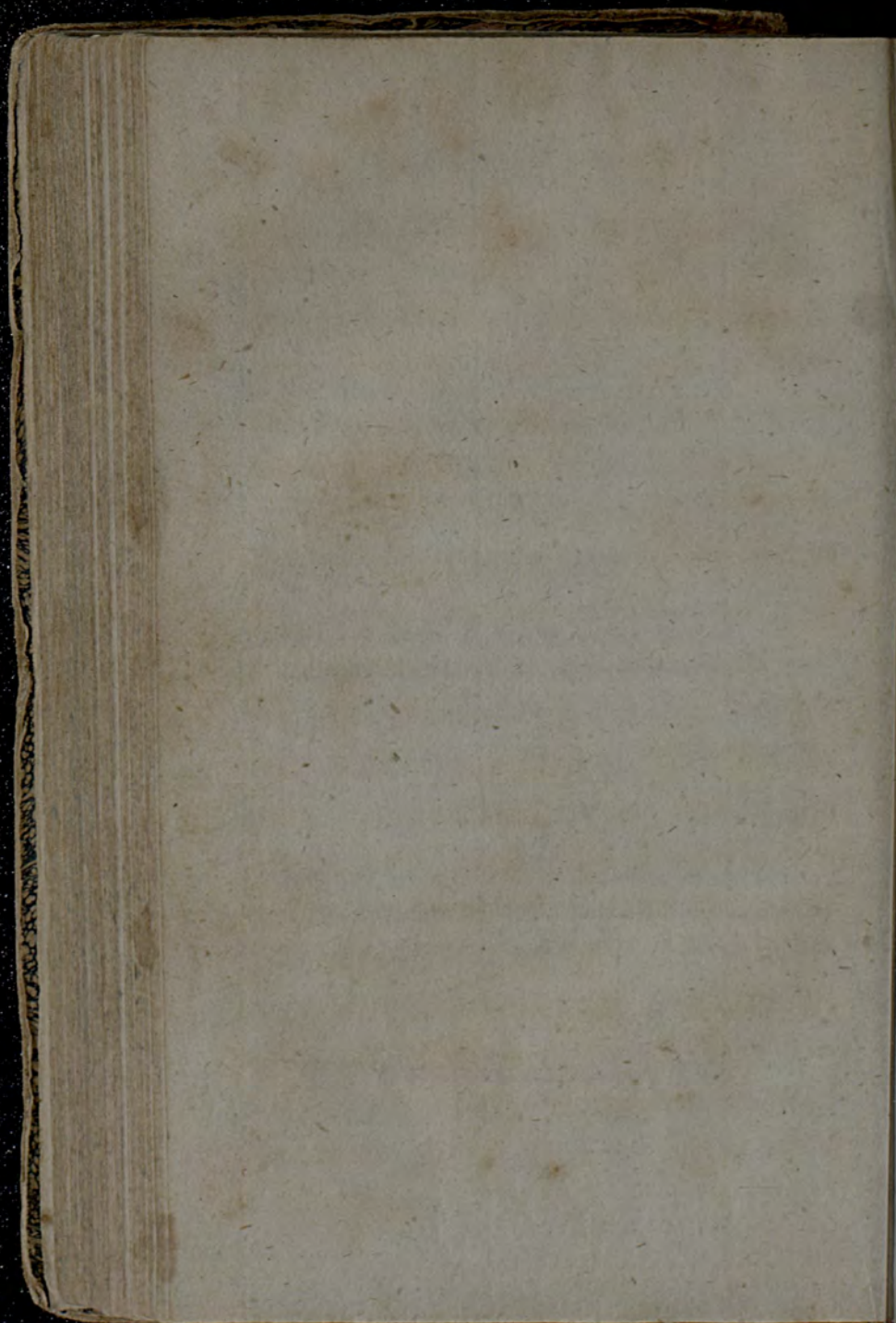
CHAP. IV.

The Family arrive at Lisbon—The Hospital described, and the productions of Portugal -	89
--	----

CHAP. V.

Poland, and other northern Countries described.— Story of Christina and Segismunda.—The Family arrive in England.—Conclusion - - - -	113
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ASIATIC PRINCESS.

CHAP. I.

Description of Naples and its Productions—Ingratitude
in a Neapolitan—The Parties set out for Spain—
Sardinia and Mount *Ætna* described—Their
Arrival at Madrid.

THOUGH Naples is allowed to be
one of the most beautiful spots in
the creation, both from its natural
and artificial charms; yet Sir Charles
resolved to spend but a short time in
it, from an apprehension that it might
become the theatre of war, on which
the French would erect their de-

structive principles. The bay is allowed to be the finest in the world, and the city is certainly both superb and elegant, adorned with all that can make it inviting; yet its near connection with Mount Vesuvius renders it by no means a desirable abode. Another inconvenience under which the Neapolitans labour, is, of little less alarming consequence; for the country abounds with such numbers of *noxious reptiles*, that in the heat of the summer, they are much to be dreaded. Lizards and scorpions are found in such abundance, that they seem in some degree to overspread the country; and the tarantula (a species of the spider) the bite of which is extremely dangerous, secretes

secretes itself in the crevices of their houses.

The Neapolitan nobility are extremely fond of shew and parade, they generally spend part of their lives in retirement, for the purpose of saving their property to squander it away at Naples. The clergy possess an immense revenue, and the most commodious convents in Europe, are doubtless to be found within the city walls.

Upon the Princess's arrival at this lovely place, she appeared extremely hurt by the number of miserable Lazaroni's which absolutely croud, and infest the streets; and when she was told there were near thirty thousand of these poor wretches, who

B 2

subsisted

subsisted in a great measure upon the charity of the inhabitants, or by carrying burdens to different parts of the city; her heart sympathized in their misfortunes, and she blessed God for having spared her from such a lot, and expressed the utmost thankfulness at her own situation.

“Through the country we have lately travelled” said Lady Emma, “you have had an opportunity of beholding an excess of wretchedness, and I trust, my love, when you return to your own, you will derive from it a very *useful lesson*. Princes, in general, are so totally ignorant of the distresses of their subjects, that it is not to be expected they should feel anxious to relieve them:—but from

you,

you, who have so frequently witnessed misfortune, and know that the poor must be dependent upon the rich, great exertions in their favour ought to be expected!"

"Oh, you shall see mamma, how happy they will be! Sir Charles says I must try to make them *industrious*, and must take over people to teach them different trades."

"Sir Charles is very right in the advice he gives you, my love," replied her Ladyship, "and you must likewise recollect the climates of the different countries through which you pass, and draw a comparison between them, and that of your own:—The air of Naples, for example, is extremely warm, and perhaps what this

soil produces would flourish equally in Siam; the exports from hence consist of oil, wine, cheese, honey, manna, flax, cotton, silk, hemp, saffron, capers, salt, fish, macaroni, anniseeds, and various kinds of gum; and in all probability the greater number of these articles, might be cultivated with advantage in your own country."

Sir Charles's entrance put a stop to the conversation, as he informed them it was time to dress for the Opera, as it would begin at an early hour.

The Princess was delighted at the evening's entertainment, as she had never seen any thing of the kind before, and intreated that Bangilore might

might have the pleasure of accompanying them the next time they went to the house.

“Bangilore shall go with Dawson, my love,” replied her Ladyship, “for though she is one of the most amiable children in the world, and a very nice companion for you at home, yet custom has introduced distinction into society; and those who were unacquainted with her intrinsic virtues, might think I permitted you to associate with a vulgar mind: yet I am delighted with you for studying her gratification, and shall take care to let her know to whom she is indebted for the treat.”

“I am sure she always does every thing to make me happy ma’am, and
it

it would be very ungrateful in me not to make some return for it: besides I often think how ill I used to treat her, and then I am always puzzling to know how I can make her a recompence—but I believe she has quite forgot my *unkindness*, for she never once named it to me.”

“She perceives by your conduct, that you are sorry for what is past, and she is too kind and generous to remind you of it; a liberal mind scorns to give pain, and always tries to forget injuries.”

Again Sir Charles interrupted the discourse by introducing the two Italian boys, the elder of whom was no longer supported by his brother,

but

but walked with ease by the assistance of a stick.

“I am come sir” said Borneo, bowing respectfully to Sir Charles, “to return thanks for your humanity and kindness to me; it is the first day I have been suffered to go out, or I should have taken an earlier opportunity of expressing my gratitude.”

“Yes, seignor, that he would,” exclaimed the young Remini, “for we have often talked of your kindness; and I am sure he owes his *limbs*, if not his *life*, to you, for I do not think I could have carried him a mile further; and the doctor said, when he first saw the bruises, it was a great blessing they had not mortified.”

Sir Charles was delighted at this
proof

proof of gratitude, and after inviting them to dine with his servants, made them both a handsome present, desiring them to cherish that fraternal affection which made them so interesting in his sight."

One morning as the Princess and Lady Emma were returning from visiting some of the principal convents in the city, they were accosted by a young man, at one of the gates, who besought them to compassionate his forlorn situation, and give him a trifle to buy food.

Though his appearance bespoke the most abject wretchedness, yet his address and language were like those of a gentleman. Lady Emma's heart sympathized in his affliction, and
looking

looking upon him with an eye of pity and compassion, she generously supplied all his wants.

“Gracious Heaven!” said the forlorn stranger, gazing at the sun with an astonished eye, “can such bounty be intended for a wretch like me?” then striking his forehead as if impressed by remorse, he darted forward and was out of sight.

They had not proceeded many yards, when they were overtaken by the officers of justice, who after describing the person of the unfortunate mendicant, demanded of her Ladyship whether she had seen him; declaring it would be an act of common justice to assist them in securing so abandoned an offender. They then informed

formed her, that he was the son of one of the Marquis de Torredo's domestics, who had been taken into the family when quite a child, to play with, and amuse the young heir, who soon became so extremely attached to his companion, that he never suffered him to be out of his sight: that he was rather treated as an *equal*, than an *inferior*, and so great was the sway he obtained over the young Count's mind, that he seemed to guide his very thoughts. Time, however discovered his true character; which was subtile, treacherous, hypocritical, and overbearing; and soon after the death of the old Marquis, the young one, requested him to leave the house, at
the

the same time gave him a sufficient sum to prevent him from experiencing either poverty or distress.

Enraged at being driven from so elegant an abode, and agonized at having his artifice detected; every act of friendship was instantly forgotten, and he considered his benefactor as his greatest foe.

Retiring from the scene of former pleasures, with sensations of hatred and revenge, he in private nourished these baneful passions, until they subdued every virtuous principle, and at length induced him to murder his friend! Twelve months are now elapsed since the dreadful deed, and no traces could be found to discover its author, until a letter a

short time since was written to his father, which accidentally fell into other hands, and disclosed the whole of the iniquitous tale. In the letter he described himself as the most wretched of human beings, said the *burden* of his *crimes* were *greater* than he *could bear*, and declared that unless his father could assist him, he must certainly perish merely from *want*, as he was fearful of attempting to earn a livelihood, and had spent the little money he took with him in his flight.

“Oh, what a shocking wicked man,” exclaimed the Princess, “to kill the friend who had always been so kind to him!”

“*Wicked* indeed,” replied her Ladyship,

Ladyship, “ but when once *hatred* and *revenge* take possession of an Italian’s mind, no earthly tie can restrain, or bind them; *kindness* is forgotten, *friendship* obliterated, and virtue herself is buried in their grave. By this time they had reached the Stradi de Toledo,* where Sir Charles had hired a spacious house; and found him in conversation with a trading Captain, with whom he intended to make a voyage to Spain, and who was to set sail in the course of a few days; a circumstance not displeasing to any of the party, as they had seen whatever was curious in the place.

* The most beautiful street in Naples.

As the Princess had become an excellent sailor, and was never incommoded by sea-sickness, she was highly delighted with the scenes which were presented upon every view of the Mediterranean shores.—The first Island they passed was that of Sardinia, which Sir Charles informed her was generally considered as very unhealthy, though the soil was fertile, and produced wine, oranges, citrons, and olives, in abundance—that their sheep and cattle were very numerous; that they had mines of silver, lead, and alum, and a famous fishery for anchovies.

“ But you have not told me about *Ætna*, Sir Charles; I thought, you
said

said that it was situated in Sardinia?" said the Princess.

"No my love, I informed you that Sicily was the island on which that is placed, but it would have been out of our way to visit the spot; and as it is the time when they are incommoded with the *Siroc winds*, I believe we are better at a distance from the country."

"What are the *Siroc winds*," said the Princess, "for I never heard such an odd word in my life."

"They are winds which blow from the South East, and from passing over the immense plains of Africa, become so heated by the intensity of that air, that they acquire a quality both oppressive and

unhealthy; and instead of the Sicilians being refreshed by a breeze, they avoid it as carefully as they would the plague. They are likewise subject to alarm from the eruptions of Mount *Ætna*; and in the year sixteen hundred and ninety three, the city of *Cutania* was swallowed up by an earthquake, and eighteen thousand persons perished."

"Well, I am sure I am glad I am not going to Sicily," said the Princess, "for they have winds that make the people sick—a mountain that pours down fire upon them;—and are liable to earthquakes, which swallows them up!"

"And yet my love" replied her Ladyship, "its inhabitants might
not

not chuse to change situations either with *you*, or myself; for providence kindly implants in every bosom a love of the country to which it owes its birth; and even the miserable inhabitants of *Lapland*, who are destitute of every comfort and convenience, are so strongly attached to their inhospitable shores, that when absent from them, they are said to die with grief."

"Shall we go to Lapland?" "No that we shall *not* my dear girl, for the sudden change of climate from excessive heat to *intense* cold, would certainly prove fatal to your constitution; for the weather in that country is so extremely severe, that it is no uncommon thing for the lips to freeze
to

to the cup whilst the person is in the act of drinking. In short, they have not a single comfort in life but what they derive from the rein-deer, which serves them for meat, drink, and cloathing, and carries them with rapidity over whole islands of ice.

“Why” said Sir Charles, smiling at her ladyship, “you are enough to chill all the blood in our little traveller’s veins, by the very description of such an ungenial soil; and I declare she looks half petrified already. “Come,” continued he, “let us go upon deck, and I will shew you a nice swing, which I have just contrived.”

Pleased and delighted at Sir Charles’s proposal, she instantly followed him upon the deck, and was

so completely charmed by this new amusement, that she could scarcely be persuaded to quit her seat, until Lady Emma, fearful that she should take cold, begged that Bangilore might likewise enjoy the pleasure.

Bangilore had scarcely been placed in the seat, and desired to take a secure hold, when, her attention being caught by some other object, she forgot the caution, fell to the ground, and struck her forehead against an anchor; the blood instantly gushed from the wound, and the Princess, who believed her favorite was killed, refused either to be consoled or pacified. The surgeon immediately examined the head, and assured her ladyship no danger was

to

to be apprehended, and declared, that the *faintness* which appeared so much like *death*, was merely the effect of the violence of the blow, and was neither uncommon, or alarming.

A quarter of an hour elapsed without the poor child's shewing any signs of life; at length she drew a deep sigh, and in a faint tone said, "how glad I am it did not happen to the Princess!"

"Amiable girl!" replied her ladyship, "there never was so disinterested a mind! Who," continued she, turning to the surgeon, who was binding up the wound, "that heard *that speech*, could be illiberal enough

enough to think that *virtue* depended upon the *colour of the skin?*"

" Ah, madam ! who indeed ?" answered the surgeon ; " but if you had witnessed as many noble actions as have come within my knowledge, you would say, that if *virtue* was attached to any *particular colour*, it must be that of the *sable hue*. He then ordered his patient to be put to bed, and desired that no one should be permitted to talk to her.

This command was a great grief to the Princess, who was continually creeping to the bed-side, in the hope of hearing the tone of a voice which would have sounded like music in her ears, but the blow had so completely stupified her senses, that she did

did not feel any inclination to speak. The next morning, however, she was much better, and was permitted to speak a few words to her friends, and in less than a week from the time of the accident, was able to appear again upon the deck.

Nothing material occurred during the remainder of the voyage; and after passing the islands of Minorca and Majorca, they landed in Valencia, a province in Spain.

As Sir Charles had letters of recommendation to the English Ambassador at Madrid, he staid no longer at Valencia than merely to visit the manufactures of the place, the one of which consisted of woollen, and the other of silk clothing.

The

The country through which they passed, was neither beautiful or picturesque, owing to the indolence and inactivity of its inhabitants ; and though it formerly yielded an abundance of corn, yet it now produces but a moderate quantity, in consequence of their not chusing to be at the pains of cultivating it, though the soil is naturally rich and productive. Oranges, lemons, almonds, raisins, figs, citrons, prunes, and grapes, appear to grow without art or culture ; and Malaga, Sack, and Sherry wines, are a principal article of their trade and commerce.

Their sheep-walks are extensive, beautiful, and advantageous ; and the wool which is produced from

this single article, amounts annually to an immense sum. Their honey is likewise peculiarly excellent, owing to the variety of aromatic herbs; in short, no country would become more rich in natural productions, if pains were taken to cultivate their growth. They have several mines of gold and silver, but the importation of those articles from their settlements in America, renders it unnecessary to apply them to any use. The iron is allowed superior to that of any other country; and they have likewise quicksilver, copper, and lead.

The Spaniards, though proud, are remarkable for their fidelity, and would die rather than betray a trust;

but

but they are imperious and cruel in their dispositions, and, like the Italians, never forgive an injury. Their manners are cold, reserved, and stately, and by no means pleasing or prepossessing to strangers; they are so ridiculously vain of *birth* and *titles*, that they seem to think those who do not possess them unworthy of the least attention.

The absolute forests of mulberry-trees, with which different parts of the country abounds, give these spots a peculiar and striking appearance, as the silk-worms suspend their labours from the different branches, and seem like so many little golden balls, and the Princess could scarcely believe they were not so in reality.

Upon their arrival at Madrid, Sir Charles found it difficult to procure accommodations; for the Spaniards are so suspicious of all strangers, that comfortable lodgings are very scarce; and had not the English ambassador invited them to his house, in all probability they would not have succeeded in their research.

As the ambassador was acquainted with most of the Nobility, her Ladyship was soon introduced into the first circles, and the Princess was treated with the most marked attention, as soon as it was known that she was of *royal blood*. Amongst the number of families with whom they became intimate, none was so high in Lady Emma's favour as that of a nobleman
of

of the name of Sebastian, whose lady possessed none of that *haughtiness* and *reserve* which is so unamiable a trait in the Spanish character. She had spent the earlier part of her life in one of the cantons of Switzerland, and had imbibed so much of their pleasing qualities, that it was scarcely possible to believe she could be a Spaniard. Her daughter, Donna Almaraz de Plazencia, a girl about twelve years of age, was of a temper so entirely opposite to that of her mother, that no stranger would have supposed she could have been her child. She was proud, vain, and overbearing, and treated those beneath her with insolence and contempt; though to those whom she thought *greater* than her

self, she was studiously civil, and distantly polite.

As the Princess was rather indisposed upon her first arrival, her ladyship did not suffer her to go out of doors; and though Donna Almarez had been informed of her *rank*, she was totally unacquainted with the colour of her skin; going with her mother to call upon Lady Emma, she treated the Princess with the most insolent contempt.

Her ladyship happened to be at that time dressing, and the Princess was standing in the balcony of the room in which Donna Sebastian and her daughter were ushered. Seeing two strangers enter and seat themselves, the Princess soon followed their
example,

example, and curtesying to both with ease and politeness, addressed her discourse to Donna Almarez.

“Does her ladyship know that you are here, ma’am?” said she in the best Spanish she was capable of speaking; “or shall I ring and desire the servant to say that two ladies are waiting to see her?”

To this polite and attentive question Donna Almarez made no reply; but turning her back directly to the Princess, muttered something about *impertinence* and *rudeness*.

Shocked at treatment so *new* and *unexpected*, it was with difficulty the Princess could restrain her tears; and the moment Lady Emma entered the room, she perceived that something had

had occurred to vex her. "What has happened to make you uneasy, my Princess?" said she, in a tone of affection and kindness; "I left you with a countenance drest in smiles, and find you the very picture of misery and sorrow."

"*Princess!*" uttered Donna Almarez in a low, but astonished tone of voice, at the same time casting her eyes upon her dress, which was nothing more than a fine muslin frock, made after the English fashion.

"Yes, Donna Almarez," replied her ladyship, who spoke the Spanish language with the greatest fluency: "this is the princess whom you heard me mention:" then taking both her and Donna Sebastian by the hand, she

she introduced them separately to her charge.

Donna Almarez was covered with confusion, and it was with difficulty she could articulate a word; at length she began stammering out an apology for the rudeness and mistake of which she had been guilty, but the princess had too lively a sense of the injury she had received to attempt appearing in good humour, and made no reply to her studied speech.

As soon as they were gone, she burst into tears, and related what had passed to her affectionate friend, who intreated her not to let so trifling a thing vex her, as conduct like that was below contempt.—“ Besides,” said her ladyship, “ I am convinced
that

that Donna Almarez is severely punished. She was absolutely impatient to be introduced to you, for the sake of being acquainted with an *Asiatic Princess*, and I suppose had depicted you covered with gold and diamonds, and to those baubles, she would have been led to pay respect."

"I wish I was any body rather than who *I am*," exclaimed the Princess in a tone of *discontent* and *peevishness*; "for then people would love me for *myself*, and not because I was a *Princess*."

"No creature was ever loved because they were *elevated*, my dear" replied her Ladyship, "they may be *courted*, and *flattered*, from that circumstance ;

circumstance; but a Princess has the power of gaining the affections more than any other human being; therefore pray do not repine at the advantage you possess, but endeavour to make a proper use of it. I will tell you a story (continued her Ladyship) which I think an excellent lesson to the dissatisfied, and discontented; and as it is drawn from humble life, proves that contentment is derived from true *greatness of mind*, and receives no advantage from refinement and education.

CHAP,

CHAP. II.

Story of Peggy Pocock—The Princess's and
Lady Emma's Reflections thereon—

Departure of Sir Charles for
the Pyrenean Mountains—

A Moorish Tale.

LED by the fineness of a summer-evening, beyond the grounds of a gentleman to whom we were at that time upon a visit, my attention was drawn from the beauty of the prospects by the sudden appearance of a country girl, who had just crossed
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ed an opposite field, and was descending from a stile as I approached it. She appeared to be about fourteen, and possessed one of those interesting countenances it is impossible to look at with *indifference*; a tear was at that moment trickling down her cheek, which she endeavoured to conceal from my observation, and dropping a courtesy as she passed, was hurrying from me with an eager step.

“Why in such haste, my good girl?” said I, “has any thing happened to alarm your feelings? you have been weeping, let me know the cause, for I am always ready to pity the unhappy.” At that moment I saw an ox approaching, which

seemed to have been made furious by its inhuman drivers ; and, without waiting for the girl's reply, I hastily sprang over the stile, desiring her to follow my example. Whether she did not hear my voice, or, thought *flight* the most likely means of *safety*, it is not in my power to say, but I saw her run across the green and soon enter a small house. As soon as the object of my terror had passed the stile, and I thought myself secure from danger, I quitted the spot where I had been stationed, and walked towards the cottage I had seen her enter. As the door of the humble dwelling was not quite closed, I had an opportunity of looking in, without being observed, and

saw

saw my little rustic hanging over a middle aged woman, who appeared absolutely overpowered with grief.

“Do not talk thus, my dearest mother,” said the girl, “for what would become of us if you were to die; and I trust that God will raise us up a friend, though the *overseers* refuse to relieve our wants.”

“Did you tell them, my dear Peggy,” enquired the afflicted parent, “that your father’s ague grew worse every day, and that I have not been able to work, from nursing the poor babe, whom God has now removed to heaven!”

“Oh yes, mother, yes! I told them all about it; and asked them, if they thought three shillings a week
E 2 could

could keep a family of four children, when I was the only one who was able to work,—but it would not do; no, my dear mother, all would not do! but keep up your spirits, and don't be faint-hearted:—I met a lady who, I am sure, would have given me some money, if she had not been frightened by a wild bull; but I will go out again, and perhaps I may meet her; so cheer up, and don't be cast down. Think, mother, of poor neighbour Robbins, how much worse *she* was off,——why the bailiffs took the bed from under her, though she was lying bad of the fever, of which her husband died, and the poor little children were turned out into the street, though the snow lay a foot
thick

thick upon the ground. You know, we have paid our last quarter's rent, and I hope father will be well before harvest; Sam and Bob, I am sure, can both glean, and I shall be in the fields by four o'clock in the morning; so, come mother, do not cry, for you know that only makes my father worse, and all the tears in the world will not fetch poor Tommy to life again."

"I would not fetch him to life again if I could, my dear girl," replied the unhappy woman, "for I know God has taken him to a better place; but to see the last smile quivering on his dear lip, as if to thank me for all my care, would have made a heart of stone *feel*, and think how

it must have pierced that of a mother's!—besides, I thought to have got your father a little drop of sack, if the overseers had but sent me the matter of a shilling; for I know, if he could once get a little something to hearten him, it would do him more good than all the doctor's stuff."

As soon as the poor creature had expressed this opinion, I hastened back to my friend's abode, and repeating the conversation to his house-keeper, intreated a supply of provisions and sack, which I desired Dawson to carry for me to the cottage. We had not proceeded many yards from the park, when I perceived Peggy standing at the stile, and looking anxiously towards the path
which

which she had imagined I had taken when I hurried over it to avoid the bull.

At length she heard footsteps approach, and upon seeing who it was, turned towards me with a confused and embarrassed air. I felt too much interested in her affairs to suffer her to be under the pain of asking relief, but taking her affectionately by the hand, I desired she would immediately conduct me to her abode.

“Your father, I find, has been long ill, my dear,” said I, “but my servant has got something, which, I trust, will be of service to him, for a good cook is often as beneficial to the sick, as a good physician or apothecary.”

“A thou-

“ A thousand blessings on you, madam,” replied the amiable girl, clasping her hands and looking up to heaven, whilst tears of tenderness and delight rolled rapidly down her lovely face.

“ Come Peggy,” said I, fearful of catching her emotion, “ we must not carry *sorrowful faces* to your poor mother, so dry up your tears and compose your feelings, and be assured you have found a sincere friend.”

The amiable girl instantly took up the corner of her apron, wiped the traces of sorrow from her eyes, and, expressing her thankfulness more by *looks* than *actions*, made the best of the way towards her humble home.

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As she opened the door of the little dwelling, she exclaimed in a tone of joy and delight, "I told you, my dearest mother, not to be *cast down*, for that God would surely raise you up a friend; and here is the lady whom I met before, has brought a sight of good things for my poor father."

"God reward the lady for her goodness," said the afflicted woman, in a melancholy tone, "but wont you please to be seated, madam, and rest yourself a little after your walk?"

I immediately accepted the poor creature's invitation, and desired Dawson to unload the basket; and never shall I forget the joy of her countenance,

countenance, when she beheld how much it had contained.

“ My dear husband ! my poor babes ! Oh, what a treasure for them all ! ” then turning to me, with a look of gratitude, it was with difficulty I prevented her from falling on her knees. Peggy’s emotion, though not quite so violent, was no less affecting than her mother’s ; and I think I never experienced a more delightful sensation, than what I felt at relieving the distress pair. The bottle of sack was instantly opened, and a glassful warmed for the poor invalid, who was stretched upon a bed in the next room, and looked almost as pallid as the little corpse.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding the excess of poverty they endured, every thing around them was neat and cleanly; and though the sheets were nearly as coarse as hopsack, they absolutely were as white as snow. Whilst I was questioning the poor man about his complaints, two little boys entered the room, who, as soon as they had enquired after their father's health, turned their eyes towards the cradle.

“ Oh, mammy !” exclaimed the elder, at the same time bursting into tears, “ Tommy's dead ! Tommy's dead ! and I had brought him home a nice bit of roll, which Dick Tayler gave me for myself.”

“ Then eat it my little man,” said
I, pat-

I, patting him affectionately on the cheek, "your little brother is gone to heaven, and will never be in want of your kindness again."

"No, that I wont," replied the boy, throwing the piece of roll at the same time on the table; "I brought it home on purpose for Tommy, and I wont eat a morsel of it myself."

This artless proof of feeling and affection, in a mind so young and uninformed, gave me the highest opinion of his disposition, and I resolved, amongst the acts of kindness which I intended to shew the amiable family, that little Sam should not be forgotten. For that evening I took my leave, but promised to see them on the following day, desiring that
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the poor man might have another glass of sack made warm before his wife went to bed.

As I am generally an early riser, and up many hours before fashionable parties usually assemble; I resolved to visit the worthy cottagers before the stated time for breakfast, and was surprised at seeing the wonderful effect a little nourishment had produced.

“ Oh madam !” said the delighted wife, as I entered the humble dwelling, “ my dear husband has missed the ague, and I am sure it is all owing to your goodness.” “ Yes, madam,” exclaimed the grateful Peggy, “ I am sure it is you who have saved his life; and that of my poor mother’s

along with it, I believe, for yesterday she was so sadly cast down, I verily thought she would have broke her heart."

" Oh !" said the husband, shaking his head, " I never saw my poor dame so out of heart before : we have had our *troubles* to be *sure*, and who, in this world, is without them ? but a *clear conscience*, and a *contented mind*, madam, makes a man get above them all ; and if please God, I once get my health again, we shall think no more of all our sorrows. The death of a child, I own, is a *hard stroke*, but God *gave*, and has a right to take *away*, and whilst we are blest with Peggy and her brothers, we ought

ought not to murmur at the will of heaven."

Here the worthy creature's voice faltered, and I saw, in spite of all his resignation, the feelings of a *father* would prevail. I then enquired into the nature of his employment, and what he could earn when in high health; and found, with the utmost care and œconomy, it was not more than sufficient to supply their daily wants, without leaving any resource in case of sickness and disease.

Upon consulting the house-keeper of the gentleman with whom I then was on a visit, in what manner I should be most likely to do him an essential service; she informed me, that if once he was in possession

of a cow, he might sell the milk to great advantage, at the neighbouring town; and, in case of illness, would have some support:—this plan I instantly adopted; and bought a pig, in addition to the cow, and desired them to be driven to the little cottage, about nine o'clock on the following morning.

I had scarcely made enquiries after their health, and heard that the poor man continued *mending*, when Mrs. Pocock, who was standing at the window, exclaimed, “look Peggy, they are driving a cow into our yard,” “a cow, mother!” replied Peggy, running across the room to convince her sight, “why so they are, I declare, and a beautiful creature

ture too, she is! and a pig too, mother, as I'm alive, and the man has shut the gate, and walked away."

"Well, I never knew any thing half so odd in my life, child," said she, "but sure enough the poor fellow wanted to go back after something, and did not like to have the trouble of driving them before him, and so thought he would leave them in a safe place."

"Suppose he intends to make you a *present of them*, and does not wish to receive any *thanks*."

"Oh, bless ye, madam!" she replied, "no such good luck will fall to our lot; and, indeed, we have no right to *expect it*, for why should we *fare better* than our *neighbours*?"

“ You have every reason to expect it,” I rejoined, “ if *industry* and *contentment* are worthy of *reward*.” The cow and pig are both your own; and there is something to purchase food for their support:”—so saying, I slipped a five-pound note into her hand, and before she could reply, left the house.

“ Well, mamma,” exclaimed the Princess, “ that is a pretty story indeed; how happy the poor creature must have been when you told her the cow and pig were both her own !”

“ I believe *my happiness*, my love, was *equal*, if not *superior*,” replied her ladyship, “ for the great satisfaction which attends the performance
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of a benevolent action, is one of the most delightful sensations the human mind can feel. But do you recollect the circumstance, which gave rise to this simple, but affecting tale?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, that I do; it was because I was disposed to be dissatisfied with my condition, merely from being vexed at the behaviour of Donna Almarez; but I am sure, when I think of Peggy Pocock's conduct, and recollect how she tried to believe that many people were more unfortunate than herself, I shall never be out of temper at any thing that happens, if I was treated with greater *rudeness* than I have been this morning."

As

As the Princess was rather a coward in a carriage, and likewise was not in very high health, Lady Emma thought a journey to the Pyrenean mountains might increase the malady under which she laboured, without affording her one pleasurable sensation; therefore permitted Sir Charles to set out alone, though they had never been separated for near seven years.

This attention to her comfort and convenience, the Princess received with the liveliest gratitude, and studied by a thousand little attentions, to compensate her protectress for Sir Charles's absence. Donna Sebastian, and her ladyship, were inseparable; and the Princess and Almarez were,
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of course, frequently together ; but the treatment she received at the first interview, had made an unfavourable impression upon her mind, and was the means of preventing much cordiality between them, though the young Spaniard made many attempts to subdue her prejudice.

Donna Sebastian, who was all sweetness and affability, was hurt at observing the Princess treated her daughter with coldness, and finding that she was extremely fond of stories, proposed one morning to amuse her with a tale, and accordingly began in the following words :

“ A Moorish King, whose dominions were very extensive, resolved to visit the most distant parts, for the sake
sake

sake of observing whether the governors of his provinces abused the power which he had placed in their hands, and resolving to conceal both his royalty and consequence, travelled in the character of a trading merchant.

Accustomed, as he had been, to servility and respect, he was astonished at the change of manners in those he conversed with ; but as the object of his travels was the *good* of *his people*, he paid no attention to so trifling a circumstance, but carefully concealed his own importance for the purpose of discovering whether they were oppressed. At length, he arrived in one of the most distant provinces which happened to be under
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the government of a tyrannic chief, and enraged at the abuses he saw practised, he could not avoid expressing his indignation in whatever company he chanced to associate, without reflecting that his conversation might happen to be repeated to the tyrant's ears.

This circumstance at length occurred, and Alcander, which was the name the King had assumed, received a summons to attend the governor's court: as he approached the oppressor's throne, he fell prostrate at the footstep, as if to appease the wrath against him, by an appearance of *reverence* and *respect*.

“Caitiff,” exclaimed the Governor, “what is this I hear that thy
sacri-

sacrilegious tongue has pronounced against me? Who has taught thee to condemn my actions? And how darest thou presume to cast a *censure* on my *name*?"

The disguised monarch appeared alarmed and terrified, and begged to know who were his accusers; when several of the men of whom he bought merchandize, were pointed out as persons who had heard him condemn the Governor: one, amongst the number who was standing near him, informed him, they dare not deny the charge, though Tripoli, the governor's secretary, was the only person who had impeached him.

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The Governor enquired, in a determined tone, whether he had any thing to say in his defence; though, “by the mighty *Alla,” he exclaimed, “thy life shall pay the forfeit of thy crimes.”

Though the King had travelled apparently without attendance, yet a body of his guards followed him in disguise, and the moment he was summoned into the presence of the governor, the whole of the number surrounded the court, and were ready to enter at their sovereign’s signal.

Instead of replying to the Governor’s demand, he instantly gave the appointed signal, and throwing aside

* Alla, a Mahometan name for God.

the garment which concealed him, appeared before the Tyrant in the person of his King.

Fear, dread, wonder, and amazement, by turns, impressed his agitated mind; and in tones of the most abject submission, he earnestly besought his sovereign's pardon.

The merchants, who had been represented as accusers of their king, now trembled from dread of his resentment; and expected every moment to feel its force. The King, perceiving the alarm they endured, instantly laid aside all appearance of resentment, telling them, that the greatest *privilege* a monarch could enjoy, was that of being able to *forgive* an offence. “ But as to you,
Abdal-

Abdalhasan," said he, turning to the alarmed and trembling Governor, "I cannot shew so great an indulgence; my subjects miseries call loudly for *revenge*, and from *me* they have a right to claim some retribution: I have no personal anger against you, and would willingly pardon every crime, but *justice* demands that you should be punished, and you must prepare to receive her blow."

Here Donna Sebastian ended her tale, and the Princess expressed her sense of the favour she had conferred, without, as usual, making comments on the story; but as soon as Lady Emma and herself were together, without the addition of a third

person, she asked her opinion of the Moorish tale.

“ I think,” replied her ladyship, “ a very good moral may be drawn from it, and I am inclined to believe *you* might derive some benefit.”

Me, ma'am!” said the Princess, whilst her countenance betrayed symptoms of confusion,—“ yes, yes, my love, or I am much mistaken; for your conduct to Donna Almarez, her mother must have observed, and probably, pained by the *reserve* with which you treat her, she has taken this method of convincing you that it is *unamiably*, and I perfectly agree with the Moorish king, in thinking that to *forgive offences*, is one of the greatest pleasures a human being can enjoy.”

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Story of Don Galicia.—Sir Charles returns
from the Pyrenees, which he
describes.

AS soon as the Princess retired to her apartment, she began to reflect upon her behaviour to Donna Almaraz; and what had before appeared in her eyes as a *proper degree* of *resentment*, now struck her as unforgiving and impolite. Though it was impossible for her heart to become

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attached

attached to the young lady, yet, she was certainly entitled to receive civility; and as she had apologised for the impropriety of her conduct, it was ungenerous to be constantly reminding her of the fault.

These reflections, as might be expected, produced in the Princess a pleasing change; and the next time Donna Almarez visited her, she had no reason to complain of incivility or reserve. Donna Sebastian was delighted at the sudden effect of her tale, and was convinced that a mind so open to *reproof*, must be capable of being inspired with the most exalted sentiments. She became fond of her society, pleased with her observations, and was so anxious that

Donna

Donna Almarez should imitate her virtues, that the greatest part of her time was spent at the Ambassador's house. Sometimes they worked, at others they read; and music and geography likewise had their turns; but the Princess derived the highest gratification from attending to the conversation of her respected friends. When Lady Emma had described the manners and customs of the English, Donna Sebastian would entertain her with an account of those which prevailed amongst the inhabitants of Switzerland and Spain; but her partiality to the former, was carried to such an excess, that the merits of the latter were totally obscured.

“ Nothing

“ Nothing can be so unfortunate,” she would say to her friend, who sometimes rallied her upon this partiality, “ as your not being able to associate with the people I admire, and amongst the number of causes, I have to regret this dreadful war, that *they* should have suffered from it, is one of the most afflictive ! Oh my friend ! could you have witnessed the contentment which reigned even in their cottages, the harmony which subsisted in their little societies, and the virtues which dwelt in their honest breasts, you would, like me, abhor those destructive principles which have been the means of destroying both their property and peace.

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The Princess, who had listened attentively to the discourse, began enquiring into the *cause* of the Switzers' misfortunes, and when Lady Emma described the scenes of horror that had been committed; the cruelties which the French had exercised upon their sovereign; the inhumanity with which they had treated their queen, and every branch of the royal family, her heart bled so deeply for their sufferings, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could suppress her tears.

“ From the little sketch of those dreadful distresses, which the King and Queen of France sustained with so much composure,” said her ladyship, “ we are led to admire the good-

goodness of the Almighty, who enabled them to support the burden of their sorrows, and taught them to look forward to a *better world*, for the reward of those virtues they performed in this."

"This conversation," said Donna Sebastian, "seems to have depressed the spirits of my young favourite, therefore, with your permission, my dear Lady Emely, we will turn the discourse into a more pleasing channel; and, as I know she is fond of a story, I shall endeavour to recollect one that may prove entertaining."

"Don Antonia de Galicia, was the youngest son of a nobleman of high distinction, whose fondness for the heir of his title and estates, seem-
ed

ed to close up every other avenue of affection. The heart of Antonio was tender and susceptible, and the harshness with which he was treated by the author of his being, was a constant source of misery and disquiet.

Often, when Don Galicia was caressing the elder boy, would the little Antonia creep softly towards his knee, and, looking anxiously in his face, silently intreats a portion of affection."

"These pleasing proofs of filial fondness made no impression on the father's heart, and he was either sternly ordered to quit the room, or forbid to shew such *girlish* marks of *weakness*.

"This

“ This conduct, so cruel and severe, at length produced a change in Antonio’s mind ; and finding that every mark of tenderness was displeasing to his father, he behaved towards him with distance and respect.

Several years had passed joylessly away, and that period of life which is generally so full of happiness, was spent by Antonio without knowing the sensation. His heart, though tremblingly alive to feeling, throbbed with the desire of martial fame, and he cherished the hope, that the heroism of his conduct, might be the means of obtaining him a Parents’ love.

These

These ideas which he had so fondly indulged, were the source of a new and unexpected mortification; for on the day he attained his fourteenth year, his father informed him he was destined for the church, as he had no fortune to bestow upon his younger children.

It was in vain that Antonio conjured him to revoke an intention, which must involve him in eternal misery, or assured him he would earn a fortune by his sword, if his father would consent to purchase him a commission; the inhuman man remained inexorable, and insisted upon his son's preparing for college.— Shocked at the thought of acting in

VOL. II. H opposition

opposition to a parent, yet wounded at such an instance of his cruelty and unkindness, he appeared divided between duty and inclination; but roused by this proof of indifference to his peace, he resolved to follow the bent of his wishes.

This determination was no sooner formed than executed, and leaving a letter of apology to his father, he was soon far distant from his uncomfortable home, and immediately enlisted as a private, in a regiment he knew to be destined for foreign service.

In this situation, so new and degrading, he conducted himself with the greatest honour; and soon drew
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the attention of the commanding officer by the feats of valour which he atchieved, who easily discovered, that under the disguise of a private, was concealed a mind fit to become a general.

Though Antonio was pressed to disclose his real name, and the motive which had induced him to enter into the service, in a station so inferior to that which he deserved, yet rather than throw the slightest censure upon his father, he refused giving any satisfactory account; and would sooner have been thought *abandoned* and *unworthy*, than by exposing the truth, condemn a parent's harshness.

This reserve on the part of Antonio, did not prevent the General from interesting himself in his affairs; and he was soon raised from the humble station of a private, to one more suited to his worth and merit. This little sunshine of happiness and prosperity was scarcely felt, before it was withdrawn; for his inhuman father, exasperated at his disobedience, procured an order from the Inquisition for an arrest; and the officers of justice were within a few miles of the camp, when he accidentally became acquainted with their commission.

Alarmed at the very idea of their power, and shocked at the tyrannic cruelty

cruelty of his father; he fled precipitately from the camp, and concealed his person under a sacred habit. This disguise, though it altered his appearance, had not the power of allaying his fears, and after secreting himself sometime in the unfrequented parts of the country, he took up his abode in a small hermitage; where, lost to the pleasing delights of society, his life was spent in mortification and disappointment.

One evening, as he was seated at the door of his humble dwelling, reflecting upon the misfortunes which had been attendant upon his birth, he was suddenly accosted by an elegant cavalier, who in tones of apprehension,

prehension, besought shelter in his cell, and declared that his life depended upon concealment.

Antonio's heart was touched with compassion, and taking the stranger affectionately by the hand, he generously led him to a place of safety; desired him to rely upon his honour and protection, and in the mean time try to obtain some rest.

As soon as Antonio had concealed his companion, he returned to the spot he had just quitted, and was scarcely reseated at the door of his cell, when a body of horsemen came up to him, and, after describing the person of the young stranger, enquired whether such a gentleman had

had passed the road, offering him at the same time, an immense *reward* if he would discover the gentleman whom they were in search of, or any hiding places within the vicinity of the hermitage.

Antonio's heart was too generous and disinterested, to be capable of betraying a trust reposed, and though in any other situation he would have shrunk from falsehood; in *this* he thought it highly allowable.

As soon as the horsemen had quitted the cell, Antonio hastened to the spot where the stranger was concealed, and after congratulating him upon his present security, related the circumstance which had just past.

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The young cavalier, in the fullness of his gratitude, could scarcely be prevented from falling at his feet, and taking a number of notes of value from his pocket, he besought Antonio to keep them for his sake.— Shocked at being thought capable of receiving a reward, for what he considered a mere act of *duty*, he intreated the stranger neither to wound or offend him, by supposing him capable of such an illiberal action.

The stranger who was a man of rank and fortune, but under the necessity of quitting the country in consequence of a duel with one of the Princes of the blood, was anxious to make some return for the services
he

he had received; and therefore previous to his quitting the hospitable abode, he inclosed the notes which Antonio had refused, in a sheet of paper, and laid them on the table; informing him he thought it dangerous to travel with so much money, and *promising to claim* it in the course of a year—And adding, but should I not *live*, to make the *demand*, who can have a claim equal to my benefactor? Let me then conjure you, if at the end of twelve-months, you do not see the man whom you have so generously relieved, to receive the trifling sum which is now in your possession, as a mark of his gratitude, and a proof of his esteem.

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Some months after this circumstance had occurred, Antonio was seized with a violent disease; and was reduced to such a state of poverty and distress, that he had not the means of procuring a subsistence, and actually lived upon the produce of the fields.

“Oh Donna Sebastian,” exclaimed the Princess, “why did he not spend the money which the cavalier had left? I am sure he would have been happy and delighted to relieve him, for you know he wanted to have given him all.

“True my love; but Don Antonio thought such conduct would imply a *breach of trust*, and as the twelve-
months

months was not expired when it would become his own, he could not bear to use, what he considered as anothers."

"Oh the poor fellow!" rejoined the Princess, "and so at length, he *died* from *want*."

"No" replied Donna Sebastian, "that was not his fate my love; for he lived to enjoy the blessing he deserved. A malignant fever had proved fatal to Don Galicia's family, and deprived him of the heir of his immense estates; grief for a time overpowered his faculties; but at length he was roused to duty and reflection:—The image of Antonio was constantly present to his mind, and
he

he hourly condemned his cruel conduct. The order for apprehending him was instantly revoked, and an edict was published throughout the most remote provinces, offering a large reward to any person who would restore him to the arms of his disconsolate father; who was anxious to atone for past unkindness, by the most tender proofs of future affection.

This intelligence acted as a charm upon the weakened frame of Don Antonio, who, though scarcely able to move or walk, instantly set out upon his journey, and was received by his father with every mark of affection,

tion, remorse and penitence, could lead him to bestow.

“Do you not recollect my love,” said Lady Emma, “that I told you the Spaniards were famous for the practice of fidelity, and would rather die than betray a trust; and Don Antonio is a proof of the truth of this assertion; for though he was languishing under *sickness* and *dis-ease*, he would not use the property of another, though he might have been convinced that he was as welcome as if it had been his own.”

“But what a cruel creature his father was, ma’am, he did not deserve to have so *good a son*.”

“I am quite of your opinion, my
VOL. II. I dear

dear Princess, but the generality of the Spaniards are allowed to be cruel; and the power which a parent has a right to exercise over his child, is as destructive to their property as their peace; for to amass a fortune for their elder son, they compel the younger ones to become members of the church, and by that means injure the cause of religion more than by any other they could contrive to adopt."

Just as her ladyship made this observation, the door opened, and Sir Charles entered with a countenance expressive of pleasure and delight, and was received with no less agreeable sensations. As soon as the
joy

joy of meeting had subsided, he amused them with a description of what he had seen, the immense mountains he had labouriously climbed, and the vast tracts of country over which he had passed, during an absence of ten weeks.

That mountains could extend for two hundred miles,* or that people should make choice of such bleak spots for their residence, were circumstances that greatly astonished the Princess; yet when he described the neatness of the little hermitages which are formed in the picturesque body of Monserrat, and the harmony

* The Pyrenean Mountains, which divide France from Spain, are computed to be of that length.

which seemed to reign between their inhabitants; she expressed a wish that she had accompanied him in his journey, to have beheld objects so new to her observation.

As Lady Emma had now passed six months in Spain without forming any intimacy with the inhabitants, except with the family of Don Sebastian; she was happy to hear Sir Charles express a desire to quit the country at an early day in the following week, and as the friend to whom she was attached, accompanied her to Portugal, she quitted Madrid without the least regret.

CHAP. IV.

The Family arrive at Lisbon—The Hospital described, and the productions of Portugal.

AS the Portuguese are in some degree dependant upon the Spaniards, it is natural to suppose that they imitate their manners, and follow the customs which they pursue; but in point of show, and ostentation, they certainly exceed their more powerful neighbours. Cruelty and

revenge, are striking features in their character, and it is difficult to determine whether the Spaniards, or Portuguese, are by nature most addicted to the practice of those vices.

As nothing material occurred during the travellers journey, I shall establish them in one of the principal streets of Lisbon, without describing the route by which they came. The softness of the air, and the salubrity of the clime, were strong recommendations to the young Princess, but she found an additional pleasure in the Portuguese capital, by accidentally meeting with her Italian friend.

The Marchioness de Toricelli had
been

been extremely ill, and was ordered to Lisbon for the recovery of her health; but as the Marquis could not quit Venice, the Count and his tutor remained with him as companions.

To have met Beatriché, must at any rate have been a pleasure to the attached heart of the young Princess; but to see her without being annoyed by her unamiable brother, or subject to any of his artful intrigues, was a gratification of the highest nature. The Marchioness too seemed absolutely changed; and instead of the rigid stern parent, she had appeared during the time they spent at Venice, she was now mild, affable,
and

and condescending, and treated her daughter with that tenderness and affection which her duty and solicitude so justly merited.

The Princess could not help observing the alteration, and intreated her friend to explain the cause, who modestly ascribed it to the improvement in her *own conduct*, rather than to any alteration in her mother's temper.

“ I know not how it was my dear Princess,” said she “ but when you were at Venice, I was *frequently in fault*, and my mother, provoked at the impropriety of my behaviour, appeared to you, *cruel and unkind*; when in fact she was only subduing
my

my stubbornness, and kindly taking the trouble to amend my faults."

"Amiable girl!" exclaimed Lady Emma, who at that moment unexpectedly entered the room, "how much do I admire that generosity of sentiment which leads you to condemn your own conduct, rather than throw a censure upon the author of your being."

Before the young Italian could reply to this praise which she so deservedly and justly merited, she was summoned by a domestic into the Marchioness's presence, when her Ladyship took that opportunity of expatiating upon her conduct, and holding

holding it up as a pattern of general imitation. "But *I* can tell you, my love," continued Lady Emma, "the cause of the change in the Marchioness's conduct; for during her illness which was very severe, the young Count did not pay her the slightest attention, but pursued his pleasures with the same avidity as if his mother was in high health, whilst his amiable sister, all sensibility; could scarcely be persuaded to quit the bedside. This difference in the conduct of her children, could not fail making an impression upon the Marchioness's mind, and no longer the slave of *unjust partiality*, she beheld

beheld their merits in their proper view.

“ Now then,” exclaimed the Princess, “ I hope she *hates* the Count, and bestows all her love on my dear, dear, Beatriché, for I am sure every body must despise that wicked boy !”

“ If his parents were to *despise* him, he would be unfortunate indeed ; for it is their duty to endeavour to curb his failings, but if they once become indifferent to his welfare, he might persevere in error, until he was grown old in crimes.”

“ I think killing his sister’s squirrel, was as bad a *crime* as he could commit, and I do believe he would have
killed

killed *her*, if he had not been afraid of being punished for it."

"We should always judge on the *fair* side of a character," said her Ladyship, "instead of adding to the sable of a gloomy shade; and as you have no right to suppose the Count capable of such a crime, the very idea is illiberal and unjust."

The Princess no sooner observed her protectress was displeas'd, than her expressive eyes swam in tears, and throwing her arms affectionately round her neck, she besought her pardon, and forgiveness.

Her ladyship returned the warm embrace, but besought her young charge carefully to avoid yielding to impressions

impressions which were unfavourable to mankind; “the best of us my love, (said she) are so naturally prone to error and imperfection, that we require the indulgence of our most partial friends; but if we always magnify the faults of others, and attribute to them vices they may not possess, can we for a moment be weak enough to suppose, they will kindly palliate our own failings?”

At this moment Bangilore entered, and her Ladyship perceiving the marks of distress upon her features, anxiously enquired into the cause. “*Me no like Lisbon,*” said she, shaking her head, and looking at Lady Emma in the most sorrowful manner; “me

no like to bein place, were tousand people die in one minute."

Lady Emma instantly discovered that Bangilore's feelings had been greatly alarmed by the account of the earthquake in the year 1755, when many thousands of the inhabitants perished; and endeavoured to convince her, that though that calamity had once happened, there was no reason for supposing it would occur again.

"Ah ma'am," said the incredulous girl, "but Dawson say de people be very wicked; and dat God will punish de wicked people."

"The Portuguese I allow," replied her Ladyship, "are not spoken of in very favourable terms, they are
said

said to be both treacherous and *ungrateful*.”

“ Yes ma’am,” exclaimed the prejudiced girl, “ and dey be one nest of *tieves*—dey stole some tings from Mrs. Dawson, oh! indeed dey be *one* very bad people.”

“ The lower classes I know are accused of that vice, and so Bangilore are your countrymen; had you not been taught to consider it as despicable, you might have practised the failing you now condemn. I do not mean to say that I admire the Portuguese, on the contrary I rather dislike their character; but they certainly possess some amiable qualities. What virtue is more amiable than

that of *Charity*? and where will you find a more noble institution than the hospital which is termed the *House of Mercy*, where they not only regularly educate sixty boys, but give portions to a hundred and fourteen distressed young women; relieve prisoners for debt, maintain those who can no longer work, and assist whole families who labour under affliction. The great hospital as it is termed, receives persons of every nation, and supports them in comfort during sickness and disease:— and weak as they are in the indulgence of ostentation, in one instance it is attended with the happiest effect, for though from pride they retain a
vast

vast number of domestics, yet the infirm and afflicted never are discharged; and a young man of family, upon coming to his estate, never thinks of parting from his father's dependants."

"But I am sure my dear mamma," said the Princess, "they do not try to make the lives of their servants comfortable and happy, for you never heard such a commanding tone of voice as the Portuguese always speak to them in; and I shall not be sorry when we leave Lisbon, for I do not think I can learn much, by what I see of the Portuguese,"

"You may learn to avoid those failings they possess, my love;" re-

plied her Ladyship, “ and to imitate the virtues which they practise: for the purpose of travelling, is not merely to inspect fine buildings, or see a variety of entertainments, but it is to have the opportunity of observing the different qualities which individuals possess, and to copy those which are worthy of imitation:—Besides, it is necessary to know what each country naturally produces, or you might fancy that spices grew spontaneously in Greenland, or that whales were found in the Asiatic seas. The produce of Portugal is in most respects similar to that of Spain, but they particularly excel in making port wine, and preserving various kinds of fruit; though

though they are by no means allowed to be an industrious set of people."

Though the Princess appeared to have taken such a dislike to Lisbon, yet upon a greater degree of intimacy with the inhabitants, her opinion seemed to have totally changed; and she was so fond of the society of a young Portuguese, that she no longer enjoyed that of the amiable Beatriché's.

Donna Almerina, which was this young lady's name, was about two years older than the Princess, and to the disgrace of those who had the care of her education, was artful, vain, ignorant, and conceited. Her understanding was naturally quick and

and penetrating, but her mind was so completely barren and unimproved, that she had no resources of amusement within herself, and was under the necessity of seeking it from ungratifying objects. Her temper was at once gay and lively, but her wit was neither blended with sweetness, or good nature. To obtain a wish, or accomplish a desire, she would stoop to practice the greatest meanness, and if once prejudiced against any of her companions, she would use the basest arts to undermine their character.

The partiality of the Princess to her Italian favorite, was a sufficient foundation for Almerina's hatred, and

and piqued at the preference so very striking, she resolved to supplant her in the affections of her friend.

Amongst the little failings which was attached to the Princess, that of *personal vanity* was the most conspicuous, and though she was perfectly satisfied with the *beauty* of her *features*, she frequently lamented the colour of her skin. Almerina, aware of this little imperfection, resolved to attack her on the *weak side*, and entering her apartment one day when she was dressing, and rapturously exclaimed "you look *divinely*, and Beatriché *now*, could not find a *fault*!"

"Beatriché," said the Princess,
"I believe

“I believe, would rather try to find out some *perfection*.”

“Well my dear Princess let me not displease you,” rejoined the artful girl, “but I know that when I have been praising the symmetry of your features, and the expression of your eyes, Beatriché exclaims yes; but look at her *complexion*, and you will find that at best, her features are obscured by the sable colour of her skin.”

“Does Beatriché say so?” replied the Princess, “then I will never believe there is such a thing as *friendship*; for I thought her partiality for me was so *great*, that she really would

would have been *blind* to all my imperfections."

At this moment Beatriché entered, and with all the warmth natural to her feelings, began enquiring into her friends concerns; and was both grieved, and mortified at the coldness of her replies, and the distance and reserve with which she was treated.

The same arts which Almerina had practised to *weaken* the attachment of the Princess to the amiable Beatriché, were daily made use of to destroy every remaining spark of affection; and Lady Emma was so hurt at observing the influence which she had obtained over the mind of her young charge, that she resolved to put

an end to so dangerous an intimacy, and only waited for a convenient opportunity to convince the Princess she was *unworthy* her regard. The wished-for method soon occurred; for a large party of young ladies and gentlemen being invited to a ball at the English Consuls, Donna Almerina behaved with so much apparent fondness to one of the company, whom she had told the Princess was a girl of the most unamiable disposition, that she could not help enquiring into the cause of the change; and was informed that it proceeded from having accidentally heard it was the young lady's intention to give an entertainment in honour of the Princess; and

the desire Almerina felt to be invited to the treat, induced her to disguise an *inveterate animosity*, under the appearance of affection and esteem.

Had not the Princess actually heard this cause assigned by Almerina herself, she would have thought no human being could have acted with such duplicity; and mortified at having placed her affection upon an object so every way unworthy, it was with the utmost difficulty she could restrain her tears, or reply to sentiments so every way degrading.

Beatriché's virtues were instantly presented to her mind, and the idea of having treated her with coldness and neglect, struck her as an act of

the highest injustice; and instead of joining the festive circle, she silently withdrew to another part of the room, and placed herself by the side of her amiable protectress.

“Are you tired of dancing already my love?” said her ladyship, (not appearing to notice the dejection of her features) “I thought you would have been the *last*, to decline an amusement of which I know you to be so extremely fond.”

“I shall have no more *amusement* this evening,” replied the Princess, whilst the tears trembled in her expressive eyes; “for do you see how coolly Beatriché treats me, though I

would give the world to be friends with her again."

"*Impossible!*" exclaimed Lady Emma, "you cannot wish for Beatriché's friendship! I confess I was much hurt at the alteration in your conduct, but doubtless, my love, you had some substantial cause."

This supposition seemed to increase the agitation which at first the Princess had with difficulty concealed, and yielding to the emotion which it produced, she made a frank confession of her fault, intreated Lady Emma to obtain Beatriché's pardon, and begged she might never see Almerina more. The contrition she professed to feel for her error, and

the desire she expressed to be reconciled to her friend, convinced Lady Emma that the lesson she had received from Almerina's conduct, would be more impressive than the most sagacious counsel; yet she could not avoid cautioning her against hasty friendships; or showing her the danger of being biassed by an outward appearance.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Poland, and other northern countries described.—
Story of Christina and Segismunda.—The family
arrive in England.—Conclusion.—

AS Sir Charles had formerly made the northern tour of Europe, though he had not been able to pass much time at their courts, he was less uneasy than Lady Emma at the continuance

nuance of the war, which prevented the possibility of their travelling through the continent; but to obviate this inconvenience as much as was in her power, she formed an acquaintance with most of the foreigners who resided at Lisbon; and by this means, had an opportunity of acquiring as thorough a knowledge of their characters as if she had resided in their different countries.

Though her ladyship possessed too much liberality of sentiment, to be biassed against individuals, by any popular prejudice, yet she had more pleasure in associating with foreigners of distinction, than with the inhabitants

habitants of the Portuguese nation. The Polish ladies she was peculiarly pleased with; and encouraged an intimacy between the Princess and their daughters, knowing that the innate delicacy of their minds would prevent them from becoming dangerous companions. Amongst the number of ladies whose acquaintance she most cherished, was one of the name of Paotzoque, whose husband was a man of the first distinction in the country, but whose property had been seized by the rapacious Russians. Though the fortune of the Countess was most dreadfully reduced, yet her mind retained its natural cheerfulness, and the gratification she enjoyed from promoting

promoting her husband's happiness, seemed to compensate for the loss of every earthly grandeur. The Princess was no less pleased with this lady's society, and would spend whole hours in listening to her discourse. From her she learned that the country was fruitful, that it abounded in pasture and meadow land, and that corn was to be found in great abundance. That they had mines of silver, copper, and iron; and that those of salt were both curious and productive:—that their forests furnished them with an immense quantity of timber, little inferior to those of the more northern climes:—that the inhabitants were in general both hospitable

pitiable and humane, and incapable of practising either artifice or deception.

“ Well,” said the Princess, “ of all the countries I have seen, I think there can be none to compare to Poland ; and I am very sorry, my dear Lady Emma, that Sir Charles does not intend to pass some time there.”

“ What country are you wishing to spend some time in, my dear Princess ?” said Sir Charles, at that moment opening the door.

“ In *Poland*, sir,” replied the Princess. “ Do not regret that circumstance,” continued Sir Charles, “ for I am going to take you to a country where you will find as much
virtue

virtue as is to be met with in any part of the globe; and where you will have an opportunity of acquiring a greater degree of useful knowledge than you could have the means of doing in any other.

“ I have had letters, Lady Emma,” said he, turning to her ladyship, which require my immediate return to England: and I purpose leaving Lisbon in a few days, if you do not assign any cause against the measure.”

“ I thought, Sir Charles,” replied the Princess, “ we were to have travelled through Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, before you returned to your favourite England; pray what is the reason you have changed your plan?

“ The

“ The reason is, that travelling through countries which have been desolated by war, if no danger was to be apprehended, could by no means be pleasant, but when we have reason to dread the attack of an enemy, whose inhumanity has proved disgraceful to the very name they bear, I think we should deserve to fall into their power, if from curiosity alone, we placed ourselves within their reach.”

“ I believe, my love,” said her ladyship, “ you will have no reason to regret that our visit is deferred until your constitution is more calculated to endure the change of climate, for the intense cold both in
Denmark

Denmark and Sweden, would have been scarcely supportable by your tender feelings."

"But how do the inhabitants contrive to live in such places? I am sure I wonder they are not starved to death."

"They are by nature a very hardy race of people, my love, and are capable of enduring both heat and cold; for Providence kindly tempers both the mind and body to the different inconveniences it is destined to sustain; Prussia from not being so far North as Denmark or Sweden, is not liable to such an intensity of cold, the manners of the inhabitants resemble those of the Germans, and
greatest

greatest part of the peasantry are compelled to bear arms. The Danes are allowed to be both courteous and humane; and the Swedes are remarkable both for hardiness and valour: even the women are endowed with such masculine strength, that they assist their husbands in the most laborious occupations, and defended from the weather by the skins of the wild beasts, brave the rigour of the most severe cold."

Her Ladyship's description of the inclemency of the Northern countries, instantly abated the Princess's desire of visiting them; and the only circumstance that induced her to regret leaving

leaving Lisbon, was that of being separated from the amiable Beatriché.

“Well,” said Sir Charles, “though I confess myself fond of a warm climate, yet I sincerely regret that we cannot travel into a cold one, without passing through the country of our enemies; for I recollect having formed an intimacy with a Swedish nobleman of the name of Vasa, whose probity of thinking, and refinement of sentiment, gave me the highest opinion of his countrymen’s principles; and I recollect a circumstance which occurred in the conduct of his little daughter, that will for ever endear her to my remembrance. This little girl, whose name was Christina, was

as

as beautiful in person, as she was amiable in mind, and was equally the object of both her parents' affection. If the Baroness was anxious to inspire her breast with every softer sentiment which is so peculiarly amiable in the female character; the Baron endeavoured to give a firmness to her mind, which is seldom found but in the opposite sex. He taught her to believe that though she was now surrounded by luxury and affluence, yet she might be destined to encounter poverty; and he daily took her to visit such objects of distress, as were most likely to inspire her with pity and compassion. Though he was solicitous that her

mind should be capable of feeling for the woes of others, he was still more so, that it should be able to support its own; and though he loved her with the most exquisite fondness, he could not forgive the slightest symptom of deceit. Amongst the number of persons who had derived benefit from the benevolence and humanity of the Baron's disposition, was that of a family whom he had rescued from distress, and placed in a state of competence and comfort—the father, a clergyman without fortune, was called up in the night to visit a sick parishioner, and not able to discern the path distinctly, fell from top to bottom of an immense mountain; and

and it might literally be said that he was dashed to pieces. The widow and children were left in the greatest poverty, and had it not been for the benevolence of the Baron, would never have experienced more fortunate days. The elder girl he made companion to Christina, the younger ones he placed at school, and procured a situation for their unfortunate mother in some of the offices about the court.

“ Christina’s companion was rather older than herself, but greatly inferior both in goodness and comprehension; what was deficient in sense, was made up in cunning, and what was wanting in *worth*, was supplied
by

by *art*. Though the Baron's disposition was both deep and penetrating, yet he was not aware of this girl's deceit, who under the mask of frankness and ingenuity, concealed a disposition completely artful.

“As the Baroness, who was then on a visit to my mother, had expressed her admiration of a very curious time-piece, another was ordered on a similar construction, and presented to her as a mark of friendship. Upon this tribute of affection and esteem, the Baroness placed the highest value, and requested that neither Christina, or her young companion, would ever attempt to view it in their hands:—this prohibition
Christina

Christina adhered to, but Segismunda's curiosity was not so easily repulsed. She watched the moment of the Baroness's absence, and seized the prize she was so anxious to inspect.

“ Scarcely had she time to satisfy her curiosity, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and eager to replace it from whence it had been taken, she carelessly let it slip through her hands. Alarmed and terrified at the accident, she instantly flew out of the apartment, leaving the shattered remnants of her disobedience and folly, strewed upon the spot on which they had fallen.

“ Without being able to determine
how

how she should act, or whether she should avow the fault she had committed; she found herself accosted by the amiable Christina, who unfortunately enquired whether she had seen her mamma.

“Yes, said the artful girl, (delighted at the question,) I believe she is this moment gone into her apartment, for I heard the door close as I came out of the hall, and no one else would attempt to enter it.

“As Christina was anxious to ask the Baroness some question, she did not wait to reply to her friend, but ran up stairs with eagerness and impatience, and hastily opened the chamber door.

“Gracious

“Gracious powers! she exclaimed with alarm, as soon as she beheld the havock that had been made; and without waiting to search for the Baroness, instantly flew back into the garden.

“Oh Segismunda (she cried) my mother’s time-piece is broken into a thousand pieces!

“Broken! miss Christina! exclaimed the artful girl, how did you break it? Oh dear! oh dear! how grieved I am to hear it!

“*I* break it! replied Christina, no my dear girl I did not break it; I saw it lying broken on the floor, but did not even go near the place.

“But why should you deny an *accident,*

cident, my love? (said Segismunda) surely the Baroness would not be so unjust, as to punish you for what you could not help.

“ *Unjust!* exclaimed the Baroness, who had unperceived approached the spot where the two friends were conversing; what has Christina done, said she turning to her companion, that she wishes to secrete from the knowledge of her mother?

“ I believe ma'am, replied Segismunda, she had the misfortune to break your time-piece, but the fear of incurring your displeasure, made her wish to conceal the fault.

“ Is it possible said the Baroness, turning towards her daughter with

an

an angry countenance, that you could suppose the loss of a dozen time-pieces, could afflict me half as much as the knowledge of your duplicity?

“ Indeed mamma, replied the astonished girl, seizing the Baroness affectionately by the hand, I know not how Segismunda could so strangely misconceive me; I told her of the accident it is true, but I never said it had happened to myself, and I would rather have incurred your greatest anger, than have avoided it, by an *untruth*.

“ At this assertion, Segismunda shook her head, which the Baroness converting into a conviction of her daughter's duplicity, quitted the room
without

without making a reply, leaving her overwhelmed with sorrow and concern.

“ As I happened to be from home when this circumstance occurred, I was astonished at my return to miss my young favorite from the table, and enquiring into the cause of her disgrace, I heard the story which I have just repeated; in addition to which the Baron declared she should not quit her chamber until she owned her crime.

“ That a mind so open, so amiable and ingenuous, should be capable of acting with artifice and deceit, was to me so strange and extraordinary a circumstance, that I could neither
believe

believe nor give credit to the tale ; I therefore requested the Baroness's permission to have five minutes conversation with the amiable girl.

“ I entered the apartment in which she was imprisoned, without her perceiving I had gained admittance, and saw her weeping over the miniature of her mother, with an appearance of the most exquisite and severe distress.

“ How grieved I am to see you in this situation ; said I, and why my dear girl do not you *avow* your *fault* ?

“ I cannot avow what I did not commit, she replied, for I assure
you

you Sir Charles, I am above telling an *untruth*.

“ Yes that I am sure sir, miss Christina is, exclaimed a domestic who was sitting in one corner of the room, and whom I had not observed upon my first entrance ; but the worst is, she will not let me tell what I know, but I cannot bear to see her treated with so much harshness, and all on account of that good-for-nothing girl. What good-for-nothing-girl, said I, in a tone of surprise and enquiry—Why miss Segismunda, sir, who I know did all the mischief, for I was in my mistress’s bed room when it fell, and just opened one dressing room door, as I saw her run
out

out of the other, and there was the time-piece laying upon the hearth, all broken into a thousand pieces.

“ And what is the reason you did not tell the Baroness this circumstance? Because, replied the girl, my young lady would not let me; she said that Segismunda had no friends in the world, except it were my master and mistress, and she was certain if they knew she had acted so deceitfully, they would never keep her in their house.

“ Is it possible, I exclaimed, you can have acted so *disinterestedly* towards a being so unworthy of the slightest sacrifice?

Say not so, Sir Charles, replied the
amiable

amiable girl, but think of the difference of our situation; she knew how partial my mother was to the time-piece, yet was not aware of her forgiving temper; and therefore thought that by throwing the blame upon me, she should avoid hazarding the loss of her protection.

“At that moment the Baron entered the room, and in spite of the amiable Christina’s intreaties, I repeated the whole of what I had heard.

“And what did he say?” exclaimed the Princess, “was he not grieved at having behaved so unkindly to his child?”

“Oh!”

“ Oh !” replied Sir Charles, you should have seen his behaviour, to have any idea of the pleasure he enjoyed. He kissed his daughter a thousand times, called her the pride of his heart, and the joy of his existence; and declared he would support whole years of pain, for the pleasure of procuring such a gratifying moment.”

“ I am very sorry we cannot go to Sweden,” said the Princess, “ for I would give the world to be acquainted with such a delightful girl.”

“ I lament the circumstance myself,” replied her Ladyship, “ but I shall be able to introduce you my
love,

ove, to the acquaintance of those who are equally amiable with the young Swede, and in whose society you will enjoy no less pleasurable sensations."

The favourable account which Lady Emma had given of the peculiar qualities which were attached to the English character, made the Princess anxious to become acquainted with it; and though she was extremely pained at taking leave of her friend, yet a few days reconciled her to this unavoidable separation. Their voyage was at once pleasant and prosperous, and they landed on Britannia's favoured shore without

without experiencing the slightest danger.

“Happy Island!” exclaimed Lady Emma, who was standing upon deck when the sailors espied the land; “how my bosom throbs with pleasure at thy sight! Here (said she, my love, turning to the Princess,) you will be able to learn the true art of government; for our King, in studying his peoples’ happiness, secures within his breast a portion of his own; and by the mildness and equity of his laws, defends the meanest of his subjects from oppression.”

“Oh how I long to be on shore, that I may see this amiable King!
but

but will you tell me something more about him."

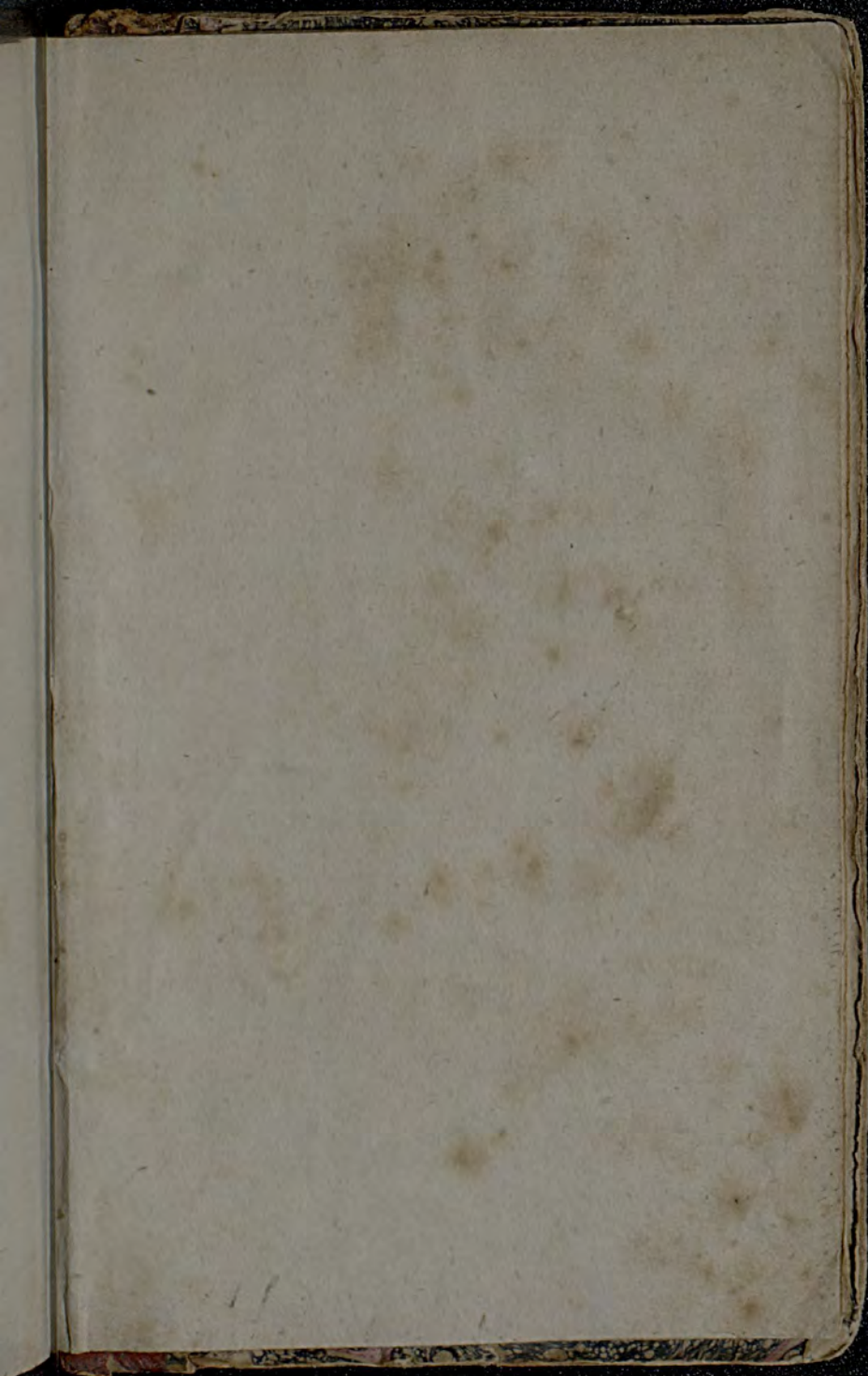
"I have a great deal more to tell you," replied her Ladyship, "about every part of his illustrious family, who are no less amiable than himself; but I shall defer it until I give you a little historical sketch of the country, which I purpose doing before we commence our tour; for as you will travel through every part of England, the pleasure of your journey would be greatly heightened, by knowing the curiosities which each county will be likely to produce, and by way of making my narrative the more entertaining,

tertaining, I intend interspersing it with a variety of little tales.”

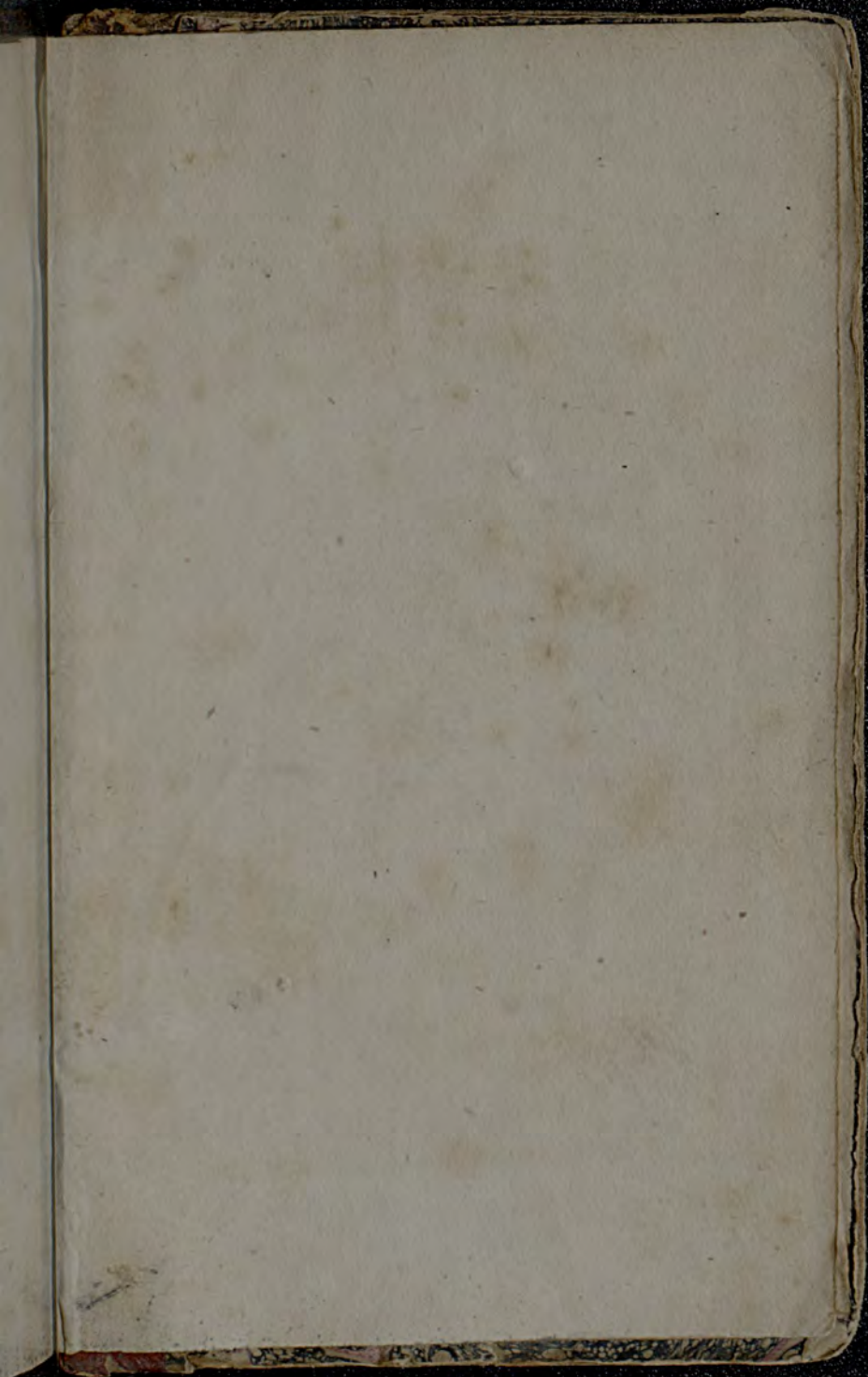
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